

LOOKING AT IT ANOTHER WAY

east
village

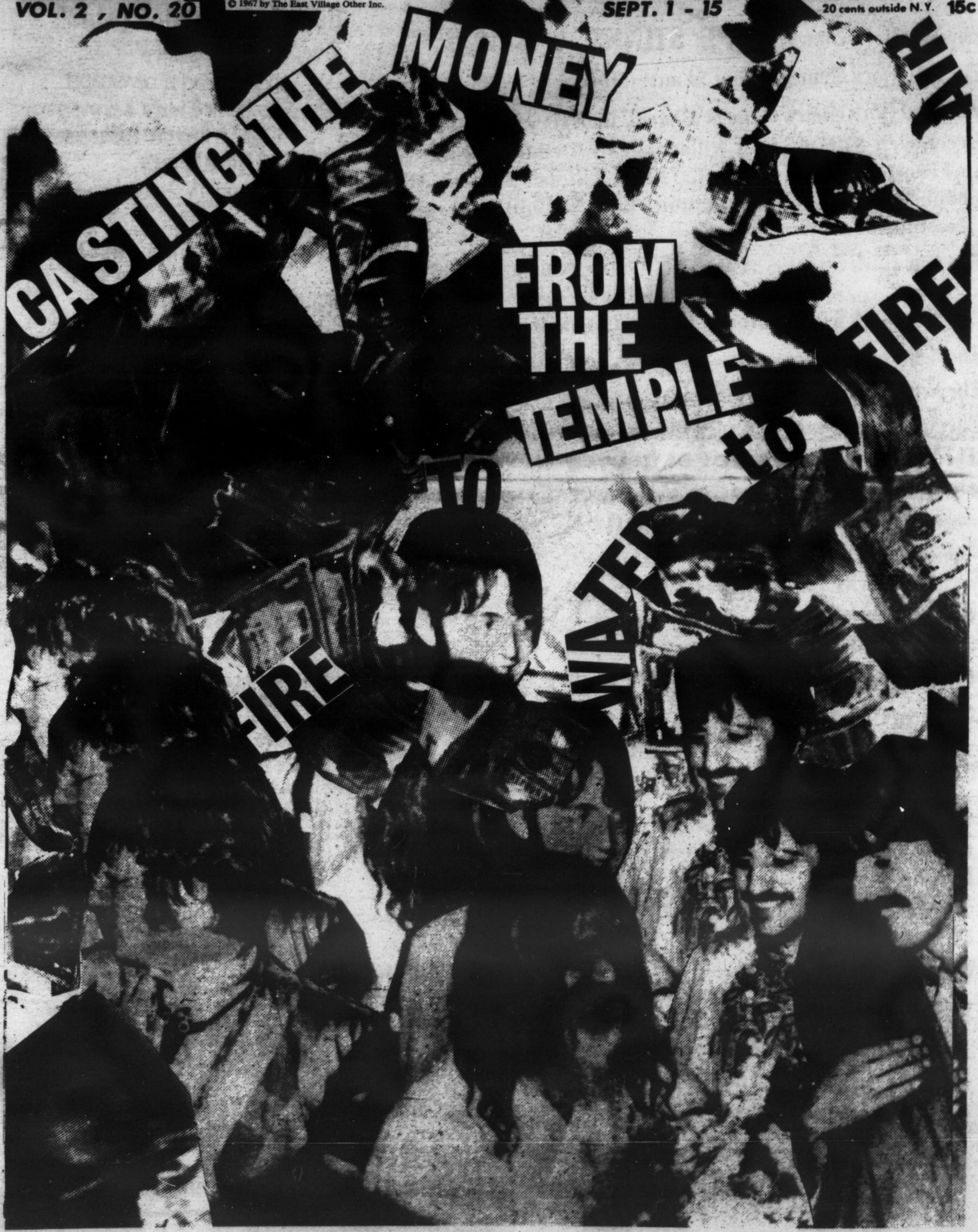
THE OTHER

VOL. 2 , NO. 20

© 1967 by The East Village Other Inc.

SEPT. 1 - 15

20 cents outside N.Y. 15c



CASTING THE MONEY

FROM THE TEMPLE

FIRE

WATER TO FIRE

The New York Times needs an enema

The New York Times can't get it up

The New York Times HAS HARDENED IT'S ART-ERIES

The New York Times WON'T EVEN JERKoff

The New York Times is an old gray lady

The New York Times **is a lack Lesbos**

The New York Times IS A FUDDY DUDDY

The New York Times' **TYPE STINKS**

The New York Times' layout is anti-diluvian

The New York Times Counts Beards in Every Store on Greenwich Village, East Village, Peace Demos, "Drugs", San Francisco, Birth Control, "Black "Riots" Student Actions, Freedom of Speech, Fluoridation, Radical Politics, Legalization of Prostitution, & Krebiozen

The New York Times IS REALLY THE TRADE JOURNAL OF THE NY STATE BARBERS ASSOCIATION

The New York Times **should shave the hair around its ass**

The New York Times Sucks

The New York Times **DOESNT SUCK**

The New York Times is a liberal fascist newspaper

The New York Times **Believes in Grey Power**

The New York Times **SECRETLY WANTS TO FUCK CHRISTINE KEELER**

The New York Times wants to fuck christine keeler secretly

The New York Times **Imitates Itself**

The New York Times BOOKS REVIEWS

The New York Times Is Afraid of Drugs

The New York Times **IS AFRAID OF SEX**

The New York Times **secretly wants to be like TIME**

The New York Times is afraid of blacks

The New York Times Is Araid of Love

The New York Times **Is Afraid in a Journalism it Ever Made**

The New York Times **TAKES MILTOWN**

The New York Times **plays golf from a caddymobile**

The New York Times Wishes it Owned a TV Station

The New York Times **SECRETLY ADMIRES THE DARING OF THE NY POST** (sounds of vomit)

The New York Times thinks it's the ny times

The New York Times Will Soon advertise in the Underground Press:

The New York Times **KNOWS THAT THE BEST NEWS** "Now Read the Other Side"

The New York Times is a herring Maven **ISNT FIT TO PRINT**

The New York Times **Misses The Herald Tribune**

The New York Times **MISSES THE WORLD TELEGRAM**

The New York Times **misses the daily mirror even**

The New York Times Misses

The New York Times **IS GLAD PM IS GONE**

The CIA is in the Pay of The New York Times

The New York Times **is our best newspaper (alas!)**

The New York Times

should read a newspaper

The New York Times **saves back issues**

The New York Times

Should Try a Cut Up Issue

The New York Times **should go gay**

The New York Times

should print in mixed font

(ORACLE) colors

The New York Times

Should Take LSD

The New York Times should COME alive

The New York Times **should grow a beard & take off its pants**

The New York Times shd eat it

The New York Times **Should Throw Itself from the Rooftops & Publish in the Streets!**

FOR FROM 43rd STREET SHALL GO FORTH THE NEWS & THE WORD OF THE FLOWER CHILDREN FROM NEW YORK CITY

The New York Times

by Tuli Kupferberg

by Walter Bowart

CASTING THE MONEY THROWERS FROM THE TEMPLE

While LIFE magazine decried the country's loss of gold, and ten nations approved a plan for a reform of the international monetary system (which was expected to facilitate the growth of world trade) a handful of diggers gave the most prophetic view of the condition of the monetary system by throwing good American dollars off the visitors' balcony of the New York Stock Exchange.

The event was well covered by the press, which all but missed the point, reporting in some instances that play money was thrown, and in others, that only thirty or forty real dollars were used. Abbe Hoffman, when questioned by NBC-TV newsmen, said, "We threw away a thousand dollars. The Catholic Charities gave it to us. Of course, we didn't tell them what we were going to do with it." This statement was never used on the evening's news.

Attempting to enter the visitors' gallery, above the floor where active trading was in full swing, the guard stopped the diggers, saying, "You're hippies and you've come to burn money."

Hoffman insisted, "That's not true, I'm Jewish," and Jim Fouratt shouted, "I'm a Catholic."

The confused guard backed down, and the diggers were admitted. They immediately began throwing money from the balcony.

Traders on the floor of the market cheered, and scrambled for the dollars fluttering onto the busy exchange floor. The guard started to remove the money throwers, and a wall of boos arose. As the guard retreated again from the diggers, the cheers resumed.

When the money ran out, the diggers exited peacefully in an overloaded elevator, with T.V. cameras grinding away inside. At the front door of the exchange on Broad Street, the diggers joined in a circle and skipped around the sidewalk, singing, "Free, Free."

Abbe Hoffman marched to the middle of the circle and set fire to a five dollar bill. An exchange runner grabbed the flaming fiver and stamped on it.

Hoffman muttered, "No one will ever be a millionaire again. Money is over. The government owns it all, and only lets you use it."

That night, the Secret Service and the Treasury Department proved Abbe's point by expressing disconcert over the money going up in smoke. A spokesman indicated that burning money is a federal crime, but said that charges probably will not be lodged against the diggers.

Like good Republicans (who always respect money), the Lindsay administration didn't forgive so easily. Both Hoffman and Fouratt, the only "hippie" representatives on the Youth Board Council, were fired from their \$100-per-week jobs for burning the money.

Hoffman defended his action by saying that the money burning was "part of my religion."

Fouratt begged off, saying only that he did it on his lunch hour.

An administration spokesman said that the reason they were being fired was because it gave the administration "a bad image."

A stockbroker, inspired by the event, invited the diggers to create a similar event for the big board.

It could be a coincidence, but the day the money fell from the visitors' gallery, the market fell six points.

OWN YOUR SHARE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS



PUB-ED IN CHIEF: Walter H. Bewart
 EDITOR: Allan Katzman
 MANAGING EDITOR: Allan Edmonds
 ART EDITOR: Manuel Rodriguez
 STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Walter Broedel
 Phil Garvin Diane Darr-Dorynek
 Phil Stiles
 BUSINESS MANAGER: Don Katzman
 ADVERTISING MANAGER: Peter Leggie
 MUSIC: Emmett Lake
 ART: Lil Picard
 FILM: Dick Preston
 THEATRE: Allan C. Edmonds
 PARIS: Jean Jacques Lebel
 LONDON: Miles
 AMSTERDAM: Simon Vinkenoog
 LOS ANGELES: Philip Proctor
 SAN FRANCISCO: Sam Silver
 AT LARGE: Tuli Kupferberg
 Irving Shusick Lorraine Glennby
 Alan Asnen Hugh Romney
 ED ORC: Richard A. Gosselin
 CUMEAN SYBIL: Annette Simon
 TRIAREUS: Zed Fenster
 MIDDLE MAN: Fred Caruso
 ASSISTANCE: Marilyn Gong
 PS: S. B. Rudnick
 TYPESETTING: Enslow & Bryant
 CIRCULATION: Ted McDonald

Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

(S.A. MEMBER OF UPS
 Underground Press Syndicate)

The East Village Other is published semi-monthly
 at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003 1 Year
 Subscription (24 issues) \$3.00. Phone 228-8640

*P. Leggie and J. Kohn are the sole advertising
 representatives of The East Village Other.

Does Anybody Know Where He Is?

Dear EVO:
 SUMMER OF LOVE, SUMMER OF HATE

All you need is Love.
 -Jesus

Are we born with varying capacities of Love and Hate, just as we are born with good or bad hearing or vision? The thought is unbearable. To believe it is to drown in the nightmare that is history.

A small child attacked me in the pan-handle. I was lying in the warm afternoon sun that is so rare in San Francisco, lost in a dream of eucalyptus leaves. He was seven years old. He hated me. He tried to hit me in the face with his baseball. He tried to get around behind me and kick me. "White hippy! Whitey! White bastard!" His brother was about six. The same age as my son. (O my son!) He didn't quite understand, and hung back, trying to imitate his brother. The boy threw a stick, hard, wanting to hurt. (Please! Don't! mind-scream.) He wouldn't allow himself to be communicated with. He was closed, cold. HE WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD. I still have the stick. I held it in my hands for hours, unable to put it in my pocket, even much less, get rid of it. What could I do with it? What could I possibly do with it?

Love is wounded. We maim our children's spirits in the same way that our soldiers maim their bodies overseas. Love is wounded!

Where is your Love? He lies over the hood of a car, his blood running down the fender and onto the street. Another lies a few paces away, his face a bloody wreck. Members of the community, given to Universal Love, mill around or pass. Witnesses talk about the car full of maniacs, who paused and operated with their bottles so efficiently and arbitrarily on a couple of our brethren. No one mentions interfering, or even notices that no one did. On the fringe of the crowd, a barefoot youth sits on the sidewalk and plays with a puppy. It's Friday night on Haight Street, and nothing that unusual is going on.

Where is your Love? Look, he's being hurt! Help him! He's being destroyed! Don't you know that Love CARES? Turn your magical, uncommitted, uninvolved Love on these wounds and cure them! Love is wounded.

We see the familiar pictures. The grinning scar that's the face of a girl who might, in a better world, have been our lover, have shared our bodies, our minds, for a night or a lifetime. We see our children's minds raped, our Lovers beaten, imprisoned, burned. How should we react to all of this? Should we fight the hatred which submerges us with such unexpected force? Or should we feed it, nurture it, bring it to flower? We have discovered Love. Now we begin to discover Hate.

Love is wounded, and we Hate. We have tried to repress our hatred, to abolish it from our emotions, but still it exists. Let's accept it, seeing as it does seem to exist, and redefine it in the terms of Love and creativity, that we have found to be the necessary part of any meaningful activity. LOVE CARES. The most extreme expression of this care is our Hatred of that which would destroy our Love. Hate is coupled to Love INSEPARABLY, and is defensive in nature. Hatred is the natural response to all that would destroy Love. Hatred, alienated from Love, is a warped, twisted passion, that is the antithesis of true hatred, being completely destructive, and is



totally contra-survival: A society in which this kind of Hatred is common, is a psychotic society.

Love is wounded, and gives birth to Hate—irrational hatred, which destroys without purpose or understanding, in blind response; and Rational Hatred, which seeks to understand the cause of its wounds and remove them. In an irrational society, Rational Hatred finds its expression in Revolution.

We live in a society which is governed by Irrational Hatred. Love is wounded, and willy-nilly, we are driven to Revolution. We find ourselves in two revolutions: a revolution of the spirit, which is its core, and is concerned with man, a peaceful revolution; and the political revolution, brought about by the necessity of stopping the old machines of domination, which, their souls long since withered and dead, lumber on until stopped. The political revolution has seldom, if ever, been peaceful. This time we don't want to just replace the Machine, however, just get rid of the damn thing. Get rid of it so that we may be free, so that we may cure our wounded, so that we can live! The spiritual revolution strains to be born. We want to be together. We want to be One, and to be One. One with ourselves and nature, and One with each other. We want to Love, respecting the Oneness, the uniqueness, of those whom we Love. We want to share; to cooperate out of desire, not necessity; to have without holding. We want to create, to work meaningfully and control the products of our labor, rather than be controlled by them. Aware of the total uncertainty that is life, we want to live unhesitatingly, breathless with the utterly overwhelming joy of being alive. Cops clubs, riot guns, have you never been made ecstatic because another PERSON exists? Who are you shooting? Whom shall I shoot?

Wounded in his Love, an old man walks down the street. He spews filth at everyone he meets, for their ingratitude toward Jesus, who died for their sins. "I didn't ask him to do it, man." "Wasn't he the God of Love?" Ignoring both the questions and the answers, the old man shuffles along, reviling everyone. "Punks! What do you know about Jesus?" A police car, parked across the street, broadcasts a warning through loudspeakers against cyanide pills which are being passed out as acid. It's Saturday night, and I'm on Haight Street with a stick in my hand, not knowing what to do with it. How are we to awaken from this nightmare? Love is wounded. Help.

Mike Baldwin

Seven Miracles to Die By

Dear EVO,

tell me something, how in the hell can there be such a bullshit-slinging religion as christian science? I can partially understand that such a religion can be started, but for it to flourish so prosperously is beyond me. all the other leading religions were formed around the basic idea of one intelligent humanitarian; but christian science, although it is a branch of christianity, its central theme was started by a bunch of stupid old women.

on top of being so full of shit, they put their so-called "literature" all over the place. this literature consists of little pamphlets with about seven miracles christian science has made, and some fun readings to read in the bible. someone ought to put out an encyclopedia of examples of people who suffer and die each day because of christian science.

a lot of the religion can be funny, but when it comes to the point where people are hurt from it, it becomes dangerous. there are many examples where people have caused their children or relatives to die needlessly and painfully because of it.

I realize I sound like a raging idiot, but it really shakes me up.

peace, love, live, etc.
 brother andrew
 washington, d.c.

Herbie Died For Our Sins

Dear EVO:

"Herbie was killed last night." "Oh, no... (envisioning a large delivery truck, hearing brakes and a dull thud—for that was the only way conceivable for Herbie to be killed, but in my shock I asked) How did it happen?"

Patti, Jack's wife, had been walking Herbie (who was, for those who didn't know him, a great big furry, slobbery, good-natured, gentle Saint Bernard, who sometimes wore a tinkly bell and never hurt a living thing). When they were returning home—to The Family, a commune on Sixth Street—they passed some steps a few doors down—a guy and a dog were sitting on the steps, and when Herbie passed, the other dog started sniffing and Herbie growled and ran across the street—Patti called him back, and while she was holding onto his chain—the guy came over

and stabbed Herbie three times, in the abdomen, the side and the neck—Herbie didn't even try to bite the guy—he didn't bark or cry out—he ran into a store and collapsed, dying.

So, Herbie was killed last night—but by whom? The guy who held the knife is an ex-con who sits all day and most of the night in a drunken haze, absorbed in his misery and lonely, uncomprehending hatred—of himself, society, maybe his parents, and to be sure, he hates any sign of purity, goodness, love and joy in life. A friend who lives at the Family asked, the next day, "What did Herbie have, that would make someone want to kill him?" I could only think of beauty—for Herbie was beautiful, possessing the benign and tolerant spirit of a gentle saint—so ready to receive love and give it; and it was the love, the joy of being and knowing love, that stimulated the dead-empty soul of the man to strike out, unleashing all the frustration, the isolation, the death of his own existence—the victim, existing only and sustained by the need to create other victims to inhabit his bitter vacuum.

But Herbie, and the people who loved him, have defeated the efforts of this victim—for Herbie is now a spirit—free, and the pitiful shell of what was a long-ago, innocent child, remains a twisted, snarling, destructive human animal, fixed to the steps, the filthy sidewalk, the trash-strewn gutter, the door at his back—leading to an empty room—and not to forget the mongrel dog that is probably the only living thing that this dead soul can relate to; and even his own dog is his victim—for, were he capable of loving his own dog—which was in no real way endangered by Herbie—he couldn't or wouldn't have felt the need to destroy someone else's love. Who killed the man, who was a child? Who killed the child?

The question must arise, post mortem—what action do you take—what do you do about something like the murder of a dog? For some, perhaps most of our animal-loving society, the immediate, cultured response would be "I'd kill the guy"—"I'd shoot 'im down"—"I'd get somebody to break both his arms"—"Yeah, give him some permanent injury so he'd remember." For those whose veneer is slightly thicker, and whose power is not limited to personal, physical violence—there is recourse through the law—and there are many who would assign a death penalty, without hesitation—or at least, ten to twenty years—"a guy who would do a thing like that, would kill a child"—"put 'im away before he does it to a person." The police responded sympathetically, in this matter, with "Just say that the guy attacked Patti, and the dog was trying to protect her—we'll put him away for quite a while." Wow, that's great, put this cat right back into the institution that is partially, if not greatly, responsible for his succeeding actions—then let him out in ten years, and just where will his head be then? And you are asked to perpetuate the cycle of deceit by perjuring yourself (something, about "not bear false witness"). My mother used to tell me, "Two wrongs don't make a right," and I used to laugh and rap my brother anyway—but I know better now, and so does a beautiful cat named Jack, who was Herbie's master if only that could be seen.

I've allowed myself to become distractingly evangelical—expounding stuff that the minority who might read it, already know; and the majority who might read it, refuse to know—but this really isn't a story about Herbie, who is free; or Jack, who is freed by his own humanity; or even about the guy who killed Herbie, who is Prometheus Bound to his sidestreet steps; or me, who is taking a cleansing crap on paper; or the cop, whose job and life exist on the principle of deceit; or Patti, who will be freed from the horror that she witnessed, in time, through the love that she and Jack have for each other—the story is really a very old and simple one—so simple that it is yet incomprehensible to those who need its meaning most. Yes, Jesus, we're trying to keep the faith, baby. So, my flowers won't go on Herbie's grave—they're going to a dead man who is chained to some steps on Sixth Street.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

SUBSCRIBE - YEAR-\$3.00
 \$4.00 OUTSIDE U.S. AND CANADA
 Mail to EVO, 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003



OPEN LETTER TO DICK GREGORY, PAUL KRASSNER, MARSHALL BLOOM, RAY MUNGO, JOE PILATI, DANA BEAL, DEPUTY INSPECTOR FINK, JIM FOURATT, ABBY HOFFMAN, ET AL.....

DEAR EVERYBODY:

This is an open letter to anyone who wants to listen or anyone who cares. The last two weeks for me have been strange. Things happened so fast that I haven't been able to digest them all till now. It seems, to paraphrase the poet, 'August was the strangest month of the year.'

I flew to the University in Minneapolis, Minnesota to attend the National Student Press Congress sponsored by the United States Students Press Association. This was a gathering of student news editors nationwide, who were to determine the fate of college journalism. The event might not seem so important, but for myself and people like Dick Gregory and Paul Krassner, if influenced in the right direction, could determine the fate of the country. We had been invited to attend by Marshall Bloom, General Secretary-Elect of USSPA, publishers of the Collegiate Press Service, an organization similar to that of the Underground Press Syndicate.

Things had not been going too good for Marshall when I arrived. The outgoing officials of the Congress had voted to fire him, but the editors who attended the Congress gave him a vote of confidence. The reasons for his dismissal were rather obvious. He was too radical for their ilk; Anti Vietnam, Pro Pot, Abortion and Birth Control. Marshall claimed it was just a personality conflict.

On Monday night Dick Gregory spoke for two hours to 300 student editors. Before he had a chance to climb to the podium, a student, who claimed he was a member of the National Renaissance Party, a Nazi organization, presented him with a fake ticket back to Africa. Gregory countered with the only weapon he had at the time, humor, and proceeded to dissect and destroy, with telling karate satire, the potential personality of one of America's youth. The rest of the audience did not fare any better. Under his pointed humor, with topics ranging from Vietnam, race relation, Johnson and the moon, he undid the bottoms of Miss Liberty's facade, leaving her bare and ridiculous, with preposterous breasts and a womb which smelled of corruption. The audience squirmed when confronted with the nudity of their own chewing-gum beliefs left tasteless in their mouths. But Gregory did not rest there. After reiterating his reasons for attending as a guest speaker, he proceeded, for the next hour, to deliver a sermon on the moral corruption of America. "You must know," he said, "America has been made morally bankrupt of her heritage by lies and violence." "It is up to you young people," he continued, "to straighten out the mess that we older people have made of the world." Although Gregory's delivery did not have the smoothness of a Billy Graham or the intensity of a Martin Luther King, it did have the ring of sincerity and truth about it. After two hours of a serious and humorous forced self-examination, the audience's minds had been breeched and they rose in standing ovation to a man who had chosen to run for President on the platform of the mass stupidity of America.

The next morning found Krassner and myself, along with Dan Wakefield from the Atlantic Monthly, participating on a panel discussion concerning new forms in journalism. We dared to broach the sacred cow of facts with deliberate humor and a propensity to admit that part of our approach was one of lies, and rumors calculated to make our readers think and to perceive that the state of journalism (via the New York Times as concrete example) was a tea tainted with propaganda and power interests and no longer concerned with the truth. We did not know at the time that our unorthodox approach would add grist to the mill as far as Marshall Bloom's enemies were concerned. That afternoon I attended a workshop with Ray Mungo and Joe Pilati, two editors of the Boston University newspaper which dared to come out for the legalization of pot and other unfavorable beliefs, and suggested that CPS join up with UPS. The majority of students were interested in the merger. I left the next evening, with everything left up in the air, not knowing that Krassner and Gregory and myself had set into motion a series of events which would determine the future of campus journalism in the years to come.

Thursday morning, at the EVO office, I ran into Dana Beal, head of New York Provo, who related to me the facts surrounding his bust and beating at the hands of federal narcotics. The Tompkin Square Smoke-Ins, which had been raging for the past three weeks unmolested, had come to a head with Dana being chosen as the scapegoat. That evening I attended the mind mirage produced by the Electric Circus in the street of St. Marks Place. I exchanged greetings with Deputy Inspector Fink and congratulated him on his promotion. He related to me the glad tidings about

the Parks Department's decision to grace the sidewalks of St. Marks Place with trees. I could not help feeling at the time that the Diggers' previous attempts to close St. Marks Place to tourism and traffic by planting a tree in the middle of the street had evolved into this empty and ridiculous gesture on behalf of the Parks Department. It only served to further demonstrate to me that the older generation was a curious obsolete pelican flapping its wings at a fading dawn.

The next day I was a guest on the Sandy Lesberg show on WOR-FM with Krassner, Abby Hoffman and Jim Fouratt. Abby dominated the hour through his honesty and ability to counteract radio's nameless facts with hyperbolic answers. He turned the interview into a happening of humorous proportions, leaving Lesberg helpless amid a mass of truth mirage. He repelled the tyranny of a faceless voice back on itself and mirrored, by court jester antics, the blown-up-out-of-proportion-ego of machine radio. The burning of a dollar bill by him completely freaked out the lady producer of the show. I thought at the time, if only radio waves could emit the smell into our private livingrooms. "I'd rather burn money than burn people," Abby explained. The explanation ran wasteless across the city. Lesberg's hands were tied and all he could do was go along with the fact he was one of five fools. The lady producer choked on her cigarette addiction. Radio waves ran berserk into each other, fouling up its own lifeline with a lack of serious molecules. The interview was cut short by a creeping menopause. I could hear the lady producer now: "Due to circumstances beyond our control, this interview did not happen." As we walked out into the sterilized hallways of big brother radio, WOR News announced that George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, had just been shot. There was silence for a minute then it seemed as if the air was filled with the coughing of embarrassment. The four of us just looked at each other as if to say, "Due to circumstances beyond our control, this did happen." Krassner broke the ice and related his experiences with his last issue of the Realist concerning the unpublished parts of the Manchester book over the Kennedy assassination. "Rockwell called me up about it. When I told him it was fictitious, he said to me, 'Krassner ya got steel balls, ya should have been a Nazi.'" I realize now that Paul was right in relating that story at that moment. Humor was the best way to dispatch Rockwell and to send him off on a short journey to a dead dream Valhalla.

Friday night I stayed home and confronted the tripe soup of TV. The phone disturbed my nothingness. It was Marshall Bloom calling to tell me that this time he had been fired for good and that he and a few other members had started a Resurgence Press Movement. They wanted to join forces with the Underground Press Syndicate. It meant a million and a half more readers who would witness and adjust the meanderings of mindless mother America. I hung up the phone and stared at the receiver. The Bell Tel. boys have done us a great service, I thought. They have ushered in the age of high gossip. Where next do we look for epiphanies?

Needed Immediately for free food for lower East Side project:

1. Volunteers with cars who can consistently help gather and distribute food.
2. People to donate use of ovens and cooking utensils, consistently, to cook food.
3. People to inform us of any sources of free food (wholesale markets, restaurants, etc.) (wholesale markets, restaurants, etc.)
4. People to help cook food.
5. Distribution and storage centers.

If you can help in any of these ways or in any other ways, please call 674-8958 (after 7) or 473-8894 (Provo) and leave name, address and services.

Doctor James Goddard, head of the Food and Drug Administration, in secret session with the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, presented a detailed report on the advisability of legalizing marijuana, with addenda by the National Institute of Mental Health. Dr. Goddard also told the Senators that the execution of the laws on pot should be taken out of the hands of the Justice Department, and put into the hands of the FDA. He also further advised the Senators that he would eventually like to legalize grass, tax and market it, to produce a new cash crop.

All concerned heads should write their Senator or Congressman, praising this beneficent herb.

Italians now shooting film called LSD-LSD. Since no-one connected with film has ever taken a trip, drugged scenes will be done as they taught them to feign drunkenness at actor's school.

Superpot! To obtain pure cannabis resin—almost colourless, odourless, tasteless: take hash and reduce to a powder. Dissolve in small quantity of petroleum ether. Ordinary lighter fuel will do for this purpose. Shake and bring to the boil. Take care it does not explode—lighter fuel boils at about 70 degrees. Unwanted muck will settle at bottom. Pour solution into a saucer, flush muck down bog. Allow lighter fluid to evaporate. This can be done in a few minutes by using a hair dryer or heater. A very small but highly potent quantity of cannabis resin is obtained this way.

To make it stronger: expose pot to ultra-violet light. A sun lamp will do. Five or ten minutes exposure is enough. Under optimal condition, using powerful ultra-violet light in science lab, for one hour, one underground researcher was turned on for 48 hours by cannabis resin.

Extracted resin can be ingested in a number of ways: for safe dosage, smoking is best; dip an ordinary cigarette into solution of cannabis resin and lighter fuel. In a moment or two, you can prepare a packet of 20 straights. Let lighter fluid evaporate before smoking.

Superpot does work. Cleaner, less fuzzy than standard pot, its effect is more like a small trip. Superpot could be major blow to fuzz. Bradley Martin Joint of Honour is extended to those who discovered

it. Become a scientific researcher. Experiment. Take notes. Send on the results for your fellow beings.

EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD *MIS FODONO

Moneymaking in Sparetime for Doing Nothing but writing your opinions about products and publications that we send to you free of charge. No Gimmicks, No Skill. Nothing to Buy. Nothing to Sell. Isn't it wonderful to be paid for something you would gladly do for nothing? Details from: Research, 669, Mineola, N.Y. 11501 Dept. VOD. See our Classified ad in Wheel & Deal section of EVO.

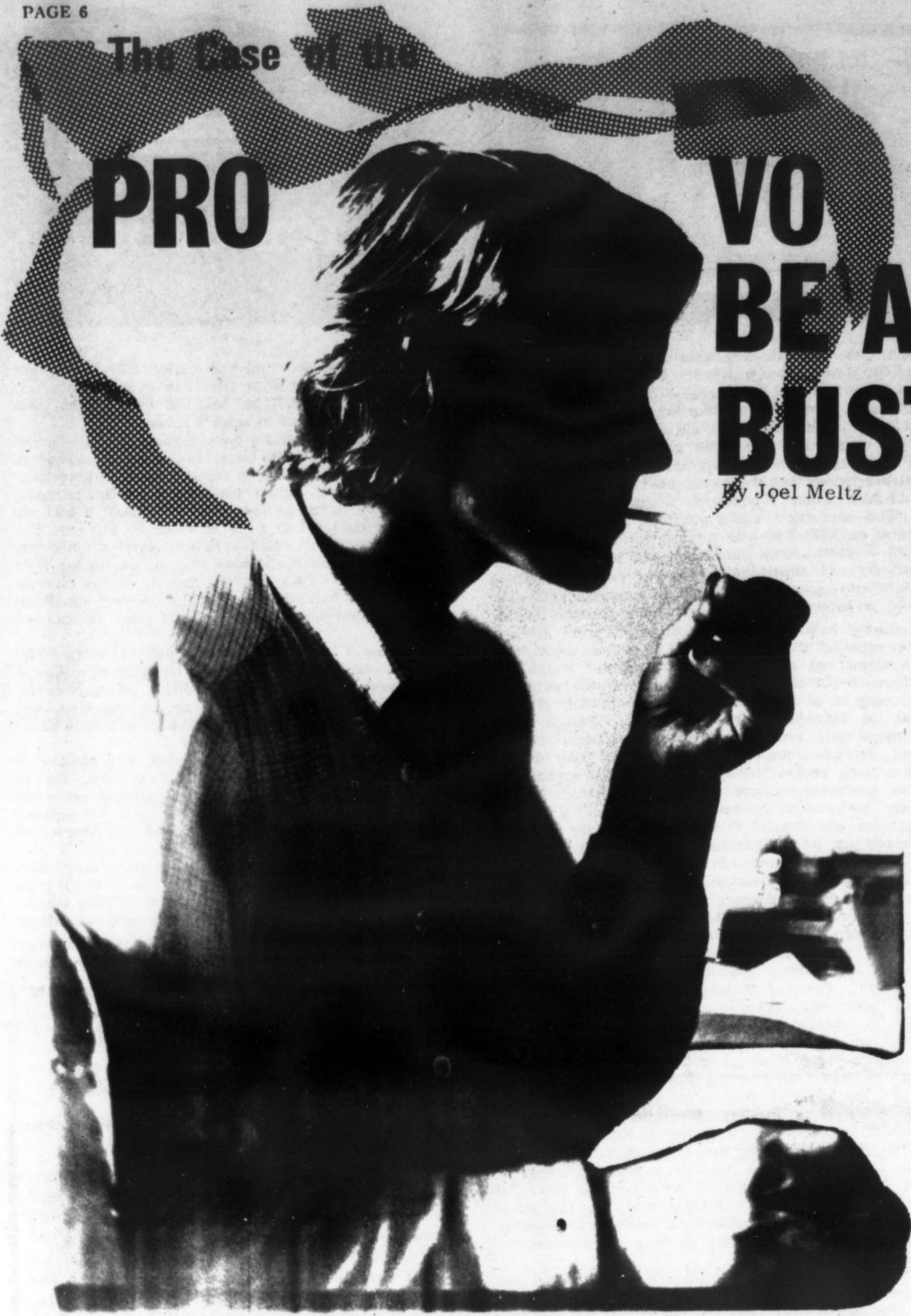
*Acronym

The Case of the

PRO

VO
BEAL
BUST

By Joel Meltz



Tuesday, August eleventh, was yet another muggy day. At 3:45, the Provo office, at the old EVO headquarters on Avenue A, was a place of quiet lassitude bordering on hysteria. At the back of the storefront Dana Beal, a Provo leader, sat eating his lunch. I sat a few feet away from him, bugging him with questions and spoiling his lunch in order to arrange a concert for The Dream People. But we were talking now about the Provos. As Dana politely deflected my doubts and questions, I watched him slowly eat his cabbage soup, the perfect Dostoyevskyan revolutionary anarchist: blonde hair worn long, somewhat slight of frame, looking very young. I wondered from where he got the nerve to attempt publication of pictures of undercover police officers. At about 3:50, two cars pulled up outside the Provo office: a car from the ninth Precinct, and a light-blue station wagon. Three men got out of the station wagon, entered the Provo office, and, unseen by most, bolted shut the front door. Then they made their way toward the back. They wore street clothes and murderous countenances. They were looking for someone, and when they spotted Dana, they went into action.

"You're busted," said one of the men to Dana. Bending over him and then suddenly grabbing Dana's arm, forcing him up and out of his chair. The other two closed in. Alarm now in the office. Screaming: "Leave him alone!" and "Don't fight them, Dana - they've got guns!" At the same time the three men are screaming obscenities

and threats to Dana and everyone else: Dana yells: "I'm not resisting!" Nevertheless, the men are handling him with an almost unbelievable excess of roughness, first handcuffing his wrists behind his back, and then forcing him, face downward, to the floor. Dana's girl friend screams: "Don't hurt him, don't hurt Dana!" One of the three, a tall, heavy man with a beard, turns to the girl, pulls back his hand as if to karate chop, utters a guttural "Shutjda fuckin' mou!" Then it is suddenly clear: they are trying to make it look as if Dana is attempting to escape in order to have an excuse to beat him up. Safe and secure in my shell of unswerving cowardice, I look on, determined to record it all. Someone flashes a yellow badge. Dana is down. They are bending over him. Now the cop with the beard is forcing Dana's head up off the floor, into the cop's crotch; then another cop grabs Dana by the throat, chokes Dana with both hands until he is blue and his eyes bulge; then they're twisting his arm again, and Dana is pushed down again to the floor. The men are clearly enjoying their work; their faces betray their extreme pleasure and satisfaction. Smiling, they drag Dana toward the front door by the handcuffs. Laughing, they beat his head against the station wagon parked outside, then shove him rudely inside and drive off. They drive perhaps two blocks south, and two of them return on foot to the store. Bolting the door again, the men look quickly around at the shocked faces, one of them mutters, unaccountably, "get that guy's

lawyer on the 'phone!" and they leave. (The men did, apparently, announce the arrest as one for "possession," but at no time did they manifest anything resembling a warrant for arrest, nor any other document.)

At first there is a shocked silence in the Provo office. Then the word begins to spread. They beat up Dana! What are we going to do? Get everybody to the jailhouse, someone screams, call the newspapers, get his lawyer. Gather all Provos! Print a leaflet! But there is no way to print a leaflet - the Open Press mimeograph machine is not working. Is Dana, who puts out leaflets every time something like this happens, going to have to do without a leaflet for his own bust?

Someone sits down and starts to write the leaflet: "Today at 3:50 p.m. three men brutally beat and then abducted Dana Beal, a Provo..." Someone happens by, magically, who can fix the mimeograph - maybe. We labor an hour with the machine; eventually we hand crank out twenty copies, before the stencil breaks. Another stencil is made, the twenty copies carefully passed around in the street. Then up to an uptown mimeograph with the stencil; a Provo comes back forty minutes later with a thousand copies, and they are gone in ten minutes. The leaflet calls for a general meeting of the community for 8 pm that evening, at a coffee-house named The Blind Justice.

At 8 o'clock two hundred people are silent and waiting in the garden of the coffee house. The story of the day's events is told. Someone from the Jade Companions, a bail fund for the defense of East Village residents, speaks about the need for funds. It is made known that Dana is being held at the West Street House of Detention. Bail has been set for him at three thousand dollars; seventeen hundred cash is needed to get him out. About nine hundred has been raised for the purpose. It is proposed to march to the West Street jail and demonstrate for Dana. Agreement. The march is set for ten-thirty, and word is sent to the stage of the Tompkins Park Bandshell, where The Fugs are performing for a stoned-out audience of three thousand. Tuli Kupferberg announces the march. At ten-twenty the bandshell area is occupied completely by hippies, beatniks, provos; the scents of incense and pot fill the air, there is a feeling of joyous explosion. At ten-thirty sharp the march takes off for the jailhouse at a run, filling the avenues to overflowing, a psychedelic mob-army hell-bent on solidarity with the accused, determined to show strength, unity, and love to the powers that be, and dressed for a festival. And at the West Street station, the barricades are up long in advance.

Meanwhile, the newsgatherers have moved in. The New York Times and The Post people arrive at the Provo office; reporters with tape recorders from the AP, UP, and Local TV and radio stations, interview anyone who will talk. Some of us head up to WBAI. Some of us record our account of the beating for the BAI archives. Later that night, we discuss the matter over the BAI mikes with Bob Fass, asking for donations to the bail fund for Dana. By four a.m. we have raised \$800, putting the fund over the top. Dana will be out in the morning. Leaving BAI I hear my own words distorted beyond sensibility over a local newscast, one which presumably prescribes to the AP services. The opinion machine had been set in motion. The next day the papers play everything down, minimizing the numbers of the crowd, failing completely to mention the matter of the illegal beating, (though I myself outlined clearly the details of the arrest for both the Times and The Post.) The news services assume a slightly satiric, peculiarly emphasized tack, to the

Continued on PAGE 7



THE CLOWN, TOTALLY INUNDATED BY THE LOVELY RHODA, TRAVELS ON IN HIS FERTILITY MISSION



ELSEWHERE, IN THE HEART OF TOADONIA'S NOME COLONY.....

THE DUCK YIIII!

BE STILL FOOL! AND MAYBE IT WILL LEAVE US IN PEACE

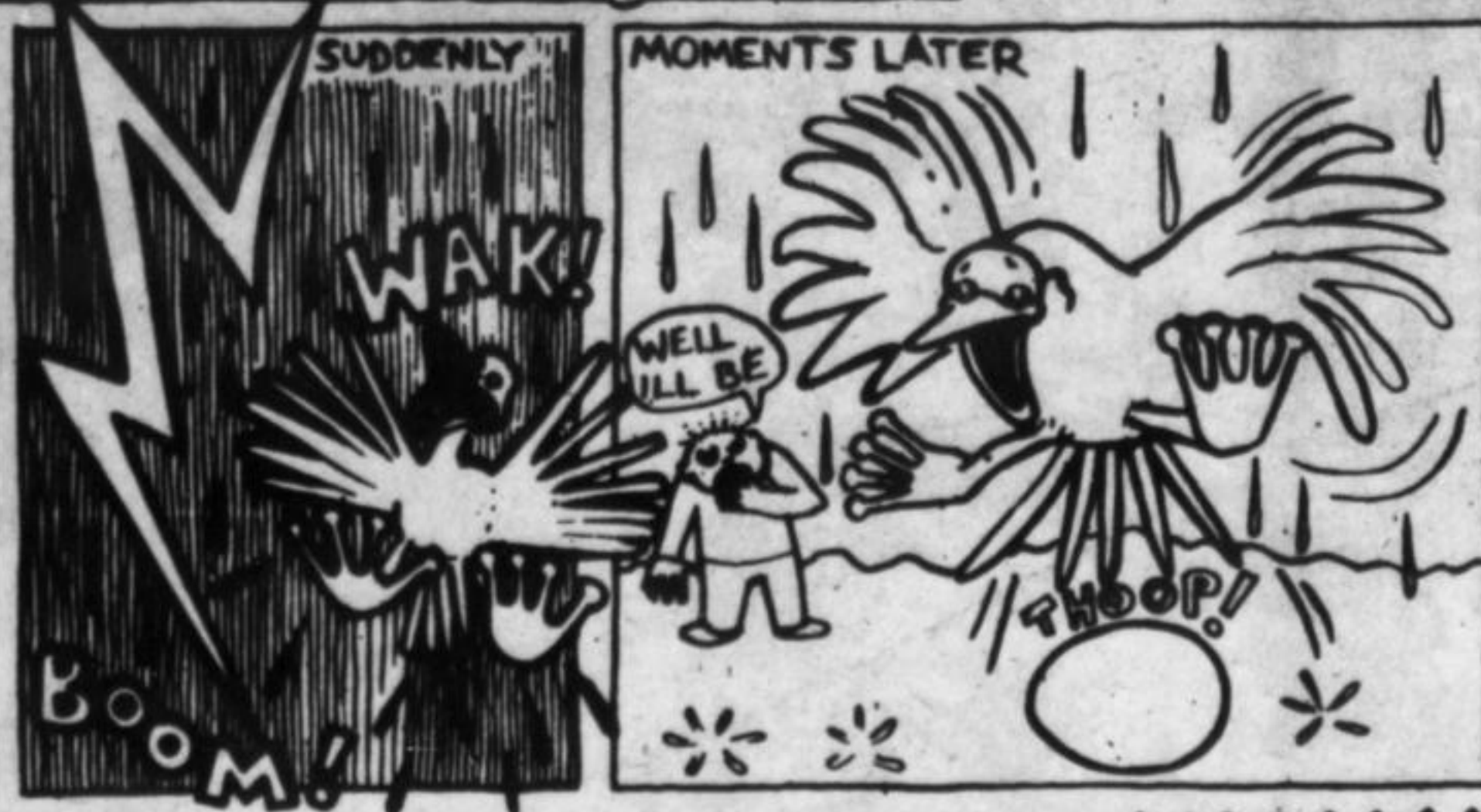
WHY DO THE NOME PEOPLE FEAR THIS DUCK?

TALES OF **Sunshine Girl** BY KIM DEITCH

CONTINUING IN OUR SEARCH FOR GREATER ESOTERIC MEANING IN THE LEGEND OF (NOW MISSING) SUNSHINE GIRL'S CREATION, WE TODAY BRING TO LIGHT CERTAIN PERTINENT FACTS CONCERNING THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MOTHER



THE ANSWER! SOME YEARS AGO DURING TOADONIA'S RAINY SEASON THE FOLLOWING EVENT OCCURRED



SUDDENLY

MOMENTS LATER



AND SO IT CONTINUED. EVERY TIME LIGHTNING STRUCK THE DUCK, WOULD LICKETY SPLIT, LAY ANOTHER GIANT EGG.



BUT HOURS LATER, A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED. THE EGGS STARTED TO EXPLODE!



THIS CAME TO BE KNOWN AS THE "GREAT DUCK DISASTER." THE DUCK, WHO ESCAPED WITH ONLY SUPERFICIAL WOUNDS, WAS NOW, ALAS, A SOCIAL OUTCAST!

THUS THE STAGE IS SET, WITH DUCKY, A MOST FERTILE CREATURE, PLAYING A MAJOR PART IN THIS GREAT EVENT.



FOR WHEN THE CLOWN, (NOW MOST POTENT FLOWER AMBASSADOR,) SAW THE DUCK, HE WAS HEARD TO REMARK.....

NEXT WEEK: SEE SUNSHINE GIRL BE CREATED

BE ALL BUST

continued from PAGE 6
effect that the unwashed are on the march because they want to smoke marijuana in the Park. (Dana had reportedly been involved in the Smoke-ins held in the Park, during which the local police had deliberately refrained from arresting smokers in the act.)

The meaning of the arrest and beating of Dana Beal became apparent the next day, when Federal agents moved in en masse. The strategy had been simple: for the first six weeks of summer, no busts. Meanwhile drugs run riot in the east village, and spies from every police agency - State, local, and Federal, - make their observations and notations. Comes a certain day: Terror strikes. Psychedelic folk leave by the hundreds; there are arrests and beating by the score. People are arrested on charges of committing a crime three weeks ago. It's the Federal people who's busting, and they're busting for anything, on any pretext. An effort to wipe out

psychedelic drugs is being made. As Dana Beal sees it, "It was never intended that NEW YORK PROVO run along the lines of a cult of personality. Unfortunately mass media, recreating us in a distorted image, neglected to mention us as a movement, hungry as it always is to reduce everything to personalities. The straight media especially represented my bust and the subsequent 24 hours as the activities of thousands of people over one 'celebrity,' now as an emerging psychedelic revolutionary movement taking care of one of its own. It is clear that my bust was at least connected with efforts to shut down the Provo movement. If this is true, it is clear that the shut-down failed—the turned-on poor of the lower east side rose with greater response than ever before.

"There are PROVOS all over the world; there are NEW YORK PROVOS all over the city—working in small groups loosely affiliated, for massive and radical social change. Psychedelic leftists and anarchists are starting things all over the city. They keep in touch. There are PROVOS working in New York who are more important than the supposed leaders. That is why the Movement can not be shut down. Because it has no leaders."

NUDE MODELS

Coffee Hour Sketch classes. Skin Painting. 4 Figure models. Beginners welcome. Low rates. Continuous sessions, Thurs., Fri., & Sat., from 12 to 9 p.m. Free details.

STUDIO "A" DEPT. EVO
68 West 39th St., New York City

MARBORO SAVES

ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized edition. 700 pages, hardbound. (While they last!)	1.44
Hedy Lamarr; ECSTASY AND ME—My Life as a Woman. 48 photos. Hardbound. Orig. \$5.95	1.00
CHEKHOV: A BIOGRAPHY. By Ernest J. Simmons. 669 pp. Softbound. Orig. \$2.95	1.00
Theodore Bikel: FOLKSONGS AND FOOTNOTES—An International Songbook. 7 1/2" x 10 1/2" Softbound. Orig. \$2.95	1.00
NABOKOV'S QUARTET. By Vladimir Nabokov. Hardbound. Orig. \$3.95	1.00
Margaret Mead: FAMILY. With 200 photos by Ken Heyman. Why is this anthropological volume our best seller of the month? Come in and see for yourself. Hardbound. Orig. \$10.00	99¢

MARBORO BOOK SHOP
56 W. 8th St. AL4-2180
Open 10 AM to Midnight, Mon.—Sat.

POETRY

OPEN POETRY READING SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd & SUNDAY, SEPT. 10th. JR'S CAVE, AVENUE A & 10th STREET. 3 P.M. FREE COFFEE. NO ADMISSION. FOOD AVAILABLE.

GR3-0840
v/o BarTer

FOR KRYEZE B

BOSTON TEA PARTY



By Joe Pilati
Editor, Boston Univ. News

Over the next few weeks, Boston attorney Joseph S. Oteri might become one of the most admired—and maligned—figures in the American legal profession. Over the next few years, he might become the primary instigator of a precedent which (if underground optimists are correct) could literally make this America of duplicity and inconsistency go up in a cloud of euphoric, metaphoric smoke.

And Oteri—a legal rationalist of the old school, who even looks a bit like Darrow—is simply “doing his thing.” In his own words: “Five years ago, I began defending kids accused of various marijuana violations. I’ve been singularly impressed with these people—decent kids, not criminals, not violent, full of life and peace.

“Each one told me the same story—marijuana is not addictive, not harmful, a relatively innocuous substance. I started checking into it and decided that the next time we get a case, we would challenge the law.”

The challenge is here. It goes by the name Commonwealth vs. Leis and Weiss, and the pre-trial hearing—the most crucial forum for arguments in the case—will begin in Suffolk Superior Court, Boston, on September 18. The actual trial of Messrs. Leis and Weiss, two former students caught green-handed at Boston’s Logan International Airport, will be the second act in Oteri’s drama. If he has his way, the “action” will still be rising,

waffing inexorably toward the U.S. Supreme Court, after these local hurdles are cleared.

In an interview at his office last month, the 36-year-old lawyer said he and his associates have lined up 23 expert witnesses who will attest to the unworkability and probable unconstitutionality of current anti-marijuana statutes. The witnesses’ names cannot yet be made public—although compendia of names from the more level-headed recent anthologies and articles on pot provide a set of excellent hints.

Oteri’s firm—Crane, Inker, and Oteri—has offered the attorneys for the prosecution, Hale and Dorr (who are also attorneys for Boston University, one of several Greater Boston institutions which take an even more Neanderthal, “hard-line” stance on marijuana than do, in many cases, the civil authorities), “full mutual disclosure of witnesses before the hearings begin.” Hale and Dorr have not yet responded to the offer.

Spearheading the prosecution will be attorney James D. St. Clair, who was Joseph Welch’s assistant in the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings. (Love him, he’s a liberal.) St. Clair was appointed a special assistant for the case by District Attorney Garrett Byrne.

Oteri estimates that the pre-trial hearing will take three or four weeks at the very least. “We may cut our 23 witnesses by five or so, just to speed it up,” said one of his assistants, who also intimates that the attorneys for the prosecution are having trouble finding wit-

nesses, not to mention reputable data, which would support existing laws.

Oteri’s office, lushly carpeted and paneled, is as subdued and conventional as the lawyer himself is not. But a wooden sign hanging on his office wall, next to the predictable bookcases bursting with wit: alcoholic beverages and cigarettes containing tobacco...” Finally, the motion points out that present law “would impose on the defendant excessive and cruel and unusual punishment (five-to-ten-year prison terms!!!—JP), in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution, as incorporated into the Fourteenth.”

Oteri notes that since most states’ marijuana laws are based upon the Uniform Narcotics Act, brain-child of the venerable if vulnerable Harry J. Anslinger, if the Massachusetts statute is declared unconstitutional, “it is reasonable to expect other states to follow along.”

“I’ve received more than 50 letters from other lawyers in at least ten states, who have started the same kind of proceedings,” Oteri added. Many earlier cases brought to Oteri himself, prior to that of Leis and Weiss, are also held in abeyance pending a decision in the next few months.

Oteri emphasizes that he considers marijuana to be “a very harmful substance at the present time, because it’s illegal. I would strongly urge everyone not to use it, but not to give up the fight to change the law.” To Oteri’s thinking, “the only legal tomes, is indicative of the somewhat puckish but essentially dignified at-

titudes Oteri carries into the case: lettered in the serifed style of "B" Westerns and embellished with curlicues and chiruscoro artwork, it says "Honest Lawyer: Two Flights Up." Oteri is by no stretch of the imagination (and no bending of the mind) a "hippie lawyer" — but he's a hip lawyer, and more importantly, he's angry.

He feels that present marijuana laws "run the risk of excluding perhaps 25 percent of the future leaders of this country, branding them as 'drug addicts'." He says he is "having trouble convincing people I'm interested in a legal problem, not a medical problem. There are an awful lot of lives ruined by virtue of this law, and I'm trying to compel the courts and the Congress to take a long look at this more more more problem."

As you watch Joe Oteri sitting in his swivel chair with his feet propped onto his well-polished mahogany desk, gesturing with a giant cigar ("less harmful than tobacco cigarettes, and legal"), you're aware almost instantly that for him, "this problem" refers to anachronisms in American jurisprudence more than it does to nascent anarchism in the lack of respect for present anti-pot laws manifested by American youth.

"We are not advocating legalization of marijuana," he stressed, "but we say that it should be regulated, with prohibitions on age groups that can get it, and so forth," he says. He drew the familiar analogy between current anti-marijuana laws and the Prohibition amendment of the Twenties: "Prohibition dealt with a downright dangerous and addictive drug: even now, fully

three percent of the population is addicted to alcohol. On the other side of the fence, we have the much more innocuous substance called marijuana — can we afford to prohibit it?"

Oteri's arguments for dismissal of charges against Leis and Weiss, codified and couched into the cumbersome sentence-structures of the legal brief, will be familiar to readers of the underground press. But their assertion in a court of law (perhaps especially in Massachusetts, with its heritage of witch-hunting both literal and figurative) represents an almost unprecedented progressive step.

The defendants' motion, which has been public for several weeks but has not been printed in full or in substantial excerpts in the Boston dailies, contends that the Massachusetts statute is "arbitrary and irrational and not suited to achieve any valid legislative end, in that it fails to properly distinguish between marijuana and so-called 'hard narcotics', such as cocaine, opium and morphine, and it imposes harsh penalties upon mere possession of marijuana or possession with intent to sell, or being present where marijuana is kept, without showing that use of this substance presents a threat to the public health, safety and morals. The claims of grave danger are contradicted by the weight of scientific evidence, which evidence is being ignored by the government, and hence the statute under which defendant is prosecuted, and the entire statutory scheme, violates the due process of law guaranty of the Fourteenth Amendment..."

The motion further argues that the statute "goes beyond the valid exercise of police power of the Commonwealth in that it seeks to control activity which

has not been shown to pose a serious and immediate danger to the public health, safety or morals" and that it would "deny to the defendant his rights to life, liberty and property, without due process of law, as well as the right to security, privacy and the pursuit of pleasure, in violation of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments (...) as they are applied to the states by the Fourteenth Amendment."

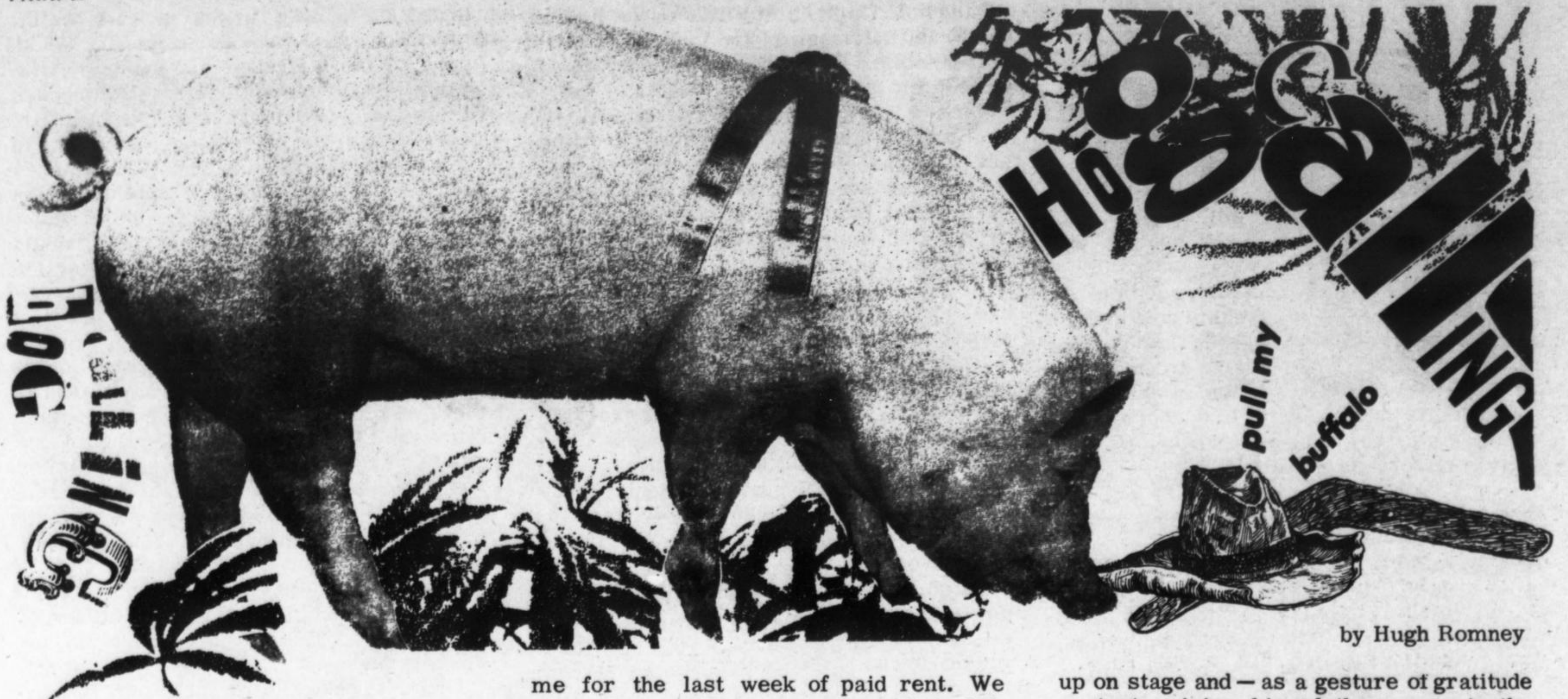
And it goes on: present law "would deny to the defendant the equal protection of the laws in that it has singled out possessors of (...) marijuana, while the laws permit use, sale and possession of substances far more harmful than marijuana, substantial argument against marijuana is that we don't need to legalize another intoxicant. But why put people who choose to use this particular intoxicant in jail?"

"And now that the argument that marijuana leads to heroin has been shot down," Oteri suggested, "the authorities are starting to say it leads to LSD. This is curious, because it amounts to saying marijuana should be a felony because it leads to a misdemeanor—which, in any case, it doesn't."

Oteri said he did not share the opinion expressed in the underground press that the Single Convention, adopted earlier this year by ((NAME OF U.N. BODY)), could effectively stall or halt attempts to ease anti-marijuana laws in the U.S. "The Single Convention is still subject to the constitutional provisions of our own country, and it cannot replace the Supreme Court. Harry Anslinger was against subscribing to it for six years, because he thought it would even loosen up the laws—then he found he couldn't fight it and changed his mind."

Continued on PAGE 15





by Hugh Romney

Too involved for retrospect, the thursday street fete will spew in spurts of other stuff this busy week hath wrought. Like Neil Cassidy, flashing in the ruins of my second record session... He, ten things at once and nothing twice, perpetuates his myth with living movies. Tells a tale of teen-aged Kesey, pissing on a piece of electrified barbed wire. The lightning rides his pee pee to the joint. "Shocking Mr. Ken," as Tiny Tim would have it. Neil took Tiny Tim for a spin off The Scene (it crimps my brain to see him wasted in such lemonade surroundings... the crest of now people... the inner-in crowd think only freak-a-geek and cannot see him glow.) Tiny Tim is a divine time warp... a descent into the cathedral of the Philco radio... he is down the road a piece that passeth understanding... with Cassidy at the wheel to everything, turn turn fastrappin' smokin' pokin' jokin' with his chick, j.b., still missing everything by a thin hair. Tiny Tim is TERRIFIED. I suggest, maybe a song would help, and he shudders his uke from an a&p shopping bag. His first rendering, LET'S ALL GO MAD, is followed by MOTHER'S ROSARY, and cassidy is interested, limiting his simultaneous sentences to seven. "Mr. Cassidy were doing sixty," says TT in a quake. They break into a medley of Bing Crosby duets, as we slide into Ave. C and Second Street, which is this loft pad walter bowart dropped out of and laid on

me for the last week of paid rent. We all... tiny, neil, j.b., me, my old lady, bob levine, and the only Prankster in the apple til we two arrived; this cat, he founded KLSA, 100 micrograms on your mind... had speakers through the redwoods in La Honda, put the Hell's Angels on, plus his old lady. Inside, we smoke a little breakfast without eggs, except for Tiny Tim who passes, behind germs for openers. Cassidy takes off his shirt, and juggles bibles under neon... Flips one open... reads what words his finger spears, like burroughs slicing paper... then he interprets Gideon, which gains in the translation up to now. That wonderful team of Guttenberg and Jung... let's hear it for them, folks. Tiny Tim says he'd rather be a bitter seed than a sweet thorn. Then he sings Laugh, Clown, Laugh, and the whole world breaks up into layers of levels of weird... The I Ching says one must contract to expand... striving upward is rebellion... striving downward is devotion. I suspect Tiny Tim is a plot to inherit the earth... Then i remember the night of the Egg, which was thursday, and i thought they'd call it off, behind the sky was crying, or at least go inside the plastic... yet, the man say they fight wars in the rain... why not love... and i gotta go for it... Anyhow, after the great group OM explosion, and before the Chambers Brothers overcame sad sam's sham, and after we collect a couple hundred bucks for the bail fund, this guy gets


up on stage and — as a gesture of gratitude — starts giving his clothes away to the audience, one thing at a time, and you can see it isn't easy, and he really digs what he's getting off of... well, when he gets down to his belt buckle and the crowd is apeshit, with two plainclothes cops ready to pop, when bonnie jean, who is my wife, whispers, get the audience to dress him. So i ask in the mike for a show of thanks for his thanks, and wham, he gets hit with a \$50 sweater, and plap, comes a jacket, a pith helmet, all-a-day glow. Followed by 30 strands of beads, a german camera and a black umbrella; and i lost track of him under a mountain of stuff. It was a tender time, with people providing the real electricity, causing the hairs of our collective arm to rise to rigid attention... a similar experience (the dopeless high) is available nightly at the ARUNACHALA ASHRAMA of Sri Ramana Maharshi, 78 St. Marks Place, 7:00 pm; which is also a free salad. Go and find out.

Norman Hartwig, a partially paralyzed prankster from Ann Arbor, writes, "Currently, I note that my parakeet has begun to glow from the inside. I wonder if things may not perhaps imagine themselves into existence." Current Fantasies: A wooden Indian (not peyote but Bombay) for a Sitar Store. The moon is Kate Smith in elaborate drag. Kate Smith is made of green cheese.

HUMANITY EMERGES UPTOWN

The Different Drummer antique and new direction clothing

- polos
- hiphuggers
- bells
- love jackets
- turtleminis
- uniforms
- band coats
- pin-stripe suits
- fisherman sweaters
- Spanish sweatshirts



RELIGIOUS CLOTHING FOR ALL

790 Lexington Avenue between 61&62 streets N.Y.C. TE 8-6047

"Hell's Angels without their bikes" -Wall St. Jrl.

"As pure sound approaches genius" -Times

"Crushing-Pulverizing-Ear Destroying" -Mg Tgh

The MOTHERS

IN ABSOLUTELY FREEEE

GARRICK THEATRE

152 Bleecker St. 777-4530

Sun-Tues-Wed-Thurs 8:30 & 10:30

Fri & Sat 8:30, 10:30, 12:30

UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM!

"BRILLIANT!"
Time Mag

NEARBY BERENICE PHLUGHOFFER

AMERICA HURRAH

by JEAN-CLAUDE and FILLIE

POCKET THEATRE, 100 Third Ave. (13th St.) YU 2-0115

martha slept here

GIRLS

OPENING PLUSH DISCOTHEQUE... NEED ATTRACTIVE CHICKS, BARMAIDS, HOSTESSES AND 3 DARING GIRLS FOR BODY PAINTING... SALARY OPEN... CALL MU 3-0169 AFTER 6 P.M. FOR APPOINTMENT.

29 East 29th Street

is coming

DRG STUDIOS

Six 8x10 prints or Five 11x14's selected from 70 Studio Proofs. ONLY \$25.00

Portfolios - Composites - Portraits

Studio or Location: Sittings, Black/White & Color.

Relaxed Unhurried Sessions.

Tel. 228-0180

delfab

SUITS • SLACKS • TOPCOATS

ALTERATIONS OF ALL KINDS

78 AVENUE B Between 5th & 6th St.

BOOKER TILLERY, Owner

Phone: 777-9917

ATTENTION, ATTENTION, THIS IS A BULLETIN, THIS IS A BULLETIN

THE CENTRAL INTELEGENCE AGENCY HAS JUST UNCOVERED AN INSIDIOUS ANARCHIST PLOT TO UNDERMINE THE SANITY OF OUR NATION

ACCORDING TO CAPTURED DOCUMENTS, REFERED TO ONLY AS REVOLUTIONARY DIRECTIVE #4605, ALL AGENTS ARE INSTRUCTED...

TO ENCOURAGE MASS OUTBREAKS OF SELF ABUSE AND HYSTERIA AMONG THE POPULACE

SPECIAL MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE AUTHORITIAS TO COPE WITH THE CRISIS



ALREADY MAJOR INCIDENTS HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN 12 MAJOR CITIES, USUALLY TAKING THE FORM OF THE VICTIMS RUBBING AND FEELING THEIR OWN FLESH

THE NATIONAL SANITY POLICE HAVE BEEN GIVEN EMERGENCY POWERS TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION



EVEN THE COMMUNICATION INDUSTRY, IT HAS BEEN REPORTED, IS INFILTRATED BY SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS IN ORDER TO DISRUPT AND SECRETLY UNDERMINE THE MINDS OF DECENT CITIZENS

IT IS SPECULATED THAT THEY COULD EFFECT MASS MEDIA

THIS IS, HOWEVER DOUBTED BY ALL COMPETANT AUTHORITIES



M. Rodriguez © copyright 1967





INCREASED CONSCIOUSNESS CALLS THE SHOTS!

a conversation between Richard Alpert & Michael Abdul Malik, London



"We won't let it (Detroit etc.) happen here" - Michael Abdul Malik

Michael Abdul Malik: I wish you were going back to the States soon because we have an extremely exciting development going on over here on this side of the Atlantic. You see, we are fortunate over here — fortunate insofar as violence for instance that we are some two or three years behind the Americans. So we still have time to make — (laughter). There is nothing over here now.

Well, I was talking to some of the top Negroes from America — all of them, whenever they come in I see them and I talk to them. I asked them, well, tell me what's been happening — tell me? Are we going to burn down Harlem — all of these things, which is so nice, because Harlem should have been down on the ground a long time ago. But we are some years behind them so we still have the opportunity of experimenting. The relationship between the black and the white completely broke down — or that's the reports we got. It's completely broken down. Some of my men who I send over to America come back and tell me they have no shades of grey any more.

Richard Alpert: The minute there's energy in any one direction the polarisation occurs much more pronounced, really has gotten much more that way now. They don't feel that they have the choice any more.

M.A.M. With all of this problem of their not being able to work together, like the black cat and the white cat in America, and all of these points. And over here like I wouldn't talk to these fellows either. I didn't ask him what colour I was, he told me what colour I was. And he started to tell me I was different than him. I didn't know I was different, he told me all of these stories. You know, you are black and I am white — well, it's rough, what are we going to do about that one? He just tells me I can't do this and I can't do that, so I come away from this and that. But still the race is going ahead. Now all of these young people, all of the black people, they keep thinking that I know something that they don't know. So they ask me to show them, the way out of various problems that confront them. And I am looking for some white people who are not like that white liberal, who is going to sit down and swing and just not be worried and people who can sit and talk with me — I don't tell them something about black and white, they're not even conscious of it.

JOINT CONSCIOUSNESS

R.A. They only want to share their time and space with other people who are like that, and the question is whether or not you're like that? Or the people you want to be with are like that, in other words, if I'm like that, to me it doesn't matter I don't think, and I just like to groove with people. Now if that is the case like whom am I going to groove with? I don't have a cause, I'm going to groove with the people that turn me on; whose consciences I can share and explore things with an get to other levels of perception with; and the reason I don't get involved in causes most times is that they burn me down so badly, they really do — they're a drag. Because they are like narrow consciousness. The thing is, can your own philosophy — is that going to do you in? Are you going to have a constant hustle with the people who don't have the vision you have? Who will destroy in order to realise their vision which you can see is the step before which they see — you know, it's only when like they — in the United States there is this whole middle class breakdown of whites now who say, man, is that what it was all about? Well, cheese, I feel sick inside — I don't feel like — I ain't got no satisfaction. They come to like — they look and they see me on the horizon and know it's not a pot of gold, it's a tranquilliser or something like that, you know.

You see the word power is a very upsetting word to the hippies, because they can't really handle power at all, because their model of let's get back to humanity, you know the human-ness before all of the other social roles, colour, age, nationality, religion, anyway, is we've got to find a way of collaborative rather than competitive communities. And this means we've got to unify humanity as much as possible, in other words figure instead of ground that idea of we are all one. So the feeling of a joint consciousness or something collaborative in that sense. Well, now the whole word power has in it subject-object relationship you see, because power means between you and me there is a power of relationship, it's got to have a subject and an object, it's one of those kind of words. And as such it's a very uncomfortable word, although unrealistically uncomfortable. I mean it is true we are all of everything, at all kinds of energy levels.



CANNIBIS SAID



DEAD CENTER

THE WHOLE WORKS

"I can't share time and space with people who aren't on a journey" -

Richard Alpert

HEINOUS CRIME

M.A.M. Oh, yes.
R.A. Cut off your tongue?
M.A.M. Cut off your tongue, cut off your hand.
R.A. He does do that — every day?
M.A.M. Well, very seldom because nobody would do it!
M.A.M. But somebody did something the week before I went there, did something wrong it must have been terribly wrong, because six guys had their heads cut off in the public place, the market place or something, publicly.

R.A. And he called for that?
M.A.M. I don't know who did, man.
R.A. And you went out hunting with him?
M.A.M. With him. But he's such a swinging cat — he have the whole town groove him. I mean you have to commit some very heinous crime —
R.A. He's saying as long as you stick to the law, to —?
M.A.M. To the law of Islam, the Koran, everything is good.
R.A. As I see it?
M.A.M. Not as you see it — he has a fantastic amount of caliphs that if it is you are sort of querying his decision in any way, —
M.A.M. Right. As long as you can use the book you can argue with him. Only on the book — and everything goes by the book.

R.A. Now does he himself question the book?
M.A.M. No — they interpreted the book like mad.
R.A. Has he ever questioned the book?
M.A.M. I don't think anyone can — the book cannot be questioned. I don't know — I am not willing to question the book. I am a Muslim also, I wouldn't question it. You know, the Prophet Mohammed was right, his revelations were divine, as divine as anything could be.

R.A. Do you think that the vision of Mohammed is — let me put it another way. I think that there are many people who are able to comprehend the divinity of it all and are able to see truth and speak truth at some point in their lives, some point in history. I think Buddha, I think Mohammed, I think Christ and all of them —
M.A.M. But Mohammed said they all were right, in the Koran.

R.A. I appreciate that.
M.A.M. He has written you may pay all attention to all of the prophets who were here before me — Christ, Moses, Abraham, the lot of them. They are all prophets in Islam. Islam recognises the lot — it's one of the most swinging religions in that way. I mean you get other religions which doesn't recognise this fellow or this one don't recognise this fellow — the Prophet had a very nice gift, he recognised everybody.
R.A. Yes, but what Mohammed said was look, I recognise all them and now I'm going to lay down what reality is. You stay within the bounds of reality because I laid it down — of the reality I'm going to define for you.
M.A.M. This is a very — I can understand your point, what it is you're talking about here. I have a considerable amount of friends — I hate saying things like this, it's like saying some of my best friends are in England, and some of my best friends in Jerusalem, all of this type of thing. But I have a considerable amount of friends who just happen to be atheists. I understand their point. This is very swinging — for me, I need God. I don't know who don't — if you don't then that's beautiful. But I need Him. I need that book.

FLOWER POWER

M.A.M. One of the things that made me get very strong and wanted to bring in flower power is this. I was sitting in a woman's house, a West Indian woman, who was a rather nice woman and she had three little children who were very nice children, they were all very clean, and she was looking over at the neighbours, the neighbour was English, she said, when my husband come home he won't do anything, but he'll be here. So she said, he wouldn't even do something in the backyard, he would plant trees and plant grass out there. And she was very eager to have a little backyard with grass and a few roses around it, that she is quite distressed because she had borrowed a spade from an old age pensioner up the street and started to do the backyard herself. And she'd broke the handle and her husband wouldn't fix the handle, so I fixed it. And I know that there are so many young people who would be so happy to go down there and turn on. If you want your backyard with flowers, let's do it.

M.A.M. They love flowers!

M.A.M. So many things — because they need in order to have a happy relationship with her husband is so simple. What she needs is her backyard cleaned, roses planted. So we'll plant some roses in her backyard and turn her on.

R.A. You know who I spent some time with when I was in London last time was Nawaf Abdul Assiss? Do you know him, the brother of King Faisal that came to England to stay at the Dorchester? M.A.M. No.

R.A. And I just visited with him for a few hours, and I was thoroughly delighted with his mind. I mean he was just beautiful, and I was trying to communicate to him like what the psychedelic experience was like. And I was explaining — I was getting him to describe how after he would be at home all day into affairs all day, he would get on a horse and he would ride out in the desert sunset. And he was describing the feelings he felt when he was out there, when he would in a way transcend his whole scene and just experience things directly. And I said, well, you really understand already what that is, you've already got that perspective you're working from. You are that conscious, which really delighted me tremendously. And we talked for a long time and what I wanted in my head, you see, which was of course a complete impossibility but it was just for fun — was I wanted to get him to set up with me an experimental community based on the really literalness of the Koran — get the Koran back into the life of the people rather than getting them so hip.

M.A.M. But there is you know — it is you know.

KORAN A HIP VEHICLE

R.A. The Koran is a very hip vehicle.

M.A.M. It is, but in Saudi Arabia it is like that. You know, even in hotels there are no locks and doors and all of those kinds of things. If you go to a hotel in Saudi Arabia and you register your baggage and you say there is my key, I don't even know what you're talking about, he don't know what's a key. There are no locks — the minute you talk about how am I going to shut my door? He says, what for?

What do you want to shut the door for? You know, it's hot!

Then you tell him — if you are stupid enough to tell him something like, I have a lot of valuable possessions — he says, but nobody steals here. You know, this is true — nobody steals here, This doesn't extend to all of the Arab lands but it is in Saudi Arabia.

The King Faisal was so swinging, you know. This cat is such a beautiful fellow — that he has a man just sits there laughing.

M.A.M. Of, so beautiful!

R.A. I wanted to know what he was there for — he just sits there and he laughs all the time. He doesn't stop. When they have been kings longer they will do it in a serious way.

R.A. That's the whole scene — they'd better do it in a serious way.

M.A.M. He was telling me, you know, you would look great in London in clothes like mine. I know, I looked at all of his nice clothes and so on. He says, how will I ever get something like that? he says. I could give you — he gave me his clothes just like what he is wearing, he gave them to me. Just turned me on. And we were talking about money and he told me money is so strange, that so many people doesn't really understand money. Like, look how much money I have down here? And he had a box like a vegetable box full of golden sovereigns, golden reals. And he says, would you like? So I went and I wondered if to take the box! (laughter) I asked the guy next to me, what does he mean by take? That is my interpreter, he had his interpreter. What does he mean when he says take? He says, well, you know, you're his guest and everything he has is yours and if he tells you to help yourself, just help yourself, take what you want. I took one which he thought was — I don't know what it is he thought, he probably thought I don't like reals! But anyhow — I put it in my pocket. I always wondered if I took the box! I really think he might have wanted to get rid of his fortune! His income is 10 million dollars a week — as my source suggests.

It's something like that. They are real kings, man. We went shooting with him and when we went out shooting with him there was one man with a bag of coins to give away, because it is expected, the people expect it to give them. So he has this man with a bag and he reaches in and he hands out money to everybody, wherever it is they go. And the king out there does not behave like the king up here in this country — the king sits in a big open room and anybody who wants to talk to him, there's nobody can stop them. All they have to do is to get in. And like nobody can stop you going to see the king. So the whole place all around the outside is full of people, you know, in the morning and they're all trooping in and telling him they want this and they want that.

R.A. And does he see them as they come or is there somebody who lines them up, is there a political scene?

M.A.M. Well, not really — we have no politics, he is the king, man, and they ain't got no party.

R.A. He doesn't have a whole hierarchy of people who sift out who gets through and stuff like that? M.A.M. Oh no — you force your way in.

R.A. And he listens and he makes a decision? And that's it.

M.A.M. All the time he is making decisions like that.

R.A. Just like that all day long. He's like a judge.

M.A.M. Exactly. But it's Islamic law, you see, it is practised. And Islamic law is such a strange law — if you steal something they cut your hand, if you lie they cut off your tongue. If you deceive — R.A. Does he impose sentences like that?

I NEED GOD

R.A. Do you need God or do you need the book?

M.A.M. I need the book and God.

R.A. Do you need more than an awareness that there is a divine process and a divine purpose? M.A.M. Yes, I also need a book which I can refer to when I am in trouble and making decisions.

R.A. Well, maybe you should look inside yourself — maybe that's the most living book there is. Maybe you should learn how to go inside and find out for yourself?

M.A.M. Some people happen to be strong enough to do that, some are not.

R.A. Isn't everybody?

M.A.M. No.

R.A. Some people are lazier than others, but isn't everybody? M.A.M. Maybe I am lazier than others, maybe I have found that inside of this book I am able to find certain answers, and this is valid unto me. Just as the man who does not need that book it is also valid to him.

R.A. I dig all of the books of the great men of consciousness. They are all like maps and models. But at this moment it's a total environment of which their model or their metaphor came out of their moment, and it's important that you be that person, not that you think about that person or — do you understand what I'm trying to say?

M.A.M. I understand what you're trying to say. If the Prophet was here he would dig you too. I mean he was one of the most swinging cats.

M.A.M. He was a very clear thinking fellow. And a fellow like that can only write truth.

E.L. Okay, that's cool. I think that's cool, all right. Does every man have the opportunity to be Mohammed?

M.A.M. To be Mohammed? You cannot be Mohammed — you can be yourself.

R.A. Can you as yourself see anything that stops anybody? But he has given a guideline to help you to get there.

M.A.M. I don't see anything that stops anybody. But he has given a guideline to help you to get there.

R.A. And the question is does a guy like work or not? Do people get to be like Mohammed? M.A.M. It seems to work because it is — Malcolm X introduced me to it — I can't say that I wasn't on the swinging scene because I used to rob the occasional bank and rob the occasional Post Office and have a number of ladies on the street hustling, and as far as money was concerned — it was great fun. And since Malcolm came and showed me this book I just found something else which it is I groove along with better.

R.A. So the book was perfectly in tune with how you saw it?

M.A.M. Exactly. I am more honest now.

R.A. Which by the way, whatever you worry is, whether it is that way or whose ever way it is that you get to this state of being, learning that you've got to get honest first, that the game demands that you get straight with yourself and with the world round you, and that's like a relentless fact that keeps coming back to me. I mean I think Buddha's really one of the great lines from him was: you teach by being. You're really got to be that straight. You've got to be how you think it should be.

M.A.M. ... with the Koran into English it says exactly the same thing — your life by example.

R.A. They wouldn't tamper with it?

M.A.M. Even the most violent arguments that come of it are — this interpretation.

R.A. I guess I don't have anything in the environment that I wouldn't tamper with because to me it's just another thing in the environment — it may be groovy and beautiful but it's a thing in the environment. Because what I am I am — and in the last analysis I'm not a Jew and I'm not an American, I'm not anything, I just am. That's why I finally have to face my fears as a human being — you know, that's the final wall that I get to, of fears, are at the level, not at all these other —

M.A.M. Religion is something which it is I would hate to argue with anyone about — I wouldn't do it, you know, it is so ridiculous. What it means to me it couldn't possibly mean to you. Look, I listen to the words what Timothy Leary says and they make a lot of sense to me. They tell you to tune in and drop out and all those things and they make a lot of sense. He's talking the language of the man of today — if the Prophet Mohammed could come with all of his beautiful poetry and went down into California and recite all that beautiful poetry, the television audience ... bigger viewing scene. But on the other hand here Timothy Leary is speaking the language that this man understands. Now if you try to put in Arabic, turn on — you're going to get into a lot of trouble!

R.A. Right, exactly.

M.A.M. You can tell him exactly the same thing in his way.

R.A. Exactly, that was why it was really an attempt to take one of us to work with one of the people that really was young and alive and very involved with the Koran from, you know, where we could have communication, just be together and share experience together and arrive at a new statement which was a new statement, you know.

M.A.M. If Malcolm were alive he might have been able to do this.

R.A. Yes, that's right. That's what I thought when I read his book. I thought that his consciousness was one that I could really —

M.A.M. He might have been able to. There is one of the sons of Elijah that you might be able to do it with — his name is Herbert.

EMMETT GROGAN

R.A. If you have an opportunity to meet this fellow Emmett Grogan —

M.A.M. I can't come to the United States.

R.A. Emmett (Grogan, of the San Francisco Diggers) is coming to England I think in a few weeks and he's coming with I think Paul Krasner and somebody else and they're going to come through these states and just sort of see what's happening. And I will write to him and ask him to look you up if I may, because I think you two would find an understanding of game exultation in the way that you would find it very beautiful to collaborate in perhaps this flower power thing. Because I dig that that could be — you see, the hippies in the United States would very much, they very much dig the coloured scene, the coloured problem; but they don't dig the violence. But they would love to be able to make the positive statement but there hasn't been a vehicle for them to do it so easily. Every vehicle — I watched this mobilisation for peace thing you know, and I really dug as I watched it that it was using the hippies for the ends of spreading more ugliness.

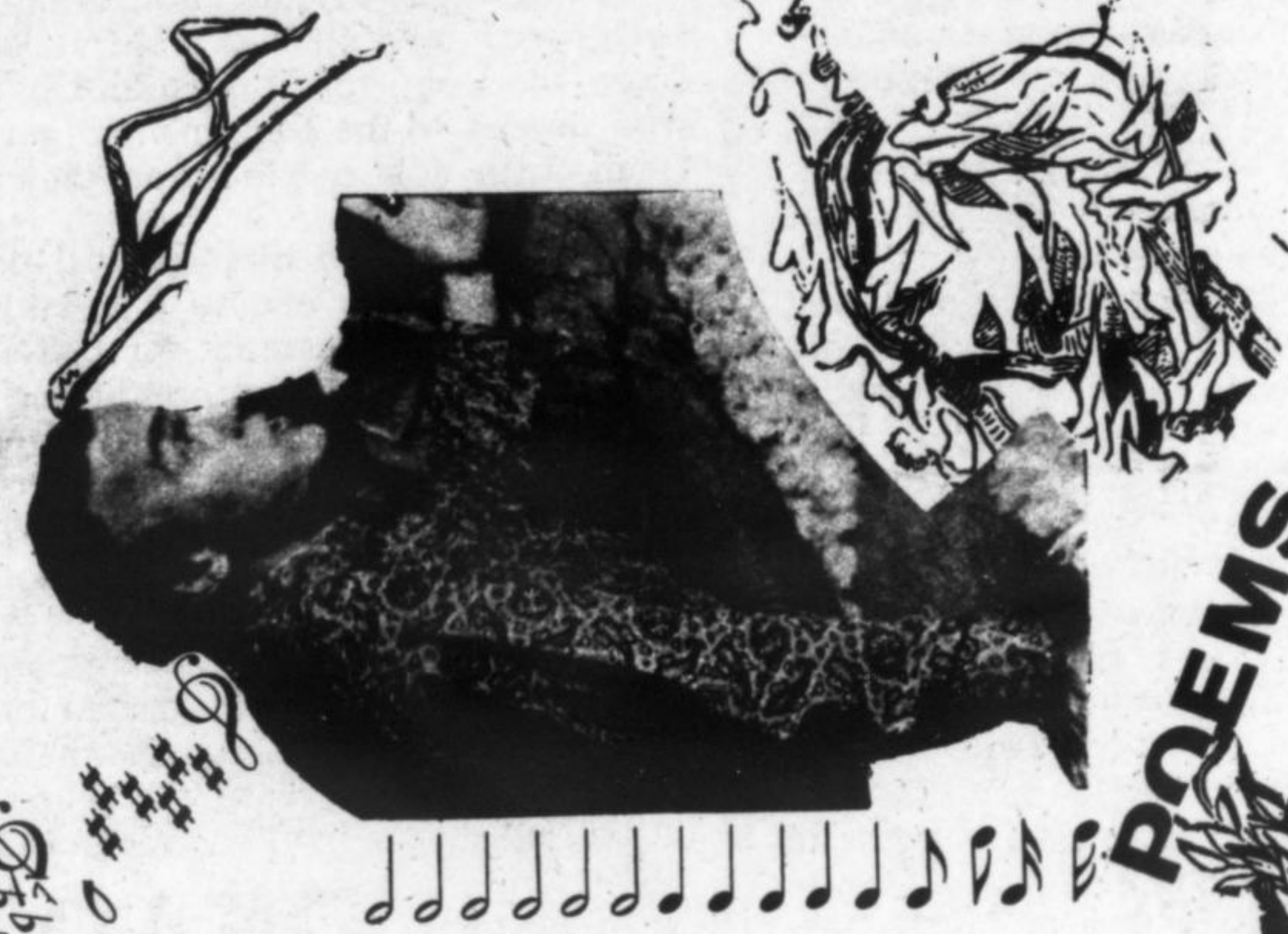
M.A.M. We're not going to let that happen here.

R.A. Well, that's the issue. How beautiful the human beings are that are doing it — that's really what it boils down to. Because you are — you teach what you be. In the last analysis Malcolm X will really teach something, while a lot of these other guys can't teach anything. They're being trapped by their own game.

M.A.M. They are going to fall into the same trap as America — we really won't.

R.A. I think you won't — you're much too sophisticated to do that, you really are.

IS ADDICTIVE



POEMS

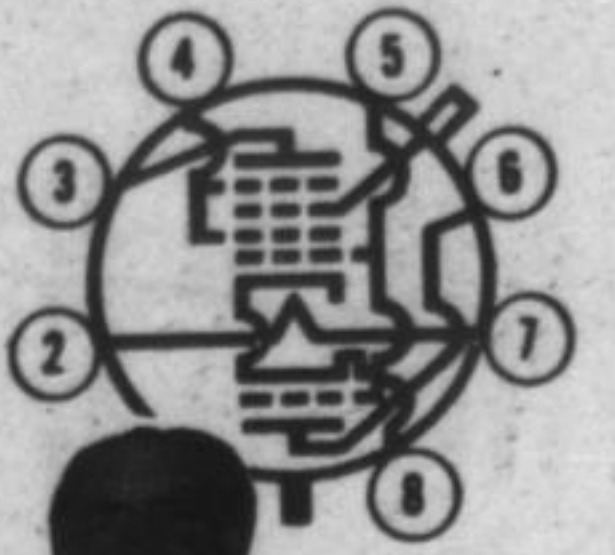
PHOTOS: BILL LEVY



**COME
MARCH
OCTOBER 21**

**TRIPPING ACROSS
THE POT
MIC**

ON WASHINGTON



By Keith Lampe

A good new feeling in the streets of America. Feels like there's going to be a white rebellion too. The work of the black men of Newark and Detroit has freed us honkies (beep! beep!) of a few more scholarly hangups and we're getting down into it now.

Now, at last, we're getting past the talk and the analysis and the petitions and the protests—past the cunning white logic of the universities—and we're heading back down into ourselves. The worst trip of all finally coming to an end: "Either A or not-A" and "Men have souls, animals don't" kept us freaked out for 2500 years.

Gary Snyder says it's the neolithic that's coming to an end. Says man is transferring his best attention from objects to states of mind.

In any case, we emancipated primitives of the coming culture are free to do what we feel now because we understand that logic and proportion and consistency and often even perspective are part of the old control system and we're done with the old and done with control systems.

Among the honkies the Diggers probably best understand this and they've been helpful dragging us kicking and screaming into the last third of the century.

Psychic guerrilla warfare now. Diggers raining dollar bills to the floor of the stock exchange in gleeful exorcism. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Hate Parade down Wall Street to hold up a mirror to the studious monkeys: Kill a Commie for Christ, Commie a Christ for Killer, Christ a Killer for Commie.

Seventy-six point two per cent of the following gigs will hit Washington last half this October:

1--Ten thousand exuberant people will clog the Pentagon and close it down. Later they'll jam the jails, take them over and turn them into communities.

2--A thousand children will stage Loot-Ins at department stores to strike at the property fetish that underlies the genocidal war.

3--A hundred professors will use their bodies to close down the induction center.

4--Seven tailored fraternity boys will wrestle LBJ to the ground and take his pants down. Fotos of the fleshy seat of government will circulate freely.

5--Hey, who defoliated the White House lawn?

6--Two authentic D.C. cop impersonators will take twelve peace demonstrators to jail and the charges later will poof as the impersonators evaporate into the populace.

7--Country Joe and the Fish will make music.

8--A single elderly shaman, intoning in his belly, will drive 2600 evil spirits shrieking from the Pentagon. Fourteen key colonels will defect to the Diggers and get \$42,000 from Life for a piece on their earlier karmas.

9--Eight thousand hippies will panhandle at embassies to create a certain international embarrassment for U.S. imagers.

10--A large black truck containing mysterious electronic equipment will move slowly through the streets of the city. Rumors of a Martian flag flying above the FBI Building.

11--Hippie chemists will experiment non-violently on police with anti-riot control agents. "It just makes them feel lazy, that's all."

12--Fifteen hundred mothers will hold a Smoke-In in Lafayette Park and the sweet scent in the evening air will cause Lady Bird to sigh in her sleep.

13--Nineteen thousand hippies will jam the banks, paralyze them, and proclaim the path of money.

14--As the network cameras wheel in for classic counter-demonstrator footage, the COMB PEKING picket signs will be flipped to say 'LBJ SUCKS and LBJ DOESN'T SUCK.

15--Forty bearded ghosts from the last revolution will rise from Arlington Cemetery and scramble the Pentagon's radar system.

16--Alice's Air Force will provide mobile civil-disobedience units anyplace in Washington within 45 seconds.

17--Hey, who kidnapped the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier?

18--During a block party in front of the White House a lad of nine will climb the fence and piss, piss, piss.

19--And, of course, there will be God's Intergalactic Light Show over all.

Afterwards, in November, how many kids will go back to school? The universities (except insofar as they contribute technologically to the cybernetics revolution) are cultural lag areas now—and in most cases it's no longer possible to advise a bright young person to pass time at one.

Jails should become voluntary. This places the government into the monastery or retreat business and we win the simple right to be fed and housed austere in a nonsectarian environment whenever we feel like meditating. Since the blacks emphatically are in no mood to meditate this season, let them out, get them out, immediately.

Because as a honkie I have a bully heritage, I dig nonviolence as my best expression. But I know nonviolence is a faith—not a demonstrable truth—and, being ecumenically inclined, I have no desire to impose it on anybody else.

Up-to-the-minute progress reports on all the Washington activities can be had at any hour from (202) OX 7-4617.

Reprinted From
Liberation

KNOTTINGHASHINGTON

**"MADNESS in defense of SANITY
is THEATRE"**

A & M Recording Artist
A Revolution in Songwriting

PHIL OCHS


TICKETS:
Parquet \$4.50
First Tier \$4.50
Second Tier \$3.75
Dress Circle \$3.25
Balcony \$2.50

On Sale or by
Mail From
CARNEGIE HALL
BOX OFFICE
7th Ave. &
57th St.



IN CONCERT
CARNEGIE HALL
SUNDAY, OCT. 1st at 8:30 PM
Presented by
AQUARIAN AGE, INC.

ANYONE WISHING TO EXCHANGE HI-FI SYSTEM FOR EVO OFFICE



IN EXCHANGE FOR ADVERTISING
* CALL EVO 228-8640

WHAT IS HORSESHIT MAGAZINE LIKE?




Horseshit is not like anything else in the world. It's been compared to the Realist, to American Heritage, to Playboy, to Mad, and others. That doesn't give a very clear picture, does it? Horseshit is indescribable, you have to see it yourself. For instance, Horseshit #2 contains these things: Canonize JFK Now! (Illustrated article) The Last Words of Jefferson Monroe Just Before He Was Torn To Pieces On The Floor of Congress. (Polemic) The Hindu Art of Love. Selections from The Angled Banana. (With illustrations depicting the various positions) The Fetishist. (Picture Story) Cunt Is A Christian Word. (Poetry) Educating Judges and Other Unnatural Acts. (Illus. Article) Plus hundreds of graphic drawings, stuff on human sacrifice and the U.S. Army; attacks; bellows of rage; also the Black Muslims, William Buckley, and other hate groups; much, much more. By subscription only—3 issues \$5. Issues #1 and #2 now available. Tell us which you want to start with. Money back if not satisfied. Send \$5 to:

MORE INFORMATION FREE SCUM PUBLISHING CO., BOX 361-E, HERMOSA BEACH, CAL. 90254

FIGURE MODELS
Male - Female
477-2340

RESHAPE YOUR HEAD



SEND 40 CENTS TO THE PROSPECT DEPT A, BOX 2307 PROVIDENCE, RI 02906.

FULL LINE OF STRAP-ON HIPPE ACCESSORIES AND ARTIFACTS.

WANTED

Girl to run office. Must be flexible, independent, willing to assume responsibility. Typing, filing, good at figures, good telephone voice essential. Salary open (including room & board if desired) and flexible hours for right girl. Write E. Johnson, 236 E. 6th Street, or phone, 533-4332.

THE TEA PARTY

Continued from PAGE 9

Tentative but significant support for Oteri's court venture has come from two of Boston's four major newspapers, The Globe and Herald-Traveler. The former paper, in a July 14 editorial, cited evidence contradicting the assumptions of present law from the Medical Society of the County of New York, from Prof. Richard Blum of Stanford and from President Johnson's National Crime Commission, and concluded that this month's testimony "should contribute to public enlightenment on a subject which has generated far more heat than light." The Herald-Traveler confined itself to opining that "re-examination of marijuana's legal status should be welcomed."

The import is clear: there'll be a "hot time" (and not in the perjorative sense, either) in Beantown this month.

Eighth Street Bookstore
 for the best in books, paperbacks, little mags, underground presses, and publishers' overstock—
 Greenwich Village's Famous Bookshop
 17 West 8th Street

"ABSOLUTELY UNFORGETTABLE A MAGNIFICENT FILM!"

—Joseph Morgenstern, Newsweek

"It glows with the warm comedy of complicity . . . separates the mensches from the mere metteurs en scene."
 —Andrew Sarris, Village Voice

"One of Bunuel's powerful, relentless probings of humanity. One has an inescapable sense of life, death and meaning. The picture has the ability to haunt you."
 —Archer Winsten, New York Post

"BUNUEL stages this play with explosive ferocities. He is showing us the played-out privileged classes in all their stubborn sterility. It is fitfully fascinating, well-staged and well-played."
 —Bosley Crowther, New York Times

clm perry presents

LUIS BUNUEL'S
the exterminating angel

cannes festival critics' award

Extra: "ADAGIO"

AMERICAN PREMIERE

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA
 7th Ave. & 56th St. PL 7-2131

Feature at 1, 2:45, 4:35, 6:25, 8:15 & 10:05
 Distributed by ALTURA FILMS INTERNATIONAL



BRITAIN

 handbags shoes
 belts sandals
 vests skirt
 37 St. Marks

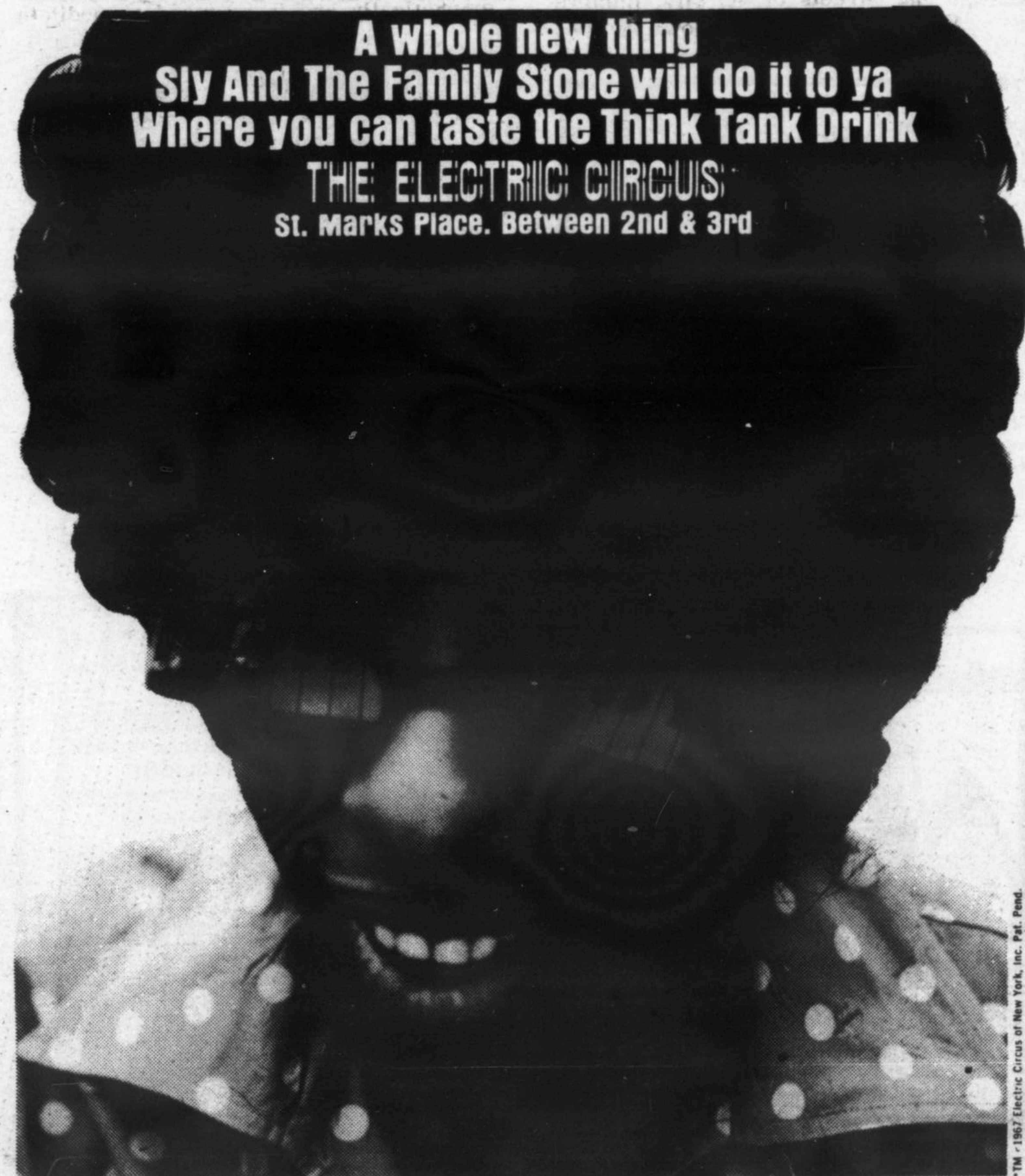
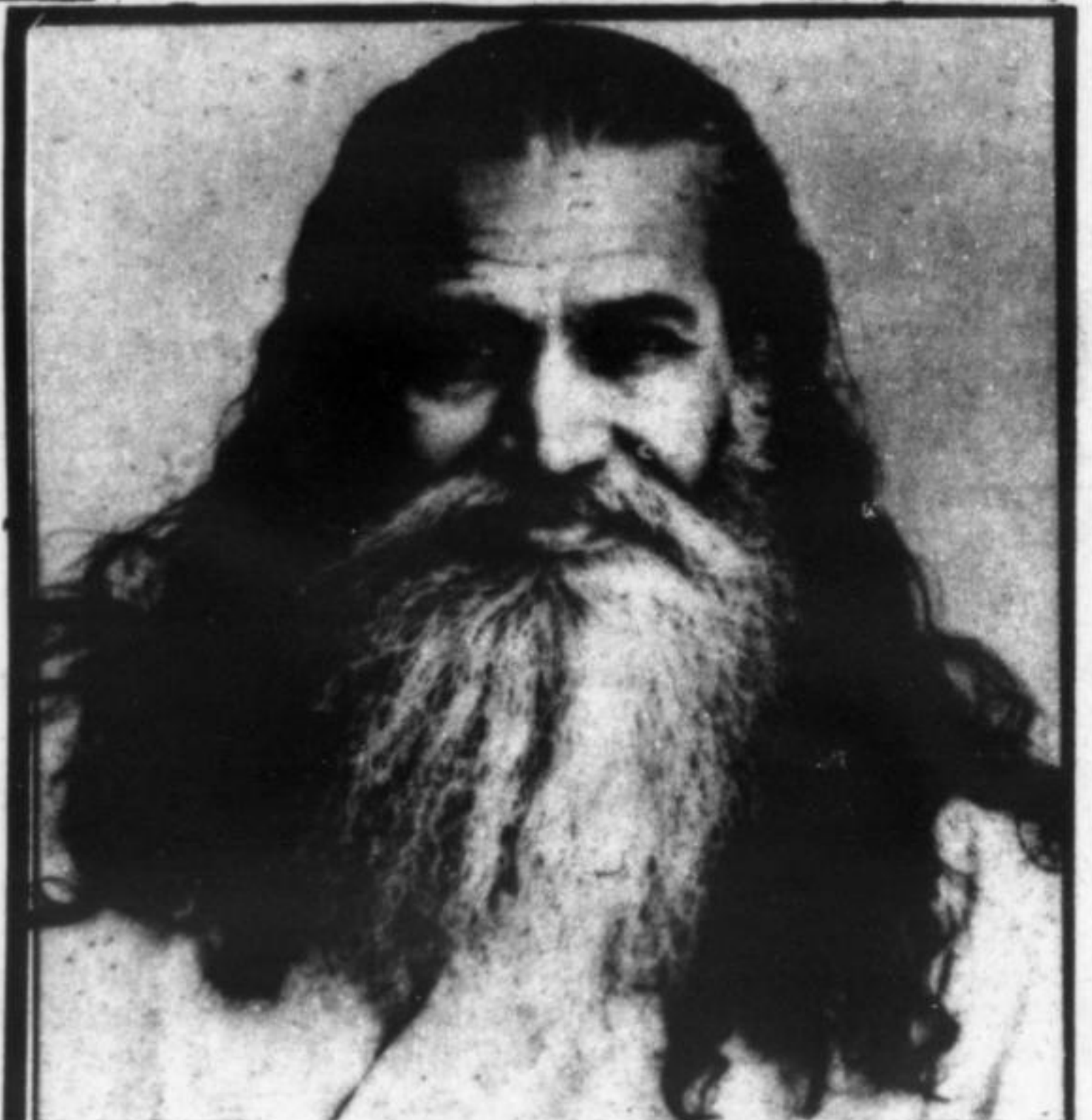
JOEY B.
 NO MATTER WHAT HAS HAPPENED,
 WE LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU HOME
 PLEASE CALL
 MOM & DAD

GUERRILLA THEATRE

 en route to europe would love
To Disturb YOU
 OLIVE PITS & L'AMANT MILITAIRE
 want to host?
 write to SF MIME TROUPE, 924 Howard St., San Francisco 94103

Meet Sly

A whole new thing
Sly And The Family Stone will do it to ya
Where you can taste the Think Tank Drink
THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS
 St. Marks Place. Between 2nd & 3rd

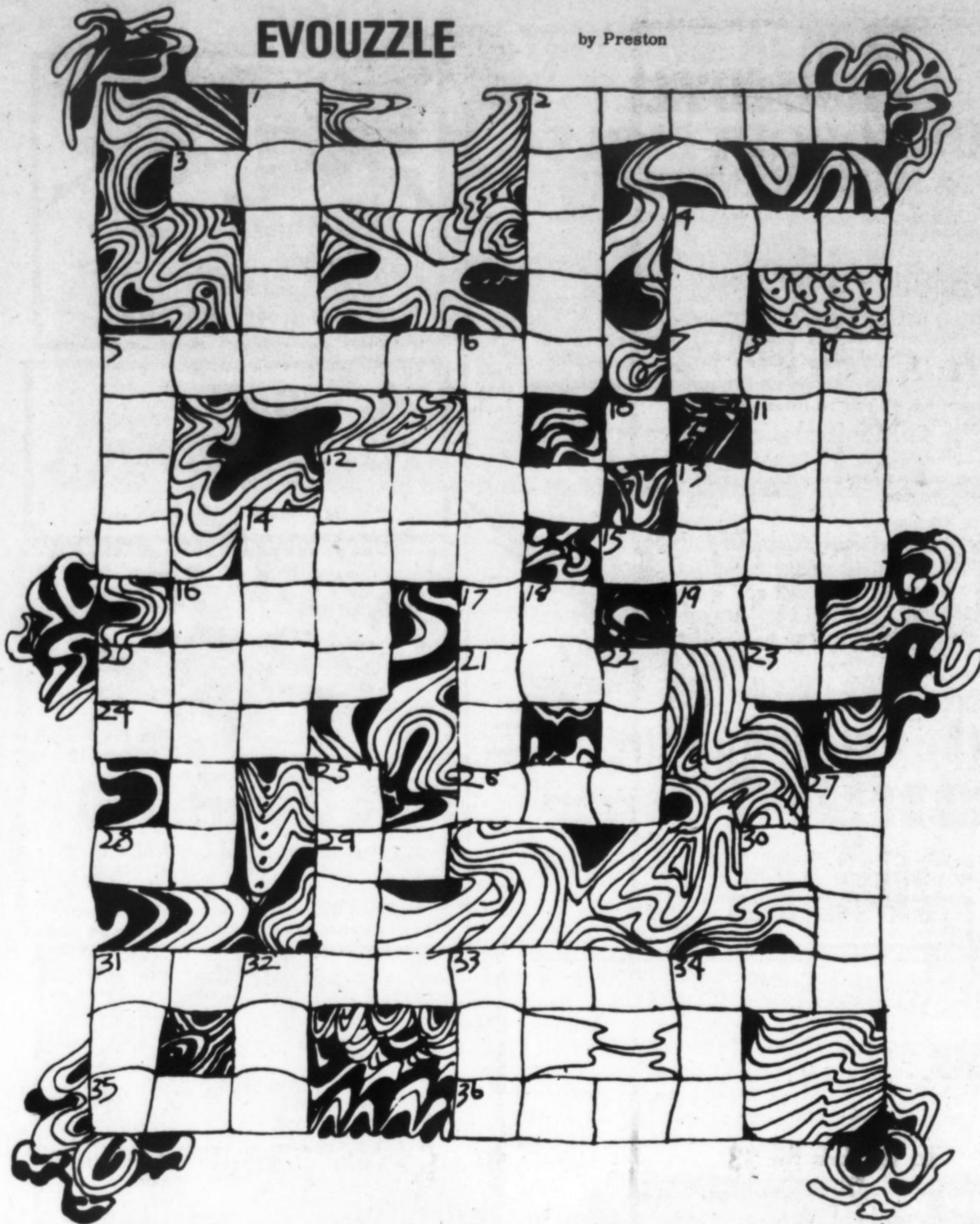



Friday, September 8, 8 PM
 at the
VILLAGE THEATRE
 105 Second Ave. (at 6th St.)
 A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
 of
Sri Swami Sivandanda
 Lecture and Hatha Yoga Demonstration
 Conducted by
Sri Swami Satchidananda
 other speakers
 —Bob Fass, Introduction
 Dr. Joseph H. Gelberman, Rabbi of
 The Little Synagogue
 \$2 Donation
 Admission cards available at: Village Theater
 box office, Second Ave. & E. 6/Prana, 2320
 Broadway / First Bardo, 2885 Broadway / Zok
 Shop, 404 E. 69/Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60/ Tin
 Lizzie Restaurant, 140 W. 51/ Infinite Poster, 150
 Bleecker/Liberty House, 343 Bleecker/Village Den,
 225 W. 12/Electric Lotus, 308 E. 6/Limbo, 24
 St. Marks Pl. / Bookmasters, 999 Third Ave. /
 Michael Malce, 440 Third Ave.
 Sponsored by the Integral Yoga Institute
 500 West End Ave., Tel. 874-7970

FIGURE MODELS
 Male - Female
477-2340

EVOUZZLE

by Preston



ACROSS

2. The motivating force behind western man.
3. Criminals without talent or imagination.
4. The centre point of the universe.
5. A present from the establishment — for good boys and girls only.
7. If you're not on, you must be —.
10. Blind eye.
11. When British painters run out of ideas they join this club.
12. Vital for one's physical and psychological well-being.
13. When you place the affairs of the world in the hands of idiots, it always ends up like this.
14. It slithers and skims in and out of Shakespeare, sometimes.
15. A holy place.
16. Paranoia with wings.
17. Fidel never said this to the State Dept.
19. More fools per acre here than any other part of the U.S.
20. Not in the existential vocabulary.
21. Can LSD lead you to this?
23. Is he a horse or is he a fug?
24. Do it now.
26. If God's made anything nicer, he's kept it for himself.
28. A label on the female genitalia.
29. An artistic and public illusion.
30. If you're not off, you must be —.
31. A taste of honey for a deep sea diver.
35. A major industry in the U.S.
36. A reasonable description of the V.V.

DOWN

1. A secret region that is being slowly rediscovered.
2. A weed of contention and contentment.
4. Worth subscribing to.
5. An establishment drug — not yet in distribution.
6. Like 5 across, only much more vulgar.
8. A European centre for dreams of grandeur.
9. The most eloquent sound made by the President during press conferences.
12. One a day keeps the shrink away.
13. Good for boat building.
14. An agreement between rival thieves.
16. Your enemy does this.
18. If it ain't, it —.
20. Very feminine.
22. Only one man caught this from a toilet seat, and he's a liar.
25. Last year's poetic clothing.
27. The orifice from which most leaders speak.
31. An organization specializing in bribery and blackmail.
32. A believer in the democratic process could be called a nut.
33. In England it means money.
34. A word for God.

the eyes 2725
 YU 26688
 END OF FILM Monterey Pop Festival

308 e. 6 st. 473-9071

FILM PRODUCERS

We need your films for distribution. The films we want fall into two categories: Underground and social/current affairs (Vietnam, BLACK POWER, Police Brutality, etc.) The more recent the film the better. However, we will consider other films if what they say is still valid today. For further information and to arrange a screening contact:

Perspective Films
 2342 Coldwater Canyon Drive
 Beverly Hills, California 90210
 (213) 272-0280

TATTOOZEES

WHOLESALE CALL 226-9612

64e. 7st.

ADULTS SIPS

FIGURE MODELS

SKIN PAINTING. Do it yourself at our studio. Paint weird, attractive, beautiful designs right on the female models.

SKETCH CLASSES. 4 nude models

For the artist and the Figure Art student, continuous posing lectures.

BEGINNERS WELCOME!

Low rates. Open Thurs., Fri., & Sat. from 12 to 9 P.M.

FREE BROCHURE!

Studio "A", Dept. EVO, 68 West 39th St., New York City, Tel: 279-6452



A Scathing Film of a Girl without Morals!

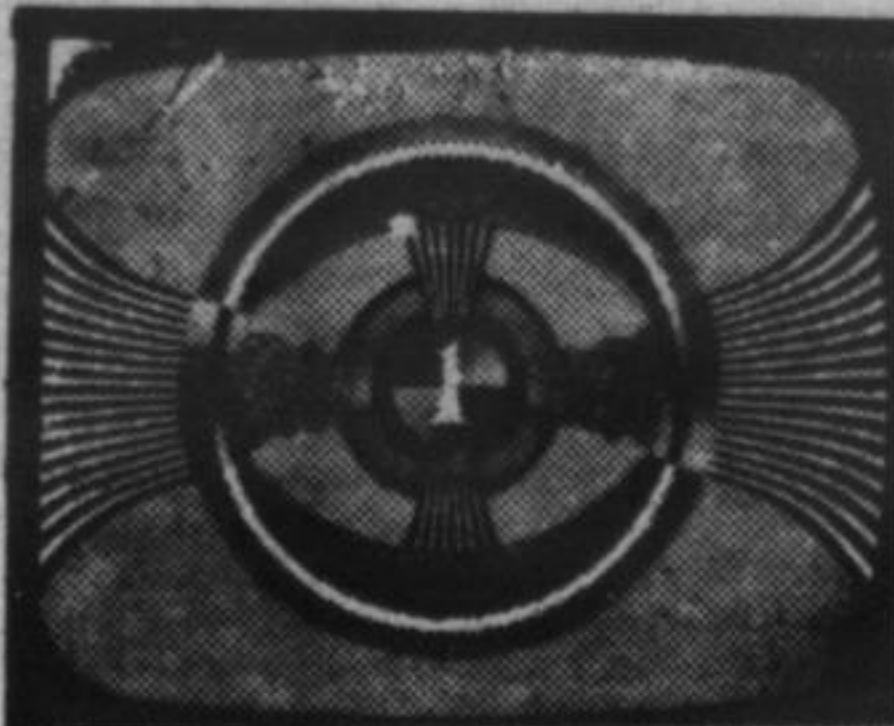
THE PREMISCUOUS SEX

UNEDIT - UNCENSORED

2nd ADULT HIT

WORLD 49th ST. East of 7th Ave. CI 7-5747

Shows Open Daily 8:45 A.M. Late Show Every Night



CHANNEL ONE

UNDERGROUND TELEVISION

CLOSED CIRCUIT ONLY AT

62 East 4 St. (btw 2nd & 3rd Aves)

Sun thru Thurs at 9:00, \$1.75
Fri & Sat at 8:30 & 10:30, \$2.25 OR 4-1010

Air Conditioned



CRACKING THE SHELL WITH LOVE.

Daytop Village Inc. is a centre for the treatment of narcotic addicts on Staten Island. Based on the principle of self and group help as explored and practiced at Synanon, Daytop claims that 84% of those who stay for one month "will sooner or later stay to get well." 60% of all entries stay and many may take up missionary employment in urban areas that are heavy with drug addiction. The treatment is based on love (not the saccharine variety) and the understanding that comes from having been on the heroin treadmill oneself.

The administration on Daytop is done by ex-addicts, with the exception of its medical superintendent, Dr. Daniel Casrell, who deplores the treatment of addicts in such places as Lexington.

The treatment seems to center around cracking the shell of withdrawal and detachment which the addict has built around himself, and then preparing him to face "reality." By this I assume they mean strengthening his personality so that he can exist and survive in the urban jungle.

It is amongst the inmates of Daytop that the Canadian Film Board has set its film "The Circle."

The film re-creates the progress of one addict in particular, and shows his titanic battle to cure himself of the affliction which sent him to junk in the first instance.

Most of the sequences deal with group therapy sessions in which verbal violence, frequently directed at the ex-addict, rises to boiling point. The point of this is the stripping away of the illusions which with the newly ex-addict has surrounded himself. The success with which these methods have apparently met raise them above the level of sadism, but they are nonetheless very close. The weak part of the film, and perhaps the cinema verite method, is that it savours these moments of violence, and that it overemphasizes their importance. The subtle things like a kind word, a smile, the pressure of a human hand in sympathy, are almost entirely missing, as are shots of people in their less dramatic activities.

But reality has a past as well as a present and also a shadowy future and, as the addict knows only too well, the drug scene has its tentacles in all three regions.

The film, in its attempt to re-create the objective reality of Daytop, only hints at the reality of the environment which turns human beings into drug devouring machines. If the verite movement is not to become stagnant, it must dig deeper, and with more imagination, into its subject matter.

Surreal or expressionist sequences often help the film-maker say things that are impossible to say when he restricts himself to images of objective reality. The vocabulary of film is enormous. It should be more widely used.

All this is not to put "The Circle" down, for within the limitations of what it set out to do it is most successful documentary. However, with a little "avant gardism," its frame of reference would have been so much larger.

THE LONDON SCENE

Recently I saw a couple of hours of the 14 hours of footage shot by Sheldon and Diane Rochlin in London a few months ago. The film, to be called "The London Scene," will become part 2 of a trilogy that began with "Vali," and it will probably do for the western bohemian scene what Sarit Ray's "Apu" trilogy did for Indian life. Its central character is a New Zealand girl who appeared briefly in "Vali." In this film we watch her as she makes love, as she wanders the streets of London, as she sinks a needle in her arm, in her despair, and in her happiness. Its script, like its action, is spontaneous and it further extends the frame of reference of the verite film. Its colour is delicious...it looks so good you want to eat it. Anyone thinking of investing in film would do well to consider "The London Scene."

CHANGES

Big changes are taking place in the Cinematheque combine. The 41st Street Theatre is being remodeled for a first-run type theatre, and two new theatres are being opened on the lower (south) east side.

They will be Cinematheque I at 80 Wooster St., which will show mixed media, new works, happenings etc. It will be both a workshop and a testing ground.

And there will be Cinematheque II at 18 Green St. This will show works of the established avant garde and other cinema classics.

The whole organisation of things looks so perfect that I have not one word of criticism.

Be sure you get into the habit of visiting your neighbourhood Cinematheque. Avant garde movies are good for you!

THE INFINITE POSTER, INC.

150 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK

2 pm to 2 am

BACK TO SCHOOL

POSTER SALE

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY

40% TO 50% OFF ON OVER 300 DIFFERENT !! POSTERS !!

CAFE AU GO-GO

- L-20 Mothers
- L-24 Blues Project
- L-30 Dave VanRonk
- L-33 Gordon Lightfoot
- L-34 Grateful Dead
- L-38 Butterfield Blues Band

60¢

over 60 different
GIGANTIC PERSONALITY
posters, 28 x 35
\$1 each, 4 for \$3

TRAVEL POSTERS
Full Color - Large Size

- Over 40 different
- London
 - Paris
 - Rome
 - Barcelona
 - Berlin
 - Moscow
 - Tokyo
 - Buenos Aires, etc.

60¢

San Francisco

FILLMORE AUDITORIUM

20 Different Posters
Series 14 x 22 in full color
(reg. \$1.25) **75c ea.**

See our complete line of full-color, 3 dimensional PLASTIC REFRACTION COLOR PLATES

San Francisco

AVALON BALLROOM

20 Different Posters
Series 14 x 20 in full color
(reg. \$1.25) **75c ea.**

AUTO RACING POSTERS

12 different **50c each**

COMIC BOOK HEROES

6 different **50c each**

12 DIFFERENT LONDON ART MUSEUM posters in full color, originally \$7.50 each
THIS SALE ONLY... \$1 each

10 LITERARY GIANTS

Salinger, Hemingway, Greene, etc. **50c each**

4 DIFFERENT TOULOUSE-LAUTREC posters in full color **75c ea.**

ALSO CHAGALL SET OF 8 FOR \$1.50

! OVER 100 OTHERS at 75c each!

SPECIAL SURPRISES



! ! FREE POSTERS EACH DAY TO FIRST 100 PEOPLE WITH THIS AD ! !

DOUBLE FEATURE SHOWS
4 CHANGES WEEKLY
BEST MOVIE BUY IN N.Y.
PRICE 40-65¢ TOP
ST. MARKS THEATRE
133 - 2nd AVE. — GR 3-5222

POT
IS PASSE. PILLS
ARE PLEBEIAN
ACID IS ASSININE
FOR A REAL
TRIP WE DISSOLVE
A COPY OF SHEL
SILVERSTEIN'S
ALBUM, "DRAIN MY
BRAN" *IN A GLASS
OF WATER AND
INJECT IT DIRECTLY
INTO OUR
HEARTS!

*CADET LP/LPS 4058



Community Breast - No Bust

by Booby Chester

Hugh Romney frantic at 4:30—Judy Collins sick with swollen nodes—Pearls sick with stage fright, but the ESP amps come through. By 8:00, LINES are actually forming to get in. 8:30—Romney, Krassner and Fass—like some hippie trinity—are rapping, while whole place waits for Tiny Tim. Tim comes (finally!) and swishes everyone love. Krassner's next and is his usually brilliant self (dressed in blue denim with motorcycle cap, looks like some J.D.) But not everyone can take him—"some sick comic is on," said a woman who walked out. Peter Walker guitar raga thing, then some rock group—The Morning—plays long and loud. Patty Waters sings—too subtle for audience—but Romney, backstage, is moved. Good vibrations abound.

Intermission—and Tim is out on Second Ave. doing a solo benefit for gray-haired Jewish couple ("And this next one is something Mr. Kaufman wrote in 1914.") Romney on now—and the whole audience is turned on by fourteen deep breaths—everyone holding hands above heads—breathing—one universal consciousness—Then Lampman amazes with his orgiastic jungle grunts. Havens is next, introducing a friend who sings, dynamite! Havens is the star—he had to make it, being a spade and singing Dylan! Does sitar thing

too, and is overall groove. And the inevitable Abbie Hoffman shows up with Diggers, who distribute ice cream—only if everyone promises to share—popsicles flying thru the air—love in a dixie cup—DIGGERS DO! Then Eric Anderson, so cool he becomes menacing, does about forty too-perfect songs. And the Fugs arrive backstage and take the place over. Weaver, beautiful Weaver, with the ever-present beer can in his hand, raps with anyone who comes near. Sanders, stalking like some white panther in his plastic clothes, loses his all-pervading cool as the Fugging is delayed, since Havens' friend is doing his own set—Sanders is furious, "last fucking benefit we'll do." Tuli, so alone, looks sad and brought down. The Fugs at last, doing five slick numbers. They look so bored. Word is in from EVO office upstairs, benefit grossed over \$2,000—that's lots of food and machinery-worth. The Fugs finish with Supergirl—Sanders throws kiss to audience, after previously giving them the finger, backstage—good-byes all around—and Tuli walks alone, hair in a braid, into the silent Second Ave. night.

THE COMMUNITY BREAST IS STILL RECEIVING DONATIONS AT THE EVO OFFICE.

ACTING & MODELING
929-8749 **PORTFOLIOS**
A Kashmanian - M Thomas

THE VILLAGE COUNSELING SERVICE

offers...

A neighborhood counseling service designed to meet the needs of the people who live in Greenwich Village.

It is staffed by highly trained personnel who are experienced in dealing with the personal adjustment problems of creative and unconventional individuals.

The goal of the Village Counseling Service is to offer help to its clients in reaching a better adaptation to life within whatever human framework the individual has chosen as his own.

We welcome problems in all areas of psychological adjustment, including:

- Drug Addiction
- Psychosexual Difficulties
- Creative Productivity
- Marital Conflicts

FEEES ADJUSTED TO ABILITY TO PAY
EVENING AND WEEKEND HOURS AVAILABLE

THE VILLAGE COUNSELING SERVICE
236 East 6th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
Telephone: 473-0153



?



MORE LETTERS!

Dearest aware people:

I looked at the intricate beauty of the green plant in front of me. I didn't identify it as a plant. I didn't make meaningless time and distance judgments. I didn't make the association of the sensum falling into my eyes with the irrelevant symbol, "green." I just SAW. No meaningless, relative time judgments. No utilitarian concepts attached to the being.

The color was inexplicably richer, deeper, brighter, and intensely significant. Not that it was brighter as if more, intense green light was pouring off the plant, even though at first it seemed that way. After a great deal of concentration, I realized that this is the way it should normally be. Without ego or

survival instincts to get in the way, I perceived without having the sensum watered down. The drug doesn't heighten perception. It moves it closer to normal. We can't live with this increased awareness twenty-four hours a day, because our biological bodies were made to live in the watered-down perception, which is easier to handle in the fight for survival. However, evolution is slowly getting us to the point where perception will be normal. Humans are so much more aware than other, biologically inferior animals. The cat sees only two colors. Yet he can hear and smell things the human cannot. Eventually, in the far-distant future, one of our descendants will achieve ultimate perception, and consequently,

ultimate awareness. It is interesting to consider the implications of this. Here will be a being with no ego. Here will be a being with no need to take part in the fight for survival. This will probably mean a being that is perpetually self-sustaining. Imagine! Pure Ultimate Consciousness and Awareness.

I said the drug allowed me to move closer to this Ultimate, however, I realized that I was still perceiving "watered-down." As I stared, the drug was slowly working up to its height. I had to stop myself. The intense significance was too overbearing. I realized that, if I was ever allowed to see (feel, hear, taste, smell) the Ultimate, I would probably crack up. The significance would be too great. I wondered about the virus. It hardly does any fighting to survive. I doubt it has an "ego." Is it possible that the virus is perceiving the Ultimate reality? Can he just sense it, or is it hidden from him because he does not have the complex sensual organs we are endowed with? Can this Ultimate reality be perceived by an organism without the biological instruments to aid it? Then again, supposing the virus is perceiving the Ultimate reality, is it meaningful to him if he doesn't have consciousness as we know it? Can the Ultimate reality be meaningfully interpreted (interpreted in the sense of comprehended) by an organism without consciousness? I would tend to doubt it. An organism without consciousness is as good as dead. Or better yet, non-living.

The being endowed with consciousness and Ultimate reality awareness should have it made. Although I wonder: Will the Ultimate reality have any significance to a being who must dwell in it forever? Limited perception (what we "normally" perceive) has its merits, in that it shows us how much more there REALLY IS to perception during states of expanded awareness.

Love,
W. S.
Flushing

PSYCHEDELIC BLACKLITE
 Makes your posters, pictures, drapes, etc. fluorescent.
 \$5.00 per sheet. Money order or Cash. Fluorescent Paints Supplies Barnett Lighting-5984 West Pico Blvd. L.A.



structured by flipping coins (I CHING method)

JOHN CAGE'S DIARY: How to

Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)

the newest 1967 section, NEVER published elsewhere

and the only John Cage graphic design available


a GREAT bear pamphlet (c/o Something Else Press, Inc., 160

5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 it's in COLOR

too (which makes it expensive (\$1.50 plus sales tax) but for

what it is it's a bargain) ask for it, write for it, see what happens

JAY K. HOFFMAN PRESENTS
THE INCREDIBLE RAVI SHANKAR
 SITAR
ALLA RAKHA
 TABLA



AN UNPRECEDENTED PANORAMA OF ANCIENT & NEW RAGAS THAT ARE THE RICHNESS OF INDIAN MUSIC
PHILHARMONIC HALL - LINCOLN CENTER
"RAVI SHANKAR IN NEW YORK"
 3 different programs - Sept. 13, 14, 15
 SEPTEMBER SERIES: 3 concerts for \$12 and \$10
 SINGLE TICKETS FOR EACH CONCERT:
 \$4.95 Orch. A-HH; \$3.95 Remaining orchestra, loge, first and second terrace
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN!
 Good seats available at Box Office, Bloomingdale, A & S in Brooklyn, Hempstead and Huntington, L.I. or by mail to Philharmonic Hall, 65th and Broadway, N.Y.C. 10023, TR 4-2424. Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for return of tickets.

DYNASTY presents



the doors
 FLEKTRA RECORDING ARTISTS

PLUS EXTRA FEATURE ATTRACTION, THE
VAGRANTS
 and The Chambers Bros. M.C. war-fm's ROSKO
SAT. SEP. 9 . 8:00 & 10:30
VILLAGE THEATRE Second Avenue & Sixth St.
 TICKETS: \$3.50 & ALSO
 (limited number of front SAM ASH Music Shop, Brooklyn and Hempstead; orch. and mezz. at \$5.00) Music Inn, 69 W. 4th, in The Village; Stern Bros. Dept. Store, 42nd St. and 6th Ave.; Triboro Records, Jamaica
AVAILABLE AT: By Mail from Village Theatre (send check or M.O. with stamped, self addressed envelope) 475-8400.
THE VILLAGE THEATRE.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

OPEN 2 PM-9 PM



Limbo
 carefully selected
 dead man's clothes

LONG SLEEVE POLO SHIRTS
 SPANISH SWEAT SHIRTS
 WESTERN-HUNGOS
 OLD THINGS NEW THINGS
 NAVY PEA-COATS

24 St Marks Place 475-9331

院戲大治里華

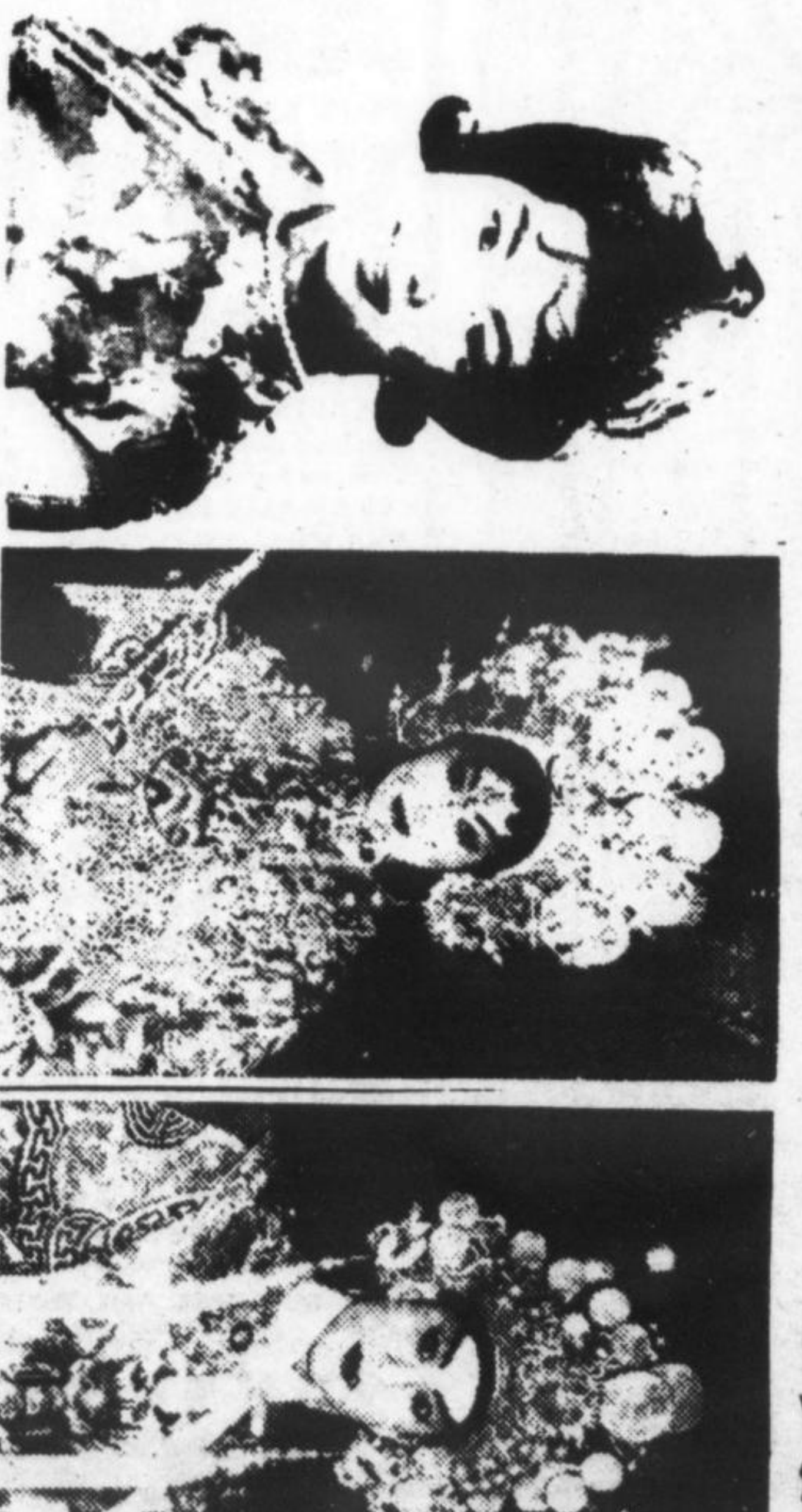
VILLAGE Theatre

2nd AVE. 6th St.

電話四一十一號和空世紀二十一十二

寬崙奔嬰劇團

白龍駒 梁泰峰 聲家林 斗樂武文商 演承辦
 與秀朱 胡笑姑 胡承君 胡志遠 胡少雄 胡泰寧 妙笑施
 吳何劍佩 李靈明 梅慧娟 梅鴻貴 梅承君 胡志遠 胡少雄 胡泰寧 妙笑施
 生丑武文應外團八 旦魏春青馬星耀書 后旦武文秀之友友謙 斗樂武文商 演承辦
 劇團 衡仲何 鵬若陳 祥賢陳 添賢游



七晚開演
 演光晚首始開(一期星)自四月九日
相封大國六致七

陳林 好家聲 帥掛爭鳳龍
 續演 大地大甲 威勇猛烈 大紅大綠

日期	劇名	演員	備註
九月五日 星期二	華麗新裝	歷史劇王	林家聲飾曹植。七步成詩。唱做俱佳。陳好逵飾宓妃。高唱新腔主題曲。大景連場。曲白玲瓏。各台柱個個精身。
九月六日 星期三	王寶釧	林陳二位拿手好戲	林家聲掛費回客 表演京派工架
九月七日 星期四	家傳戶誦 民間故事	陳好逵飾祝英台(扮男裝) 施笑蘭飾人(扮男裝)	林家聲。陳好逵穿着電燈蝴蝶衣
九月八日 星期五 至 九月九日 星期六 休息	九月八日 九月九日		
九月十日 星期日	旗開得勝凱旋還	林陳二位拿手好戲	
九月十一日 星期一	婦孺知曉 家傳戶誦	薛氏秘傳 林家聲 陳好逵 拿手好戲	
九月十二日 星期二	六月雪	林家聲 密扮妻 陳好逵 主題曲	
九月十三日 星期三	花柳狀元紅	薛歡 先秘傳林陳 首本	
九月十四日 星期四	四字傳家二字詩	林家聲 陳好逵 首本	
九月十五日 星期五	煥武帝愛衛夫人	林家聲 陳好逵 首本	

Starts Sept. 4 - 9 Days

交利通 每晚 均備 賽車 均備
 間勝票定 票九至勝二日每
 始開日三十廿月八由
 在時六晚每起日四由
 票售院戲大治里華

街也擺號五十六
店書國南
 電話五九九四三

PERSONAL

Bachelor - (30's) 6', 210 lbs. Lives alone. Tired of bar hopping, and consequent B.S. Desires meet sincere, soulful, sensual, shapely girlfriend. Call 201-866-7838 after 9:30 PM all day Sunday. (ten minutes from Manhattan)

ATTENTION LADIES ONLY: Young caucasian man has walk up pad on east side, desires to meet tall slim attractive sexy warm female 19-30 for a meaningful physical relationship without either having to promise anything except mutual pleasure. I am interested in French and Greek Cultures, 69'ers and mini-skirts welcome. Come on girls. Call Mike at 744-4757.

Man, 29, 6', 175, white, trustworthy, respectable, good-natured, good-humored, judiciously square/judiciously hip, clean, discreet, interested in meeting women 20-45 for sex and friendship, put primarily sex. Box 4791, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

Be an alive and loving girl. Be spontaneous. Phone 'Be-Innn.'

Actor, Law student, 35, will share luxury apt. near village area with compatible girl for light house-keeping services. Call 533-7488.

Disc Jockey mid 20's new to N.Y. desires attractive, sexually uninhibited, aggressive girl 18 to 25, to share the finer things of life. Call evenings SL-6-7471.

Desire roommate (s) preferably female, to share two bedroom apartment in Newport. Call or write: J.J. Harris, 69 Rhode Island Ave. Tel. 401-846-8391.

Interested in an interracial dating and party group? If so, write to: J.H., PO Box 127, St. Albans, New York 11412.

BACHELOR, 32, NEEDS RIDER TO BERKELEY OR VICINITY. LEAVING AROUND SEPTEMBER 7. PREFER FEMALE 25-35. LEAVE NAME AND NUMBER FOR JIM AT AC 2-8774

Slim, attractive females wanted, ages 28-35, for dating purposes. Call 899-4228, before 1 PM.

Italian film writer - director researching feature film set in New York, seeks SIMPATICA FEMMINA for guide through IL MONDO DELLA DOLCE VITA AMERICANA. Call 212-889-3960.

Writer, 32, with Hudson Lily pad, seeks pretty girl who can combine spiritual and carnal love. Call Ron, weekends, 10 AM to 2 PM, TR 4-1433.

FRANK LEYSHON: Please contact your Nassau - Pittsburgh friend at the University of Denver, after the 18th of September. Knowledge of your whereabouts would be appreciated.



wheel



deal



deal



Attractive, passionate, uninhibited female needed for mutually satisfying relationship, by superficially married, 33-year-old male. I am warm, intelligent and fun. If you are too, write today. I'm wasting away. PO Box 483, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY 10009.

Female wanted for afternoon sessions. I'm 26, good looking, not satisfied by my wife. I'm not a nut or crazy. Don't be afraid to apply if you're married. Must be confidential. Call 743-6757, Tuesdays & Thursdays, 1-2:30 p.m.

SOUTH JERSEY JUNIOR EXEC. CULTURED, WITTY, WANTS YOUNG CHICK(S) TO SHARE APARTMENT, RENT FREE. AIR CONDITIONED. FREE TRANSPORTATION. NEAR PHILA. PO BOX 1961, CAMDEN, NJ. 609-854-3703.

Charismatic young man and wife - full of warmth! beauty! excitement! imagination! and wit! - are bored with each other... Empathetic Couples, please call 477-6148.

Mature woman or female swinger seeking sexual freedom: Unsatisfied? Flower into nirvana with gentle young man who loves to practice French love arts. For the gift of cunnilingus, call Jeremy 675-7725.

Transplanted villager weary of monastic existence in Washington. Comfortable house seems empty alone. Would welcome interesting broadminded female visitors. Has car, interested in current scene, civil rights. Has travelled, linguist. For details call CO 7-2912. Leave message for Steve, and your telephone number, await call back.

MALE OUTDOOR TYPE WANTS TO MEET ATTRACTIVE CHICK AND DISCUSS IDEAS OF ALL TYPES, INCLUDING AFFECTION. WOULD CONSIDER SHARING APARTMENT. CALL 873-6625, AFTER 7:00.

IF YOU ARE AN ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, IF YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF PUBLICITY, IF YOU HAVE TIME TO SPARE, CALL MAX PEARL FOR DETAILS. 227-3697.



Male (non-hippie), 27, 5'10", single, caucasian, clean, reasonably good-looking, considerate, discreet; desires clean, attractive, straightforward female for friendship and/or uninhibited erotic relationship. Discretion assured. Write, including phone number and photo if possible. P.O.B. 253, Canal Street Station, NYC 10013.

Youthful, generous man would like to meet swinging hippie in N.Y.C. Would like to learn something new in life. I travel a great deal, and would like to have companionship on trips. Please write with photo and phone - must be at least 5'7" tall, 20-30 years old. P.O. Box 2082, Youngstown, Ohio 44506.

and

MAN, 33, WHITE, 6'3", 195. SINGLE, PHILA. AREA, DESIRES MEETING ATTRACTIVE PASSIONATE NYMPHO TYPE WOMEN FOR ORAL STIMULATING TIMES. SUPPORTS LEGALIZED CUNNILINGUS. NICEST GUY GIRLS CAN MEET. RAY, 219 E. 5th, CHESTER, PA. 19013 AC 215 TREMONT 2-0532 AFTER 9 PM.



BORED. HORNEY? UNLOVED! We'll change all that. Send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope to find out, now. Gilbert, Box 1018, Mission, Kansas.

STILL timid, STILL plump, STILL semi-hip sincere type DAMON - STILL seeking sincere, slender-type pythias. Photo appreciated. Box A-48 message center, 74 grove st., nyc. (212) 924-2676, leave message.

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG, VERY SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE, INTERESTED IN EQUALLY BRIGHT, YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT - I DO CARE VERY MUCH ABOUT YOUR PRETTINESS AND IMAGINATION. BOX 640, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.C. 10017.

Engineer, 49, Eastside apt., car, wish to meet quiet, romantic, uninhibited girl, any race, 18-28. Daughter of bilitis welcome. Call any hour MU 7-3697.

AMIALE GENTLEMAN, 40, WITH PROFESSIONAL BACKGROUND, EXCELLENT REFERENCES AND GAINFULLY EMPLOYED. SEEKS AMIALE GENTLEWOMAN WITH APARTMENT SHE WISHES TO SHARE WITH SAID AMIALE GENTLEMAN. THUS GAINING COMPANIONSHIP AND REDUCING EXPENSES. WRITE, GIVING DETAILS, TO AL LION, 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NYC.

G., Orpheus Jr. rewards the trembling and the needy- Not the daft satin & the seedy- So before you awaken the airy shrine- Be certain the birds have called you divine- YU 2-4471.

Greeneyed handsome gentleman 44 years seeks dominant aggressive lady, very shapely, with exotic desires. 25-35 years. Am kind and considerate. Photo if possible and phone. Write Box 111, NYC, NY 10023.

WIDOW, 45, 5'5", 120, brown hair, blue eyes, attractive, intelligent, savoir faire, creative, wealthy, successful, self-confident, loving, lovable, dynamic, well-dressed, well-travelled, healthy, emotionally secure. Seeks compatible male companionship. Write today. Dept. EVO 917, PO Box 546, Times Square, NYC 10036.

interesting, tall, attractive white executive in his early 40's. Refined, generous and discreet. Would like to meet attractive gal who is feminine enough to wear her hair very long (snapshot appreciated) NYC area. Box 87, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC



Youthful, generous man would like to meet swinging hippie in N.Y.C. Would like to learn something new in life. I travel a great deal, and would like to have companionship on trips. Please write with photo and phone - must be at least 5'7" tall, 20-30 years old. P.O. Box 2082, Youngstown, Ohio 44506.

GIRL, 21 to 30, NEEDED TO KEEP MARRIED MAN COMPANY DURING WEEKNIGHTS. - MUST HAVE STAMINA. CALL MANUEL, 552-7541, 3 to 5 PM, WEEKDAYS.

A gentleman, 66 years old, desires marriage with a decent lady, for companionship. Please contact Iman, Room 725, Phone OX 5-5133. Phone at 9 AM or 5 PM.

MALE, 29, DECENT, NICE-LOOKING. LOOKING FOR FEMALE COMPANION. OWNS HOME AND BOAT IN BEACH RESORT. GIRL MUST BE PRETTY, YOUNG AND MATURE. WRITE PO BOX 815, FAR ROCKAWAY 11697, N.Y. SEND PICTURE.

Poet/lyricist, college instructor of English, 34, 5'8", would like to meet feeling, responsive girl. GP, c/o L.J. Becker, 2300 Grand Concourse, Bronx 10458.

Man, 24, with insatiable appetite for sex, desires meeting uninhibited females for mutual satisfaction. No scruples. Am novice in Arts, but eager to learn. Modern wife consents. Call Ernie, (212) 768-5852. 9 AM to 11 PM.

Have been living with mommy for 20 years. Fed up - pissed off - hung up - interested in sharing a pad in village - call Frank, HO 5-6638.

PIANIST, HARVARD '64, SEEKS YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, INSPIRATIONAL, INCANDESCENT FEMALE, FOR WEEKEND COMPANIONSHIP AT 18-room seashore palazzo. MUST COOK. ACIDHEADS NEED NOT APPLY. SEND INFO AND PHOTO TO ARMAND, 83 ROOSEVELT AVENUE, DEAL, NJ.

WANTED, FEMALES ONLY TO VISIT ME AT MY HOME, FOR TORRID SENSUAL, SEXUAL, RELATIONSHIP. CALL AL, 282-6277.

BUY & SELL

SMOKE GRASS - Take a stand! Wear this and our 175 other buttons. Fastest service (try our free catalogue). All orders filled same day. A Big-Little Store, 1671 Washington St., SF. 94109. Sample to stores.

The East Village Other needs desks, chairs and typewriters that are in good condition. Will exchange ads for above items. 228-8640.

SMOKE GRASS - Take a stand! Wear this and our 175 other buttons. Fastest service (try our free catalogue). All orders filled same day. A Big-Little Store, 1671 Washington St., SF. 94109. Sample to stores.

PUBLICATIONS

Improve your outlook. Send 25¢ today, for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.

NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-1, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

Subscribe to **JUSTICE WEEKLY** sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions - plus newsworthy articles on allied subjects. 52 Thrilling issues: \$7.50 cash or MO-JUSTICE, Box 2EV Brooklyn, NY 11231. SAMPLE COPY \$1.00.

SPECIAL



SERVICES

got an ugly wall?? **GIGANTIC EAST VILLAGE MAP!** 29 x 24, beautiful, absolutely accurate street map and shop guide to the East Village. First and only comprehensive listing head shops, boutiques, galleries, studios, bookstores, eateries, almost 1000 entries. **MAP EAST** logically and alphabetically catalogued by internationally known graphic artist. Indispensable reference for hippies, those who would like to be hipper, or those who must KNOW. **INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL, \$2.00.** MAP EAST, 147 AVENUE A, NEW YORK CITY 10009.

So you have finally decided to move! Let us do it for you. North South East West. **MIDDLE EARTH MOVING.** 982-8530.

d.a.t.e. has a lot of great people for you to meet. Send for our psychedelic questionnaire. d.a.t.e., 103 Park Avenue, NYC.

HQ for genuine INDIA INCENSE 50¢ per pack (20/25 thick 11" sticks) Send 5¢ for list of 10 delightful perfumes for all occasions, plus the "STORY OF INCENSE." Open 9 to 5:30. Sold only by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York.

CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch - no matter what your interests. Write for information or call Contacts 7-2913. **CONTACTS unLTD.**, 150 Broadway, NYC 10038.

School of Earth Co. Classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problem of preventing collision in the future. Write: Earth Co. 237 E. 5th St., NYC 10003.

DYNASTY
presents

the

doors

ELEKTRA
RECORDING
ARTISTS



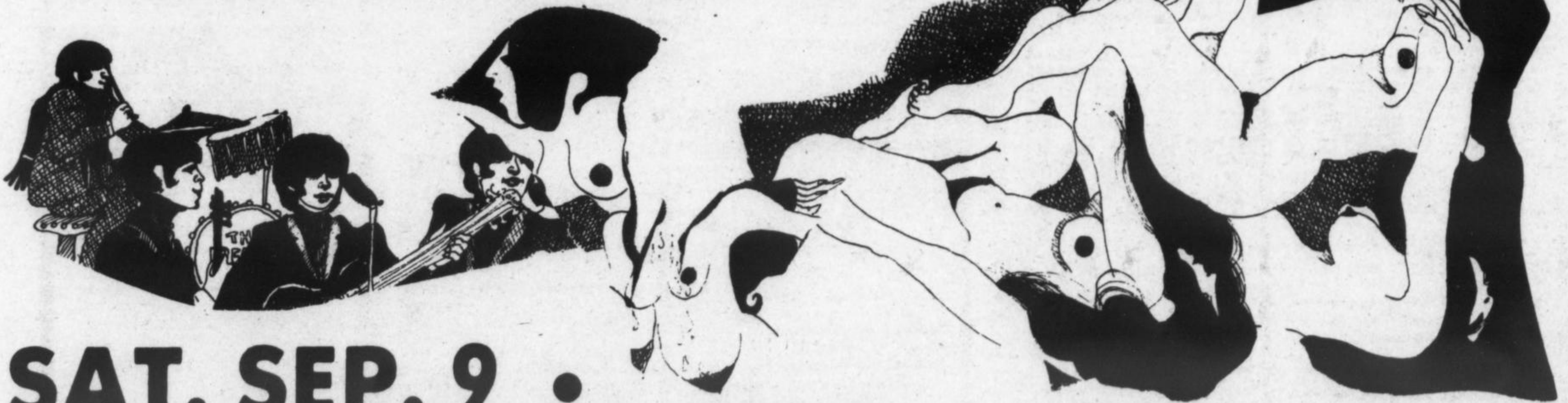
PLUS EXTRA FEATURE ATTRACTION, THE

VAGRANTS
VAGRANTS

and The Chambers Bros.

M.C. wor-fm's ROSKO

8:00 & 10:30



SAT. SEP. 9 .
VILLAGE THEATRE

Second Avenue & Sixth St.

TICKETS: \$3.50 &
(limited number of front
orch. and mezz. at \$5.00)

AVAILABLE AT:
THE VILLAGE THEATRE.

ALSO

SAM ASH-Music Shop, Brooklyn and Hempstead;
Music Inn, 69 W. 4th, In The Village; Stern Bros. Dept.
Store, 42nd St. and 6th Ave.; Triboro Records, Jamaica
By Mail from Village Theatre (send check or M.O. with
stamped, self addressed envelop) 475-8400.



A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A U.C.L.A. professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

The Implications of LBJ's Dependency Upon Tranquilizers

Censorship Under De Gaulle—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

Man, the Food's a Gas!—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

The Weird Personal Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Anti-Aggression Pills—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

The Love Goddess of Kerista—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York's sexual utopian community.

Kenneth Tynan on Bottoms

The Black Muslim Cookbook

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only \$5*. This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$5.

—Renew your own subscription for \$5 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only HALF PRICE!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

© AVANT-GARDE 1967 EVO-5

