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VOL. 2 NO. 14


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JUNE 15-JULY 1

TRUCE



BOWART PHOTO


THE east village OTHER

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

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 IS A MEMBER OF UPS
 (Underground Press Syndicate)

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

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Dear EVO:

I'm writing to express my disappointment with the assumptions, the attitudes, and the presentation of the EVO "extra" issue on the Tompkins Square arrests May 30th. The paper was a hastily-prepared, self-indulgent, irresponsible example of the values the "love generation" is trying to alter; it matched the DAILY NEWS stereotype for stereotype; the cartoon on psychedelic merchants could only be divisive in the community, and misunderstood; its photo-reporting merely reversed the CBS "get a beard" approach with "where's the nearest slack-jawed Slav" photography. The emotional range of the issue (monochromatic) varies from purple apoplexy to purple paranoia to purple prose.

This belated interest of EVO in the REAL POLITIC of the East Side, and its entry into the field of reporting, (as opposed to the purity of an artist's manifesto, the unique position of the REALIST, the timelessness of the small magazine,) comes now as a necessity, but I think we might look more closely at this most recent issue. I've never minded the NATIONAL INQUIRER covers of the paper, though I was curious to know whether the bleeding man was Frank Wise (there's no identification). In the editorial, Mr. MacDonald makes the important point that violence on the part of authorities, in some sense, implicitly condones and encourages violence in volatile elements of any community. Unfortunately, the editorial deteriorates into paranoia about what goes on in the minds and locker rooms of the Tactical Patrol Force cops (whom, you will remember, are up tight in the first place, because they haven't regular beats or assignments). The point is, what purpose do the editorial or the cover serve? The harassment of drivers ought to stop; the "occupation" of Tompkins Square (and, by the way, the protection of hippies) is a difficult problem, but no coherent point of view emerges from the editorial.

What specific effect was desired by the editorial, the cover, and by the publication of the "extra" in the first place? Was it designed, like the handbills of the Communications Company, to encourage understanding, restraint, and love in the hippie community? Or was it, in its assumptions, an understandable but unfortunate crystallization of attitudes, as ugly as the worst encountered in Tompkins Square on May 30th?

Mr. Bowart's description of the event itself repeats the paranoia, ignores the causes and background of the incidents, and attempts unsuccessfully to relate the incident to a pattern of police harassment. Since the community exists, by definition, in opposition to many of the transitory norms of society, the appearance of the police or authorities is to be expected and planned for. However, the minute chronicling of the exact events in Tompkins Square Park, though important in itself, if presented without an analysis of causes or effect, reflects Thoreau's warning: 'if you've read about one train crash, you've read about them all.' Mr. Bowart accuses the police of brutality. Who was brutal? Ninth Precinct police? Tactical Patrol Force? Captain Langan? They have numbers and names. If there was brutality, the job of newspaper reporting is not to repeat the goodguys-badguys routine of the DAILY NEWS, but to get the hard facts, difficult as it might be. If the cops in question are psychologically unfit for duty in this diverse neighborhood, educate them, or bring charges against them, or picket them and their families night and day. Captain Langan might be a martinet, an inept cop, an honest man placed in a very difficult position, but he does exist, and in the Ninth Precinct. If he's guilty of wrong-doing, bring charges against him; but don't give us the CONCLUSION that he's a bad cop ala the NEWS.

It doesn't make much sense to me, to use the methods we deplore in the DAILY NEWS, the pandering to ghetto prejudice and ignorance, the stereotyping in reporting and photographic coverage, the emotional reporting of complex news events, for some purpose which is also vague to me. If the "plot is thickening," let's discover it. If Mafia money is involved, report it. If realty money or uptown money is taking jobs away from hippies, then organize a selective buying campaign. Otherwise, it's paranoia. (We won't ask who first popularized the realtor's term "East Village.") If we need a mutual protection association, a tribal council, then let us identify our mutual interests, and work for them politically and socially, and stop assuming the benevolent disinterest of a relatively prosperous society.

It should come as no secret, that in our pluralistic neighborhood, the advent of the "love generation" causes some consternation. I would expect a local newspaper to serve the purpose of creating understanding among diverse groups. Does it make any difference that, against the grain of twentieth century American technology and plastic culture, the Ukrainians, Poles, the Jews and Germans before them, maintained their "tribal" integrity, their dances, language, and arts for decades; haven't we things in common?

Finally, I thought your editorial cartoon was vague, and could be misunderstood; you show a hippie resident being shoved aside by a cop (evidently a mounted policeman, from his boots) to "make way" for the moneyed psychedelic merchant, who dreams of "leather goods" (LEATHER GOODS, Walter?), bananas (Walter, THERE'S NO MONEY IN BANANAS), "Head Shops" — (a registered trade name by Jeff Glick), books, posters, and acid rock. Since the merchant isn't identified ("he doesn't LOOK Sicilian"), I don't know what interpretation your readers can draw. I don't personally know of any moneyed merchants, then or now, on the East Side. I think it's hypocrisy to

omit the PSYCHEDELIC PRESS from your depiction, and I can't think of any positive purpose served by the cartoon for this community. (Note: the Head Shop was broken into over the weekend.)

Allan Katzman makes the only positive point in the paper, when he suggests that we need a tribal council with representatives of the community. It's a good idea. Let's try it. Let us recognize that, though we are highly visible in the community, we are a minority, but a powerful and articulate one, with abilities and votes as yet uncommitted. And let's have a newspaper, not expressionistic manifestoes.

James D. Rose
 EAST SIDE BOOK STORE

Dear EVO:

Concerning the back page article, "Riot Seed Sprouts," in the recent EVO Extra; a few of its many inaccuracies should be set straight.

The Pageant Players performed three short plays on Thursday, June 1, starting about 7:30 P.M. or after. The three were: KING CON, THE WAR MONSTER, and JAMES BOND, in that order. All three were performed from beginning to end with no interruption. There was some heckling, and throughout the entire three plays, perhaps four or five objects — no beer cans or similarly hard things — were thrown. There was a hostile and frantic atmosphere, which may have been due to the fact that we are an all-white group, or to the tensions left over from Tuesday's troubles on the grass. In any case, we are a street theater group, and we are used to heckling, thrown objects, people coming up on the stage, and the like. We know how to handle it peacefully, and we did so that evening.

The first two plays were fairly well-received. The third play was not as well-received, though the audience watched throughout. Then, we tried an experiment. We asked for audience participation, in an improvisation about Thursday's bust-in in the park. It did not play well, and it may have been a mistake to perform it. But it did play without interruption, from beginning to end. As it ended, a knife-fight between two Puerto Ricans broke out in the audience. However, it was quickly stopped, and the crowd waited for the next show. The Pageant Players, having finished their performance, left the park.

I returned about 20 minutes later, to discover a white folk-rock group on stage, and an angry crowd of Puerto Ricans demanding Latin music. Some began throwing things, while others set up their own music on Hoving's Hill, with turned-over garbage barrels. The folk-rock group had to finish up behind the lowered, steel, band-shell curtain, amidst great hostility.

Meanwhile, a Christine Jorgensen-type woman had lured a huge crowd over to her, voluntarily. I lost interest, and turned away. When I looked back, she was half-leading, half-being led by 4-500 people, out to 7th and B. I only know that after another 20 minutes or so, I saw her taken away in a squad car. I hung around another 45 minutes. The crowd was mostly Puerto Rican and Negro, but there were whites and hippies. There may have been some anti-white and anti-hippy feeling, but it couldn't have been too strong, because there were plenty of them around to beat and stomp, if the crowd wanted to.

A member of the Pageant Players

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Dear friends,

The first Battle of Tompkins Square Park came as no surprise. More confrontations will follow. For weeks now, we have been invaded by hordes of uptight men in the uniforms of the tactical police who have brought into our peaceful community the strange values of Bay Ridge, Queens, and Staten Island. This first battle proved that it is impossible to "drop out" in the fullest sense. We must learn to resist those who would destroy our attempt at beloved community. The question then is -- what are we to defend? Certainly not our property, our "face," or our institutions. We must defend our values, and resist with love, because to resist violently would destroy our values and make victory meaningless. We must organize politically (the politics of love, says Tuli) and since we cannot depend on any aid from the city, create our own para-government to represent us. Also, we must stick together and resist as one, a community of brothers. Here are some suggestions:

- 1) Everyone should have on him a whistle or, better yet, a more melodic instrument. When accosted by a policeman he begins blowing it, attracting other people. If a cop wants to question one person, all answer, if a cop wants to bust one person, all sit down and obstruct the arrest, etc. We should harass the cops to such a degree that they can no longer harass us.
- 2) We need to stick together. At Tompkins Square Park, hundreds of hippies stood around while a few people got beat upon and busted. Next time they, too, will sit down, cause a Berkeley-type confrontation, and fill the jails if necessary.
- 3) We should aid and protect our friends with fuzz trouble. This includes pot-heads and draft resisters. We should hide them out in our apartments if need be, and when the police or FBI come to make an arrest, start blowing our whistles. Let them face an enraged community, not bust individuals with ease.
- 4) Since we are a peaceful community, we should demand that the police not carry guns or nightsticks on our streets.
- 5) We should begin a provo-type offense. Paint stray police cars yellow, obstruct traffic as in H-A, and carry out other acts of creative disorder. All who do so, however, should accept the possible penalties as one, so the police cannot divide us by arresting people singly. This offense should be carried out with a loving spirit. That, after all, is what we are about.
- 6) We need to communicate with the kids coming down here on week-ends. We can do this by gatherings at Tompkins Square and having respected gurus address the assemblage. "Purist" hippies may object to institutionalizing the "be-in," but we are fighting for our existence; and sacrificing our purity is not compromising our values. Also, we should paste posters around the Lower East Side, informing people of their rights, what to do when accosted by police, and other necessary information. If any of us gets a summons for pasting these things up, we all appear in court and insist upon our common "guilt."

Much of our activity may be construed as "illegal." We should not court jail, but neither should we fear it. Usually, we will be facing minor charges like disorderly conduct or, one more serious -- a misdemeanor -- resisting arrest. But as long as we resist non-violently, we need not worry about long jail sentences. Also, if enough of us are in jail, we can turn Rikers Island into a groovy scene.

Love and resistance,
 Martin Jezer,
 co-editor of WIN Magazine

POLICE REVIEW

WES WAITES PHOTO



When the violence erupted in Tompkins Square on Tuesday afternoon, Allegra Perhaes was sitting in the locked-arm circle on Hoving Hill with her two children—Michael, age 7, and Marissa, 6—in her lap. “When the cop fell over into the group and the night sticks started swinging,” she recalls, “I got scared and tried to get up and run, carrying my children. And all of a sudden, here was this cop cursing at me—‘get those little pricks out of here,’ like that—and then he took his little club and hit me twice, on the arm and leg. I couldn’t believe it, and I still have the bruises—I just cried, that’s all I could do, I just couldn’t believe it.”

The police having somehow allowed her to leave the area, Mrs. Perhaes immediately contacted the ACLU, who instructed her to lodge a formal complaint with the Civilian Complaint Review Board. Appearing before the Board’s headquar-

ters, at 201 Park Avenue South, Mrs. Perhaes accidentally confronted the officer who had struck her: “I’ll never forget that man’s face,” she recalls, “and I straightaway bent over to read the number on his badge. He covered his chest with his hand and demanded that I tell him my name.” Failing to get the officer’s badge number, Mrs. Perhaes asked for an interview with Lieutenant Mullins, who was handling the complaints from the Tompkins Square riot.

Lieutenant Mullins registered her complaint in detail and then informed her that all the Tompkins Square complaints were to be handled as one group rather than a separate complaint; Mullins later told EVO that the complaints were being slotted together because they had all derived from the same “geographical area.” He further told EVO that, “offhand,” he calculated that a total of seven Tompkins

Square complaints had been registered with this office. Each separate complainant will be informed of the disposition of his case, Mullins said; his final report on the question of brutality in the Tompkins Square Memorial Day riot, however, will be handled as one case to itself.

“It all seemed pretty well planned out, to me” Mrs. Perhaes commented, speaking of the way the cops handled the riot. “Nobody really knew what was happening, just all of a sudden there was all that violence, and then everyone was crying—just crying, all the police were dragging people away to the paddy wagons.”

Allegra Perhaes, incidentally, does not consider herself a hippie: “I was probably the only square there, in fact—I even had shoes on and I was dressed pretty conventionally. But those people around me, those beautiful flower people—they were holding my babies’ heads away from the night sticks, guarding them...”

by Dan Katz

NATIONAL COINCIDENCE



The Memorial Day beatings and arrests, subsequent near-riots, and the general cop-community relationship scene seems to have its historical counterparts. The tactics of the cops remind us of past incidents; somehow, we've been through this movie before.

Like in 1961. Washington Square Park had been the traditional Sunday gathering grounds of West Village folksingers and listeners for 17 years, and for the 14 of them that permits were necessary, they were issued with no hassle. So when Izzy Young, of the Folklore Center, was refused a permit on April 6, 1961, it was decided that the singers would march on the park the following Sunday.

It was Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris who had ordered his staff not to issue permits to any but "bona-fide" musical groups. He further ordered that all musicians without a permit were to receive a summons.

The following Sunday, April 9, the kids showed up, with guitars and dulcimers. The cops arrived with clubs. 10 singers were arrested, including novelist Harold Humes. The clubs were used.

A few days later, Young received a letter from Richard Ballantine, of Ballantine Books, stating that he saw the Sunday bust, and that he would "testify, under oath, that the police were brutal to the extreme. I saw, from a distance of 10 feet, two police officers knock a man to the ground, kick him while he was prostrate and offering absolutely no resistance, and hit him on the head with a club. I saw a young girl, less than five feet tall, and in all probability weighing less than 100 pounds, who had to be carried away by friends, as she had been beaten severely about the head with clubs. I saw that, to the best of my knowledge, the crowd never, at any point, attacked the police." As could be expected, the New York Mirror ran two-inch banner heads the day after the bust, screaming, 3000 BEATNIKS RIOT IN VILLAGE!

Why did the nightsticks fly? Why the ban in the first place? Commissioner Morris claimed that he wanted to make the park "more attractive." He accused the singers of "trampling all over the grass, flowers, and shrubs." But, since the Washington Square folksingers always played in or near the fountain, a completely concrete area, and this day was no exception, Morris' explanation was clear-cut bullshit.

Other theories began to arise. The musicians claimed that the ban was an attempt to drive "beat types" from the Village, in order to benefit real estate interests, including New York University. The musicians believed that the real estate people saw them as a liability, keeping the rents "low" (\$100/month for a 60-year-old two-room apartment with cockroaches is LOW?), and preventing the City from running an avenue through the Park. OK, so maybe the real estate people WERE that naive, believing that the kids were keeping the rents down. MAYBE the real estate people were paying off Morris and the cops, to get the beats out. Just maybe.

It was obvious, later, that the nationwide publicity surrounding the Washington Square Park incidents made Greenwich Village the most popular tourist attraction in New York. After all, why go to a foreign country, when you can visit an alien culture, right in your own backyard? The Macdougall Street Mirth Merchants, some of whom were in business before the ban, most of whom moved downtown at the right time, cleaned up, and are STILL cleaning up. Isn't it possible that a few of them could have foreseen the results of such publicity before the ban and the bust...? This all looks pretty gross, man.

Indeed, the Rev. Howard R. Moody of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, a former Marine combat pilot and a friend of Young and the folksingers, implored, "We want the Mayor to know we want a thorough investigation. If there's corrup-

tion—a payoff scandal—we don't want it hushed up. The people from the coffeehouses are being grossly mishandled."

As far as the brutality goes, the only statement wending its way forth from officialdom, was one from Police Commissioner Murphy: "My department doesn't use unnecessary force." He said he would investigate complaints, and that's the last anybody heard of it. Isn't it possible that Commissioner Murphy was a fink?

Meanwhile, pressure was being placed on Morris to lift the folksinging curfew. He said that he would "look to public opinion before deciding to reconsider the songfest ban." A day later, he said that he doesn't have a large enough staff to conduct a survey on public sentiment. He agreed, however, to consider the sentiments expressed in letters written to him by Villagers. A week later, the Post ran a story about the mounds of unopened letters in Morris' office, and quoted him as saying, "Look, I'm not running a poll here, you know." The folksinging ban continued.

On April 15, the Salvation Army held a concert in Washington Square Park. The concert featured 15 bands and 700 bandmen. Morris issued the permit.

Various groups and individuals within the Village, some opposing the ban and some favoring it, were actively attempting to influence public opinion and the Park officials. Community opinion rapidly polarized, and it became clear that what some of the older Village residents objected to was not the singing, but rather, the presence of Blacks among the new "beatniks." Thus, the cops and the parks department had managed to get the Village to fight itself. Make different groups of undesirables hate each other, and they'll kill themselves off.

All the while, officials continued to spew forth the same familiar trash. Police Inspector William F. Reel produced this gem: "They're schemers. They come there (to the Park) looking to get arrested."

On May 1, the cops beat more heads. Both Young and the ACLU by now had complaints and petitions registered in State Supreme Court, to overrule Morris' ban. Mayor Wagner strongly supported Morris, while Congressman John Lindsay and others supported Young's petition. On May 5, Young told the Times, "We have been trying to fight this thing legally, but, so far, the cards seem to be stacked against us." He proceeded to send telegrams to President Kennedy, his little brother, Rockefeller, Stevenson, Cardinal Spellman, and Bernard Baruch, asking for help. He got none.

On May 8, 600 sang-in at the Park, without instruments, and on May 13, Wagner finally permitted the kids to sing and play between 3-6 pm on the 14th. An anti-sing group, composed of organizations such as the American Legion, the Knights of Columbus, the PTA, the Holy Name Society, the Village Businessmen's Association, and a Cub Scout Pack, threatened a demonstration if the ban was dropped.

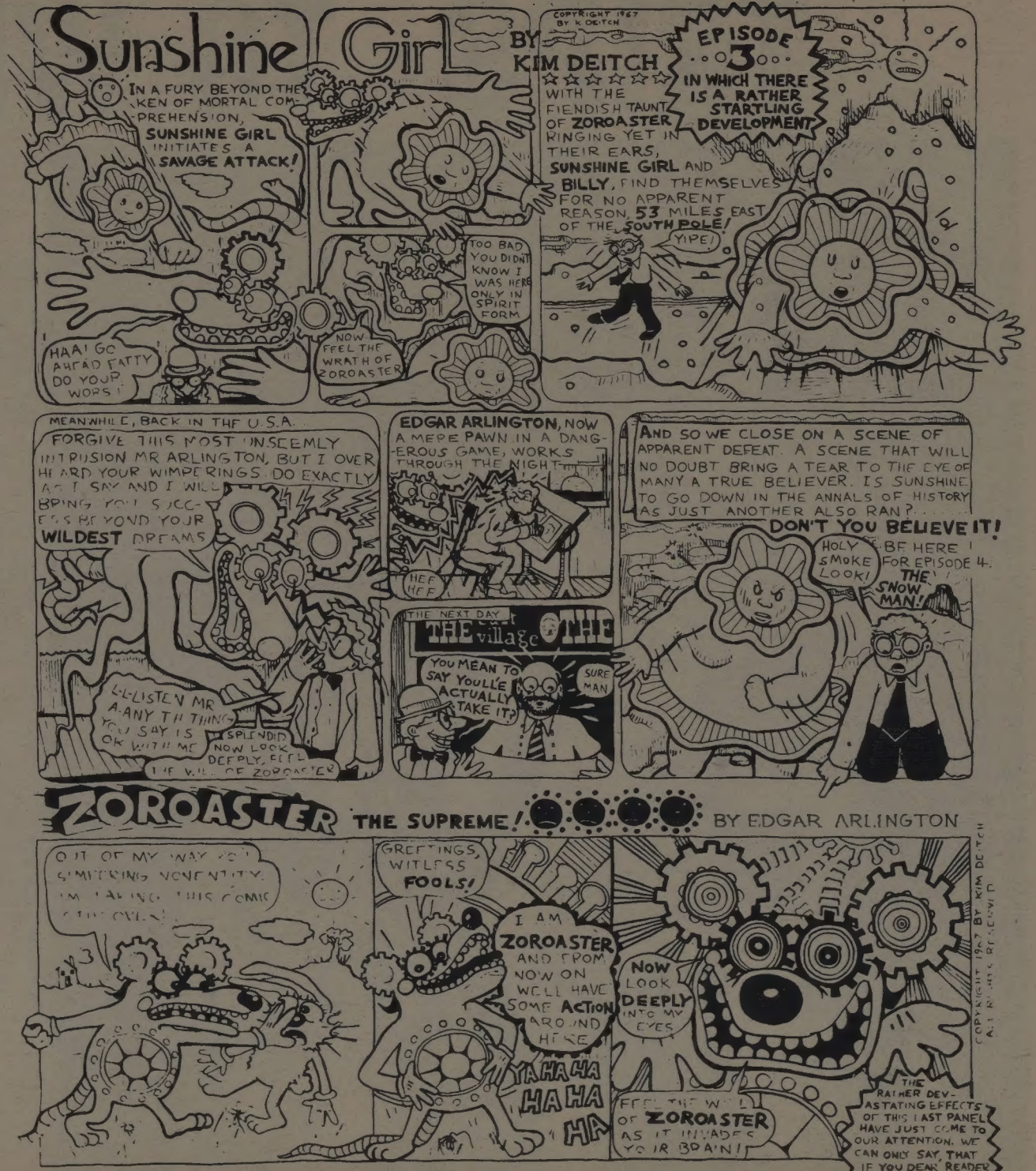
Singing was permitted sporadically by the good graces of Wagner, Morris, and the cops, until August 7, when the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court reversed a lower court decision on Young's petition. The Appellate Division stated that Morris acted improperly, and re-asserted the right of human beings to sing. At certain times.

And so the crisis ended. Or rather, and so the Village ended. For the incredible amount of publicity turned the West Village into a multi-million-dollar coney-island freak show, where innocuous uptown and cross-country tourists flocked to waste their time and money watching beatniks. And guess who got rich.

This pattern seems to be a recurring one, in all areas where hippie or underground communities begin to develop. First, the cops pull one atrocity on flimsy pretense, like the Memorial Day Tompkins Square Affair. This serves a number of purposes. It brings the first surge of publicity. It puts the longtime residents of the area up-tight, like, we don't mind you living here, but man, you just put heat on the place. It provides the excuse to put more cops on the beat, which always tenses a situation. Take a walk along Avenue A near the Park tonight, and see enough cops for a be-in. All this cop-created tension, plus the summer heat, plus the frustration of pavement life, creates a bad scene. If the cops get their way, from this point on, the different community groups can be pitted against each other, killing each other off. The cops actually become keepers of the peace. And the end result is always the same: the uptown pseudo-hips cash in on the new tourist attraction, and the hippies have to look for a new home.

Similar occurrences took place on the Sunset Strip last winter. On November 13, the cops lied to the press, declaring that 1500 teenagers were wandering the streets, armed with molotov cocktails. The first major action of the police, using the lie as emotional springboard, and the ridiculous 10:00 curfew as a legal one, occurred on November 20, when 47 flower children (well, sort of) were busted. The problem, of course, was that the liquor-serving rock joints, now able to bring in the under-21 kids who could dance, but not drink, charged minimums of \$2.50, too steep for a couple of dances and a coke. As a result, the kids walked the streets in throngs, an act perceived by the exploitative rock merchants as a threat to their business. The cops, while babbling about protecting law and order, were actually protecting the wealthy burn artists. Only naivete says this is coincidental.

Albert Mitchell, owner of the Fifth Estate coffee-house, and a staunch sup-



porter of the Strip hippies, declared that "This is a classic power struggle between the wealthy real estate business interests and the bohemians. We will never give up. We will not be steam-rolled out of town."

LA County Supervisor Ernest E. Debs leans all the way back in his padded swivel chair, and munches, "We will never surrender the area to a bunch of wild-eyed beatniks."

So the war is on.

On November 21, over 400 city, county, and state cops subdue a crowd of 1,000. Fifty more are busted. The Times reports that the enforcement of the curfew began on the demand of nightclub owners and restaurant owners, who said their businesses were hurt by "gangs of unruly juveniles." On November 28, the Times reports, "400 baton-swinging, armed officers marched shoulder-to-shoulder down Sunset Blvd., shoving the protestors into side streets, and clubbing them on the pavement. Youths shouted, 'Who do cops protect? MONEYMAKERS!'"

By December 5, 337 arrests on the curfew charge had been made. In three weeks' time.

On December 12, cops entered a private hall, in which was taking place a meeting to protest police action, and asked one of the kids for his ID. Albert Eason Monroe, 57-year-old Executive Director of the Southern Cal ACLU, informed the kid that he had a legal right not to show the cop ID disclosing age. Monroe was booked on "SUSPICION OF INTERFERING WITH A POLICE OFFICER."

The important point is that the burn merchants run the Strip. The burn merchants run the West Village. Burn merchants run North Beach. Information seems to indicate that they are gaining control of the Haight (to be documented in the next EVO). It looks like a variation of the same shit beginning in the East

Village; Memorial Day was just the beginning.

Certain questions have to be answered. Why did the cops bust up a peaceful situation in the Park, beat people, arrest people, cause a riot, all over the noise complaint of one urinal cleaner? The business potentials have been outlined above. If this is the case, who's paying the cops? Or is it plain, uncorrupted fascism?

Last week, the press reported that a white hippie girl was stripped and attacked by Puerto Ricans in the Park. People who were on the scene, however, declare that the chick danced in front of the crowd, dared them to grab her, and took off her blouse herself. Good publicity, realizing that the press would write "white girl attacked by Puerto Ricans." The motive? Perhaps to pit the hippies against the Puerto Ricans. Maybe an excuse for more cops. SPECULATION: Who put her up to it?

The thing we have to do is refuse to be used in their game of political exploitation. We must refuse to resist them on the streets and in the park—they want us to demonstrate, non-violently, of course. This is publicity. If we can stay off the streets and out of the park for a few weeks, they'll be powerless. If we want the Lower East Side as a place to live and play, let's not fall into their trap. Stay indoors, go uptown, go out of town, but be INVISIBLE. The alternative is a sideshow.

Anyway, now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.

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TRIPS TO WEAR

LIL PICARD



PHIL STILES PHOTO

Zooming rock and roll. Bodies from left to right, from right to left moving across the stage in the Village Theater, Second Avenue. Costumes, sounds, lights, strobes flickering, vivacity, balance, style, a new psychedelic look, silver, gold, design, patterns, capes, pants, bikinis, saris: "Trips to Wear," the event. It went over fast, no pause, like a color-gale, a motor-bicycle racing through the aisle right smash to the stage, unloading a girl in a short dress; it ended with a motorcycle zooming out to Second Avenue on Seventh Street. Was it a fashion show? It was Art. What kind of Art? The one that grips you. Dance, rhythm, color, light, design, form, line, movement, sound, combined. The very young in mind and body did it, not enough people saw it, it should be repeated, soon! Boutiques around St. Marks got together and, in an outstanding effort, presented a delightful colorful dance-concert, with the "Third-Eye-Band" and "Quintet-Revolutionary," bouncing, whipping, trumpeting, pounding the beat, noisy but good. The boys and girls followed up the sound, swinging, rickering, floating, jumping, walking, flying over the small stage, and the strobe-light emphasizing the celebration. No Art Gallery in dead Tenth Street and in the surrounding neighborhood did anything in the last year with just a little bit of the verve and invention shown in this performance. Why is Art downtown so extremely "Old Look," why so boring and bad?? Fifty-seventh Street Revue asks, in a review titled "Tenth Street and below," why EVO and Village Voice Reporters rarely review the downtown scene. The answer is simple. There is nothing outstanding to review. If something would happen, one would gladly rush to write about it. But galleries in this sector of town seem to sleep—while Wunder Woman, Boutiques, Superstore, Limbo, Noah's Ark, Opening Line, Broccoli, Poor No More, Vietnam Protique, ZZZap's, James Douglas Goodson, Suson, Studio Del, Tiana & Marina are alive. All those little stores and designers have something up their sleeves; watch out, Seventh Avenue and Vogue and Harpers Bazaar, here comes talent bouncing along, with trip-gear-inventions, Freakout Frocks, Renaissance Rock-stuff, mixed bag appeal, bright, love, young, spring, alive, soft touch clothes and day-glo-colors. Watch the ritual of Walter Bowart under the blue of a black light—ultra-violet mystery shining, and a girl singing with a strange, soft whisper, she wore Psyche-eyeglasses and a sari.

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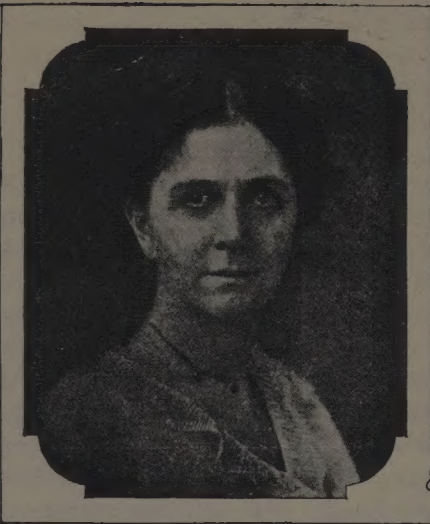
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The Immigrant Among Us

By Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker

Things have quieted down since the Memorial Day debacle and Wednesday night's skirmish. There have been a few incidents, but not enough to create a further riot situation, but in actuality, the debacle is just beginning. What happened to North Beach, Venice East in California, and the West Village Folk Sing Riots, all of which occurred six years ago, and is now occurring in Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco, is going to begin to happen here. Tourists will be flooding in, and to paraphrase, "if the tourists are here, can the moneylenders be far behind," is going to create a situation which has already taken place in all these other areas. The poor people, the concerned people, the people who have lived here, who have died here, who have sweated their lives away just to have the right to stay alive, are going to lose; lose unless they can get together and control the situation themselves.

There have been a few positive steps towards such an action as this. The Real Great Society, a Puerto Rican-based operation which has brought to the community a pride in themselves, a chance to better their own financial conditions, and an organization which has its own educational facilities, have been out in the park talking to the kids, filling the communication breakdown that has occurred because no one is talking to them, the ones who are really concerned by all this.

The Puerto Rican community on the Lower East Side has a legitimate complaint. They have fought and died for the last six years, just to have the right to be in Tompkins Square Park. But now, along come the Hippies, and everyone is paying attention to them, including the Mayor's office. But what about the last six years, when Puerto Ricans were getting their heads stomped in by the police and other ethnic groups; no one paid attention to them, no public official secured their rights for them. They had to fight for it all the way.

This is the resentment they feel, and this is the job the Real Great Society has taken on for themselves; to explain to their people that the Hippies, like all the other minority groups throughout history, are being used by the police for their own sadistic pleasures, and by the City for its own political games. If they can get this across, they could possibly channel the violence - that would have happened anyway this summer, not just by the Puerto Rican youths, but by other ethnic groups which were being fucked over by the police department and the city - into a creative situation.

And, thank God, they are not the only ones doing this, for the Communications Company, a Hippie organization, is working along with them. They were out in the park, talking to their own people, the night after the riot.

It is groups like these who are really concerned, who are doing the job that has to be done; and not the committees that have met with the police, the parks department and the city for the last few days. All that has issued from these areas has been a bunch of public-relations bullshit and bureaucratic doubletalk. If these so-called establishment institutions don't come off their high-handed games and talk to the real people, the Puerto Rican, Hippie, Negro and Ukrainian kids, then it's going to be a hotter summer than we think. In the words of a prophetic pop song of the 40's, which states my case emphatically, "I'm a little prairie flower/Growing wilder every hour./Nobody cares to cultivate me/So I'm as wild as wild can be."

There will be a Be-In on June 21, in Central Park's Sheep Meadow, to celebrate the Summer Solstice. Bring flowers. Bring Joy.

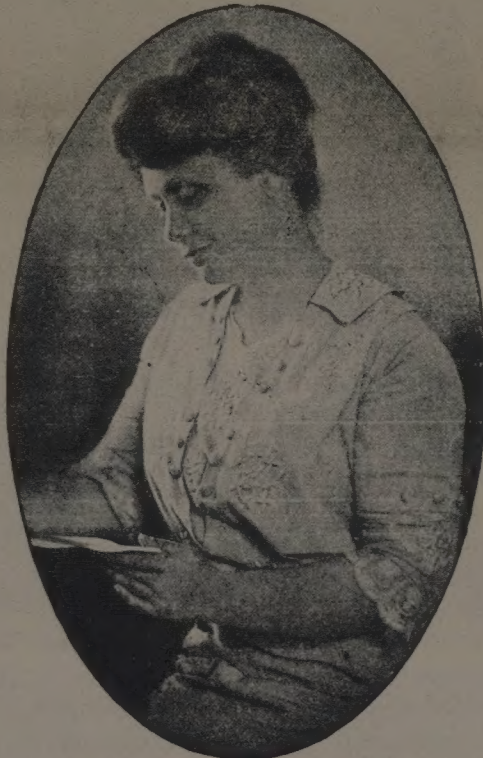
We officially checked with the Post Office, and we learned that at Stuyvesant Station, there were more packages of books and printed matter and mass media, 4th class mail, sent to San Francisco and Berkeley, than ever before in the history of Stuyvesant Station. You dig!!!!!!

According to New York "Post" commentator Leonard Lyons, the reason that Charlton Heston recited "the hippy poem with four-letter words" was precisely to prevent a National Arts Council grant to the "hippies." In spite of Heston's no-doubt delivery with sensuous feeling, the grant was denied.

Received a letter from Allen Cohen, Editor of the San Francisco Oracle, stating that there will be NO Be-In in the Grand Canyon this summer.

Meanwhile, I also received a letter from Flying Stone, a member of a Denver Hippie Trive. He states that some Hippies rather freaked the Hopis, but later, a group from L.A. warmed the Hopis to the idea. "Go to the Grand Canyon, even if the so-called leaders call it off, we have no leaders, we are Warriors of the Rainbow." For those who are still skeptical, 160 acres of land have been rented, for the sole purpose of accomodating the Be-In, at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon.

The reason that the Grand Canyon Be-In was shifted to Los Angeles and San Francisco on the same date, June 21st, was because of the physical dangers involved, and too short a time to prepare for them. The L.A. Oracle are the ones who will be going to the Grand Canyon, and who have rented the land that Flying Stone speaks of in his letter. If anyone does go to the Canyon, it definitely must be stated that they will be going at their own risk, because of the heat, and lack of water and toilet facilities and preparedness.



Mrs. SAMUEL B. SNEATH, First Vice-President.

"Screaming, defiant, educated inmates under 25 years old" will make up 50 per cent of penitentiary inmates by 1975, Charles D. Weller announced to 62 wardens and prison officials attending a meeting of the West Central Wardens Association in Colorado Springs, Colorado, last month. Weller is consultant to the Western Interstate Commission on Higher Education (Boulder, Colo.) and a faculty member at Regis College in Denver. According to the Denver "Post," he was formerly a patrolman for the renowned and uncorruptible Denver Police Force.

"You are going to encounter a type of prisoner you have never seen before," warned Mr. Weller. "He will be young, vocal, defiant, and will probably have about three years of college. This young man will not be affected by any loss of his freedom. The chances are he may have been an organizer of some protest group.

"He will be quite vocal, and scream loud and long. The community is going to become involved and concerned by necessity," he said. Will communities be imprisoned, too?

Weller admonished the wardens to start now, training their correction officers to deal with this "new breed of criminals." Perhaps, someone should admonish the intelligentsia to find out how to deal with a new breed of imprisonment. After all, if Educated Protest must be locked up, why not simply wall up the universities, and place Denver cops around and about as guards?

What We Can Do for Her

By Mrs. Mary I. Wood

Toronto is having a Space-In, June 25, to take place in High Park.

Catch Michael Hadyn's piece, "The Head Machine," at Martha Jackson Galleries' new show, "Enter Systems." It's a high in itself.

Ken Weaver, of Fug fame, has started his own devastating campaign against Con Edison. Each morning when he wakes up, he blows the black soot from his nose into a stamped return envelope, and mails it to King Con.

An average of six U.S. military deserters a day go underground in Amsterdam, it was reported in a two-hour inquiry made by a French and German TV team, and shown on German and Dutch television last week. According to the inquiry, about 10 per cent of the Americans stationed in Germany have deserted since the U.S. started fighting in Vietnam. Apparently, the deserters are being aided by an "international organization," including the Committee of 100A and the International War Resistance in London.

The Provos, the young Dutch anarchists, circulate pamphlets printed in London among American soldiers, either on leave, or in the vicinity of the camps in Germany. The Provos and their friends look after the deserters until they can be smuggled into France, which, because of its anti-Vietnam-War policy, is deliberately not taking notice. Eventually, the deserters will end up in Communist Eastern Europe.

Funds for the operation have been provided by a large number of anti-war organizations in several countries.

According to those who were interviewed, American deserters prefer to lead the life of outlaws, rather than face the horror and death of Vietnam.

The recent headbusts in Tompkins Square Park, general heat (in both tempers and temperatures), and the overall monotony of pavement life, have convinced many people to DROP OUT! Why simmer on the steaming streets of a sick city infested with burn artists, when the birds sing in gentle harmony elsewhere?

Collaberg School has graciously donated the use of their land, for a MONTHLONG SUPERCOSMIC INTER-GALACTIC TRANSTRIBAL LOVEFEAST AND BE-IN. Lie in the sun, sleep under trees, ball in the woods, swim, dance, do your thing. Music will abound. The main event of the month, the Summer Solstice, will be celebrated in holy splendour.

EVO and UPS people are looking into the possibility of renting buses to transport treedwellers to their summer residence. If unfeasible, however, hitchhikers are welcome. Anybody with access to a car, willing to help transport, call 228-8640. Food will be provided when possible, but if not, the woods bear fruit.

Collaberg School, then, is the Happy Hippie Hunting Grounds for the next month. Vagabonds are welcome, beginning NOW!

On Monday, June 12, from 8 P.M. to 3 A.M., the religious art of the new tribal society will be revealed at Cheetah, 53rd & Broadway.

Music will be provided by the Grateful Dead of San Francisco, and by the Group Image. Environmental lighting will be provided by the Third World and Pablo.

This performance will inaugurate a series of Monday nights at the Cheetah. Proceeds will go to various tribal community service funds, such as the Jade Companions bail fund and the Communications Company.

Tickets are available at Cheetah at three dollars per person. Two-for-the-price-of-one tickets will be made available for Indians, downtown locations to be announced.

For further information, contact Communications Company, 475-9125.

LOOK AT DOWN HERE



by LIONEL H. MITCHELL

At Avenue A and Tenth Street, a marvelous phenomenon exists. There is a vacant store undergoing renovation. There is the parachute-decorated "Cave." There is the PSYCHEDELICATESSEN, and there is the Leather shop, a Puerto Rican enterprise. This phenomenon is at once a symbol or embryo of the whole East Village, because it is more or less typical of the many scenes, cultures, and antagonisms that push their way to the surface in our lives here. Looking upon the scene, one is struck by the fragmentation. This is deceptive and superficial, because there IS a unity that runs undercurrent. The hitch comes in the difficulty we all have in admitting just what the unifying element is.

A plump woman walks through Tompkins Square Park, leading a ridiculously undersized dog on a gaudy chain. "Too many freaks, too many freaks," she crows.

A Polish man answers in the heat of argument, "No...the police do not beat me...no...not in THIS country."

We hear, knowing that America played a cruel joke on us all, and in particular, on the tender Beat generation. "See," she smiles wanly, "I can do it better." No one was told that the most ferocious

tensions are the basic premise of life in this country, and that when the game gets too rough, all heads are cracked for good measure. No one understands that, in order to be conservative or compassionate, it is best, first, to be rich. If it appears that the many fragments of the East Village are at each other's throats, then, that is because we find it so difficult to individually and lovingly admit the truth of our common situation.

The Village tourist buses have been rerouted in the last few weeks, to include in their route, the St. Marks area, to cruise past the Dom, and to bring tourism, money, and MacDougal Street East. Not only did the West Village experiment fail, but the failure became expensive, and no one wants to remember why. Having devoured the so-called Beat generation, society digests its masticated fragments, to the sole benefit of society. Our slum is a merry-go-round with no memory, but at least it is alive. It is the confrontation of these various lives, that seem to us ominous. The hippie maintains some poignancy here. The student gets an introductory course in life here. The Puerto Rican enters our dreams, and forces us to use them. I am saying, through contrast, that society, as personified by the West Village, is decadent, not because it has

no morals or bad morals, but because it has no manners, and because it is redundant.

Part of the issue for the East Village, then, is courage. We discovered this in a solemn ritual, a bloody prelude to truth. We have already been over the old grounds, where death, and death alone, gave us our ultimate definition. Beyond death (so we discovered) there was nothing. On the side of the inadequacy of definitions, there stood life. Must the same discoveries be quixotically re-discovered? Perhaps a litany is in order. To be afraid to die is to be afraid to live, because life and death are on the same cycle. To be afraid to live, just so happens to be a kind of death in itself. In other words, if one is going to be raped, (or better still, if one puts oneself in that position) then, be revolutionary enough to plunge into it without squirming.

Avenue A is a montage of truth. Here, we see scenes existing together, which do not have a common history or a common growth. Superficially, they have nothing in common. The truth of the matter is that every single inhabitant of the East Village has, in his or her own way, heard the flickering voice of disquiet, saying in its own tones, "Something is wrong... something has gone wrong." There is profound hatred in the assumption that our tools (our acid and our police troops) can do our living for us. The specific form of hatred underlying this very, very American prejudice, is hatred of self, lack of self-confidence, feelings of self-unworthiness. The unifying factor of the East Village is that every one of its inhabitants are, in fact, drop-outs, if in no other area than that of the escape from high rents. Not one of them could honestly live strictly legal, true-blue, red-blooded American lives. Anyone who wishes to disprove this assertion may try. One only wants to laugh, or cry, or both, when one sees the grotesque extremes people will go to, rather than admit the truth of why they are here. People are here in the East Village, because they could no longer make it in Harlem or Poland or Russia or Eastern Europe or Suburbia or Puerto Rico or what have you. And perhaps one of the main reasons they could not make it where they were, is that they couldn't accept it or believe its truths, as truths for themselves. Part of their misery, they packed-up and brought with them. This, then, is the part of the cruel American practical joke that they play on themselves (ourselves, if you wish.) The truth is whole, and it does not depend on our diversions for existence. The East Village is a place where everybody is in the same boat. We can make it into a paradise, or we can go on importing hell into it.

There are not enough women in the East Village. Men are naturally conservatives. Left to their own devices, they tend naturally towards boredom. Oscar Wilds declares, through a character, in A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE:

"Women are a fascinatingly wilful sex. Every woman is a rebel...Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious. Both are disappointed."

I propose certain remedies. (1.) The institution of a series of girl happenings or "girl-ins," designed for the fairer sex, openly recruiting the fairer sex. (2.) A new league or committee, to handle the welcoming of females to the East Village. This league may take as its cry the preservation of human sexuality under adverse circumstances. It may adopt a crash program geared to the needs of the East Village, recruiting at girls' colleges, finishing schools, stenographers' schools, and the like. Finally, it need not be anti-anything, excepting VD. (The annual VD monsoon offensive is already under-

way.) (3.) I propose the remedy of an "honesty badge": the I AM HORNY button. This would take the "make" out of making-it and the "cruise" out of cruising. It was once said of Jean-Paul Belmondo: "He may not be beautiful, but at least he's vulgar."

In short, the restoration of the sexual revolution to the East Village may arouse it from its sloth. A sexual revolution (just like an un-sexual one) cannot limit itself merely to new photography or agitation against obscenity laws, while ignoring the complications, absurdities, and wastes present in human relationships.

"...A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gently, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained and magnanimous..." (Mao Tse Tung, *SELECTED WORKS*, Vol. 1, p.28.)

There is an intrinsic narrow-mindedness in people who want to love and don't crack a smile. The same is true for people who are full of gripes against society but are left in trembling anger when their apartments are robbed or their girls molested.

There is a touch of Don Quixote in the black revolutionary who is ready for the race war but who cannot talk to or does not know a Negro not in the Village scene.

The curious, amusing charm of America; its accidental honesty is magnified in the East Village.

Example: A few black kids run up to the door of a few Polish apartments, knock on the door, and scream, "Death to guineas!" That seems minor enough since they couldn't tell an Italian from an Eskimo. Go to! This is America where fear is our most important product. Law and order trembles and a few days later efforts are made to organize a Vigilante committee to oppose "rioting, looting, raping, and Mau Maus."

It is lewd and in the poorest taste for a man living in a world rapidly realizing seven women per man to publically admit that he cannot hold his own woman without extraneous and irrelevant aids.

Let us push further.

Much by way of negativism can be said of what Claude Brown (Manchild et al) has called "the Village Negro." But the Village Negro, so-called, has rejected the stance of "universal man" through hard knocks and because he grew weary of going it alone. He watched too many of his beatnik friends get married, go home and get rich instead of dropping out et al. The Powell case taught him most recently that there is neither freedom nor individuality, nor security outside of the tribe. Not only is Uncle Tomism impractical and restrictive, there is absolutely no profit to it. The Village Negro lived similiar to lumpen proletarians, that is to say, with hope, a hope that has slowly been shattered. He becomes nationalistically inclined not strictly by choice but by force of circumstance. (I am not coping a plea, just putting the facts as I see them.) He felt hounded and hunted off the West-side. No "Spade" making the West Village scene of several years ago is without his memories of violence that seemed to spring from the shadows as he stumbled home with the principal ideas of the day in his head after hob-nobbing with the main literati or culturati of the epoch. Imagine a hipness, a scene where one had to appear "cool" and where the very price of that coolness meant that one couldn't make any mistakes. The balck hippie retreated East where he is raising a family and where he learned the word "brother" with a vengeance and where for the first time this soul who ran from the small towns and the ghetto has put down roots. Is it so difficult to understand,

especially with an expanded consciousness, why he laughs cynically when one says to him, "love"?

After all, he is not being hostile just for the sake of being hostile. He believed in the ideas and promises of the Beat generation and he came, in time, to realize that he was a mere guest there too. When he was not betrayed outright, he and his new found idealism were left defenseless. If only he had heard the Marquis de Sade tell Marat, "Compassion is the property of the privileged classes." But I am generalizing here, still, these are my opinions. What are yours, dear reader? In fact, Black nationalism is whirling through its stages at record pace. In the East Village the egotistical stage is already over. There are still bad vibrations but TCB is the order of the day. True, the profound ethical revolution implied in the autobiography of Malcolm X is being neglected. The "spades" are just learning to call each other "brother." They haven't tackled all the implications of that word yet. They soon will, of course. But nationalism is as creative as it is destructive. Time and freedom are inextricably bound up with this particular "ism." In the matter of freedom, one must be careful not to be tricked. Monsters are not free, however phallic they are able to be, only man has the possibility of freedom.

No discussion of the East Village can ignore the coming Age of Love. Love? The word is old, the cry is new perhaps, and the answer is acid. Gertrude Stein was asked as she was dying, "What is the answer?" Her last words were, "What is the question?" Is love a fond hallucination remaining as a verbal residue after a brought-down acid consciousness—a memento mori? If love is so passive, so slogan-like; how can it have meaning in the hellish instants of reality? What does it mean in tenements and brick-piles and police stations and racial antagonisms and among those who have no other choice but to be exploited? The approaching Age of Love does not seem to be a very expressive one. It shows no such pasibility in the production of put-downs for the rest of humanity, that is...taking Timothy's adjective for consciousness he doesn't approve of... "menopausal minds," for instance. Where does one draw the line between this new love and the old, ordinary, intolerant, Auschwitz variety with its exclusive, banal, horrific results? Leary in the article with Watts, Ginsberg, Snyder...also had narrow references...had to be cautioned against anger... had to be reminded that human beings are human beings whether they had acid consciousness or American Gothic...His models were much too MIT professors with the money to buy farms at Lexington, white collar workers, and students with the relatively nice problem of whether to drop-out or not. Still the psychedelic happening produced the Diggers or men who believe that love is an ACT with which to fill every instant of existence. No skeptic can stand before an act. Only cynics can do that. When love becomes ACTION and when the only obstacle to this action is the number of tiny, tiny instants wherein it is impossible to act; logic is made poetry. Against poetic logic there is no defense, there can be no skepticism, and a very, very little cynicism. In this sense Diggerism is Revolutionary. It can change and create. It can move and it can shake moral, political, ethical, economic, and spiritual consciousness.

I quote from St. Paul, the man who said..."It is better to marry than to burn"... but who is most lyrical on the question of love:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass,

or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gifts of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing..."

(Apparently, "menopausal minds" have not lost the poetic touch. More interesting is the fact that Paul, writing in New Testament Greek, used the word agape which combines eros and total responsibility. The royal translators of King James used the Latin word charitas, from which our "charity" comes. Agape is that love of God which can only exist in our human love for each other. A recent article describing Haight street lists rape as common and characterizes the experiment as a small scale domestic Vietnam and traces the blame to psychedelic commercialism. I take the liberty to substitute the word "love" for charity in the remainder of this quote.)

"...Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemingly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part: but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three;

but the greatest of these is love."

continued on page 16

LOWER EAST SIDE CIVIC IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

SUMMER '67

MUSIC BANQUET



TOMPKINS SQ PARK 7ST-ANE A

WEDNESDAYS - JULY, AUGUST 8:30 P.M.

JUNE 14 DAVID AMRAM:
'A MUSICAL TRIBUTE TO DAVE LAMBERT'
JUNE 21: MARC LEVIN ENSEMBLE

TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK: AFTER THE BLITZ THE B



BEAT GOES ON--Christ Can't be Killed by a Cop

BOWART MONTAGE



TO SURVIVE IN THE STREETS

Reprinted from the LA Free Press.



GI pants with grenade pockets—tailored to fit closely on the legs—and Levi's—are quite popular. M-1 field jackets are quite warm. You will find that an athletic supporter will add to your general feeling of well-being, as you are going to be on concrete a lot. Long winter underwear is a positive delight when traveling—try waffle-weave. Have three sets of clothes, including one "front," with which you can go back into the square world for a job—or an appearance in court, if need be.

You will find that you tend to get very dirty living outdoors in the city. Make it a rule to take a bath everytime you get a chance and to wash your clothes at least once a week. Laundromats are good places to meet people: visit them often.

continued on next page



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The key to kiving on the streets is very, very simple. Avoid living on the streets as much as possible. In the street you are subject to all manners of problems which do not exist if you have an "indoors" to go "outdoors" from. By all means, get some kind of an "indoors." This is most imperative. It is said, "Outdoors is a gas if you have an indoors to go outdoors from." Learn this well.

In an emergency—if all else has failed—during the summer it is possible to sleep in the daytime on the roof of a tenement or apartment building. Called "tar beach," it is possible to get about six to seven hours of sleep in the shade on a roof. This is enough in an emergency. Ask permission from someone in the building if you can—the super, or a tenant—before doing this. In the event of an investigation it is then possible to say that "Charlie (or whoever) said it was okay," as you pick up your kit and prepare to leave. Do not return to a place from which you have been ejected—find another.

Better than a roof is a garage. These may be rented for from between \$7 and \$15 a month—ostensibly for "storage"—and reasonable quarters with a mattress and sleeping bags. Make arrangements with a nearby gas station for use of plumbing in exchange for swamping or some other minor helping out. Parties are hard to manage in a garage because of the noise problem. Make as little noise as possible, and stay away from the garage in the daytime. Don't make your garage a hangout, as this draws heat.

Communal apartments are nice—if they work. Most don't, and it is better to live alone or with one or two other persons if you can. The dishwashing and cleanup problems are where most communes fail. The swamp in the sink is a drag to face when there is a park full of love to play in and paper service is too much—and besides, those aren't MY dishes and so it goes. It is nicer to be able to pick your roommates—and this is not always possible in the commune situation.

If you have a friend who works during the day, sometimes you can make arrangements to sleep in his apartment during the day. Do this alone—as even the best of friends are touchy about friends of their friends whom they don't know.

If you have the bread to get one, an old panel truck or step van can be lived in. A kind of primitive camper is the result. Again, the rules for garage living hold. Park your truck out of the "action," lock it and don't hang out by it. Don't sleep in a passenger car: it is a bust.

Avoid hotels, rooming houses, motels and the like. They are run by squares who are most often nosy, and will steal your luggage if you mess up in the rent. You can buy a truck for a month's hotel bill, and travel as well as sleep.

One more caution: don't try to murder sleep with speed or any other kind of up-er. The dues you will pay are in vitamin shortages and nerve damage. If you are new on the set, ask someone to show you a burnt-out speed freak and see for yourself what amphetamines will do.

You will want to pay attention to your equipment and clothing. Living on the streets is a little like summer camp, but with a difference: you will need at least one pair of strong well-fitting heavy duty shoes. Hi-Tops or jump boots are preferred. Cowboy or engineer boots are hard to walk in, and you will be doing a lot of walking. Often surplus stores offer "10 pairs for a dollar" sock buys. If you can get them, avoiding seams under the sole of the foot, do so. Rawhide laces and foam rubber inner soles are a blessing. Change your socks every day, and dust your shoes with Essenex powder. Take care of your feet. Sandals are fine during the day, but will give you colds if you wear them at night. Go-Aheads with stretch socks are good for city wear. Waterproof your shoes—neatsfoot oil is best.

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HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE CITY

A boy scout poncho or a shelter half or a rain-coat—the dollar plastic kind—is needed in San Francisco, where it's foggy and rains a lot. Use an A-frame knapsack and don't own more than you can carry in both hands.

Before you begin your excursion in street living—or as soon as possible, if you are already on the streets—get a full program of immunizations against tetanus, flu, polio, and any other diseases you and your doctor can think of—including bubonic plague.

You will also be wise to carry a small kit of medicine, antibiotics mostly, for which you must have a prescription. If you get a cut, open one of your antibiotic caps and pour the powder into the wound and see a doctor at an emergency clinic as soon as possible.

Another item is rubber prophylactics. There is an awful lot of clap loose in the U.S.—and while rubbers are a drag, the clap is something else again. Make it an ironclad rule: RUBBERS WITH STRANGERS—and a "stranger" is someone whom you do not know very well, and that means more than a week. Girls who wish to have babies at some future date should also carry rubbers in case of an attack of love strikes, as the clap will make you sterile if not treated in time. If you love your lovers enough to ball them, you love them enough not to give them the clap. Carry rubbers with you at all times and use them faithfully.

Birth control pills will NOT protect you against VD. This is most important. There are public health clinics which will treat you if you do get VD, but an ounce of prevention—literally an ounce—is worth a pound of cure.

After housing, clothing and health, consider food. The funfood diet is most often short of Vitamin C and is further complicated by smoking Marijuana, which also increases the body's requirements for that vitamin. Some people take 500 mg of Vitamin C every day. It won't hurt you a bit to do likewise, as it will protect your teeth and gums. B vitamins are often needed as well, but be sure to keep them in balance.

Macrobiotics are expensive, and do not contain enough vitamins. They will make you feel very spiritual—but so will fasting, which is where I think the alleged benefits of macrobiotic diets are derived. Same story for vegetable diets—not enough high grade protein. You can make it on beans, bread and oranges, according to my chemist friend, but I'd rather eat beefsteak. Watch out for rotten meat.

Catering trucks which come around to factories are cleaned out every night. Be there, and you can sometimes get a mound of sandwiches and sweet rolls. Milk companies also have to throw away milk because it is too old to sell in stores—but it is still okay to drink. Bread companies and bakeries also have food which is too old to sell but is good enough to eat. If you get real hungry, try a church. The Salvation Army is a real friend: always remember that. The

Red Cross is nowhere near as good, and many people don't trust their motives. They have come up wrong several times.

One important consideration in survival on the streets is what NOT to do. Here are a few don'ts to consider. Don't discuss sex with strangers. Vice cops will often mistake a discussion for a proposition and bust you for solicitation.

Don't discuss drugs with strangers for the same reason. "Never carry when you can stash, never carry more than you can eat, and never carry it where it cannot become your hand" is a rule from our darker brothers who are experienced in such matters.

Don't shoplift. The people watching for this are better at watching than you can ever be at stealing.

Don't play needle games with drugs. You can get strung out, which is anti-survival; and also, you can get hepatitis, which will set you back three places in the game.

There are two apparently easy ways to make money living on the streets: whoring and selling dope. Both are to be avoided at all cost. Dealing will almost always get you busted, and whoring will spoil your sex life if it doesn't get you busted in the bargain. They are sucker games and are most un-hip.

Avoid stealing from cars and burglary. The heat knows how to handle this kind of activity, and they are pros—while the best you can be is an amateur. In short, avoid criminal behavior or the appearance thereof. Carry ID and a lawyer's business card at all times.

One problem is how to get your mail. The American Express office will receive mail if you buy travelers' checks. The service is free. The company will also forward mail to your next address.

Summing up: Dress warm, keep clean and healthy, eat a balanced diet, live indoors, and avoid crime. Living in the streets can be fun if you conscientiously study the rules of the game.



TRUST

by Sarah Schrom

Hidden away on Manhattan's West Side is the busy headquarters for TRUST, "The Real University of the Streets," one of the many offspring of the Real Great Society. TRUST wants to do what its name says: get the university (a study of the universe, as the word originally meant) into the streets.

TRUST isn't just for those that have reached "university level" training; it's for everyone. Fred Good and Bill Natman, who are co-ordinating the operation, believe that when people are put into groups, they can learn from each other by thinking and interacting. Formality and institutionalization is one of their main gripes against the present school system. They feel that this is the major reason why students drop out or don't bother to return after being suspended from school.

There's to be no formality in TRUST; everyone is a teacher, everyone is a student. They intend to have a bare minimum number of books (probably five) as SUGGESTED reading, and these will range in levels of difficulty. Along with the books will be tapes and films that they hope will be easily accessible to their "students." Borrowing from their library will be done on an honors system.

TRUST starts action this June, beginning with three store-front centers; on E. 7th St., East Harlem, and the West Side. Hopefully, the centers will be open 24 hours a day. These centers will sort people of similar interests into discussion groups of eight to ten, and provide the library and facilities for the tapes and films. TRUST hopes that this system will extend into the fall and that students from colleges will bring back their innovations to their campuses. They expect this experiment to be tried in Washington, Atlanta, Chicago, Toronto, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Aside from their overall idea, they have two big innovations: to provide remedial centers for those not too hip on the fundamentals, especially in ghetto areas, and Spanish-English groups for their parents, and set up discussion groups on Now topics such as sense of identity, drugs, sex, justice, mass media, communication, cybernation, etc. The discussion groups will have no sex, racial, or educational divisions. Everyone in one group.

They hope that all beautiful people will VOLUNTEER to help in the centers and in organizing, and will donate any spare books and money (they received a grant from the Vincent Astor Foundation, but if it grooves, they'll need more) as well as time. Anybody that's interested, curious, or maybe wants to join a group should call Fred Good, at 866-9745, or come in and speak to him and others at 214 Riverside Dr., Apt. 1NB.

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ACID

by Simon Galubara

If you're tripping, don't read this now. Save it for later, and enjoy your trip. Otherwise—Evidence, admittedly somewhat inconclusive, has been brought forth, seemingly indicating that LSD can do damage to human chromosomes. Studies

are being made in Buffalo, Bellevue-University Hospital here, and at the University of Oregon. The first work reported on, that of Buffalo scientists, is the least significant. As reported in SCIENCE magazine, (VOL. 155, No. 3768: "Chromosomal Damage in Human Leukocytes Induced by Lysergic Acid Diethylamide"), certain white blood cells, grown in a test tube, showed evidence of chromosome damage, after being soaked with LSD. This experiment means little, as test-tube cultures often respond, chemically, quite differently from living flesh. The work done in Oregon gives far greater pause: eight acid users were tested for chromosome damage. Six of the eight registered the damage. The two who did not, both had never had doses exceeding about 200 micrograms, leading some scientists to conclude that damage only occurs with doses over 300 micrograms. A further study, done at Buffalo, found a "highly significant excess" of genetic abnormalities in the blood cells of four LSD users examined, including a baby who had been "exposed to LSD" before birth.

The blood cells studied, leukocytes, help the body to fight disease and combat infection. The results, however, if any, of the chromosomal damage, are not yet understood. All scientists involved have stressed the impossibility of reaching any definite conclusions at the present time. And, at least one government-approved drug, a live measles vaccine, is known to produce chromosome damage similar to that apparently produced by LSD. The acid damage itself, according to Oregon geneticist Jose Egozque (pronounced "ee-GOTH-quay"), consists of breaks in the chromosomes, and wrong combinations of chromosome pieces. A study being done at Bellevue Hospital

CHROMOSOMES

in New York will probably solve a few puzzles; unlike most of the tests published so far, the Bellevue study will be statistically sound, being based on a fairly large sampling of acid users.

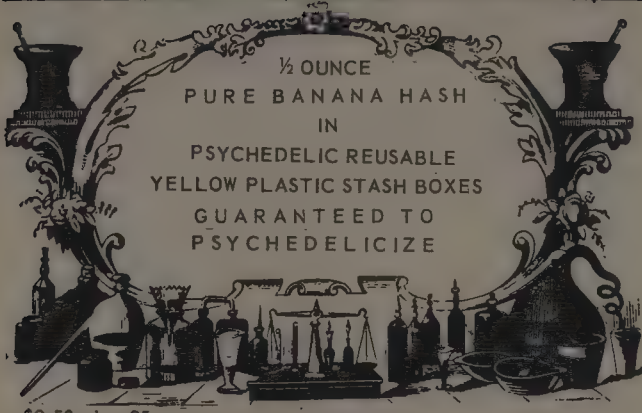
Meanwhile, many have stopped using acid. Certain others, having heard the news, choose to continue. Rationales for this can get interesting: some say the tests are a government hoax, designed to stop the spread of acid. Others say that any result of genetic alteration from acid will, necessarily, have to be of a beneficial nature. Sorry to bring you down, if this does, but that's simply not possible—the mutation that proves favorable is one in a billion-billion (estimated), and it would hardly be produced by genetic distortion gross enough to be detected in 1967. No, it's too early to draw any conclusions at all. Since the possibility suggests itself, that genetic damage sustained by LSD users may be transferable to their offspring, the ethical question raises itself: does one have the right to experiment on future beings?

(Fortunately, there ARE other psychedelics. The safest ones remain those based on organic models, i.e., mescaline, which is synthetic peyote... Synthetic pot, sold under the trade name "synhexyl," may soon be available in this country, as it is in some others. And so on.) The next issue of EVO will carry a documented study of chromosome damage research, including information about getting oneself tested for the damage, if such is possible.

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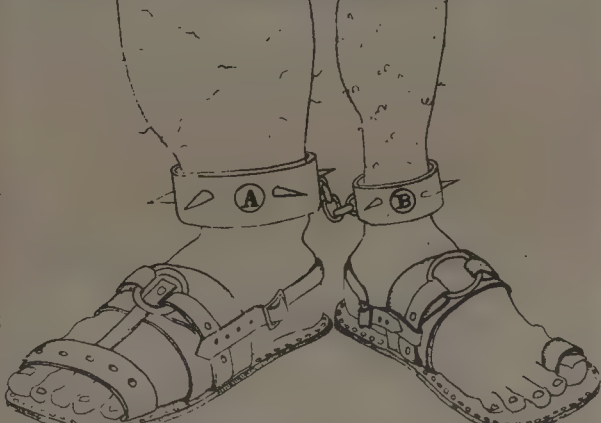
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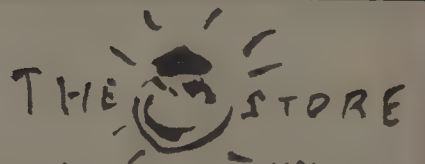
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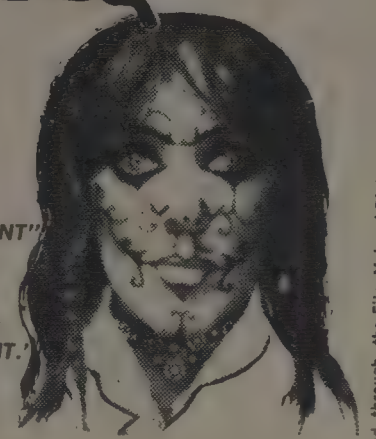
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LOOK...

continued from page 9

I think that every man, however hung up, looks out of his own inferno at various times and dreams and cries out for a better way. All great faith is predicated upon this anguish. Paul's statement is comprehensive and goes further than anything to be heard so far in the debate on love. In the East Village I have seen that at least part of the time flowers can be given out with a terribly cold-blooded condescension, that love can be twisted into a euphemism for hate, guiltless selfishness, and snobbery. The work of love lies before the brave and there is much, much room for it to expand into. Since the East Village is not Haight, it has a chance to abstract and take only what it needs from that experiment. The Digger influence is already being felt here. A visit to the Head Shop or the Psychedelicatessen will show that already the cult of love has developed a new style from the old, hostile bohemianism that was characteristic of the fifties. They reach out to the newcomer and look him straight into the eye and hipness, that neo elitist cult, is no longer all important. They give food. They want to do away with the dealer, a measure which is sure to disarm society and shows they mean business. I always wondered in the late fifties how people who called themselves dissenters against capitalism could so freely engage themselves in the burning and hoodwinking of not just mere strangers but their closest friends too. Feverish activities are afoot to provide free clothing and food at many points in the East Village. I have heard of some Diggers being arrested for distributing food on the Sabbath. If the reader is interested in one man's opinion, some way must be found to restrain the false piety of the law. Efforts must be made to prevent New York from becoming the first city in history to make breathing illegal or to restrain its taxing power upon air consumption. Love is an act, most holy, most lyrical, and most sublime!

Courage, truth, and love are the things to be expanded in the East Village. All other problems will fall before these three. And what is the result of this expansion? It is not even necessary to prophesy. The East Village is so fertile, so rich in energy and creativity that once it transcends its fragmented lies the results are plain to see. It is already on the verge of ceasing to be a slum without the bulldozing away of the indigenous population. Only a massive combination of energy and faith will suffice to do this. Courage, truth, and love; these are its greatest needs at the moment. It already has the cohesive qualities that will stand with integrity against MacDougal streets and news reporters. Moreover, it is large enough to contain great diversity without the importation of extraneous hang-ups which are absurd, wasteful, and destructive when applied here. It has no economy at present. But there are signs of one developing. That is to say, if the scene is not blown, it will be possible in a few years through a cooperative effort for most of the inhabitants to gain their support without going too far from their familiar surroundings to find it. The reality of the East is unique and there is nothing but buncombe in the attempt to bring stances and problems which do not apply when there is so much to be done right here. If one were asked what is the East Village, the answer must undoubtedly be that at present it is the most fertile and wasted potential in terms of communities on the North American continent.

Passage to Purgatory

BY DICK PRESTON

"Tennis, anyone?"
Do the old wobblers have any relationship to the hippies? ... does Robert Wagner, Jr. have any relationship to John V. Lindsay? ... H to L.S.D.? ... L.S.D. to the Great Society? ... to the Cuban Revolution?

The questions are rhetorical. Phenomena are phenomena. The twain always meet in this, our only worldly world.

Antonioni has shown us that we can play tennis without a ball. All that is required is a momentary dedication to the absurd concept of the game.

You've gotta dig it to dig it.

In "War Games," Peter Watkins shows us that there are quite a number of people in high places, who cannot visualize playing tennis without a ball—or, to be more precise, playing war games without atomic missiles.

After his game of ball-less tennis, the hero of "Blowup" walks away, having learned something vital about life.

The people of Southern England, who are the "heroes" of "War Games," also—in their last agonizing moments—also learn something about life. They learn that the militarists and politicians take life too seriously... that everyone would have been better off if our "leaders'" education had been broader... had taken in a little of the absurd.

Said William H. Shaw, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Affairs, "We have demonstrated that we can conduct a large-scale military operation and, at the same time, improve our standard of living and provide the essential national services, and make progress against poverty." We are indeed fortunate.

I didn't particularly want to see War Games after all I heard about it, and my intuition was proved correct beyond any doubt. It was the most horrific movie I have ever seen... the most bloody horror films pale into insignificance before it... but it was wasted on a peacenik like myself, and it was probably wasted in the theatre that had the guts to show it. To have had any effect, it should have been thrown on every TV set in America, at the same time, in prime time. Maybe it would have been just in time. But time, time is something we have very little of now. TV was, of course, the medium it was made for, but when the chips are down, the BBC has no more sense of human responsibility than any American channel.

In the suburban deserts, war is the last resort of just men, and those who die in it are, curiously enough, almost always someone else, generally a foreigner. On TV, "War Games" could have given a traumatic jolt to the retina of the suburban imagination.

PSYCHIATRIST HOLDS ANTI-AGGRESSION PILL WILL BE GOAL IN 1980: "Unfortunately," said Dr. Heinz Lehmann, professor of psychiatry at McGill University, "that might be a little late."

Will there be a compulsory diet for Generals and Politicians?


Why is Antonioni like Peter Watkins?

He isn't, but both men are astute spectators in the game of life.

How much life have we got left?

Antonioni shows us the complex nature of man. Watkins shows us what happens when man denies his nature... when he can see only a single line of action to an ego objective.

What does it profit a man, if he gains his soul and loses the world?

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by Bruce Feld

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Woman Power at Whitehall St

by Sandra Adickes

At 4 p.m. on Friday, May 26, I reported to the induction center on Whitehall Street, not to join the military but to participate in a protest against the draft. It was an all-woman demonstration but from behind the barriers across the street an attractive young man led a lusty band of husbands, lovers, brothers and friends in expressions of support. "Hell no, we won't go," they shouted. "Hell no, we won't let them go," we chorused. Behind the barriers on our side of the street, between us and the induction center were cops, hundreds and hundreds of them, standing shoulder to shoulder to prevent an attack by unarmed women upon the military.

We marched in routine picket line fashion for about half an hour and then some of the group ducked under the barriers and tried to get inside the induction center; just a handful of women went in at first and then the cops descended on top of them, pitting their fists, clubs, feet and superior weight against them. The assault was decisive for a number of the rest of us who had not previously committed ourselves to an act of civil disobedience. We went under the barriers to join them and though we put up a good resistance considering the odds, it was clear that we would shortly be beaten senseless. Someone yelled, "Sit," and we did. The cops quickly closed us off with wooden horses while the picket line continued around us and the men across the street yelled encouragement.

I discovered that the girl who was on top of me was Ruth, a friend I had seen only occasionally since we had both returned from Mississippi. As we unwrapped our legs from around each other, we became reacquainted.

We sat for some time trying to decide what to do next. Someone mentioned the "Operation Smooch" ploy from the film "Our Man Flint" and suggested that we disarm the men by embracing them. "It wouldn't work," someone else answered, "because these men would rather fight than fuck."

Our men continued to cheer and applaud us but behind them we could now hear some shrill abuse from hecklers. Some of the leaders of our group conferred with the police authorities and then returned to us. Lenore, a pretty Brooklyn College coed, who was one of the demonstration organizers, told us that they had asked that a delegation be allowed to enter the induction center to present a petition protesting the draft but this had been denied. Then she coolly announced, "I think that what we should do now in order to protest this denial is to get up and move into the street." Without another word, twenty of us got up from the sidewalk and sat down in the middle of Whitehall Street.

Now it was the cops' turn to be flustered. They closed off Whitehall Street to traffic and gathered in little clusters. Our picketers continued to march in front of the induction center but the hecklers were becoming more insistent so many of the cops moved to the other side of the street. The other cops began counting us off, counting themselves off, discussing, discussing. A police wagon turned into the street and five or six policewomen arrived, tough faced broads, all of them, who looked as if they'd enjoy working us over as much as their male colleagues had.

Jeannie and Laura, two sweet sixteen year old kids at Bronx High School of Science had called their mothers and after reassuring their parents

that there were at least two women over 40 sitting down, had been given permission to join us. There were 22 of us now and we continued to sing and the men continued to cheer. Then one of the hecklers punched one of the supporters and that was the cue the cops had been waiting for. The group dissolved as police, friends, and hecklers flowed into the intersection behind the place where we were sitting. For the second time in an hour, the cops were clubbing, hitting and kicking. I remember seeing a hill of twenty cops on one young man.

Then we were formally arrested. Some of us walked into the wagon and held out our hands to those who were being carried because the cops were dumping them from the stretchers. We were taken to the First Precinct station house, a brick fortress with large barred windows on Old Slip that looks like it had been imported stone by stone from the 14th century. When we got inside we saw Matt, the young man who had led the cheers, sitting in a chair, dazed, handcuffed, his face covered with blood. We threatened another demonstration if the handcuffs weren't removed and an ambulance summoned. The cops took off his handcuffs and promised medical aid. The women pooled their clean tissues to wipe off his blood. We were then led into another room. Alice, the definitive Brooklyn mother, took charge of us all, offering chewing gum and candy, looking after the kids and insisting that their parents be called. She challenged everyone there on the issue of the war. "I love war," one of the cops answered her, "I'd like nothing better than to fight. I was in World War II, the Korean War, and if they asked me to fight again, I'd be delighted to go."

While the police began to set up the booking procedures we looked at the posters and notices on the ugly green walls that described wanted criminals, relayed complaints and commendations, announced charter flights to Ireland and promoted benevolent association picnics. One of the policemen came over to Ruth and asked "Aren't you Ruth Gunderson?" "Yes," she answered, "and you're Joe Timothy." The two former high school classmates looked at each other in their new roles and Ruth eased the situation by asking "Isn't it nice that we're still young enough to recognize each other?"

We were divided into groups according to arresting officers and I became part of a group of six identified from then on as "Buckley's girls." Detective Buckley led us to an office upstairs and he and a fellow officer began the clerical procedures that also seemed to date from the 14th century. Watching them painfully writing out cards in triplicate (an extra blue and an extra white for those under 18) or pecking with two fingers at a typewriter, Frieda exclaimed, "This is an age when we're going to the moon, and just look at them. I don't believe it."

One by one we were examined by a policewoman. On the wall in the room was a framed lecture on courtesy. "To the public our slogan must always be 'At your service.'" It concluded, "Let us be courteous and civil under all conditions." When the woman asked me to pull up my blouse I did. She searched my bra and then asked me to pull up my skirt. I did so without question because I was so surprised and the next thing I knew she was feeling my crotch.

After our pocketbooks, coats and persona had been searched and after the paper work had been completed, we were taken to the court pens at 100 Centre Street. We answered more questions about names, residences, occupations, need for legal aid and were allowed to make phone calls. Then two matrons asked us still more questions—religion, education, state of health; they took our cosmetics, pills, pens and pencils, gave us jelly sandwiches and placed us one by one in a large cell.

As we were brought together, we began to feel the exhilaration of being in good company; we created an experience. Elizabeth exclaimed, "I've got to do something to make this place livable," and began to twine toilet paper between the bars. When the matron came to bring in another girl, the paper unrolled as she unlocked the door. "We're decorating our apartment," Elizabeth explained and the rest of us giggled like naughty campers being caught making pied beds by their counselor. When Joyce was led in, the matron realized that she had forgotten to search her coat pockets. Joyce, the clean cut Wasp, leaned over and placed her palms against the wall, just like in the movies. Alice, in whom no one could fail to confide, told us that the matron sympathized with us because she had a son approaching draft age and she didn't want him to go into the service. She sat down and one of the girls leaned on her shoulder. The police had been terrible, Alice said, but their brutality could not compare with Peekskill. "I tell you," she reassured us, "the police situation in this country is getting much better."

Carmen, as sweet and demure looking as the Latin ideal of womanhood, chuckled at the memory of the protest. "That was a good fight," she said, "It was exciting to see all those women come under the barriers. For five or six minutes, it was pretty good, but I'm glad someone thought to yell 'Sit down.' Lenore, you were so cool the way you had everyone get into the street." The two petite coeds pantomimed their battle with their numerous police assailants.

We sang and when the matron chided us, we sang more softly, Freedom songs, mostly, and then Naomi, Lucy, Harriet and Carmen got up and danced while some of the other women sang an accompaniment. Watching them, Frieda said to me, "You know, I'm about five years older than these kids and when I was their age, I was too naive or timid to even think of doing what they're doing." She said these kids were great, a better generation than ours had been and I agreed, thinking of boys I had known back in the finky fifties, including the best beloved of my college years, who had entered the hire of the CIA.

It was close to 12 o'clock when we heard a man yell, "Hell, no, we won't go." It was Buckley coming for his "girls." The arresting officers collected their prisoners and we were led into the courtroom where our lawyer, Stanley Faulkner, was waiting to represent us. We were charged with disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly and, for those, who had been carried to the wagon, a count of resisting arrest was added. Matt was charged with feloniously assaulting an officer and resisting arrest. Hearing dates were set and we were released.

What each of us gained from the Whitehall action was, I think, the best thing we can convey to others: a sense of our own beauty. We're women, damn it, loving, loyal and militant and we're insisting on a humanistic quality of life in this country. So don't promise us anything, and don't give us Arpege, Lyndon baby, because we want bread and roses and peace and all the splendid possibilities of this life.

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SLUMGODDESS

YAYOI KUSAMA



Yayoi Kusama, together with Joe Jones and a million repetitious dots, appears in the Black Gate Theater, 162 Second Avenue, June 16, 17, 18 (9 PM). The Dot Event is called "Self-Obliteration, an Audio-Visual-Light Performance." Music for Kusama is invented by Joe Jones. He promises "SOMETHING" to create, endlessness — achieved by "self-playing music machines with no end and stop...eliminating the virtuoso..." A music bike will be driven around New York, to let the public know about the event; the bike will be parked in the Lobby of the Black Gate. Kusama designed the bike flight suit. There will be a concert, with the sound of frogs (a frog quartet, Jones invented his own instruments, sitar-like, people can stay all night, sound will be endless, so are Kusama's dots — in blue-black light, she herself is One with eternity — and promises, clad in polka-dotted body stocking: "Extermination, Emptiness, Nothingness, Infinity, Endlessness, a trip, Self-Obliteration, Self-Destruction" and what not...but always it is the self and the endlessness, that concerns Kusama's obsessional mind, it's her bag... Patterns, Dots, Repeats — and Kusama, the center of dots on mattresses and baskets. endless/ endless/ endless

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SLUM GODDESSES, WHERE ARE YOU? Two East Village photographers and creators are looking for authentic East Village beauties, over 18, for soon published bombshell. Promise of publicity, if used. Requirements: Must be actual resident of East Village. Must have body for probable figure work. Must be at least 18 years of age. Must be interesting in beauty and background. - Call Marshall or Sam anytime - 982-5565.

Photographer needs caucasian girls between 21 and 25 for nude photography. \$15.00 an hour. Call days 349-9742.

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Actress, now missionary worker, would like to do baby sitting or any housework. Any days or evenings except Sunday. Leave message at EVO, 105 Second Ave., NY., 228-8640 for Maria AA.

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NOTE: ARE THE ABOVE AD AND THE FOURTH ONE IN THIS COLUMN DUPLICATES OF EACH OTHER? MURIEL SAME PHONE NUMBER GIVEN FOR BOTH ADS, DIFFERENT PAY OFFERED.

Undergraduate student seeks tutoring from graduate student in chemistry. Must have facilities or access to same for text assignments. Good pay. Please call 855-4193 anytime.

Charming young thing wanted, to be gal friday in cozy, young, swinging midtown art studio. Light duties, light hours, light pay. Some modeling possible. Call 685-1541.

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Single girl 18-21 to play lead in semi-documentary. Film deals with life on Lower East Side. Call 421-5688, weekend eves. after 6:30 or anytime weekends.

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NICE GUY, college grad, age 35 needs girl to accompany him, trips to his East Hampton beach cottage, expense paid. Box 303, Freeport 11520.

Working girl looking to share Village pad with other girls or girl-- call GL 4-7258.

Sharp girl wanted to share large pad on Lower East Side (with swimming pool). College chick, in town for summer, preferred. College grad or hip worker acceptable (20-24). Exec. in textile industry, 26, tall, handsome, with stereo, sportscar (TR-4); weekends at Fire Isl., Jersey Shore, Lake George, etc. No homos or hang-ups, please. Call Don, 9-12, 1-5, LO 3-7600, Ext. 223, or evenings 914-225-8276.

Young man, 21; girl, 18. Seeking third person (girl over 18) to share quaint low-rent West Village apartment. Boy is out of town much of the time. Completely paternal relationships. Please do not call unless you are seriously interested. No homosexuals, please. Call 989-0242.

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Passionate, gentle, vigorous in embrace. Warm, understanding, highly intelligent always. Appearance: tall and handsome, age 40. Vices: probably none. If you are a nice looking and bright girl to whom the above appeals, be venturesome; call CA 2-9424 after 9 p.m. and weekends. Can provide excellent accomodation, if desired. Alex.

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Young man, 25, wants to spend weekends with groovy, uninhibited young chick or chicks, with own pad. NO prudes. Call Jr. after 6 p.m. 201-549-2963.

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Socially uptight, East Village person, male, 20, semi-hip, needs and wants a chick (perhaps similarly tight) in order to leave his paranoid bag and exist. P.O. Box 643, Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009.

Young man (non-hippie) wants female for satisfying sex relationship. Cumilingus. Any age or race welcome. Write 4A, 465 West 49th Street, New York.

LOST! Small black kitten. Last seen--6th St. between Avenue A and First Ave. Please call if you have seen him--REWARD! Conti OR 3-6230.

to those who welcomed baby jonas hawk to this life. thanks with love. he is a true gift from the gods. stanley & margie

Swinger, 30, 6ft, 175 lbs. looking for gal to join forces as team into the world of the Underground. Discretion assured. Parties available. Call 446-8510 after 10:00 p.m., or Box 378, NYC, NY 10016.

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Young man, 29, Jewish, Grad student, personable, desires to meet girl for mutually satisfying and enjoyable sexual/physical relationship. Write, Box 597, Manhattanville Sta., NYC 10027.

HELP: Guy, 20, knows nothing. Wants attractive gal under 21 to be his fun-loving, give-him-all-she's-got teacher, companionship. P.O. Box 246, Pearl River, N. Y. 10965.

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Needed: natural, considerate, truthful, pretty, sincere, honest, profound, non-swinging girl for me. No virgin over 25. No bleached hair. No baloney. OR 5-6794 before 4.

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