

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

VOL.2 NO.11

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MAY 1-15

20 cents outside N.Y.

15¢

## INTERGALACTIC TOURIST SEASON OPENS



BY LORRAINE GLENNBY

Galactic eyes observe us as we sleep inside our ego-cocoons, separate from each other, embracing small ambitions in our fists. We are children in the cosmos, unable to perceive or participate in a higher order of existence so long as our consciousness remains rooted in matter. Science, which limits itself to the study of matter on the premise that therein lies the only reality, subjugates man today far more than it liberates him. Without an awareness of the cosmic principle, or essential Oneness of all things to guide them, the discoveries and machines made by science are potentially more monstrous than beneficent for mankind, for behind them are ignorant, deluded, and ego-motivated men. Scientists are forever asserting new "facts" which invariably alter, are disproved, or become obsolete within a few decades; their most effective and amazing tools are based on mysterious agents, such as electricity, which no scientist has yet been able to explain, and still they persist in repudiating the mysterious.

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Rodriguez

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

On May 1st our Editorial Offices will be located at 102 Second Ave. (2nd Floor) New York, N.Y.

The East Village Other is published semi-monthly at 147 Avenue A, New York, N.Y. 10009. 1 Year subscription (24 issues) \$3.00. Phone 473-8894.

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

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 IS A MEMBER OF UPS  
 (Underground Press Syndicate)

Dear EVO:

This letter is in response to a letter that was printed in the Mar 15 - Apr 1 issue of EVO, written by Peter Farris. I would like to answer him in an open letter which I would like printed in EVO if possible.

### OPEN LETTER TO PETER FARRIS:

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind." In case you don't know, that's a quote from a book you'd probably stash away as Establishment shit, known as the Bible. Peter, old boy, you're not only troubling your own house, you're destroying it right at the foundations, and you don't even know it. You're very quick with your overall condemnation of the establishment, but your condemnation is about the equivalent of a truck driver with a 3rd grade education speaking out on the molecular defects of vanadium cyclotron modular circuitry. You say you think that the establishment should take all of its "newspapers, magazines, books, entertainment, politics, and assorted other bullshit, and burn it in some out of the way cave." You say the establishment will perish from the face of the earth. Well, my good man, I get the distinct impression that you don't even know what the establishment is. You've just picked up the notion that the establishment, no matter what it is or what it's made of, should be condemned regardless of what its being condemned for. I mean, you can condemn the establishment for its wars and killing. I do myself. You can condemn the establishment for its priggish outmoded morals. I do myself. But nobody with half an ounce of intelligence can condemn the establishment just for being the establishment. You're condemning thousands of years of culture which your own culture is based on, just because it's the establishment. If there had never been an establishment, our underground would have no art, no music, no literature, no acid (I don't suppose you ever realized that acid was invented by a member of the establishment), and no Peter Farris. You condemn the establishment and you're condemning yourself and everything you stand for. You have shown in the worst degree the most despicable characteristic of the establishment -- bigotry. You, Peter Farris, believe it or not, are the most establishment person in the world.

I stand up for the underground as much as anyone. But I stand up for what the underground was created to stand for -- the search for truth unmarred by petty prejudices and biases. And I believe that anyone who can condemn anything for no reason other than it exists is more bigoted than every southern racist and every nazi put together.

And so, Peter Farris, before you get too secure in your self-assumed righteousness, in your feeling that you're saving the world from a formless ogre called "establishment", turn off your "groovy" records, put on Dylan's "Gates of Eden", and use a little of your high intelligence to think about "What's real and what is not."

Signed, an Anti-Bigot

Dear EVO:

The purpose of my letter is to ask for help. I am stationed in Pennsylvania and really strung-out. Lately I feel like an island slowly being dissolved into a sea of insanity. There is no one out here with enough sanity to have an intelligent conversation with. These fucking people have the idea that Peace is treason and love is a subversive communist plot.

In my battle with the "Brain Wave" of the establishment's propaganda machine I need moral support. Therefore, I ask that some good hippies who read my letter will write to me. Thanks for your papers. It keeps me hanging on. My address is: Gerard Ruggiro, Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, A/C Maint. Dept., Willow Grove, Pa.

Dear EVO:

Having just heard on the radio of the massive pot busts at South Hampton College, I am greatly depressed. I think its becoming rather obvious to us all that the police are really making hay since the new drug law went into effect. If this keeps up, many of the really beautiful people of this generation; the ones with the balls enough to tell our shit eating establishment where to go, aren't going to be with us much longer. It seems to me that it is about time for a few of these establishment king pins to re-examine their conscious, become aware of the truly tragic implications of the existing drug laws and speak out.

I also think it is time for the rest of us to not only put pressure on those people but to individually increase our own efforts to set things right. For years I have been laconically saying "Oh, sure, pot'll be legalized one of these days, but it won't be for a good ten years." For the sake of those just busted in S. Hampton and many dear friends of mine that have been busted, I hope with all my heart that I am wrong.

Kim Deitch

Dear EVO:

I would like to say that I feel it is unlikely that the "Shit-for-Peace" movement will sway anyone's convictions concerning Vietnam. A movement such as this, that is initially repelling, would tend to prejudice anybody against the group sponsoring it. A fake-out can go so far as to lose its subtlety. There are many people who value the integrity of their commitment to peace, and such a movement would only render ineffective any worthwhile arguments they might have. Those of us who believe in peace for Vietnam maintain that it is a gross degradation to take human life. We can hardly indict anyone else for this degradation if we, ourselves, would subscribe to a movement as vulgar as this.

Sincerely,

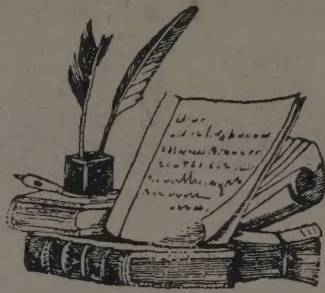
Marybeth Roden

Dear EVO:

This is to let any of your readers in the Buffalo area know that Buffalo is going to have its first Be-In on April 30 in Delaware Park. A loving time is planned for all.

Bring love and food for a picnic. Any questions call me at 837-3057.

Love and kisses,  
 John



## Letters

Dear EVO:

The calendar is based on the principle that the earth is not really round but a rotating Mobius strip, which does not streak through space around the sun at some fantastic velocity, but actually stands still. There are 14 1/2 months to the seasonal year. Years as we count them now are meaningless if the earth does not translate through space. All we wish to do is establish the seasonal cycle not count them. So in place of the year in the customary date we can substitute the word NOW. The obvious advantage of the fourteen and one half month seasonal year is that each month has the same number of days (25.19), except the half month Barf, which has 12.34 days. This eliminates the useless concept of leap year. The days of the month are noted only by useful or internationally famous numbers. For example: 1, 2, 7183, 3, 14159, 29, 33, 44, 63, 68, 69, 71, 84, etc. I have taken the honor of naming the fourteen and one half months. They are as follows:

1. Love, 2. Irving, 3. UFO, 4. Lyndon, 5. Ugly, 6. Fug, 7. Abort, 8. Myron, 9. Peace, 10. Piece, 11. Turd, 12. Acid, 13. I.R.S., 14. Ball, and the half month Barf.

Sincerely yours,  
 Myron Margolis

PEOPLE:

A Human-Be-In will be happening Saturday, May 13th at the Cambridge Common in Massachusetts from 11 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening. This is an open invitation to you, and all that may see this letter to attend.

As it is we lack people and groups who would like to speak, perform and lead meditations, etc. We are particularly interested in those who will speak of love, of beauty and of freedom of mind, body and soul. We would like to make it clear though, that this is not an invitation for people to espouse animosity but is an invitation for mankind to unite itself in an environment of love.

Sadly enough we are faced with the problem of inadequate funds for publicity and entertainment. Any donations or suggestions where these may be obtained for little or no expense will be appreciated.

Again we invite all, and hope that you will spread the word.

Love and peace for all;  
 The Milk of the Mind.

Please forward all suggestions, donations, or questions to:  
 Christina Davis, 145 Sharon Street, West Medford, Mass. (488 4633)  
 Greg Warren, 225 Walden Street, apartment 6P, Cambridge, Mass. (868 6665)  
 Charlie Hull, 41 Berkeley Street, Newton, Mass. (527 7367)

The following letter is written by a 19-year-old soldier to a friend in the U.S., who allowed EVO to reprint it here:

Dear Friend,

All this war can't be so bad due to the fact that I can still receive mail from people such as you. I just returned from a convoy of trucks running supplies from the city of Hue to our bases south. Man what a scary scene to play! I had to crack up, though, on the way through the Viet Cong hamlets and such we ran into some trouble. Not from the Viet Cong (I wouldn't have fired anyway). The trouble came from an accident we had. We crashed into a tank! What a weird scene. I nearly died laughing. All the real professional soldiers hassling around playing the military role as we were riding along the road, so what happens, we crash into a tank coming in our direction!

No one was hurt but I had my laughs on these military career boys!

I heard that two fellows that came here with me are dead. Only 5 weeks in Viet Nam and they are corpses at present. This war is so fucked up that the Viet Cong know they are destined to win.

I have had the "privilege of loading ice storage bins with bodies of our boys in the post. It's a great way to spend the day -- just loading and unloading trucks with bodies in them. Sometimes I can't sleep, other times I wish myself dead -- this war is so horrid, the people so apathetic, and the United States so misinformed!

Thank you for the paragraph about the "Angry Arts week." I can feel the world still is semi-sane when I hear about the people at home trying to end this mess. Bless the ones who think. I hope that their day eventually comes. So you were involved in the protest. I was not really surprised -- I love you for your freedom and your courage of beliefs. Don't change.

I'll be looking for the EVO and will be happy as all hell to receive something from the world.

I saw the play and think it to be in good taste. Don't ever give up fighting. Save me a place in the ranks, I return come November to freedom. This is not my bag. Stay happy -- it's for free and I'll stay well.

Enclosed you will find a sample of the Vietnamese money called "Piasters". Dig how cruddy they are. I thought you would look to see then for some reason how easy they are to duplicate. Anyone game to ruin the Vietnamese economy?

Love Joel

P.S. I had the misfortune of riding to Hue during the "tank truck accident", as you know. Hue is a large Buddhist held city north of here, that was the capital of French Indo-China. When we arrived in the city we pulled over to the curb to rest for awhile because we had ridden through some of the dangerous areas, and we needed to stabilize our nervous systems. When the truck stopped a group of children gathered around us begging for food and such. We gave them what we could spare and then tried to talk to them to the best of our ability.

The driver of our truck was an easy going negro fellow who had handed out his entire food ration to the children. To him the children referred as "Black", the only word they seemed to know in English. One child said "Black number two" -- and then pointed to me and the rest of the white fellows there and said "Number one man". I asked the child who taught them that and to my understanding it was some of the all-American boys from the south.

I felt like a midget -- I had only wished to crawl away from the whole scene. The only English taught to them and it had to be something on the prejudiced side.

I hate the war and the longer I remain here the more I begin to hate the American servicemen who seem to take this whole scene as some big chance to use these people.

Love Joel

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# Brotherhood of the



## Cosmic Sons & Daughters

Continued from Page 1

Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, in their book, "Morning of the Magicians", describe the situation and how it constricts men's minds:

According to the classical method there are two kinds of facts: the 'cursed' ones and the others. For example, the descriptions of flying engines in very ancient sacred texts, the use of para-psychological powers among primitive peoples, or the presence of nickel in coins dating from 235 B.C. are 'cursed' facts.

They are banned; no one will even investigate them. And there are two kinds of hypotheses: the disquieting ones, and the others. The frescoes discovered in the caves at Tassili in the Sahara represent, among other things, human figures wearing helmets with long horns from which project spindles outlined in myriads of little points, or dots. Ears of corn, we are told; the symbol of a pastoral civilization. Possibly, but there is nothing to prove it. And suppose this way a way of representing a magnetic field? Shame! A shocking suggestion! Witchcraft! To the stake!

That the "unidentified flying objects" frequently sighted in our sky today are spacecraft not of this world, navigated by beings from other planets, has either not been "proven" to the satisfaction of our scientists or is still not approved by their military and political arbiters of truth. But the 'cursed' fact remains that they are there, that their presence has been noted in every age since the beginning of recorded time, and that the same qualities have been attributed to them by sages, prophets, peasants, and historians from ancient days to the present.

Among the papers of the late Professor Alberto Tulli, former Director of the Egyptian Museum at the Vatican, an aged papyrus was found which proved to be part of the Annals of Thutmose, circa 1504-1450 B.C. It contains the earliest known record of the sighting of a fleet of flying saucers. The following excerpt is quoted from a translation of the original by Prince Boris de Rachewiltz:

In the year 22, of the 3rd month of winter, sixth hour of the day ... the scribes of the House of Life found it was a circle of fire that was coming in the sky ... It had no head ... Its body was one rod long and one rod wide ... It had no voice. Their hearts became confused through it; then they laid themselves on their bellies ... they went to the Pharaoh to report it ... His majesty was meditating upon what happened. Now after some days, these things became more numerous in the skies than ever ... The army of the Pharaoh looked on with him in their midst. It was after supper. Thereupon, these fire circles ascended higher in the sky towards the south ... Fishes and volatiles fell down from the sky. A marvel never before known ... And the Pharaoh caused incense to be brought to make peace on the hearth ... And what happened was ordered by the Pharaoh to be written in the annals of the House of Life ... so that it can be remembered for ever.

Among the first texts introduced into the Bible by Jewish priests are references to beings from another world who, like Enoch, disappeared into the heavens in strange ark-like vessels. Ezekial 1, contains a famous biblical account of a spacecraft landing by the river Chebar. Ezekial is speaking:

"...I looked, and, behold, a stormy wind came out of the north, a great cloud, with a fire flashing up, so that a brightness was round about it; and out of the midst thereof as the color of electrum, out of the midst of the fire. And out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance: they had the likeness of a man."

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata, both ancient Hindu allegorical histories, contain descriptions of airships appearing in the sky at the beginning of time and looking "like blueish clouds in the shape of an egg or a luminous globe." These vessels, whose trajectory was not straight, but rather followed "a long and undulating course bringing them alternately nearer to and farther from the Earth.", appeared to be propelled by "an ethereal force which struck the ground as they rose" or "a vibration produced by an invisible force." To these ancient ears they emitted "sweet and melodious sounds."

Many American Indian Tribes, among them the Hopi of Arizona and the Navajo, tell of a time when 'gods' came down from the skies.

Impossible? Consider the following:

It is precisely the most highly developed techniques that threaten to cause the civilization of which they are a product to disappear completely. Take the case of our own civilization in the near future. All power stations, weapons, transmitting and receiving apparatus in telecommunications, all electric and nuclear instruments in short, all our technological equipment is based on the same principle of the production of energy. As a result of some chain reaction all these instruments, from the largest to the smallest might at any time explode. In this way every trace of the material and the greater part of the human potential of a civilization would disappear. All that would remain would be things that threw no light on that civilization, and men who were more or less excluded from it. The survivors would relapse into a state of primitive simplicity. Only memories would remain, unskillfully and inaccurately recorded after the catastrophe: stories of a mythical and legendary character.

Some of you will protest that the foregoing references are of a predominately religious character and are therefore invalid as "scientific fact". I would remind those readers that religion is often rightly called the archaeology of human knowledge, and that in the earliest secret societies which taught the ancient Mysteries, religion, art and science were all one. If one penetrates the esoteric tangle of polytheism and wierd rites, moving backwards through this darkness to the principles at its core -- for darkness is only light compacted -- he will discover in them the fundamental wisdom of the world. Comparative mythology reduces all the seemingly opposite and contradictory creeds to one primeval and essential comprehension of Nature and her law.

Now it has been said that we are on the verge of a new age, called Aquarian, in which duality will be ended. It is still some 600 years ahead, but the men

(Continued on Page 14)

# POLITICS OF LOVE



to think seriously about these questions now, and will probably have to make many decisions in the near future right in this area.

trated, are those who seek (and obtain) power, the power structure is corrupt - the power creates sickness, the power fucks up what it was intended to heal, the power creates war, death; it tolerates poverty, arrests people, imprisons them, destroys foreign cultures physically and emotionally, turns - via the mass media - its own citizens into zombies who attack whatever is pointed out to them.

Recent strong anti-political statements by Timothy Leary, the actions and lives of the West Coast psychedelics, the patent failures of the anti-Vietnam war movement, the isolation and trend toward terrorism of the civil rights movement (I mean the Blacks, the whites have always used terror), the failure of SDS or anarchists to develop fast a new viable ideology of revolution, the recent pylon victories of reaction: the Ginzburg decision and the very recent rash of little magazine "obscenity" busts, the Reagan victory, the defeat of the NYC Civilian Review Board, the national terror against "narcotics", the failure to appear of any liberal of the stature even of JFK, the rise of conservative parties and their recent showing in NY State, the sadistic (ideological) attacks on welfare recipients ...all these and many other facts and factors have led a large portion of the most naturally "rebellious" and beautiful youth out of political involvement and/or concern with "larger" things towards a turning on, a tuning in (and a turning in) and (an attempt to) "drop out".

There is no single road to Nirvana and there is no single road to the revolution. But now the youth (and those older still ALIVE) are presented not with a multiplicity of roads but with two seemingly different directions.

It is now and will be an increasingly important "conflict".

We of the "radical community" will all have

## THE LOVE of POLITICS

The world needs less specialists in force and murder and more generalists in love.

Right?

Politics, administration, bureaucracy are concerned primarily with POWER that is, the coercion of individuals.

Who would want to coerce individuals eight hours a day when he could be walking in the woods, fucking, painting, making a useful and artistic object, growing beautiful food, making music, thinking, writing (even), talking to friends, helping cure the sick, watching movies, reading, teaching the beautiful young and therefore learning from the beautiful young (plenty of power-mad sad people here too) etc. etc. etc.?

WHO WANTS TO ORDER ANY BODY TO DO ANYTHING?

Politicians, the state, the total body politic, the repressive and coercive forces, the lackeys of the bourgeoisie, the big and the petty bureaucrats, the bad teachers, sadistic cops, soldiers trained to kill, mechanistic physicians, miserable inhuman designers of "bureaucratic" anti-human things, the unanswerable foremen, the dictator-bosses, the autocratic parents determined their children shall grow up as miserable as they are etc. etc. etc. THAT'S WHO.

## ASIDE

It would be charming to be able to believe that "our" side is made up entirely of "angels" and the new men - but alas - No! In spite of what we would like to believe, and in spite of a general improvement, the radical community contains its horrible share of idiots, sadists, power mad people, haters, sexual frustrates, murderers, etc.

It's wierd to walk on a picket line with someone and be able to tell by the slogans and his manner of shouting that his emotional being is equivalent to that of his fascist opposite; it's just an historical accident he's on this line. He could just as well be on the Birchers' line.

It's wierd to have homosexuals thrown out of the U.S. Communist Party for being homosexual.

It's wierd to have the USSR become a mirror image of the USA.

It's wierd to have pacifists who are repressed murderers (myself?)

It's wierd to see poets kick each other out of the way so they can do THEIR bit for peace (and get THEIR photo in the paper).

The society corrupts even those who would overthrow it!

Because of this incredible impasse, because of the terror stalking our society (which is now almost one universal society)

So that the best shun power - they want to play and to love - not to intimidate and to interfere and to control.

Love is the freedom of the beloved.

Since the most sick, the most unhappy, the meanest, the most deprived, the most perceptually distorted, and the most frus-



Photo by Walter Bredel

because of the unbelievable complexity and vastness of what must be changed - because in a word it seems hopeless - some of us are saying - very well - we have tried for a hundred years - (or all our lifetime) - No more waste of our beauty of our love - We will try to do for ourselves what the rest are unwilling or unable to either do for themselves or let us help them accomplish.

How can it be denied that there are strong arguments for this? Analogies can be drawn, reasons can be offered.

- 1) The ship is going down - do we who know it and who will be the first pushed under have to wait around till the others realize it... (and then proceed to push us under)?
- 2) Some of the Jews who couldn't save others at least saved themselves. They are ALIVE to argue past mistakes, new alternatives - the others are dead.
- 3) If we are not physically destroyed or imprisoned - our whole lives will become contaminated by the society - they will not become like us - we will become like them.
- 4) Whatever love and joy we bring to ourselves is a positive good in itself. We cannot be joyous in hell.
- 5) Perhaps we "uninvolved" will survive this period. We will preserve the precious giver of joy, art, love, knowledge.
- 6) The revolutionaries even if "successful" will only repeat the mistakes of what they oppose in new disguises. The cycle of despair will repeat itself. And at what sacrifices!

## THE POLITICS of LOVE

I hope I won't be considered megalomaniac when I bother to say that I don't have the answers. I am calling for a dialogue. The underground press would seem to be the logical place for this to occur.

Let's talk a little about Christ.

I really am a little hesitant to do so because I am incredibly bored by Jesus because I am afraid all the human race can possibly learn from him has already been gleaned. Nevertheless perhaps a fresh approach... Let us consider Christ now almost entirely as a living politician - a social revolutionary.

Jesus is the archetype of the failed revolutionary. He failed. Why?

Simple: He couldn't convince enough people to be as loving as himself to make any practical difference. (I am skipping any consideration of what I consider other failed revolutions of the past, say, 200 years: the American, French, Bolshevik Revolutions. I consider them failed simply because we are on the brink of catastrophe.)

I raise the Christ analogy because I think our revolutionary situation here in the States would bear some fruitful comparisons:

What is proposed now by the entire radical spectrum from the most mechanistic Maoist to the soupiest lovedove Haight-Ashburyite digger IS a revolution of love. The Maoist is concerned with love because he is concerned with the "lowest", with the dispossessed, with the worst colonial countries, with the POOREST peasant, with the racial minorities in the advanced countries etc. etc. (where has the proletariat fled?). So his is a revolution of AGAPE. (The orthodox Communist and Marxist parties insofar as they survive as they were - and this includes elements of the Maoist cadres - do not, I believe, constitute a politics of love but rather a politics of hate.)

It may be considered a radical and naive idea to talk in terms of a politics of love and hate but I don't think so. We need new approaches. All the old attacks have not edged us away from the brink of catastrophe.

-We must evolve a Politics of Love.

Here are a few considerations:

I Argument: This is the old Jesus crap; it's failed before and it'll fail again.

Answer: We are different now. Technology is different. We have no alternative: Love or die. We don't propose an abstract Sainly love;

we propose a flesh and blood love (AND a "sainly" love).

Argument: What happens to the rest of the world while you love?

Answer: A politics of love is not NECESSARILY a politics of isolation. There is room for many forms. Some WILL retreat. Some will retreat for a time and return refreshed. Some will always be in the center of struggle.

Argument: You talk with a full belly. What of the starving?

Answer: Some forms of primitive communisms will be evolved in the interim. There is plenty in the States. We will try to form economic rescue organizations for the same primitive necessities abroad. We will try to cooperate even now economically with confreres all over the world. Who knows what is possible in this regard in the jet age? It has not been tried.

Argument: How will you take over the economy?

Answer: I don't know.

1) We will have our primitive basic support: food and shelter and art supplies, the crumbs of affluence feed even the apostates.

2) Some of us will withdraw to communities. We will drop out.

3) I don't know.

Argument: How will you avoid the draft, taxes (contributing to death)?

Answer: We will avoid the draft. We will avoid taxes. We will be sly. We will be honest. We will go to jail. We will be free.

Argument: Your retreats will be destroyed. This is a totalitarian world.

Answer: We will evolve techniques of defense. Man's spirit (his biology) is on our side. Retreats are not all physical. We will corrupt our enemy with love.

Argument: Hate has the weapons. Hate will win.

Answer: We will lose many battles. I don't have the answer. The beauty of our youth will conquer the world. Our joy will be an expanding one. We will make the ugly beautiful - the sick healthy - the poor rich - the soldiers peaceful.

VIII Argument: You are stupid, insane, naive children.

Answer: Who else can save us?

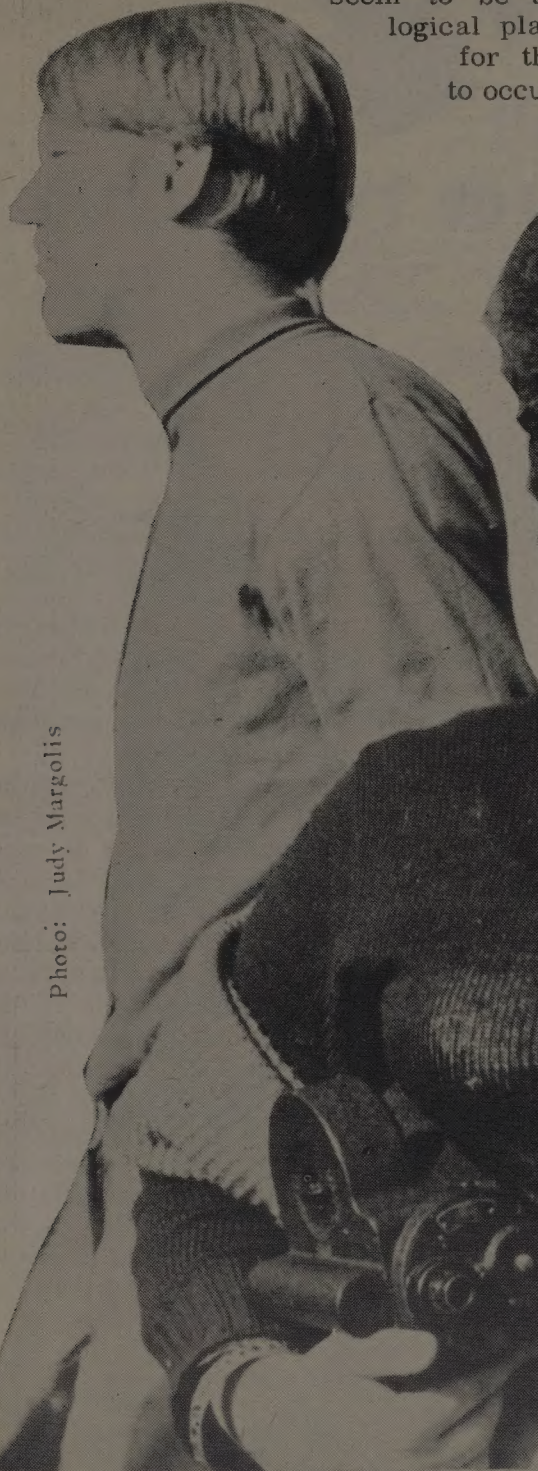
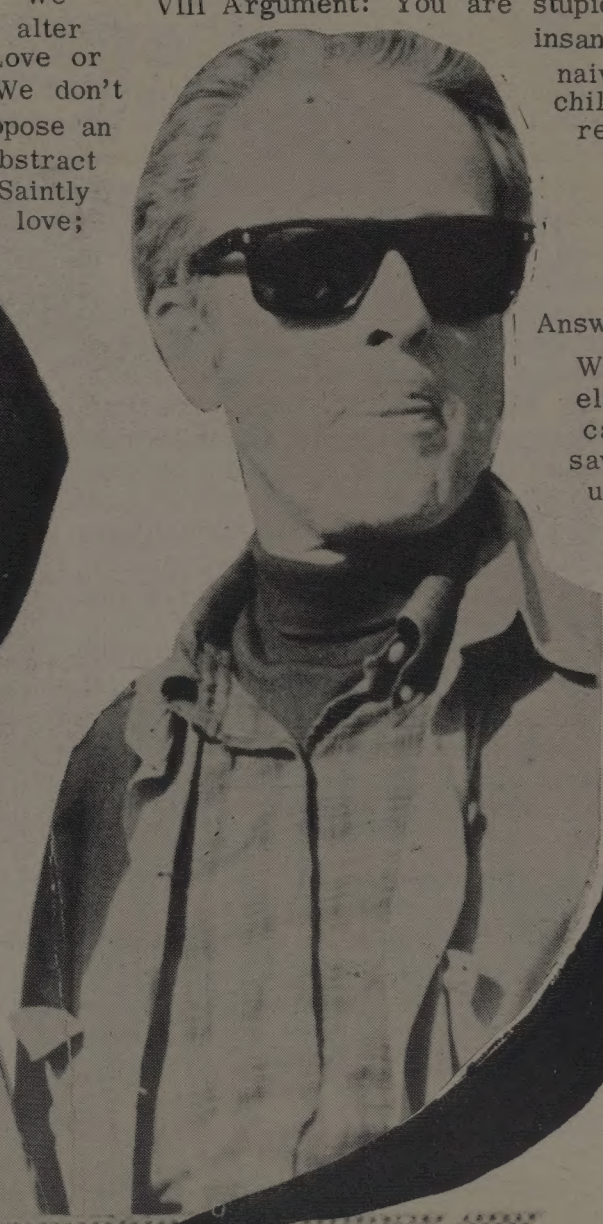


Photo: Judy Margolis

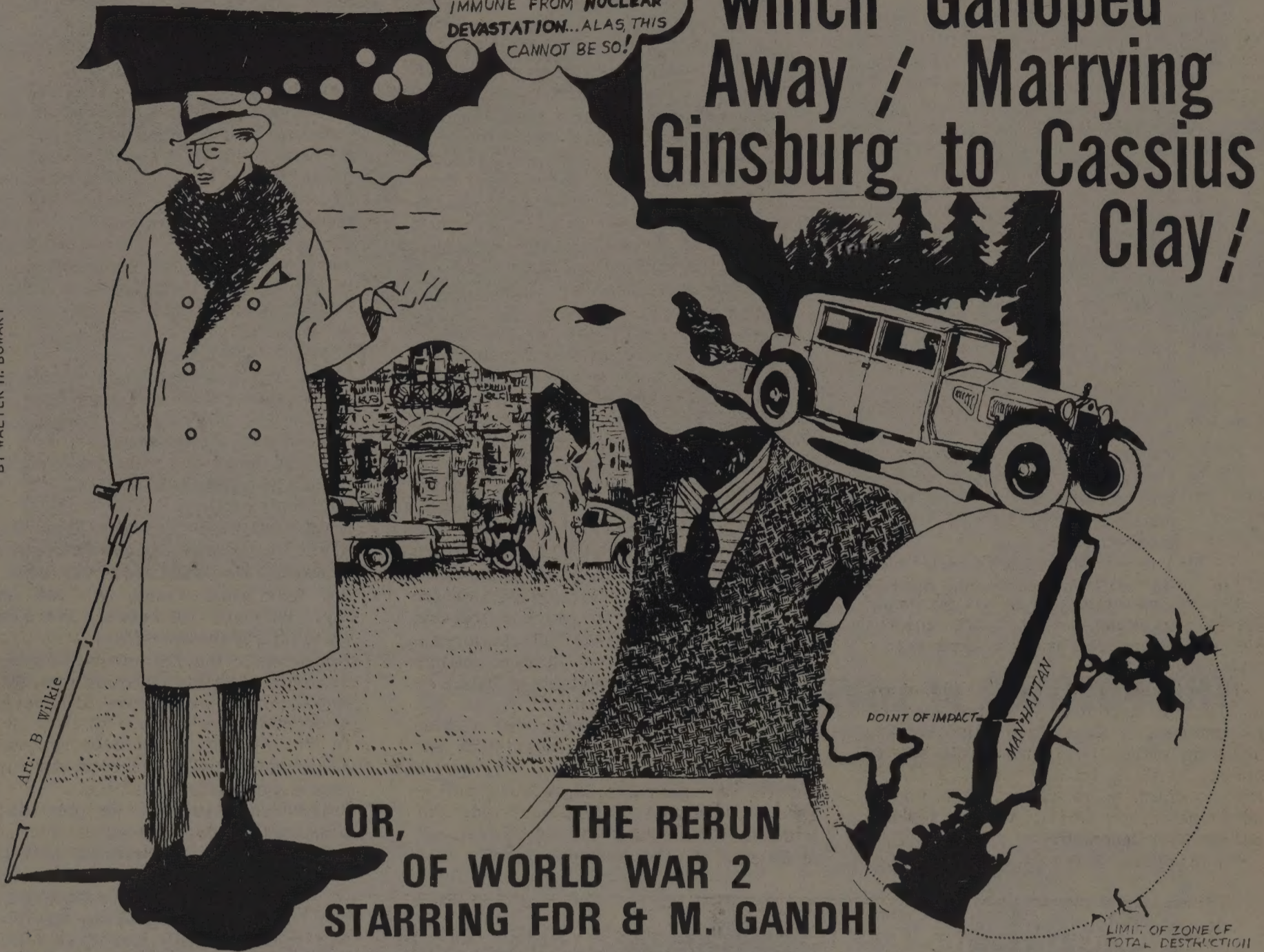


# Uncle Charlie, in an Act of Innocence / Bolted Together / a Maniac Machine / which Galloped Away / Marrying Ginsburg to Cassius Clay!

WITH MY 35 SUITS,  
MY YELLOW LANCIA,  
MY REFINED & ELEGANT  
STYLE, I IMAGINED I WAS  
IMMUNE FROM NUCLEAR  
DEVASTATION... ALAS, THIS  
CANNOT BE SO!

BY WALTER H. BOWART

Art: B. Wilkie



OR, THE RERUN OF WORLD WAR 2 STARRING FDR & M. GANDHI

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS NOT AGITATING FOR THE DURATION

Returning from a cross country excursion it was brought to my attention that my Uncle Charlie is suffering paranoia.

His full name is Mister Uncle Charlie Jones, and he resembles the plain mass man which he is. Unlike the rumors you may have heard about him he *can* think for himself, though lately he's become highly dependent on visual aids.

It used to be that Uncle Charlie was the people, but now he's only the poor mass man on his way to extinction because he's outlived his usefulness. His immediate ancestors were bred during the industrial revolution to run the machine, fitting nuts onto bolts. But Charlie was such a diligent worker that he built a machine which took over his job. Now he isn't quite sure what to do; his hands keep longing for the feel of the threads on the bolt.

In his youth Uncle Charlie was exploited by villains of management and had to get together with his fellow nut fitters to bargain collectively for better wages and shorter hours. But poor Uncle Charlie forgot to ask for meaningful work, and so he never grew beyond his nut-on-bolt. Today, while getting more than \$500.00 per week, he is entirely useless.

Uncle Charlie began to realize that he was fading out the day he found a mysterious dollar bill which said "Federal Reserve Note". It changed into a parking ticket, then into an income tax form, and went on to become endless reams of sticky bureaucratic paper.

Charlie was warned by his doctor that he had high blood pressure and was ordered

to take it easy, but he didn't know how and the frustration gave him a stroke. The eons of work in the Judeo-Christian-Aristotelian conspiracy culminated in a nervous breakdown.

The final stages of his breakdown came when Uncle Charlie found he could no longer trust the democracy game, which had always meant more to him than just politics. He began to think that, after all the U-2 lying, Cuban invasion lying, and Assassination Investigation lying that maybe all official bureaucratise was lying. He began to see the noble Jeffersonian experiment taken over by greed-mongers and usurers and killers. He listened to Mort Sahl on television and gave himself a triple A rating when he called the president a liar and hinted that the whole institution figuratively seated in Washington was utterly corrupt. Then he began to encourage his son to put glue into parking meters.

Mister Uncle Charlie Jones had always distrusted science. He even scoffed at Kitty Hawk. Now he has seen enough to know that science is not objective, but like civilization, a conspiracy. Quantities of facts are rejected because they would upset preconceived ideas. The transmutation of metals, the creation of energy from water, time travel, and many other scientific breakthroughs are being hidden from Uncle and he is beginning to sense it. He sees the scientists in military uniforms, and he recognizes that we live under an inquisitional regime where the weapon most frequently employed against non-conformist reality is derision.

Uncle Charlie Jones is at heart a non-conformist.

"Got to watch that", Charlie mumbles while setting his nightly alarm clock. Just as science is a conspiracy so too is politics. Uncle Charlie sees the future form of government as becoming a secret society. In the past, the Monarchies claimed to possess supernatural powers; Kings and nobles and ministers and all the other authorities tried to arouse astonishment and admiration by the way they encouraged pomp and ceremony, always on view, infinitely approachable and infinitely different. They did everything they could to attract notice.

But as democratic revolutions replaced the Monarchies, abstract theories prevailed and governments began to conceal themselves. The new authorities made a point of being like everyone else, but at the same time they adopted a haughty attitude. The real nature of the gout and its officials became increasingly obscure. Many of Uncle Charlies' cronies asserted that America is governed by a handful of industrial tycoons, England by the city of bankers, France by the Freemasons, etc. After hearing of this often enough and feeling too unrelated to the power structure to do anything about it, Uncle Charlie accepted the fact of conspiratorial rule. He also accepted the tapping of his phone and the fact that a revolution is coming.

In governments which have grown out of revolutionary wars, power is almost always completely hidden. Observers of

# PHOTOGRAPHY: Fat for Life

BY RICHARD PRESTON

At the centre of our being is the paradox of the soul. It is invisible and intangible, yet visible and tangible in every movement of the eye, every word, and every gesture, in our clothes, in our adornments, and in our drabness. It is in the things we buy, in the places we visit. It is in the way we think and in the way we believe others think of us. We may fool ourselves into believing that we are cool, armoured, inscrutable - we may even fool others but to the photographer, who is an artist, we are naked.

The photographer, in this case, is a woman: Diane Arbus - headshorn, eyes like lakes of Belladonna, face of one who has explored a small segment of the unmapped territory of the night, both girl and woman, and when the moon is full, werewoman.

She has seen herself naked.

The pictures, now showing at MOMA, are pictures of despair, of desiccated dreams, of private timeless hells set against the bleak and plastic now...

A family of midgets, at home, forgotten. Their sour souvenirs poked in a mirror in their grim Victorian room. Only themselves and alone, and they are children old enough to die and we have yet to take them seriously.

The corner of a room in Levittown. A TV. A wallclock like the star of Deathlehem. A Xmas tree with branches breaking under the aluminum Christmas snows. Nothing on the wall to wall. No toy, no child, no man, no woman, no joy, no laughter, no music, no God. Nothing but the 25th December.

The nudists. A family, heavy, middle-



Photo/Diane Arbus

aged with an overripe conforming teenage daughter. They recline under a grey sky or rough brush. Their cult is now a ritual, their dream of a naked world a hope enacted Sundays when it's not too cold.

The Puerto Rican woman. At 15 she thought that love would anesthetise her wounds but now she knows it's just a spastic movement of the hips. Man handled, grouped, lied to, beaten, deserted, she tries to hide behind the timeless mask of Helen of the Rubensteins.

The female impersonators. "Wow, look at us, my dear. Aren't we just the cats' meow". If all the world's a stage, then, back here, in the sordid dressing room of the dispossessed, are those who, thrice nightly and every other second in between act out the absurd vision of their sexuality. Those who, every other second in between the acts, weep over their pectorals and curse their genitalia.

Diane Arbus uses photography; not just as a medium for recording, but as a way towards understanding.

**Sunshine Girl** BY KIM DEITCH THIS IS IT! THE 6TH AND FINAL EPISODE, A BATTLE OF POWERS!

**POISED FOR ACTION, SUNSHINE GIRL RESPONDS TO THE TOAD KING'S SINISTER CHALLENGE!**

FROM BEHIND SOME HIDDEN ROCKS, STEPS THE MONARCH OF TODONIA

SO SUNSHINE GIRL, WE MEET AT LAST

BUT UNFORTUNATLY FOR YOU, IT MUST BE DONE! PREPARE TO DIE!

GOSH

IT WILL BE A PITY TO EXTERMINATE ONE SO LOVELY, YOUNG AND SENSITIVE

SUNSHINE'S ENTIRE BODY BEGINS TO VIBRATE WITH PURE ENERGY...

BUT EVEN AS THE TOAD KING SPEAKS, SUNSHINE GIRL, PROTECTED BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD, BEGINS TO RISE...

AND RISE YET HIGHER UNTIL...

SUDDENLY! THE ENTIRE LANDSCAPE IS LADEN WITH HER IMAGE

THEN, JUST AS SUDDENLY, A THUNDEROUS VOICE RINGS OUT

SO YOU DARE CAST YOUR POWERS AGAINST THOSE OF GOD'S DAUGHTER? FOOL! KNOW YOU NOT THAT WHEN YOU CHALLENGE SUNSHINE GIRL, YOU EXPOSE YOURSELF TO GODS WRATH?

LATER, IN GOD'S PALACE IN HEAVEN, SUNSHINE GIRL AND BILLY HEAR HIS NEW COMMANDMENT HEAR ME! YOU, BLESSED DAUGHTER, HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY ME TO BE EARTH'S GUARDIAN FROM THIS DAY HENSE. PERHAPS A WOMAN'S GENTLENESS CAN BE THE SALVE MANKIND NEED'S

WITH NO FURTHER ADD. GOD CHANGES TOAD KING INTO A BABY KITTEN

HEH HEH

AND UH... OH YES, BUTTON AND THAT KITTEN MAY ACCOMPANY YOU.

...NOTHING REMAINS TO BE SEEN BUT A DARK SPECK!

HAA, SHE RUNS LIKE THE COWARD SHE IS!

BAH! WHAT MANNER OF TRICKERY IS THIS!

NOW THEN, GET FREE TO EARTH! WATCH THIS SPACE FOR NEW! EXCITING THRILLS!

# THE WARMTH COMMITTEE



RONNIE LANE (STANDING, GLASSES) ADDRESSES OPEN MEETING OF WARMTH APRIL 13, COLUMBIA

by D.A. LATIMER

Photograph by Phil Stiles, New York City

It's quite a trip to find Columbia University's WARMTH committee, a little community of light and goodness right in the center of the Power Complex, unmolested; in fact, WARMTH is being coddled outright by some of the most establishment forces around -- the Education Industry, Commerce, the Parks Department, the Fuzz ... WARMTH's idea of a loving community is identical to the underground's ideal of the tribal bag. But somehow WARMTH gets away with it, in spades.

Ronny Lane, WARMTH coordinator, puts it quite simply and positively: "The idea is to get a community of people working together, each one for himself as an individual, and as a member of the community." Lane doesn't feel he's expected to subvert anything; what he wants to be is a purveyor of happiness: "Everybody wants to do something constructive, give something of himself to other people. All he has to have is an idea, and a place to help him get it done -- that's what WARMTH is here for."

WARMTHquarters is the garrett loft of the Columbia Journalism building, a groovy long room all cozy red roof beams, breezy skylights, carpets, posters, toys, trains, rabbits, books and PEOPLE. There's an upright orgone box called the Alienation Booth ('Even Paranoids Have Enemies') noted for its unspeakably humanizing effect on even the most strung out people. Head music and implosion mandalas set the atmosphere -- nobody in WARMTH turns on,

incidentally -- and the vibrations around WARMTH-quarters are unqualifiedly good. These Columbia kids could give hippies lessons in grooving on goodness itself, with neither paranoia nor pharmacological encouragement.

WARMTH people also have an incredible knack for getting things done, beautiful things that the underground has been trying to do all along. A few months ago, for instance, someone suggested opening a collective farm, where anyone who felt like it could dig up the ground and grow things. Some phone calls were made; WARMTH vibrations went out, and the Columbia Buildings and Grounds Commission came up with a plot of land, free. So, WARMTH is running the only farm on Manhattan island, getting it ready for spring planting. FARMTH will be in operation all summer, and Lane invites anyone enamoured of dirt and people to get in touch with him at WARMTHquarters, phone 280-4350.

A special WARMTH Day Be-In was someone else's idea, a concept that may keep on being embroidered until 14 May, when the Parks Department will loan them Riverside Park. So far, WARMTH Day coordinator Bea Hsia has arranged to have the Hudson lined with electric rock groups for a continuous music festival in concert and out of it. Tambourines and finger cymbals will be passed around for a traveling raga with people grooving in and out of the playgrounds all day long, participating in nonverbal happenings. Around three o'clock all the groups will turn off for five

minutes, while the assembled public holds a Scream-In: LUNG POWER!! Finally, at sunset, the sun will be chanted down into Jersey, with sitars and recorders.

Someone else's idea concerned the abominable condition of the New York transit system, with its cruddy streets and its extremely depressing subway stations. "We have to live in this city," Lane submits, "we have to use the available facilities, we haven't any choice. So why can't we fix things up so they look good? It's fun to work on something like that, it doesn't cost anything, and it makes everybody happier." Graffiti blackboards in the subways? Abstract paintings in restrooms? Arches, gables, statues, pretty things arranged along the Broadway malls? Holy Beautification, Ladybird -- subway renovation is now carried on the Columbia Architecture School curriculum, and Henry Barnes is opening all of Broadway to WARMTH ideas.

That's the way WARMTH works, it just does its thing and somehow everyone else just grooves right along with it, Love Revolution or no Love Revolution. The committee has no money at all, they never touch the stuff -- like, while WARMTH buttons are extremely scarce, and probably the most pleasant articles on the whole button market, Lane would dissolve the committee before he'd charge money for them. WARMTH generally gets what it needs for free, with love even: the Haagen-Dacz company gives them ice cream, excellent Dutch stuff; Avis lends them trucks, Parker Brothers gives them toys and games for nothing; Lane's getting some more farm from a topsoil wholesaler-- and people keep wandering into WARMTHquarters with whatever they can spare, clothes and books and knickknacks and creative talent.

Ronny Lane is pretty convinced, after four years of Pol. Sci., and one year of WARMTH, that America is graduating into a new era of sharing: "This country is big enough now, rich enough to start giving things away. People are just now discovering that giving things actually feels good, and everybody's got something to give, something he has to give. It makes you happy to give things -- happiness is accessible to anyone, it really is."

Lane's positive, he expresses himself in affirmative terms; he may be doing the same thing the hippies want to do, but he's not fighting for love, he's offering it. And the straight community is bending over backwards to help him do this, that's the weird thing. Is it just because the WARMTH people are respectable, middleclass, articulate? Is it just because college kids ALWAYS get everything they want? Or is it something else...

"Hippies are just too far removed from things," Lane says, when anyone accuses him of being an Establishment freak. "I don't feel that you have to remove yourself from the world, from reality. As far as I can see, reality's the only thing you can work with, you're stuck with it -- you might as well enjoy it, the world CAN be beautiful. It's beautiful right now." Then the phone rings in Lane's office -- the Journalism School has printed a thousand WARMTH posters for free, and they want to know should they bring them up right away?

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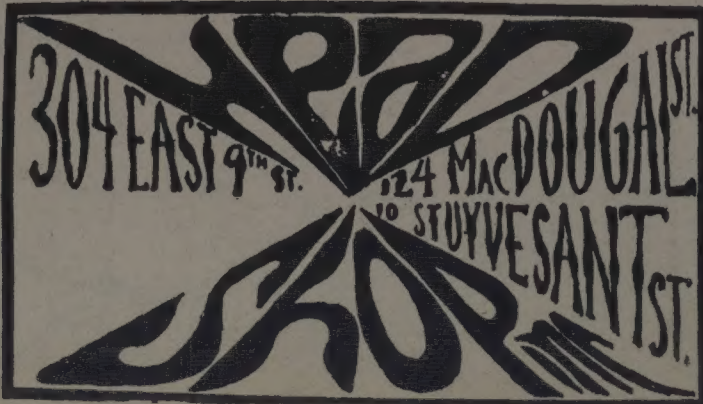
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# Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman



The recent flurry over the new Drive-In Museum destined for the New Jersey turnpike between routes 15 and 16, has, for many people, sounded the death-knell of the avant garde. In a recent editorial in Art News, Thomas B. Hess warned that the Drive-In Museum means the death of the avant garde, while Harold Rosenberg declared in the New Yorker that the avant garde will never die.

There is no doubt that Art has become a business and that the mystique that once was the "avant-garde" is no longer valid. This last sustaining myth has been undermined by the obvious. As Gerald Sykes put it in the April 17th Sunday Times Book Review, "The Avant-gardiste was so used to poverty that he could not understand prosperity. Also the adherent's faith meant so much to him that he could not look ahead and see what soon became obvious to more practical minds: that sizeable profits could be realized on the one faith that stood unchallenged, in an age of expediency, when all other faiths, religious and secular, had been put on the defensive. He did not know that people would need a sustaining myth and that he had created one of the best."

"In other words, the artist could not and was not prepared to realize that the avant garde mystique and faith of living in a magic world that retained its wonder and surprise, where living meant being like a child, able to see what the emperor really had on and able also to announce it without fear, has as an attitude become too childlike."

That the old myth of art and the avant garde is dead is no longer contestable. When one sees Allen Ginsberg on the cover of "Evergreen Review" calling to us to join the underground, everything becomes rather obvious. So obvious, in fact, that we throw up our arms in surrender and declare "art is dead", or in desperation and clinging to the old mystique for dear life, declare, "the avant-garde will never die." But both attitudes seem to miss the point that to begin again, the business of art must make it practical to live soulfully.

There is no Art being done today that is more valid than what is being done in the Haight-Ashbury, and East Village "hippie" communities. Their dress, their style, their newspapers, their street demonstrations and protests, their rock and roll and folk rock, their so called unheirarchical organizations like the diggers, make it practical to live soulfully. Can one really deny that this is a legitimate form or that possibly it is a passing phase? If anything can be said of them it is that they have done what man needs most, created a myth to make him move. They have brought a little religion back to our lives, and from what better place could a new art form and avant garde possibly spring. In my estimation art is not really dead. It is alive in communities such as these. It is just beginning and the avant garde is really only something new.

Rudy Stern and Jackie Cassen recently visited LBJ and horde at the White House with their light works show. They were invited by the Boston Opera who saw a story of them in the Washington Post. Things were going along fine until Stern and Cassen started doing their stuff on George Washington's portrait. Lady Bird blew a gut, the FBI searched their projector for a bomb, and the Boston Opera politely but firmly, as Stern put it, "shelved them into a closet." As for LBJ, "He was out of it, swacked out of his head on his usual drug, bourbon."

IKON, a monthly magazine of art and criticism, is now out with its second issue and it's absolutely beautiful. This issue is entitled Magic and Art and the layout, content, and photographs are excellent. IKON costs \$3.50 a year. Send to 321 E. 10th St., New York, N.Y. 10009.

A new, beautiful record on Sufi chants and dances titled "Jilala" is available from Trance Records, Box 222 Knickerbocker Station, NYC 10002 (\$3.50 plus 50 cents mailing).



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The biggest Be-In of them all is being planned for August 20-26 in Taos, New Mexico. The Supreme Be-In, as it is called, is conceived as a gathering of the tribes, a coming together of the loving ones. It is non-organized and non-directed. There will be no charges, tickets sold, or fund raising at or connected with the Supreme Be-In. To be sure that everyone is fed and bedded, it is asked that those who come bring food enough to share with those who might be without warmth or shelter. For further information, write G.O.D. (GOOD OLDE DAYS), Box 925, Malibu, California 90265 - Tel. 213-783-5118.

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International Times (EVO's Sister paper in merry old London), recently busted for obscenity but not formally charged, have formed a Committee for the defense of all cultural and artistic manifestations. This Committee is necessary both as a watchdog committee, a public lobbying group, and as a source of advice and practical financial support for those faced with prosecution. They are opposed to censorship of the arts in principle and came into being not just because of the seizure of IT and the raid on the Indica Bookstore but because these events are the last in a long line of police activities against the arts. Naturally this committee needs money but it also needs names and support. The offices are located at Donald Carroll of Carroll & Rapp Limited (Publishers) of 128 Baker Street, W.1., London, England

\*\*\* \*\*

The three day Monterrey International Pop Festival set for June 16, 17, and 18 has gotten under way. The Mamas and Papas, Simon and Garfunkel, Johnny Rivers, the Beach Boys, the Byrds, the Buffalo Springfield and Jefferson Airplane have already pledged to perform at the Festival without fee.

Ravi Shankar, exponent of the sitar, will also perform.

The organizers are drawing up plans for seminars - to explain copyright laws; to elaborate on the techniques, rewards, and intricacies of song-writing; and to guide young people on the potential dangers and delights of a career in music. Workshops will be set up for specialized instruction in instrumental skills, and booths scattered around the fairgrounds will offer youth-and-fun-oriented goodies for sale at give-away prices.

For further information, contact Derek Taylor, Publicity Director, Monterrey Pop Festival/67, 8428 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel: (AREA 213) 656-1440.

\*\*\* \*\*

British Columbia has passed a law making it a crime to have knowledge of people who take LSD and not turn them in.

\*\*\* \*\*

By May Day, Detroit will be a valid city, an officially blessed member of the Tribal Community. The local hippie artists have banded together, calling themselves Trans-Love Energies Unlimited, and obtained a permit to throw an all-day Be-In on April 30, on the Detroit River's Belle Isle. Besides the usual free food, electric head music, and homegrown raga, the Belle Isle Be-In will feature a special initiation ceremony, wherein the city of Detroit will be inducted into the Love Generation. "That way," smiles Detroit poet Jerry Younkins, "they won't be able to persecute us any more." Trans-Love Energies, coordinated by John Sinclair, was formed by local Undergroundlings to avert exploitation of the hippie community from without, and to handle Tribal affairs, such as concerts and Be-Ins.

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Robert Millet, Cinema Coordinator of the Youth Pavilion at Expo '67, is seeking the aid of all photographers who attended the Be-In at Central Park Easter Sunday. Photographers interested in participating in this Youth Pavilion show are requested to send slides of their choice immediately to Merle Steir, Youth Concepts, Ltd., 21 West 46th Street, New York (247-2090).

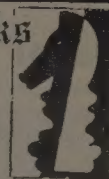
Mr. Millet is also looking for young American filmmakers to be represented at Expo '67's Youth Pavilion. Films are requested for use over a period of three months. Films should be sent to Youth Concepts accompanied by a brief biography of film and filmmaker.

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**Daniel Spoerri: An Anecdoted Topography of Chance**, translated and edited by Emmett Williams. David Bourdon, in *The Village Voice*, called it "a fascinating and absolutely delightful nouveau roman." Jindrich Chaloupecky, the Prague philosopher/critic, says "I read it without stopping, like a detective story." Don Stanley, in the *San Francisco Examiner*, called it "... one of the happiest and most complete surveys attainable of the life and environment enjoyed by the European avant garde." *The London Times Literary Supplement* says "It is written in a scholarly style that any bibliographer, museum director or art historian might be proud of." Actually, the form is so original as to be almost indescribable. Published by Something Else Press, Inc. Only \$5.00. Get it at the 8th Street Bookshop, Wittenborn & Co., or the Gotham Book Mart. Or through your favorite dealer.

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**melling up the hallways, dying in the alley, running along the infected flesh of the street.**

--Allen Katzman



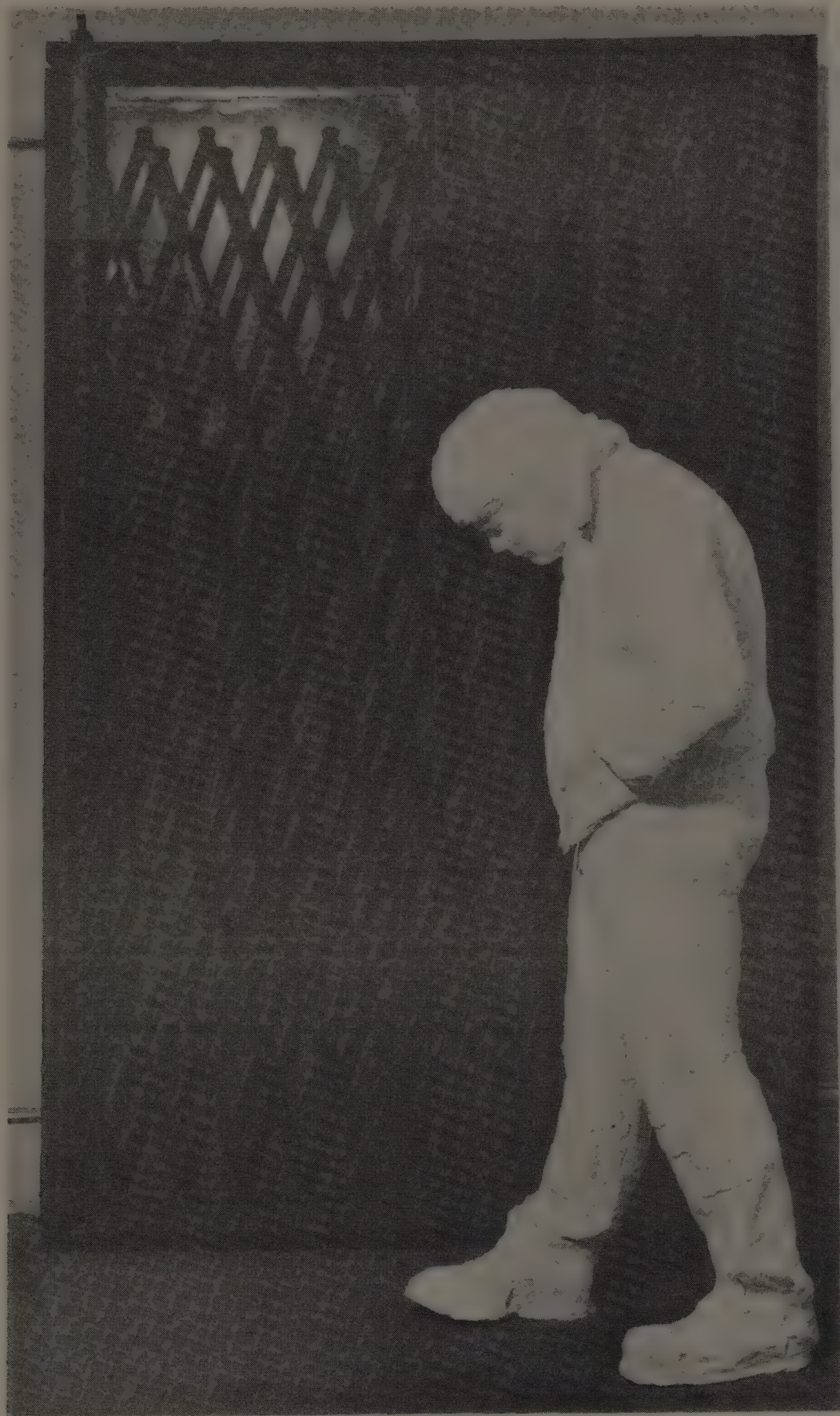
# Merchandise Museum

and listening into his own inner self ... this "for me the best piece of Segals new show." The women of Segal's standing motionless before windows or curtains, chubby, female-rounded, but a film is introduced as background color and life ... they are portraits; Kaprow sitting in a Photo-Box ... and the movie-house entrance with the faceless cashier under 100 hot bright electric bulbs ... the entrance to hell or paradise in Broadway picture-machine-world, ... man as the static victim in the world of change...

Ann Arnolds beasts and nudes and lovers are expert carvings at the Finohback Gallery. This sculptress introduces for the first time gold and aluminum leaves to brighten up her wood-carved figures. But wood would do without this addition of glimmering stuff -- because Ann Arnold is one of the few deeply honest wood sculptors on the scene ... the Lover Nudes walk in space in the dance of Change ... Wolf Vostell's new book (\$15), a retrospective Happening Collection of decollages appeared now as latest work of Art at the Something Else Press and Dick Higgins surprises us not only with this extremely handsome Book-Box, (shocking pink glo colour under Plexiglas), but also with his witty amusing Gabcard #2 Newsletter telling about "La Cedille qui sourit", by George Brecht and Robert Fillious, Store Days, Max Bense, Dick's Amusements ... all in typical Dick-Type-Talk-writing, 40 cents at Something Else Press at 160 Fifth Avenue. Manifesto for a theatre of the Preposterous by Al Hansen and Manifesto for a theatre of Human Destruction by Jean Toche printed on purple paper telling about "The New Hunter Schizophrenic and Drunk from the Bathos of Perception." Touche ... and that there will be an Art experience compelling, exhaling, revolting, smelling, a two-fisted ballsy theatre and Al Hansen needs for this Happening bash young artists, actors, dancers, to be part of the Theatre of the Preposterous and Change. Write to Viking DaDa, Apt. 10, 330 East 4th St, NYC.

Les Levine's Slipcover Environment, a place with walls, ceilings and floors covered by mirror-finished Mylar Plastics, will open April 20 - May 22, at the Architectural League, 41 E. 65th Street, watch the walls breath and wave, menacing you, expanding and contracting, look at slides and kaleidoscopic shapes which embrace you, be a part of the Slipcover Be-In.

The Museum of Merchandise opens May 11 in Philadelphia with consumer goods designed and adapted by artists for the collector. Contact Audrey Sabol, 800 Eagle Farm Road, Villanova, Pa., 19085, phone, 215-LA 5 7535. Quote: "Lest there be any confusion we are not tuned in, switched on, hip, groovy, psychedelic, nor even mixed media, but hopefully we are ecological L.S.I....(large scale integration), probing the interfaced situation...with body packaging show and communications, shakers, art and fashion, sports, and merchandise by artists like Larry Zox, Watts, Jason Seeley, Rauschenberg (bathroom tiles) Lichtenstein, Trova, Kaprow, Dine, June Hildebrand (vinyl-nude-ties), and many others.



BY LIL PICARD

Photo by Geoffrey Clements

In the climate of change the multifaceted Art movements existing next to each other, bewildering the innocent outsiders, who wander through galleries watching today's cave-man, music-man, beast-man, merchandise-man, flower-man, nude-man, food-man, polythelien-man, vinyl-man, oil-man, acrylic-man, going their thing. Art. Man the inventor, creator, fabricator, consumer, man being of today tries like a drowning animal to hold on to something ... he calls it Art, the something in himself, this creative urge, the search for himself ... despairingly man tries to survive, making himself visual ... as man. With this vision of himself, painted, composed, sculptured, glued, torn apart, constructed, destroyed, nailed, collaged, filmed, photographed, caught in prismatic plastics, danced, acted, spoken, written, all this in an accumulation of Art High in a climate of change.

Looking at the 82 oils and 90 drawings and prints of Jackson Pollock (he died in 1956), now assembled in a grandiose retrospective exhibition in MOMA, we notice that in the last twenty years Art went from "Drip" to "Trip". The revolution of Pollocks Drip came to an end and now a new generation is discovering a new voyage -- expanded into the unknown states of mind and spirit, searching and in process for a new mode of expression ... every day a new day, new fragments of this search appear, telling of the climate of change:

The Four Pianos, Three Evenings of music by Steve Reich performed by Phillip Corner/ Jon Gibson / Arthur Murphy/ Steve Reich / James Tenny, plus Max Neuhaus, called Bi-Product, in the Park Place Gallery was in my opinion the highest High, a strong total experience of beauty and pureness with sights and sounds: Sights: Primal Panels by Dean Fleming/ Prisms and Lenses by Charles Ross / Mirrors by Jerry Foyster. Sounds by Steve Reich's continuous Tape Music, Improvisation on a Watermelon, Melodica, Saxophone Phase, and "Come out and show them a loop tape of intense speed-sould, together with the finale of Four Pianos it had been an unforgettable experience which should be repeated soon.

George Segals white Plaster Man and Woman at Sidney Janis showing man as man in his changing surroundings, man walking in isolation before the iron gate in city-prison (Larry Poone Grid - composer - painter, who walks like Beethoven looking

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# UNCLE CHARLIE...

Continued from Page 6

the Chinese revolution, the war in Indo China, the Algerian war, the special agents in the Soviet Union and America are all impressed by the way in which power is submerged in the mystery of the masses, by the secrecy surrounding the responsible authorities, by the impossibility of knowing who is who and who decides what. Uncle Charlie realized that the threat of war is what reveals the true form of government.

In June 1955, America planned an operation simulating actual war conditions, in the course of which the government left Washington to carry on "somewhere in the United States". In the event of this refuge being destroyed, arrangements were made for this government to transfer its powers to a shadow government which had already been constituted; it consisted of senators, deputies, and experts whose names could not be disclosed. Thus the way to cryptocracy in one of the most powerful countries on this planet was officially indicated.

Only a handful of men know to what extent our internal affairs on this day are being manipulated.

What with the CIA hearing in the senate, held behind locked doors and swept off the discussion floor in one day, followed by the scandal of CIA financing and manipulating student organizations, it would not be a shock to Uncle to find his wife turning him in.

Should war break out, Uncle Charlie expects to see the regular government replaced by shadow governments, installed perhaps for the U.S. in some caves in Virginia, and for the USSR, on a floating station in the Arctic. From that moment on it would be treason to disclose the identity of the country's rulers. Equipped with electronic brains to reduce Administrative staff to a minimum, secret societies would organize the gigantic conflict between the two great blocs of humanity. It is even conceivable that these governments might be situated outside our world, in artificial satellites revolving around the earth.

Now, Uncle is not stupid. He has been noticing that things are going amazingly well for the U.S. Ogre-Government; the peace marchers and the civil rightists are playing right into the creation of a national emergency. Armed cars are being readied to attack grass roots dissenters. The states' militias are being prepared for "riot control." A national emergency which will do the same thing as a war is desired to institute a cryptocratic government.

Uncle Charlie remembers reading somewhere that one day in 1622, the inhabitants of Paris awoke to find the walls of the city covered with posters bearing the following message: "We, deputies of the principal College of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross are amongst you in this town, visibly and invisibly, through the grace of the Most High to whom the hearts of all just men are turned, in order to save our fellow men from the error of death." Now, sure enough, the sign appears again. Uncle Charlie calls them beatniks, or hippies, but their message is the same: They are offering an alternative. One worth examining. "I wonder if all these years I have been missing something," Uncle soliloquised recently on his way to work. He sees Allen Ginsberg as their leader and thinks he looks a lot like Gandhi. The British yielded to dynamic-pacifist Gandhi who yielded to Nehru who yielded to Shasti who yielded to Mrs. Nehru and the conditions in India haven't gotten any better. India has evolved from the time of the British Rule.

to the position of holy beggar at the door of the richest man in the world -- Lyndon Johnson right now. Uncle Charlie thinks that poet-mystic Ginsberg is posing in the Indian beggar role and is working for India and Lyndon to reconcile all that grain need. But Uncle Charlie admits that he has to wear glasses and it's hard to tell who they are that really pasted those signs on the walls.

Uncle Charlie has turned his back on Thucydides and Marx and has come to the conclusion that neither human passions nor economics are capable of explaining the social adventure. "The sum total of causes that determine the sum total of effects are beyond human understanding," he muttered over his morning coffee one day.

So now Uncle Charlie has started working on a history book. It's called: "TRUE HISTORY IS NOT A MATTER OF SHIFTING FRONTIERS, BUT THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, AND CIVILIZATION MEANS ON THE ONE HAND TECHNICAL PROGRESS, AND ON THE OTHER HAND PROGRESS IN THE THINGS OF THE MIND."

He wonders whether "political history is not very largely a parasite of history. True history, from the material standpoint, is the history of techniques obscured by political history which overshadows it and usurps not only its rightful place but its very name."

Uncle Charlie Mister Jones has launched an experiment in consciously living history. He has begun to think that "true history is even more the history of man's progress in the spiritual world. The function of humanity is to help spiritual man to escape and find himself. As the Indians have so well expressed it, to help man to become what he is. There is no doubt that history as it appears to us superficially is nothing by a charnel house. But if history were nothing more than that, the best we could do would be to close the book and hope for oblivion in Nirvana, but I would like to think that Buddhism has lied and that history is something more than that."

And as the days pass Uncle Charlie sounds more and more like Rene Grousset.

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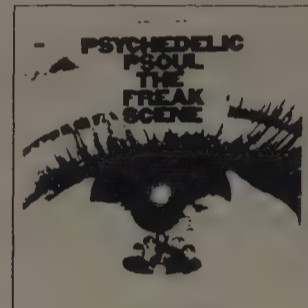
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# BROTHERHOOD...

Continued from Page 3

of the future will again possess the knowledge of the ancients and art, science, religion, and philosophy will be unified once more, with this difference: it will be manifest everywhere. Instead of being restricted to a few higher intelligences as was the case in the time of the Arkites, Sabians, Pharaohs, Brahmins, Mithraics, Greeks, Druids, Drottes, Taoists, Kabbalists, and so on, the intelligence of everyman will have evolved sufficiently to sustain a creative anarchy.

## THE OMENS MULTIPLY.....

In an interview on the Aquarian Age by the L.A. Oracle, Gavin Arthur had this to say:

"...This age of culture is going to open the way for the great Aquarian Age to come and it will be like the Roman period in which Christianity was nurtured.

"People are becoming aware of the non-duality of life, the unity of life...And people are beginning to ritualise in an Aquarian way, in terms of manifesting love, talking about love, in a way they never did before...The fashions are getting so that men will look more like woman and vice versa. And then, (there is an awareness of) the concept that the races of mankind are ... like a color wheel, where the white light of the whole human race is split up into the different colors ... and that the races are split up just as the infinite colors are split up in the spectrum.

"...We're beginning to see the same flying saucers that each age of culture has seen...we're beginning to bridge the gap between the life of the dead and the life of the living ... the whole move toward LSD ... is to break the barriers between the worlds that are caused by different wave lengths."

I will now tell you that on March 13 of this year I myself saw flying saucers on my refrigerator door. They were projected there from an extraordinary film shown to me by a Mr. Fred Steckling, who was privileged to have photographed a fleet of spacecraft on September 7, 1966, in broad daylight, from the open window of a train en route from Mannheim to Frankfurt. Above occasionally intervening trees, railroad stations, and powerlines, (whose presence in the film rules out fakery and the existence of light reflections from any excusable source) I saw them flying in rectangular formation, some of them appearing and then disappearing with magical suddenness in the middle of the blue sky. And they looked "like blueish clouds in the shape of an egg" -- to quote the Mahabharata.

Mr. Steckling was invited to show this film at the Pentagon by USAF Lt. Col. George P. Freeman, Jr., who afterwards, along with other officials, stated that he had "never seen anything like this before", and went on to contact the UFO Study Project at the U. of Colorado, referring the film to their attention.

As guardedly phrased as it is, this recognition of the Steckling's film by military officials is unusual in what has hitherto been a repressive and secretive alliance between the ruling powers -- not only in America but in most of the world's largest nations -- to discredit the notion of intergalactic tourism which is affecting us in ever greater proportion. The Gallup Poll (and the establishment pretty well buys that) recently reported that 5 million Americans actually claim to have seen flying saucers, and that 6 million citizens firmly believe that they are from another planet.

The official government response is self-evident in the statement by Col. Frank Milani, Director of Civil Defense in Baltimore, Maryland: "It is a calculated risk to assume that the so-called saucers are a threat to the welfare and security of our citizens. We are given to believe they are not hostile, but information on UFO's is classified." Translated, the "threat" as they see it, is to the electric

and fuel industries (which are ever raising the cost of living and poisoning our atmosphere): the planetarians utilise a 'free' form of energy as their power source -- that force which holds the planets in their orbital planes and otherwise controls the movement of the universe and all its parts. It is this force which propels the spacecraft and allows them to travel such astronomical distances and at such high speeds. The ships 're-charge' from the electrostatic energy which gathers in force fields around the planets. Were we to employ such methods, our general economy (and society) would be forced to undertake radical changes.

The last message of J.C. Jung in his book "Flying Saucers", published in 1959, dealt with the coming of the Aquarian Age; as this shift occurs, Jung points out, it will be accompanied by bewilderment and chaos on the part of those not prepared for it. It is in the interest of helping us meet that change, Mr. Steckling told me, that those who build and fly the saucers have been coming to earth and contacting our governmental and spiritual leaders, as well as those individuals on Earth who are most advanced in their consciousness, and hence are best able to (in the case of the governmental authorities) facilitate that change and (in the latter cases), to receive their message and communicate it to others by their actions.

Mr. Steckling is not alone in his conviction that the intergalactic tourist has in fact landed; since 1937 more than 3,000 individuals have reported being contacted by beings from other planets, chiefly Venus, to UFO Research Projects, Government investigation agencies, and news media. While some of these reports, particularly those given the mass media, may be hoaxes or exaggerations by fame and profit seekers, we still have to consider the number of persons who have kept silent about their experience rather than be misinterpreted or ridiculed.

If the prescience of benevolent beings from other worlds come to infuse Earthlings with a sense of cosmic unity and the peace which follows from transcendence of the ego is a growing reality, then it is indeed a miracle. If there are, after all, no planetarians among us on Earth and their existence is a manifestation of the collective unconscious, then it is doubly a miracle, for it indicates that awareness still remains in the human spirit and longs for a Messiah to release it forever.



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I do not know whether God created Man in his own image or whether Man created God in his. I do know however, that the Establishment created the Law, and the Courts in its own image and for its own self-interested protection.

Those who are ignorant and guilty, fear; and those who fear hide behind castles of stone, of steel, of the law and the words THOU SHALT NOT. Those who fear do nothing. They become parasites on the human scene and like parasites they can only live in stagnant pools.

Change, which is the environment of life, of the cosmos itself is a spectre that haunts their every second on this earth. Change is death to law. Change is the destroyer of their false security.

It is written somewhere in the Book of the State that thou shalt not run a movie theatre without a license.

I have a storefront (containing 28 seats) in which I project my films and work out ideas for mixed media. Sometimes I open it to anyone who cares to buy a 25¢ membership card and maybe pay a \$1.25 contribution which helps to pay off my overhead.

One night a man arrived late to a show. I gave him a membership card and he offered me a dollar bill which I took. After the show he produced his License Department badge and gave me a ticket. On April 5th the Judge found me guilty of running a motion picture theatre without a License and fined me \$100.00. In vain I pleaded that the "theatre" was a tool, a vital extension of my activities as a film-maker.

The law is the law.

The law that covers Radio City Music Hall also applies to my 28 seat storefront.

A license for a 600 seat theatre costs \$100.00. To obtain a license one has, among other things, to be fingerprinted, conform to the zoning regulations, be acceptable to the Fire Dept., Buildings Dept., and the Dept. of Water, Gas, etc.

In a slum area, such as the Lower East Side, the chances of obtaining clearance from all these departments is very slim, particularly (if you excuse the paranoia) if one is an artist.

It's worth nothing, I think, that in an almost identical space 2 floors up in the same building, and called a 2 1/2 room apartment, there lived for many years a Puerto Rican family consisting of mother, father, 3 teen age sons, and a 3 year old child. No inspectors called to check their conditions. They represent units of cheap labour and it was enough that they had a roof over their head.

While waiting for my case to be called I saw a procession of slumlords make their appearance for not providing sufficient heat. The fines varied between \$10 and \$20. For my small attempt at providing a little thought-provoking 'culture' I got \$100.00.

Well, that's (avant garde) show biz - I guess.

## PROJECT HIPPIEHELP

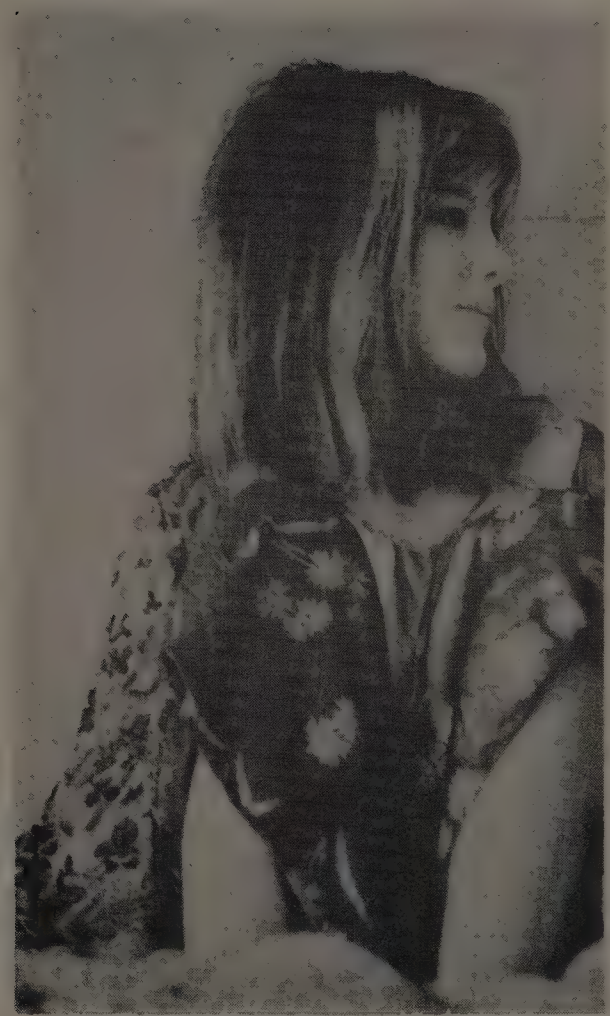
When the predicted hippie influx reaches San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district next summer, the situation there will be extremely tense; the Haight also contains a sizeable black ghetto community, which is said to be already ripe for violence: another Watts is expected, with young white people involved in the bloodshed. If the handling of this situation is left only to the Heat, with its riot guns and cattle-prods, there'll be more than just one summer's unpleasantness - if martial law is declared in the Haight-Ashbury, the repercussions are liable to break the back of the entire hippie community. The closest thing to a specific Disaster Aversion Committee available so far is San Francisco State College's Summer Community Work Program. An association of four SFSC student groups, the Community Work Program operates during the school year as part of the academic curriculum. CWP students work in five San Francisco districts - the Haight-Ashbury, Hunter's Point, Central City, Mission and Sunset - on community improvement projects. Their work in the Haight-Ashbury is representative of their overall program: besides holding education seminars for undereducated area residents and tutoring local children, CWP workers have also arranged a Job Co-Op, and are doing research into the interaction of the hippies with the community at large.

During the summer, the Community Work Program has usually been suspended, for want of sufficient manpower. This year, however, SFSC has arranged to expand a pilot program to cover June, July and August: anyone interested in working on the staff is invited to join. An orientation week is scheduled for June 12 to 19, but anyone who cannot make the Coast until later in the summer should contact SFSC for more details.

It should be emphasized that the Work/Study Program has no money, and anyone joining it must be prepared to support himself, for the summer. For more details, their address is -

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# DaDaPROVO & the



## Chicken Flickers

FROM THE COMMUNICATION COMPANY (UPS)

In all the highly developed countries of the world there is a radical discontent rapidly spreading throughout youth, a youth that wants neither to work nor to consume, a youth for whom comfort and gadgets have proved to be empty substitutes for an empty everyday life. This discontent is ready to explode in a great number of places; in Amsterdam it was largely the fantastic energy of one man -- the artist Robert Jasper Grootveld -- which triggered the discontent into an explosion. Starting from a fanatical opposition to tobacco companies -- as the creators of "tomorrow's enslaved consumer" -- Grootveld began a single-handed campaign against them, painting the letter K for Kancer in huge letters across the tobacco hoardings with an aerosol paint-spray disguising himself as an old woman to persecute Amsterdam's tobacco conists, holding church services in which a cigarette replaced the Host ... Later his campaign extended into full-scale attempts to sabotage the whole of bourgeois reality: anchoring a raft in the middle of one of Amsterdam's main canals, furnishing it to look like a bourgeois drawing room, with a table, chair, and Dutch stove. He sat aboard it for a fortnight reading the newspapers. More important were the happenings he began to hold on the Spui, at the foot of the statue "Net Amsterdamse Lieverdje" (Amsterdam's Little Darline), presented to the city by the Hunter Cigarette Company. Chanting his nonsense anti-smoke songs, performing his weird destructive rites, chalking up his symbol (since appropriated by the provos) of the Mâgiç Apple, he rapidly became a center of attraction. Time and time again he was picked up by the cops, but, refusing to be intimidated, he returned to his release. The nonsense songs and rhythmic handclaps became popular weapons. Fights with the cops broke out. The Spui, at midnight each Saturday, suddenly became the popular center for everyone who was bored, and everyone is bored.

Around the same time in early 1965, the original Provo group -- composed initially of active beats, anarchists and the wilder liberals came together to produce a

small duplicated magazine with an initial circulation of 500, called PROVO. They took part in the Spui happenings, gradually giving them a far more aggressive and pol-

itical slant, denouncing cops, traffic, bombs, royalty, etc. Journalists and cops appeared. Fights broke out and large scale arrests began. The happenings got out of everybody's hands and became riots. The Provos just rode the wave.

These riots embodied a total criticism of life in a society characterised by its exclusion of everyone from their own lives, by its repression of everyone's real desires, and its reduction of everyone to a state of passivity and isolation in which they can be manipulated and stacked like so many objects. The riots revealed clearly the inability of the cops to deal with such exuberant, leaderless, and intense political street games. The Amsterdam Provos drove the police horses off the street with marbles and ball-bearings. Others have come up with aniseed or ammonia for their dogs. All the cops can do is to keep the crowds moving, disperse groups about to form, book occasional agitators for the night.

("Sunday Times", September 25, 1966:)

"At the Hague on Tuesday they attacked the State Openings of Parliament with batteries of smoke bombs -- and as the black marias raced forward, fed peanuts to the policemen through the window bars. The monkeys were not amused and arrested 81 of them.

"On Saturday, in the early hours of the morning, inspired by marijuana, Mr. Rob Stolk hatched perhaps the most daring Provo plan of all: the takeover of Amsterdam's Dam Square, which is like Trafalgar Square. Dam Square was 'sold' 20 years ago to the citizens of Amsterdam for one guilder a square centimeter to raise money for a war memorial. The certificates of sale still exist, forgotten in countless desk drawers. Through their teenage supporters the Provos plan to beg, borrow or steal enough of these charity certificates to claim they now 'own' Dam Square. And then they will ban it to their respectable elders.

The provos' exuberance, imagination and violent distaste for the whole of contemporary social life make their riots into something similar to Dada, spontaneously rediscovered not by a minority but by the mass. (As the masses accede to hitherto 'bourgeois' conditions of existence they also accede to the total revolt engendered by the emptiness and falseness of these conditions.) Like the Dadaists, the Provos reached towards a revolutionary praxis of self-realisation which they could not articulate.

The Provos are no isolated phenomenon. What happened in Amsterdam last year could happen in any of the highly industrialized countries of the world this year. They are just the most recent episode of the international revolt.

(Gestetnered in the interests of history by communication company (UPS) this is an anonymous report from sources to the south.)

The values on which this new lumpen-proletariat of the Welfare State is based essentially are its utter disgust, work and its attempt to use its clandestine leisure in an experimental and adventurous way, denying the passive and isolated consumption characteristic of all alienated leisure.

In all their actions they used a highly developed sense of game-war, an imagination, playfulness and sense of humor which completely baffled the cops consigned to deal with it. When Princess Beatrix married the ex-Nazi Claus von Amsberg, the wedding coach disappeared in the billows of smoke bombs, white chickens with black swastikas were driven, flapping, into the street (Chicken is the Dutch slang for cop). Television cables were cut and above the uproar of the street fighting one could hear fragments of Grootveld's Dadaist hymns. Only lack of money prevented them putting even wilder schemes into practice: having a frogman emerge from a canal near the route of the procession to explode a bomb

Continued on Page 17

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# PROVO...

Continued from Page 16

containing leaflets giving the lowdown on the House of Orange, spiking the palace water supply with Lysergic acid, releasing a pack of white mice emblazoned with swastikas to stampede the horses drawing the seventeen ton royal coach...

The Provo riots fused and completely transformed the traditional forms of both art and politics. The exhibitionism of artists and the passivity of spectators, characteristic of New York, Paris, and London happenings (and characteristic of alienated art, in general) were eliminated from the riots that grew out of the Spui happenings; everyone was free to participate to the full extent of their imagination and energy in an experience which they had all created. The same structure in terms of politics was also overturned: the passivity and repression of the rank-and-file, were abolished in favor of a fluid, leaderless, and exuberant onslaught. The alienation of both art and politics was transcended, and the appeal of their synthesis was electric. The riot became popular works of art, a party to which the whole city was invited.

These riots represent imagination and passion applied consciously to create immediate experience. They are a form of self-realisation and an objective assault on contemporary life. They are a living critique of the deserts of everyday experience. Imagination, Passion, communication, adventure: a brief glimpse of Utopia.



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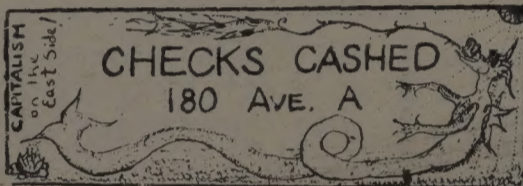
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## Kesey Postgrad Trial

Ken Kesey's possession trial may be unusually prolonged, unless the novelist cum acid can figure out a way to express his great notion in conventional language. In his hearing last week before the California Superior Court, Kesey tied up the proceedings for some time simply outlining some elementary terms in the psychedelic vocabulary.

This communication gap between Kesey and the court may seriously affect his defense, which apparently hinges on the validity of his intentions last Halloween, when he suddenly appeared at the Winterland "acid graduation test", having spent the previous six months hiding from the narcotics authorities rather than face trial for possession of marijuana which was laid on him in January 1966. He was immediately nailed and charged with bailjumping, but they let him go on the basis of his promise to turn hippies off psychedelics.

Now that his (trial) hour is come Kesey is faced with trying to explain his efforts to help others transcend the acid experience (and ultimately dispense with it) to a court and jury who have never turned on to begin with. "I felt that acid, meaning LSD, is a door that can be used to go into another room," Kesey told the court, "people I saw going through that door and going through that door, and going through that door, and not into this room." Kesey's trying to outline an alien experience in a foreign language - there's a lot of racket between on sides of the cuckoo's nest, maybe too much for even Ken Kesey to shout over.

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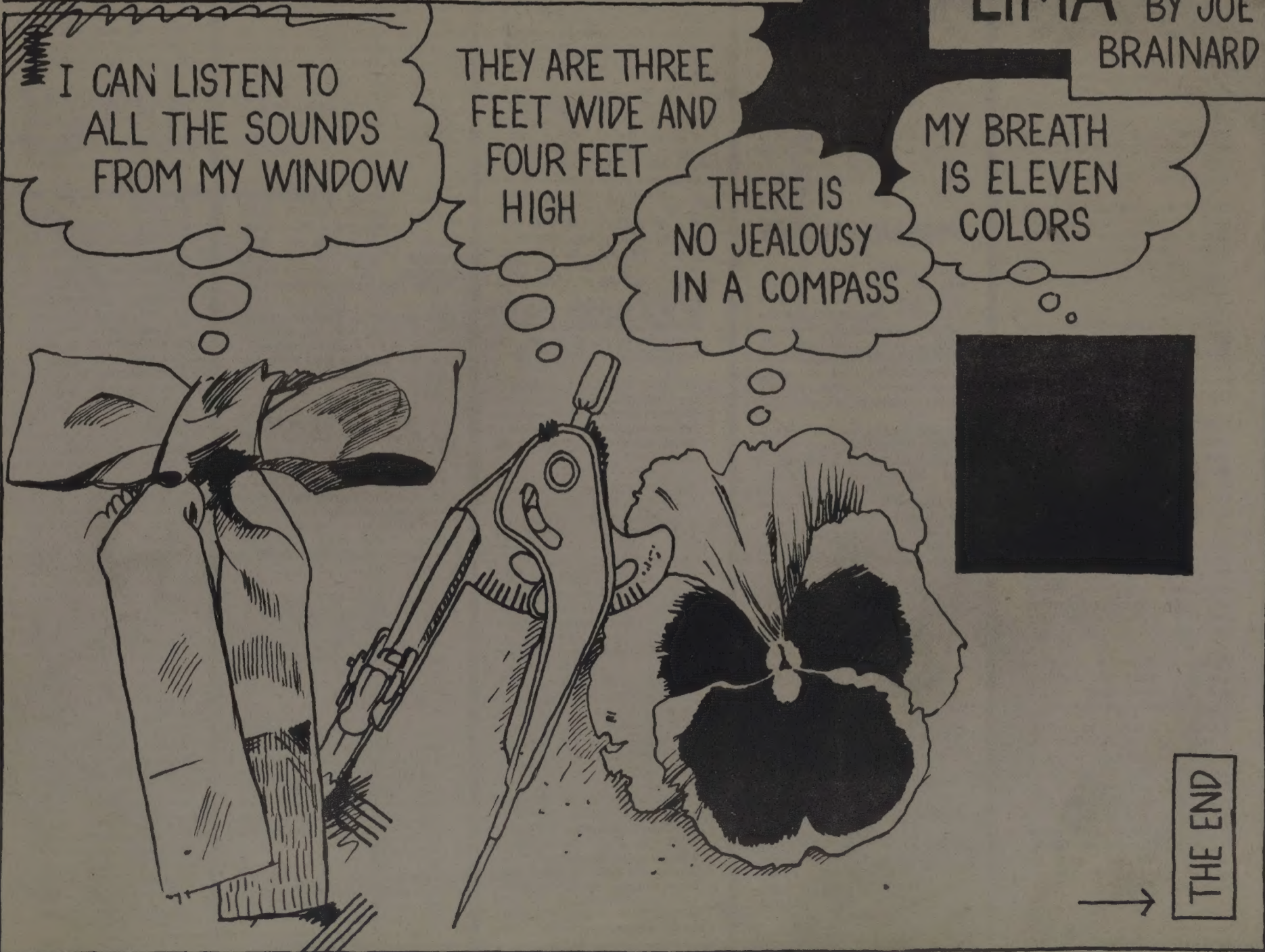
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# VENTRILLOQUIST BY FRANK LIMA

LIMA

DRAWN BY JOE BRAINARD



I CAN LISTEN TO ALL THE SOUNDS FROM MY WINDOW

THEY ARE THREE FEET WIDE AND FOUR FEET HIGH

THERE IS NO JEALOUSY IN A COMPASS

MY BREATH IS ELEVEN COLORS

THE END

# WHEEL AND DEAL



## EMPLOYMENT

Jr.'s. Cave needs waitresses!! If you are fast, reliable, have some coffeehouse exper., and can stand the strain of working with ravenous beards from 5pm to 5 am, call Ron Jackson at 475 9716, 4pm to midnight. No teeny bops or would be hippie socialites need apply. This offer refers only to those who want steady work, are over 21, and who are, repeat, reliable. (Work compensations include groovy atmosphere and reasonable slavedrivers)

WANTED: Actors/People to be the following in film: Jesus; teenage runaways; sorceress, satyr, hell's angel, large woman, old woman, young cop, token man. Call OR 5 5683

WANTED: Female models for figure studies, exp. not nec. \$5. per hour. Call 254-5202, 2pm to 9 pm

Pin up and figure models needed by legitimate photo. Not a figure studio. \$5 to \$15 per hour. 757 6286. 142 W. 44th, 10th Floor.

Serious Subsidized Electric Group will consider anyone who makes music thru any method, no matter how esoteric. Singers also. Salary and expenses begin immediately. Will audition Sunday, April 23rd, 23 St. Marks Place, all day. Call TE 8 6515 (The Electric Circus) and request appointment.

Art Female - models figure fashion photography high pay. All types and sizes. No, exp. nec. Full or part time. Call after 3 pm to 8 pm, 524 6579.

Wanted: Creative Girl (or 2 creative girls) to help run the GALLERY GWEN and its associated Vermont creative centre -- exchange wide social, creative, and publicity contacts, and CASH PERCENTAGE. Details, Gallery Gwen, 74 E. 4th, Phone GR 5 9178.

College grad major in Philosophy and minor in the Liberal Arts seeks summer position in NYC in field that can use such a background. Write: C.P. Puglisi -- CKS -- St. Bonaventure, New York.

Student wants uninhibited young girl(s) interested in making highly experimental films, to form partnership and share acting, filming, profits. Steve, Box 88, Carle Place, L.I., N.Y.

WANTED: Young, attractive girls, all races, to work topless in musical comedy satire on burlesque. Extensive tour in legit theatres. Bring bikinis. 5pm Tuesday, April 25th, Variety Arts, 225 W. 46th St.

Attractive female AGVA dancers, all races, wanted for musical comedy satire on burlesque. Producer Lou Walters, director Don Driver, choreographer Alan Johnson. 10am Tuesday, April 25, Variety Arts, 225 W. 46th.

Photographer needs attractive caucasian girls (big bust) for nude and pin up mags. \$25.00 Call LE 2 5180

WANTED: Gal X-Day, willing to work with an anarchist who does not believe in any government, law, or religion. Specifications: Between 25 - 40 yrs., the more intelligent the merrier. No gold diggers. No major psychoses. All specs. negotiable. Replies confidential of course. Write: LSI % I. ebowitz, 115 West 25th Street, NYC, NY 10001

## BUY AND SELL

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES,-- posters, bumper stickers, wildest and grooviest selection of buttons in US at the lowest prices. Dealer request invited. Send for free catalogue. Philip Dru, Administrator Underground Distributor, 15 Christopher St., NYC 10014

THE MAN FROM ZIG ZAG-- His mystical face on leather pendant \$1, on stationary or postcards, 10/\$1, add 10% postage, JOHNSON, Box 13, Mt. Sinai, NY.

PSYCHEDELIC SHOP and general store needs appropriate merchandise at wholesale. Write: THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP 5600 So. Drexel, Chicago 60637 Illinois

MAIL ORDER HEAD: 6 packs Marfil \$1., 10 prayer candles, \$1.50; Crystal spectacles now \$5.; 10 pipe screens \$1.; Indian stick incense \$1.; Brass pipes \$2.50; Love poster \$2.50; Mandalas, \$1.; HEAD SHOP INC, 10 Syuyvestant St., NYC 10003 Peace from the enchanted elves

COLLECTORS! Want a unique bike? '47 Indian Chief 1200cc Burgundy tank, straight pipes, needs 5 min. welding job, battery and cables, tune-up. Call Mark. 609-924-6016 collect 5-10 pm weekdays. Best offer.

One mattress and box spring, double bed, any reasonable offer. Cash or trade. Call Joel, 982 4762.

GO INTERCOURSE THYSELF: Or, if you prefer, gobuy buttons like that from a Big Little Store, no connection, 1378 Polk Street, San Francisco, 415-673-7766. Over 100 other original titles, competitive prices, free lists.

SELL / EXCHANGE - Unusual candles, dolls, (imported) novelties, cutlery, clother, furniture, dishes for practically anything usable or carpentry services. AMERICAN, 889 Rutland Rd., Brooklyn NYC 11203

BANANA Poster - Send \$1 to Jaylan Productions, 30 E. 20th Street, NYC.

CANT GET THE GRASS? Try mellow yellow. Our secret formula has maximized the psychedelic effects of Mellow Yellow. booze, pot, now things of the past. 8 joints for \$2 or \$8 per lid. PO Box 5513, Buena Park, Calif. 90620. 100% LEGAL

## PUBLICATIONS

SERENDIPITY means luck -- had any lately? In not, try investigating the ultra-discreet publication devoted to happy hearted gals and guys in search of fun, friends, fulfillment. \$1. starts you. (Gals listed free) SERENDIPITY, 152 W. 42nd, Suite 536, NYC 10036, not sold on newsstands or in bookstores.

Catalogue Freaks, send 10¢ to THE MAD PECK, Dept A, Box 2307, East Side Sta., Providence R.I. 02906

UNDERGROUND PUBLISHING SERVICE. Editing, layout, printing, promotion, distribution, sales. Any or all. Anxious to work with unusual material. Communications: OR 7 2200. Box 211, Village Station, NY 10014

SPECIAL EDITION: of "The Personal Approach", lists 200 ads, many photos, from broad minded adults eager to meet YOU! World wide correspondents will exchange pix, experiences. Rush \$1 today (give age) and swing to new pleasure. REMSON, Suite 69, 116 W. 87 NYC NY 10024

PAGES: Publication, 10¢ per copy. Order from 123-22 146th Street, Jamaica, NY 11436.

World Clubs Directory-\$1; Pearson's Inspirational Directory, \$1.; Occult Gazette, 50¢; Health and Religious Books for sale. PEARSON'S, 1332 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11237

## PADS

To sublet - Large loft on E. 2nd St. June 1st - 1st wk. in Sept. \$125. per month. Baldwin. 223 E. 2nd, Phone: 674-9238

Groovy, comfortable, clean, air conditioned west village apt. for rent all summer, \$100. a month. call WA 9 1232

Coming to Boston? Need a warm place to stay temporarily? Have couch, plenty of floor space. Call 26 year old incense burner. Earl at 267-5459.

## SPECIAL SERVICES

UMU (Undisputed Masters of the Universe) invites all clowns, harlequins, and troubadors, indians and other beings to help launch a yellow submarine down Wall St. Call Jack, 255 0706 for further information.

Gute nacht, gott und tranen/blute und schnee/ sing mein himmel/ to kind und ruh/ gute nacht, tag und brust/ sturm und monde/ kuss ein traum. Orpheus Jr. YU 2 4471

ACIDHEADS OF THE WORLD ---UNITE? (I wish!) No. But come, all. (Trippers, hipsters, teenieboppers, scenicruisers, psychedelickickers, don't bother --it's going to be very quiet. don't bother us. Cultists, go crowd in a closet --- we seek sky. Potheads, A-heads, all other heads, find your own time and place. If you're not SPACED ON ACID, stay away!) Anyway, human beings, come, we'll come and share the space. Bring the love dose? You know better. Just bring the love. The word is travelling underground ---listen for where and when. And come, all spacious souls.

Hello -- morning Lotus -- Alias Connie W. A harp bard -- years to develop -- that particle of felicity -- that thrives still -- in the past of wish. Orpheus Jr. YU 2 4471

FREE Introductory offer. New, unique dating service for mature adults. Individual matching by experienced workers in field. Send full description of self and of desired date. Receive within 10 days, free names of selected dates. PROFESSIONAL DATING SERVICE, Box 1108-B, GPO, Brooklyn, NY 11201

DISENCHANTED EGGHEADS! MIND MATES is a serious, specialized dating service catering exclusively to the NY area's vast literate, cultivated, intellectual community. Our purpose: to present you with your peers by means of a unique combination of computerized and personalized matching. Questionnaire, literature: MIND MATES Bureau for Interpersonal Relations, 509 Fifth Ave, NYC 10017 MU 2 3757

Special products for ladies -- send specific request to RC Dept. O, 265 E. 125th ST. NYC

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

The Beers Family in Concert-April 22 at 8:45 PM -- tickets at Village Theatre, 105 2nd Ave. \$3.00-\$2.00, For info call 475 8400

White male, 27, desires to take part in uninhibited parties, film making, etc. Call Hank, 6-9pm at 201.941.2191, reverse charges

Piano tuning and repair 924 3607

Save money legally, get all your deductions, income taxes, Federal, state and city. CERTIFIED INCOME TAX SERVICE. 415 Lexington or 141 E. 44th, phone 682-0592, Sat. 11-4, year round service.

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## SPECIAL SERVICES

Make \$2000. the easy way. A NY cabbie made \$2000. extra in one year because he knew which coins are worth \$5, \$10, \$50, or more. Find out how pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, many recent dated -- can out steady cash in your pocket. Send \$1 to Dept. c-3, Box 1536 So. Hackensack, NJ, 07606

Jr. Workshop announces the presentation of their first play, "The Ballad of the Black Tramp", a one act play by Nat White on April 27th and 28th at Jr.'s Cave, 160 Ave. A, NE corner 10th St., NYC 10009 This is the first presentation of Jr.'s Workshop: A private club dedicated to the arts club dedicated to the arts and their presentation to the public. For reservations call 475 9716.

SEX is something to get excited about. So is ELITE. The dating project developed specially for the individualist. For info write The Elite Project, Dept. E, 485 5th Ave, NYC.

There will be a Be-In held at Franklin Park Zoo in Boston, Mass., on Saturday, April 22, from sunrise to midnight.

aphrodisiacs -- make love a joy, not a job! Materials and free samples, \$2. to: COMAN Research, Box 352, NYC 10011

Works of YOUNG FILMMAKERS SOUGHT -- Rem Dolinsky of Remco Prod (a film brokerage service), is seeking new films by young, creative artists for commercial distribution. Mr. Dolinsky is seeking works with controversial themes concerned with pressing issues to todays youth, (i.e., drug addiction, homosexuality, automation, social and political protests, etc.) The films must be in 35 or 16 mm color and can be of any length. Those interested should contact Mr. Dolinsky or Neil Israel at 695-2828 to arrange for an appointment and a screening.

## PERSONAL

A young, 28, passionate and vigorous, romantic, quite affluent and dynamic prince from Pakistan, educated at Harvard and London. Artist, lover, lawyer and accountant, and art critic. Works exhibited the world over ("Artist of Great Individuality" Seitz; "Great Genius" O'Hara) Written as "Young Virtuoso" by TIME mag. Has travelled throughout the world -- wishes to meet a beautiful, charming and intelligent girl (19-24) Object to cooperate on a book he plans to write on Aesthetics and exchange of creative ideas in his Beekman Pl. apt. Please send photo (shall be returned) with your description to J. Iqbal Geoffrey, 340 E. 51st, NYC 10022 Phone 355 1230 late evenings.

("O Friend! I know not which way I must look for comfort being, as I am, oppress't, To SEE that our (ONLY) life is dress't for \$HOW!"--Wm. Wordsworth's London 1802)

Jonathan Talbot got a gig at the Dom, so Ray Ruble, "King of Ethnic Smut", is now in charge at the Gallery Gwen Folk Sings. If you haven't heard Robert Burns 2nd dirtiest song, what have you heard? 9pm 50¢. Bring your own ax, or just listen. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sun. 74 E. 4th St. GR 5 9178, Y'all Come.

Cornell Senior who will be spending the summer working in NYC desires to meet friendly, attractive girl to share sights and sounds. If interested let's exchange pictures. Write Martin Fox, 305 Thurston Ave., Ithaca, NY 14850.

I am a marvelous specimen of man! And I shall become even more wonderful under the influence of your beauty, your decency, and your intelligence. I offer you happy days, sylvan peace, and joyful laughter. Call BRUCE: 516 732 9237. No homos please.

Bachelor, loves life, needs groovy woman w/whom to do same To see mutual interests; PO Box 982, Ansonia Station, NYC, 10025

## PERSONAL

Little Brother, am slowing becoming cleansed by the rains, purified by sunshine, and only good vibrations are staying. May they reach out to you on the coast and make you happy too.

Attractive, stable, stimulating, creative, warm, gentle, masculine male, who is mature and successful, desires to meet attractive, sensitive, warm, female for a meaningful spiritual and physical relationship. Call 477 8260 evenings or Sat a.m.

I like breakfast w/females. I'm 33 and enjoy women 18-35. Compatible evenings until dawn. Call George 6-7 pm or 11pm-? Sat or Sun anytime. Phone 249 0429

Man, 36, mature, realistic, affectionate, creative, seeks similar female. No hippies, drug addicts, instant free housing seekers. Call Joe, 691-4544, 5pm to midnight. Weekend, 11 a.m.

Fascinating contest! A work of original art will be awarded the girl writing the best letter explaining "Why I Should be Chosen Playmate of the Weekend" Every application must enclose pix or entry will not be considered. To be judged by considerate mature male, PO Box 3594, Georgetown Sta., Washington, D.C.

GIRLS, if you want to date the most interesting doctor in the world, a genius, a real man, completely different and more fascinating than anyone you have ever read about or know, here is your once in a lifetime opportunity. Your doctor has discovered the most scientifically successful method of helping you find yourself and develop yourself to your maximum potentiality. Let him teach you the secrets of how to live life, to its fullest! Learn how to get everything you want out of life! Learn how to be happy, beautiful, healthy, rich and successful. Your doctor's 37, 6ft, 185, good looking, beautifully muscled everywhere, he represents the USA in 1968 Olympics as an athlete, "best dressed in NYC", he designs his own clothes, independent, wealthy, successful in living, and successful owner of many varied businesses, ambitious, "going to the top", self confident that he can do anything he wishes, better than anyone else, intelligent, creative, aggressive, decisive, a leader, articulate, dynamic, positive, responsible, organizer, disciplined, perseverant, realistic, aware, emotionally healthy, world traveller - Orient, India, Africa, Europe, Latin America, etc. Adventurous, fearless, charming, altruistic, considerate, loving, affectionate, amorous, empathetic, tolerant, lovable, generous, sophisticated, savoir faire, polite, well mannered gentleman who does everything possible to please you and give you love! He treats you like an absolute queen always, bringing out the most irresistibly beautiful, emotional feelings within you that will make you feel lucky that you are a female. He wants to date a girl whom he can stimulate and teach to be non-self destructive, improve herself and become a self-reliant mature woman. He would like to establish and maintain a symbiotic relationship with a woman in which there is mutual growth. If the doctor is so great why does he advertise? Because physically he can only be in one place at one time. Since thousands of women read this ad, this permits him to "meet" thousands of women at the same time, he can meet, via this ad, beautiful women like you, my darling, whom he may never meet in his every day society. If this above ad excites your female curiosity, my love, then please phone today. It will undoubtedly be the most important move of your entire life. Certain emotional rewards shall be yours of a nature which will be greater than you can ever dream of -- far beyond your wildest imagination. Phone daily 10-8, Sat 9-7. For your most rewarding phone conversation please call your doctor NOW at phone number 212 947 8118 Thank you, my love.

**PERSONAL**

Idealistic, off beat, strongly individualistic male writer offers warmth, understanding, affection, and comradeship to liberal chick who can reciprocate. Only talented, creative girls and young professionals (such as writers, painters, actresses, musicians, models, nurses, school teachers, airline hostesses, editors, etc) should call Herb at 473 5605.

Ex-serviceman (Marine) would like to make scene with ex-servicewoman. Call evenings, 434 4753

Two law students, age 22, with house near Ft. Lauderdale, driving down to Florida, leaving June 8 or 9, returning June 18, are looking for GIRLS to be vacation companions. 789 8227 if no answer try 989 2302

Bermuda- ALL expenses paid for attractive uninhibited female to accompany unattached educated good looking guy 31 on vacation for two won in contest. Write (include photo and phone) Jerry Price, 172 Beekeley St., Rochester, New York.

Handsome young man, 23, wants companionship of a beautiful sexy, receptive woman while girl friend is away on 3 month vacation. Call 877 1335

**WHEEL**

**PERSONAL**

Urgently needed - Music NOTATION master, non-huckster, personally ON 1967's 'Five minutes to Hiroshima' SUMMIT, H-bomb grammarian and free verser, collaborate w/grub existence captive on Satire, wood and stone softening Elegy, True HUMAN romances, THEATRE pieces, Mr. Mathias Bernhardt 1238 Morris Ave., Apt. 3N, Bronx, NY 10456, Listen: Money changer's clock screams: "3 minutes to Zero."



WANTED: Risk taker and profit sharer w/ a willingness to lay a couple of thou on the line. Call Emmett, 473 0589 Record production deals.

Nick Kundra, Ron Schick, Albert Moses, Fink, Cisco (Bob Rand?), (Last two from Eilat) and all other friends, please write Gordy, 857B Haight, San Francisco.

**AND**

**PERSONAL**

Seek female companionship. Prefer mid 20's, to early 40's. No pad sharing. Ethnic background inconsequential if you're a human human and can converse or share silence. Paul. 130 Neptune Ave., Brooklyn NY

Nice guy, 37, college degree, wants to meet girls on the island. For fun and dates. Box 303, Freeport, New York.

I am looking for a girlfriend. I study acting and do not get much time for meeting girls. Very many females are attracted to me -- I have a number of desirable qualities. I am interested only in someone very pretty and shapely; a warm, soft, yet independent, sensitive girl. Yes, I am asking for a lot, and I think I can give the same to someone who also wants to share. Honestly and openly. I have said enough. I'm 26. John 989 7232

WANTED: Warm, vibrant yng. girl to share Nudist weekends w/lonely bachelor in N.J. also lonely night's. Call Chuck, N.J. 201-947-4365

**DEAL**

**PRURIENT**

Girls: For invitation to uninhibited party call 535 7944.



CHICKS: If you're cold, warm, tired, or just want a swift pad in the village to relax, talk, listen to records or have a private hen party, my pad is yours. No strings attached. Call 989 0242 NOW

Attractive, life-bearing girl invited to explore sex in a new dimension -- without hang-ups and up-tightness, with joy and giving. 875 3150

**PERSONAL**

GIRLS: Creative, interesting, man w/unusually wide range of abilities, seeks to meet sensitive, attractive girl, 18-26. Let's have dinner together. Guaranteed fantastic time. Box 562 Forest Hills Sta., Flushing NY 11375, or call Ray 268 4690

Young man, PH.D. candidate, seeks girl for physical relationship for mutual satisfaction and convenience. Write Box 460 219 W. 104th St. NYC 10025

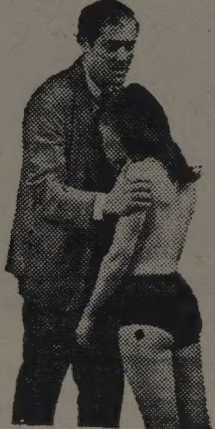
Upon the farewell bed -- a carnage of ghostly symphonies -- bleeds with memory -- while the mendicant applauds the nocturne -- With a criminal weariness of a pillows infirmary. Orpheus Jr. YU 2 4471

PLEASE C.T. SMITH-- contact the EVO office or Peter Leggieri or Marni Agnew re: your LEMAR Files and cooperation on NYS Legislation and possible LEGALIZATION OF GRASS. Our thanks.

To a lovely young woman. You can only add to the stature of your life by a relationship with me, in terms of joy, culture, wisdom, sex and the sweet life. Call Norm, eve.-at SU 7 1944



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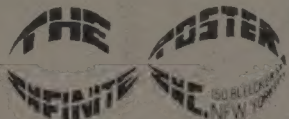
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'The Deer Park' is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might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

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kill man----herb de grass  
the secret of wendel samson  
----mike kuchar  
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