

EXTRA

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BEAT





Dear EVO,
An Open Letter To The Psychedelic Community--
If It Exists

A community is composed of individuals working for a universal goal; separate energies combining forces; mutual aims and varied ideas joined in harmonious cooperation. Where is the community who's desire is to share? To help one another grow with the most advantageous evolutionary tools that have ever been laid at our disposal? Where is the community who realizes that the expansion and growth of the coming generations lie on the tongue of every acid eater.

It appears that the term "drop-out" has taken reverse action. Instead of leaving a time/place in the present society and "dropping-out" into a functional harmonious effort towards a better one, people are simply withdrawing into a land of coloured bubbles and plastic trips. Apathy is the by-product of narcissistic alienated culture. Hardly communal.

To feel strongly is to be committed. The act of "dropping-out" implies commitment. Commitment to truths, ideals, actions.

There are many people who have the desire to harness and channel the new frontiers opened by the psychedelic catalysts and there are so many others who have the resources to tap and guide these new found energies. Unfortunately many of these teachers are falling into the syndrome of non-committance. They have not dropped out but dropped away--even from the very cause they seek to establish.

The labours of men such as Timothy Leary can become meaningless without support. In this day of the anti-hero, no-model, faceless-mirror populace, there are few standing out, stepping in, and rolling their sleeves up.

Does the community feel the need for a meditation centre, a need for instruction and lecturing on living a psychedelic way of life, a need for learning? The need has been voiced but where is the "green energy" that flows through a psychedelic community? The League for Spiritual Discovery is trying to set up such a community centre.

- O, loud proclaimers of the ideals of the community
- O, teachers
- O, workers
- O, seekers
- O, instructors
- Gather ye together.

The total experience is reciprocal. We exist if the pulse-beat of the community is strong and clear. We can grow together or remain alienated entities. A well-known Headmaster recently said:

"If you just use 3% of your consciousness and combine forces, you can accomplish things in no-time."
Let's travel this new Highway together. Life is a human be-in. Be there.

Marsha Chuk
League for Spiritual Discovery
159 Hudson Street
New York City



THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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Dear EVO:

There are narco agents in the schools. Kids are being busted for anything from rolling a tobacco cigarette to taking a Contac cap for sinus. Kids are being thrown out of schools, arrested as derelicts and degenerates, and just plain being hassled by cops and school officials. And we stupid fools sit back and take this shit.

Fifty percent of the population is under 25. There are some pretty hip 12 and 13 year olds and some pretty hip 35 and 40 year olds.

THERE ARE MORE OF US THAN THERE ARE OF THEM! And the straight faces will probably have us all put away and lobotomized if we don't get them before they get us. United We Stand. FUCK THE ESTABLISHMENT!

With lots of love --- keep happy --- don't let them take you away,
Buttercup

PS: Celebrate love and happiness at the Be-In April 30.

Dear EVO:

You may not know it (as a matter of fact I know you don't) but your publication is my only escape to the hip scene. I am stuck, and I do mean strung out, down here in Georgia. Fuck this and the rest of the southern states.

Being born, raised, and turned on in New York, this south (and I might even mention this half-assed chicken shit Army while I'm at it) is one big, bad trip. I started to tell you how much I dig your paper, but now my thoughts turn to goofing on the Army. I had better can that idea, cause I think my commanding general is a stone head and digs on your paper too!

Without you, as my bible, I don't think I could hack it here. You really don't know what it means just to read about the head shop or Preston's or the Underground Uplift Unlimited. All the guys (99.44/100% rebels) in my platoon eagerly await, as I do, the arrival of my EVO. All these fucking southerners just read it, (PS, some of them can't read), to find out about the off-the-wall happenings in New York, and then turn to goof on it. This really tightens me up, but I do get a good laugh out of those M.F.'s.

So, thanks again, you all (Southern brainwashing at its best) for being where you are, although I do wish you were where I am and I were where you are.
PFC Robert Bulow

Dear EVO:

FRIENDS-PROVOS-COUNTRYMEN

Lend me your spincters. The time for revolting is surely at hand. Mail a turd to your congressman today. We can't be expected to eat all of it. Join the provos in the greatest fake out demonstration ever. A TURD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE TUSH. Join the SHIT-IN against war in Vietnam. Do your duty to your country...and mail a turd today. Send a box of shit to any official agent of any official agency. The month of April has been designated NATIONAL DUTY MONTH throughout the country. This is not a joke! Give what you can NOW! Our goal is 20,000 for April. Supplement any packages with mallouts of freshly used toilet tissue or a few boogies smeared on a sheet of paper. Remember that an entire Southeast Asian Cabinet resigned as a group after bucket of human feces was dumped on them as a protest against corruption. It can happen here too. Don't flush!!! MAIL!!!

Dear EVO:

So you denizens of East Village feel put upon by the cops, the fuzz, whatever it is you call them out there, both in and out of uniform.

Let me tell you of the newest wrinkle out here in the midwestern provinces. Several cities are setting up "checkmate" programs. The idea behind this clever plan is for any unqualified but self-righteous citizen to team up with the police, reporting in whenever they feel some wrong or other is being perpetrated, whenever they fear some crime, imagined or real, is being committed.

One gets a frightening picture of a somewhat neo-Nazi state of affairs in which kids inform on parents and parents on kids, in which neighbors become spies and counterespies, in which police -- because of their own inability to merit and thus win respect -- weave a web of fear and distrust.

But what an ideal way for us vindictive and frustrated losers to settle old scores and get even with former friends for real or imaginary slights or affronts.

Sincerely,
Bill Bennett, Michigan

CONFERENCE ON EQUALITY

Liberty house has announced the sponsorship of a conference on the Economics of Equality at Community Church, Saturday, April 18th at eight in the evening. Participants in the conference will be Cesar Chaves, leader of the National Farmworkers Association and the man who led the march of striking farmworkers from Delano to Sacramento, California, last summer. Author Oscar Lewis, who wrote La Vida and the poignant Children of Sanchez, will participate along with anarchist sociologist Paul Goodman, author of the penetrating report, Growing up Absurd. Along with these prominent figures will be Jesse Morris, director of the Poor Peoples Corporation of Mississippi and Abbe Hoffman, manager of Liberty House in New York (see Green-Power, EVO, Feb. 15th).

Proceeds of the conference will be divided by the Poor Peoples Corporation of Mississippi and the National Farm Workers Association. The Community Church is located at 40 East 35th Street, and will bring together some of the most outspoken militants in the farmworker revolution now sweeping across America. For further information phone Abbe Hoffman at 929-4192, or contact Liberty House, 343 Bleeker Street, New York 10013.

Dear EVO:

Having recently seen Notice in the Press of the Jackson Illusion Pepper and the Berkeley (or "Electric") Banana, I am moved to inform you of the Potentialities of the Psychedelic Peanut.

The Effect is obtained by smoking the Red Integuments immediately surrounding the nut-meat. The skins of oil roasted peanuts should be avoided; they flare up. As a very considerable number of skins is required, it is recommended that peanuts be purchased in bulk from Pete's or some other such list Ave. emporium.

In closing, perhaps I should run over the drawbacks:

- 1. Rather large quantities are required.
- 2. The smoke is quite harsh.
- 3. It is not known to be as medically innocuous as marijuana.

Yr obdt svt,
Jesus Cacahuete

Dear EVO:

I wonder just how new the Jackson Pepper really is?..Check the etymology of the word "cubeb" as in cubeb cigarette:

cu-beb /'kyn,beb/ n-s (MF cubebe, fr. OF, fr. MI cubeba, fr. Ar kubabah, kababah) 1 a: the dried unripe nearly full grown fruit of the Java pepper which is crushed and smoked in cigarettes for catarrh and from which there is prepared an oleoresin formerly used medicinally b: one of these fruits 2 or cubeb cigarette : a cigarette containing cubebe 3 or JAVA PEPPER

(from Webster's 3rd New International p 550)

????????????????????

Cordially,

Mike Aldrich

Dear EVO,

The modern use of electronic roulette in democracy is a must.

A National Court could be established consisting of the Judges of all the final courts in the 50 states. With electronic roulette three can be chosen with total randomness in the exact probabilities of the population distribution. Thus state high, nation wide legal problems would get solved consistent with the best laws in the total states. The National Court could prevail when states are disinvented.

The Army, Navy, Marines, Airforce, and Coast Guard could be merged with electronic roulette picking the Genads to run the merger. Police, Fire, Sanitation, etc. likewise. Secret Service, FBI, Treasury Agents, Customs Men, etc. likewise.

The Final Federal Court in Washington would also be chosen periodically by electronic roulette for their latest answers.

Just as the invention of the typewriter gave more freedom to women than all the marching suffragettes in history, so the establishment of electronic roulette would turn the United States of America into the United States of Equality. It has the appointive power of equality that no President, no governor, no mayor can possibly approach.

How to achieve all this? The first step is to ask people what they think of the idea. Keep talking about it. As a reader of EVO, assume that you are a member of a PPower P Poor Commonwealth (PoPoCo) or PPCmw which could also stand for Poor Peoples Commonwealth. This organizationless organization with the invisible bond and unselfcentered motives will work for and achieve a better city and nation.

Paul Maag



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CHAPPAQUA A Non-Review of a Non-Movie

by Kevin O'Flaherty McCool

In the loft on Centre Street two years ago I first heard about it from Bill Burroughs. "A movie being made by a young friend of mine. I play the spirit of addiction." And the same night Burroughs said, over martinis, "It is precisely word-lines, lines of word and image and association, which keep you imprisoned in present time, right where you are sitting now."

And now here it is with technicolor and feature-length 90 minutes running time and Burroughs and Allan Ginsberg and Ed and Tuli and the great Jean-Louis Barrault and beautiful Paula Pritchett and Swami Satchidananda and Stonehenge older than time and Cherokee peyote rites and Moondog and music by Ravi Shankar and J.S. Bach -- Step right up, Jung and old, it's good for man and bestiality, CHAPPAQUA by Conrad Rooks -- the first movie, the end of the road for all stage traditions, all Hollywoodism, all half-way Mekas and Warhol compromise -- the psychedelic cinema art perfected in one giant step -- all lines of word and image and association smashed, shredded, cut-up, permutated, into a form musical and mathematical -- a visual banquet with course after course of naked lunches, reality sandwiches and Latest Spiritual Discoveries -- "The Way Out" said Confucius "is via the door, how is it that nobody will try this method?" -- The Way Out is here before us, this minute, this film, a complete religious and cosmic view of All-Time and All-Space, beyond the limits of the body-cage, and yet miraculously incarnate in a theatre seat, "right where you are sitting now."



A small city in upstate New York, of a boy 2 billion years later in Chappaqua, out tentacles that will reach to the birth in the primordial ocean is reaching dagger into Caesar and the first jelly-fish on Centre Street, Brutus is plunging his where you are sitting now, in a loft like a waterfall in your ears. Right and listen to the hymn of the Road chief surface, dig? Come to peyote in sandals see islands only when you are on the waters below the earth. You see appeared on earth or in the sky or in no things. No such animal has ever mistaking for a thing. But there are our language has hypnotized us into in the middle, a gestalt function, which things. The self is, like the first things in motion and motion in the eye sees noun and verb as one: us damned stupid Occidentals that Long ago Fen-Lo-Sah pointed out to that every verb must have a subject. With semantic spooks in its insistence that the English language, populates the world to have meaning because our usual code, your hand? is a question that appears "Where does your fist go when you open experience, but the structure of the code. The original non-verbal gestalt-Tao of perception, not the structure of damned code, I don't care what it is, gives not a dog to come when you whistle. Any message. Aztec world, not our world; truth medio, as McLuhan says, is always the kinds of scanning patterns, and the animal. All that exists are various perception -- because there is no such system of Man can abstract it from crude "reality" anymore than the nervous course it is. The camera can never show that "The camera is a liar." Of Eisenstein said.

"If you went away, where would you go?"
 "Probably to Chappaqua."
 "Where?"
 "A Chappaqua."
 "Parlez-moi de Chappaqua. Je crois que c'est une source... a spring?"

"It means the sacred place of running waters. It's where the tribes come to bury their dead. The Indians are all gone, vanished. All the reasons for me to come here to this clinic started with peyote. I came across this friend who had this peyote. You eat it because they say you get high. And I ate this. I ate much. A great amount. And I waited. I had this vision. Here, inside, I saw a circle of yellow gold, like an illumination...The Indians did dance here... they are all gone now... Only the arrowheads remain..."



A young boy, hooked two ways (booze and horse); an aged, wise, very stupid French psychiatrist who says "Descartes was my grandfather"; they cannot communicate. The psychiatrist is curing the boy's addictions, but the psychiatrist himself is addicted to the symbol-system of Indo-European semantics, and he cannot be cured. He remains trapped in present time, right where he is sitting now, while the addicted boy escapes into Eternity. That, in a nutshell, is the "plot" of CHAPPAQUA, a film by Conrad Rooks.

The plot has little to do with the action, which is the escape of the audience, along with the hero, into Eternity. CHAPPAQUA, the first film to use Burroughs' cut-up technique, proves that technique is even better adapted to cinema than it is to the printed page. Movies will never be the same again. You and I will never be the same again. Maybe it is Apocalypse, a freak-out for all the minds alive, and even LBJ will stop killing babies.



William S. Burroughs is not only a great writer but also a great actor -- His performance as Opium Jones, the spirit of addiction, is the creepiest characterization since the late great Bela appeared as the Transylvanian Count -- In the deepest unconscious we find, not fantasy, but telepath -- Aztec gods fed on human hearts -- But the real star is, of course, the maker of the film, Conrad Rooks, who also portrays the multiple addict -- Perls, Hefferline and Goodman propose, in GESTALT THERAPY, that the conception of the mind separated from the body and environment is not a scientific error (as the behaviorist think), nor even a semantic error (as Korzybski believed), but an inevitable neuroses developed by animals trying to live in chronic low-grade emergency -- Chronic low-grade emergency is the condition of Authoritarian culture -- You see islands because you are on the surface -- You are on the surface because you fear to plunge -- You fear to plunge because your muscles are "armoured", not against the outside but precisely against the inside -- The animals who wear clothes and come up out of subways to toil in offices and refuse to know that they have the hearts and livers and genitals and blood of the gorilla and deer and bull and dog inside them -- Every adjustment works: homeostasis -- Booze and heroin "worked" for a while for the hero of CHAPPAQUA -- LBJ's Vietnam policy is "working", --and psychoanalysis and communism and the Catholic church all "work", --as long as this animal does not look below the surface -- Peyote took the hero of CHAPPAQUA below the surface -- After that, nothing works unless it works in Eternity -- The Indians are gone. Only the arrowheads remain, right where you are sitting now.



Imported stiletto pocket knife only \$1.75 -- I descended the burning city of bridges and the priests shook their escalators -- The Field Marshall takes a special interest in Boys Clubs -- Hear whispered secret conversations through solid walls -- Super - Spy lets you see -- Johnson of docile nature seeks woman experienced in discipline -- In the loft on Centre Street over martinis and Moondog form musical and mathematical -- beyond the limits of the boy 2 billion years later in Chappaqua -- like a waterfall in your ears -- In the middle, a gestalt function to come when you whistle -- "Reality" is a liar -- Disgrace to the uniform refused an order with leather on women -- the bridge persists -- Landru as well as Napoleon to see that the "cage" and the ego are a furred tail upon nothingness -- Christian value entering hatches at night, never eating the rabbits but only sucking their blood -- into Eternity is Apocalypse, a freak-out to blow the head off the old girl in the harbor -- One thousand two thousand three thousand four thousand five thousand six thousand years we've carried your bundles grown your corn worked your machines licked your boots at your shit and for what? -- More punishment? More derelict? -- More shit? -- When did you ever give us a clean shuffle or a fresh deck? -- Wasn't it always the same crooked deal with the same marked cards? --Vampiric Capitalistic Moon - Yog-Sothoth works underground -- Corpses are set to banquet and the entire lay-out monsters -- Not fantasy, buy animals trying to live in chronic subways -- and blood of the gorilla -- the burning guerrilla will haunt you forever --and stink of blood and napalm.



For only the flesh is holy--battle with the Enemy of the Stars -- finally into Outer Space and the from Indian to me and you and escaping of flesh from jelly-fish to Indian and cave darkness, the single sacred river in the Organomic spiral, wombed in Female that Never Dies (TAO TE CHING)--Water Woman or Peyote Woman -- The Eternal to the Mother, the Sea -- They call her like Odysseus, we come back at last, always, place of the running water -- Like Ishmeel, bread and wine -- It means the sacred never-walk on the ground or eat of the Minds drugged by maps and menus that of CHAPPAQUA are real; so are the gods -- call it God -- I don't know -- The monsters ORDER -- some call it Orgone, some call converging upon the idea of a NATURAL form of live intelligence today is as much to Pound as to Burroughs -- Every Rooks, whether he knows it or not, owes is profoundly Buddhistic, like haiku -- has always been montage, and montage The essence of the medium.

NAVAL CONTEMPLATION

San Francisco--the Navy is investigating enlisted men's hippie movement, involving LSD at Leemore Naval Air Station.

The S.F. Chronicle said it learned that a sailor and some of his mates had been painting peace symbols on the jet aircraft they were detailed to maintain.

The newspaper said "At least 10 enlisted men have been interrogated", and were being held by agents of the Office of Naval Intelligence at the 50 square mile base about 200 miles southeast of San Francisco.

One sailor who claimed he had "found God and peace" after taking the psychoactive drug LSD, underwent psychiatric examination at Oakland Naval hospital the Chronicle story said.

The paper said information on the probe came from the Rev. Lyle W. Grosjean, of All Souls Episcopal Church in Berkeley.

The pastor, described as an activist in the peace movement, said friends urged him to visit the naval hospital, where he saw a Petty Officer from Lemoore who was being examined. Grosjean was quoted as saying the man told him he had been squarely behind the US-Vietnam policy "until he tried LSD last year". Grosjean said he was being subjected to Naval disciplinary action.

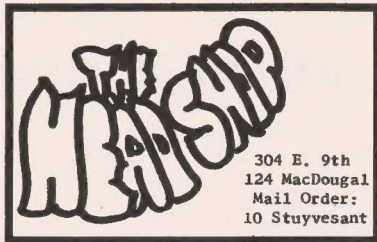
Comment from the Navy was not immediately available.

TRUTH BUST

Honest army officials never die, they just get reassigned...Col. George Moranda, a top editor of the European edition of 'Stars and Stripes', was recently dismissed from his job for having printed the news that the son of the U. S. Ambassador in Germany had been arrested for driving while under the influence of LSD. For this public relations gaucherie, the Frankfurt press reports he was called on the carpet by the U. S. Army Chief of Staff there, who "Chopped off his head" for arguing that the story should be printed and told him to "get out of Europe". Moranda subsequently received orders assigning him closer to Big Brother in the Pentagon office of information.

LITERATE TURN-ON

WE'RE HAPPENING ALL OVER, BABY!! For the first time since the Reformation and the Renaissance, it is suggested that maybe, after all, the contemplative life is preferable to the active one. Dr. Leslie Fiedler, the stomping intellectual Partisan Review brain-grope Establishment novelist-critic himself, suggested flatly that the education bag would do well to heave out the greater part of Traditional Eng Lit and start grokking onto Tim Leary. Dr. Fiedler slipped his leash on the revolution: "Our students are living on the edge of one of the greatest religious revivals that will ever have struck civilization...Leary is a man who begins to define (it) in his own weird way. You should have some sense of what Leary is saying because he is at the center of a revolution in thinking." Love and death from a novel American egghead. "The Puritan ethos no longer applies." Wall it, Dr. Fiedler!



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EXPO 67 PURGE

Toronto-City and provincia police have been moving through the Yorkville Quarter, the University of Toronto campus and through the Latin Quarter district of Montreal checking identification of any "undesirables", but more importantly harrasing American students and pacifists who have moved to the two provinces to avoid the draft. C.N.D. immigration has denied that pressure is being put on any Americans who have emigrated to Canada, but trains busses and air terminals are being frequented by American immigration agents who are checking out identification of all those coming to or leaving Canada from the United States.

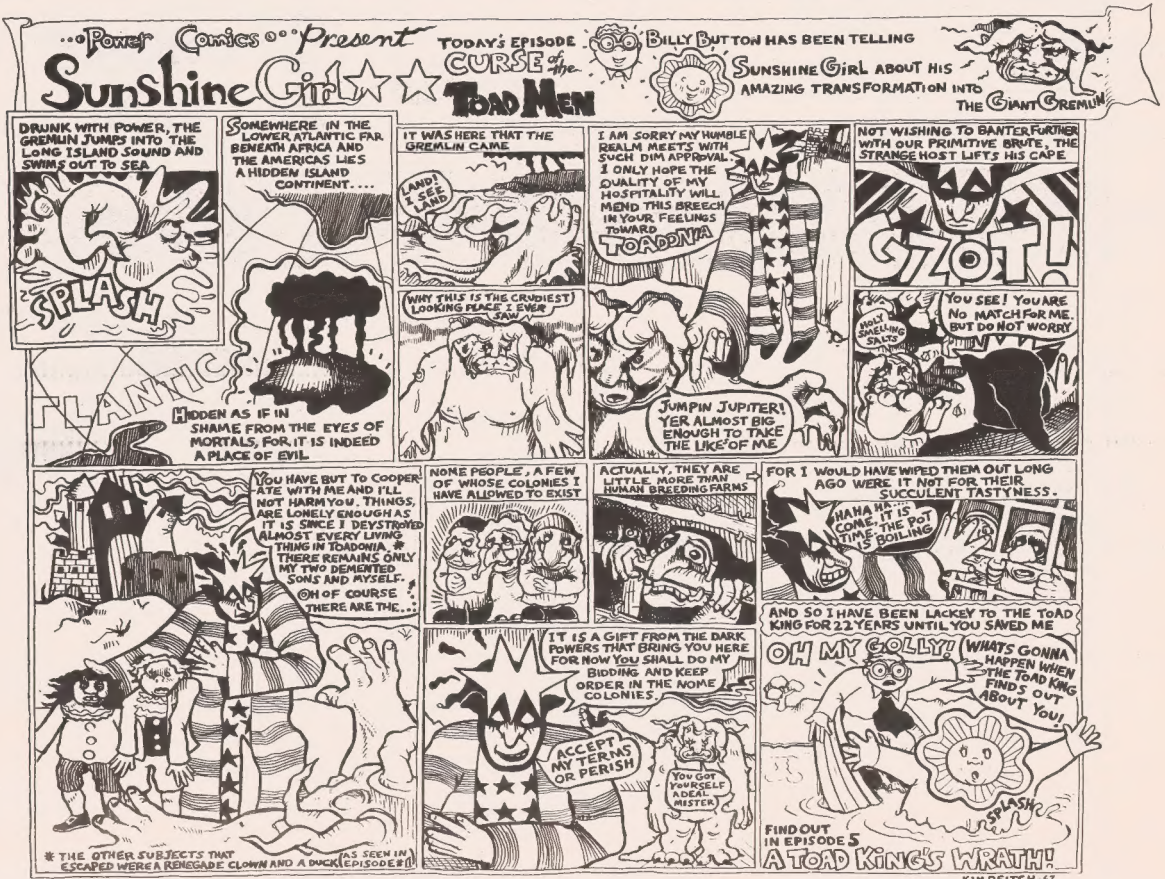
C.N.D. immigration officials in New York have denied that they are denying entry into Canada of anybody from the states who might be trying to avoid the draft, and stated "we have immigrants from many countries, not only the United States, and we do not discourage the entry of young men of draft age from the states."

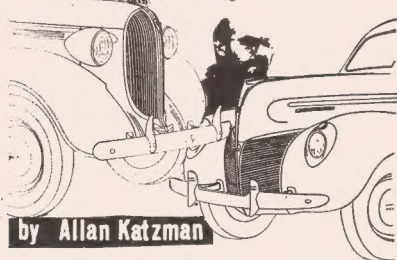
There has also been widespread harrassment of Americans in Toronto by local police since the Psychedelic Conference of last month, ostensibly in a search for illegal narcotics.

Automobiles bearing American license plates are being halted in Hamilton Ontario, on the Queen Elizabeth Way approach to Toronto, by Provincial police, and drivers are being scrutinized closely. Police are searching for marijuana and psychelics, or so a police official in Ottawa has stated, but American federal police have also halted autos on the same highway, checking Americans to see if they have draft cards. This, in violation of C.N.D. law, and internationally recognized agreements of sovereignty.

25 BUTTONS NO ONE WILL MAKE

- 1) I'm an Easy Lay (for men)
- 2) Goldwater in 69
- 3) Fuck for Peace
- 4) Lets Fug
- 5) I Gave Up Killing for Lent (for US soldiers in Viet Nam)
- 6) The Law is an Ass
- 7) Are You Fucking More & Enjoying It Less?
- 8) Jesus Was a Fag
- 9) God Sucks
- 10) I Am Not a Prevert
- 11) Coney Island for the Coneyes
- 12) I Am Real
- 13) I Am Not Real
- 14) I Am Not a Cop
- 15) I Am A Cop
- 16) I Am Happening
- 17) Now
- 18) Buy Herzogovinian
- 19) Flush For Everything
- 20) Garlic Stinks
- 21) Gooks are Groovy
- 22) Mine is bigger than yours
- 23) I'll Show You Mine If You Show Me Yours
- 24) I'll Show You Mine
- 25) Show Me Yours (Please)





by Allan Katzman

The "Megalopolitan Peacpipe Pow-Wow", a Be-In planned for April 15, and coordinated with the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, has started a storm of controversy among the hippie community.

The community has become divided over what a Be-In is. Some feel that the age of protest is passe and that the age of the new consciousness is upon us. They do not feel that protest against the Viet Nam war is a constructive process in rehabilitating a nation dedicated to violence. Rather they feel a love process where human beings demonstrate their awareness of sharing on a communal scale can be more effective in instituting a change.

There is something to be said about such criticisms, especially when the protests they began have not had much of an effect. In the Sunday Ramparts, ex-Green Beret, Donald Duncan, pointed out that "when the anti-war protests began we were spending a million dollars a week on the war, now we are spending a million dollars a day." Duncan goes on to point out that "the protests rather than deescalating the war have escalated it 200% and have given to the rest of the world a false image that we are a democracy when in fact we never have been one but rather a military/industrial complex where the President of the U.S. has become a welfare worker to his people."

This criticism cannot be ignored. There is no doubt we have marched the war into national consciousness, but at what price? I believe a new evaluation of the marches should be taken. If there is going to be a Be-In at the same time as the march, it should be an expression of love, not protest, otherwise the Be-In will fail in its original purpose. If people are going to march they should march with the understanding that only Love, not anger, can possibly offer a change. This way we could possibly influence the marchers and the protest movement in this country who realize that a new age has truly come upon us. Not one of protest, but one of enlightenment and expanded consciousness.

The spiritual community will have to decide on this basic issue before they meet on April 15 at the Sheep meadows in Central Park.

An exciting new idea in the exploration of mixed media will take place this summer starting June 15th in Woodstock, N. Y. Calling themselves Group 212, and situated on a 75 acre estate 100 miles north of New York City, the project will have facilities for 100 full-time resident students, 2 amphitheaters, workshops, lecture hall, art gallery, private studios, and two lakes.

The activities of the summer will include symposia and events by visiting artists and groups in all the disciplines with constant contact and collaboration in group projects. In addition to intermedia, individual instruction will be offered in the following studio disciplines: painting, sculpture, serigraphy, photography, film and drawing. For registration and schedule of activities write: Group 212, P.O.Box 96, Woodstock, New York 12498 or telephone 914-679-9603

John Gruen's column, "The Pop Scene", in the March 28th WJT, carried an item on Emmett Grogan which was a sad commentary on establishment newsreporting. Mr. Gruen stated, "Now Grogan is in New York hoping to do for the East Village what he's done for Haight-Ashbury. But he's run smack into a competitive atmosphere, rife with power-play and ego-juggling."

But this was three weeks ago and that bad trip has been overcome through understanding by both Grogan and the East Village community. Mr. Gruen should check his information first before reporting events which are history and therefore open to misinformation.

An International Festival of Pop - 67 will be held this upcoming June on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, at Monterey, California. It should be one of the most exciting events in Pop music with some of the greatest name in the field coming together for the first time. For information write Derek Taylor, Monterey International Pop Festival/67, 8428 Sunset Blvd., L.A., California 90069.

ATTENTION ATTENTION ATTENTION
Free food will be given out everyday at 28 St. Marks place at 7 p.m. Food merchants are invited to cooperate and give what ever they can. All others invited to eat, and bring food to share. For further information contact Norbert Kalter at 228 7036 or 254 1180.

THE GRASS GALLERY

"We are gliding through the elamosphere in our elasmoship at eithy million yergs per blik. Have no fear. So long as I am wearing this elasmohelmet, we are in no danger. However. Should my concentration waver just the tiniest elasmoinstant, then THE WALLS WILL WEAKEN, and the elasmoplasm will seep in through the molecules into your blood-stream, giving you ELASMOCYTOSIS, whereupon you fall into elasmospasms of elasmopsychosis. Then you die. IS THAT CLEAR? But all is well. We are



gliding through the elamosphere in our elasmoship..."

That's one of Mike Olshan's acid mumbles, taped live at his establishment, the Grass Gallery, over an incredible background of yelps, giggles, hums, burps, screams, groans, and tincan raga. Olshan is a master of simulated horror trips, his freak tapes outstrip the Mothers in spontaneity and invention: like, he makes them with people, zonked people. The Grass Gallery on seventh street just off Avenue B, is precisely the opposite thing from the Jade Companions affairs -- Olshan's place is a GOOD trip center.

Olshan's idea was to put up an inexpensive night-spot for mellow people to groove together in. Aware that the usual mixed-media apparati -- strobes and racket -- are generally enough to freak the sweetest trip, Olsh designed and constructed his own equipment. The effects in his place are gorgeous -- eminently pleasurable, but inobtrusive and gentle withal. Olshan's hit a happy medium between an environment that seizes the customer, and one that coaxes him.

DO UP YOUR HOME & HEAD
IN ONE TRIP.

prana

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BLACK MARKET RESEARCH

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1.
 - a. Do you, or have you ever smoked marihuana? _____
 - b. ...hashish? _____
 - c. ...taken cocaine? _____
 - d. ...Peyote? (mescaline) _____
 - e. ...LSD? _____
 - f. ...psylocybin? _____
 - g. ...heroin? _____
 - h. ...laughing gas (nitrous oxide)? _____
 - i. ...DMT (dimethyl triptamine)? _____
 - j. ...DET (dieythaltriptamine)? _____
 - k. ...STP? _____
 - l. ...methadrine or amphetamine? _____
 - m. ...diet pills? _____
 - n.specify others: _____

2. Please continue:

If you answered yes to any or all of the above questions which to your knowledge do you consider the worst trip or most evil?

Which do you consider preferable?
(take your pick)



3. If you smoke marihuana:
 - a. What age did you begin? _____
 - b. Do you smoke everyday? _____
 - c. Only at night? _____
 - d. Do you ever smoke too much? _____
 - e. Did you ever have a hangover? _____
 - f. Do you have a steady connection? _____
 - g. Is it a female? _____



4. a. How much do you usually pay for 1 oz. of marihuana? _____
- b. How much do you spend per month on grass? _____

5. Do you think that the Federal Sales Tax of \$100 per oz. on marihuana is unfair and excessive? _____

6. How do you prefer to take your marihuana? Specify one:
 - joint _____
 - pipe _____
 - waterpipe _____
 - baked in food _____

7. Have you ever sold drugs (including marihuana) in any form? _____

8. Do you consider your drug use religious? _____

Do you practice it alone or in a group _____
Do you have a ritual? _____

9. Do you drink alcohol or beer? _____

How much do you spend on booze? _____

10. What do you do when you turn on? (discuss) _____

11. Do you turn on other people? _____

12. Are you very paranoid because you use drugs? _____

13. Do all your friends turn one? _____
Some only? _____
Nearly none? _____



14. Ever busted for dope? _____

15. Your age: _____
Male/female _____
Education:(grade school, jr. high, high school, college, other) _____
What do you do for money? _____

What question did we not ask? _____

ANSWER IT: _____

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by JEAN-CLAUDE van ITALLIE



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"The talk had gone on for weeks. The play was terrible. The play was brilliant. It was pretentious or marvelous, boring or manic, too long, too choppy, too bizarre or too much. You could be certain of only one thing: Norman Mailer's play would be an event. It was.

'The Deer Park' is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might hate 'The Deer Park' but I guarantee this: it certainly will not insult you." — Pete Hamill, N.Y. Post

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BEIN_G



Great. So here we are, standing shivering in the clammy black sheep meadow pre-morning with a couple dozen other kids, unsure of whether the sun is going to rise at all, this Easter. Everybody's crowded into the knoll around the tall rocks, and the place is a wash with ill tidings. First of all, some fatass is perched up there on the rock with a greedy grin -- "Don't mess with my mind, man, I'm tripped out on fifteen hundred mikes of acid. Fifteen hundred, man. Oh, wow, am I ever trippin'. I'm up, man. Fifteen hundred mikes, oh shit, man..." And so on -- and so on -- first acid head you ever saw who had an ego, to speak of. And then it's black, and dim, and cold, as all numb hell, and there's really not many people around, everybody's silent shivering...but what's that? Over there? What's that little tin foil shoulder of God across the Fifth Avenue skyline? Fifth Avenue and east uptown, where the wealthy college kids drink beer and chase ass in elaborate peacock rituals, and the peroxide ladies mince down the boulevard attached to the little dogs you love to kick -- what the hell is that? Jesus, it's the sun, the freaky fucking hopeless goddamn gorgeous sun, an' she's coming up again. Gooooo sun! Yea team sun! GO! GO! GO!

Yeah, the sun had made the Be-In. And--eccou! eccou! looky looky! Thirty people charging across the meadow from Central Park West. And a mess of them coming down from the meteorology castle, they're already seen the sunrise. A subway load, Christ, coming in from Fifth...And the sun's just now coming up! Groovy, groovy, groovy.

Sun and people, it was the best thing around. Anytime was a good time all day. But the best time was somewhere between 8:00 and noon. Early on, the meadow was all hippie, and the good vibrations were tangible, really good vibrations all over, you swam in them. Somebody upended an empty orange sanitation drum, and that poor godamm drum never stopped throbbing all day. Another raga -- everybody synched in with it, everybody goddammit, and stayed synched all day. The drum was the focus of the good vibrations -- you could actually tell who was synched in by the way the hippies

grooved with the rhythm in every time we moved, everything we said, the way we wore our faces...five-dimensional raga.

Everybody was simply there, and with it, and that's what a Be-In is. Daily News please take note, and WJT -- if you bastards were too uptight to perceive any pattern to it, I feel sick and sorry for you, God help you. A Be-In is a place you go to and do your thing. Thousands and thousands of people, each one of us doing his own thing, synched in with each other on the DST raga -- that's a Be-In, I discover.

Do your thing at the Be-In, that's all, everybody else does. Gregariousness isn't quite the word for it. Because nobody infiltrated anyone else's thing, except as part of his own thing. Like, people grinned like happy idiots at each other all day, exchanged flowers and stones and curtain rings and kisses, grooving together in sD raga, but everybody was doing his very own personal thing. Friends did their thing together, Be-In acquaintances likewise, but the Tribal Drum was the only thing that held all twenty-thirty thousand of us really together.

My own thing, it turns out, was getting zonked out on everything legal. Kid with a pouch full of fanana joints -- "Smoke banana, man. Bananas are legal. Get zonked on banana." So there's this little strawberry blond chickie, about three feet high, wrestling a clump of balloons together with string. So I squat down and tie it for her with a loop -- "But I don't want a loop". Scrambling an apology onto my Tempeva - Maori face, I find the right cord and haul it straight for her. "Thanks, " and she takes off with the balloons bubbling behind her, and strawberry hair feathering out in the morning--I'm zonked really zonked on kids...KIDS ARE LEGAL!!!!Yea, kids.

Continued on page 10



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BE A LOVING PERSON UNDER THE THIRD DEGREE



At one time or another during his life on the Lower East Side, the average hippie in the street enters into some form of altercation with the cops. Entrapment, stop and frisk, search and seizure, "routine car checks," and bludgeonings are, for the Village resident, what operations and divorces might be as a topic of conversation for his grandmother. But in spite of the omnipresence of lurid tales (and the luridness of the omnipresent rumours) the hippies seem to live in a state of placid acceptance of police harrassment, figuring that it's one of those everyday evils like air pollution and the bomb, which enrage when contemplated and are so easily forgotten.

The attitude of the hippie toward society in general and the law in particular might be described as mildly schizophrenic. On one hand, he perceives with painful clarity that the forces of good, as represented by himself, are confronted with an all-powerful, all-lousy machine that is busy destroying everything of worth in the world; but on the other, persists an indestructible faith, left over from childhood perhaps, that somewhere justice is being meted out, and that in the end, reason will prevail. This hope, when applied to the New York City Police Department and the run of the mill Criminal Court judge, who insists on calling grass "the killer weed," is naive, to say the least. And so, when he is actually confronted with the large, blue hulk, like as not the hippie screws up.

One's mother would no doubt argue that none of the following would have come to pass if Joseph K had not been carrying four bags of heroin and a syringe with him down Ave. C at 1:00 in the morning in the first place. That, however, isn't

the point. The point is that Joseph was dragged out of the hallway of his girl's apartment building and searched by several TPF's who suspected that he might not be clean. He was not examining the syringe under the street light only five feet away from the uniformed Officers, as they later testified in court.

Likewise, it was imprudent for another local inhabitant to say loudly out the window of his car, "There they go, the men in blue. New York's finest, ha ha ha ha," because he was hit in the face with a nightstick and arrested.

So, O.K. But in many instances of police zealotness the victim cannot even be blamed for lack of common sense. Probably his only crime is that he is the member of a minority group considered to be deviant or dangerous by the average officer of the law. Or perhaps fate has placed him in the Astor Place subway station just in time to witness a difference of opinion between a cop and someone else. He may well find that he is inhabiting an area in which a program or "clean-up" is taking place. What about the teeny-popper who was stopped and frisked on 3rd Street because he was running because he was two hours late to meet his girl? Or the transvestites who were raided at a party in a private apartment by cops who said they'd "heard a shot on the roof?" And the Negro who was asked for his license and registration by an officer with a drawn revolver? A member of the DuBois Club, which had summoned the police when they were attacked by a right-wing group, was later arrested for interfering when he tried to explain to the cops that they were hauling off the Club members rather than the assailants. A nervous motorcyclist was

searched when he reached for a cigarette while the cop was examining his tail lights.

In short, until the millenium comes when hippies look normal to cops (and vice versa), hippies will have to learn to deal with the police. The following are a few rules of thumb for continuing health and freedom.

The main point to keep in mind when any conflict arises with the police is not to be a "wise-guy". From the cops point of view a wise-guy is anyone who shows disrespect for an officer of the law, which may mean anyone who displays intelligence superior to his own. "All you dog people are so intelligent," one officer said to a young lady whose Pekinese was off its leash, "but just see who wins this time." If you are stopped and interrogated or searched, or are a witness to some other abuse, it is not essential to raise hell or your constitutional rights at the scene. There are places to make the complaint afterwards. With this general thought in mind, let us take up searches.

The most common problem with the police is the stop and search in the street. Despite the stop and frisk law, the fact is that most such searches are not authorized under any law. Nevertheless, the wisest move is to submit, while mentally recording the name, badge number, the precinct number, and the number on the car of the officer. If you are not carrying any contraband, you are in a good position to make a complaint. If you protest the search right there, however, you run the risk of a trumped-up charge of disorderly conduct in order to provide an excuse for the cop's having stopped you in the first place. If you do decide to stand on your rights against a search in the

THIRD

Continued from page 9

street, make sure you have witnesses present, because in any situation where it's your word against the cop's, guess who the Judge will believe.

The real problem arises when you actually are carrying contraband. What to do when the police grab you and try to search you. Unfortunately, again the best thing to do is simply to submit. If you are searched unlawfully, you have a legal right to have the evidence suppressed, but of course the police will probably lie about how they got the evidence. ("I saw him drop it"). But you can't change that by resisting; you'll only provoke him into adding more charges. As a long term measure, hippies will just have to band together and complain of unlawful searches every time they happen. If you must carry contraband around in the street, take a nice clean friend along with you.

Searches in houses and apartments are easier to deal with. Except as part of an arrest, the police have no right to search an apartment for evidence unless they have a warrant. Evidence that is seized by breaking into a house without a warrant can usually be suppressed.

If you are a witness to, rather than a victim of, an unlawful action by a cop, it is important to remember that you are likely to be arrested if you interfere in the dispute, thus losing your status as a disinterested observer. If you can get the number of the officer or the squad car, or even the precinct you will be able to complain later. If you get a chance, hand a slip of paper with your name and address on it to the victim, or get the victim's name and address.

From the foregoing sad list of inadequate remedies it is apparent that the individual hippie cannot solve his problems with the cops by himself. Help, however, is close at hand. The New York Civil Liberties Union is collecting cases of searches and other abuses by the police in New York City in an effort to learn the pattern and history of those abuses. Eve Cary at the Union (WA 9 6076) is interested in hearing about searches in houses and on the street from witnesses and victims alike, whether or not they have resulted in arrests.

People who have been arrested always raise their constitutional rights, but those who have not gotten into trouble try to forget the whole scene as fast as possible. However, if the Narcotics Bureau is not going to become the overlord of the Lower East Side and the hippie his vassal, some action will have to be taken about police misconduct. As a start, the best thing to do is to nail the cops every time they make a false move. The Revolution comes later.

BEING

Continued from page 8

About ten, I was up thirty feet in white branches getting the overall scene, hippies and balloons from one end of the meadow to the other. Suddenly a huge ring of kids dilates out from the middle of the mess, pauses, and charges inwards like an enormous Virginia Reel. Yells and bellows--blomp! Oh, wow, group-grope to the hundredth power. People all over each other laughing, writhing, singing, groping -- I'm zonked on people...PEOPLE ARE LEGAL!! Yea, people.

Legal people, no shit, all up all over everywhere. It was difficult to grasp it. There were no authorities in control of the situation, but we were all of us somehow legal. This had me bemused a while, until the morning's first paddy wagon drove into view, a quarter-mile away under the trees: a thousand hippies melted away from the general clump, and we charged it. LOVE. LOVE. WE LOVE FUZZ! And we did, we loved them, that's what they're for, ain't it? One of us loved them so much he knelt before the wagon (at a halt, thank God) and kissed the bumper--voluptuously.

The press got there shortly after noon, I know, because the shutter shatter commenced while I was eating lunch, on a blanket, barefoot, with a half dozen similar people. There's something unsanitary about eating with your shoes on...So we were up to here in chicken bones, orange peels and greasy kisses, toes all over, unorthodox as all hell. Lots of multi-sexual smooching, and one lollipop among the six of us for dessert -- the 'papparizzi' were in cloud-cuckoo-land. Some clyde in a herringbone outfit opened a taping box down the hill from us, adjusted ear-phones like a good Mr. Jones, and commenced rapping into a hand mike. "Hey, a radio commentator", "Yea team, Marconi", "He's doing his thing, look, he came to the Be-In and he's doing his thing!" "Groooovy."

Three o'clock was the 36-hour mark on my calendar, so I folded arms and proceeded to flake out for a space. I had nothing to be rolled of, and anyway chicks were leaving purses around unguarded, unviolated. Hell, I saw a Mah Jongg set lying unattended for an hour in the same arrangement, the park was gorged with



That was a bit much, so the driver flicked on his riot wail, nudged around onto the grass, and took off back toward the 68th St. garage, festooned with flowers, balloons and day-glo graffiti. Yeah, it turned out we were legal because we were all there, a whole freaking sheep meadow full --

love, that's all. Love for nothing, the very best sort. Allen Ginsberg warbled by through my doze, with a hundred hippies in the wake of his recorder. Doing his thing too. Looks sweet...

...Hey, somebody's grooving with my hair. A chick, a pretty one, tights and shift and no makeup at all. "What are you on," she wants to know. "I'm zonked on sleep..sleep is legal, yea sleep." "Well, so am I, you know."

Another person considerably expands one's thing (no pun here) before you know it there are two people doing the same things, it's not you anymore, it's thou. It makes a rotten journalist out of you.

Ed Sanders: "I'm getting the world's championship trophy in tit-grabbing today. Gotta just get up there next to one and mould around her, they love it. I got slugged, once, but what the hell -- this place is crawling with good tit." And all through this bit, he's avoiding my chick's eyes in perfect bashfulness. When we get out of earshot she hissed "Well, he didn't



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THE CURSE OF THE OCTACUNT

This is Part II of Mr. Jaccoma's Saga of the Anarchist-Crazies. Part I, The Fatal Pigeon Affair, was printed ass backwards in EVO (March 1 - 15) due to mysterious interference on the part of forces hostile to the Crazies. EVO will continue the episode of the Octacunt in serial form.

On a Friday night in the early spring of 196_, the weekend crowds milling through New York's Greenwich Village were greeted with a new, though hardly unusual sight: the Grand Opening of still another store on MacDougal Street. But while such an event is hardly noteworthy, this particular store was: for its twenty four facade was nothing but a most unusual wall, all of glass of indeterminate thickness, within which fantastic colors and dream-like shapes swirled slowly in endless, tiny eddies.

Passers-by were caught by these colors, and they stood staring. Only a few moved on quickly, so that by 8 PM the street in front of the store was nearly choked by a seemingly mesmerized crowd. The many injunctions by the police for people to move on had little effect, first because of the color-wall's tremendous attraction to the very police themselves.

At exactly 8:08 PM the swirls of color-shape began to spin more rapidly. Small eddies joined themselves to larger, brighter ones, and these larger eddies in turn gravitated towards the wall's very center. In the center, a sudden Darkness grew. The wall began emitting a high-pitched, seductive hum. The Darkness in the wall's center still increased, changed and at last coalesced. The hum stopped, the swirling slowed, and every eye was fixed on the Darkness. For it had been transmuted into a high, arched Gothic door. On the door's face, in bold Teutonic script could be read: WOLFIE MOZART'S MAGIC THEATRE: PRICE OF ADMISSION, YOUR MIND. And below this, in plainer, much smaller printing, "contribution: 25¢."

A questioning murmur ran through the crowd, but was instantly stilled by the door itself, when it suddenly began to open inward on silent hinges. Beyond the darkened arch a second arch was thus revealed. This arch was narrower than the first, and elongated-- more like slightly parted lips placed sideways than an arch-- and composed of a smooth, rounded flesh-like material. The material was translucent; a soft under-sea gray, with darker maculations. Black ciliae wriggled upon its outer face and from its crotch hung a bright red cluster of eight large finger-like objects whose tips trembled and seemed to sniff hungrily at the crowd on the street.

Suddenly an 8-foot tall Negress appeared within the inner arch. She was naked except for a black-patent mini-belt. The wall's seductive hum began again and rose quickly to a high, electrical throb. The Negress now was Bugaloing hysterically, half in time to the wall-throb and half to an inner music. Her enormous jutting breasts flailed about, lashing at her arms and ribs. These breasts were possessed of a life of their own and indeed kept time to no music but rather, like the arms of a robot conductor, seemed directed by the Voice which at that moment was raised.

"Good evening, fellowtravellers," said the Voice, which though it whispered was made ear-splitting through intense electrical amplification. "Octacunt Unlimited welcomes you to the Grand Opening of Wolfie Mozart's Magic Theatre, Price of Admission, Your Mind. Within these doors the World awaits. Or rather, the Worlds, all the worlds of your secretest fears and desires; the inner places of all your separate souls. Mere speech is ridiculous; enter now: and Know."



And with that the inner arch dilated, to open avenues of passage on either side of the thrashing Negress. The watching crowd along with the policemen milling among it all pressed forward. The Negress dug one hand deep through her mini-belt and emerged with a handful of clear rubber bathing caps, each with an inch-long nipple at the crown. These she tossed into the air from whence they were vollied out at the people by her breasts. The foremost struggled the caps on and, as the Negress made change for them with her one free hand, plunged forward into the Magic Theatre. The rate of passage was amazingly swift. As the people rushed by, the walls of the inner arch trembled excitedly. Soon the arch was dripping with a nameless shining liquid. Aheavy perfume smelling of musk and sea-water rose into the night.

At the forefront of the crowd, and thus first to enter, was a group of nineteen high school teachers, side-tracked while on their way to a theatre party at the Squared Circle, a repertory company specializing in 15th Century Inquisition Comediae. A balding Assistant Principal in Charge of Discipline headed the group. Once past the inner arch this group was presented with a maze of numerous diverging corridors, all silent and dimly lit, with a battery of doors along each wall. The Assistant Principal, quietly authoritative, swiftly led the group down the third corridor on the left, and then into the fourth door on the right.

Each teacher picked up a thin steel rod as he or she entered. The door bolted behind them. They found themselves in a large classroom, filled with teen-age stu-

dents. A physical education instructor named Tony Capomerde stepped forward immediately. With a bright light in his eyes he pulled a delicate, long-haired girl in the first row to her feet.

"Mary Smith here," he announced to the group, "presents an interesting problem." In spite of the girl's whimpered protests the teacher ripped her dress open at the neck and pulled it down until it dropped to the floor.

"She is the product of a repressive home. With an overly-assertive father and a Puritanical mother," he pushed her undergarment down to her knees and forced her back across the desk, "she finds it difficult to participate normally in class-discussion." He fell over on top of the student and fumbled to enter her. His speech became incoherent.

At that moment the Assistant Principal in Charge of Discipline sprang to life. Whirling his steel rod over his head he bellowed: "BEAT THE YOUNG!" and the assembled teachers surged forward as one. They waded down the aisles belaying students left and right. Meanwhile they singled out likely children for more detailed outrages according to each teacher's individual tastes and abilities. Used students crumpled to the floor. But as the teachers spent their lusts on one student, two new ones were pushed into the room through hidden doors in the wall and reformative passions kindled anew. The teachers stumbled madly about, completely covered with blood, tripping over the bodies of the previously instructed.

BEING

Continued from page 10

try to grab my tit. I wouldn't have slugged him --he's sexy in that polkadot jump sut."

Yeah, all you do at a Be-In is groove with the Tribal Drum, and perform your thing. People do it in jails, in monasteries, in bed and on toilet seats -- doing it at a Be-In is unique. Egotists got bored, nobody pays them much attention, even the press seems to know better. Uptight straight people get frightened. It's all so spontaneous and spontaneity is a terrible chaotic thing. Groovy people just do it, you probably know how to do it for yourself. Your thing is your very own thing, your way or whatever, and a Be-In helps you do it. Best of all, a Be-In is a place where lots of people -- from two to twenty thousand -- can do it together, and make it their thing.

Like when I'm holding her face and she's holding mine, and we're just looking, we're both so new -- somebody back there in the monitor booth was zonked out, digging the flashes: corner of her mouth; my eyebrow; her tongue; tip of my eyelid; her hair; my iris, sweep of her and him... Really truly, somebody was zonked on telepathy...LOVE IS LEGAL!!! Ye, love.

OCTACUNT

Continued from
page 11

Suddenly a confetti cloud of loose-leaf reinforcements poured from the ceiling. The reinforcements piled in drifts throughout the room, billowed up in sprays over rushing feet, stuck in clumps to bodies soaked with perspiration and blood. As the reinforcement showers fell the carnage of instruction proceeded at an even faster rate. Soon the teachers were stumbling through a thick bog of bloody mache. And still the classwork went forward.

Meanwhile, out on the street the crowds had all but disappeared. Nearly 1,500 people, along with half the evening tour of the local police had been swallowed up through the dripping inner arch of Wolfie Mozart's Magic Theatre. The dancing Negress had vanished, the color-wall had subsided into almost total darkness, and the red cluster of 8 fingers atop the inner arch was hanging nearly perpendicular, apparently satiated by the evening's meal. Now the fingertips gave one last half-hearted twitch in the direction of a short, squat middle-aged woman who stood silently in the shadows across the street. But this woman seemed utterly unmoved by the Finger Call. At last they subsided completely. The Theatre's black outer doors swung slowly shut, then disappeared. The color-wall dimmed out; and where the Magic Theatre had been, there was now nothing but a darkened wall.

But still the woman did not move. She remained as if deep in inner thought; pensive to a degree out of keeping with her rather frumpy appearance. She wore wedgies with white ankle socks and a drab gray

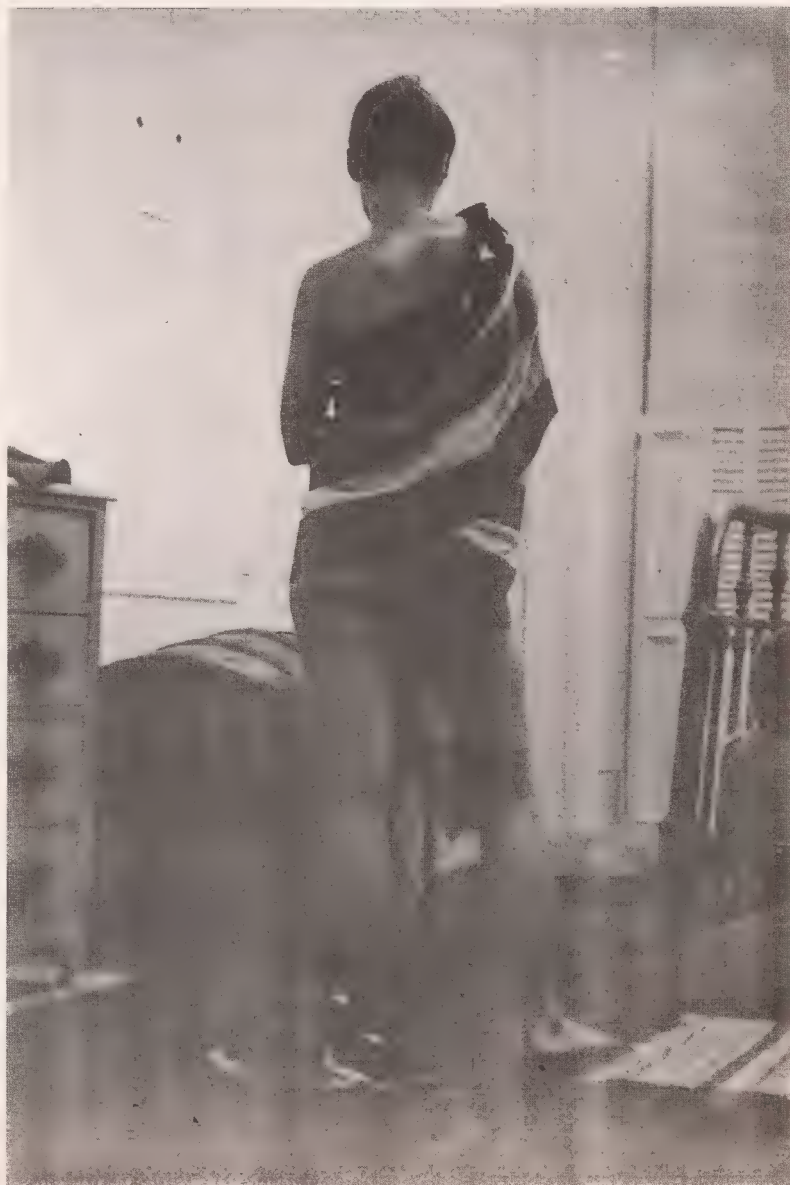
overcoat. A grime-spattered Waldbaum's shopping bag stuffed with what appeared to be rags hung from her left hand. Over her shoulders was draped the fur of some no-longer identifiable animal. And yet, had the truth been known, the old harridan's fur was Costa Rican tarantula. For this unnoteworthy woman, over whom the Magic Theatre's Call had held no power, was in reality no woman at all but rather, Mik the spider-worshipper, interdimensional transvestite and Casual Agent of the Anarchist Crazies, that underground metapolitical Control Committee known only to the Few.

Now Mik stood in silent communion with the Bug which he had surreptitiously placed on the lapel of the Assistant Principal in Charge of Discipline. And as the latter sank down for the third time beneath the mache bog, his teeth clenched in bulldog grip on the inner thigh of a young Negress whose family's sole support was Public Welfare funds, Mik finally relinquished Contact. He now knew all he had been sent to know; his report was expected momentarily. Shifting the Waldbaum's bag to his right hand, he turned and quickly waddled off down the street in the general direction of Avenue D.



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DAY OF THE GENERAL

It was an honor to be invited to make a few remarks here today.

Soon after accepting this assignment, I realized that perhaps I'd made a gross error. Faced with this predicament, I talked with many of my friends, searching for help. Their reactions were varied. Some said, "You were stupid to accept. You don't have anything in common with these young people. I didn't agree that we have nothing in common. I think we do. How about this? We were all brought into this world at birth without any solicitation on our part. And at that very moment we were sentenced to death by the same great Creator that gave us life. Between these two events there is a relatively tiny speck of time that is ours. Albeit, of this we are doomed to sleep away at least one third. This we have in common.

Soon we realize that "created equal" means equal at birth and death. But what about that tiny speck of time in between? Man will use most of this time doing things to show his differences, prove his superiority to his fellowmen. This we have in common. Already you have come to know as I have, that the foot of man has not always made the same track, nor his hands fashioned the same tools; but essentially his problems remain the same. Basically, they are the satisfaction of his physical and mental gnawings, and his fellowman. This we have in common.

By this discourse, it is not intended to bring on distress or hasten despair. I just want to point out to you that all generations do have some important things in common. I want to make an observation and I want to leave you with a question to ponder.

You've heard a few things I think we have in common. My observation is, that in your life time your greatest problems will be people. Aren't most of our rules and laws and even a great part of our Constitution designed to protect people from people? Yes, your real enemy in war or peace will be people. So study them. Read, read, read. Try to find out why they do like they do.

Now the question: What are you going to do with this tiny speck of time that is yours? It's shorter than it was when I first mentioned it, and for most of you, one fourth of your total allotment is already gone.

Are you just going to reproduce excessively and multiply the already painfully perplexing people problems? Or will you also sincerely and actively participate in what I believe to be man's most noble efforts on earth -- first his struggle to free mankind from the affluent who gorge on delicacies while children starve for the lack of milk and bread, and second, his striving for peace on earth?

I suppose there are loads of things to talk about. And this reminds me of a story that may prove timely. This risk I take full well knowing that there's probably no story I could tell you, well here anyway, that won't be old-hat to you.

I don't propose to dump the whole load here either. I do plan to throw off a few forkfuls as a kind of fertilizer for your thinking.

I will try to deliver this buu--I mean Vigoro, in four packages: (1) Confusion and Compassion; (2) Communism and Confrontation; (3) Combat and Conscript; and (4) Conclusion.

CONFUSION AND COMPASSION

Now a little about this confusion which a lot of writers and most of your elders specify as being the universal state of mind of the student today. You are just a generation of confused, superficially animated, ascii, so they say. I'm certain your confusion is doubly justified and I'm pretty sure that at least you're not asexual. Let me cue you in on a little secret. These same people that place students in the category of the confused are just as confused, always have been, and always will be. They've simply suffered more years of it and have accepted it as the normal state of man. And thus they are mistakenly surprised that young students are confused.

There should be no wonderment about it. First, you're taught there is a Santa Claus. Lovely thing at the right time. But a lot of people want you to keep believing this for your whole life. In fact, they want you to be about as vibrant and thoughtful as the inhabitants of a second-hand wax museum.

You are taught that Columbus was the first to discover America which is as false as my grandmother's teeth.

You are taught that our people can get what the majority wants, by the ballot. Well, we got President Wilson that way because his campaign slogan was, "He kept us out of war." A few days after his inauguration we were in the First World War.

I don't have to tell you what we have now, how we got it, nor what's happened since. You've seen it happen.

You learn that when military forces are fighting and killing and enaming each other with rifles, cannon, napalm and bombs, that that's war. There's something of that kind going on now, but confusingly enough this isn't war.

Everyone talks peace, peace. World peace, while for years our government has sold or approved the sale of hundred of millions of dollars worth of war material to other countries. Confusing?

You're taught how in August 1619 the Dutch man-of-war came to the Jamestown plantations and offered by auction twenty Africans, so starting the slave trade and slavery in America. But of course we started slave trade ourselves by capturing Indians and selling

them into slavery in the West Indies.

You learn how later we emancipated all the descendants of these Africans. We gave the slaves their freedom, made them subject to the provisions of our Constitution. For a hundred years our great democracy has been at work on this. All of you know the facts of the last few years. Oh, of course we did, in places, modernize the treatment of Negroes; instead of the club and the blacksnake whip, the white man substituted the ultra-modern device of the electric cattle prod.

We spend millions to build churches in which people profess their love for their fellowman, while right in the same community they are soliciting a few dollars to help the poor.

We elect officials to represent all the people and they take an oath to do it. Then we read that some take money from the few for their political and personal uses. Surely confusing.

You read the glowing ads for autos only to learn of their defects.

You're sold drugs, and there are armless babies. You read, you're televised to, you're radioed to, you're preached to, that it is necessary that we have our armed forces fight, get killed and maimed, and kill and maim other human beings including woman and children because now is the time we must stop some kind of unwanted ideology from creeping up on this nation. The place we chose to do this is 8000 miles away, with water in between. I believe there's a record of but two men walking on water and one of them failed. Yes, we must fight out there 'cause even this great democracy, so fearful of its world image, just must not stand by in complicity while village chiefs, mayors, farmers, and others are being murdered by day and night by the believers in this terrible ideology. We're told it is



General David M. Shoup was Commandant of the Marine Corps and Member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1960-63, when he retired. Since his entry into the Marine Corps in 1926, he has been widely honored for outstanding service. His decorations include the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Legion of Merit with Combat Valor, the D.S.M., and the British Distinguished Service Order. Born in Battleground, Indiana in 1904, the General now lives in Arlington, Virginia.

creeping dangerously closer and closer to our shores. This must be confusing.

Surely a decision to get this nation into the predicament we're in, trying to stop these creeps, must have been based on an all inclusive study by those with the greatest of clairvoyance. And there must have been a time-table depicting the untenable position, and irreparable effects upon this nation at the end of 5, 10, 15, 50 years else our government could not have chosen the present course of action. If such an estimate of the situation was not made, our leaders have been derelict in their duties and responsibilities. If it was done, the public should be informed. I ask you, have you read or been instructed about any time-table of disaster for this nation and her world position if we hadn't done and weren't doing what we are in South East Asia today? I haven't.

The reasons fed to us are too shallow and narrow for students, as well as other citizens. Especially so when you realize that what is happening, no matter how carefully and slowly the military escalation has progressed, may be projecting us toward world catastrophe. Surely, it's confusing.

Particularly is this true when we know that a great deal closer there are essentially the same situations which our leaders say made it impossible for us not to fight and not to escalate the fighting in Vietnam. See if this doesn't sound about the same:

- (1) Since last July, Peru's national army has been battling red guerrillas in more than half its states.
- (2) Red guerrillas run areas in several states

of Columbia.

(3) Many businessmen are leaving Guatemala following ransom kidnappings by communists bands.

(4) At least a dozen combat guerrilla brigades are operating in some areas in over half of Venezuela's 20 states, while terrorists blows take place in Venezuelan cities, like the Viet Cong in Saigon.

We should remember, too, that it's over water and 8000 miles to Vietnam, but there is an isthmus between this country and South America and it's much, much, closer.

It must be a bit confusing, too, to read and hear about fighting for freedom. Supposedly, we have it, and I don't think anyone is going to take it away from us by playing cops and robbers in South East Asia. Even so, we urge others to fight for freedom. There may be a little confusion here. We insist they should sacrifice arms and legs and their lives for freedom. The people we urge this upon in South East Asia, South America, and many other places have no idea of our meaning of freedom. In the history of their ancestors they've never experienced what we expect them to understand and fight for. The word or even the idea is not in the mores of their people. Freedom will remain a foreign word and idea to these people until scores of them are brought here for six months or a year and then returned to their native lands to sing to their fellowmen the song of freedom with notes of music they can understand.

These masses of people and their ancestors have always lived where the few have everything. Everything that is produced by the burdensome labor of the many. And the many have nothing except for the barest subsistence and not always that. Even as little as \$150.00 a year. In many cases much, much less. In fact, in their memory, they've never had as much as a pot to -- well, they've not even had a pot.

I want to tell you, I don't think the whole of South East Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people of this country, is worth the life or limb of a single American. But maybe the people are and maybe the people of South America are, too. And maybe that's confusing.

I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own. That they design and want. That they fight and work for. And if unfortunately their revolution must be of the violent type because the "haves" refuse to share with the "have-nots" by any peaceful method, at least what they get will be their own, and not the American style, which they don't want and above all don't want crammed down their throats by Americans.

Time and history has proved how wrong our leadership was about Mexico in the second decade of this century. More recently, perhaps there's a lesson or two to be heeded in the Indonesian situation, also.

Until you're 21 you can't vote. Can't participate in this great democratic process, where some are still kept from the polls by threat, where a vote can still be bought for two dollars or a half-pint of whiskey, where many don't vote because they feel it's useless.

But you can make your voice heard. You don't have to be a vegetable 'til you're 21. You can demonstrate. Historically, demonstrations intended to bring unrealistic regimes to heel have on balance produced good for the exploited masses. Brought to mind are Magna Charta, Joan of Arc, India, South American countries, China, the Buddhists in South Vietnam, and where would the Negro be today without the demonstrations of the recent past which awakened many sleepy American whites? It may be well that this technique has finally come in an exploding fashion to America and American students. It shows that you are thinking. That you're interested and want to do something to be heard. That you're going to grow up as participants in America and her future. That you don't intend to sit ignorantly and idly by and watch this world panorama of confusion trot by under camouflage and not express yourselves about how you want the future to be. The future that will soon be your responsibility.

For this confused state ascribed to students by those senior citizens I mentioned earlier, they give you compassion. They say youth was always that way, at least in their elder's day.

Now:

COMMUNISM AND CONFRONTATION

(This is only the second time I have ever used the word communism in over 100 talks, the first was a few minutes ago.)

Peculiar? Yes. But, it can be said that we seem, forever to be menaced by something red. 190 years ago it was the bodies of men wrapped in red-coats. Today it is the minds of men that are warped into belief in a theory of visionary and impractical nature, communism. Those that espouse it, we call reds. This isn't that holds forth the promise that finally man shall have share and share alike of all things is not readily cast aside by the masses who for generations upon generations have shared not at all.

And likely as not when they tried to share they got the pike. But it is the goal of this theory and it's supposed to happen right here on earth where man can experience it with his physical senses. It is not a goal like the Happy Hunting Grounds, Heaven, or

Valhalla which must be imagined. Not any great salesmanship is needed to sell this ideology to the longing, eager, wanting masses of deprived, depressed, distressed people.

I say, that today there is no such thing on the face of the earth as a communistic state. I believe the nearest thing to it was right here in America, in Iowa and New England some years ago. I feel certain that there never will be such a thing as a communist state. Sure there are some where the idea has been sold to or forced upon the people, and there are several countries where the selling is pretty well along.

Yes, Marx and Engels contrived an idea for a goal that was easy to sell to the right people. But the attainment of the goal is strictly dependent upon a complete metamorphosis of human nature, which I contend will never come to pass. Do you think that the presidents, the managers of business, will ever permit a situation to come to pass where they and their family will be allotted two hours on Thursday on the state yachts, and the floor sweepers in the plants get exactly the same thing? Don't believe it.

The leaders of these nations with the goal of communism know full well it won't come to pass, either.

The same leaders who sold the idea to the masses also described to them the long arduous, treacherous pathway of self-sacrifice and deprivation which must be followed to get to this great goal of their eventual salvation. Further, they emphasized that there must be competent leaders during this trek to help navigate these perilous ways. And who are these leaders to be? Why the same people who sold the idea of the great goal. Of course, they know there'll be no arrival at the promised destination. They just mean to keep on leading those they have duped. They never intend to divide up their lion's share.

In fact, the U.S.A. unwittingly or at least on an unplanned, unforeseen basis has helped to steer Russia further and further away from the goal of communism.

Russia had no nuclear weapons. We encircled her with nuclear bombs and missile bases. With missiles, I might add. By so doing we gave her the greatest psychological booster possible. One thing they could not conjure up themselves. The bombs and missiles were there. Whose were they? Uncle Sugar's. And who does Uncle intend to use them on? Who does he threaten? The great homeland of the Russian people. From here it was easy to get these people to forego butter for guns. To sacrifice and toil cheerfully so they could have some weapons to protect their homeland from the threat of destruction or at least to be able to wreak heavy damage on the nation who sighted in these missiles on Russia. They did it. They have the weapons. Weapons enough to shove everything above ground in Western Europe, including the British Isles, right out into the Atlantic Ocean. And enough of the trans-continental weapons to clobber America from coast to coast and produce unacceptable destruction. That's what they confront us with. We confront them with a like

predicament. Perhaps we should thank God for this balance of confrontation. Thank God that hopefully America and Russia have finally realized that there are things an H-bomb cannot do.

An H-bomb cannot project national policy ashore.

An H-bomb cannot restore law and order.

An H-bomb can only destroy.

Of course, while Russia was building this weaponry we spoke of, she also put up the Sputnik, several space vehicles, moon shots, etc., etc. Yet, believe it or not there are some people in America so unrealistic they still think the Sputnik was a fake.

But what now for Russia? Under the umbrella of protection which they so dearly paid for there is time and security for having a little more butter, a few more bicycles, more automobiles, radios, televisions, and more of other things and things and things. And more and more people are being paid in accordance with their personal ability to manage or produce. The goal of communism becomes less and less desirable to more and more people. A kind of capitalism emerges. The idea of communism is fading, except to the minds of those where an acceptable participation in the having of material things has not yet come to pass.

Who will gain say that most of the Russian people are not better off today than they've ever been before? And to what must the credit be given? The system they've been working for, of course.

We provided China with the same booster. She has reacted the same. From my experiences over parts of the five years in China, and what I know of conditions there today, I'm sure that more Chinese know where tomorrow's food is coming from than ever in the history of living man. And to what must go the credit? The system they're serving under.

The alienation of the friendship of the great and wonderful Chinese people will surely vie for decades to come as the greatest blunder this country ever made in her relations with other nations, unless the final results from our Vietnam commitment overshadows it.

You say, what about the Republic of China vis a vis Red China? I reply, time is on the side of the one with the bigger hunk of earth. And that's not Taiwan.

They admonish: 'You must strive for peace--but not peace at any price. You must view peace in its proper perspective. Do not give up one bit of the priceless heritage of liberty which we have helped to preserve. Accept and discharge your responsibilities to civilization as the unreluctant world leaders of those who are willing to fight to protect this liberty. And, if by these actions you enjoy peace in your time, let it be the welcome product of fair dealing, hard work, sound planning and a readiness to fight against aggression.'

Their hope: Someday, may there be a meeting at the summit, which shall become as everlastingly important to humanity as the sermon on the mount. Finally, the spirits of these undying dead pray: "Please God, may our ship of state sail on and on in a world, forever at peace."

Thank you.

(reprinted from the Congressional Record, 2.20.67)

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