

INSIDE : FREE CUTOUT MANIFESTO

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER



VOL.2 NO.5

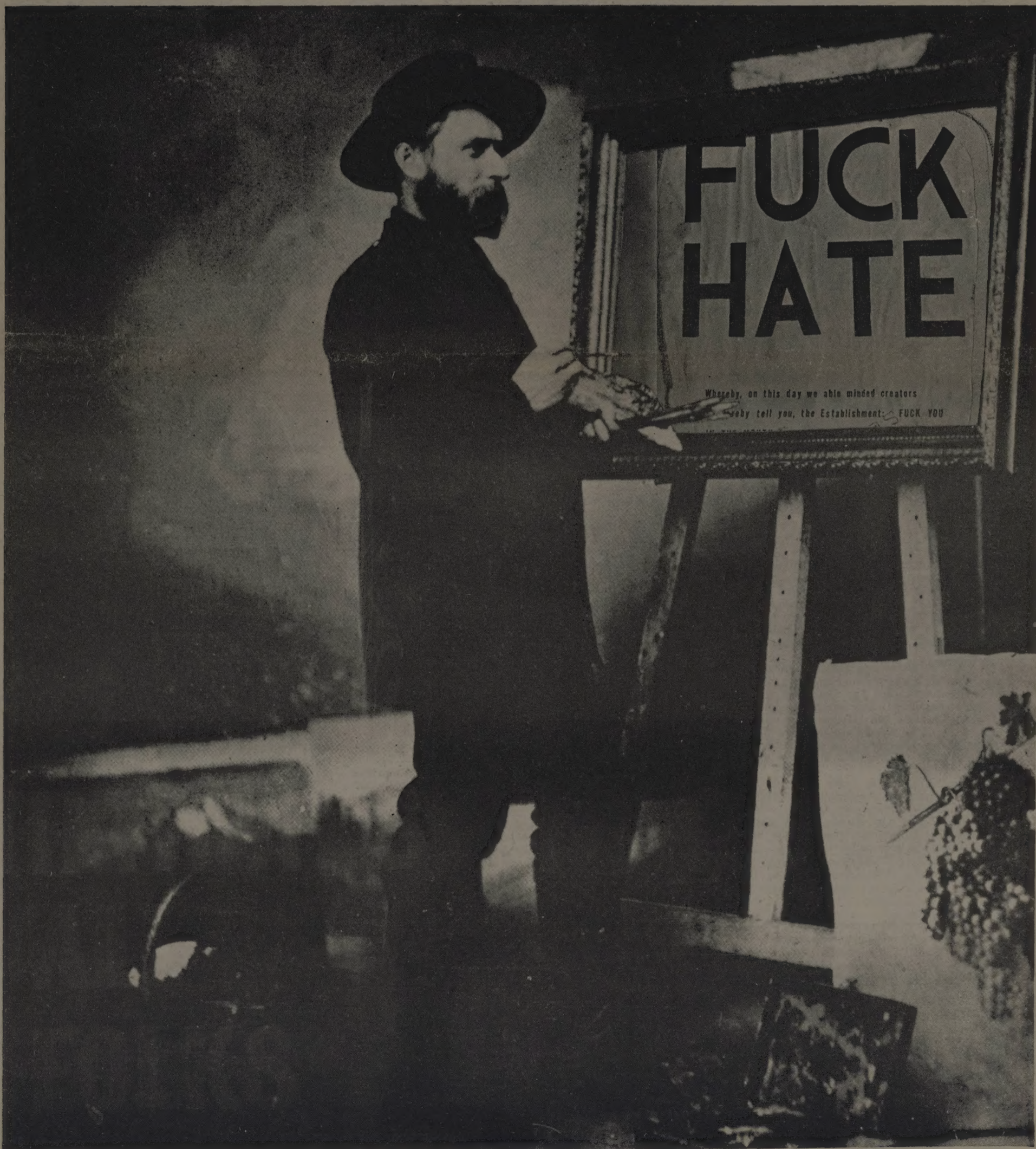
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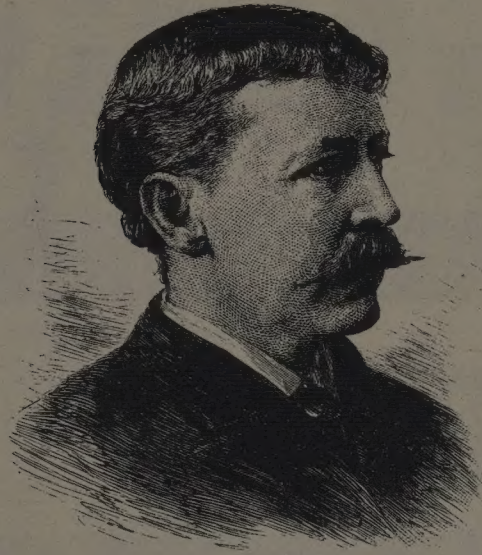
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THE ANGRY ARTS



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Dear EVO,

Your article "Are the Police Necessary" recalls the historical episode where New York City was patrolled by two rival police forces -- the New York City Police and the state-controlled Metropolitan District Police -- about a hundred years ago. Your writer forgot who won.

The situation came to a climax when a formation of the Metropolitan District Police gathered at City Hall to arrest the Mayor for his refusal to disband the city-controlled force. There they were confronted by a formation of City Police determined to prevent the Mayor's arrest. A battle was avoided when state officials prevailed on an army general to send a regiment of troops which had been passing through the city. The troops intervened for the state and the City Police were, in fact, disbanded. Most simply transferred to the other force.

The MDP's were originally established by the Republican state government because the City was in Democratic hands. The State was outraged that the Democrats were using the police for patronage and graft and felt that all that patronage and graft ought to be under Republican control. Hence, they established a state-controlled police force for New York City. Their motivations, of course, were worded in more lofty phrases.

The end of the story came after the next state elections, when the Democrats captured Albany. Thereupon the Metropolitan District Police were abolished and the City Police reinstated. Again, this was mainly accomplished by the same personnel simply changing uniforms.

Sincerely,
 Ronald B. Brass

Associate Editor
 San Francisco Oracle

Dear EVO,

Regarding Nick Ehm's article on Tangier, I'm so sick of untrue, distorted, sensationalist journalism that when I see it appear in MY paper I flip out. When I think of the totality of our opposition and the seeming impossibility of redirecting this smothering mindless evolution that is absorbing and destroying every creative impulse and force that dares to stand before it, I can't help but scream, "LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!" and attack any Orc that ventures into the land of the living. Mr. Ehm is a little Orc of course, but then doesn't that describe the majority?

With love,
 Minotaur

Dear Folks at EVO,

Greetings from a dropout in Wichita Falls, Texas. I'm not a Leary-acid-grouple teeny bopper-pop-psyche dropout, I'm an anti-monk, in an anti-monastery. I'm in the Air Force. I could not be more divorced from the mainstream of American life (in the midst of the ultimate Gary Cooper America yet) if I were wandering the Taoist void running after Kafka to tell him I don't get it either.

Everyone yells "Napalm on Babies in the Mekong Delta!!!!" Bullshit! I'm here because society bugged my ass too much. I love America, and hate all that balls the works up, like the government. The possibilities are wonderous, the actuality is nauseating, maybe working from within I can turn a cop-out to some good cause.

What are you going to do when you're 19, have an I.Q. of about 165, are dedicated to being a bum, play with the guitar, have a year of college, try to love everybody, like to fuck girls, try to fuck girls, don't fuck enough girls, fuck girls in Toronto, Portland, Boston, Province, New York, Long Island, on the beach, in the VW, Chevy, bed, floor, cold, hot, the beach, in the VW, Chevy, bed, floor, cold, hot, have three friends, families count as one friend, don't frug too damn well, look absurd in bells, like the Fugs, hate camp, like Jim Kewskin and the Jug Band, Von Ronk, hold Dylan suspect, worship Dylan Thomas, wonder where good gods go when THEY die.

In high school I made the collegiate scene, got a Chevy, fucked all the cheerleaders, till I discovered that cheerleaders throw a lousy one. I wrestled for three years, liked it. Anyway I drifted around the Island, got a few jobs, made a few more chicks, and wondered what it's all about. Don't know. Still don't. Fuck it. Went to college, screwed a few more chicks, knew more than the people trying to teach me, got disgusted. I knew Leary was right, but I also knew that I wasn't ready, I mean I'm pretty immature still in all. Like Antioch is a good school for someone about 23 who knows what he wants outside of some pussy. What I wanted was a monastery!!! The road as a monastery: Kerouac, yeah! Get laid Mardou Fox. Everything after "On the Road" was poor.

LAWRENCE!!! Ah, yes, "The Seven Pillars," read eight times, and the "Mint" about 150 at least. The Air Force as sanctuary. Lawrence was my hero, is my hero, the last individual to walk the earth. Match race with consciousness, "Go you for pink slips T.E." Weigh becoming a killing machine against becoming a vegetable. Also economic instability as a key factor in negative dynamics. I joined up.

So I'm up at 2 a.m. on an all night detail writing to the OTHER. I received a copy in the mail from my old sixth grade teacher, along with a copy of the Evergreen Review. I read them, I knew I wasn't dead, hope was still there, everything good in myself is still here, in green fatigue and short hair, a fervent Ginsberg prayer for love, despite my marksmanship ribbon (of which I am proud), I was too tired to fight the draft. I took a cop-out. I am a killing machine now, my hands in the hands of those I hate (hate, like love, is a four letter word). New vistas of hell.

The first time I attended a Catholic chapel and had to stand at attention during the consecration (ordered to by a colonel chaplain) I knew this was the hustle.

That's me, I introduce myself to you, anyone interested in writing to me will be read with interest and love, especially girls, also send pictures, any kind, of anything. I will write again soon.

Write to me this way:

A3/C Gregory T. Dunn
 Af 11813688
 Box A 5013 CMR-1
 Sheppard AFB Texas 76311

P.S. This is a cry for help!

Dear EVO,

Mistletoe (*Phoradendron flavescens*), American mistletoe, while in the same family of plants as European mistletoe, *Viscum album*, is far from being identical with it, and the two plants have quite different medicinal properties. American mistletoe acts as a powerful stimulant to smooth muscle, producing a rise in blood pressure and increasing the contraction of the intestines and uterus. It has been recommended as a circulatory and uterine stimulant. On the other hand, European mistletoe is said to reduce blood pressure and have an anti-spasmodic effect when used in small doses, although overdoses have been reported to cause spasms. The two plants have almost directly opposite effects on the human system. This illustrates the danger of trying to apply European herbal lore to related but different species in the U.S. It is further complicated in the case of mistletoe because there are six species of phoradendron in the U.S.

Amanita muscaria is a very poisonous species and has been responsible for numerous deaths and severe poisoning. It is reported that Siberian peasants drank a broth made from stewed *A. muscaria*. It is possible that heat destroys the muscarine (the way overcooking vegetables destroys much of their vitamin content), but does not destroy the hallucinogenic compound. Anyway, I don't know the recipe and don't believe I would care to experiment especially when there are non-poisonous things around.

Judith Cross

Dear EVO,

It is true that Reagan has arrived, McCone is on his way, and 50 agents trained to the repression of acidheads have recently matriculated at U. of California. But there is no evidence of the mass evacuation of the Haight Ashbury district of San Francisco that you report in the January 1st EVO under the Barry Schell by-line.

Haight Ashbury began to heat up about a year ago as the trend to the area became obvious and was seen to be virtually a youth thing. Following the demonstration in the streets against the billeting of National Guardsmen in nearby Kezar Stadium and the imposition of martial law on the city three months ago (police killed a 16 year old Negro boy and savagely repressed indignant Negro crowds), the hostility of police and press to the Haight Ashbury district has been a fact of life to be lived with.

Not unaware, however, of the threat to us, we have begun to enlist and to organize support for what has become, in a way, America's newest and most unique minority group. Presently coalescing is a popular front composed of groups whose freedom is under attack and elements dedicating themselves to the defense of those groups and those freedoms.

Among the beloved figures I see flitting about the fringes of agitate groups of lovers talking of ways and means is that articulate lover himself attracting the lovers in groups, Allen Ginsberg, a man I have heard described as "a name burned into the memories of us all." I do not wonder what he is doing here.

Following is a resume of groups and elements massing in a general atmosphere of love and activism for the defense we shall inevitably have to guarantee if we are not to go under and let occur, albeit tardily, your reported mass evacuation and rampant paranoia that has not yet appeared here.

1. Straight Theatre: dancing happenings, poetry readings, fully equipped electronic light shows, theatre events, schools of dance, film showings and filmings.

2. The Oracle, a community newspaper reflecting the spiritual and artistic life of the community.

3. 1000's of poets, craftsmen, artists, dancers, singers, musicians in the area.

4. Twenty-six new hippie owned industries and businesses launched by hippie entrepreneurs.

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5. Strong support for a bail fund and an on the street lawyer.

6. The emergence of a community service group called The Diggers, providing free food, clothing and lodging.

7. Swami A.C. Bhaktivedanta has opened a storefront church in the area.

8. The HIP job cooperative: finding part-time jobs for hippies who need bread.

9. Liasons with the straight community in New England-type town meetings that have already set up a hearing board to hear evidence of police brutality and harrassment, a board made up of clergy, doctors, lawyers and hippies.

Faternally yours,
 Harry Monroe

The east village OTHER

BOX 571, PETER STUYVESANT STATION, NEW YORK



Interview With An Anarchist

By Walter Bowart

The United States of America is a democracy founded on the proposition that all men are created equal and have the inalienable right to control their own destiny. A principle of anarchy is inherent in our government in that every four years the opportunity presents itself to overthrow the administration by the non-violent means of free election. EVO recently had the opportunity to meet and talk with a young engineer anarchist who is plotting "the revolution of the 21st century." For obvious reasons he asks that his name be withheld.

EVO: When people hear the word anarchist they think of a wild-eyed bomb thrower. You look pretty respectable. No one would ever think of you as an anarchist.

A: Well, there are many kinds of anarchists. Most people don't know anything about anarchism... it's history or how it's really a concept very close to the root of a free democracy. Most people think of an anarchist as a Russian terrorist anarchist... a myth built by the U.S. State Department over the past forty years in reaction to the Russian Revolution. Henry David Thoreau was an anarchist...you know...but he would be what you'd call an anarchist-pacifist. He believed in "dropping out," living close to nature. He believed, like Jefferson, that man was a noble animal who when developed morally could live in society without restrictions.

EVO: You said "Drop out." You certainly haven't dropped out.

A: No, I haven't. Today in this electro-magnetically extended world that's practically impossible. I lived for two years in a remote area of Mexico. I got a lot of peace, grew my own garden, had no government controls, but finally realized that this was my country...that no matter how bad it was I must do what I could to improve it. I own as much of the United States as anyone: the body of one citizen, with two hands and loud vocal cords...which is all that any man really owns.

So, after two years in exile, I decided that the best way I could improve the conditions of this world was by coming back to the United States, the control center, and doing what I could in a private way to gum up the, what seems to me as, impending tyranny.

I am an electronic engineer. I make a very good living at this job which is equivalent to being a lathe operator in the early 20th century.

EVO: What about the impending tyranny you spoke of?

A: The times now are particularly dangerous. We are in a state of transition where anything can happen. A transition between the mechanical age and the electro-magnetic age.

Whenever man gets hold of a new technology his life is radically changed. The society which learns how to best use any new technology dominates the rest of the world...until the others gain equal competence with the technology.

Certainly the man with the first club really ran amok over the others until they too caught on to putting a piece of stone on the end of a stick.

As you have said in EVO we are entering the technocratic age. It can go two ways toward totalitarian-technocracy...which is the way it's presently going, because a few men control the machines used by all. These financiers put up the money for inventions and research teams and own the fruits of the technologists' labors.

Consequently the men who own the machines... usually large companies...use them on all of us who cannot build our own. And this brings a cycle of slavery. The more machines you own the more they own you...you must work to keep them operating, oiled, etc...and now more and more companies are not selling their machines, but merely leasing them... thus placing really inordinate financial demands on the users. And everyone knows the man with the most machines wins...power, money or what have you.

The telephone company and Consolidated Edison have the people of New York and most of the country and half of the world for that matter over the barrel. Try to not pay a \$50 deposit for your phone on the Lower East Side for example...but on Sutton Place no deposit is required. If you live on Sutton Place they automatically assume that your credit must be good enough to afford a phone...but poor people usually have a hard time paying their phone bill and many of them probably run out on old AT&T so in poor areas the deposits are inordinately high... which has the unjust effect of taxing the poor and not taxing the rich.

You can expand from there.

In this country all new inventions are first applied to war use and then much later turned to peaceful uses. This situation isolates the scientific community and creates gigantic duplications. The scientists are treated somewhat like prisoners...having to pass all sorts of clearance and investigations and then shut in a lab behind guarded doors and bound by contracts which mean immediate dismissal if they even talk to other scientists about their "secret" work. The whole thing is getting to be quite ridiculous...and it's all because of a war machine.

I have a friend who works developing lasers at Sperry Gyroscope on Long Island. At work he is kept under guard. To get to visit him is like entering a military prison. He's a brilliant physicist who is concerned only with his work and doesn't see how he is being used.

The real danger to our "inalienable rights" is the use of this highly advanced complicated machinery for the control of people. So the "revolution," as



WALL STREET: This is an example of obsolete anarchy which occurred on September 16, 1920, when a horse-drawn wagon,

laden with explosives, placed there by anarchists, blew up the intersection of Wall and Broad.

I see it, is one of man against the machines and the men who use these machines for selfish power motives.

A certain amount of socialization of large companies will indeed be necessary, but things are now urgent enough to begin to think along the lines of the Provos. But to take things one step further, there is no real problem with man ruling man, for when conditions become intolerable he will rise up, as he has done before, and revolt resorting to the use of violence and bloodshed. In the 21st century in electronic America where the minds of the masses, if not controlled, are at least heavily influenced by television, revolution is almost impossible.

There have been riots by our discontented black people, but against well organized, automated armies, what chance does a mob of rioters have.

One automatically assumes that they will then become more organized if conditions remain intolerable and resort let's say to terrorism, such as bombing Macy's or Yankee Stadium. These tactics have been employed in many revolutions of man against man.

But the real problem is not one of man. It's one of man against the machine and the machine masters. And I foresee machine terrorism.

EVO: How do you wage a war against a machine? With guns?

A: Of course not. Nor with explosives either. You must fight fire with fire and electro-magnetic tyranny with electro magnetic techniques. Big corporations use electronic snooping devices against each other, they know the rules of the game.

But for the private citizen or "anarchist," if you prefer, he can register his protest as the Provos have done in California by putting epoxy glue in parking meters and door locks. Many people mutilate IBM cards which say do not mutilate...which is every citizen's obligation...to fuck up the machines of the monopolies.

But there are many ways the electronic revolution can be fought. For example, it is very cheap to build a resistor which will develop a lot of amperage which could be sent out over the telephone lines and blow god knows how many circuits.

By finding the cable which feeds the main television broadcasting antenna on top of the empire vision broadcasting antenna on top of the Empire State Building one could simply hide a magnet around the coil and scramble all the signals...which would take weeks to find and repair.

More power blackouts are in order. That's not too tough, but it must be carefully engineered so as not to harm anyone's person.

As you see, the real goal is always utopian. And today for the first time we have the ability to develop the human spirit and human mind by providing free time and leisure for the common man...who will have the privileges of a feudal king in that he will have slaves which are machines.

With this leisure man can develop himself as a man first and then as an artist...and finally as a truly moral being...because you have removed the one

thing that has made him a savage: need and greed.

Of course this will mean that our society will undergo tremendous transformation. Money will be obsolete, replaced by a system which makes such things as clothing only at the rate it is consumed which will mean that built-in obsolescence and the creation of consumer living will have to go. The voting system and even the government to a large extent will be automated...which means that the movie star mentality of today's political class will be totally replaced by men with a technocratic mentality. They will know how to program the machines of government to meet the needs of the people.

But before this "anarcho-technocratic" dream is realized the consumer, the common man, will have to demand his utopia by protest and demonstration and even electronic sabotage.

Our forefathers worked very hard to provide the technological ability to live like noblemen. Our historic direction leads toward utopia. Now when the ability to support the most noble government and way of life imaginable is at hand why are we continuing to produce redundant and obsolete equipment? We are caught in the throes of a bureaucracy trying to perpetuate itself and maintain control in a culture which recognizes social status as the ability to consume currently produced goods.

EVO: What are you personally doing to fight this tyranny?

A: Well, I am working to absorb highly paid executives' time. I make appointments with as many important men as possible to talk about absurd ideas just to eat up their time. I mutilate all the punch cards I can find. And I am writing a paper which I will publish in a mimeograph form telling how to get even with the utilities. I have even developed a telephone sabotage device out of pie plates which anyone can make and use...plus I will publish a careful diagram how to simply get free electricity undetectably. But the most I can do is talk about all this...and hope that leadership will be forthcoming which recognizes the disasters facing each of us from this totalitarian-technocracy.

The standard is ceasing to be one of money and status and is becoming a standard of the worth of life. But worth, like happiness, comes from bonafide activity and achievement. There are signs of hope...but we must provoke.

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THE HUMAN BE IN



By Oliver Johnson

On the way up to San Francisco my friends were referring to it as a "love-in" and that's the way it turned out. From 10 a.m. onwards the participants could be seen making their way through the trees and along shady paths of Golden Gate Park. In crazy hats, in serapes, in feather boas, shoeless, with babies, with dogs, carrying bells, books, candles.

By early afternoon probably 20,000 heads were gathered around a makeshift stage on the fringe of the polo field. Strangely there wasn't a uniformed policeman to be seen and subsequently this turned out to be the biggest mystery of the day.

"Welcome," said a calm voice from the platform. "Welcome to the first manifestation of the 'Brave New World.'" And a kind of collective sigh came from his audience. Could this be true, could it be really true? Here we were -- 20,000 blown minds together -- gathered for nothing more than love and joy, to celebrate our oneness, in a lovely park on a sunny day, along with the people who looked like us, who thought like us, who shared our hopes and our idols, whose one wish was to be left alone to dig life.

The afternoon brought many surprises. Occasional trails of smoke weaving through the standing and reclining crowd identified robed men passing out hundreds of sticks of smoldering Indian incense. An orange smoke bomb was peacefully detonated near the stage and its luminous cloud had barely disappeared into the sky before excited squeals drew everybody's attention to a manifestation from above: a parachutist in white helmet who suddenly dropped down apparently out of nowhere. On the platform, SF's rock groups --

the Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother & the Holding Co., and others -- held sway, one after another. Tim Leary restricted himself to only a few words. "Turn on to the scene; tune in to what is happening; and drop out -- of high school, college, grad school, junior executive, senior executive -- and follow me, the hard way." Lenore Kandel, still in trouble over the ridiculous "Love Book" bust recently, read some of her two poems: the first of no particular consequence, the second tremendous. Robert Baker provided the most laughter with his parody of "The Night before Christmas" in which every stanza referred to pot or acid.

Only twice did those present have their tranquility disturbed: political activist Jerry Rubin, bailed out only a few hours before for "defying a court order," discussed Vietnam, and so did Allen Ginsberg who joined with Gary Snyder in leading a Buddhist chant. The crowd reacted mildly to the political haranguing and it was difficult to determine their mood on this.

Max Scherr, publisher of the Berkeley Barb, said: "It was badly organized. There was great potential there for protest. If I could have gotten to a microphone I would have said what was in my heart. The organizers implied that they were against the war but that they didn't want to bother people about it on this occasion."

The dichotomy over political action and dropping out seems to have been the major issue raised by the first human Be-In. The editors of the brilliant San Francisco Oracle, which was mainly res-

ponsible for organizing the Be-In, counter criticism with the viewpoint that sure the Vietnam war has to be ended, but "you've got to straighten out your own heads first. How can we ever have a groovy, happy society unless everybody in it has reached his own nirvana?"

And Berkeley's political activists (and this writer) counter with: What happens in the meantime -- do people go on getting tortured and shot and burned alive? How long will it be before Johnson decides to straighten out HIS head?

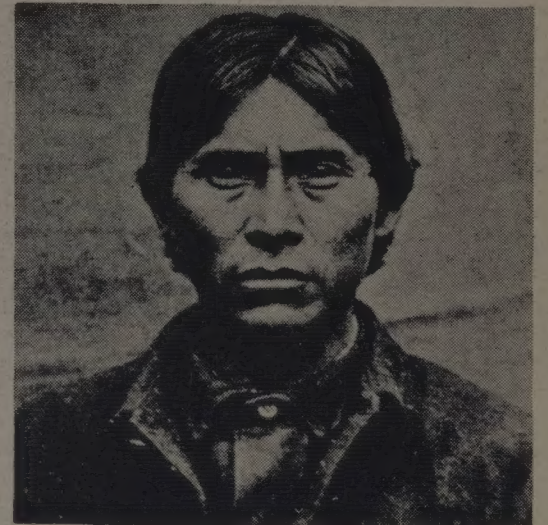
What we saw in Golden Gate Park was astonishing -- 20,000 people (the Examiner, naturally, estimated 10,000 and incidentally missed the point of the whole thing) who share only one thing: the fact that they are heads. And if they have one single hero it is Tim Leary, a man who has probably blown more minds than anybody else in this decade. Who controls this new, genuine grassroots movement? Nobody yet. And yet what a potent force sits there waiting for direction. Who will get hold of it? The people who say, "I'm all right man. I know where my head is at and I don't want anything to do with that politics shit. War and protest isn't my bag"? Or the ones who reply, "I'm turned on, too, man. I dig life and love and I want everybody to have a share of it and it isn't enough to straighten out my mind as long as my country continues its murderous course. Johnson wants to be left alone, too, and so long as he's left alone -- by you -- he's gonna keep right on doing what he's doing now."

The Human Be-In sprang more or less spontaneously out of a discussion in a house in the Hollywood Hills a couple of months ago. Tim Leary dropped by but, according to Free Press publisher Art Kunkin who was present, was "not at all desirous of imposing himself as a leader. We want to get western man out of the cities and back to tribes and villages," he added.

There seems to be a mass yearning, especially among the young, for a return to the Indian tribal system, a society in which people follow only a leader they believe to be brave and honorable. In this societal structure a leader who has lost his charisma (or his credibility) is virtually phased out by being ignored. Eventually he discovers nobody is paying him any attention.

The Human Be-In, alternatively promoted as "a pow-wow" and "gathering of the braves," had strong Indian overtones and it is easy to believe that a series of such gatherings -- and others have been promised -- may lead to a genuinely democratic movement outside of the major political parties.

TRAVEL



Ishmael Reed Associate Editor of East Village Other directs the Fiction Workshop of St. Mark's Church-in-The-Bowery's Arts Project. Mr. Reed's first novel, "The Free Lance Pallbearers," will be published next fall by Doubleday books. Novelist Robert Gover ("\$100 Misunderstanding") describes "Pallbearers" as "A fireworks of fantasy satire about reality today."

PERCEPTION '67

The University College student government of the University of Toronto is producing "Perception '67", an inquiry into psychedelics and a celebration of the psychedelic experience, on the weekend of February 10, 11, and 12th. Panels and lectures will investigate the social, philosophical and moral problems raised by mind-expanding drugs. A mind-excursion, designed by artist Michael Hayden, will turn people on, as will the entertainment, which includes the Fugs and Allen Ginsberg.

Dr. Timothy Leary heads an impressive list of scholars and researchers who have so far agreed to participate in Perception '67. Leary will lecture on Psychedelics and Religion, and appear on a panel addressed to the topic: Expanded Consciousness: Its Validity and Value, along with Professor Charles Hanly, who has done work on psychoanalysis and religion, and Dr. Daniel Cappon, an associate of Marshall McLuhan, who is interested in oceanic consciousness.

In order to spring Leary free from the clutches of law and order, American style, the student council sent a statement, signed by 10 U. of T. faculty members, to the DA in Laredo, Texas. The statement was to the effect that Leary's appearance at Perception '67 would make a valuable contribution to the intellectual life of the campus (Leary is presently out on bail while his pot possession sentence is being appealed to the Supreme Court). The statement caused a small stir in the Canadian press.

Dr. Ralph Metzner, editor of Psychedelic Review, will also be present to lecture on Psychedelics and Art and to appear on a panel inquiring into Psychedelics, Health, and the Law. Other participants will include LSD researchers, scientists from the Ontario Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation, and journalists like Allen Katzman of EVO.

The Mind Excursion, composed of ten environments, is designed to unnerve and disorient the individual, and then allow him to reinterpret his environment. Ten environments will operate here, with music, light, colour, smell, sound, film projections and textural effects combining to produce states of sensuality, disorientation, calm, and fear. In one room, the individual, bathed in ultra-violet light, will witness a ceiling of insane people crush down on him as the heart and lungs of the triangular room collapse and stop. In another, one is above a city and underwater at the same time--in another a film tuned to the alpha rhythms of one's mind flickers black and white in reality but one's mind begins to fill in the gaps with colour and form.

Modern industrial products contribute to these psychological effects. One product is composed of polarized lenses on which one's eyes can't focus. The individual will walk on this floor in reality but in his mind he will feel he is floating about two feet above the floor. Another product explodes as you walk on it and continues to explode as pockets of air are set free by the pressure of one's foot.

A third principal attraction will be a concert given by the Fugs ("the best single two hours' worth of entertainment in America"...EVO). Appearing on stage with the Fugs will be Allen Ginsberg, and, as an added feature, the City Muffin Boys, a brand new group combining jug, electronic, and R & B into a totally unique sound. And in the grooviest of settings--staid Convocation Hall, scene of paunchy streams of zombie sermons.

Also planned for Perception '67 are a psychedelic jazz concert, an electronic music concert, and, hopefully, a psychedelic fashion show featuring the creations of Tiger Morris.

Those who still have the energy will be able to writhe to the acid tones of The Tripp, at a special dance.

Tickets will be priced at \$3.00 for all events, or \$1.50 for all events excepting the Fugs-Ginsberg concert. They can be obtained by mail from:

Perception '67,
University College,
University of Toronto,
Toronto 5, Ontario.

Uterior motives? Not the bread. We simply want to help people, maybe just for one moment while sitting on the can, to penetrate the mythology which our technocratic lords have erected around psychedelic drugs. In an age where practically every action of an individual is the product of the decisions of others, perhaps we can force at least some of our friends to reserve as the private domain of their own selves one vital question: Shall I turn on?

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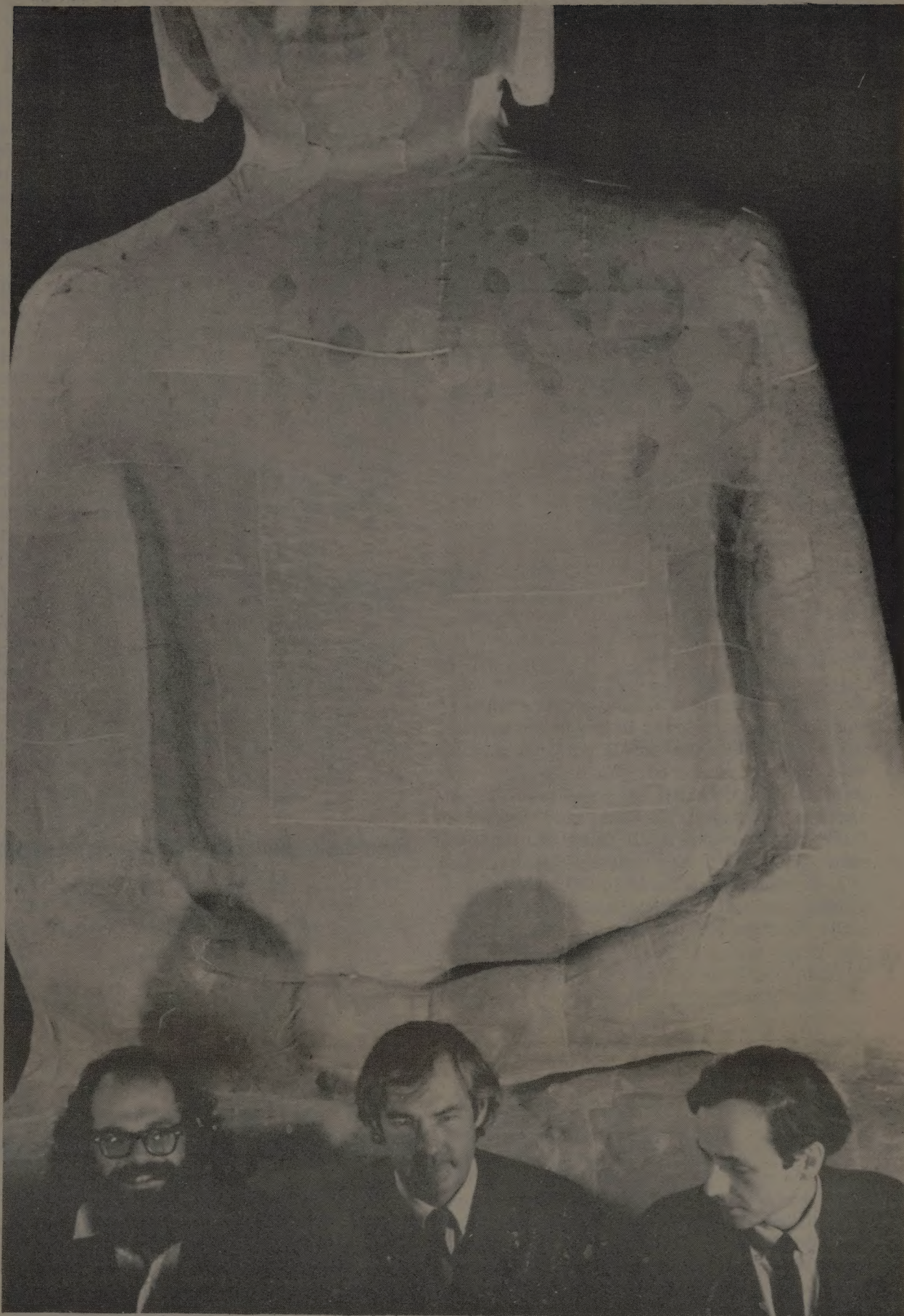
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Three Wise Men? Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Timothy Leary and Dr. Ralph Metzner prepare for the psychedelic festival, "Perception '67", to be held at the University of Toronto on February 10, 11 and 12.

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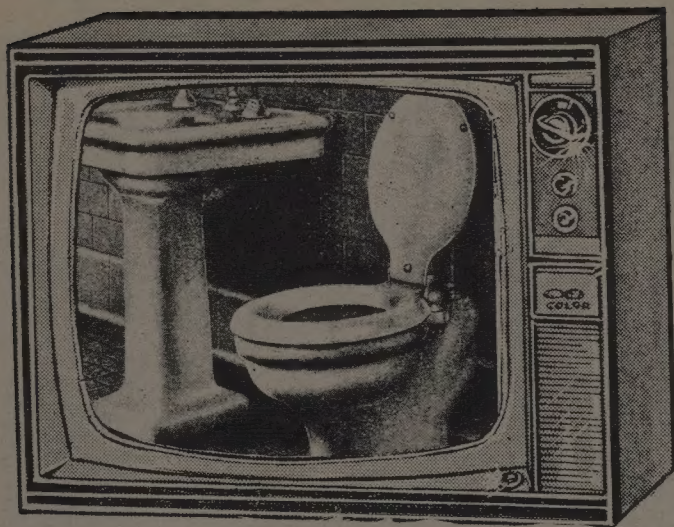
Sun. - Tues. (Jan. 29-31)

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and
THE BIG SLEEP

Wed. - Sat. (Feb. 1-4)

SHANE
and
CAT BALLOU

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Improvisations by Lorraine Glennby on
A Theme by David Henderson

Bob Hope was on TV last night, prime time from Acapulco, with Jayne Mansfield for flesh interest and Cantinflas for local color on a show whose live audience was mostly Mexican sailors who didn't understand English. But they all laughed (or somebody or something laughed) and applauded as these erstwhile performers read badly from cue cards and generally fucked up.

I remembered Bob Hope as prominent in the laugh houses of Times Square when I was a child, appearing to me in the movie dark thick with the smell of farts mixed with melted smeared chocolate. In the thirties he bounced on the road in a saccharine bag with Bing and Dorothy Lamour. World War II found him overseas playing to a captive audience, the U.S. troops. Now he is in Saigon "entertaining our boys": funny golf stories and Hollywood gossip for those already dead and those about to die. He brings along a little look-don't-touch fun in the form of Joey Heatherton, daughter of a local weatherman. In Latin America our investment is covered by George Jessel with his 25-year-old wife and 25-year-old routines at the USO in Guantanamo and the Dominican Republic. Jessel brings her, along, as he says, "to tease the troops." Getting a real live youngster for a mate has become the showbiz status symbol. Witness Sinatra, Jessel, Xavier Cugat's 21-year-old wife and Mamie Van Doren's 19-year-old husband. They seem to last foreved, these burned out stars in all the pornographic centers of entertainment from Times Square to Sunset Strip, pushing the striptease peekaboo dream psyches of our middle-aged population.

Human Be-In
Allen Ginsberg
San Francisco, January 14, 1967
Poster



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The Head Shop 304 E. 9th St.

Papier Mache 55 Greenwich Ave
The Blown Mind 124 MacDougal

THE TURD EYE

Hope and his kind are tenacious. Some of us have fled from them to the East Village, but still all our moms and pops and troops are stuck with these aging jesters on the base and in the TV tubes with life everlasting. TV is the bad trip death throes of our elite corps of elderly entertainers. Rigor mortis is setting in and they have a death-grip on mass media locked down with the military-industrial complex they believe can last forever.

At Xmas time woe to whoever must rely on living room media for entertainment instead of relatives and home-time good fun. Saddening to see 30 years of Bing Crosby singing the same tunes--with his family this time--looking as tired as ol' white Xmas itself. Or Cardinal Spellman, still strongly resembling Jiminy Cricket in his role as a spiritual bag woman for the armed forces, pre-empting everything to speak to the people from Vietnam Xmas eve. Vicar of the military machine, he says it is in the interest of civilization for the U.S. and its allies to defeat tyranny just as we've been doing ever since anyone can remember. On Saturday nights we are confronted with Ralph Cranston, the plumber who moved from Hell's Kitchen to Queens to Miami and changed his name to Jackie Gleason. Last week he humbly announced that he was ushering in the re-

surgence of the big band craze. Tune in some week for nostalgia and necromancy at the Roosevelt Grill.

The puffy performers of yesteryear manage to pollute the air of our livingrooms with amazing regularity via their own shows, guest shots, and re-runs. Late at night, when the movie projectors get rolling in the crypt and insomniacs get treated to those mouldy oldies, the only interludes to save the mind are the commercials. The only alternative to the movie museum is the pseudo homey "Tonight" type shows whose emcees are the second generation garbage collectors from the same sloppy bag as Bob, Bing, and the rest.

The flatulence of TV comedy results from the fact that all the interesting young comedians are quite radical in their subject matter and philosophies. Definitely not Reader's Digest material. This is what keeps them off TV and makes it an open wasteland for the middle-aged comics who tell tired inside jokes about how much money they want and can get, how funny it is they can't fuck anymore, what a character Sinatra is, and how much Dean Martin drinks.

The ultimate question all this raises is: will all the TV viewers be frozen into catatonics BEFORE or AFTER Bob Hope is elected President?

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and

"HIMSELF AS HERSELF"

Feb. 2d (Thurs.)

"YES" by Naomi Levine

and

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Feb. 5th (Sun.)

"23d PSALM BRANCH" by Stan Brakhage

Feb. 6th (Mon.)

PAUL MORRISSEY:

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Nat Hoffman: "RESPONSE", "METER MAIDEN" and others

Mark Rappaport: "MUR-18"

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Nam June Paik

A Mixed Media Happening.

Feb. 10th (Fri.)

All Premiere Program.

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20,000 MILES OF AMERICA

By Mike Baldwin

Under the river and look for the trees. There's madness west of the Hudson. Eastern New Jersey, an impossible forest of girders and chemical plants. The Garden State! How I yearned for gardens as I came gasping out of the Hudson Tunnel. Would De Soto or Boone understand this Volkswagon acid trip across the great continent?

Coming through a tunnel on the Penn Turnpike my acid eaten brain rebels after a gauntlet of detours, yellow lights, closed lanes, lights, spray and snow. My windshield wipers stop from the weight of the snow and I stop and stare at a final sigh wondering. DON'T PASS. Don't pass? The red light on top blinks the message, DON'T PASS. I don't. A car starts honking behind me. I'm stopped on the turnpike. I get out to ask what we should do. Don't pass. Blink. The driver curses at me and understanding comes in the midst of obscenity. Cars shouldn't pass each other here. Ah yes. I drive on.

We stop for gas in Illinois on Route 40. Perhaps it's Indiana. The people glare at us suspiciously. We feel unwelcome. When we go inside conversation stops. They stare at us. The vibrations are definitely hostile. My friend, Richard, is Jewish; olive skin and wiry hair. Is it that? We feel the unfriendliness gathering around us. Is it our foreign car? Maybe we're just feeling thin-skinned today. We sit in our car and read the billboard that the owners have put up on the highway. It is a huge blow-up of a photo of Martin Luther King at what appears to be a Freedom School. It says, "Martin Luther King at a communist training school." Inside there is a jar for "donations to illuminate the billboard." It's crammed full of change and bills of various denominations. I wish that I had noticed the sign before coming in. It's too late. I pay the man and drive on.

The road goes and goes. There's no time driving across country. Just drive for awhile and eventually you're there. Somewhere else. Illinois, Indiana, on and on. Finally St. Louis. A giant arch has been constructed. "The gateway of the west." It's huge. It's by some famous architect. I'm not much impressed by famous architects. I haven't been since Gaudi. Wright made a few homes that I wouldn't mind living in. St. Louis. Why are American cities so ugly? Our merchants could make the Medicis look like poor cousins. Compare St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, any of them with Florence. The last real example of civic pride that I can think of in this country is the San Francisco silver barons. They, and a few rail and shipping families built a city! The shadow of that city is still beautiful. Even the shadow is fading now. Nothing, it seems, can stand against the need for more profits. Try to get a drink in St. Louis. I searched but I was in the wrong district or something. We settled for a couple of weak beers.

We continue down Route 66. What kicks. On through Missouri. Everyone looks like he's related to Harry Truman. We pull into a garage to lube while we eat. The owner refuses. "Won't it fit on your rack?" "Listen, I don't even want that damn thing on my driveway. It's a foreign car." He obviously doesn't know that GM owns Volkswagon. I explain this to him and he starts to boil. Such frustrations with complicated reality have given birth to more than one rifle club. His partner calls from the lube room.



"Now, don't you start a fight with the man, Bill. That dog of his looks like he'd tear you up." I laugh and pet Cecil, my German shepherd. He gives me his toothy wolf's smile and we leave. His behavior didn't surprise me.

About 20 miles from here where I had to stay for three days while my car was being repaired, the hotel owner, a backslapper, would tell us how good he was to take the waitress and her two kids in. "Those kids would starve without me." He'd grab her and try to fondle her when his wife wasn't looking. She, a frail harried woman, would rush back and forth always busy. The wife of the house hated her. Her children would play in the lobby all day. One boy about ten was crippled and sat in a wheelchair. He was retarded. His sister, about eight, would stand behind his chair and regard us with the same frightened expression that her mother wore. In the evening we'd walk around the square. My friend, from San Francisco, my dog, and I. By the second evening word had gotten out and the square was filled with automobiles circling around and around. They were filled with teenagers. As they passed us they would slow down and stare. None of them tried to communicate with us or even at us. The sheriff stopped us and asked us what we were doing there. We explained and he said, "Well, just stay out in the light where we can see you or we might just have to lock you up to keep you out of trouble."

Two stations later they agree to lube the car. I wake Richard and we have dinner and then continue west.

Lebanon, Springfield, Joplin rolled by. We stopped at Joplin. The halfway point across the continent. We have a seafood dinner 14,000 miles from either sea. On through Oklahoma. We stop for our first and only sleep on the trip in Vinita. We've just been curling up in back with the dog while the other drives. That's why I don't mention Richard much on this trip. He's always sleeping while I'm driving and vice versa. He probably could write a completely different account of this same trip. Tulsa, Oklahoma City, El Reno, Clinton, we travel along the Will Rogers Turnpike, then the Turner. I like Oklahoma, despite the "Impeach Earl Warren" billboards that dot the landscape. I like it there. I liked most of the Oklahomans that I spoke to along the way. They're willing to chat with strangers and not so up-tight as many that I've seen over the past 1,000 miles. A cop in a

filling station in El Reno asks me what my bumper sticker means. I tell him it's the name of an Indian reservation in Canada. It's a large fluorescent green sticker. It says "CUNNILINGUS." It's my message to the nation. The only other person to notice it was a chick in Hollywood who pulled up next to me at a signal and shouted, "Eat, eat, eat, doesn't anyone fuck anymore?"

Across flat, flat Texas to beautiful New Mexico. Land of Enchantment. Again, as every time I pass through here, I swear to return and stay for awhile.

In Arizona we stop at the Grand Canyon and run leaping and howling along the cliffs for six hours. We flip out. We go mad. My god! The abyss! The beautiful abyss! The government wants to dam up both ends and turn it into a resort for boating and water skiing. Can you imagine? The history of the earth and of life before our eyes and they want to make a rich man's paradise out of it. The Sierra Club has been fighting this tooth and nail. The result has been that treasury has notified them that they are attempting to influence legislation and thus lose their status as a tax free non-profit corporation and should notify their contributors that their donations may no longer be deducted from their taxes. What madness! This society is so dependent on continuous growth, continuous building, continuous development, that it cannot control itself. The economy is based on it. Uncontrollable growth. In a living organism it's called cancer. In our society it's called progress. Good-bye Grand Canyon.

Kingman, Needles, Barstow, at last we're in Los Angeles. I haven't been here in several years, many new buildings but everything's the same. It's L.A. On the second night of my two days there the cops stop us. I have a girl in the car with me. They pull us over and search the car. I should have told them to go to hell and not allowed it but I was delighted. I grew up in L.A. Getting searched by the cops was a regular part of my adolescent life. What a homecoming! It was like old times. I was clean. They could have never understood my frame of mind. When they were finished I thanked them with real feeling and we drove off. Cunnilingus!

Then up to San Francisco. In North Beach one can examine the legalized pleasures of our civilization in their purest form: alcohol -- try to find a bar where the sado-maso vibrations don't

MUTATION BLUES

By Emmett Lake



FRANK ZAPPA DOUBLE EXPOSED

Frank Zappa is the leader of a freak-rock group, "The Mothers Of Invention," which originated on the West Coast. An article on Zappa and the Mothers recently appeared in the Jan. 15 issue of the World Journal Tribune Sunday Magazine.

FZ: If the kids who are destined to take over the country could somehow acquire the sense of responsibility...In other words, from time to time there's lots of talk about revolution: "Ah, we're gonna revolt man, we're revolting..." They could tell everybody where it's at, but they won't. Kids today, as they stand, have the potential to do a really big number. They could OWN the fucking country. You know, VISIBLY own it. Because they own it now, without knowing it. They are the important consumer group; they've got the nation by the economic balls. But they have to be made to understand what a responsibility that is.

Directly and indirectly they control the output of all the major manufacturers. Cars are designed so that the young man of the family will suggest to the old man of the family: "That's a spiffy model, Dad." And it also works so the father says: "Hmmm, that's a hot little number, make me feel like I got some of my youth back, if I bought one of those, ya know." The older people identify with youth, and the younger people are responsible for a lot of the attempts at tastemaking. Of course, up

Walter Bredel photo

to this point, most of the major manufacturers haven't the faintest idea of what the kids really want or where they're at. A few of them manage to succeed in giving the kids something that is really up-to-date youth-appeal merchandise.

EVO: What are you thinking of?

FZ: A few clothing manufacturers. The record business tries to keep up. Doesn't make it, most of the time. I'd say they're about a year behind. But almost everything else is based on what some young executive, which means about a 30 year old cat who probably did a lot of balling in college and all the rest of the guys in the factory look up to him. He says: "I know what those kids want. Look how youthful I am." Beats his chest, and exerts his influence there at the place. He says: "I know these kids. They want something snappy. Here..." Sketches it out at the board meeting and they all say: "Sure, youth approach. That's what's happening. Pop art. Yeah, yeah." So they make some pajamas with Campbell's soup cans all over them and sell a lot of them, yes sir.

That's the way it's been up till now. If the kids would get themselves together, and take stock, get an orderly program, they could take over the country and run it. Personally, right now, I would hate

to see them running it. Cause they're not ready to run anything. They can't even run back and forth to the bathroom without tripping on the wallpaper the way they are now. I would say that in the election of 1972 it's possible that a candidate who would be neither a Republican nor a Democrat, and youth oriented, could get it. It's possible that an 18 year old vote could be lobbied in by that time and we could have an 18 year old President. I know a lot of people would be afraid of an 18 year old President, but I'm afraid of the ones that are over 30.

EVO: What's your viewpoint on, uh, peaceniks, and Johnson, and South Vietnam, and Paul Krassmer, and...

FZ: I donno who Paul Krassner is. EVO: What?

FZ: Who's Paul Krassner.

EVO: He edits the Realist and...

FZ: I never read the Realist...Peaceniks...Bullshit. Demonstrations of that sort don't do anything. They're not effective. People have a misguided conception of what is effective politically. I can't believe those people really believe that marching around with a sign saying "Peace"...I would say "Sure. You just keep on marching around with your sign and it's gonna happen." That's really dumb. I was uptown Christmas Eve and got caught in the middle of a Vietnam peace march, and here are these people, man, just walking along the street, and it's cold, and they're carrying shopping bags with "STOP THE WAR." There's this one woman out there with her shopping bag and a mess of leaflets singing: "STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM, BRING THE TROOPS HOME. STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM, BRING THE TROOPS HOME." All the way down the street. Until she was hoarse. For nothing. Maybe in their minds they think: "Listen, somebody in town, some important person in town is going to see us marching, and he's gonna say 'The public is upset about the war in Vietnam,' and he's gonna tell one of his influential friends, and that guy's gonna go to Washington, and they're gonna hear about it, and they're gonna stop the war." That's POSSIBLY what's going on in their heads. But that's a terrible fantasy. The war should be stopped. It's a war of greed. They all are, I guess. Even the crusades. But that's not the way to do it.

EVO: What's the way to do it?

FZ: It's only gonna be stopped by the President. And if you want somebody who's gonna run the country the way you want it to be run, and if you're a peacenik, and you want something done about it, I mean peace, get somebody in there who's gonna be effective. Get somebody into the Congress that's gonna do the job. Those assholes, man, they've got no idea about who or what is behind their government. For the most part, the people that you can turn to and say, "Yeah, he's in the government," really aren't DOING anything. Because the power is really in the hands of a few. And a lot of them are OUTSIDE of the government, because the government is like partly controlled by the military and partly controlled by big business. The power structure is very similar to South American governments where the leaders are protected from the people by the military. Where would the presidency be without the SS men around? Without the CIA what are we? I think it's time that most of the kids found out that they are part of a nation that was built on a giant lie. And because they live here, they have to bear the stigma of all the bullshit of their ancestors, man. They came to a land

--Jerome Rothenberg

WHO IS BECLCH?



BECLCH (Bek-Lek) by Rochelle Owens is a play which started a storm of controversy when it was recently performed by the Southwark Theatre Company at the Theatre of Living Arts in Philadelphia.

Who is Beclch? She is an "ordinary" woman in the circumstances of ritual fantasy, very coarse & cosmically vulgar; a white goddess with roots on Eastern Parkway, cut adrift & raging in an Africa that answers (I take it) to the geography of her own mind; maddened by the itching of her skin ("like imperfection...laying eggs on me"); a "numb beast" craving meat & blood, the great sow crying for her people's lack of meat & water, a she-wolf chewing the stringy flesh while dreaming tenderness.

Tom-toms flick & African dancers dance, while Beclch stages three murders in the first scene (or bloody parodies of murders) & her husband Yago mumbles: "Bul-gar... crude." An interlude follows in which a fat man in drag & a young lean with silver hair & shades sing: "I thought I found a girl I could trust/Gee what a bust" etc. & take their places in the second scene: a Turkish-style fairy bar where Beclch (caricature now of a thousand faded movies) makes verbal love to young Jose (Hosee), in his leather jacket & tight pants, prior to a ritual cock-fight between two ferocious masked dancers with metallic rooster-head masks: a sight from which Jose will turn in sickness to arouse Beclch's love & her desire to "knock him off his golden rocking horse... pull off his wings...and sew them back on... lop-sided!"

Cruelty? A joke? Nothing will stay whole in Beclch's mind who suffers from a schism of the soul, reeks of it in fact; for she has lost the straight road & the goods of the intellect (assuming she had them to begin with). But she can still smell & taste with that good "hooked nose & lips red as rowan-berries" of Graves' original white goddess: can smell her own hands, can lick a crushed persimmon, can smell the urine in a sacrificial goat's bladder as she eats it raw. She can still (like Aristotle's poet) make-plots & be the initiator-of-actions, as when she encourages Yago to contract elephantiasis (the "divine affliction") so the natives will make him their king & satisfy his dream-of-power. Then, when his fat-leg rots & the pain "distracts him from his obligations" so that he cannot (as any king or ape can) grasp the earth with his toes, she forces his death by self-strangulation.

So the old king dies & the new king (Jose) takes his place. Beclch is in love but Jose tires of it, so leaves her to face beheading as a kingless queen with nothing but the erotic fantasy of her coming death to fill her mind. "No more King for the Queen," mourns Beclch, "no more roses in the world...no more persimmons...no more love-sickened Beclch." And later: they do on rotten fruit...a full of love feeling...I hope I drool like an animal... I want to drool without making a sound."

So BECLCH (which is, like they say, a major-theatrical-event) has now just closed in Philadelphia of all places, & God knows when it will be getting a production in New York.

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ANGRY

ART FOR

By Dick Preston



Roll up, roll up...Ladies and gentlemen take your seats for the greatest show in America since Joe McCarthy did his famous TV pratfall. It's the Angry Arts Festival and it's all over New York City -- now!

See 100 world famous painters make a 1200 square foot "Collage of Indignation"...See world famous dancers in two fantastic programs of modern and avant garde extravaganzas...Hear world famous musicians performing music from Bach to Jazz in at least four magnificent concerts...Hear an orchestra of at least 60 musicians perform without a conductor...See the very best that theatre can offer by seven different companies in six different theatres...Nod out, if you dare, at a marathon seven hour folk-rock concert with the Fugs and dozens of other groups...Swing with beautiful Carolee Schneeman as she traps you in her exotic web...Have your mind boggled by Ken Jacobs shadow play...Visit the Vietnamese Life Project and tune in on where this God-awful mess is at...Attend symposiums and panel discussions and hear famous people like Ossie Davis, Robert Hughes, Paul Goodman, Leon Golub, Harold Rosenberg, Lionel Rogosin and thousands more discourse on the abominable state of the Union...Follow the poets' caravan and hear all the poetry that's unfit to print...Get stoned out of your mind by the jumbo film collage specifically made for this occasion by over 50 filmmakers...And be sure not to miss the most exciting series of avant garde and independent films ever assembled in this great city.

In the beginning there were just murmurs of protest. A few painters and filmmakers, a couple of playwrights and a small group of writers and poets. Nothing very much. Eccentric action. Certainly nothing to upset the establishment. For the last 30 years, the American artist, unlike his European counterpart, has been involved in art for art's (money) sake. He took the shit that was thrown at him and never complained too much.

But taking shit is accumulative. You can wipe it off as fast as it's thrown at you but something of it always remains. And now the establishment has thrown one turd too many because through the stench of bullshit we can smell the reek of burning bodies. The establishment has gone too far. At home, it's pacification campaign is a shambles. Nobody minded a little bit of shit, but to

be drenched in it...? Well, it's gone too far now...got its come-uppance this time. Through the cretinous management of its affairs it has created a popular front. It has achieved what we thought was the impossible in American life -- it has united its disunited artists in a campaign that can only be described as ARTISTIC CIVIL WAR.

Never in the history of America have so many creative artists lent their voices for one single cry of outrage as is being done so spontaneously in this Angry Arts Week. The activities are far too numerous to list. Indeed, at the Village Peace Centre, which is the focal point of all this activity, projects, ideas and artists are still pouring in. It looks as if Angry Arts Week has barely skimmed the surface of this barrel of dissent.

Of course, everybody hasn't made it. Barbara Striesand has her name on the list of sponsors and then had it taken off, and Lennie Bernstein sent his apologies, but almost everyone else is involved.

No, not quite. There's the case of the U.S. Army. In order that both sides of the issue might be made apparent the Village Peace Centre put in an application for the loan of some of their (our) films on warfare. They were investigated by military intelligence who found their integrity to be wanting. They were refused permission.

The Festival, with only two months preparation behind it, has exceeded the expectations of both its sponsors and its participants. Carol Grossberg, kindly secretary of Angry Arts, said that she was amazed at the willing way in which artists of diverse backgrounds and mediums had collaborated. Another of her observations was that collage and mixed media played a much larger part here than in anything seen to date.



PHOTOS BY PRESTON

To me it seems that the vitality, enthusiasm and spontaneous creative drive which artists have given to this project heralds the beginning of a new movement. One thing for sure. When the Festival closes this new dynamic surge of creativity will continue to grow until the rebellion of the artists turns into a revolution.

LIFE'S SAK'E

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Elaine deKooning
Friedel Dzubas

Peter Forakis

Antonio Frasconi
Leon Golub
Robert Gwathmey
David Hare
Burt Hasan
Phoebe Hellman
Thomas B. Hess
Charles Hinman
Bud Hopkins
Ruben Kadish
Allan Kaprow
Max Kozloff
Gerald Lains
Jacob Landau
Jack Levine
Roy Lichtenstein
Richard Linder
Knox Martin
Matta
Claes Oldenburg
Les Packer
Irving Petlin
Joe Raffaeli
Shay Rieger
Ad Reinhardt
Harold Rosenberg
James Rosenquist
Robert Rauschenberg
Jason Seeley
Jack Sonenberg
Raphael Sover
May Stevens
George Sugarman
Mike Todd
Gene Tuichin
David Weinrib
James Wines
Adja Yankers

POETS & WRITERS

Donald Barthelme
Paul Blackburn
Robert Bly
Louise Bogan
Kenneth Burke
Hortense Calisher
Robert Creeley
Robert Duncan
Clayton Eshleman
Maxwell Geismar
Allen Ginsberg
Ivan Gold
Paul Goodman
Felix Greene
Nat Henoff
David Ignatow
Will Inman
John O. Killens
Hans Koningsberger
Paul Krassner
Denise Levertov
John Logan
Walter Lowenfels
Dwight Macdonald
Bill MacNeill
David McReynolds
Eve Merriam
Robert Nichols
Joseph North
Joel Oppenheimer
Grace Paley
Allen Planz
Gordon Rogoff
Philip Roth
Muriel Rukeyser
Joel Sloman
Susan Sherman
Susan Sontag
Gilbert Sorentino
Elizabeth Sutherland
Harvey Swados
Theodore Weiss

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST



The Bad Humor Truck

Is Coming

By Irving Shushick

INCIDENT AT ST. PATRICKS

At 10:35 A.M., Sunday the 22nd of January, twenty-three poets slowly rose from their seats at the end of the glory glory service in sanctimonious St. Patrick's Cathedral and began slowly walking to the rear of the church. The service had just ended, and they walked intermingled in the crowd of worshippers. Well dressed and in orderly fashion they held up large signs calling for peace. A group of twenty-three policemen jumped up from rear pews and quickly took them in hand, attempting to destroy their signs.

A poet who wishes to remain anonymous, gave this account of the incident: "At the end of the sermon, we walked out, showing our signs. People began grabbing at them and the plainclothesmen hustled us up the main aisle of the church. We were charged with disorderly conduct, unlawful assembly (in a church, man???) and conspiracy to commit a crime. We were taken to the 17th precinct on Third Avenue and 51st St. and we were booked at 12:00 noon. We were then hustled to the Lafayette street station and then taken down to Centre Street. We were indicted at 7:00 P.M. and then forced to strip and were put to bed. Bail was posted at nine, but they did not let us out until 3:30 Monday morning.

INCIDENT

At ST. PATTIES'

Friday the 13th. A group of beards and bards waits in Washington Square Park for a truck that never comes. The \$50-a-day driver refuses to work for the goddamn peaceniks. The truck rental company is suddenly incommunicado. But the day is not lost. Another rental company is approached, with success. CNVA donates a sound system. One of the peaceniks has a chauffeur's license. Three hours late, the Angry Arts Against the War in Viet Nam, Poet's Truck Division, gets under way, shouldering a huge painting of a two-headed LBJ (one head emerging from his hindquarters), and stops at licensed spots to harangue the populace with plays, poems, sights, songs and the ubiquitous leaflet.

Onlookers are amazed by painter Allen D'Arcangelo's 24 foot long LBJ. They reflect on the attached quotes: "We seek no wider war." "We have helped 1,000 local communities." The Pageant Players engage the curious in a do-it-yourself psychodrama: "Kill the Cong" -- throw a red streamer on the captured V.C. Save the government \$340,000. Nobody does it. The onlookers only kill by proxy.

Clayton Eshelman, Dick Lourie, and Gordon Bishop read anti-war poems. Their words are not just talk. Ten days later they are arrested for demonstrating during a mass at St. Patrick's. Possible five years in jail. Emmett Lake sings of the psychology of a four-star general: "Westmoreland's Thing." A passerby throws a crumpled up leaflet in his face. "Whyncha shave and take a bath and put on a uniform, ya commie coward?" But the uncommitted and the sympathizers far outnumber the hecklers.

A Soviet journalist takes notes. A television cameraman sets up for a shot of the truck. A pretty blonde reporter from the Daily News asks pretty blonde questions. Little kids wonder at the napalm-scarred dolls decorating LBJ's portrait.

Be the first in your neighborhood to throw a rotten egg at the Poet's Truck. Invite all your friends out to yell lewd epithets at the pinko beatnik poets. The caravan will cruise Manhattan daily during Angry Arts Week, January 29 -- February 5. Call Al 5-1341 for an itinerary.

PSYCHEDELIC PROTECTION



By Peter Stafford

During the past few months the Underground Press has been crammed with stories of hippy busts, to the point of nausea. All across the country -- especially in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Pasadena, Ann Arbor, Philadelphia, and some of the more liberal campuses -- young people are being increasingly arrested on drug charges (pot and LSD) and for being undesirable (wearing long hair, loitering, creating a nuisance, disturbing the peace, being a beatnik and so on). We've all heard the dreadful stories: breaking in on artists' parties, arrests without a warrant or on no cause, beating up and kicking young people who haven't offered provocation. Guns and helmets appear out of the night, bearded students are dismissed from school, letters go out to parents of unorthodox children. There is sometimes compulsion to see a psychiatrist, etc. A lot of us in the turned-on generation are having a groovy time, but in the back of our minds we also know that some of our friends are paying heavily for their participation -- in trips to jail and mental hospitals, in lawyer's fees, and in lasting breaks with families and friends.

Even when busted hippies are able to escape the juggernaut of prosecution through the strenuous efforts of friends, lawyers and persons in positions of influence, the consequences in many instances are nonetheless devastating. I have several friends who, although they have managed to suppress vague nuisance or petty drug charges, have still been broken by the experience. Generally, getting off the hook runs about a thousand dollars for attorneys and bondsmen, but in a sense finances are the cheapest part of the bill. Frequent and seemingly endless returns to court, the various shifts to raise bail, the impossibility of travel, the growing conviction of being watched -- all of these take a tremendous toll on spirit, friends, family. And when it is all over, there re-

mains the slow recovery. Some say that it's enough to make them feel they just have to get out of this country.

Is there any way out of this nightmare? I believe there is, and that it's high time some serious thought and energy went into dealing with these harsh realities.

The obvious way out of this trap is in concerted action and in the setting up of associations for our own protection. So far, however, we have been acting like a bunch of Rubes, stupid Rubes. We know that many thousands will be arrested on illegal or trumped up charges, but we don't anticipate these busts or do anything to repel them. Again and again, we see the grievous consequences, yet continue to let them occur. We don't learn, just keep coming back for more. In allowing ourselves to think that maybe someone else (the government perhaps? the ACLU?) will get us out of this mess, we do nothing but jerk ourselves off. Forget it. Since we're all in this together, it's time we let officials know that we won't tolerate this sort of treatment. We must recognize the fact that we all belong to the same community and have obligations to each other. From now on we must make it clear that we are watching for dirty tactics and will broadcast them to the wind. We must take initiative and learn that we are not alone.

How shall we begin?

1. With the establishment of protective associations to collect data on busts, offer reassurance and advice, and coordinate such actions as are necessary (such as checking with police precincts on the location of prisoners and seeing that arrangements are made for arraignment and bail). Here in the East Village, a number of us have discussed these possibilities and very shortly will found an Eastside Protective Association. (Details will be announced in the next EVO.) In all hippy communities, there is a

need for similar store-front associations, manned by volunteers who care enough to see this thing through.

2. It is essential for us to begin to develop a "lawyers pool," composed of attorneys who understand something of the youth and psychedelic revolution and also have the courage to speak up. If for nothing more than to see that prisoners are properly arraigned and the abuse of civil liberties curbed, this must be done and right away. (In the Village area, Linn House - the editor of Inner Space - has agreed to set up a temporary clearing house for information on volunteers. Any suggestions or recommendations should be sent to him at Inner Space, Box 212, Chelsea Station, NYC 10011.)

3. Concerned professional people and those with special interests or abilities in relevant disciplines are also badly needed. We must begin soon to draw up documents which clarify our interests and explain why we are being harrassed. Physicians, psychiatrists and clergy, for example, who are sympathetic to our views or who participate in our way of life, may be able to reacy judges, various public spokesmen and the ACLU, thereby building support. There is another important role wide open for older hippies: establishing liaison between parents and their "crazy, defiant offspring."

4. Benevolent protective associations might serve a number of other significant functions for the turned-on community. They could expand into "Bad Trip Centers" -- not only comforting those who are transported to prison and mental hospitals, but for the relief of bad acid trips as well. For the past few months, a pioneering LSD rescue service has been functioning in Chicago, and experience there has shown that an assortment of tranquilizing drugs, a few concerned individuals and a small capital outlay can drastically cut the incidence of "LSD-induced psychoses and panics." In terms of the ease with which horrible trips can be aborted, such a service would be of immense value.

Protective associations might also distribute wallet-size "membership cards" bearing information on what to do in event of a bust, along with an outline of legal rights. Shown to arresting officers, such a card might be another way of demonstrating solidarity, and would remind us again that we aren't alone. A directory at the association of "members" and their resources could do much to expedite relief.

Finally, the protective association might expand its operation so as to include a monthly press conference, filling in receptive journalists on recent developments, both in regard to busts and any new underground manifestations. If police officials knew that each month their actions would be up for review, with a detailed breakdown of the casualty list, they would be much more likely to consider curbing the liberties they take with young people and hippies of all ages.

5. If the above projects were to get off the ground, it might not be long before we would be seeing the appearance of Underground Defense Funds. While there are some problems in distributing bail money, these problems are by no means insurmountable and the possibility of floating bond funds is far from being out of the question. One suggestion along these lines proposes a fund of voluntary contributions, scaled perhaps in terms of LSD consumption -- "A buck for the defense fund, for every good trip."

The abuses of police power -- surprising, bewildering, isolating, harassing, and manhandling of arrested persons, are

THE 99⁴⁴/100 % WAR CORP

By Torgen Juili

Begin transmission.....Official business, office of War Fertilization. Be advised and implement in nearest chronological adjacency.

Reports indicate that war spirit is flagging dangerously in your area and that unwarranted disdain of violence and bestiality is prominent. So far our attempts to reactivate a blinding anger with our police forces have been ignored. Compassionate tranquility will undo us.

There is latent in this area, I am sure, much hatred; bring it out.

Your area has a main street, St. Marks Place. (The Anti-vision Bureau will further advise you.) Stage a procession there.

1) Secure Green Berets nos. 132785-182785. Let them cordon the street, bayonets fixed INWARD to the street. Thus they will show themselves for the fathers and protectors they are.

2) Secure several hundred Vietnamese. Chain them, the links to rattle on the pavement. Secure small, weak specimens; dress them in rags. Mothers nursing and all the other disgusting abasements of these filth must be shown. Dress them in bandages labeled USA. Our mercy and charity will be remarked upon. A main battle tank will serve to allay dawdling, when attached to the chains.

Secure 20 (twenty) docilized Vietnamese agents, who will serve to clarify and enliven the true case of these vermin.

i) Let one of your juvenile agents serve his needs in the street. If this can be arranged near a priest or virulently decent matron pay double wages.

ii) Let one of your agents throw a wad of black cloth into the crowd; other agents are to cry, "A grenade," "Look out." Selected Green Berets will "defuse" the rag. Thereupon as a precaution, let the bandages be torn off the fresh wounds of the Vietnamese as a search for bombs.

iii) Racism is too valuable to neglect. Let a Negroid agent moan in an assigned dialect "Persons of my racial stock are all killed due to your evil." At an arranged interstice in the Green Beret ranks let him burst forward and savage a Vietnamese. The Green Berets



are to restrain him violently, thus showing the divine justice of the Green Berets and the stoogish zeal of the Negroid.

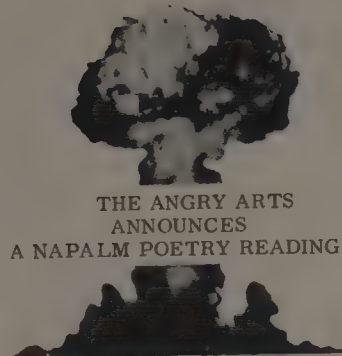
iv) Secure a number of agents who will direct the enthusiasm of the crowd. Let them be skilled and drab. Let them cry "Gook," "Slope," "Let me get my hands on you," etc. Special attention must be paid to conveying the spirit. These agents are to expropriate on the Vietnamese. I hope many citizens will avail themselves of this sublime pleasure.

Avoid sadism. We cannot compete with the television set. Sadism is the modern amusement; avoid this as cathartic. Unvented passions support our efforts. You will perceive that it is of no interest whether the wrath produced is

directed toward the dwarves or at us, as the preparers of this spectacle. Our sole object is to increase the wrath of the citizens. In a blind, boiling fury they will not notice the shackles you place on their feet. Indeed, radio and newspapers are supposed to serve the dual function of enraging the intellectuals through repulsion and the masses by attraction to violence. We need something stronger here. In this light, you will arrange to bring the war home to St Marks Place. It is only democratic that everyone should see the enemy.

Succeed.
End transmission.....Office of War Fertilization.

BLACK MORNING MASS - BLACK PLAGUE MORNING
Midnight Mass, procession and offering to Cardinal Spellman will take place 10:30 p.m. to midnight Sunday, February 5th from the courthouse on 2nd Avenue and 2nd Street to chancery of St. Patrick's, 51st and Madison.



Presenting some of the poems that have been work horses of the Anti-Vietnam war readings so far, poems by Levertov, Ferlinghetti, Kinnell, Duncan and others.

Among the readers will be Robert Creeley, John Logan, Clayton Eshleman, Allen Planz, Hannah Weiner, and Denise Levertov.

Also many new poems by young New York poets, recently written, being read by them for the first time.

A benefit reading for children burned in Vietnam by Americans, and in memory of the thousands of adults and children who have been burned to death.

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MONTAGNE-ST. EMILION, CHATEAU DES TOURS VINT. 1959.....	2.98	32.30

LEGALIZE POETRY

Big Brother has been watching the poets, and with prurient interest yet. Numerous recent arrests and indictments for obscenity brought against poets here and abroad indicate that the methods of the public defenders are often repulsive, offensive to decency, and ill-omened--the precise definition, in fact, given in Webster's for "obscene".

One Sunday morning, on January 2, 1966, poet Ed Sanders was arrested in his Peace Eye Bookstore and charged with "possession of obscene literature and lewd prints". Far from lurking in the shadowed doorway soliciting innocent maidens and tourists with offers to sell "feet pictures", Sanders was home in bed at the time he was summoned to the store by Tull Kupferberg, friend and also a poet, who discovered the door and window broken and the store occupied by four policemen. Sanders was arrested immediately on arrival.

How the obscenity charge came about was reported in EVO (Feb. 1-15, 1966): The arresting officer, Sgt. Fetta of the 9th Precinct, was summoned to Sanders' store on a burglary call. While determining the items stolen, he stumbled upon some of the literature Sanders publishes and sells, among which were issues of *Fuck/You*, *A Magazine of the Arts*; *Peace Eye*, a book of poems written by Sanders; personal letters and papers, one of which was a letter from the Library of Congress asking for a full set of *Fuck/You*; and *The Platonic Blow*, a poem of homosexual encounter by the famous poet W.H. Auden. The lot were read, confiscated and retained by the arresting officers. Sanders was retained also, but they let him go after receiving \$500 bail. After repeated postponements, Sanders trial is now fixed for sometime in February.

Secret denunciations, while deplored in print, are apparently accepted in practice by some police: in Cleveland a few months ago, Darryl Allen Levy, 24, indicted secretly by the Cuyahoga County Grand Jury for publishing and disseminating obscene literature. Levy is an outstanding young poet and editor of the *Marrowhanna Quarterly*, which was among various publications confiscated on Dec. 1st when fuzz descended on the peaceful Asphodel Bookstore in Cleveland with hawk eyes peeled for the latest in pornography, and having glommed their fill, capped the crusade by arresting James R. Lowell, bookseller, for "selling obscene material"--which they never even paid for. The secret indictment was made public on Jan. 5th and a warrant issued for Levy's arrest. Since the charge carries a fine of \$200 to \$300 or 1 to 7 years in jail or both, Levy has been forced to go into hiding.

Walter Lowenfels, poet and editor of a number of poetry anthologies, has pointed out that the charge of 'obscenity' and even of 'dope'--chiefly the holding, sharing, etc. of marijuana--are smokescreens: the real objective is to silence those who will not be silenced. Why else should the FBI officially investigate Doug Blazek, editor of *Ole* magazine, instead of directing its efforts in the direction of, say, Mafia drug-magnates, with whom they have established equitable patterns of interrelations? Or the San Francisco cops rival Savonarola in frenzied condemnation of Lenore Kandel's *Love Book*, containing poems in praise of love so beautiful as to make them a modern equivalent of the Old Testament Song of Songs?

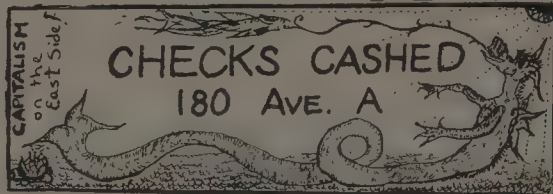
Smut seekers are the same everywhere: unable to see beyond their uniforms and unwilling to face their own and their institutions' inadequacies, they offend reason, nature, and even their countries' traditions. In India, whose ancient religious literature includes the instructionally erotic *Kama* ("Pleasure") Sutra, a group of modern Bengali poets collectively called the "Hungry Generation" have recently been persecuted for writing "obscene" works; Malay Roy Choudhury, leader of the Hungry poets, was convicted last year by a Calcutta court for writing and publishing "Stark Electric Jesus", allegedly an "obscene" poem. (Anyone wishing to read works of the Hungries and their essays on the movement may order advance copies of "Salted Feathers", \$1.00 ea., by writing Dick Bakken, 3206 NE 12th, Portland, Ore.) Here in America, the bookstore purges and confiscations are clearcut violations of free press; condemnation of artists' works is at the outset based on the most subjective and arbitrary criteria of the simple civil servants who, more often than not, titillate rather than educate themselves and chase fantasies rather than real criminals.

20,000 MILES

Continued from page 7

set your teeth grinding; topless waitresses -- topless shoestring parlor, topless band, topless mother-of-eight (I'm not kidding); faggots -- respectable businessmen from all over the country looking for faggots.

Respectable, good American types, in business suits. Why do they cut their hair like that? Their ears stick out. All these guys with big ears. Why do they want to look like that? They crowd a shop that sells all those buttons, you know, Love. Hands Off Timothy Leary, Fly LSD



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Airways. It's fantastic! They can't possibly believe any of those messages. If they did they wouldn't look like that. Yet they buy and buy and leave bristling with hipness. In the Haight Ashbury you can find the drop outs. Here the believers in the unsanctioned pleasures live. Young people, thousands of them, beautiful people, girls and boys. Make love, not war, is their message and they do.

The cops hate them. The up-tight hate them. My god, they're enjoying themselves! And worst yet "They're ignoring us!" One woman at a hearing about a proposed R&R dance held by the beach said, "They'll go out on the beach and make love. They're always trying to do that."

The kids go on trying to make lives. Creative and active they try to live. Much of it is not very profound perhaps. That's another reason they're disliked -- they've taken the creative act out of the museums, off the market place, and into their lives. The establishment is going ape. The authorities slowly grind into gear. Already they move to destroy them. The hippies lack political consciousness. I hope they develop it in time. I hope we do, too. Because they are arming, baby, and WE are the enemy.

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DROP A LETTER FROM WHAT I EAT TO LEAVE A GARDEN.

3 OF THESE FORM A GREEK GOD.

ADD A NUMBER TO WHAT DESTROYED ME TO CREATE A MOTHER.

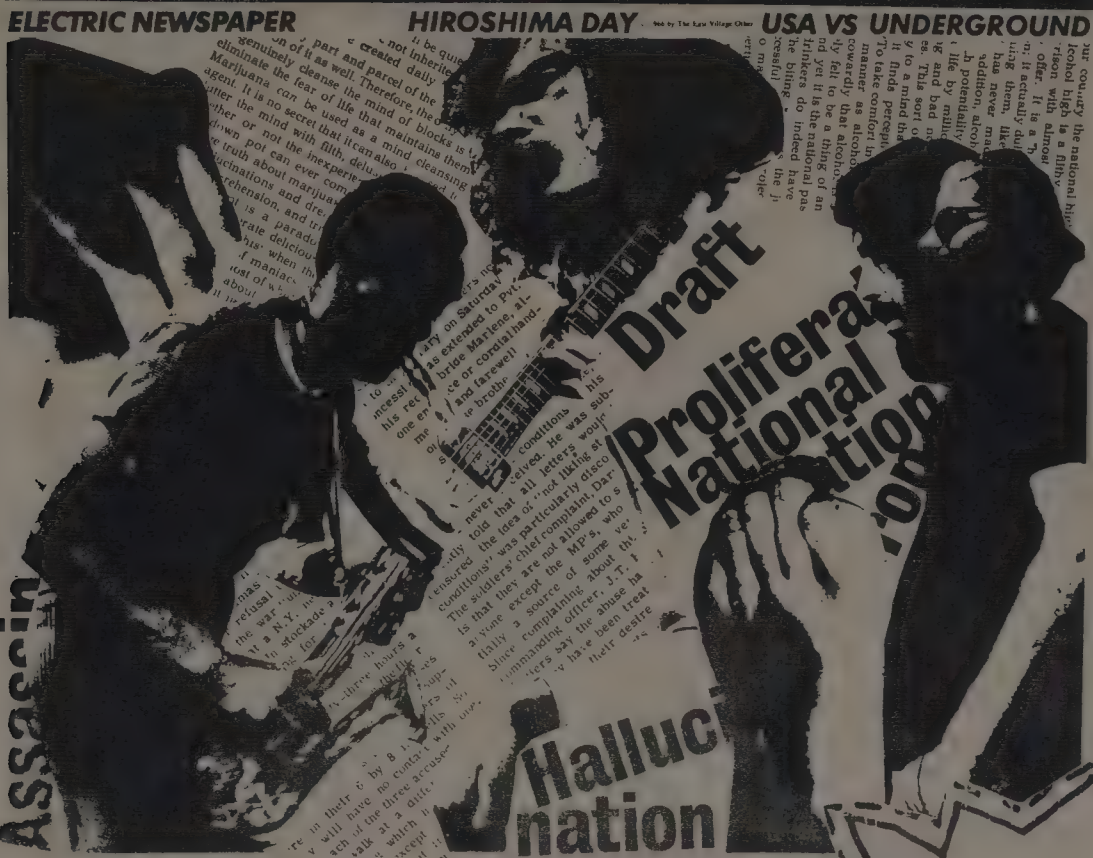


SUBSTITUTE ONE LETTER IN MY NAME TO SPELL A FRUIT.



BY RON PADGETT / DRAWN BY BRAINARD

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-P. Leggieri

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SLUMGODDESS



LIZ EHM PHOTO ATTEMPT BY BOWART

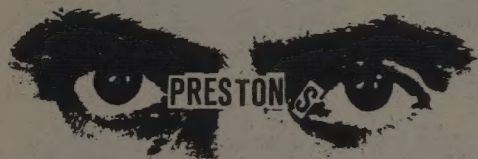


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So, why not come down. To be a member of PRESTON'S costs only 25¢ and the required contribution is only \$1.25. The show starts at 8:30. Be sure to ring for a reservation (Wa 5-7386) as seating in New York's smallest theatre is very limited. The address is 102 Forsyth Street.

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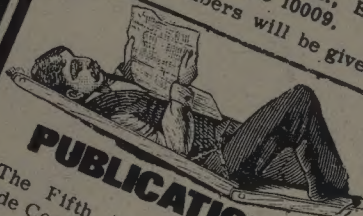


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births
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baby

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A WORN
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SHAFT

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PUBLICATIONS

The Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee has put together a photographic documentary of the March 26, 1966 demonstration against the war in Vietnam in New York: "In the Teeth of War." A handsomely printed edition containing 65 pages of photographs, the book is dedicated: "to all those who struggle to turn our country from the path of callousness, cruelty and de-cadence." All those interested in ordering copies (\$1.95 each) should contact the committee at 5 Beekman St., N.Y.C. 10038, Room 922. 964-0070.

DEAL



PERSONAL

Two tough, fun loving pretty girls seek tougher, long-haired Village boys for friendly relationship. Ages 16-20, cute, 68" and taller. Call Thea (201) 768-4262. DON'T LEAVE MESSAGE.

High school teacher, 33, 6'11", good looking, considerate, seeks affectionate mistress. If interested write to Alby, Box 127, Williams Bridge Station, Bronx, New York. Strictly confidential. Please enclose photo.

Young teacher, Negro, 6'2", exceptionally endowed, introverted, realist, seeks coalescent communion with mature, urbane, unusually interesting, versatile, imaginative female. Write Constantine, G.P.O. Box 1423, New York, New York.

Intelligent girl for four and a half room apartment, elevator building, Central Park West, own room available. \$50 a month and utilities. 865-4676 keep trying.

Girlfriend wanted. White race desired. Interested in the arts. 21-30. 13 W 89th St.

Wanted: date and playfem: music, drama, art, dance, skiing, skating, walking, trips, tennis, swimming, dancing. Call EN 2-6100, ask for Ralph Barlie or leave message.

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THE SMALL PRESS REVIEW (quarterly) -- news, features, reviews, quarterly "record" of small press/little magazine scene worldwide. \$3.50 a year. Also LITTLE MAGAZINE DIRECTORY, annual, 800 listings, \$3.50 for four editions. DUST-BOOKS, Box 123, El Cerrito, California.

STUFF

Because of the deep interest generated by the 70 secret paintings of Isleta pueblo now on view, the Riverside Museum is extending the exhibition for four additional weeks. The collection constitutes a memorable depiction of life in an American Indian village -- the only such detailed pictorial record of ceremonial life in existence. It is the first time that these paintings, drawn in secret and at the risk of death, have been shown, and the artist's name revealed. 310 Riverside Drive at 103rd St., N.Y.C. 10025 UN 4-1700.

The Socialist Scholars Conference has just announced the formation of a membership organization. The Conference, an independent association formed in 1965 to provide opportunities for scholarly discussion of subjects from a socialist perspective, has sponsored two successful weekend meetings and has announced plans for a Third Annual Conference in New York, September 8-10, 1967. The Conference also intends to organize regional meetings in the mid and far west. All those with an interest in socialist scholarship are invited to participate. For further information about dues, organization and future plans write to Socialist Scholars Conference, Box 462, Brooklyn, New York, 11201 or contact Professor Helen Kramer, 60 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201, 852-1073

Semi-retired Jersey businessman needs bed every Tuesday night. Phone Tuesday only. Lawrence 684-1270.

AND

ELECTRONIC ENGINEER, 33, 5'11", 180 lbs., white, with various interests and great potential seeks attractive affectionate girl to share destiny. Work near Village, have unpretentious but unusually private garden apartment and large working space in East 70's. Both apartment and I are yearning for the right feminine touch... You??? Tr 9-7799 8 to 12 p.m. Call tonight!!!

I am a 33 year old bachelor who is steadily employed and tired of being alone. I would like to provide for an intelligent young girl who would be willing to share my three and a half room apartment in the West Village. Please call 242-5445 and let's talk it over.

Healthy male, 32, no complications. Comfortable apartment. Possible part-time roommate arrangement. Compatible fun. Females only 18-28. Call 249-0429 Jack weekdays evenings or Sat-Sun all day. Take a chance, I am.

Couple, mid-thirties, creative, attractive, adventurous and enjoying the here-and-now, the living, the here-and-now, the why-and-because, wish to meet similar couple. Box 104 C/O EVO.

Young teacher, Negro, 6'2", exceptionally endowed, introverted, realist, seeks coalescent communion with mature, urbane, unusually interesting, versatile, imaginative female. Write Constantine, G.P.O. Box 1423, New York, New York.

Intelligent girl for four and a half room apartment, elevator building, Central Park West, own room available. \$50 a month and utilities. 865-4676 keep trying.

Girlfriend wanted. White race desired. Interested in the arts. 21-30. 13 W 89th St.

Wanted: date and playfem: music, drama, art, dance, skiing, skating, walking, trips, tennis, swimming, dancing. Call EN 2-6100, ask for Ralph Barlie or leave message.

Young co-ed type, well dressed, sophisticated games lover. Come play with tall, broad-chested ad man, martini nut. We'll have a ball. 697-6629.

Journeyman sorcerer turns ordinary sterile young things to raving craving vampirettes. Photo and letter. El Syndica, 04.63 Hazel. BKL XII.

Law student (2nd year, 22) wishes to meet GIRLS of interesting personality, character, and ideas. Also seeking FEMALE roommate. (Definitely no men) 789-8227.

MEN: Attractive, intelligent, creative, way-out-but-not-that-way-out girl wants to meet men between 28 and 38. Object: one hour coffee/cocktail meeting -- maybe movies, music, dates, mating later. No phonies, parasites, perverts please! 255-8736.

One-year marriage (with renewable option) support for a bright young coed willing to put up with set ways of bachelor writer (38) and help with his article and books. Picture with application a must. Write Mr. By-Line, Box 240, Madison Sq. Station, N.Y.C. 10010.

I am looking for a very intelligent, personable, attractive girl about 25-35 who wishes intellectual and emotional stimulation and who can respond with equal warmth and involvement. Besides these reciprocal qualifications, I offer economic security, professional (scientific) achievement, an intellectual interest in the arts and philosophy and an optimistic view of mankind. What about you? Box 303, NYC 10008.

"Nous mourons en merde." Nineteen year old Boston area student bored with sterile academic atmosphere seeks intellectually real relationship with Genet, Savio, Lawrence, Dubuffet, ad infinitum or minor adherents. Call 237-9874. Sally.

BUY & SELL



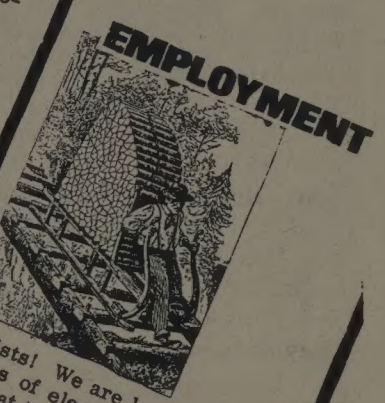
JACKSON ILLUSION PEPPER Bumper Stickers 50¢ each. Other quaint phrases 5¢ stamp for list. Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, New York.

THE HEAD SHOP PRESENTS your mailbox. Tripster Illusion Glasses \$5.95; Oscillating Light Bulbs \$3.25; Box of 100 Bamboo Paper \$11.95; Lg. telescopes \$2.95; Hash Pipes \$1. No C.O.D. for N.Y.C. residents please add 5%. Mail to Head Shop West, 124 MacDougal St., N.Y.C. 10012. Love to all.

Contents of apartment for sale: 700 books, women's clothes, 300 sizes 10-14, child's chairs, 300 earrings, mirrors, dressers, air conditioner, 982-7943. Keep trying.

THREE LEVEL OLD SPACE HOUSE FOR SALE. Ideal for group of family. Three-quarter acre, well, heat, 35 miles north of N.Y.C. \$20,000...write! Pina, Willowgrove Road, Stony Point, New York, 10993.

Lost marv acrylic painting emulsions. Buy direct from manufacturer and save \$. Canvas stretchers any size. Prices lower than anywhere. 242-3520 anytime.



EMPLOYMENT

Artists! We are looking for all forms of electrified art to exhibit at the upcoming EVO ball. For more info phone Beckman at EVO office.

Unemployed actor needs work as model. Age 25, 5'7", 130 lbs. Blond, trim figure. Call Steve after 5 p.m. SX 9-6796

We need a head lawyer. Corporate experience preferred. Submit resume to: Psychedelic Designs, 500 E. 11th St., N.Y.C. 10009 or The Psychedelicatesen, 627 E. 9th, N.Y.C. 10009.

Actress beautiful, well built. To do scene in buff. 35mm feature horror comedy. Pay Feb. 20. C1 6-9810. Call before

Filmmaker seeks actresses, figure models, exotic strippers for low-budget flicks in N.Y. and Fla. Send pictures and resume to Sterling Films, Box 867, Radio City, New York 10019

Beautiful girl to pose for nude photographs for use in reputable, legitimate publication. Good pay. Straight job -- no scenes. 473-8840.

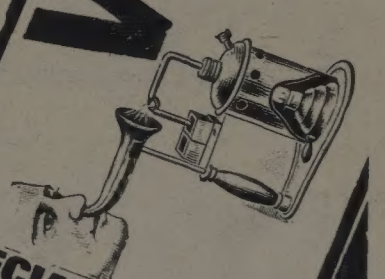
Photographer needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. for illustration of dresses, etc. Pin-up, figure for magazines. George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, Mu 6-8827.

Need an electric bass player, a producer, and a genius arranger. Call 473-0589 Emmett Lake.

WELL-BUILT? LIKE TO POSE? Bodybuilders, weightlifters, wrestlers, muscular, strong or heavy types call Al Stephens Wa 9-9272 after Feb. 5.

Wanted: female figure model for photographer. Prefer attractive and slim. No experience necessary. \$10 per hour. Call 243-5362 evenings.

Magazine photog needs liberal minded figure models. Contact Rod/Dave Saturday afternoons. 422 E 14th St., Apt 1-B.



SPECIAL SERVICES

GIRLS: In the age of computer dating why not consider the old fashioned way to meet a date -- by appearance. If appearance is as important to you as intelligence then you will be interested in an important new magazine dating service. Send us your photo (any size) and a list of your interests and leave the rest to us. We will withhold your name and give you a box number so you can screen the replies. Write Box P.M. c/o EVO.

DRAFT ELIGIBLE? SINGLE MOTHER (or mother-to-be)? Change your status, on your terms, through MARRIAGE DE RAISON. For details, regform, write Fitch, 526 W. 112, New York City or phone Mo 2-4369.

Television producer wishes girls for amorous experiences. I will use the new approach. Call Jack Bu 7-3343.

Girls, if you're intelligent and lively (ages 21-36) you may enjoy attending interesting socials where many men of this type (verified as in highest 2% I.Q. bracket) will be attending. Phone 222-9424 after 9 p.m. or Saturday mornings.

Attention all you groovy chicks. Guy, 33, midtown luxury apartment, wants to hear from you. Object: swinging parties. Call evenings during week or anytime weekends. 686-9044.

Girls, do you want to improve yourselves and be self-reliant? If yes, I, a doctor, want to date you! I am 37, 6', 185, good looking, wealthy, intelligent, interesting, successful, loving, independent, creative and self-confident. Write for complete details now to P.O. Box 546, Times Square Post Office, New York, New York 10036. Thank you.

"Life is a dream and dreams are dreams." Male seeker invites girl believer to weave a dream of life. Call 875-3150.



**T...T...TH...THAT'S
ALL
FOLKS**



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