

mourning the loss of an american poet

THE NEW YORKER

VOL. 2 NO. 21

SEPT. 15 - OCT. 1

10 cents outside N.Y. 15c



THE

By Dr. A. Reza Arasteh



Rediscovery

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To analyze a man, an epoch in history, or a society, one needs a theory for interpreting man, history, and society. In my various publications on man and society, I have tried to formulate a theory synthesizing Western and Eastern cultural contributions to birth and rebirth of man as a perspective. I shall present it here, to give a meaning to America, and the Americans.

In brief, I believe that we should speak of the rise of man, not the fall of man, although the situation about which we talk is the same, that is, man's point of origin occurred in the history of his evolution when he became aware of himself. This point in religion was the time when man apparently was cast out of "paradise," when he committed sin, and had to regain his innocence through salvation. To me, this incident should be interpreted metaphorically to mean the time when man was separated from nature: he felt distance and time, he became relatively rational, he completed his physical growth, and he became ready for his inner evolution.

This readiness for inner evolution is characterized by a vacuum between man and nature. In the situation where an inner vacuum exists, there is also inner discomfort, energy, and anxiety. This inner situation, if given the chance, influences the environment and is influenced by the means available, thereby yielding fruitful ideas. These ideas can then bloom into potential images, which bring into being doctrines, scientific innovations, artistic works, social systems, and, finally, a group unconsciousness. This psychological law changes a potential man into a man who has trust and intimacy in the world.

Likewise, the first essential in epochal change, in the transcendence of culture, is awareness of that epoch. History is nothing but the "succession of awarenesses." However, the epochs in which men have become more aware of this mechanism and originated a new orientation, are relatively rare in history. Such eras have been the age of Zoroaster in ancient Persia, the age of Ikhnaton in ancient Egypt, the golden age of Greece, the golden age of Islamic culture, the European Renaissance, and our "becoming" age. These golden eras were all anteceded by two earlier periods: the period of cultural contact, and the period of awareness. With increased cultural contact, cultures initially defend themselves from the alien culture; in the second stage they penetrate one another, and in the third state the members of each culture acquire more of a congenial tradition.

In other words, there is first a period of contact, which results in the disintegration of the value structure. Out of this disintegration arises an awareness of the original vacuum which

existed between man and society. In such a state, that degree of anxiety increases, and man becomes ready for greater endeavor. He becomes aware of internalized cultural products, as well as the mechanisms which culture and society have produced. He searches for a meaning to life, and he becomes curious about his own end and man's purpose. If given an opportunity, he perceives the future and himself, thereby satisfying himself internally and contributing to the rise of a period of renaissance, which satisfies man's quest for a meaning in a more comprehensive way. The era anteceding the period of renaissance is one of awareness. This is the age we are now living in. In personal life, it is a time and a state of mind, in which one loses the measure for judging good and bad. The values and traditions lose their prescribed values, and thus, a conflict of interests arises between generations. The sense of belonging, which is the counter-attack of the inner vacuum, loses its orientation; the individual falls into a suspended state, and loses his willpower and his ability to make decisions. He loses his anchor, his emotional comfort, and falls into a neutral state. He may become reintegrated into a better individual, into a more comprehensive society and culture, or he may adopt escape mechanisms. If he succeeds in achieving a new reintegration, he will develop a deeper insight into life. He will develop a new value system, he becomes a standard, and, above all, discovers that every system of values can be both "meaningful and meaningless." He becomes aware of the relativity of value systems.

If, in the state of search, an individual or a group find no opportunity for expression, and the individual is defeated, he then chooses an immediate mechanism to fulfill his needs, or even a negative and destructive means. The range of the negative approach is as wide as the range of the positive orientations. Negative tendencies may range from a mild neurosis to homicidal or suicidal tendencies. The positive tendency may take the form of a positive attitude, minor constructive work, or even the production of masterpieces. It may also appear in terms of group-directed negative activities, ranging from a riot to a destructive revolution, or from a change in the social order to the production of a minimal change, to the creating of opportunities for the development of a golden age.

When we apply this theory to the history of man, we find that Zoroaster, the ancient Persian prophet, was one of the earliest men to become aware of the reality of human life. He also became aware of his own age, through self-awareness. On the basis of a deeper insight into man's nature and his destiny, he

transformed his state of awareness into a style of life appearing as a mature man — one who regained intimacy with nature. What did this Persian of 3000 years ago do which is psychologically significant in the twentieth century?

He attempted to re-orient the men of his age toward an inner world; and to resolve the contradiction which was distressing man. Specifically, Zoroaster, by becoming an example, oriented men to search within themselves in their intention, deeds and action, instead of worshipping various gods and searching outside of themselves. He changed the basis of man's orientation. He was one of the first to apply the principle of the "courage to be," which Tillich has reaffirmed in the twentieth century. The significance of this step will be realized when we measure Zoroaster's act in terms of what existed before him, that is, tribal membership and its emphasis on sacrifice for salvation. Furthermore, it was this step of Zoroaster's, which set a basis for the evolution of religion and its transcendence into Judaism, Christianity and Islam.(1)

Tagore, a rare man of the twentieth century, has this to say of Zoroaster:

The orthodox Persian form of worship in ancient Iran included animal sacrifices and offering of haema to the daevas. That all these should be discountenanced by Zarathustra not only shows his courage, but the strength of his realization of the Supreme Being as spirit. We are told that it has been mentioned by Plutarch that "Zarathustra taught the Persians to sacrifice to Ahura Mazda, 'vows and thanksgivings'." The distance between faith in the efficiency of the blood-stained magical rites and cultivation of the moral and spiritual ideals as the true form of worship is immense. It is amazing to see how Zarathustra was the first among men who crossed this distance with a certainty of realization, which imparted such a fervour of faith to his life and his words. The truth which filled his mind was not a thing which he borrowed from books or received from teachers; he did not come to it by following a prescribed path of tradition, but it came to him as an illumination of his entire life, almost like a communication of his universal self to his personal self, and he proclaimed this utmost immediacy of his knowledge.

OF AMERICA

Another good example of my theory of man and history as the succession of awareness, is reflected in the rule of Amenhotep in ancient Egypt (1400 B.C.) This enlightened king, endowed with an awareness of his own era and the past, as well as an insight into man's nature, took the first step in establishing a new orientation by changing his own name into Ikhnaton, meaning "God is satisfied." He then changed his capital, Thebes, associated with traditional religion, to a new center, Akhetaton ("Horizon of God"), and ordered that the plural word GODS be changed to the singular GOD. This single act represents his profound maturity.

Breasted, the Egyptologist, refers to him as "the first individual in human history," and Freud wrote of him: "Everything we can learn about this remarkable, indeed unique person, is worthy of the greatest interest."(2) Although his reforms did not persist after his reign — in part due to the immaturity of the people of his age, and also because such an inner-evolution was advocated by a ruler — one cannot deny that Ikhnaton ranks high in our analysis of the process of man's rebirth. His endeavors also indicate that, while individual rebirth in the past has often occurred, its effectivity on public life has largely depended on the degree of awareness of the people. It is only the presence of the awakened man, combined with a readiness of the public for

his image, which can transcend tradition and create a new value system.

However, a more immediate example of the interweaving of the awareness of people with the inner readiness of the public was the age of Renaissance in Europe. Cultural contact with the East, the Crusades, commerce and travelling, all helped Europe proceed from the state of defending its own culture to the age of assimilation of Islamic and other cultures, thereby producing the enlightened, the awakened, Renaissance man throughout Europe. An image for a new style of life was created, and set in motion factors for the transcendence of reason, that is, an awareness of the natural vacuum existing between man and nature. It was the growth of this awareness which devaluated the traditional public superego, and provided a new situation for creating a new superego by promoting creative expression in various fields, and reorienting human relationships. The various phases of this awareness, and the creation of a new era in such countries as Italy, France, Germany, Holland, England and Spain have already been well described in the history of the Renaissance movement, and therefore I shall pass on to my conclusions.

In general, individual awareness, and awareness of an historical epoch, helps us understand that:

- (1) Change, evolution and proceeding from one's state to a more transcendent state is the basic condition for furthering maturity, and it is the law which has governed man since his origin.
- (2) The quality and direction of change depends upon the degree of awareness of the individual and of his group.
- (3) The intensity of this inner awareness depends upon the weakening and disintegration of the superego, that is, traditional values.
- (4) The state of disintegration of the value system and one's superego, provide a special condition which is transitional and intrinsically neutral. It is an unstable, and often insecure, state which one must pass, and which the group must transcend. It is energy-producing, and can be potentially destructive or constructive.
- (5) Given the opportunity, it will utilize the past in the service of satisfying an inquisitive state of man, as well as creating a constructive movement for the future.
- (6) Without an effort, the energy is expanded on reducing anxiety

and blocking frustration through immediate sexual demands, withdrawal through narcotics, and various other escape mechanisms.

Furthermore, this brief introduction sets the stage for the interpretation of American historical trends, and the rediscovery of its significance. However, before going on to this analysis, I want to emphasize that American history is essentially a continuum of European awareness from the age of the Renaissance on. In fact, if it were not for the rise of awareness in Europe, it would have been virtually impossible for various groups of Europeans to accept the adventure, the risk and the effort involved in becoming Americans. Furthermore, it was the pre-conditional rise of a higher degree of awareness within European society which stimulated people to separate from their past (that is, to devaluate tradition) and undergo a somewhat perilous Americanization, as a mechanism of rebirth.

Footnotes:

- (1) E.G. Browne, LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1920), Vol. 1.
- (2) S. Freud, MOSES AND MONOTHEISM (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1939).

NEXT: AN INTERPRETATION OF MAN AND SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES

WALTER H. BOWART: SEARCHING...
 ALLAN KATZMAN: THINKING DOVE
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ: FOUL VULTURE
 ALLAN EDWARDS: RUSTIC RAVEN
 DON KATZMAN AS BUSINESS MANAGER
 PETER LEGGIERI: RED BLACK
 JAAKOV KOHN: SCARAB SWAN
 ANNETTE SIMON: RUNNING RHEA
 RICHARD GOSSELLI: MILLENNIAL OWL
 FREDERICK F. CARUSO: SHOOTING SEAGULL
 DIANE DORR DORYNEK: FLAMING FLAMINGO
 WALTER BREDEL, PHIL STILES
 PHIL GARVIN: PHOTOGRAPHERS
 DICK PRESTON: DEEP SEA PARROT
 EMMETT LAKE: MUSIC HOG
 LILL PICARD: ART HEN
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 ZOD FENSTER: SCREAMING CONDOR
 MILES: BURNT NORTON
 HUGH ROMNEY: DONALD DUCK
 CELESTE: STARLING
 ROBIN RUDNICK: UNDERGROUND PRESS
 MARILYN GONG: JAVA TEMPLE BIRD
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 ALIEN AVIARY
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Second Class postage paid at N.Y., N.Y.
 THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS 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



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don't look back can't look forward

movie review



reams upon reams

By Walter Bowart

of empty words piled up under "hippie," adding to the pseudo-event of burnt Vietnamese babies, topless dancers, corn pone politics, overtly repressed sexuality, and _____ (fill in blank) Power, make ever more poignant the short film about Bob Dylan and the Frankenstein monster, called DON'T LOOK BACK, which opened recently at the 34th Street Theatre.

Dylan, as mysterious as a human being, is a charismatic personality fighting for his life in a world of images and phony flattening. How does one young man in front of a mob keep from being lynched by his own image? He says, "I go crazy." Then, off stage, runs for election in a sanitarium, and breaks his neck on his harmonica holder, while trying to get the chauffeur to start his motorcycle.

That's really not how it happened, but I might as well take the liberty Dylan does in the film, when talking to a plastic-fat interviewer from Time magazine, who couldn't possibly know what barraka is, or how anyone could learn to suck it.

And the ghost of Donovan sits and sings before the maestro, who passed the torch to him, Dylan knowing he had been transcended by the venusian boy with welsh phrasing.

Allen Ginsberg plays a comedy role in the tragedy of "On The Other Side of Hero Worship is Jealousy, Greed, and Envy," that's public life in Mediasville.

Joan Baez is Joan Baez, mugging, singing, mawking, lovely.

But what this film is really all about is how Albert Grossman Can't Look Back to junkie row in Chicago, because he's too busy arguing with bell boys, hotel clerks, and guys that pull out mike plugs.

There is a moment of profound tenderness, as Grossman (Dylan's manager) negotiates a contract by a delicate tension of cajolery which gives just a hint of the frontiers, where SHOW BIZ begins and life ends.

The cinematographer, Barbara Rubin, did a job second only to the brilliant editor, Andy Warhol, bringing off an effect more subtle in black and white than Antonioni in color, making the film hold the difficult quality of a photograph of a photograph.

But in spite of life on a stage seen through a lens, you can tell that the people who make up this movie are real and not, as once was rumored, hand made by Bil Baird.

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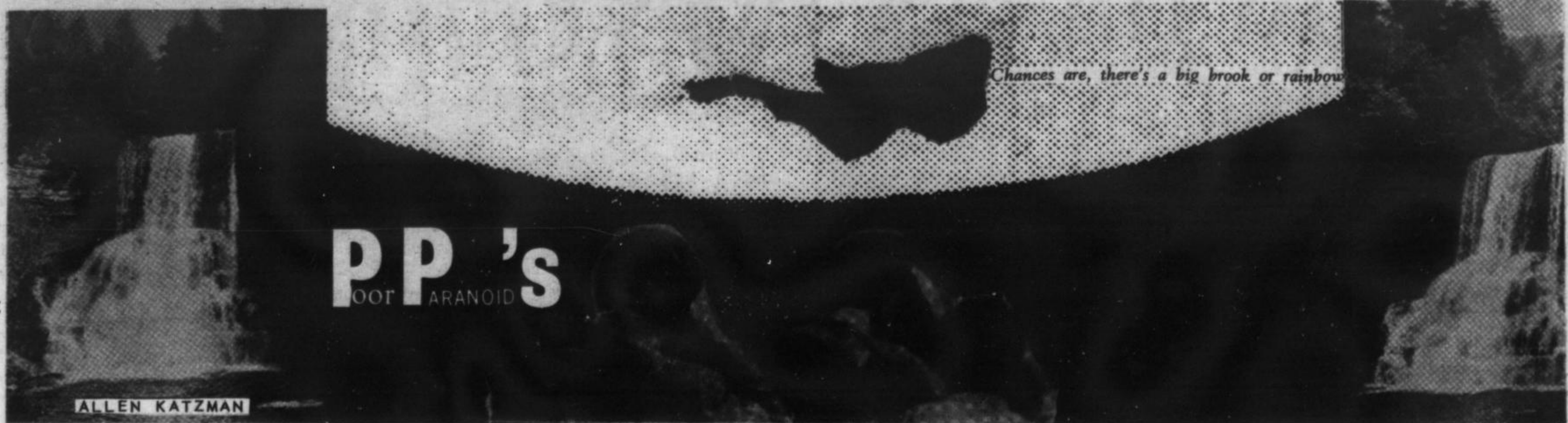
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ALLEN KATZMAN

"Get down to Roosevelt Hospital and see if you can identify this kid who claims he works for us." The telephone command woke me out of my drowsiness. I rushed down to the emergency ward on 9th & 59th.

A Detective Ryan filled me in. "Kid was struck on the head in Central Park, while walking with his 15-year-old girl friend at 2 in the morning. The girl was raped. Before he went into a coma, he stated he was called 'The Poet,' and wrote for the East Village Other."

The kid had no ID on him, and the girl who was with him at the time only knew him by that name. "Just another hippie kid hanging around with hippies," the report read.

"Do you know someone named the poet?" Detective Ryan asked. "A million of them," was my reply. I looked at the white-sheeted body before me, head swathed in bandages, skull separated from skull, brain peeking out like a sneaky oyster, blood trailing along his temples. His eyes were covered with gauze, and tubes soared out of his nose and mouth, his only lifeline to reality. He lay there, jerking sporadically, ready-made for the front page of the Daily News. "Well, do you recognize him?" queried Ryan. "Look," I replied unthinkingly, "if it was my mother lying here, I wouldn't be able to tell."

They took my name and address, and said they would be in touch. I left shaken up, thoughts bombarding my brain, Pearl Harbor style — WHO WAS HE — WHAT WAS HE DOING THERE — SO THEY FINALLY GOT THE POET — RAPED HIM OF HIS SONG IN THE ONLY PLACE LEFT IN NEW YORK THAT RESEMBLES NATURE.

I vowed that night to drown my thoughts at Max's Kansas City. Pennypacker, who produced the film on Bob Dylan, "Don't Look Back," was holding a party there after the premiere of the film. The place was crowded with film industry people and hangers-on; egos walking around like blown-up Zeppelins. Dylan, of course, was not there; for all we knew, he could have been lying in some hospital bed, his image wrapped up clean in eternal coma.

And then it hit me, the traumatic morning coming up cold sweat in the middle of that glob of loneliness. HEY, MR. GROSSMAN, I felt like shouting, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET RID OF YOUR NASTY SNIFFLES AND CROTCH PHILOSOPHY? THEY ROBBED 'THE POET' OF HIS VERSE THIS MORNING. HE LIES ANONYMOUS ON CLEAN SHEETS, WHILE THE WORLD FEEDS HIM THEIR SYNTHETIC DIRGE. AND YOU, TOO, 'MR. DYLAN,' THIS IS CHESTER SPEAKING, THEY JACKED OPEN YOUR HEAD TONIGHT AND PULLED OUT THE CELLULOID. YOU'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR MONEY.

I felt like shouting that, but the jelly mass of vanity and greed staring at me from hundreds of eyes would have felt it was for someone else. I ran home, and sat down to write it all into oblivion, but instead, wrote a letter to 'The Poet':

Dear _____:

Good luck on your trip, and when you get there, take that long look back, then give 'em the finger and watch 'em diddle as the day falls from their assholes.

A friend, who refused to recognize you.

The Diggers and Provos, on Wednesday, September 6, surrounded the King Con Edison office at Irving Place, and proceeded to distribute leaflets and flowers soaked in soot to passersby. They also set off smoke bombs simulating smog. This act put the Con people uptight, and they called the cops. When the fuzz arrived the "hippies" were gone, and things were back to normal.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION, BUSINESS AS USUAL

"The Trip," now playing at the Rivoli and starring Peter Fonda and Susan Strassberg, is a piece of shit. Studied with non sequitor. Fellini fantasy and Trauffaut camera technique, and sex thrown in as incentive, it comes off as pure exploitation of the LSD syndrome. The Picture involves itself in the Day in the Life of 500 micrograms, running the gambit from ecstasy to paranoia. If you are going to invest \$2.50 to see this bit of celluloid synthetic — don't, but invest \$2.50 more and get the real thing. DON'T ASK FOR SUBSTITUTES!

AFTER THE REVOLUTION, BUSINESS AS USUAL



AFTER THE REVOLUTION, BUSINESS AS USUAL

Well, it's finally happened. One each standard high school dropout hippie chemist has found a legal dope that really gets you off. Basing his experimentation on knowledge picked up in the stabilization of tetra-hydrocannabinol, he has found a catalyst that releases the latent hallucinogens found in virtually all plants. Used with ordinary cigarette tobacco, three or four tokes will give a very clean pot high for about 30-45 minutes. It comes on amazingly fast (most people go up seconds after the first toke), and is totally safe and LEGAL!

As an added benefit, it makes pot come on stronger, and can be the basis for extensive research on spices, teas, etc.

Now to this strange catalyst and the actual preparation of "_____." It is common aspirin, pure aspirin, not the buffered junk. To prepare it, grind the tabs into a fine powder like flour. Then mix it with the tobacco. A film of the powder should cover all the tobacco (chunks mixed with the tobacco are not effective, because of the sparsity of the hallucinogens). The approximate proportions are two tabs of aspirin to three standard cigarettes. If you do a good job of powdering the aspirin, the proportions will work themselves out properly in the mixing.

Next roll substance or jam in pipe, inhale deeply, hold and enjoy. You might turn straights on to it, since there's no legal or physical hangups.

Choreographer MEREDITH MONK will present a new work, OVERLOAD, at EXPO-67's Youth Pavillion on September 18th at 8:30 P.M. Performing with her will be ALFRED NORTH, CHARLOTTE VICTORIA, and Mother of Invention DON PRESTON. Also appearing will be AUNT JEMIMA and the UNITED PANCAKES. OVERLOAD will be presented in New York late in the fall. A winter tour is planned. For further information call: HA 5-3064.

New Great Bear Pamphlet out from Something Else Press, 'Diary: How To Improve The World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)' Continued Part Three (1967), by John Cage, is a gas. I quote from the beginning: "LXI. U.S. citizens are six percent of world's population, consuming sixty percent of world's resources. Had Americans been born pigs rather than men, it would not have been different."

Amusing little info I received from an EVO fan in the U.S. Army. "In one P.X. of Robinson Barracks (U.S. Army, Stuttgart, Germany) I found Fugs Albums under the heading 'DEFECTS.' They were in a pile of broken and scratched records that had been marked down in price. The fact that they were there at all shows something!"

Sweet clouds shall envelop the City of Liberty. Boston Common is scheduled to be visited by a real "tea" party on the 24th of September, two days before a major grass trial hits Boston.

Posters throughout the state are to announce the event, for which a large amount of pot has been donated and will be distributed freely. The Young Heads about the area are enthusiastic about the combination Be-In and Smoke-In, and there is some talk of a coffin of liquor being thrown in the bay, as they demand to be allowed to pay the tax on marijuana.

Thursday, September 21st at 5:00 PM: the opening of the Digger Free Store. 264 E. 10th St. between 1st & Ave. A. A glorious "Bring-Down" party...bring down whatever you've got to give away. The store will give away free clothes, books, typewriters, everything. Free food, called Digger Stew, will be cooked in the back, and served daily at 4:00 PM in Tompkins Sq. Park to those who bring a bowl and spoon. Hours of the store will be 10-10. One rule... "NO STEALING."

THE HASSLE IS OBSOLETE because of LIFE & POT, a Hippie enclave, are calling for a "Massive affirmation to Life & Love" in front of City Hall Saturday, September 30th, at 2 p.m. They will spend the night and go as late as they wish into October 1st, Sunday noon.

"The Hassle" expects a turn out of at least 25,000 people who will sit in a huge circle in front of City Hall. The theme of the occasion will be twofold: (1) STOP THE BUSTS: LEAVE US ALONE! (2) GOOD TIDINGS TO THE PEOPLE OF VIETNAM. No picketing will be done. All that is asked is that people bring themselves, blankets, food and warm stuff in thermo jars, all your friends, and total confidence. Bells and candles are understood.

So plan to be there. It's going to be a hell of a party!

Ron Jackson, of the Village Showcase, is moving his operation from the outdoor amphitheater of Tompkins Park to the Village theater, 105 Second Avenue, as of Wednesday, September 20th and every Wednesday thereafter.

The first show plans to be good entertainment with such people as Richie Havens, John Hammond and the Night Hawks, Henry Bradley, Jainie, John Blairs Trio with Lights by Pablo.

For further info contact; Village Showcase 989-0730.

The new thing on college campus' this fall will be topless cheering leaders and drum majorettes.

Further information on Superpot. If you heat lighter fluid near an open flame you'll blow yourself up.

In a pot of boiling water put the solution. Prepare the lighter fluid solution other side of the room and make sure there is no naked flame anywhere near turn off pilot light.

Dip glass containing lighter fluid solution into the hot water.

If it stops evaporating you take it away and boil up the water again.

BE SURE THERE IS NO NAKED FLAME WHEN YOU HEAT THE LIGHTER FLUID IT EVAPORATES AND TURNS INTO GAS AND COULD CAUSE AN EXPLOSION.

Chemist Dr. Rafael Mechoulam, a 37-year-old Israeli, after several years of struggle, has managed to synthesize the essence of marijuana. Not only that, he has been able to produce this compound, minus delta one tetrahydrocannabinol, in a fairly easy laboratory manipulation. The chemist is now able, for the first time, to concoct on a large scale a potent brew of turn-on, a marijuana high from a chemical. (To the chemically inclined, I direct attention to the instructive, jargonistic recipe contained in the August 16, 1967 issue of the Journal of the American Chemical Society.)

THE DAY THE NEWS WENT UP IN SMOKE

By D.A. Latimer

The successful execution of fortysecondstreet's first smoke-in, performed last week in clear view of the Daily NEWS office, failed to make headlines. The spectacle of some two hundred heads cavorting on the sidewalk for an hour, blowing joints and chanting mantras, was not, evidently, deemed the sort of news that is fit to print. Or maybe smoke-ins have ceased to be unusual, even for wire-service copywriters, whose idea of a pleasant evening is spent in a White Rose tavern, under the TV set.

It could hardly have looked anything but odd, though, when a horde of very shaggy people mustered on the sidewalk between second and first, and commenced burning newspapers, both TIMES and NEWS. A nineteenth century Prussian military cadet with Huckleberry Finn bare feet here; a skinny chick wearing a see-through-sheer American flag there; over yonder standing Bob Fass, quiet and wise and altogether enormous . . . Nothing really extraordinary about that, an Elks convention looks kinkier.

When the little angelface blonde chickie unrolled the long leather cuffs from her green corduroy garrison jacket, though,

and forth along the sidewalk, the crowd waxed yet larger, and a bus grumbled by, reading, 'Decry Complacency.'

'Free Pot,' they kept saying. As soon as you passed a roach on to somebody else, two more joints would converge onto you from different directions. Odd.

'Free acid,' announced the young man with the plastic bag. Yup. Purple Owsley quarter-tabs. Very strange.

'Free beer,' grinned some wiseass with a quart of Pabst in a brown paper bag. That got lost in the crowd of News people, who were just changing shifts right then. Down-right queer, that.

'Free deodorant.' A spray can of Mennen appeared, and many armpits were gloriously unfolded. Shit man, that's NEWS — 'Drug Crazy Hippias Exhibit Selves on 42nd Street.'

It wore on, everybody got wasted along the longest hour in the recent history of midtown. The fuzz blew off an occasional siren, but we were, all of us, beyond paranoia. Three fat chicks in super-mod garb waddled out of the office, considered the crowd gravely for a long moment, and obediently stepped into line. Noses wrinkled. Exotic odor. Irises dilated.

'Hey, look, the escalator, it's FREE!' Yeah, you can go up one side and down the other forever, passing joints to unsanitary strangers — going down, you became gradually aware of four thousand people gathered below, watching you turn on. Spectacle fit to take your breath away.

The subway, too, as we all have suspected, is really free. Just walk straight through the EXIT ONLY door, it swings both ways. The little man behind you screams and pounds his fists, but never mind him. He's locked in his booth. Can't get out. Dig it — he's locked up.

Everyone piles into the lead coach on the downtown IRT local; before long, subway ventilation being what it is, the three straight cats present are no longer straight. A newsreel camera ('Turn on the photographer!') caught the action all the way downtown, and it is criminal that that footage was never released. At thirtythird street, a woman who decided not to board the train screamed, 'Why don't you take a bath?' 'FUCK SOAP!' someone replied, and another button motto was born.



Photo: Diane Dorr-Dorynek

and twenty white joints scattered into the crowd, well, it should have been clear that something odd was afoot. Someone was holding up a blazing Friday NEWS at the time, the crowd was cheering, and when three cops waded in to stamp out the flame — everyone was just then turning on — all heads assembled went up on a rush of paranoia. It must have looked sort of newsworthy at least — two hundred faces blanching at the same moment.

But nobody got busted. Is this not newsworthy? The little angelface blonde chickie walked around, supercharging everybody for an hour — she seized you, you seized her, she took a drag, you kissed, she huffed and puffed, and your brain blew out aloft like dark leaves along the rush-kiss — and the fuzz never stirred.

The cops helped, in fact — they got everybody organized, just when everybody most desperately needed organization. 'Keep moving,' they said, and a circular procession started, up and down the sidewalk. By this time, a mob of spectators had clotted around the new smell. 'Why don't you carry signs?' someone asked, and forthwith, someone handed around a flock of long peacock feathers — the calm green stalk-eyes nodded silently back

'Christ, we're all gonna get so wasted, we'll spend the rest of the afternoon just weaving in and out of each other.'

Presently, at four o'clock on the dot, somebody suggested Grand Central Station, and the cops obligingly ushered us off in the correct direction. There's an open schoolyard, though, at the corner of fortysecond and second — tolerably proper place to play four-hundred-handed ring-of-the-rosy, until the cops chase you away.

'Grand Central is FREE!' Goddamn Coney Island House of Illusion, ole Grand Central, all twisty, weaving, tilted passageways and peek-a-boo distortion mirrors. Paper cups cost five cents apiece at the drinking fountain, so a nickle collection was announced, and the Dixie Cup machines sold out that day.



That evening, everyone waited eagerly for the late editions. 'Dope Addicts Assault NEWS Staff,' perhaps. 'Desecration on Fortysecond Street,' maybe. 'Free Speech Protestors Burn Newspapers,' at least. But no, not a word, not a grunt, not a bellow nor a sigh; not a hiccup, not a wail, not a curse nor a cry. Not a hint, in fact, that the killer weed had been smelled uptown that day. If art is, in fact, anything you can get away with, then the Diggers have indeed added a whole freaky new dimension to the concept of Revolution. Fucking weird good news here, man.



THE DOORS



Interview By Emmett Lake

LAKE: What do you think of the scene in San Francisco as compared to LA?
 JOHN: It's a great audience to play to...and there's so many kids there, just open...
 ROBBY: Although the crowd there is getting a little spoiled. Like every week they have either the Yardbirds, or the Who, or some great group. At least one great group every week. You know, like they get...you know, like, most of the kids, like in LA, if they see the Animals or something, they go nuts. In San Francisco, it's just like as if the Grateful Dead were playing.
 LAKE: What do you think of the Dead? I caught a set of theirs at the AuGoGo a week or two ago...
 ROBBY: I think they're really tight...
 JOHN: I don't.
 LAKE: I didn't dig them at all. The set I saw, they just did rehashed blues...
 JOHN: Right. Like "The Midnight Hour." And they play it for 20 minutes. And their version of it is like, they get inside of it, get into all the corners, and, you know, I say, well, why don't they write original things?
 LAKE: How do you guys go about writing your stuff?
 ROBBY: Oh... we just do it.
 JOHN: Well, like usually somebody has an idea for a song, and we all hash it out. Usually, the idea isn't well developed at all, at first.
 LAKE: Do you have all the material down for your next album?
 DOOR: Yeah.
 LAKE: Well, I asked you about San Francisco and LA. What do you think about the New York scene? Ondine, and The Scene, and all that.
 JOHN: Well, you're kind of spoiled when you come from the film world. I don't dig... I don't dig it.
 LAKE: You don't dig New York.
 ROBBY: Well, first of all, we aren't as well-known here as we are on the coast, and New York doesn't like to accept a West Coast group. That easily. They dig...like, the Rascals.
 LAKE: Ray, what do you have to say about drugs?
 RAY: I think they're a transitory stage.
 LAKE: What's afterwards?
 RAY: The fully realized man.

ROBBY: I don't think you can say that "THE DOORS," you know, altogether, have this or that attitude on drugs. We're all in different places. We only get together on stage.
 RAY: Yeah, I think really that's one of the good things about the music. And about working in the Doors. As far as I'm concerned. We're all in different places in our heads, and all relegate ourselves to the music. In a sense, it might be just the opposite from one of New York's favorite groups, the Blues Project, who, I'm sure, are all together in their heads. Somebody said they went to the same high school, went to the same college, they all have the same ethnic background, they've all grown up in the same area of the city, so they probably share a great deal of things, but their music is pulling apart at the seams. On the other hand, I think what we do is, uh, it's each person totally giving of himself to the music. Totally absolving everything that he is, and relegating himself entirely to the music, so that we're coming from the outside to a central core. The central core is the music, rather than working from the other way around -- everybody being together, and then, when you sit down to play, it's not together at all. That happens a great deal with a lot of groups that live together, too. I don't know. I don't think groups ought to live together. They ought to be individual people. Complete individuals. And then get together in their music.
 LAKE: Let's throw out the Sgt. Pepper's thing to talk about. What do you think of where the Beatles seem to be at now, and where you stand in relation to them?
 UNIDENTIFIED DOOR: Give him number six.
 RAY: O.K. Number six: I think the Beatles should have recorded an old Duke Ellington song: "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing."
 LAKE: Does any of the group play on acid?
 ROBBY: No, nobody does.
 LAKE: Jim seems to be stoned. He's a stoned guy, I guess.
 RAY: That's Jim.

DOOR: Yeah.
 JOHN: Everybody thinks he's wiped out, but he's just...he's already wiped out, you know, by the music, or just by himself.
 RAY: He gets into it, he really gets into it. He's all over the stage. And whether he's stoned or not, he's flopping all over. So people think...
 ROBBY: I suppose a lot of people would have thought Christ was stoned, too. Or Maharishi.
 RAY: You're all into this chant and vibrations thing?
 LAKE: Do you know Maharishi?
 JOHN: Never met him. I've heard a couple of people talk about him...
 RAY: I don't know if his thing is particularly big out here; I think that there are a couple of other Indians that have New York. Bhaktivedanta is the big cat here.
 LAKE: On the West Coast, the Maharishi...
 RAY: They're all groovy. That's where we met. I met Ray at a...
 JOHN: Transcendental meditation...
 LAKE: A whole new bunch of people are starting to freak out...all the surfers and all the South Bay people are all getting aware...
 ROBBY: Yeah, they don't want to fight too much, they just want to go, and it's groovy.
 RAY: What's exciting about it is that they've got all that energy in them, everybody in LA is so healthy, everybody is strong and healthy and big and tanned and they've got all that energy and they're just looking for a place to put it into, and now they're starting to feel a little bit, so the combination of those two things makes for quite a human being. A strong, healthy feeler.
 LAKE: Let's talk about the Doors and alienation. A lot of people look at the group...I really don't know, but I think like, at Ondine's, the thing is like the world's a crock of shit and unreasonable, and the only thing to do, really, is to protect your cool and look out for your own pleasures, and see you don't get too involved in them, and they say to themselves, This is where the Doors are at, man. They're sitting up there, and like they're each into their own thing, like Ray is sitting there playing the piano, and he doesn't shake his head

The New York Times EXPOSED!

Dear EVO:

I congratulate Tuli Kupferberg for his informed reactions to the NEW YORK TIMES, and EVO for its great courage in reproducing them so prominently.

It's perhaps not yet fully realized (even by university intellectuals who express blind acceptance in such phrases as "As reported in the New York Times...") that the TIMES has a built-in status-quo bias which overrides every effort to achieve objectivity. EVO can help expose the TIMES's hangup to the light of today's realities and needs, and "commit" a necessary disrespect on the House of Sulzberger.

EVO's piece contributes much towards exposure of this bias. It should be produced in posters (but clean up the layout, please?), and distributed wherever the NEW YORK TIMES is bought and read, especially on the college campuses, where it will be greatly appreciated, and where it is badly needed.

The underground press should concentrate some of its fire on communication media such as the TIMES, and perform a substantial journalistic service, which the schools of journalism have been reluctant to perform for fear of retaliation.

The idea is not to destroy the NEW YORK TIMES, but to weaken its monolithic influence over news and opinion. With the NEW YORK TIMES likely to invade the afternoon field, a NEW YORK TIMES syndrome may well develop in ever-increasing numbers of unfortunate and uninformed readers — a terrifying prospect, unless more critiques like Tuli Kupferberg's are inspired and given circulation.

Yours,
Yung Yah-Chih

Eternity Is Always

Dear EVO,

After hearing of the very unhappy situation in Haight-Ashbury from many of my friends, including you, I began to feel strangely depressed. I started to lose faith, to feel the paranoia about the whole scene that I'd felt for such a long time before. And so, for a while, I sat in front of the rain and meditated. The products of my meditation are as follows: 1) In my opinion, the worst scene possible is sticking a needle into your body. Highs are great, feeling one with the world is great, discovery is multi-colored and beautiful. But when you try to acquire this "experience" by shooting yourself, it's suicide—for everyone. I don't know if I will reach anyone, but I love you so much. Please remember—the best high is LOVE.

2) I guess Haight-Ashbury was destined to deteriorate. The movement has spread out. The love is infectious. San Francisco was where it all began—eternity is where it will be at someday. (I realize the contradiction there, as eternity is ALWAYS.)

Love,
Les

Hippies Beware

Dear EVO:

The existential-love-peace-psychedelic-protest generation is in the midst of mass extermination, and we don't even know it. It is not the cops or the violent straights that are killing us. It is the Selective Service System. I don't mean this figuratively, I mean it literally. The draft has taken some of our best minds and sent them to the American Auschwitz, "Vietnam," to languish and die there. Instead of giving the boys stones as they did in the gas chambers, they are given puny guns, but the end is nevertheless the same, i.e. death. Doesn't it seem strange that, as the revolution here escalates, the rate of draftees escalates; and ergo the rate of deaths and permanent battle injuries escalates also?

By God, this is a calculated mass genocide to kill off the thinking young who know where IT'S AT! Can't you see how much more effective our grassroots struggle right here would be if we had our proportion of the 12,000 battle deaths, 80,000 casualties, 480,000 young men in Vietnam and the other millions scattered in various military concentration camps throughout the world. This says nothing of the brainwashing that those boys receive in Archaic-kill philosophy.

We are a dying revolution. The only ones who will be left will be the lovely "flowergirls," who, when no "flowermen" are left, will fall under similar domination (that of the straight parents) and go and marry that doctor or lawyer and die. What we need is not a protest of the war in Vietnam, but a massive assault of Washington. I suggest:

1) Letters to all congressmen, senators and the president.

2) A massive march on Washington at least four times a year, only to protest the systematic deliverization of our colleagues. With this in mind, we will hit them hardest where it hurts, in the brain. We now know their reason for the draft and war. The cat is out of the bag.

If you refuse to serve, that too, carries the sentence. The choice is yours.

I regret that I cannot reveal my name, as I am under indictment for several Selective Service regulations, and this would further injure my chances for a soft sentence.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
PREVIEWS NOW
JAMES JOYCE'S
STEPHEN D.
Adapted by HUGH LEONARD
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The Silent Service

Dear EVO:

I've noticed that a relatively large number of letters have been printed by you, written by service personnel who depict reasonably well the dreadful position we tuned-in dogfaces find ourselves in.

It's true that we are being encroached by the military establishment (it exists aboard my ship) but a word of advice to all: Hack it, man! Four or two years is a hell of a long time, but the more we scream, the more pressure will be applied.

Don't beg for a discharge under any circumstances. If an investigation is held, you may really get it, and there's nothing much one can do to buck the power pills.

On board my ship, my very shipmates have called me a commie, simply because I read this, I must say, very interesting and influential (in my life) newspaper. When incidents like the above mentioned occur, I just smile and say "I love people." This has caused so much sputtering in the higher echelon that it's hilarious.

You're in it, accept it, then blow when your time is complete. I just hope someday that the military will cease to exist. Not because of destruction by warfare, but because of a lack of necessity.

Thank you
I love you all
J.D. Wattler
B-Division
U.S.S. Independence
(CUA62)
F.P.O. N.Y. N.Y. 09501

Alan Watts Speaks

Dear EVO:

Recent and current "race" riots have many causes, but one of them is most certainly hatred of the police. In this country, the big-city police forces have, at present, an extremely bad public image, which must be changed NOW—because nothing is more basic to the morale of the community than respect for the law and its officers. May I therefore submit the following simple and practical proposals. They will not solve the entire problem, but will make a substantial contribution to that end.

1. Clothes all too easily make the man, and those who dress like Nazi SS troopers tend to behave like them. Police uniforms should therefore be changed from black or blue to khaki-green, and, instead of helmets or visored caps, we should restore the old Campaign Hat, as worn by Forest Rangers and Mounties—officials generally liked by the public as helpful "scouts." If there must be helmets, let them be those of the British "bobbies."

2. The police must cease to carry armaments other than truncheons or night-sticks. Concurrently, the civilian public should forbid themselves to own firearms other than shot-guns or rifles for use in sport and hunting. Hand-guns and automatic weapons should be outlawed, and I say this even as a former member of the National Rifle Association.

3. In accordance with the constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State, the police must have no further jurisdiction in matters of personal and private morals. Nothing brings them into greater disrespect than being required to act as armed preachers, enforcing sumptuary laws against gambling, wenching, boozing, and drug-taking. Such jurisdiction is also a major cause of police corruption, inviting blackmail, harassment, entrapment, and acceptance of bribes. The drunken driver, for example, should be charged with bad driving—not with intoxication. All efforts to get rid of the CAUSES of crime, by force, end as attempts to get rid of human nature, and all truly moral behavior is, by definition, voluntary.

4. Police duties should be confined to the essential functions of (a) directing traffic, (b) protecting the citizenry from murder, robbery, and violence, and (c) giving due assistance to lost children and little old ladies.

If these four basic principles are worked out in detail, we in the United States will have loved and honored police forces, as distinct from officially sponsored corps of racketeers, hoodlums, and booted bullies—all the more dangerous for being allowed to vent their spleen with a clear conscience.

There will be respect for authority when, and only when, authority is itself respectable.

Very truly yours,
Alan Watts

Mini-Trip

Dear EVO:

How about a "mini-trip"? Amyl-Nitrite, used for asthma, can blow your mind for 3 minutes when used in this way: "Amy" comes in little crushable tubes, 12 for about \$2.50, any drugstore, no prescription. Hold one under one nostril, while holding the other closed. Crush tube and inhale deeply once. Close your eyes, and enjoy yourself.

My effects were: a different 3D symmetrical figure to look at each time, accompanied by a good "beat" to listen to. You get a beautiful "high," which leaves as fast as it came. Towards the end of your 3-4 minutes, the figure begins to spin around your mind. When the figure stops moving, your high's over. No after-effects.

Love,
John Fahs & Edward Yeager
...from Philly

Third Party Impotent

Dear EVO:

Your newspaper wields a powerful influence on its readers. A critical matter is pending, and it is incumbent upon you to exert this influence. The matter of which I speak is the 1968 presidential election.

Up to now, most "liberals" in this country have voted for the Democratic party. However, since that party is currently sponsoring HITLER REINCARNATED, many Democrats and other liberals have begun setting up third parties. An example is the Peace and Freedom Party. I would love to see such a party elect its candidate to the presidency. But you know and I know that the chance of this happening is nil. Moreover, it is my contention that A VOTE FOR A THIRD PARTY IS A VOTE FOR JOHNSON!!!

The Republicans offer the only realistic means of defeating Johnson. Whomever they run for president, he will have a hard fight on his hands. He will need every vote he can get, since a large segment of reactionary Republicans will probably vote for Wallace.

A vote for a liberal third party goes down the drain. A vote for a Republican fights Johnson. For this reason, a vote for a third party helps Johnson, simply because it does not help the Republicans.

Please advise your readers to be realistic and vote for a Republican. If the G.O.P. wins, we may not have heaven, but, on the other hand, we've got Hell now, haven't we?

Love, Peace, and Flowers
Robyn Rishe (alias Aster)

Custer Was A FaG

Dear EVO,

I feel sick. I have just finished reading about the new fall programs to be seen on television this fall. One of the new programs is to be entitled, simply, "Custer," and is about the so-called hero George Armstrong Custer, who died at little big horn in 1876. Who the fuck made this cat into a hero is beyond me. If we look back into history we shall find the honorable Mr. Custer was an egotistical, butchering faG. And all the interests he had lay in obtaining glory in Washington's eyes. Webster's new world dictionary defines little horn to be a river in southern Montana, flowing into the big horn river. At the junction of the two rivers, a battle (the battle of little big horn) was fought, in which Custer's troops were massacred by Sioux Indians led by sitting bull.....

Well, that son-of-a-bitch deserved what the hell he got. What the dictionary fails to explain is the fact that our golden-haired quiff of a general did a little job of massacring on his own. Mainly that of a whole camp of women and children from the Sioux nation. All I have got to say is that if I found my women and children killed by some cat, I would damn sure be looking to massacre his ass. They ought to proclaim a sitting bull day in remembrance. In case that might not get your tail, think of that bastard sitting on his horse giving the order he did not to take any prisoners. In case you are interested, I am not an Indian or of that background, but just a guy who does not like the idea of kids getting the wrong idea about history. (and I might add, about this one glory-seeking shit-head in particular.)

Peace,
Brother Don

martha slept here

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TELEOLOGICAL

COSMASTROLOGY

STAR TREK **By Celeste**

Celeste has been practicing astrology for more than 10 years during which time she wrote columns for *The Cosmic Star*, and *The New Age*, metaphysical occult newspapers with international circulations.

A newcomer to New York, Celeste has a degree from the London Pylon Astrological Association in Cosmobiology, the English phrase for astrology.

Celeste has a personal acquaintance with Sidney Omar and other leading astrologers in the United States and has interpreted the charts of among others the Messiah who Jean Dixon prophesied would be born in the middle east in Feb. 1962. Reading the messiah's chart Celeste warned Dixon that the Messiah, who is an aquarian with aquarius rising and seven planets in aquarius, will be so magnificent and beautiful that "even the most elite will be deceived."

When the Beach Boys started singing "I'm Feeling Those Good Vibrations," many people became aware, for the first time, of something that astrologers have known for a long time — vibrations.

The system of atoms on the scale approaching the macrocosm, called the universe, is an interconnecting system of orbiting electrons, which can be perceived by sensitive individuals, on a vibrational level. Each planet or constellation or star has its own magnetic force, a field of waves like a ripple in the water, which intersects other fields affecting the plus or minus charge of the particles of matter in the field.

Man emits his own vibrations; his mind is an electro-magnetic radio of sorts, which can send and receive. The planets and stars and constellations influence the magnetic field of man and his environment, much as the moon affects the ocean, pulling the water to one side, making the tides. Imagine the effect on the ocean, if we had many moons with intricate orbits: the tides would be numerous and cyclical.

Astrology is the world's oldest science, which gave birth to astronomy, and, today, assumes greater significance the more we discover of physics, since astrology is the study of the complicated arrangements of planetary and celestial bodies, their influence on one another, and its effect on man.

A kaleidoscope of possibilities makes for the soleness of an individual's being. At

the moment of birth or conception (though astrologers measure from the moment of birth) the arrangement of forces pushing and pulling on the electro-magnetic field of the sperm, the egg, and/or the infant child, make for the unique imprinting which is everyone's singular horoscope. In astrology, we may well be studying the effect of nothing more than Planck's constant H.

Present planetary vibrations now in effect on mankind are of Uranian quality, giving us the truth seeker; the individual among individuals; the man independent in everything that freedom is; the nonconformist; the bohemian; the extraordinary, unexpected; the crank, weirdo, genius; and most of all, the insane.

Man in fear is limited. And never in time or space has mortal man been so brave in baring his soul.

Can we separate the ingenious and insane aspects of a man's nature, and classify him as one or the other, when both have part truth?

The Seventh planet, the "hippie" of planets, known as Uranus, is at present crossing our heavens, on its journey through the constellation known as Virgo, the sixth sign of the zodiac, the only all-human sign.

Virgo, the celestial virgin, pure in mind, quick in thought, verbally eloquent, represents vibrations pertaining to practical matters: employment, education, drugs, medicines, the conformist, servitude, and the practical, "read the instructions thoroughly" type.

The planet Uranus' (in the 5th year of a 7-year cycle) influences and effects are now blending with the qualities of Virgo. This blending gives us the conformist who conforms only to being unique. The practical people expecting the unexpected. The verbal qualities of Virgo now scream out with the voice of Uranus: "I am what I am. There is no other like me, and I am not ashamed of what is truth. Truth must always come to the surface." Uranus, being altruistic, can not hold its tongue

in Virgo.

This is a time of recognition.

Uranus, the bohemian, says if in truth you enjoy the not-accepted, the not-expected, express it through Virgo. "I enjoy my clothes with many colors, not blending, not in style. I will wear them now. Because it is what I truly feel."

Because of Pluto's close proximity to Uranus, which is in Virgo at present, the black man dies for the equality that is truth: Pluto being the lord of sex, death, and regeneration. Together, we have death and truth in the sign of practicality, Virgo.

On the 13th of September, Uranus, the bohemian, and Pluto, the Lord of death, are touched by the passage of the ever-powerful sun. The conjunction of the three (planets) will bring about unexpected death, unexpected changing of laws, profundities in print, and a multitude of death in an unexpected manner by natural causes. This period is in effect from September 12 through September 20. WATCH FOR IT.

THE EXPOSE' OF HYPOCRICY ON A GRAND SCALE.

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A CHANGE OF LAW — THE DEATH OF OLD LAWS.

DEATH OF A BOHEMIAN.

In asylums, the cure now most effective is group therapy: truth expressed from one troubled soul to a group of other troubled souls, each in his turn. These patients are given drugs to sedate them, and yet stimulate their expression. In this time of group therapy, it may be said that marijuana is the sedation for the public, which is now expressing mass group therapy.

To expose hypocrisy and inhibitions is to do away with them. The world can only come to a more sane conclusion — "I am what I am."

Celeste will chart your horoscope
Call EVO 228-8640 for more information.



THE UNDERBUSH BEARD IN

By Victoria Manchester

THE BEARD is coming to New York. The goatees which appear regularly on the profiles of ancient Egyptian dead will be seen on the faces of Jean Harlow and William Bonney, in Michael McClure's play, opening at the Renata (now Evergreen) Theatre (55 E. 11th), October 9.

In the form of tissue paper, these little symbols of immortality have adorned the chins of the two performers who, in San Francisco and Berkeley, were arrested for "conspiracy to commit an obscene act," for their portrayal of McClure's characters.

The play is an outgrowth of a famous poster by McClure, printed by a company that usually turned out wrestling posters, and laid out in the same fashion. Harlow and Bonney (Billy the Kid—who appeared in McClure's earlier play, THE BLOSSOM; OR BILLY THE KID, first performed at the University of Wisconsin this year), face each other as though matched, headed by the words "Love Lion, Lioness." The rest of the poster is mostly the beast language which McClure employed in his LOVE LION BOOK and GHOST TANTRAS — "Grah, Ohhh, Grar," etc. CONTEXT magazine reports that McClure had the poster hanging on his door until an intensity of feeling built up to a dialogue which he recorded, placing it on the stage beginning at opposite sides of a white fur-topped table.

In its first production (The San Francisco CHRONICLE reports that Andy Warhol also filmed THE BEARD), The Actors' Workshop only gave it one night at the Encore Theatre, the smaller facility they used to have on Mason Street. It was given another short run in July of last year, threatened by police, and again closed. True to the label, "underground," given it by the CHRONICLE, it burrowed and surfaced again at the (old) Committee on their free Mondays in August, 1966. At the end of the third performance, a whirring sound intruded upon the last moments. The CHRONICLE, (which reported in the same article that the last scene contains a bed, which it does not), had it that McClure "leaped onto the boards and shouted, 'The noise of a camera is being made by police who are here to arrest the leading man and lady!' and then 'exited'."

No, the couple (Billie Dixon and Richard Bright,

who are really beautiful people) do not engage in sexual intercourse onstage. No, they have not been prosecuted. The charges stemmed from the fact that the last event of the play is Harlow sitting in what has been Billy's chair, groaning "Star, star," etc., to the accompaniment of a blackout featuring the appearance of numerous stars on the blue velvet backdrop — with Billy's head between her legs. Billy's action is hidden by her pale blue dress, but approximates an illegal act in most states of the United States: cunnilingus, or oral contact with the female genital organs. After a long wait while things cooled down, the play turned up again at California Hall in February, the first night being a benefit for the sponsors, the California ACLU. Tickets were printed with beast language, Bonney's and Harlow's names, and "Liberty Breath Hrahhr," but did not designate seats, nor was there a program. As in the Greek dramas, the knowledge of who the people were and what they represented was assumed in the spectators. Unchallenged by the authorities, the play transferred to the Encore and other theatres, where it has been running since.

VELVET ETERNITY: HOW WILL NEW YORK REACT?

"No," McClure said to the panel of critics, following the benefit. "No." It was his only definite answer to them that evening, as he sat, tilting his folding chair at the back of the decreasing audience, bolstered by Hell's Angels (he was reported to be writing a biography of one of them). The comment that brought this reply was from one of the evenly divided panel (2 for, 2 against) who had been bored by the play, and said that perhaps McClure had meant for boredom to be part of the total experience. Poet Robert Duncan, who, like McClure, deals in symbols and images couched in words, rather than words which narrate, describe or restrain metaphor, was the most staunch defender of the play. Perhaps it is as McClure said to me when I told him of the reaction of an older playwright and his wife — either you get it or you don't; either you're there or you're not.

After two viewings, a reading aloud and a study of the script, here is what I think about the play, difficult as it is for me to separate myself as critic from myself as delighted viewer and admiring fellow writer. McClure has used eternity as a kind of centrifuge, in which a special magnetic atmosphere ("there is an orange light...?") pertains. In this structure he whirls the two personalities — "a visionary who stared at black rainbows," and "an angel and a sweet rat" — fast, fast! The first things that come flying off, like outer scales, are words (McLeish, in POETRY AND EXPERIENCE, said that in poetry words are parentheses of meaning). Of the same kind of metaphor as the "beards," are the oblong sheets of paper with large print, which lie on every audience seat, words from the play, as though flung out tangibly from the intensity of the last performance.

Repetition, of anything, tends to fragment it, to focus attention on details. Sentences, repeated, explode words outward, away from the center of action, become transparent veils through which the masks of the characters are seen. ("Maybe you'll find I'm sheer spirit taking the guise of meat.")

Then, in the "blue velvet" centrifuge, the next layers, the masks peel from them ("Before you can pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me! Which one will you pursue?") and burst into the audience until, wave on wave, tradition, ritual, "the rite" begin also to fly to pieces ("Nobody's free of being divine!")

At last, left only the membrane of humanity ("divinity"), like the thin brown husk of a walnut once the shell is broken away, the situation implodes under the pressure of that peculiar atmosphere of eternity — divinity, liberty, beauty — and the characters (asked why Bonney and Harlow, McClure once replied that it could have been Magdalene and Jesus, anyone) fall into themselves, "eachotherish" (cumplings), in tenderness and ecstasy.

Perhaps McClure will correct my opinion. Perhaps he will say "No." It's likely; after all, THE BEARD says "No" to most ideas expressible in words, pre- or post-conceived.

—new from **SOMETHING ELSE**

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DAYS IN LONDON LONDON LONDON LONDON LONDON

By Steve Kraus

London, London... what does that word mean to you? Home base for a gone, faded empire? "Swinging London"—the child of Time Life editors and those faceless ones who write copy for travel posters and airline ads? London, London... flower children from a dozen European countries lounge in the sun in Trafalgar Square, under the column on which a statue of Nelson stands with, as Durrell puts it, "a phallic air," as respectable London eddies past, the men with the inevitable umbrella although not a single cloud menaces the sky... when you order tea it always comes with milk, so it is always the color of wet sand... Buckingham Palace stares across a lake of gravel at the pasty-faced tourists immortalizing it with their Super 8mm Kodaks... the Thames snaking its way out of the concrete embrace of office buildings on both banks... London, London... where many of the main squares are called Circuses; it would be interesting to find out why... King's Road with its boutiques manned like cool fortresses by detached girls whose dresses end where their thighs threaten to begin... there is a Socialist government and the Labor Unions hold the country in their unproductive grasp, but all the bars have two sections: one, the upper class one, is called the Lounge and has a carpet on the floor; the other has a separate entrance, is called the Public Bar and drinks are a penny or so cheaper, but oh, the difference in the clothes...

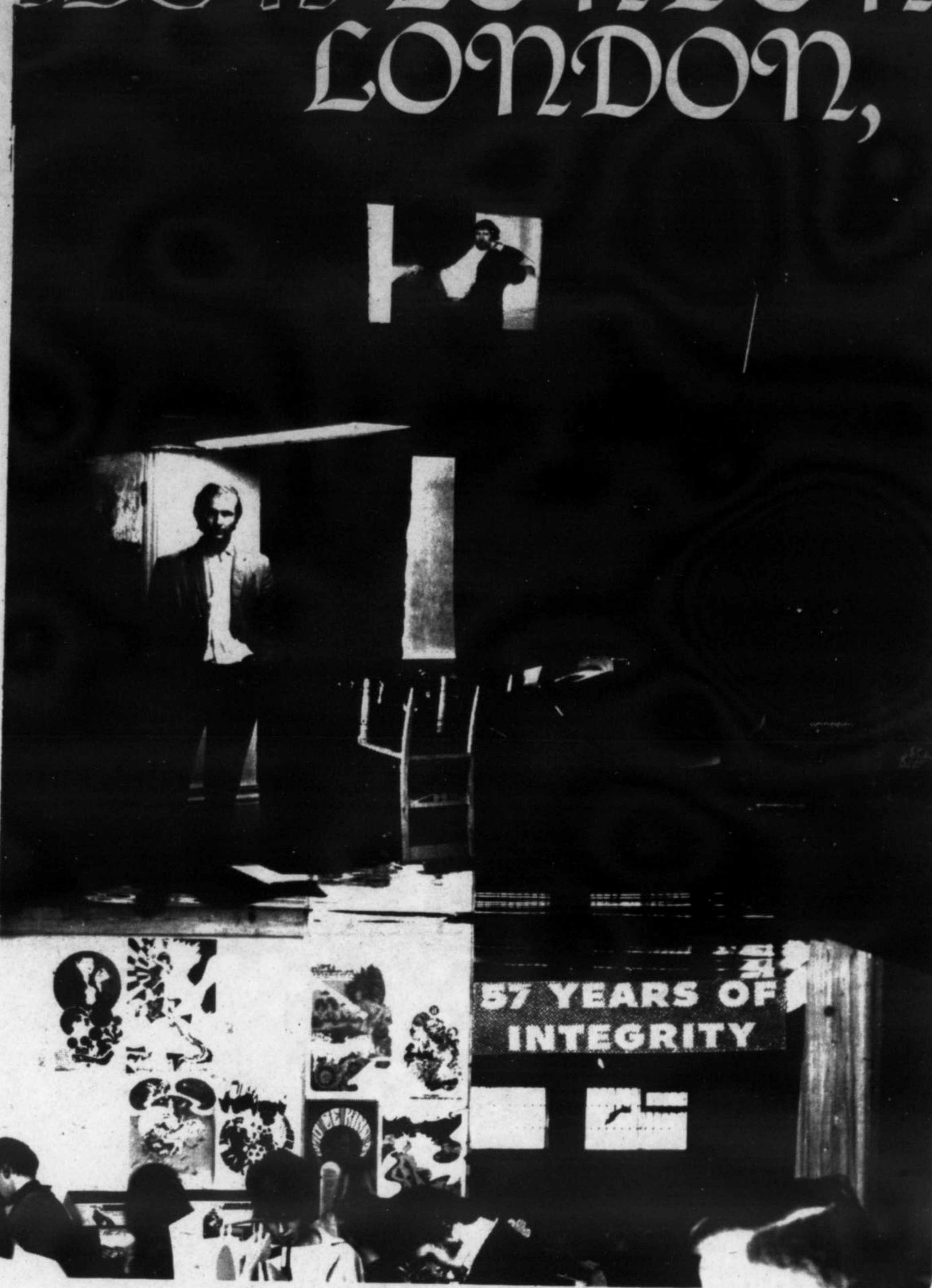
That's the place to get to know London, the everyday city, not the palaces, the museums, the in boutiques. In the Pub, and they are everywhere, you can see the people of the neighborhood, listen to their talk, talk with them if you are willing to make an effort to break through the wall of shyness nearly every Englishman carries wrapped around himself like a second skin. Maybe because it is such a small place, old England, and the idea is not to impose on the privacy of the guy next to you. So you leave him alone and he leaves you alone, and maybe it makes for a nation of lonely people, who then are glad to talk with someone from a country where people are not hesitant to talk to strangers...

Cheek by jowl with the old stereotype of the unfriendly Englishman is the old stereotype of English food as the worst slop in the world. Nothing could be falsier. London is full of good eating places; an outlandishly varied array of restaurants, largish, medium size and small, loaded with good stuff to eat, all at prices at least a third below New York's. And if you stay longer in London and do the logical thing—rent a room—and begin to buy food in stores to eat at home, you will discover the delights of English fruit, vegetable and dairy products, all of which put ours to shame.

You might remember the old Army joke that there are three ways to do something: the wrong way, the right way, and the Army way. That's how things are in England, except that the expression has to be rewritten... "and the English way." In some strange way, many of the English one meets seem to be, at one and the same time, the most worldly and the most insular, intolerant people on earth. They have been everywhere, they have done almost everything, but here they are, back home, and THAT'S the way things are done. No other way. Any other way is not just someone else's way to do things; it's the wrong way. Or simply ridiculous.

And so, in spite of all the new things going on from pop music to mindresses to the stunning displays that make many New York shops look dowdy and provincial, the dead hand of the past seems to weigh on these stubborn, charming, other-worldly people. Television, computers, jet planes, radar, penicillin and so many other things which have painted a technological grimace on the face of the planet, all got their start here, and then someone else—usually the United States—grabbed the ball and ran with it. The English know all this, they tell each other that they simply have to get with it to survive, the Government exhorts them, speeches and appeals are made, and then everybody proceeds as before. As a result, the productivity of English labor is the lowest in western Europe; as a result the growth of the national product occupies a similar place; as a result a recent survey reports that fully half of the people in the 18 to 22 year group hope to emigrate somewhere else, Canada, Australia, the United States... somewhere else...

But things aren't all that bad. There is a lot going on. For one, the "underground" press, like the 'surface,' or establishment, press, is much more vigorous. In London, anyway, to dispose of the establishment press, first of all. If you like daily newspapers, London is for you. Unlike New Yorkers, who have to content themselves, if that is the word, with the Times, the News and the Post, Londoners have a veritable feast of daily printed matter to choose from. And they take advantage of it. An amusing, informative, crisply written book, Len Deighton's "London Dossier," reports that "more newspapers are sold per head in Britain than anywhere else in the world—twice as many as in the USA. London is about as loaded with newspapers as one city can possibly become in an age of TV. They vary from the pompous to the preposterous." There are thirteen of them, pounding the newsstands every day.



from bottom to top the scene at INDICA bookshop Jim Huynes in his Arts Laboratory on Drury Lane A Michael O'Casey surveys new quarters of the contemporary film makers studios

Now the underground press. First of all, of course, London's answer to EVO, modestly called "International Times." Wild, very much a part of the scene, member of the Underground Press Syndicate, amusing, the best guide to what's going on, where to go, what to do, what's coming up. Interesting ads, articles, interviews. It comes out somewhat irregularly, owing to troubles with finances and censorious printers. But the people who run are a pretty determined bunch, with a lot of support from the hippie community of London, and they keep fighting on.

Then there is OZ, not a newspaper like IT, which is what everybody calls the International Times, but a magazine, beautifully printed on slick paper. Interesting contents, articles, interviews and beautiful art work, an editorial staff mostly composed of expatriate Australians, for some reason, great covers, which are sometimes sold separately as posters and could be summed up as Hindu-influenced psychedelia. Newer in the same field and still taking its first, hesitant steps is PROCESS.

Neither of the underground nor, most definitely, of the establishment is another periodical, PRIVATE EYE. Tabloid newspaper in format, its contents make vitriol mild by comparison; its every issue is wildly funny satire on English politics, mores, fashions. No cow is too sacred for it to attack, and it finds plenty of them. All you need to really enjoy it is a couple of days' perusal of the daily press, as most of its satire does deal with politics in England, a subject rarely found at the fingertips of a visitor from the States. But this is well worth the effort.

Now something about the people who are not only on the scene in London, but who, through their activities, are making the scene what it is, and changing

it through their ideas and activities. Like everywhere else, films are a big thing in London—there is a chain, called the Classic Cinemas, whose theaters show only worthwhile revivals. By the Thames, right on the river bank and right next to the Royal Festival Hall, is the National Film Theater, spankingly new and elegant in its own building, with a program of very frequent showings of the best or most interesting films from the archives, with an approach similar to the film programs of New York's Museum of Modern Art and the Gallery of Modern Art. There is also a London Film Makers Coop and its magazine, CINIM. Active in the distribution of the magazine, but dissatisfied with the whole movie picture, is Michael O'Casey, a tall, slim and soft-spoken young Irishman from County Cork. Michael went to the University of Amsterdam, and studied at the London Film School. He is a sound engineer, and was in charge of the sound for pop concerts put on in the late Brian Epstein's Saville Theater. In September of 1966, he organized a festival of contemporary Dutch films at the National Film Theater. Later this fall, he will take a festival of underground British films over to the Netherlands, for showings in the Hague, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Utrecht. In the meantime, he is busy setting up a new group, the Contemporary Film Makers' Studio. For quarters, he has taken over a couple of floors at 60 St. Stephens Gardens, Bayswater, London W.2., a romantic-looking, slightly decayed, late-victorian mansion occupied by an actor with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Here he is setting up a center for people actively interested in independent, creative, experimental films, with both space and facilities for filming, projection, editing and sound. Showing around a visitor recently, O'Casey spoke about his aims and hopes. "The trouble is

Continued on PAGE 16

(2 revised '1)
 Lon Buzick

By **Lon Buzick**

Patareal Manifest

I CHING

MEANING

There is a psychic direction to our alienated fate, a monster chicken in the media pot massing active polluted compulsion, politicking in the shark ding dong school public chess tournament.

Alienate a psychic direction, Chicken a monster fate, Pollute an active compulsion, Pot mass media; the flower politie, Shark a ding dong school psychic tournament.

SEMINAR

SEMINAR

The mysterious unveiled Symbolism in a drunken morning.

The first sound; nothing, joked the Dada, Absolutes hounded the Surreal until Rimbaud re-fused the atomic actor, Artaud.

("Abstract Expression is the media come to form"); expressed extracts formalize media constructs.

("Man is full of gods, like a sponge immersed in heaven"); Patarealism is the mandala child struggling with time equal mind to voice; Gods are full of men like sponges immersing earth.

The East Village Other is undoubtedly the world's first newspaper to use predictions from the I Ching as a basis for editorials, and it's not pulling your leg. (The I Ching is the Chinese Book of Changes, an oracle.)

Western technology (and not modern science) has long since convinced the multitude that only by finding some material cause, can events be explained or predicted. The arts of divination: The I Ching, The Tarot, Astrology, were long ago cast aside by our money and power ethic society.

Dr. C. G. Jung, a founder of the Psychoanalytic School and philosopher of science, has gone to some lengths to explain The I Ching and its relation to the unconscious, both in his essay SYNCHRONICITY; AN ACAUSAL CONNECTING PRINCIPLE and his INTRODUCTION TO THE I CHING (Bollingen), where he points out that the ancient Chinese sage (The I Ching or its scholar inventor) must have looked at the world in much the same way that a modern-day physicist does: understanding the universe; as a psycho-physical structure where the observer is as much a part of the microphysical event under study, as is the real object. He goes on to say that western man is used to understanding the world as it develops; that we understand cause and effect, but that the oriental mind, and now the western physicist, understands phenomena to be at one with the viewer, and that the I Ching has MEANING when the sage and the

oracle have dialogue TOGETHER.

For thousands of years men have argued, sweated, starved, and even gone to battle over such questions as whether a word, an object, or a world is its subject or predicate; noumenon or phenomenon; quantity or quality; universal or particular; or whether these questions are either

necessary or contingent; categorical or dialectical. These are not idle words or useless arguments, but the final answer to them all must be yes, yes, YES! It has already been physically demonstrated that our world is a definite universe, unending, but in the company of others, causal and atomic on the one hand, acausal and

organic and the reductio ad absurdum. Just as the I Ching is all things music, all systems a

PATAREAL FA



ACT SHEET



VERTHROW!"

"WE SHALL OVERCOME
OURSELVES!"



me, and leave the dead

tude of ideas used for film and fashion, with which to dress and entertain the teeny-bopper and the aging matron.

Beneath the deluge of government intrigues, race riots, foreign war with censored statistics, political assassination, and with all the potential we have at our disposal, black jest pixies led by a redheaded waitress in a Greenwich Village infernal dungeon, a secret Nazi with ambitions of being a Jew, who wants a phallic LSD lollipop in one hand and a gun in the other, is typical of those hangers-on who would use our developing visionary culture as a baboon's cudgel in the street, or a social vehicle with which to turn a fast dollar; and would sell Hinduism as an Aryan sex religion, and use LSD the way a gangster uses heroin.

Certain underground newspapers are now being described in the press as abstract expressionist newspapers. If this means that the graphics and prose style is anything like William Burroughs' technique of rearranging the lines of a prose piece or poem at random, or John Cage's playing of five radios tuned to different stations simultaneously to discover new possibilities, I would call it ACAUSAL SYNCHRONIZATION, since the attempt meets with success. "The ultimate present our star."

for whom the world has meaning. "The media is the message," but language itself is media: All media lives. (Do the fashion models from Sunday's Times really dance in my room, or did someone tell me so?) as trees live in the forest: unspoken to.

The money ethic limits the vision of the whole nation. Media flowers as the manifest mind of the rich and snazzy part of our culture, no longer infatuated with visionary Castalia, which rendered us hallucinogens and their proper use, from whose exotic surface was robbed a multi-

Just as the I Ching can have meaning when one of its chapters is selected as advice by the toss of coins; for the person who understands what Jung has explained, so can much that is modern, despised and misunderstood become as interrelated with and valuable to our vision as that which is old and respected.

It is not the importance of scientific papers like Jung's on Acausal Synchronization, or poetic doctrines like Stein's "continuous present," or whether or not we are psychological, poetic or meditative; but that the consciousness of man both needs change and is being remolded, strangely enough, in that sphere where modern physics can happen together with modern music, modern verse, and the long-disregarded classics of ancient religion.

in time on the other; and even miracle is now sometimes proven rather than superstition. The word is alive for the poet, the I Ching is animate for the sage, languages, sciences, mathematics, and all arts are methods and alive for the artist, the visionary,

POP POLITICS

POP POLITICS NUMBER 5

THE DOUBLE AGENT SQUARED*

As part of his alternate service (alternate to entering the American business community) a hippie might elect to do the following:

- 1) Enter Police Force (local, state, FBI, Treasury Dept., FDA) as double agent
- 2) Report back to local community on pending raids, plans of action, &c.
- 3) Keep diary on general inside attitudes, unofficial orders and procedures. Bug station house locker room, for example.
- 4) (After 1-2 years?) resign. Have helpful book. Have fun.

HIPPIES!
JOIN THE POLICE
SERVE YOURSELF
& SERVE YOUR COMMUNITY TOO

*Hipped?

POP POLITICS NUMBER 6

THE PLANT THE POT PLOY

Everyone has his local story of frame-up busts where everyone, from the firehouse dog to the local sergeant, plants the pot on the victim or his premises.

Any number can play. Mail your local friend on the narco squad a few joints in an anonymous envelope; or address it from one cop to another (use typewriter?), or get your friend in Mexico to do so. Then inform his superior by letter or secret phone call.

- Variants: 1) Plant on superior, inform subordinate
2) Try it on your local principal
3) Bank president
4) Landlord
5) Army Captain
6) Judge
7) Legislator

1967

Caution: Is it ethical? I'm not quite sure. Probably not. THEREFORE:

Suggested more ethical alternative: Make the grass: catnip, parsley, banana flakes, dried dung, OR cigarette tobacco with perfume in it.

Will THEY think twice THEN before planting the pot or informing? MayBE.

Let your slogan be: RESOW THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION. IT MAY HELP CLEAR THE AIR.

or: HELP SHARE THE POLLUTION.

(HAST THOU COUQUERED, O GALILEAN RED?)



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BOB DYLAN

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The guerilla street theatre is getting better all the time. Beautiful points of energy keep spinning out in a foreign environment. Each dirty flour bomb reality, each munched and crunched dollar bill extends the possibilities for social action as art. These ritualized high dramas, authored and acted by all, offer alternative fantasies to those surrounding their performances. They demonstrate that any manifestation of any of our extensions given form through action is art.

At the moment the green cloud was floating to the Stock Exchange floor, guerilla theatre was playing to a non-audience who wanted to get into the act. The life of the drama existed only for that brief moment of action — that particular space of time — when it was actually happening. Later, when it received translation in the media, it had become part of an expanded collage-form, distinct from the drama's previous reality.

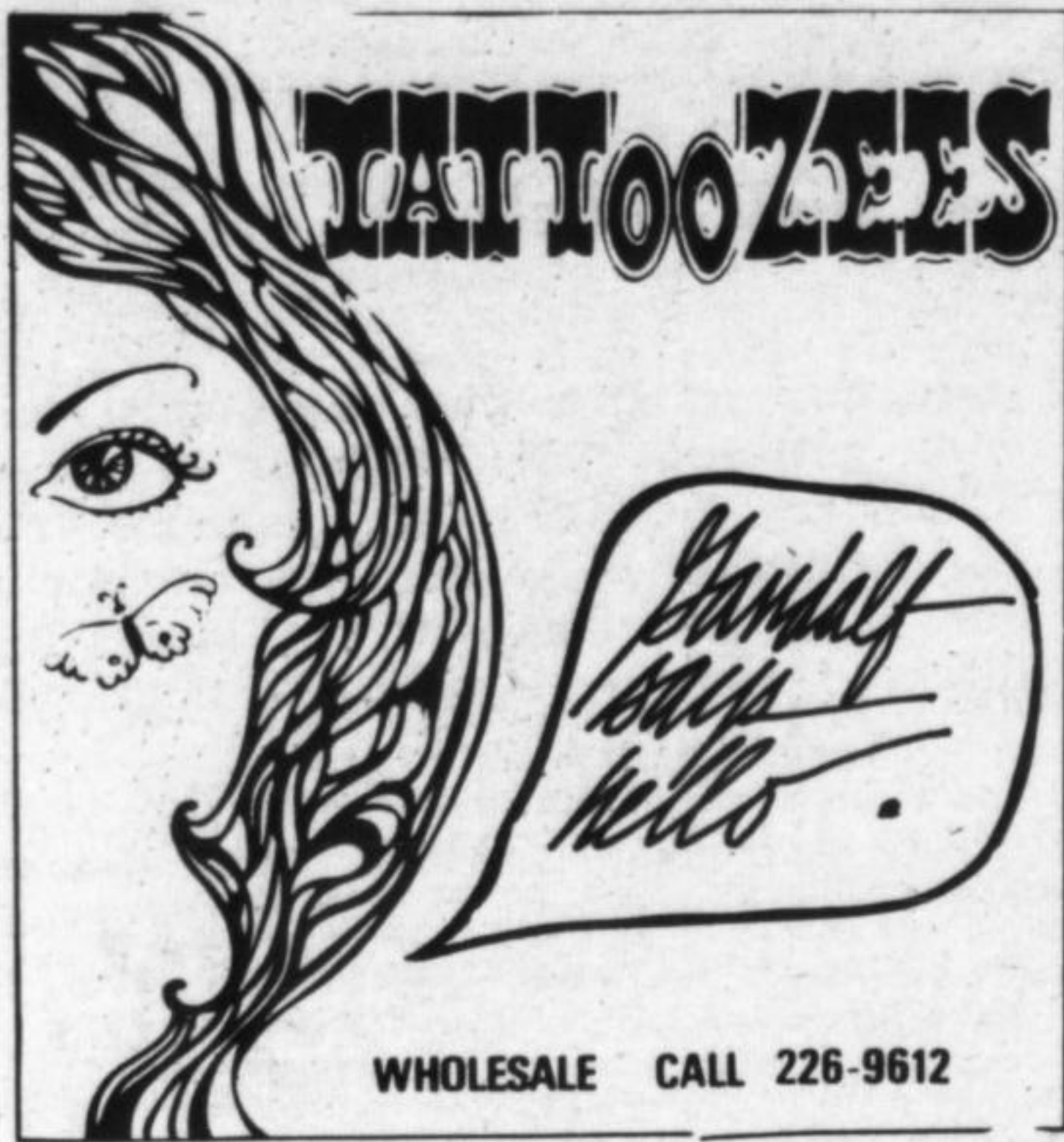
For those living under umbrellas, those who need categories, boxes and slots, the art is chaotic and non-structured. And it is. Because they need the security of feeling in control, they take the first step to do so — definition. This requires seeing all action as a term, "New Left," "Hippy," and other media fantasies and myths. The use of a title for a living situation serves the non-participant as a focusing tool. It allows him to freeze a situation, to which he is exterior, so that it can be dissected, digested, and spit out. However, the new theatre is constantly in flux. And, as a theatre of sorcerers and sorceresses, we evoke, conjure, and guide destiny. We don't await the approach of the future, we create

natural miracles which are the future. We live in impenetrable forests of brambles. If found, we are standing ringed with a circle of fire. We conceive and bring forth an infant bursting with gales of laughter. This saint, this child of love, has no thought of waiting. One glimpse of the woods and he's off roaming pastures as wide as the world. Ever searching, trying everything, easily satisfied, nothing rebuffs him. What is thrown in his way he picks up with a smile. Better still, he uses it, turns it to positive action, originates his art from it, and accepts gladly all names that would be used as a stigma and a disgrace. He is educated in the dangerous curriculum of nature, its very risks stimulating his love of knowledge, the longing to see and know.

On October 21st, through magic drama and juvenile exhibitionism, we shall use our powers as sorcerers, ringing the Pentagon with sound to exorcise its evils. If our hearts are pure, and we all come to the same point together, we shall pass through it, watching the Pentagon rising higher and higher on waves of energy, until it disintegrates into the wind.

And, if our hearts are really pure, we may be able to rescue Abbe Hoffman, who, through the treachery of George Metesky, has been kidnapped and held for ransom, by a trust of giant snails from another galaxy.

Martin Carey



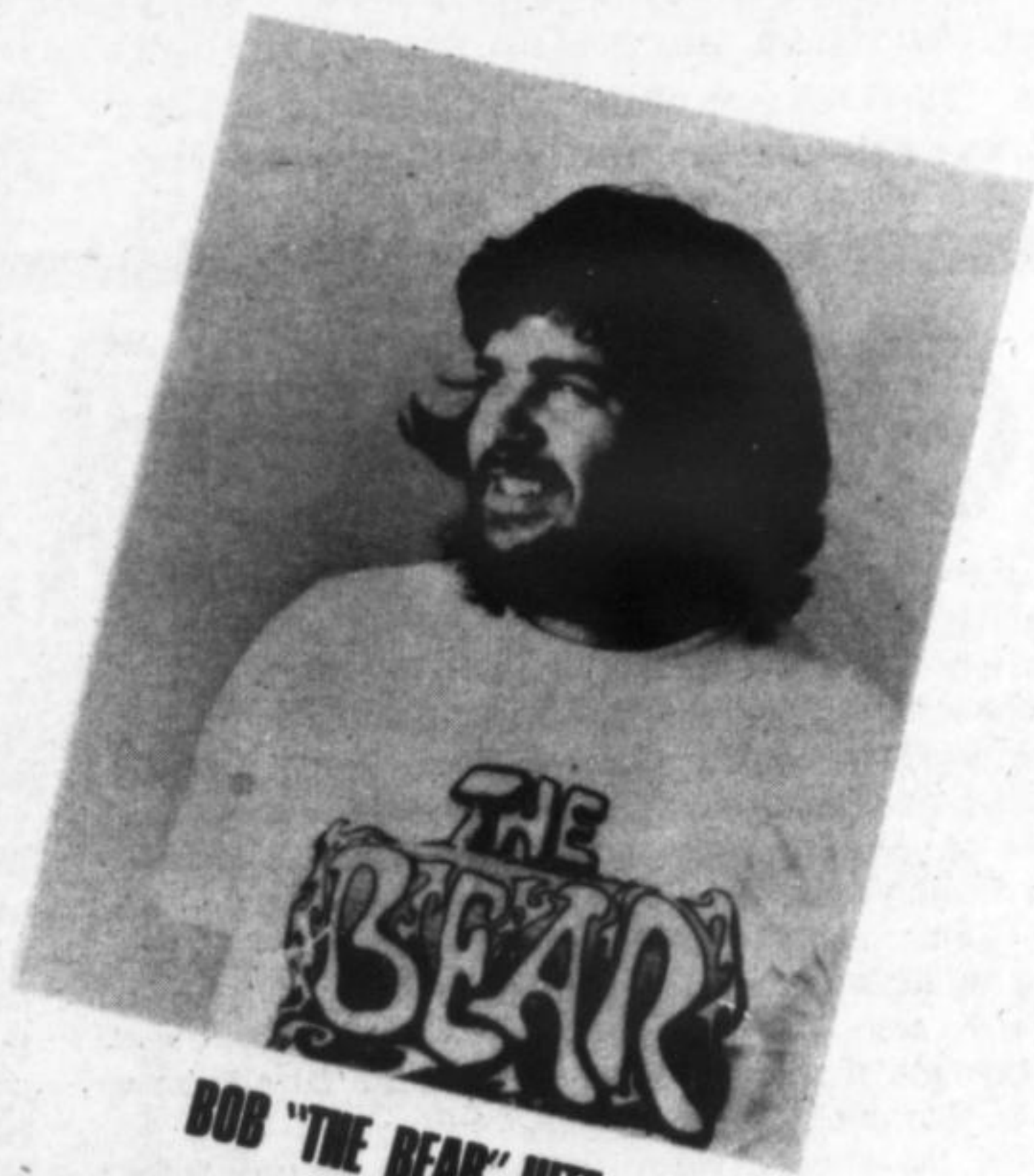
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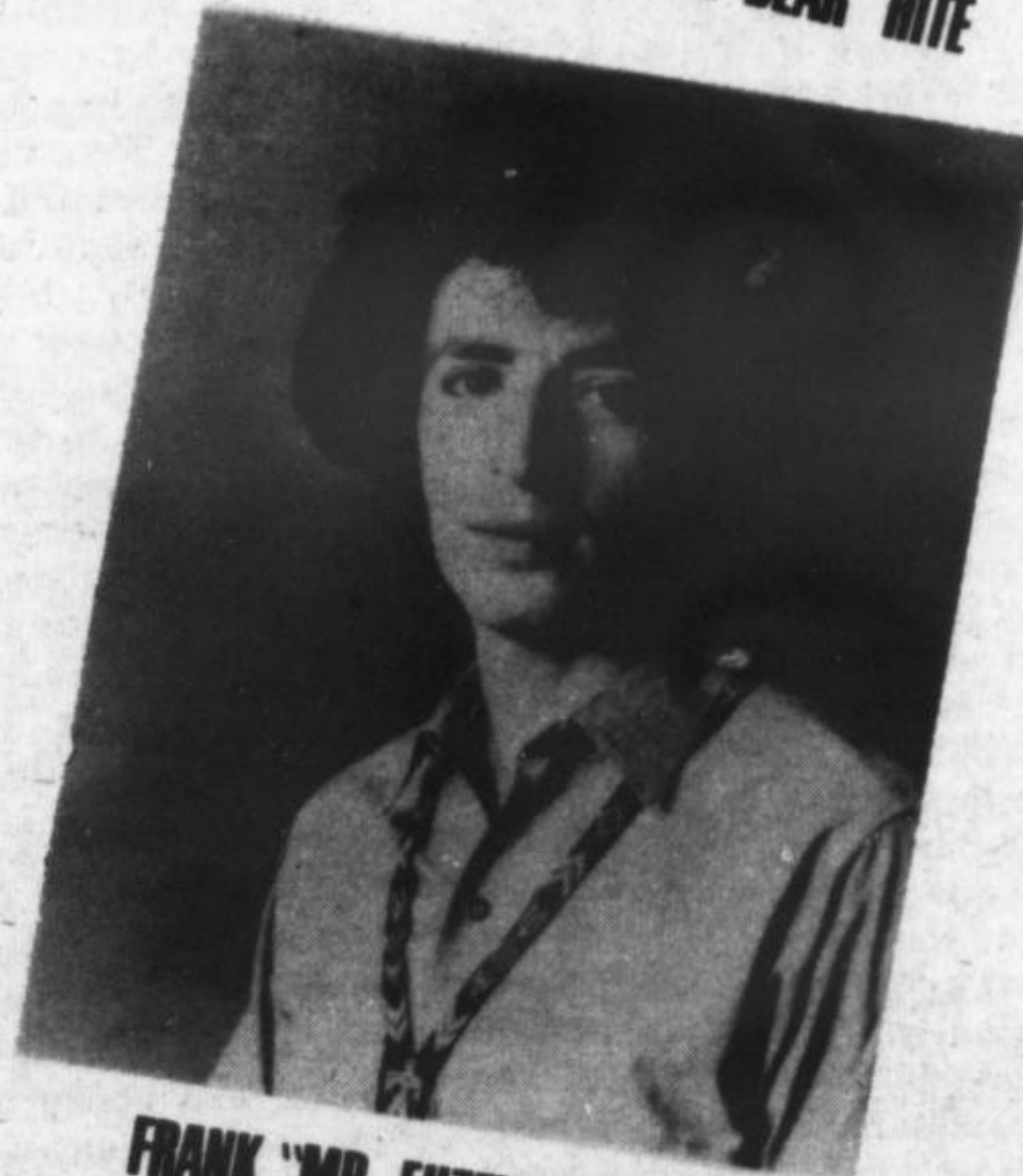
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BOB 'THE BEAR' RITE



LARRY 'THE MOLE' TAYLOR



FRANK 'MR. FUZZY' COOK

CANNED HEAT



HUGGALING

A contented mind is a continual feast.

By Hugh Romney



You may wink and choose.

Swami How We Love You

There is a very ancient prayer that asks, "Make the unreal like the real" ... and as time and stuff continues, the fantasies of four years ago have materialized in the flesh and blood of everybody's living, breathing movie. THE BEATLES TAKE A GURU ... WM. BUCKLEY MEETS MURRAY THE K...SHIRLEY TEMPLE RUNS FOR CONGRESS...BING CROSBY'S INTRO FOR RAVI SHANKAR ON THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE not quite Ed Sullivan for Jose Feliciano — "Let's hear it for him, folks, he's a blind Puerto Rican."

This Friday, September 8th, His Holiness, Sri Swami Satchidananda held a very serious birthday party for his guru, Sri Swami Sivanda — now deceased...The whole event, under the auspices of the Integral Yoga Institute, proponites of

the Cosmic Push-up. Satchidananda looks like all India above the neck, with everybody's eyes at once...I see him meet the press — electric saffron cloaked, with matching socks — lotused centerstage and wired for sound — is Lenny Bruce's fantasy incarnate — Jesus Christ, with lights and make-up, working for the pudding ...with the first two rows reserved for the press...Moses threading camels at the Morris agency ... The Swami is truly beautiful, transcends his golden Benrus — turns technology to clouds...never waits for "thank you, Swami," for, can the apple tree taste the apple?...hatha yoga cures cancer, heals the bald...the snake knows his own legs.

The Swami is followed by Dr. Joseph H. Gelberman, Rabbi of The Little Synagogue & Yogi...these simple notes of intro from the program cause my mind to lurch, impossible yet true, hé's really real, a

jolly joy of Jew who blows his house with anti-acid putdown slur — evokes a solitary BOOOO, with applause from the bridge club. Why don't these guys get high just once, before they put it down, I wonder. Anyhow, I thank you, Swami...where'd he go?

All you need is LOVE — in Newark, not too many people in the park surround a sound truck and try to get it off the ground — ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE...Sheepsmeadow, Sunday, a righteous be-in, with love optional...maybe a thousand people on the grass...guitar, sitar, flutie toot, kite flyin', shit smokin' sunshine, with a lot of running circle synchronicity — New York is an invisible jump rope...Om is where the heart is...remember Tony Bennett ...

SAN FRANCISCO IS ALIVE IN NEW YORK CITY.

LONDON

Continued from PAGE 11

that young film makers in Britain do not have an opportunity to make films. This is what we hope to accomplish here. Also, the report on the National Film School shows England lags far behind the countries of continental Europe in providing facilities for young film makers. So this will, too, besides everything else, be a headquarters to create such a school in this country. We hope that the Contemporary Film Makers' Studio will pull together people who are working in little pockets of creativity here and there, that it will help to overcome English phlegmaticism which shrouds the arts, and the art of the film, like a shroud in this country."

Most of the second floor is taken up by one huge, cavernous room, with a balcony built up at one end — by the Shakespearean actor for rehearsals of that scene from Romeo and Juliet, perhaps. In the fireplace a bust, in another area through an archway of the balcony, a wardrobe glows sinuously with all the colors of a psychedelic rainbow, painted by the Dutch artists Simon and Marjika, who lived there previously. Velvety doublets, pools of claret and magenta color, litter a couch, left over from the costumery of some play. The ceilings loom far overhead. Michael lounges against a wall, explaining where the screenings will be held, where the sound equipment will go. The program of the center forsee frequent appearances by professionals and others active in the film, lectures, maybe even an accelerated course for beginners. Visitors from other countries would be welcome to join and use the facilities.

Half-way across London, in what used to be a warehouse at 182 Drury Lane, plans, perhaps even more ambitious, are afoot; the Arts Laboratory is coming into being, organized by an expatriate Louisianan, Jim Haynes. Originally from Haynesville, brought up in Shreveport and in Venezuela. He went to school at Tulane and Louisiana State University; the Air Force sent him to Edinburgh, Scotland, where for two years he led a double life: Uncle Sam by night and studying economics and history at the University of Edinburgh days. Upon his release he started in Edinburgh what was Great Britain's first

paperbound books store, the Paperback, which evolved, he recalls, into a "combination art gallery, coffeehouse, post office, hostel and confessional." It still exists, by the way, now run by Bill Muir. As if all this weren't enough to keep him busy, Jim decided that the town needed a small experimental theater, and founded the Edinburgh Traverse Theater. "I just got tired of wrecking my bookshop every time we put on a play there, so I found a small flop house we took over, near the center of the city, and we converted it into a playhouse. We had a long narrow room, with the 'stage' in the middle and the audience on the two sides." Plays by Michel de Ghelderode, Ionesco, Mrozek, Saul Bellow, Yukio Mishima and Peter Weiss had their British premieres there. Later Jim Haynes was invited to come to London to establish the London Traverse Theater at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theater.

"But I became disillusioned with the conventional theater," says Jim, leading a visitor around the huge, cleanly whitewashed, still-empty rooms. "I found this warehouse last fall, and since then I've been busy rebuilding it, raising money and expanding the membership." Actually, the Arts Laboratory is already in existence. On Sunday afternoons, there is an open house. In the basement an audience lounges on folding chairs and mattresses scattered on the floor, watching a film program which includes a film by Sayarit Ray, a W.C. Fields short, experimental short subjects. People wander in and ask Jim Haynes how they can help out. He sends them looking for brooms to sweep out some of the dust from the construction going on in the back of the ground floor. Three young men, hung with bells and tentative beards, wander in, say they're from Brighton, and ask if they leave their rucksacks while they go get something to eat. They throw their things down in a corner and disappear. Next, two young men come in and ask Jim for advice on setting up a theater. When in full swing, the Arts Laboratory promises to be really something: on the ground floor in the front, an art gallery; in the back a small snack bar, then a bookstore, dressing rooms for the small, open-space free-form theater,

work-shop, small living quarters for Jim. In the basement the cinema, which will also be a discotheque. The second floor will house a restaurant and coffee shop, where live and tape music concerts will also be held. Poets' readings will always be welcome. Jim promises happenings, productions of new plays, video-tapes, lectures, exhibitions from all over the world.

For details about the Arts Laboratory, progress reports and details on becoming a member — a student membership is as little as one pound, or \$2.80 annually, and well-worth joining. Write to the Secretary, Arts Laboratory, 126 Long Acre, Covent Garden, London W.C.2.

The Arts Laboratory promises to be a don't-miss thing. Another place you shouldn't neglect to visit in London is already, to some extent, the headquarters of the London underground scene. It is Miles' INDICA Bookshop at 102 Southampton Row, near the Russell Square subway station. Go here not only for a full selection of the underground press, native and foreign, and the literary equivalent, but to get into what's like an informal nerve center of the hippie London scene. The front is for books and magazines. In the back, a large gallery displays a great collection of posters for sale, and provides a convenient space for gossip, catching up on what's going on and making new friends. Anybody and everybody drops in in the course of the day, from visiting Swedes wide-eyed at the shimmering posters, to Mick Jagger or Ted Joans, with great tales of his house in Timbuctoo or his latest hitch-hike trip through the Sahara. The only person who seems hard to catch up with in INDICA is Miles himself, probably having his umpteenth cup of coffee at a coffee house down the street, always seeming to be the quiet, smiling, effective center of some storm, discussing the distribution of INTERNATIONAL TIMES, which maintains an outpost in his basement, with bush-haired Mike Farren, organizing bail and legal help for some busted friends, participating in a campaign against ...But go see for yourself. Maybe there are two ends of the spectrum, as far as it goes, in seeing London. One way is to confine yourself to the tours put on by American Express. The other is to go to Miles' INDICA and start from there.

DOORS

from PAGE 7

like a Beatle, and Morrison is obviously on a trip all the time...this is just the impression I think some people get. It might be the New York impression...it's all like how to live in a world without getting dirty by touching people, right?

- LAKE: That's the only non-original on the album, right?
- ROBBY: No, Backdoor Man...
- LAKE: Yeah, right.
- JOHN: We'd always done that in person for our filler in our sets, and we liked it, you know...
- LAKE: Have you played much outside of the coastal areas, like, say, Texas?
- RAY: No, we haven't really been to the Midwest anywhere. Really only New York, LA, and San Francisco, and a couple of gigs in Arizona, which is really the West Coast, also.
- ROBBY: We may be doing that in the next few months. Going to the middle.
- LAKE: I think people are going to freak out on you, probably. It's sort of like there is a big gap in terms of what's appreciated between Iowa and New York, and even, like you said, I think there is a big gap between the West and the East.
- RAY: Well, the East Coast here is pretty set in their ways by now.
- ROBBY: Have you been to San Francisco?
- LAKE: Yeah, I lived there for a while.
- ROBBY: I would like to see New York get into the San Francisco thing. At least, larger auditoriums where people can play, you know, and light shows, and people can just dance all over the place.
- LAKE: Well, what do you think of the Electric Circus?
- ROBBY: We've been hung up playing all the time. Haven't been there yet. But maybe it's a beginning.
- LAKE: I don't think anyplace in New York really makes it in terms of the spirit I like to feel. I don't feel comfortable in any spot in New York. The AuGoGo is everybody is college crowd and everybody is digging it with their mind, right? Come down to the AuGoGo and listen to the old spades, right? And at the Scene, everybody is trying so hard to be so fucking cool...and Ondine is the same way. I don't know how you guys feel...
- ROBBY: They sit down when we play...that's OK, I guess, but I'd like to see them just freaking out all over the place.
- RAY: People here just don't watch enough television, I guess that's what it is. They read too much, place too much emphasis on the written word. There are only so many ideas to be gotten out of books anyway.
- ROBBY: Oh, I don't know about that. Like, we're up there, and, true, we get pretty lost in the music...
- JOHN: Well, in New York, I could see how they could think that, but, like, in LA it's a completely different story. One night at the Cheetah, Jim actually fell off the stage into a million people, and it's a big stage, about 10 feet tall. It's a completely different thing.
- ROBBY: Well, New York will come along.
- RAY: I think the reaction in New York is a reaction because of where the people are, rather than where we are, because if there is one thing we try to do, it's to operate on a subconscious, unconscious, below conscious level. In other words, the music exists as fodder for the conscious mind, something for you to grasp on to, if you're that involved in your conscious, and slowly, I think it melts away your conscious, and allows all the imageries and feelings and the very being of your unconscious mind to come out. And, interestingly enough, those interpretations from the New York people are probably where their unconscious minds are. They're trying to be cool and not be involved, because somehow that involvement will dirty you, and no one wants to get dirty, although this is the dirtiest city I have ever been in.
- ROBBY: You know, we're really into the music...
- RAY: If they think we're not involved, well, they couldn't be further wrong...
- ROBBY: We're not a dance, you know, but the music is just...they could just listen or something.
- RAY: Yeah, I may not shake my head, but I'm sure shaking my fingers. That's all I think about, is the music.
- ROBBY: I could see how they could get kind of a snobby thing out of it...well, I mean it's not that, but they could get it. Like, in LA, people have been hopping up on the stage and dancing around...one guy started singing into the mike, and that's groovy...that's it, just do it...sit, dance, sing, whatever.
- RAY: In New York, they still dance dances, like they dance the boogaloo and the shingaling, which are conscious superimpositions of form upon the music, whereas out on the

SEVENTH STREET BLOW-UP



Photo: Diane Dorr-Dorynek

By Dick Preston

8th of September, 1967. Someone got the plans screwed up. This was the night they were going to burn the Lower East Side down to a pile of charred cockroaches. The Committee for Life had at last formed a quorum...made a decision. They had had, they said, the one needle too many...one ounce of dirt too much...one last nightstick-swinging cop caught with his toe in the till...one wino too many pissing out his Thunderbird under the stairs...one too many walls of despair echoing in the light-well...one last only beloved son freaked out on airplane glue...one crisscross cracked ceiling too many...one too many stinking, shitted-up, unrepaired toilet. Exhibits A to Z were last straws covered with blood, shit and anguish. The Committee had examined them and was at last due to take some action. Burn it down, they said, from Avenue A to the River. So we wandered out to witness the incineration.

On 7th Street there was light, but alas, no smoke. As I said, someone had fucked up. Across the street and down the rotting fronts of the tenements, hung grey sheets from lost tickee's and missing persons long since escaped to the starved sterility of the Bellevue Madhouse, and on these sheets, images of the environment were projected. The street had all the gaiety of a fiesta in Limbo.

A fat, uncomprehending woman sitting on the stoop, had been waiting 20 years for a happening like this, but

west coast, the dances just flow from inside out, there aren't any specific, definite dances, although some people do them. There are a lot of people doing the boogaloo all over the place, but, for the most part, the really involved, free people, are just dancing whatever they feel like dancing...

the birth of ten drunken sons had blinded her mind's retina. The corner candy store was open for business, but barred. Soda and cigarettes were dispensed through steel gates. The old crones running the store thought that the lights were a bad omen. Worse things were to come. One can't take chances with lunatics in the street.

Seeing the light, the rats ran to the window—a fire—this could be the end—but no—just lights and pictures. Grinning maliciously, the rats returned to chew at the foundations. A slumlord, feeling he, too, had been given a reprieve, whistled tunelessly as he stuck a bandaid over a leaky pipe. Puerto Ricans, Hippies and just plain folk from Second Avenue mooned around in the half-light, looking for some place to sit that wasn't covered with soot and wouldn't leave them out of the picture. A junkie picked 3 empty pockets, and then moved back into his pad to get a shallow fix.

An Ektachrome grandma climbed the side of a building and disappeared into the darkness. The news filtered through that the burning had been postponed—again. No one booed—neither did they cheer. Impatiently, the roaches ran through the shadows. Ignoring the show, a small group of revolutionaries plotted the overthrow of the Federal Government by way of infiltrations through the C.I.A.

Just about everyone in the street was wondering whether they could meet the next month's rent.

Simultaneously, the personal adviser to both the Archbishop of God and the Chairman of the Bank of Banks received a coded message stating that the burning had been postponed—again. The good tidings were instantly passed on to their superiors.

The lights in the projectors went out...the sheets were taken in and the roaches took over the street again.

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REGISTRATION Registration will be held at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse from September 9 through September 23, Mondays through Thursdays between 2:00 and 5:00 p.m. and 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. Fridays from 2:00 to 6:00 p.m. only. Saturdays from 9:00 a.m. to 12 noon and 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

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RAMA

Paul Thek opening at the Stabel Sept. 19. Shows wax lite size of a dead Hippie in full burial regalia, complete to the eyelashes, 12 feet square and 9 feet high, encased in a tomb, in to which people can walk.

Allen Kaprow writes in a letter to Professor Fried in Sept. Art Forum: "Prof, don't you realize that all us low-lives are helping you see how close to heaven you're getting day by day? Why, without us showing you what's real, you wouldn't have any article to write. Man, we got to stick close. Teamwork. Like, We dirty it up. You clean it up. We dirty it up. You clean it up. We dirty it up. You clean it up. We dirty it up. You clean it up. We dirty it up. You....."

Professor Allen Kaprow
New York. N. Y.

The Tenth Street Peace Fair of Art and Drama is holding a block party on September 23, from 1 to 5, on 10th Street between 5th and 6th Avenues.

As part of their desire to see a cessation of hostilities in Vietnam several well known New York artists will present an exhibition of their work. On display will be the work of Peter Agostini, Mary Frank, John Grillo, Leon Golub, George Kokinas, Knox Martin, George Sugarman as well as many others.

To show the futility of the Vietnam War, the Bread A Man Says Goodbye to his Mother. In addition the Tenth Street Players will perform Whose Hands?, by Wendell Agne. Performances will be continuous and admission is free.

Jim Peck, well known author and peace worker since the 1930's, will conclude the afternoon with a talk on the immorality of the Vietnam War.

There will be the added entertainment of strolling musicians, peace balloons, literature and refreshments.

In the New Evergreen Theater, 11 Street and University Place, a play by McClure "The Beard" will have its first performance in October. Inter-media in the Cinematheque in November with Eros - Thanatos on All Saints Day, presenting Jud Yalcut,

American Artists speak their minds in a show at the New School of social Research October 24. Theme: Protest and Hope.

At the Rose Fried Gallery (Preview Sept. 19) Ronnie Elliott gives Homage to Jazz with 22 paintings-collages. Ronnie Elliott states in her own poetic prose: "Love of Mysticism. Unknown but felt poetry of Religion and Cosmos, the innate order of the universe and life... Theme: The Eye listens (Paul Claudel) Introduction to the Jazz - Painting Catalogue by Rudi Blesh. Colorful sensitive jewel - studded oil paintings with rhythm and brilliancy perfectly executed, the Jazz beat and intensity of way-out music becomes alive in the abstract patterns of designs which depict the surrealism of certain musical sounds in whirling, dancing patterns.

Charlotte Moorman's 5th Annual N.Y. Avant Garde Festival takes tentatively place on the John F. Kennedy Ferry Boat Sept. 16 or 29 or 30, depending on the availability of artists and materials. About 100 artists are invited to participate. (No nudity, no politics, no Anti-Regilion.) Ralf Ortiz will do his thing: "Melting Pot." Jud Yalcut & Usco do Film Projections.

Environment IV, "Corridors by Architect John Lobell and Sculptor Michael Steiner, opening Sept. 14 to Oct. 6. at the Architectural League 41 E. 65 St. Corridors transform the three room Gallery into a huge musical instrument. Sound attacks when the viewers walk through narrow corridors. Two foot nine inch wall modules are painted bright red and yellow and placed in intersections, creating a diagonal pattern and ordered maze with guiding sounds triggered by an "electric eye" mechanism. 25 year old Architect Lobell states: "My approach to environmental art is to explore Contemporary perception, movement and interpersonal relations as they occur in a broad range of activities and as they relate to architectural scale."

Is the "Medium the Message?" asks the cooperative Capricorn Gallery (invitational group show from middle Sept. until end of Sept.) The Gallery-Group artists are competing with the well known established kinetic Light- artists. Too much adoo is made with the ideas of Marshall McLuhan whose Message-Media are everywhere around us... alive in the Village Square Theater, Rock Groups "Vagrants and Doors" in light shows all over the nation, in the Electric Circus and in Discotheques performances. It's a tricky thing to ask this question, when Art Gallery- facilities are not well equipped enough to show the newest and best of the kinetic media mix in contrast to the works of artists who don't agree with Marshall McLuhans Theories.

October 1 New York will have it's first outdoor sculpture exhibition. Giant structures will be set up in different parts of the city, in parks, plazas, university campuses, at building fronts. Some of the artists were commissioned to do special works, some as high as 120 feet. 27-artists participate in the program. Calder, Nevalson, Marisol, Barnett Newman, Claes Oldenburg, Forrest Myers, Grosvenor, Les Levine, Tony Mager, Stankiewicz, Chryssa, Antonakos, Mark Di Suvero--Theme: Sculpture in Environment Show.

The Angry Arts plan a National Mobilization Action Peace Fair at the Pentagon in Washington. Theatre performances, music, art shows. Oct. 21 & 22." Those willing to risk arrest will attempt to close down the Pentagon by jamming doorways and hallways to bring the war machine to at least a temporary halt." The Sick Society presents Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Hate Parade (Central Park South & down 5th Ave.)

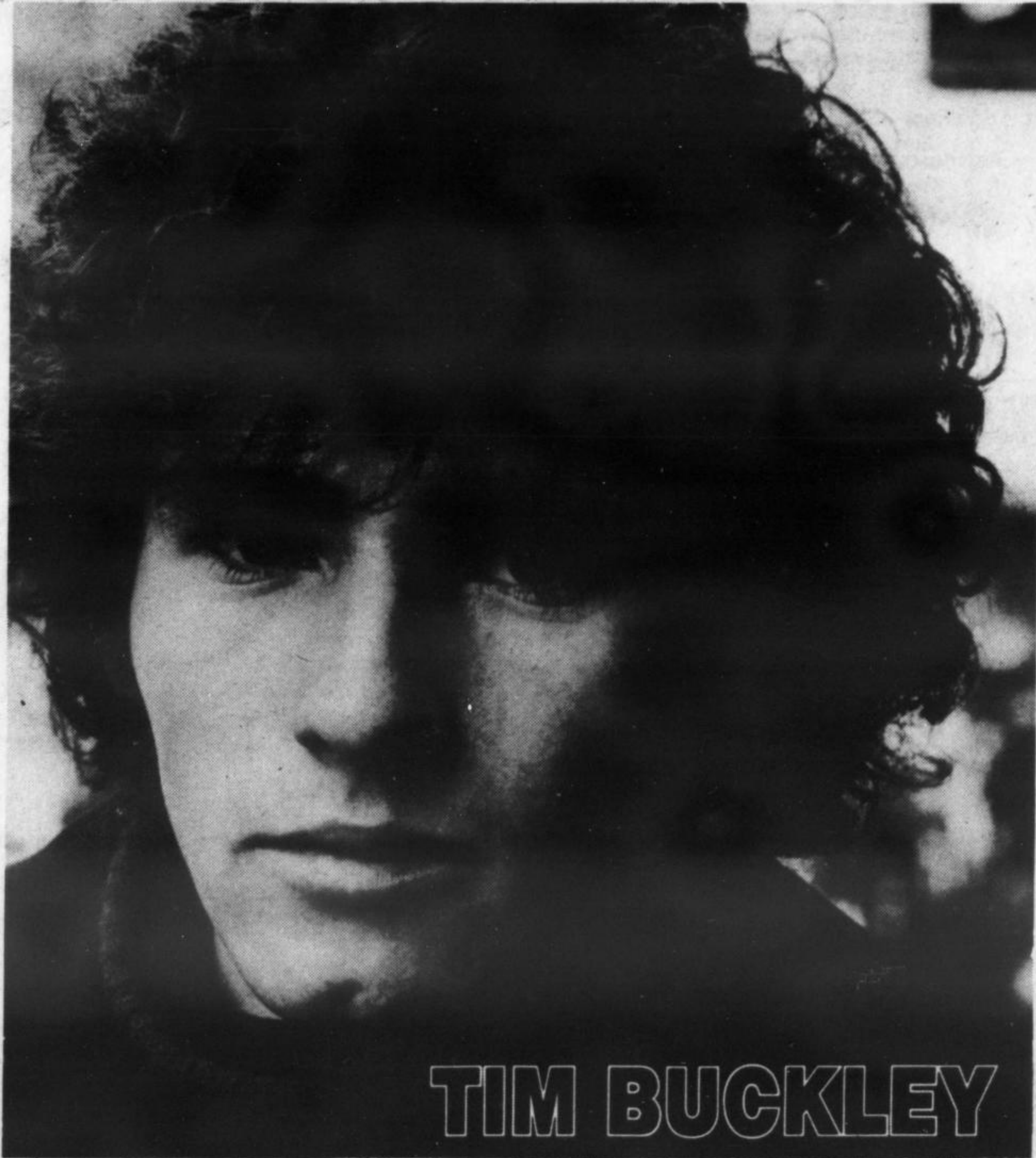
The Museum of Modern Art is opening in October with 231 Picasso Sculptures and follows in Spring 1968 according to the trend with an exhibition "Surrealism, Da Da and their Heritage. The Guggenheim Museum opens in Fall with the Fifth International Exhibition Sculpture of the Sixties.

The Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy 340 West 58th St. shows "Nuances" by Joseph Skagg and at the Martha Jackson Gallery Celine Chalem presents 16 tables you can Eat from made from marble, plastic or ceramic.

Three painters of a Neo- surrealist quality are showing works in the Alan Frumkin Gallery. Theme: "Towards a New Metaphysics." Cynthia Carlson, William Schwedler and William Wiley are involved with a meaning of reality and the "quiddity" of objects, the essential nature of things expressed with surrealistic means. Opening September 13 to October 7 th.

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Prisons In Spain

Dear EVO:

I thought "The Other" would be interested in recent injustices done international students, Bohemians, Hippies, and so-called Beatnik elements in Spain.

In July, the police on the island of Ibiza (Balears) closed two dance-cafe establishments where such groups met; and arrested, at random, about thirty people including some outside who had come to see what was happening. These orderly people were herded into jail cells—over twenty in one small cell—and held for two days without charge, without food, then just let go with the words, "Get out of Spain."

That same month, police met one of the incoming boats from Barcelona, and refused to let land thirty or more people because of their unconventional dress, long hair, beards, etc.

August 22, the dance spot on the neighboring island of Formentera was closed by police for Immorality—no other explanations given.

August 23, thirty-odd people were ordered in typical Fascist fashion by the police (the infamous Guardia Civil), to leave Formentera by the next night, and Spain within five days, or be jailed.

There have been some unregistered persons staying on the island, and some here have exceeded extremes in attire; but most of the listed people were registered, had money, and some were completely straight.

This type of unfair police-action can happen to anyone here who does not fit the general—beloved money-spending, camera-carrying, Bermuda-shorts-and-Bikini-wearing tourist pattern.

Aside from the splendid sunshine, the sandy beaches and the star-studded nights, one can experience a damn lot of cold indifference, and anytime, a bit of Fascist inhospitality.

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Weekend Warrior Speaks

Dear EVO,

I wanted to write this letter earlier using my real name, but because of my membership in the New Jersey National Guard, I have to use an alias.

It seems hard to believe an individualist of anti-glop-LBJ is in his personal guard, but two years ago, when Uncle Sam was hunting my ass down, there was no 1967 Canada. Thus, the National Guard was a way out or in. Enough exposition; I want to tell you personally of two incidents I can honestly report, which could court-martial my weekend warrior ass: The New Jersey State Police made small secret group pacts to destroy all "Soul Brother"-marked windows of the last days of the Newark Race War of 1967. Secondly, a bunch of half-ass kooks beat the hell out of a teenage Negro who was walking outside the Roseville Armory on the first night of Guard occupation. I know who they are, and so does that boy.

I have another drill this weekend. My hair gets combed back under a helmet. I must shave. Someday I will break loose.

Brotherhood forever,
Kip
from the Oranges

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Tuesday - Poetry - Sam Abrams
Wednesday - Playwriting - Murray Mednick
Thursday - Poetry - Joel Openheimer
Friday - Poetry - Ted Berrigan

All workshops are at 8:30 pm, in the Old Courthouse, Second Avenue and 2nd Street. FREE to all, but especially directed to the young writer 17-25 years of age. For further info call 982-8825 between 2-5 p.m.

There will be a Sweep-in on Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1 PM, on Suffolk St. between Stanton and Rivington. It will be sponsored by SPAN (Special Project Against Narcotics), in connection with the Daytop community. Their office is at 143 Suffolk St. Everyone is invited to participate.

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ACIDHEADS ... TRIPPERS ... PSYCHEDELIC LITERATI ... Send us your acid log ... trip poems ... tongue songs ... buddha stories ... acid-saucer sittings ... for ACID-LOG anthology. Please send copies as we cannot guarantee return of unused material ... Send to Walter Btewart, c/o EVO, 105 2nd Ave., New York City 10003.

San Francisco Mime Troupe is touring East with Guerilla Theatre Commedia dell'Arte: L'AMANT MILITAIRE and OLIVE PITS, disturbing plays which have done the Bay area city park circuit. Raves on the Coast. Touring the States en route to Europe. If you are interested in performances in your city contact R.G. Davis, S.F. Mime Troupe, 924 Howard Street, S.F., Calif. 94103, call (415) GARBAGE 1 - 1984.

ASTROLOGERS

with experience to \$10/hr. plus comm. also horoscope casters \$2.50/hr. plus call 929-4897 6-8 p.m. for appt.



JOBS

ESP wants creative people in all categories; graphic artists, cartoonists, writers, campus representatives. Call Natasha or Ramona for an appointment Phone: 255-4800

EMPLOYMENT

Young actors and actresses who have the balls to do nude scenes, are needed for important roles in experimental FEATURE film Uninhibited extras also needed 889-4236 Mon thru Fri 10A.M.-6P.M.

Models wanted: Female for figure photography. Oriental, Negro, Caucasian. Experience not necessary. Call 254-5202 for appointment 2p.m. to 9p.m.

Wizard is looking for GoGo Girls to work full or part time for top pay in and around the New York area. For more information call 914 BE 7-8524 Before 6 P.M. Call today

NEEDED 100 WINNER CHICKS FOR FILMS.....FIGURE AND DANCE WORK. \$7.50 per hour Call 279-7240 for information and appointment.

Wanted: female models for glamour and figure photo work. New registry. Experience not necessary. Call Jon Van Linden for appointment and interview 267-2912

Female nude and pin-up models wanted by professional photographer. \$10 to \$25 per hour, commensurate with ability and experience. Tommy Comer, telephone 889-4229.

I NEED MANY ATTRACTIVE NUDE MODELS, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE, FOR STRICTLY LEGITIMATE PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK. FEMALES EARN FROM \$25 AN HOUR TO \$75 A DAY. MALES EARN \$10 AN HOUR. NO HASSLE, STRICTLY BUSINESS. NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. CALL ME AT MY STUDIO & ASK QUESTIONS. ROBERT'S STUDIO - 255-2711.

FIGURE MODELS, \$25 an hour for professional photographer, for magazine and experimental work. No Exp. Nec. Call Robert's Studio, 255-2711.



GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, NY 11236 Canarsie Station.

WANTED: Female for cleaning of an apartment. Good pay. Afternoons. SEE: T. Johnson 116 W. 72nd St. Apt. 16E

I'm searching for a warm, personable, dynamic, creative, and idealistic girl who would like to assist me with my WRITER'S EXCHANGE HOUSE PARTIES. Please contact Herb Vernon, Chairman, THE WRITER'S EXCHANGE at 242-5445 or 242-0889.

HELP--Tired of working for the establishment. Executive with sales-PR conventions-Training and supervising experience wants to make the big change. Married, 2 children, ex-actor. Interested in PR adv. movie and TV production. Will travel for a groovy boss, even in the establishment. Help. Write Box K care of EVO-105 2nd Ave NYC 10003

GROOVY FREE - LANCE PHOTOGRAPHER-WILL TAKE ANY ASSIGNMENT - REASONABLE JU 63700 CON DOUGLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

New York passed its peak? Anyhow, New York's getting help--Chicago isn't. Public relations executive, healthy, emotionally secure, world travelled, seeks same type independent well-to-do Chicago or Mid-Western man or woman, black or white, to start adventurous venture appealing to--that's a beautiful secret! Must match my \$1000 investment. No communications after October 15. Ciao! Box 98, Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10003



FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour for prof. photographer for magazine and experimental work. No Exp. Nec. Call Robert's Studio, 255-2711.

WRITERS: Sieze magazine will pay \$25 for 2000 words dealing with lesbianism, bondage, or spanking. Fiction/Non-fiction. Submit for acceptance. PO Box 85344 - Hollywood, Calif. 90072

Female figure models wanted to pose nude for record covers and book jackets. Speculation or \$40 per hour for specific jobs. Must be photogenic...YU 2-7730

Top Advertising Artist Needs Young Apprentice Female Artist Assistant Part Time. Excellent Opportunity. 947-5827

MODELS WANTED: Commercial photographer seeks seven females (white) ages 14 to 26. Poetry and beauty ads. \$25 per hr. Freshness, wholesomeness, (no nudes) Phone JU 2-0019

GIRLS NEEDED FOR FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL WELL BUILT PINUP TYPES ABLE TO ACT NUDE IN FRONT OF CAMERAS. \$50-200 per day. Kirtman LO 4-3250

Free Lance Photographer available for assignments. Reasonable rates Call 254-5202 2PM to 9PM

WAITRESS YOUNG - ATTRACTIVE CLASS STEAK HOUSE CALL GR 3-1767

Attractive male, 28, available for modeling for male or female parties, figure studies, etc. Experienced. Call 201 941-2191 6-9p.m. only. No calls after 9p.m.

PUBLICATIONS

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 2-EV, Brooklyn, NY 11231. SAMPLE COPY \$1.00.

THE YOGA OF PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE - \$2.50 including postage. Peter Bandtlow, 137 Lindenwood Rd., Staten Island 8, N.Y.

ENTRAILS, just back victorious from Seattle obscenity wars! \$1.10 - 283 East Houston St., NYC, NY 10002.

HORSESHIT MAGAZINE LISTS ITS CONTENTS IN A DISPLAY AD IN THIS ISSUE. READ IT OR YOU'LL DIE AND FIND YOURSELF IN HELL WATCHING TV COMMERCIALS.

Tangents Magazine deals with homosexuality. For 2 sample copies, send \$1 to Tangents, 3473-1/2 Cahuenga West, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Read VIRGIN, a new literary magazine. Poetry, paintings, fiction. On sale at Village bookstores, or for 60¢ from Nathan Weber, 266 W. 73 St., NYC 10023.



UNDERGROUND BUTTONS - WHOLESALE 250 different titles; 5/\$1; 12/\$2; 50/\$5; 250/\$20; 1000/\$75. Any mixture! Also unique selection of anti-war, psychedelic, sex-freedom posters, bumperstickers & paraphernalia. FREE mailorder catalogue. 10¢ brings it airmail. UNDERGROUND UPLIFT UNLIMITED, 28 St. Marks Pl., NYC 10003



HOMES

Roommate needed to share three bedroom apartment with two grads in mid-twenties. 30th & Lexington. Furnished/unfurnished. \$75. Business arrangement with female possible. 889-5723.

\$25.00 reward for information leading to rental of two-room apartment. Maximum rent \$60 a month. Call 228-3660 during the day until 6:00.

Lower East Side apartment 2-3 rooms for about \$40. TR 4-2029 leave message for John. To occupy by Sept. 15th.

wheel

PERSONAL

Beautiful woman - child, flagrantly in need of rescue by highly creative, nutty and intelligent artist with money, to live in Village (no Lower East Side). No creeps or sadists, please! Color him white and call quickly, as I have to get to my dance lessons early. OR 7-0100, room 368, leave message if necessary.

Attractive couple in 30's, discreet but uninhibited, seek singles, couples, or groups for spontaneous get-togethers. No prejudices. Write P.O. Box 91, Prince Station, NYC 10012. Quick response.

FREE MASSAGE.....Young apprentice Swedish masseur will give you a stimulating going over all over in exchange for your body to practice on. Uninhibited males only: teens & 20's. Your place or mine... LARRY UN 7-1346 after 9p.m.

TO ONE UNIQUE GAL: Are you a hedonist? REALLY devoted to pleasures of ALL the senses? If so and if you are cultured, lovely and slim/shapely, phone a successful, attractive executive, 35, with view to sharing his luxury apartment and luxury life of hedonism. MU 8-3619 evenings.

Manhattan man, 39, 5'7", slim, slightly greying, neither handsome nor brilliant but personable and intelligent seeks warm, attractive, shapely uninhibited companion for occasional matinee, movie, theatre, supper other pleasures. Please, no bitches, other hang ups. Exchange photos. Jeff, Box 94, NYC 10011

Intellectual, unexciting married man, 34, bored and mismatched, would like to meet married woman over 30 for occasional dates, love. Discreet. Write Apt. 4E, 4489 Broadway, NYC

Sensitive, good-looking young man, 31, aspiring playwright, seeks beautiful relationship with serious, pretty, warm-hearted girl. Call 673-4706 evenings.



Attractive gal - late teens or twenties - If you are fun-loving, uninhibited, and want to join an attractive bachelor in swinging parties, - call 249-0158, evenings and weekends.

GALS ONLY - If you love sex, a fun life, and desire an attractive, effective partner, - call RH 4-9483 - 9:00 - 3:00 except Wednesday.

Lonely widower wants woman to share pad and life. Fred Hammell, 3711 W. Broadway, Phoenix, Arizona.

NEED A MODEL? Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous gals looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: Royal Models, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female, married/single. Send \$1.00 to: ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-2, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

REBECCA - SUSAN - TAMMY Please call home. Everyone is anxious and worried. We love you and we understand. No questions asked.

Senior Citizen, active professionally seeks unattached attractive girl, 20-30, 5'5" not overweight for large New Jersey estate and NY apt. Light house-keeping. Must be passively loyal, preferably liking exotic, bizarre, restrictive attire, boots, etc. music, preferably French speaking, but not required. Complete control and maintenance. Nude sunbathing and swimming. Caddy convertible to Florida soon. Future security on long term basis. Interview in N.Y. Please phone a.m. or evenings. Reverse charges 201 852-2338 or write P.O. Box 1 Hackettstown, NJ

DATES GALORE! The groovy way to meet singles. Individuals with degrees in psychology pick your dates. Info-contact Elite Project, Dept. E, 485 Fifth Ave. NYC, L.E. 3-5910



Young man desires to hear from others interested in occult-astrology and related esoteric subjects - write to P.O. Box 1547 Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Male 30, 5'10" 145lbs Cau. would like to receive letters from outstanding and regular likeable active males. Country, towns, cities USA. Letters with photo answered all ages. Joe Harris, General Delivery, San Francisco, Calif.

Attractive Indian male 27, prize winning photographer with an M.A. Degree, desires to meet charming, spontaneous girl in her 20's interested in Indian music and culture. Call 874-2506 after 7 p.m. weekdays.

Attention: O virile, kind, intelligent, fascinating, fun loving, straight shooting ace archer! Yes you DICKY GILL, Happy Birthday. Love to you in Thornton Colorado.

Professional artist, 33, seeks babe to share the sacraments of art-sex and love. Has studio pad etc. for liberal sensual chick. Call Roman 7292699 p.m.

Man, 45, white, 5'5", clean, love-starved seeks gal 35-40, clean, intelligent, attractive, for steady companionship and intimate relations. AT 9-6000, ext. 606, 8 p.m.-midnight

Unusually attractive, intelligent white male 33 years old desires to meet very pretty intelligent girl 23-30, who loves children, humor and truthfulness. Please include your phone number and photograph and write to PO BOX 1929 Grand Central Station, NY 10017

College Art prof. (5'11", 175, trim, hip, attractive, sensitive, knowledgeable, attentive, unselfish, capable and patient) seeks sensual-sensitive female to age 30 with an attractive head-body-soul combination for search, trips, experience, talk, love, and oh, yes, a sense of humor, and to look through another's eyes into all that we will ever know. Box 266, Had-donfield, NJ

SKINNY MODEL, live in, must be photogenic, preferably blond, under 23, small figure, 105 lbs or less, B-cup or smaller. Established magazine photographer planning significant top quality photo book devoted entirely to one girl. Project will take at least three months. Please, no fat frumps, family hangups, or possessive boyfriends. Low pay all expenses, possible fame. Brad, 758-2871 eves.

and

Recently separated, I am looking for the girl of my dreams. She must be 25-35, very slim about 5'4", more attractive than average, and sexually uninhibited. If you look for a good-time Charlie, don't bother, but if you are looking for what most people are looking for, a meaningful relationship with someone who has a nice circle of friends, doesn't like bars, nightclubs, crowds, but enjoys outdoor life, travel, theater, music, art preceded by a leisurely dinner with talk and wine, or the reverse if you are shy, you'd be just right. As a young executive, I am good at making big deals, awful in small talk, flirtations, and pick-ups. Lovely apartment, hi-fi and books, without you is no fun. I took a chance placing this ad why don't YOU give it one by sending a note. A photo might help. P.O. Box 631, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

Be an alive and loving girl. Be spontaneous. Phone "BEE-INNN"

Greek gentleman owns business, wants mature uninhibited lady to explore all aspects of cunnilingus and other exotic pleasures. Will exchange photos. Nick Katsaras-479 B So. Wash. Ave. Bergenfield, New Jersey

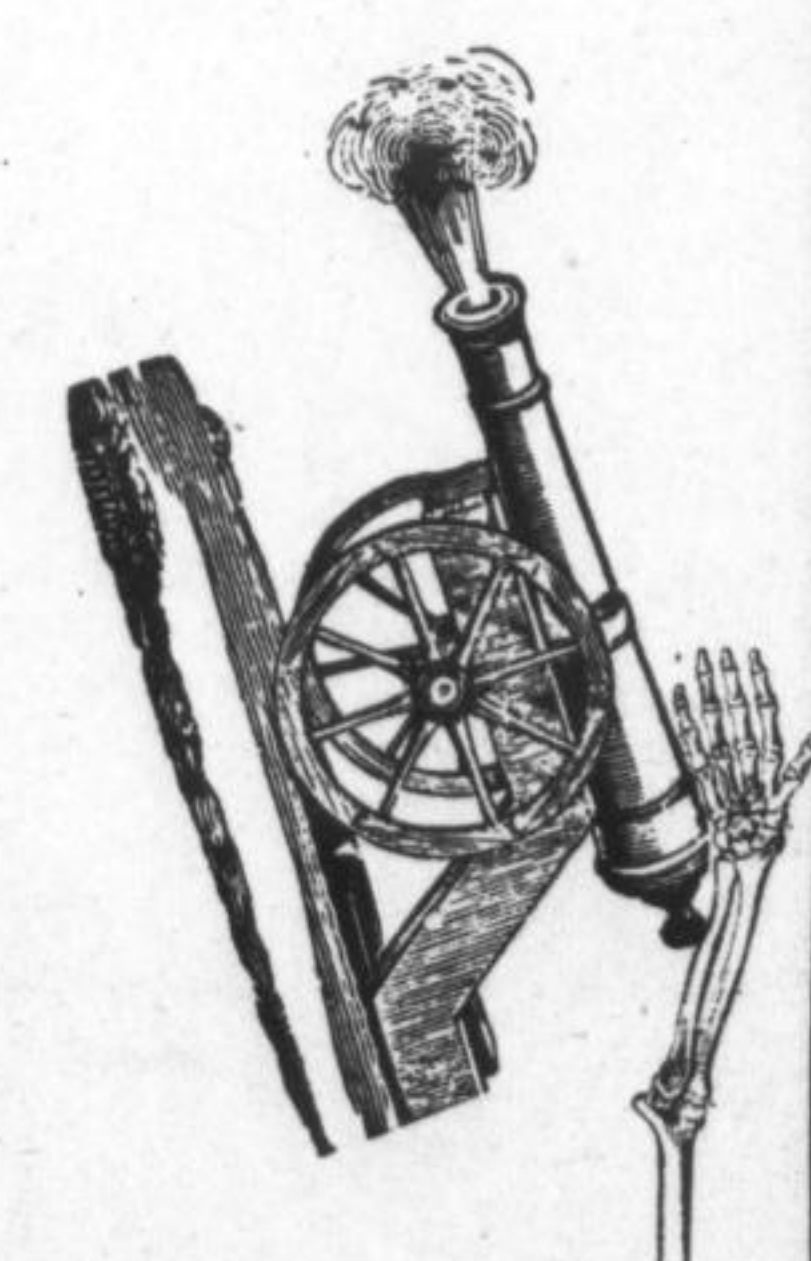
Male (non-hippie), 27, 5'10", single, caucasian, clean, reasonably good-looking, considerate, discreet; desires clean, attractive, straightforward female for friendship and/or uninhibited erotic relationship. Discretion assured. Write, including phone number and photo if possible. P.O.B. 253, Canal Street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

Your money must accompany your ad: \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter



Young man, 34, superficially married, intelligent, warm passionate, discreet seeks woman in 20's or 30's for fun and passion. Let's discuss over dinner. Write PO Box 483, Peter Stuy. Station, New York, N.Y. 10009

Handsome artist arriving to Mexico very soon in groovy camper. Looking for attractive, intelligent girl to accompany me. No charge. OR 3-6934, dinnertime or late.



got an ugly wall?? GIGANTIC EAST VILLAGE MAP! 29x24, 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. MAPEAST 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



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

PYTHIAS II - received your letter - can meet anywhere (east 50-60's best) most any Monday night. WRITE AGAIN with name of book you'll carry-TIME- place and date (give over week notice, please) DAMON

Riders to Portland, Oregon (Driver needed-I have a car) contact Valerie - TR 4-9026 Leaving by Sept. 22

Cute, kookie, compassionate, intellectual peacenik interested in a warm, unpretentious, human relationship. Call 891-9051 or write Apt. 3A 3031 Brighton 14th, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Platonic friend of above with similar qualities looking for an intellectually minded male interested in soul-soul dialogue Write care of Margaret 1914 Ave I, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Man, mid 40's, white, discreet, considerate. Desires to learn about cunnilingus from intelligent, uninhibited ladies, city or suburbs. Call evenings after 7, SU 7-9525, ask for IA.

Literate single gentleman, 45, would like to have stimulating female companionship on trips, and in town. Call after 9:30pm, 778-7542

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLOND BIONDES 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

Male 34, who is considerate, healthy, presentable; and enjoys sex with shapely women, without either having to promise anything except mutual pleasure. If you are interested in sharing some warmth and happy times, write David, Apt. 1B, 422 East 14th St., NYC

Two nubile men(23) desire to be taught the french arts by one or two competent women (13 to 60) in order to prepare them for married life. Write P.O. Box 3156 Grand Central Station. Picture appreciated.



deal

P. The unchartered paradise you represent-Responds with a blessing rust of sacrament-When incapacity yields to distaste-With a frightened splendor of waste-ORPHEUS JR. YU 2-4471

NEED AN I CHING. Box J c/o EVO

Man, 26, oversexed, seeks females, married/single to indulge in days/evening sessions. Wife does not satisfy. Call Paul after 5:30 p.m. 732-5132

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

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent girl for travel companion/mate on weekend sorties. P.O. Box 102, NYC, 11435

Frenchman, athletic build, cultured, neatly groomed, broad education, likes classical music would care to meet woman 20-40, EN 9-1707, if out, please leave message. Robert

Profess. Disc Jockey Mid 20's desires attractive female companion 19-25. Objective long lasting compatible relationship Personality a must. Call eves. P1. 6-7471

Man, 30's Islander, wants to meet a reasonable village girl about 20's-30's for companionship. Call 246-3125 bet. 7-11pm except Tuesday and Thursday



BUY & SELL

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES POSTERS (to suit every taste, wild & groovy) - BUTTONS (100's to choose from) - water pipes - incense - jewelry (earrings, bracelets, ankhs, peace symbols, etc.) - and a phantasmagorical plethora of additional assorted fascinating esoterica. Send now for ABSOLUTELY FREE CATALOG. RAMSE CO. BOX 5294, SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF., 91413.

WANTED: Merchandise at wholesale prices - Posters, buttons, beads, pipes, etc., for new "Head Shop." Write Art Babbitt, 4942 Weber, Corpus Christi, Texas.

NEW - NEW - Retail & Wholesale. - TRIP SHOP catalog finally ready. NEW POSTERS - CANDLES - NEW CREATIVE ZODIAC PENDANTS - NEW BEADS - Apple seed - Indian beads - many pipes - all new goodies. - TRIP SHOPS - 1578 FIRST AVENUE - 249-3870 - WHOLESALE.



Transistorized stimulator for ESB experiments. Generates low voltage pulses, adjustable rate. Adjustable timer shuts off after 0 to four hours. One available, \$150. C. E. Miller, 85 Hammond St., Acton, Massachusetts 01720

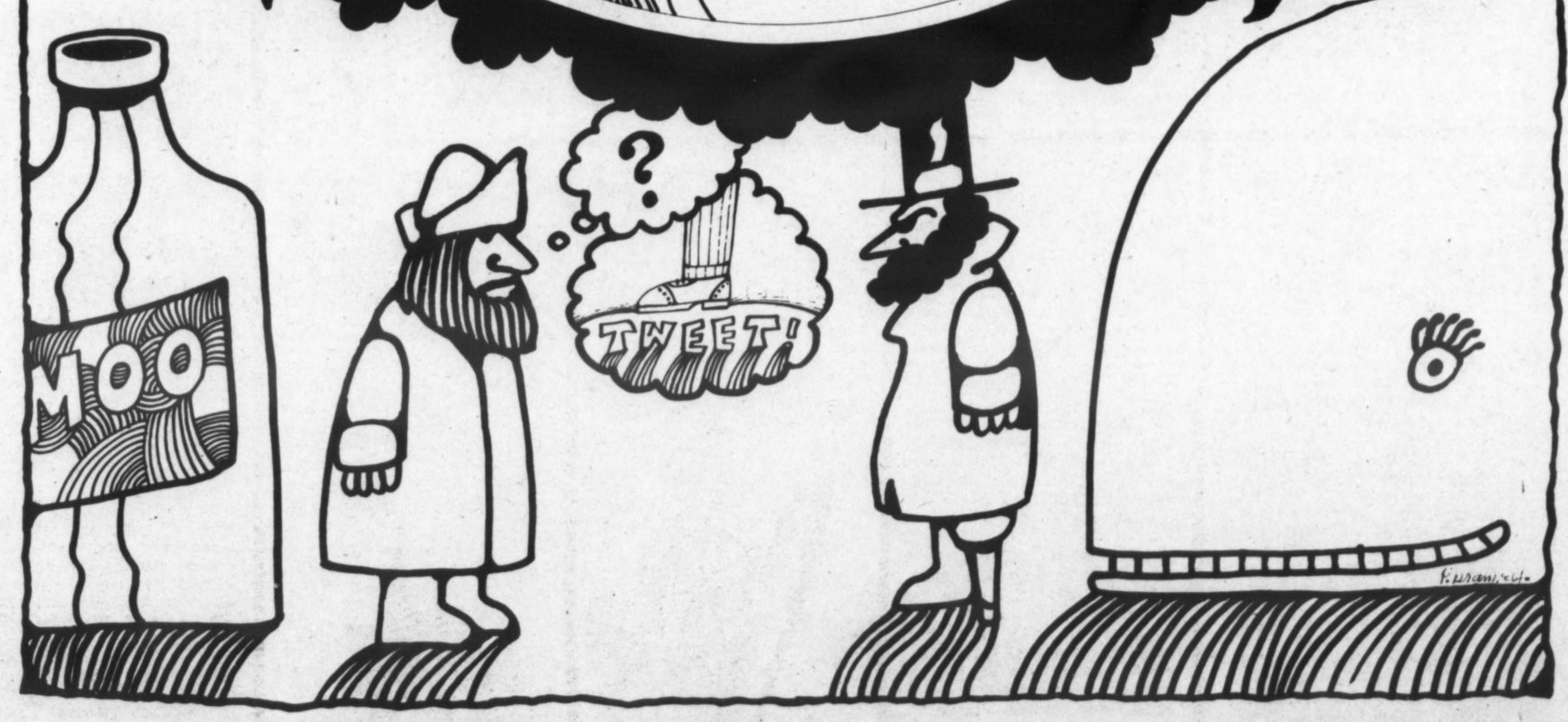
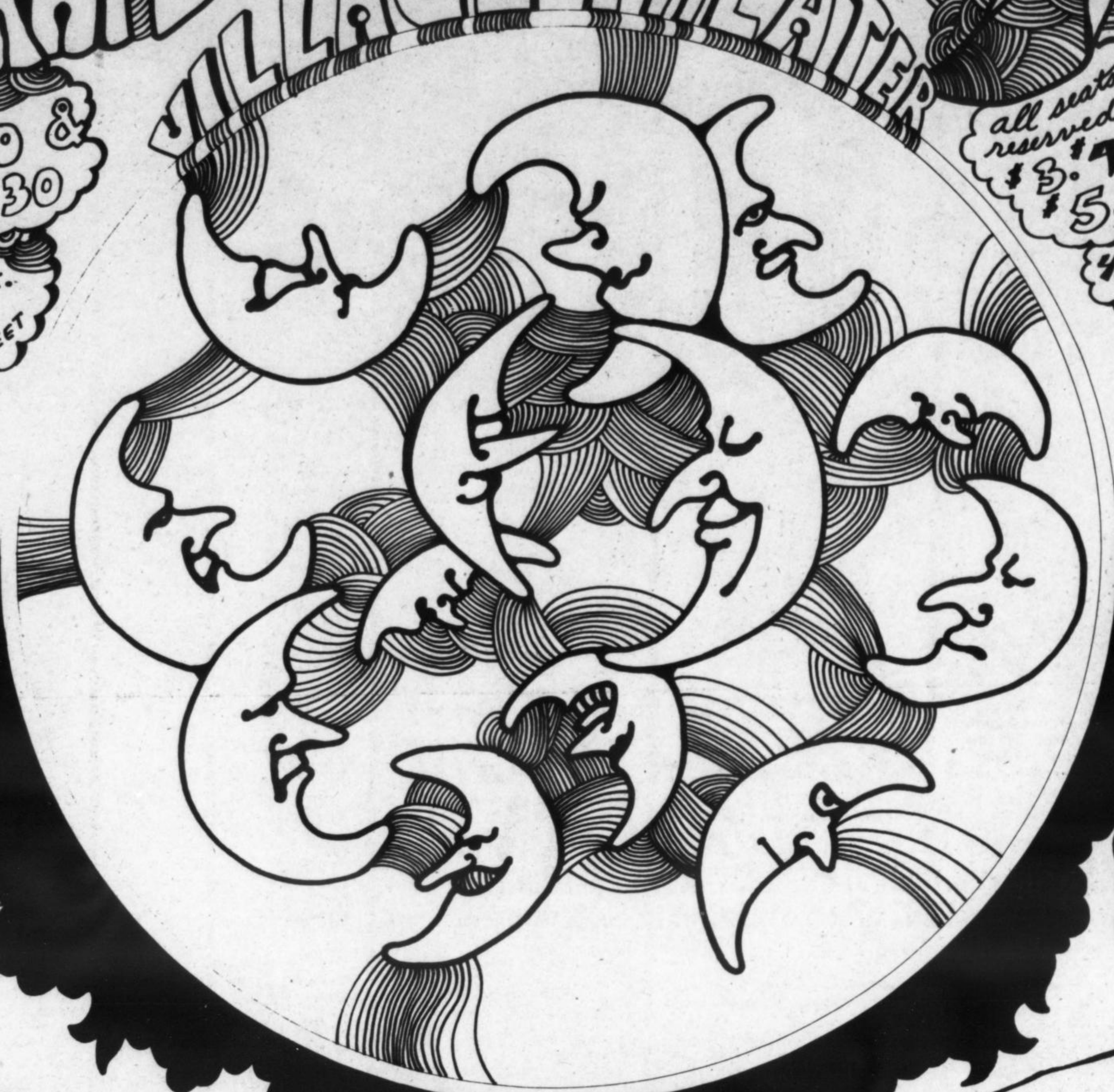
The old highs are still best. Brew your own beer. Cheap set-up and ingredients (12¢ a quart.) Precise directions for \$1. Old Tripper, Office 503, 160 W. 46th St., NYC 10036

FOR SALE: Established sandal and leathers goods business. Groovy shop 1 block from U. of Colorado campus. Leaving country-will take best offer. Write Joint Effort, 1322 College Boulder, Colo. Call (303) 443-9966.

MOBY SEPT 23 CREAM GRAPE VILLAGE THEATRE SOUL SURVIVORS

8:00 &
10:30
2ND
AVE.
AT
6TH
STREET

all seats
reserved
\$3.75
\$5.
475-
8400



"MEN WOULD RATHER HAVE THEIR FILL OF SLEEP, LOVE, AND SINGING AND DANCING THAN OF WAR," SAID HOMER. THE EDITORS OF AVANT-GARDE AGREE, AND DO HEREBY ISSUE A CALL FOR ENTRIES FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTER COMPETITION BASED ON THE THEME:

NO MORE WAR!

Judges: Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Milton Glaser, Art Kane, Jack Levine, Herb Lubalin, Dwight Macdonald, Robert Motherwell, Robert Osborn, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, Edward Steichen & Sloan Wilson.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS: All professional painters, designers, illustrators, photographers, cartoonists, and other graphic artists are eligible. Amateurs may enter, too, but only after elimination contests at colleges, art and photography schools, museums, and similar institutions.

Ten winners will be selected. All winning posters will be reproduced and sold for \$1 each through bookstores, art supply shops, coffeehouses, boutiques, and similar retail outlets. Sales will be promoted by vigorous advertising and publicity campaigns. Profits will be donated to peace causes as designated by the judges.

Artists will receive a 10% royalty on sales. Advances totaling \$1,400 will be presented as

follows: \$500 to a grand prize-winner and \$100 to each of the other nine winners.

All winning posters will be featured in an issue of Avant-Garde Magazine. Fifty of the best entries will be exhibited at a New York museum or gallery and sent on tour of the United States.

Choice of subject matter is at the discretion of individual artists (though posters must bear some relationship to the theme of the contest, world peace). Posters may carry any related slogan, caption, or title—or none at all—and may relate to specific conflicts, such as the war in Vietnam. Entries will be judged on the basis of artistic merit and impact of anti-war message.

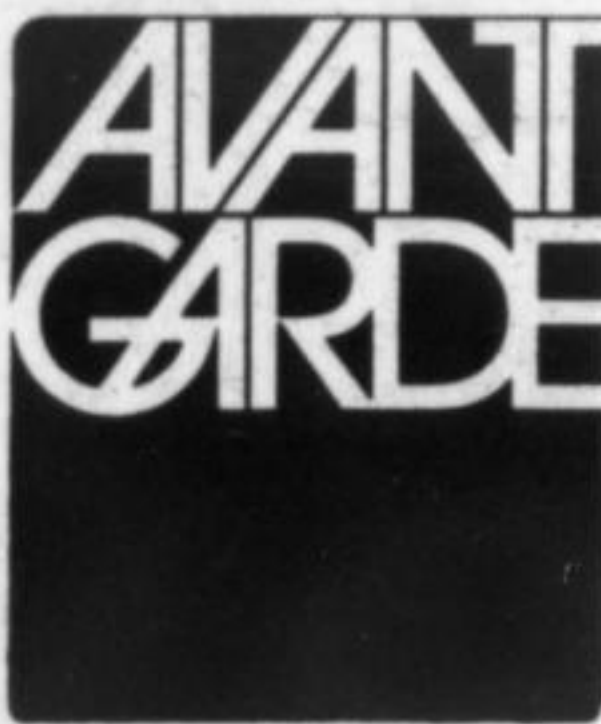
Judging will take place in New York on May

30, 1968, Memorial Day. Winners will be announced at a press conference held immediately thereafter.

Deadline is 5 p.m., Monday, May 27, 1968. Entries may not exceed 19" x 25" in size and must be accompanied by artist's name and address.

The address of Avant-Garde, both for entries and inquiries, is 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018, U.S.A.

LEGAL STIPULATIONS: This contest is a non-profit undertaking. All revenues remaining from sales of posters after payment of royalties and out-of-pocket expenses will be donated to peace causes as designated by the judges. Financial records will be audited by certified public accountants. Avant-Garde will exercise all possible care in the handling of entries but assumes no responsibility for loss or damage. Avant-Garde reserves the right to change contest rules or cancel the contest entirely for any reason whatsoever. © 1967 by Avant-Garde. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



ORDER POSTER NOW

AVANT-GARDE POSTER CONTEST
110 W. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018

Please send me poster(s) as follows:

(Check one)

- I enclose \$1 for a copy of the above NO MORE WAR! poster in full-color, ready for hanging.
- I enclose \$5 for a complete set of all ten of the contest's prize-winning posters plus the above NO MORE WAR! poster (total value: \$11).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Please make checks payable to "Avant-Garde Poster Contest." We cover all sales taxes and shipping costs.

PCEV01

