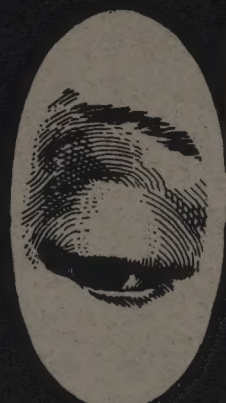


east
village

THE OTHER



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JULY 15-30

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PSYCHEDELIC PHILATELIC

CONTROVERSIAL STAMP

THOREAU



U.S.

5 cents

A new US postage stamp commemorating the 150th anniversary of the birth of Henry David Thoreau has been designed by painter Leonard Baskin. The stamp will be first placed on sale on July 12th at the writer-anarchist's hometown of Concord, Massachusetts. The stamp was under fire last week on the grounds that it makes bearded, long-haired Henry look like a "hippie." Indeed, Thoreau was one of America's first "hippies"

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Dear EVO,

This letter is being written to enlighten some people to the FACT that the Hippie and Drug Revolution can and did happen to a middle-class suburban area outside of New York City.

Most of the hippies age from about 11 to 18, and in many cases, over. Most of the participants are in high school, and quite a few people sell Grass, acid, peyote, DMT, STP, and amphetamines in school. After school, the sort of "hang-out" is a little luncheonette-restaurant, where the hippies frequently buy and sell drugs.

The drug scene started here, about 2-1/2 years ago, with the use of mainly amphetamines and grass. About 1-1/2 years ago, lots of kids (hippies and even a few Hoods) started buying grass and taking peyote. This lasted until about seven months ago (it isn't used so much lately, because of the awful, bitter taste of the button, and also the nausea felt after taking it.) Then came acid, which is still going very strong.

There are two main kids who score drugs from the city, and also Mexico. One of them has his mother buying grass and acid from him. Quite a few other kids have their parents turning on, and, if not turning on themselves, the parents have given their kids permission to do so, anyway. Even some household pets (dogs and cats) have taken acid trips.

Mostly at "open parties," drugs are given out, sold and taken. If there is news about a plainclothesman there, (which is rarely!), the mind-blowers are taken BEFORE going to the party. Otherwise, if no suspicious people are there, out come the pipes and pills and smells.

Just recently, a lot of kids have been taking and scoring the chemical drugs, DMT and STP, besides LSD.

Most of the kids are pretty hip and cool about drugs. They figure, "as long as psychedelic drugs and herbs are illegal, we'll keep quiet about it." Also, they aren't influenced by the biology-textbook passage, "Although marijuana is not physically addictive, it is emotionally addictive, and it will definitely lead to other dangerous drugs."

Not too many kids here have any desire to even look at heroin, opiates, or other "body" drugs.

We hold hope that "mind" drugs will be made legal, and other suburban areas will be enlightened to where it's really AT by TURNING-ON.

H. S. K.

Dear EVO,

Green Witch Wheelage is Oz (the Id is a Whiz). Oz World killed Kennedy (kunda). LSD: El Said (Hell-El: Bible-Be I, be Eli). STP: Stop (PAUE means "Stop!" (singular) in Ancient Greek, and is the only verb besides "to be" taught in the 1st lesson of the Grammar (Grammaw/Grimoire) I used). Pythagoras: Pot or Grass (Path or Grace) (Marijuana: Mary wanna/Am Arjuna). Poetry: Poe try (Poet: Poe Id, Poems: Poe Ms. (found in a Bottle)). Negroes: Nekros (Caucasian: Cooky shun, Conditioning: Candy shunning) (tan, not "white": "Say tan"/Satan). Death is an anagram for "hated"; Jesus - "Yes, us" (the Santa Claws, the fingernails & toenails, are the Nails in the Hands & Feet). (Yoshua: Yeshiva: You're Shiva). Benedict is an anagram for Beatnik: Beat is the Beat Game: Will come to the Mad Chick The Iter: price of admission, Pay Attention.

Eenedict Schwartzberg

Dear EVO:

After my daytime job on West 14th Street, I eventually proceeded over to Avenue B to meet a friend. We were going to go to Brooklyn but that was cancelled. So, we went over to Galahad's commune of which I have heard a great deal. It was a rainy Monday evening and this was my first visit to the commune. I assure you that it is my last. Before I left, I was kicked in the mouth by a young fellow.

The situation started when this fellow threw a dog down a full flight of stairs. The dog had been causing a great deal of disturbance throughout the day, so I was told. As I saw the dog being flung down the stairs, I muttered in a quiet tone, "kind of degrading." The young fellow heard my muttering but he wasn't listening. He walked down the stairs and accused me of calling him a name which he considered a grave insult. Before I could explain, he walked down the stairs and, all of a sudden, kicked me in the jaw. He also landed a punch on my face. I decided not to run because this would have provoked him all the more. I was as straightforward with him as I could possibly have been. This proved to be the thing which helped me get out in one piece without getting seriously hurt.

There were about three other people present. They did not respond to the violence.

My impressions of the commune are this: It is dirty, uncivilized and sick. The people whom I met there were either depressed, nervous or dead tired.

My final impression is that I was beaten and that is enough evidence to know that I should stay the hell away from there.

As I walked toward the subway, I began to cry. Not because I was physically hurt (which I wasn't), but because it upset me so much as to what a human being will do when he has been treated severely. Today, I was the person who received the meshugas of a damaged human being.

I was born in this country. I will be seventeen this summer. Within the next year or so, I will not be on this continent. My roots are everywhere, but I deserve a place which is a little cleaner and a little civilized. This country never has been.

I would like to close with this thought: I've seen in the library a book—"Nonviolence in America" by Staughton Lynd. I say to myself: "Ha! Such a nonviolent country!"

Yours,

Akivech Lofchie

Dear EVO:

The author of your article "To Survive in the Streets" made several completely erroneous and misleading statements about Macrobiotics, which I feel it my duty to correct.

1. Macrobiotics is not expensive, and actually, brown rice and salt, staples of the Macrobiotic diet, are the cheapest foodstuffs available anywhere. (Incidentally, I am not in the health food business, or any other business, for that matter.)

2. The human body can manufacture all the vitamins, minerals, etc. it needs out of brown rice, sea salt, soybean preparations, and other cheap mainstays of the Macrobiotic diet.

3. Macrobiotic dieting has nothing at all to do with fasting. A glance at a Macrobiotic cookbook will indicate that Macrobiotic dieters can eat, if they wish, a wide variety of conventional foods (lobster, turkey, etc.), providing they keep a few simple rules in mind. Also, Macrobiotic dieters may eat as much as they feel they need.

need. We just don't believe in gorging ourselves.

4. Soybean preparations contain more protein than like quantities of meat, therefore meat is not necessary for anyone's diet. Perhaps your author prefers beefsteak as he states, but he should realize that a living creature was butchered to provide his meal. When people butcher animals without giving it a second thought, it is only a small additional step to butchering people, which meat-eaters have done throughout history.

Most people who talk about Macrobiotic diets unfortunately don't know what they're talking about, like your author. Basically, Macrobiotics is a diet and a method of its preparation—tested and proven after hundreds of years of study by some very dedicated and wise Chinese operating on the principle of Tao. It advises people to eat the best food for their organisms—foods which are easily digestible and providing more power per given quantity than any other kind of diet. It will also keep its adherents healthy and away from expensive drugstores and bandit doctors.

A good introduction is "Zen Macrobiotics" by Georges Ohsawa. It is a very cheap investment, considering that it may change its readers' lives... for the better.

Yours truly,
 Len Levinson

Dear EVO:

Your readers will be interested to know that they can partially solve their cockroach problem by suspending their garbage so that it touches neither floor, wall, nor overhang. It can be suspended in a shopping bag. Few cockroaches will traverse the shopping bag handles to enter and some of these will not find their way out again. For many people it may be the most efficient solution—and it will benefit their neighbors.

Yours for survival,
 M. Booth

Dear EVO,

Just a general letter about a number of things. Firstly thank-you for what you're doing. I would probably rate rather lowly in your eyes. Suffice to say, I've returned recently from California—where they have many problems such as the ones you face.

My wife and I were forced out of the country by "Fuzman." She was stopped for no apparent reason while driving alone in San Bernardino, Calif. The Fuzz searched her car (without authority) and found one joint. They then threatened to throw their fascist book at her unless she helped them in a campaign the Sheriff's office had long planned against me in my double villain role as "Long Haired Limey" and "Perverted D.J." I should add my wife was only 17 at this time. She agreed and, of course, told me all about it and agreed to play both sides in order to protect me.

The Fuzz showed her letters from a 15 year old girl claiming, to a friend, that she'd given me a hand-job. The 15 yr. old's parents had intercepted this epistle and given it to the police who seized upon it as though it was manna. Anyway, they filed charges against me telling the 15 year old, apparently, that she'd go to juvenile jail if she didn't testify against me. This girl was genuinely very confused. She pulled a train for 15 guys after giving the Fuzz a statement implicating me. In most states the minors word is enough evidence, anyway.

They then told my wife I had 3 alternatives. 1) to post \$1100 bail 2) to wait 3 months at least in county jail before trial 3) to leave the country. Obviously I left. No one here knows this and the reason I'm telling you this is as follows. I left the U.S.A. to escape a vicious police system. (We had a beautiful scene going with about 20 of us living and sharing, incidentally). I don't like the signs here. If there is anything I can do to help you either as a thing or as me, please tell me.

Listen for The Misunderstood. They're the most beautiful group in the world.

Love and let it be known

Dear EVO,

1969 has been designated "THE INTERNATIONAL SEXUAL EXPERIMENTATION YEAR" by several sovereign states, and at least one branch of our federal government. The free and independent City State of Lichtenbug will hold a two-week "Sex Festival and Competition," i.e. "Festival Sexual et Competition" from June 1 through June 14, 1969.

National, team, and individual awards will be given in four categories—homo male, hetero, homo female, and group creations. All competitive events will be held from 2:00 to 5:00 PM and from 8:00 to 11:00 PM, on the stage of the 1200-seat National Theatre Building, with tickets being given away on a first-come, first-serve basis. Batteries of the new magnum Swiss opaque projectors will throw enlarged views of the contestants on huge ceiling screens. Appropriate music will be provided.

Contestants will be judged by clerks of the International Court. Points will be given for style and rhythm, mutuality and number of orgasms, body control, originality of setting and extra devices, and overall delicacy.

Dr. Weinie, of space-program fame, is forming and coaching a United States group-creation team, the creation to be based on a ménage à neuf theme. He requires three normal women, one being over sixty years of age; one lesbian; three men; and two homosexuals. Dr. Weinie reports that all men must have extra-large genitals, and two must have unusually large mouths. All women but the lesbian must be large-breasted, and two must have large mouths. All body hair of contestants must be removed for the event.

Patriotic volunteers, willing to do something for their country, should write to Dr. Weinie at Pad #4, Project Vulva, Cape Canaveral, Florida, as soon as possible. At least a year of practice will be required, to achieve the split-second timing and rapidity of orgasm required to beat the state-supported teams of Nationalist China and Cuba. Apply now! Win for America!

Red Peter



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TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK...

BERLIN...

LOS ANGELES...

Monday, June 26, 1967

Los Angeles Free Press



Photo by Charles Brittin

JAMES SHAFIKH

The 1967 Los Angeles Police Riots began as just another love-in. A younger crowd, hip and straight, had gathered early Friday afternoon to the sounds of music, bells and tambourines at Cheviot Park. The ritual exchange of flowers set the scene.

After 5 p.m., the complexion of the crowd began to change. Parking was difficult. All age groups arrived, many directly from work in business suits. Many family gatherings of all ages. A happy and festive air.

About 6:30, the center of activity switched from one side of the baseball diamond to the other. Speeches. Cans were circulated for donations. Dr. Kalish introduced Barbara Dane, who sang two irreverent songs.

She was interrupted by the announcement that men, guarded by the police, were circulating pamphlets purporting to be injunctions. Someone said they were phonies. Rumors went round that police were trying to serve papers on march leaders.

Muhammed Ali spoke. "We are not for violence. If anyone starts something, it won't be this group. The police will have to start it." Prophecy.

Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke. He also asked for no violence. H. Rap Browne, the new head of SNCC, apparently felt the vibrations. He warned of what was to be.

Shortly after 7 p.m., the rally broke and the crowd began forming the parade. Most seemed to be in good spirits. A complete cross-section of America. All ages, all types. Many small children and toddlers.

Armies of cops strung along the westbound lane of Motor Avenue. More arriving and all looking grim.

This writer was in the center of the parade. Nothing moved for 15 minutes or more, until roughly 8 p.m. Rumors began circulating back of a beef up front. Stories varied. Some marchers dropped out.

Witnesses later told of a Toyota truck, containing several people and a bull-horn, which was intended for march direction, attacked by berserk cop, joined by others who knocked out the windows of the truck and beat the occupants. A sitdown was reported in the area. Several beaten; several busts, including the driver, who was charged with assault on an officer with a deadly weapon—he had purportedly driven over an officer's foot.

As our part of the parade began moving, a solid phalanx of motorcycle cops roared by followed by a busload of Los Angeles' finest heading for the rear of the march.

Near the turn at Pico, three elderly ladies perched happily aboard three choppers waving at crowd. The crowd waved back. Someone called them "Helen's Angels."

Time loses meaning at this point. Like a tide, the miles of marchers, some already at destination, others starting. Most estimated the crowd at about a third of the size of the San Francisco march. That would make it about 20,000.

Turning onto the Avenue of the Stars. More and more cops, stationed every few feet. About 500 feet up the Avenue, a whistle

blast. Cops started running towards the hotel. Returned at a run, trying to look dignified, a minute later.

Rumbles of a sitdown at head of march. Rumbles also of trouble. Nothing concrete. Cops moving across island. A girl offered a fuzzi a flower. He knocked her hand away.

About 8:30. My part of parade, roughly the center, came to a halt. Rumors that police were narrowing the march to two abreast ahead. Someone said cops had ordered march dispersed. No one sure what was happening.

The monitors were doing a hell of a job maintaining order; the cops, on the other hand, were looking more and more uptight, and more and more of them were showing up from somewhere.

A man who identified himself as a physician kept saying they can't stop us from exercising our rights of free speech.

The police began to put on pressure, and we were aware of something going on up ahead. Apparently the cops were trying, and succeeding in breaking the parade into two vulnerable parts.

One of them came running down the line, whispering out some order. Suddenly they were massed waves deep, jackboots and helmets gleaming in the fitful glare of television kleig lights. People found themselves packed tighter as the minutes passed. There were warnings to be careful of children.

About 9 p.m., perhaps a few minutes earlier. Suddenly the cop in front of me swung his truncheon against the face of a man. Blood spurts. Others join in. The first

cop started hitting a girl, about 20, with a baby in her arms. When she fell down trying to protect the child, the same cop kicked her in the back. The doctor tried to go to her aid and was beaten down by several cops.

A general melee ensued at this time. The shout of "Seig heil" got started. Other cries of protest. Screams. Shouts.

At this point, some joined arms for a sitdown, but they were too disorganized. Most didn't know what to do. They tried to push back, but couldn't. A solid mass of people were backed up against the railing of the Olympic Avenue overpass.

A wall of cops moved forward against an immovable mass, with much jabbing and swinging of clubs. More and more fall. Screams and shouts of anger. Swearing back out of impotence. Someone started singing "We Shall Overcome" and "God Bless America."

Sudden movement; we were stumbling down a landscaped embankment towards Olympic. The ground was full of wires and sprinklers, so that many fell and were beaten senseless by the pursuing cops.

There seemed to be any number of police phalanxes by now. We were being steadily moved towards Olympic and against other cops who were pushing in the opposite direction.

As the crowd broke for the opposite side of Olympic, police cars and motorcycle cops roared in very fast. Motorcycle cops rushed along the curb, stopping every ten feet or so and striking out blindly with clubs.

Several people, apparently innocent bystanders, were pulled out of cars and beaten. A number of people, including several young girls, lay bleeding on the edge of the pavement.

At this point, maybe 9:15, one witness claimed later to have watched a young girl run over the chest by a police motorcycle. She was reportedly thrown into a squad car and was not seen as of Saturday night.

I heard a young cop scream "Get close, damn you. Gimme a chance. I'll kill you all."

Someone appealed for people to go back to the park. Bedraggled remnants of the march still being sometimes herded, move in confused lumps back down the Avenue of the Stars. Some fell off at Pico, to find their cars and split. Now about 9:45.

Most people were splitting. Others milled around. There were constant comments of "It can't happen here. This is America." Much talk by groups of fighting back next time. Abject frustration.

Green Power group started music from a truck, but stopped almost immediately after an order was given to leave the park. Rumors that cops won't let anyone out of Cheviot Park. I watched armies of police stopping some and letting others through, taking placards away.

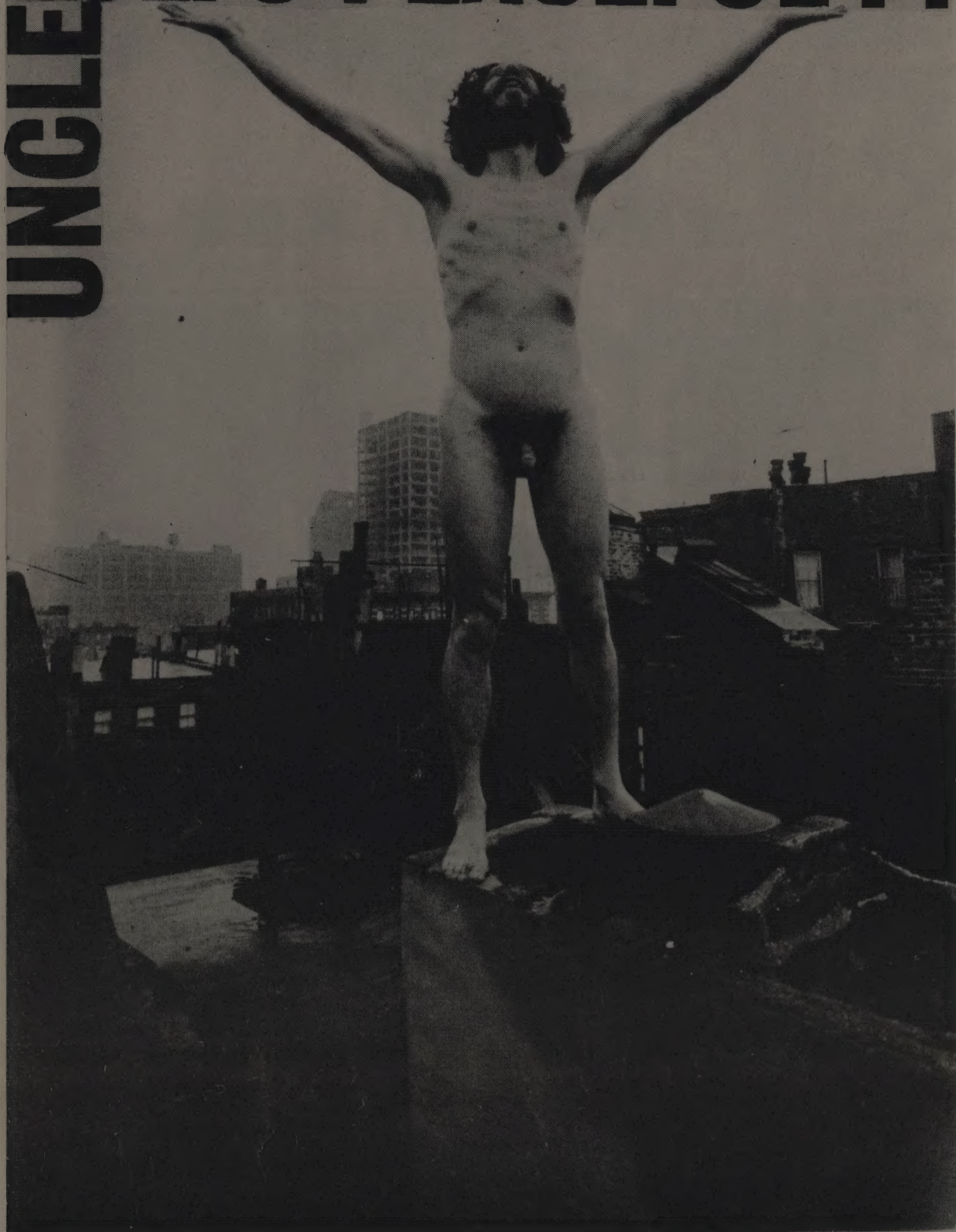
When I found my car, I heard a radio announcer quote Chief Reddin congratulating himself. "A perfect police exercise. I am very satisfied."

The echoes of the pain and brutality echo on eternally. We can only hope.

TULI'S PEACEFUL PROTEST

BY TULI KUPFERBERG

UNCLE



THE KISS CORPS

A group of loving young beautiful girls, preferably in their teens and twenties, but later expanding, perhaps, in both directions; whose function is to physically love (embrace) all terrible, terrifying forms (incarnations) of authority (who are also flesh, heart, and soul!)

The group to function first (and primarily) in non-emergency situations. These girls are dressed gaily, these girls swing free. They look like what "the others" call "beatniks": long, free hair; no makeup (or quite individualized); gaily colored stockings; mini-skirts; girls/women whose clothes and faces express joy, tenderness, exuberance, intelligence, love — a belief that the world is a beautiful, happy place.

These girls — singly or in small groups of 2 or 3, alone or with beautiful young men (who, at these times, perhaps stand in the background) approach policemen, judges, soldiers, bureaucrats — on the streets, near army barracks, in courtrooms, in government offices; and talk to them of love: sing; bring them flowers, fruit, books, records, simple musical instruments, etc. etc. — gifts.

They gradually ask these humans in inhuman jobs why they do what they do. Why do you kill? Why do you beat? Why do you order the lives of people who are your equals, your brothers? Why do you send men to prison? Why do you hate people? Why do you hate your brother? Why do you hate? What do you fear?

As the circumstances permit, the questioning and love become more physical.

The girl embraces the man. Perhaps they kiss. Perhaps they meet again. Perhaps they become "lovers."

Remark: This tactic only as good as the girls.

Dangers: Love will terrify some. Physical attack? Arrest? Attempt to turn a loving into a prostitute situation.

Suggestions: If in doubt, better to go slow than fast.

Apparent failures not always that complete. Men are ashamed to be soft in America. Who laughs on the street, may go home to weep in bed.

Ancillary Observation: Development of these techniques for emergency situations demands deeper study: race riots, troop departures, inductions, etc.

Wild Thought: Replace all police of NY with unarmed girls, 16 to 21, ununiformed, dressed as above, with red cloth heart on dress (on sleeve?) (perhaps) as only identifying insignia. These girls to be used in ALL situations where NY Police are now used. Their approach and treatment of "criminals" to be basically the same as that in race riots, troop departures, inductions, etc. Crime is crime. Right? This will not be easy, perhaps, but neither so difficult, perhaps, as one might imagine. Immediate substitution of all male jail guards, by 16-21-year-old, loving girls, and/or 16-18-year-old, beautiful young men: start this program, for example, with Bennington and Antioch students.

March 1967

NB: This was written before the Patriots' Parades in NYC and the Memorial Day

"Massacre" in Tompkins Square Park. I will discuss their implications, in a later article.

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN VIETNAM PARADE

A march on Whitehall Street (and/or other induction centers in any large city) at the time when a group of young men are to be inducted.

The group consisting of babies in carriages, toddlers, children of all ages, old people, weak people, sick* or crippled people, the blind; and a generous sample of average-aged, average-looking people (beatnik types should not be encouraged to attend). Veterans should come in uniform. Boy Scouts should come in uniform. Any available and willing people, currently in the armed forces, could be invited. Little League teams should come in uniform. Teachers should bring their double-lined classes, all, ALL, under these banners, slogans, sounds, and singing:

KILL THE FUCKEN COMMIES
 KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST
 KILL FOR PEACE!
 RIP THEIR GUTS OUT!
 BURN OFF THEIR SKIN
 BLIND THE FUCKING BASTARDS
 BREAK THEIR HEADS
 CUT THEM UP
 CUT OFF THEIR BALLS
 BURN THEIR BREASTS
 CHOKE THEIR SUCKLINGS
 EXTERMINATE THEM
 GOD WAS NOT A GOOK
 CRIPPLE 5-YEAR-OLDS; IN 10 YEARS
 THEY ARE SOLDIERS
 BREAK THEIR ARMS
 BURN THEIR FINGERS OFF
 POUR HOT LEAD UP THEIR ASS IN A
 FUNNEL
 NO BANDAGES FOR BASTARDS
 ALL THEY DO IS FUCK AND SHIT
 PLUNGE THE KNIFE YOURSELF
 IT TAKES A MAN TO KILL
 DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?
 ICH BIN HIER GEKOMEN ORDNUNG ZU
 MACHEN
 WE WORKED FOR WHAT WE GOT - LET
 THE BASTARDS STARVE
 THE ARMY BREAKS CHILDREN
 JOIN THE AIR FORCE; KILL - UN-
 TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS
 THE MARINE CORPS BUILDS OSWALDS
 CHARLES WHITMAN! IT'S NOT A
 RECORD!

and others which you will think of.

The crowd starts silently through the Wall Street District at noon. It works in paroxysms. The murderous enthusiasm should be genuine. (Plenty of pacifists have plenty of hate in them.) The illustrations of burnt children should be monstrous, in color, and exactly human size. Peter Schumann should execute a group of furious, murderous puppets — all wearing red, white, and blue clothing.

Chanting of slogans should be at an insanely high volume. Marching bands should play standard, patriotic songs, such as:

Over There
 America
 Star Spangled Banner
 God Bless America
 Ballad of the Green Beret
 Let's Remember Pearl Harbor
 etc., etc.,

and these should be sung very, very strongly, by everyone present, as loudly as he can.

When the procession reaches the Whitehall St. induction center, very ordinarily-dressed men, women, and children should get up on a fairly large, unpainted-wooden,

Continued from page 4

square, simple, red-white-and-blue-bunting-decorated platform, one by one, and deliver pro-war speeches, developing the slogans on the placards. These should be exercises in bestiality (they will be cathartic) and they each should end in screaming.

The last speaker—a blind boy of 5—should, at the top of his lungs, suggest that the entire crowd enlist and go kill, cut, fuck, and blind-maim the gooks. And he should be led down from the speakers' platform by an insanely-barking police seeing-eye dog, and lead a howling charge of the hundreds of demonstrators, up the steps of the induction center and into the enlistment office, where they should voraciously seize enlistment forms, crying **KILL! KILL! KILL!**

The entire events should be filmed in color, and shown in every major city, and on every major college campus of the country.

March 1967

* someone lying in a white hospital bed could be pushed in the center of the street.

OPERATION TOUCH

Introduction:

A Chicago youth is arrested on a pot charge. At his arraignment, it is discovered he is the son of a Congressman. He is sent "for psychiatric treatment."

A West Coast judge issues a search warrant. In the apartment where LSD is found, a half dozen youths are arrested, including the judge's son. The next day a statement is issued, saying that the lad, a student of architecture, had gone to the apartment to pick up a book on lighting.

Stars of stage, screen and radio! And their brilliant, lovable children!

And it is not just the "dope" bit.

Grandsons of admirals, cabinet ministers, senators. Sons of colonels refuse to serve in an army of murder—go sadly, honorably to American jails.

Peace symbols are painted by sailors, on their own naval aircraft, in San Diego. At the New London Submarine Base, a dozen copies of 1001 WAYS TO BEAT THE DRAFT circulate, semi-surreptitiously, breaking up the barracks in incredible irony and terror.

In NY and DC, young teacher-priests of One True Church, stand and count themselves, against their old, old, old, impossible rectors. Thousands of Catholic

students support them, by striking.

THESE ARE your CHILDREN WHOM YOU ARE BEATING!

These are your children.

These are the flower children.

This is America's proudest generation.

A future of love. A wave of joy is about to sweep this land...IF we survive.

The next period (the next year, maybe) (ah like every period—but this is OUR next, YOUR next period) will determine whether we live or die.

All of us, the whole planet, every single passenger...and live or die SOON, within the next 5 to 10 years.

Comrades: (and this is the same word which Walt Whitman, which the Stalinists, which American Legionnaires use—Comrades—let us begin to reason (in love) together once again.

It is NOW.

The world is broad and beautiful. My father's house has many mansions. There is room here for all of us. Build your own temple, in peace and charity. We are not better than you. You are not worse than us.

Do not throw us out

Do not kill us

We will try again.

We will try to return love for hate. (It is

Continued on page 11

Remember*



IS



The Beatles

*(And The Lyrics are Printed Right on the Album)

NEW!...NOW!



MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL

by Sam Silver

The Pop Festival at Monterey popped from Friday night, June 14, until Sunday night, June 16. In terms of music presentation, it was superb. The sound quality was the best I've heard in any theatre, indoor or outdoor.

But the music was not the entire festival. The music acts as spokesman for the hip culture of the West Coast. The pop festival embodied the fusion of the two major hip life-styles prevalent here. The Los Angeles people set up the festival, advertised it, and all that. The San Francisco people provided the festival with meaning, direction, and excitement.

The larger thing that happened here, is that the participants were, to an individual, members of the turned-on culture, while a good part of the audience was either innocent or straight. After all, the festival was advertised on every rock radio station, up and down the west coast. Plus, it happened in a straight town.

It is to the festival's enduring credit, that it came off without one pot bust, or any other unpleasantness.

The one unifying feature of the U.S. groups, was that, with few exceptions, they, and their music, were politically potent, and anti-war in intent. Note the lyrics to "Fixin' to Die Rag," by Country Joe and the Fish:

"one two three, what are we fighting for?
don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
next stop is Vietnam.
five six seven, open up the pearly gates
don't ask me to tell you why
whoopie, we're all gonna die."

Joe's troops also sang a one-liner that they lifted from Charlie Mingus, which goes, "PLEASE DON'T DROP YOUR H-BOMB ON ME, YOU CAN DROP IT RIGHT ON YOURSELF." The Grateful Dead sang their VIOLA LEE BLUES, which has a chorus line which goes,

"Some got six months, some got one solid/
Some got one solid year, and beat it."

Dave Crosby, of the Byrds, spoke for many, when he said that he agreed with Paul McCartney, in that "if the world leaders took LSD, it might put an end to war." Crosby, with a large STP sticker on his guitar, also made reference to President Kennedy's assassination, when he said, "We all know that President Kennedy was killed by a group of men," refuting the Warren report. The Byrds then sang, "HE WAS A FRIEND OF MINE." By the way, Crosby started his speech by saying, "I know they are going to censor this, but I want you to know..."

The music is spokesman for the culture, and the culture is definitely in favor of love, and opposed to war.

The most highly-developed Hip culture in the U.S., is that of the San Francisco Bay area. There were eight groups from S.F. in the festival. They did more than just play for the paying customers. The amphitheatre held about 10,000 people, but there were at least 50,000 people available at all times. It is an integral part of the S.F. tradition, to reinvest in the community, so, while the paying customers held their ticket stubs about a mile away, on the football field of Monterey Peninsula College the S.F. groups and Eric Burton's Animals played for nothing, from dusk till dawn.

The festival existed in a kind of never-never land. There was a meditation room, where people could sit and trip. Many people were turning on, and the heat said not a word, and there was not one bust.

Derek Taylor acted as publicity director for the festival, and held a press conference at seven P.M., on Saturday and Sunday. At Saturday's conference, he quoted, from some local press clippings, about the fact that people were smoking LSD at the festival. He said, and I'll quote, "We'll soon put a stop to that."

The environment of the pop festival was a very changeable thing. If you came there with a lot of money, you would have had no trouble spending it at high speed. If you came there with no money, you would have had minimal trouble getting yourself fed, stoned, and entertained. On the first night, at least, people were being let into the amphitheatre sans tickets; after that, it tightened up, but not very much.

A great many people came with only a sleeping bag. They were accommodated at the Football field, and in almost any of the buildings on the grounds of the festival. The festival occupied the Monterey County Fair Grounds.

At the Sunday night press conference, Derek Taylor produced Police Chief Marinello. The police chief commented on how peaceful the "Hippies" were, and announced that he had sent half of the police home on the previous night, and that he was sending even more home that night. He also said that he was going to tour the Haight-Ashbury, personally guided by people at the festival. At this point, Taylor graced him with a pendant necklace, Marinello saying that he wouldn't be dressed without it, in the Haight.

The Heat was remarkably invisible throughout the festival. The fact that there were no busts, is probably because the boys in blue were in sympathy with the festival. I heard of many cases of a policeman leaving the area where people were smoking grass, to avoid temptation, I guess.

The booths on the grounds sold everything a bourgeois Hippie type could want. There was a booth for the Underground Press Syndicate, run by the L.A. Oracle, and a Good Karma Turn-On Health Food Stand, with groovy carrot juice, and something purple, called Festival Punch. There was an art gallery, which had paintings and photographs, and a building which was ostensibly an exhibit for some equipment manufacturer, which really merely played the Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album over and over again, at high volume.

There was a persistent rumor, that one, two, or all of the Beatles were at the festival, but this could not be verified. In the words of Derek Taylor, "If they were here, they'd be dressed like Hippies, and you wouldn't be able to tell who they were, so you'll never know, will you?"

The sound system, as I have already said, was remarkable. The music contained many surprises. Despite some obvious lacks, e.g., Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, the thing was programmed excellently. On Friday night, a group was premiered at the

festival, called The Paupers. You are sure to hear from them in the future. They were remarkable, especially the bass player. Also, on Friday night, Eric Burton and the gang played, probably, the finest rendition of GIN HOUSE BLUES I have ever heard.

Saturday was the day of the San Francisco Sound. In the afternoon, many of the S.F. groups played, including Country Joe, Canned Heat, The Quicksilver Messenger Service, the first appearance of Big Brother and the Holding Company; Janis Joplin and the crew sang so well that they brought them back again that night; and a new group, called the Electric Flag, which was built around Mike Bloomfield, former lead guitarist with Paul Butterfield. By the time they were through, I was calling the Electric Flag, "The Best Possible Blues Band."

Saturday night was a hard rock time, featuring Moby Grape and Otis Redding. Redding has so much soul, that I hardly understand it.

The entire texture of the festival changed, on Sunday afternoon, when Ravi Shankar played. The place was the same, but the vibrations were entirely different. Ravi held the attention of ten thousand people, for four hours or more. Throughout one entire raga, he asked that no one smoke, and that photographers cease taking pictures. The horde of photographers stopped their labor, and the only smoke was that of incense.

I thought I saw a Beatle, when Ravi was playing, but he was dressed like a hippie, and you can never be sure.

That evening, the Blues Project played so elegantly that they seemed like a modern string and percussion quintet. Later in the evening, an aggregation called THE WHO played. It was after PICTURES OF LILLY, that, as Brian Jones predicted, they broke everyone up, in more ways than one. I hear they go through three guitars on a slow week.

They were followed by the Grateful Dead, who were beautiful, and who were followed by the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Jimi did a beautiful Spade routine, and he finished by chewing, burning, and balling his guitar.

Jimi socked it to them and they went home, but the Festival was not yet over. Everybody that played there, played for expenses, and the proceeds are slated for charity.

The Board of Directors asked the San Francisco Diggers if they wanted any of the money. They got a rather sharp refusal and retort, which went something like, "If you want to help Diggers out, you'd let people in the concerts for nothing." As of right now, the money has not yet found a home. They have plenty of it, and I hope Donovan, Paul, Smokey, and the others on the Board of Directors find a good place for it.

The Pop Festival was a well-coordinated fusion of many diverse forces. That it went off smoothly, says a lot for all involved, especially the Hippies, who have a habit of taking care of their own.

A lot of straight people were turned on to what is happening in music right now, and they liked it. There was a lot of quality in the performances here, and a lot of Good Karma everywhere.



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THE OFFICE DOG

Just a Lot of Amusing and Surprising Little Things

SCRAPS THAT HE PICKS UP HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

 If you are planning a pilgrimage to Haight/Ashbury this summer, contact the Switchboard in San Francisco, Tel. (415) 387-3575. The Switchboard is a 24 hour referral service for "hippie" travelers. They will give you information on places to stay for free when you arrive and where to get free food. They do not give out information on free drugs over the phone but if you need a ride to the west coast they can provide such information.

Need bread quick? The Community Blood Bank at 831 Broadway (13th St.) will pay you \$5 to \$10 for a pint of your plasma. The process is relatively painless and takes only about 20 minutes. You must be 18 or older and have some kind of ID (a social security will do) They are in need of donors and pay cash. Don't eat the morning you go.

The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook is now available from The Kriya Press of the Sri Ram Ashrama, Millbrook, N.Y. \$3.00 each, 40% discount for 12.

There is now a free medical clinic on the corner of Haight and Clayton Streets in San Francisco. Staffed by a few dozen turned on MD's and nurses and sponsored by Happening House, it's open 24 hours a day, with free everything including coffee and gurus, and no questions asked. The clinic is equipped to treat everything from bad trips to TB.

The HIP Job Co-op on Cole Street near Carl is what the name implies, as well as a free gathering place, message center and clearing house. The diggers' free store, The Free Frame of Reference is 30 yards further uphill, and provides free clothing and anything else that's available.

All three places are great for meeting people, making friends and catching up on the latest psychedelic gossip.

Free Food is still being given out at the Panhandle, every afternoon at 4, and there are free rock dances every weekend in Golden Gate Park.

 The rumor is that Antonioni might make a movie about Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley California.

Richard M. Bell, who lives at 236 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, wrote Senator Robert Kennedy a letter recently in which he said that the draft card has become "a symbol of shame and infamy"—like an internal passport, similar to that required in the Union of South Africa, in former Nazi Germany, and in other totalitarian countries. He called the draft card "a token of one's willingness to submit to the draft," and termed the draft "the principal instrument by which this illegal and unjust war is waged."

He told Senator Kennedy that he hadn't been carrying his own draft card since the day Dave Miller burned his, that he did not want it anymore, and that he was, therefore, sending it to him, the senator.

"I have a personal request," he wrote. "If you would kindly burn the enclosed card on the floor of the Senate, reading this letter in explanation, and then take such action as to insure that such cards need never again be carried, I would consider it a very great personal favor indeed."

"Our senators and representatives are responsible for the draft and the slaughter," he wrote Mr. Kennedy. "Action on their part could end both. It is their responsibility not to vote appropriations for the monstrous war crime that is Vietnam, nor to support the draft, its chief weapon."

In a memo he has mailed out to friends entitled "Love and Draft Cards," he put it this way: "Is your senator or congressman handicapped by the lack of a draft card? They must think such cards important since they vote to renew the draft. Yet most of them are too old to possess their very own. Do the loving thing—send your senator or congressman yours. That special card will let him know you really care."

10,000 tabs of acid were distributed free at the Summer Solstice, June 21 in San Francisco. Speaking of which, have you dropped out, or have you only dropped acid?

The Resistance, an organization which is planning to give up any deferments as well as refusing to cooperate with the Selective Service, is organizing for collective action for the fall. Anyone interested write The Resistance, c/o Steve Hamilton, 2502 Telegraph, Berkeley, Calif., or Tel. 849-4950.

A book recently published by Peace Machines, Incorporated, "The Science of Peace" by Warren Amster, deals with a new theory of the structure of the human personality and some experimental investigations which attempt to verify the theory. The definitive experiment which has been attempted is to try to use the theory to stop the war in Vietnam.

The first experiment toward this end described in the book was a proposal for a United Nations resolution which would make aggression the personal responsibility of the national leader of the aggressor nation. This experiment was a resounding failure because nobody paid any attention to the proposal.

The next experiment is a proposal to build a Memorial to United States servicemen killed in North Vietnam while carrying out President Johnson's orders. It is to be called the Johnson Memorial and located in Washington D.C.

If anyone is interested in reading "The Science of Peace," it can be purchased from Peace Machines INC., P.O. Box 356, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

Talking about LBJ: LBJ BARBECUE SAUCE ran afoul of White House policy on using the President's name in promotions. A pest fighter quit linking LBJ with the word "exterminator." A laundry pictured Johnson and expressed the conviction that "he would be another satisfied customer if he were a local resident."

Interesting item in The World Street Journal of June 29: UNHIP HIPPIES worry Studebaker by buying its STP oil additive, confusing it with the new hallucinogenic drug STP, which is more powerful than LSD. The oil product, Studebaker warns, is strictly to give kicks to engines.



The Tolstoy Farm communications chain, located in Davenport, Wisconsin, is a decentralized tribal structure with modern means of production, communication and transportation.

They believe that the city is the natural home of the fragmented man, and people should be able to live in small communities that have factories, schools, crops and social centers cooperatively managed. The communities or tribes will be linked to every other community by electronic communication systems as well as by modern methods of transportation so that people can exchange goods, information and people.

For further information and their catalogue write Tolstoy Farm, RT 3, Box 74E, Davenport, Wn., 99122.

August 6, 1967, the anniversary of Hiroshima, will be YOUTH DAY at Expo '67, the Universal and International Exhibition in Montreal. The theme for the day will be YOUTH, JOY AND PEACE.

In an attempt to translate this theme into concrete terms, and in order to give Youth Day a meaningful purpose, several activities are being planned. One of these will be a mass rally of young people, at Place des Nations, on the Expo grounds. This gathering will be a manifestation of fraternity among the youth of the world, in the spirit of Peace.

Distinguished personalities, whose names will be released at a later date, will address the gathering. They will be invited to give their interpretation of the theme, Youth, Joy and Peace, in a humanistic perspective, and with absolute freedom.

An appeal for a universal Day of Peace is also planned.

Watch for THE LOVE-INS, a motion picture produced by Sam Katzman (no relation) Through Columbia Pictures and due to hit local movie theaters in August.

The picture stars Richard Todd as a professor who becomes a messiah for the "hippies" and Susan Oliver and James MacArthur, as two underground newspaper editors. There is also a special guest appearance by Joe Pyne.

The picture was made in three weeks and is strictly an exploitation of the "hippie" phenomenon complete with marijuana, communal living and an LSD trip done to the tune of Alice in Wonderland. The picture, by the way, is in technicolor.

I haven't seen the picture but I can imagine what it's like. I recommend it to all my friends; that and at least 500 milligrams.

STP comes in an orange pill. Don't be fooled by sugar cubes claiming to have STP. What it contains is belladonna and Copalmine which is dangerous because it is poisonous and has a blackout effect for 8 to 10 hours. If it is for sale it is not STP because the manufacturer controls the formula and is intent on giving it out free.

A new psychedelic is being distributed in San Francisco. It's called FUK. You will never read about it in the Daily News.

Flaring out from a kick-off meeting Tuesday, activity around the anti-Vietnam War referendum sponsored by the Fifth Ave. Parade Committee moved almost 300 canvassers from some 100 organizations into the houses, shops and streets of New York City, last week. First reports from canvassers indicate that an overwhelming majority of people contacted, are willing to sign a petition which calls for a referendum to seek "immediate end to US intervention in Viet Nam and withdrawal of all US military forces from Viet Nam to help end the loss of lives of New York City youth in Viet Nam, and the drafting of young men from New York City, and help make available, to people of New York City, federal funds now being used for military purposes."

A campaign to amass several times the legal requirement of 50,000 signatures, is fully under way. Plans include not only marshalling the resources of the 174 organizations which comprise the Fifth Ave. Parade Comm., but also the involvement of every political, civil rights, and anti-poverty group which can be reached. Although over 5,000 petitions, carrying a potential of 50,000 signatures, have already been channelled into the hands of supporters, the committee is moving to double that within the next week. It has set next Saturday and Sunday, July 8 and 9, as the first major mobilization weekend, with a goal of 20,000 signatures. Dispatch centers for this mobilization will be the headquarters of local peace groups in the various boroughs, as well as the Parade Committee Headquarters, at 17 East 17th Street, 255-1875.

Special plans are being made, to get a minimum of 100 "peace tables" on the streets, for crowd-stopping signature appeals.

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COURT CONTINUED

accommodate so large a crowd. With a permit issued for a crowd of up to 6,000, he, the foreman, had provided benches for 100 people. Where were the defendants then to go, other than on the grass? As the day progressed, he saw a crowd of three to four hundred people on the grass in the fenced-in area. Six adults complained to him about noise and four children complained that they could not get on Hoving Hill (a sandpile). Incidentally, this foreman could not identify any of the defendants. There was one police officer on duty in the park and the Parks Department foreman went to the local precinct police station for police reinforcements.

A police sergeant with another police officer then came to the park, arriving at about 5:15 p.m., by which time the Parks Department foreman had already gone home. About six people complained to the sergeant about noise. He heard Bongo drums, guitars, cymbals, tom-toms, screaming and shouting. He saw 50 to 60 people in a group, on the grass, sitting down and playing. The sergeant described this as a "tense situation." He stated that he "got anxious." At that time there were about 300 spectators in the park. The sergeant could not get the defendants to desist or leave the park, and he called the Emergency Service Division and sent a signal 1041 which is an emergency signal for additional radio cars. After the radio cars arrived, there were 1200 to 1400 people in the area; more police arrived until there were 100 police officers in response to the sergeant's call for aid.

After the arrival of the radio cars the arrests were made. Except for the arrests made by Detective James J. Robert, the arrests were made at the direction of the sergeant and were for violation of Parks Department rules and regulations and the Department foreman's name substituted therefor. This matter, however, can not be ignored in reaching a decision herein.

If the complainant did not see the crime for which the defendants were arrested on his complaint, then who did see them? The arrests for Disorderly Conduct made by the police officers were in the main for acts which had taken place before their arrival at the scene. The defendants were booked for violating Parks Department Rules and Regulations and the police were making the arrests on that charge only, with the Parks Department foreman as complainant. The complainant could not identify any defendant. In this series of contradictions, the Disorderly Conduct complaints are not only defective but there is also a complete failure to comply

with the provisions of Section 177, subdivision 1 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

In this connection it is not inappropriate to state that one officer testified that the sergeant told him to arrest five people. When asked by the Court "any five?" his answer was "Yes, any five." Other officers testified that the sergeant said that the "people are to be arrested on complaint of the Parks Department foreman." It must be stated at this point that the police officers' testimony as a whole has been entirely frank and forthright. While there are

inconsistencies and contradictions in the record, this is quite natural and proves there was no collusion or organized effort to conceal or mislead.

It is quite clear from all the evidence that an anxious Parks Department employee demanded more police in the park. Before that no crime had been committed. A worried sergeant requested help and received perhaps more help than he had expected. No crime had yet been committed. When he requested help, his own testimony is that 50 or 60 people were in a group on the grass sitting down and playing.

When more and more police arrived, the sergeant ordered arrests. These police didn't even know what had been going on in the park before their arrival. They had not been there at all. They obeyed orders and made arrests. The defendants objected to being arrested and did not voluntarily leave or accompany the officers. As more officers arrived, they naturally assisted brother officers without inquiring or being told what was going on. Were it not for the timely arrival of the highest echelon police officials, this situation would have worsened materially.

True, the local police had a problem. The local, usual habitues of the park resented the invasion by this new group which is non-conforming, whose dress is bizarre, and whose conduct is unconventional. There is, however, no law against that nor is there any law granting exclusive use of a public park to any one group to the exclusion of others. This Court will not deny the equal protection of the law to the unwashed, unshod, unkempt, and uninhibited. In protecting those rights, however, it wishes to make clear that other people also have the same rights, which these defendants too must respect.

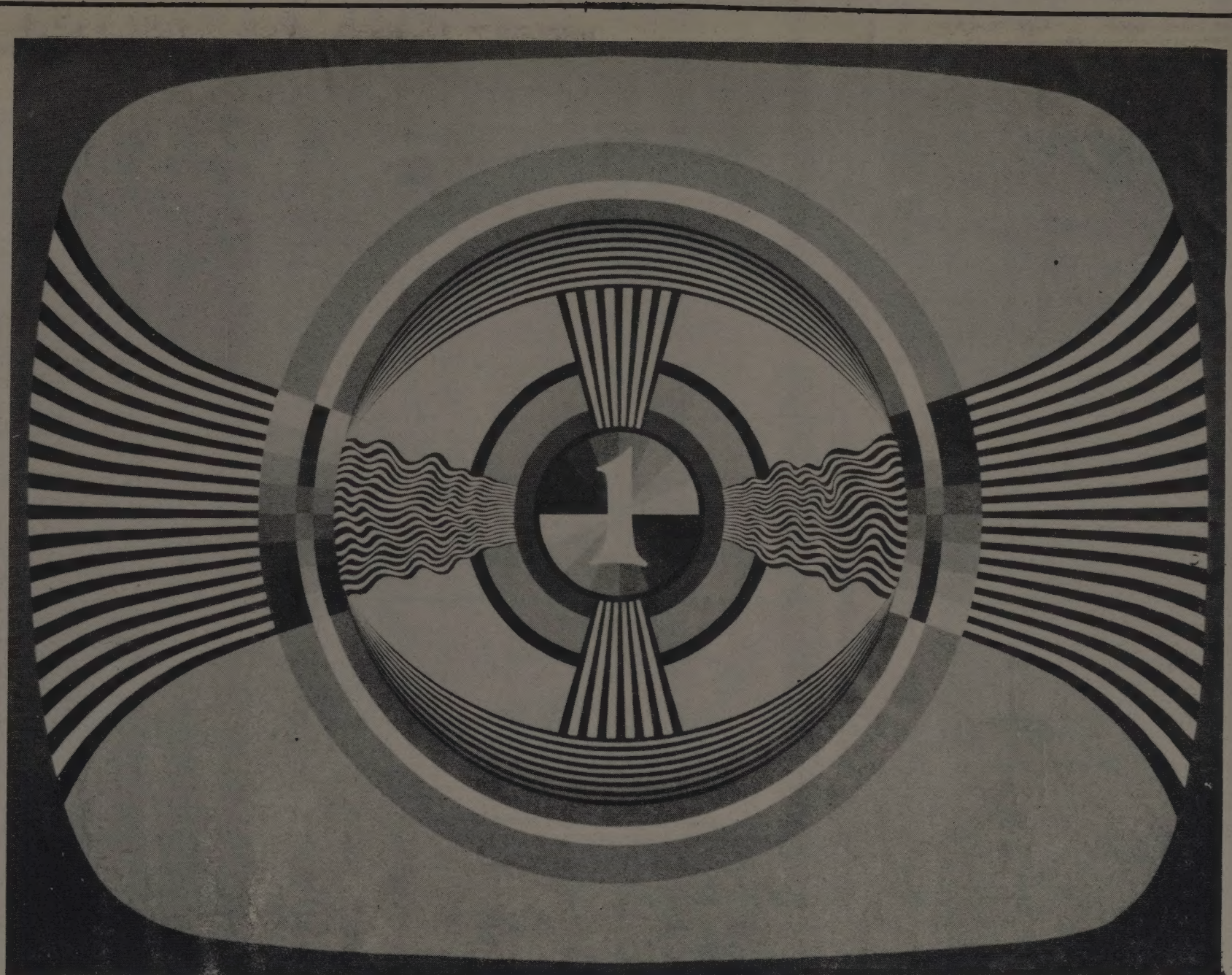
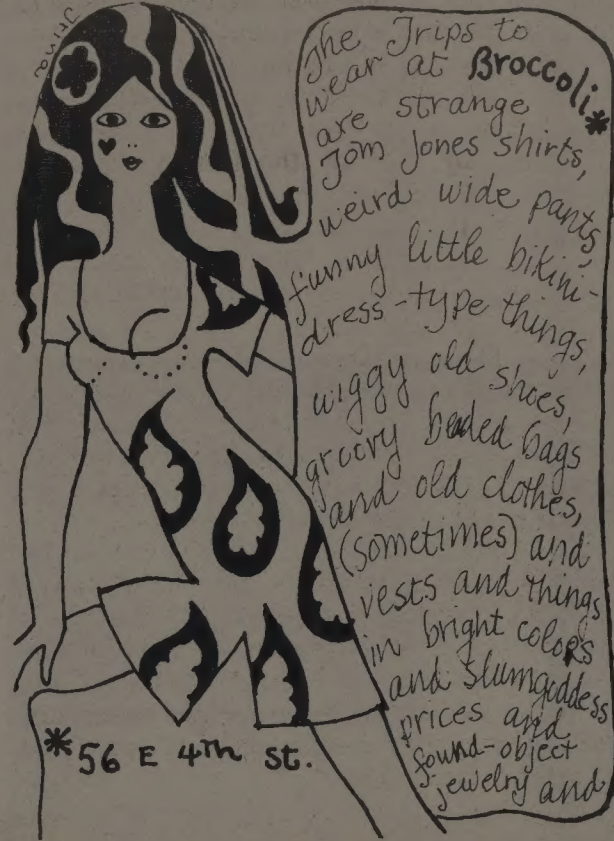
Accordingly, I find that in none of the Disorderly Conduct complaints did the arresting officers have reasonable grounds to believe that a crime was being committed in his presence. Hence, each charge of 1851 is dismissed. The 1694, Assault 3rd, and 1825 charges against Ray Lefstedt are also dismissed, as is the Assault 3rd charge against Anthony Distasi and the Felonious Assault charge against Frank Wise. On the charges of Assault 3rd, 1894-A, subdivision 2, and use of firecrackers against Hector Ponce, the motion to dismiss is denied and that case will be set down for trial in Part 2B of this court on a date to be fixed.

In finding as I do, I am convinced that the defendants were not at any time motivated by an intent to breach the peace. I am attempting also to avoid any technical problems which might delay justice in these cases, and I have gone into the facts fully so that, in the interests of justice, full and final disposition may be achieved thereby.

If I may paraphrase and also quote from the Court of Appeals in *People v. Smith*, 278 N.Y.S. 2d 832, 19 N.Y. 2d 212, — the conclusion I have reached is not to be construed as an expression of approval of the defendants' conduct. "Those whose duty it is to enforce the law often operate under difficult and trying circumstances. In performing their duty, they are entitled to the cooperation of every citizen."

Herman Weinkrantz
J.C.C.

June 30, 1967



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CHANNEL ONE

BY D. A. Latimer

The mid-Sixties, the late twentieth century: bells, beads, lights, incense, icons, paranoia and persecution. Cellar Christians. Leslie Feidler called it 'the edge of one of the greatest religious revivals that will ever have struck civilization,' shortly before he was busted, at fifty, for maintaining a Premises. The Vita Nuovo is clearly at hand — everybody and his cortex is maintaining a Premises nowadays, it's time for shrines now, Sunday-go-to-meeting stuff. With what implements shall we observe the New Redemption?

Implements. Artifacts. To date, the modern spiritualism has appeared with distinctly alien trappings, occult fixtures from archaic religions — Oriental beatitudes, Amerindian hallucinogens, Ravi Shankar... An incredible poss of antique superficialities. Small wonder Americans can't tolerate heads, they're just too damn wierd. Creepy. And how much all of this Furrin iconology itself actually indicates a pervasive, negative Anti-Americanism, is anybody's guess.

The manifestations, then, of the modern transcendentalism are alien to most Western folk, undecipherable to those who know nothing of the Tibetan Book of the Dead, etc. This is regrettable, particularly when the most potent consciousness-altering force in history has been unleashed on all of us, for longer than a generation, now: television. It captivates people, TV, binds them, and makes them slaves to its electric Dogma. And

what the hell precisely is 'electricity' exactly, anyway?

Marshall McLuhan has contended, already, that a television is more than merely an illuminated box sitting in the living room, and any head who has watched eight hours of TV while stoned, will bear him out: television is Cool, it involves the viewer on every level of consciousness, from verbal to nonverbal and back around; it assaults him through both of his most potent sensory conduits, visual and aural (and one head, given to grooving with synaesthesia, further reports that Walter Cronkite's voice tastes like borscht); years of viewing the spectacular special effects that television so aptly lends itself to — Ajax Cleanser's extraordinary 'Stronger than Dirt' knight, for instance — may, who knows, have rendered a whole generation more receptive to extrasensory (supernatural) phenomena than ever before; and consider the Ponderosa Ranch — there's a twentieth-century Asgard, with mythic deities up the arse, created solely by television.

TV is a powerful psychedelic force, that's obvious, a real mind-fuck. Given its predilection for mind-fucking, it's odd that the Psychedelic Generation has done so little with the boob tube. Anti-Americanism, too, has its faults. Anyway, television has run amok through the Western collective unconscious for too long now; it's high time it was chained, disciplined, made to serve humanity; and, with its unparalleled facility for involving the viewer in an environment of near-total participation, what is there to keep it from emerging as THE psychedelic shrine?

With this in mind, Channel One has been established. A video-tape theatre. Psychedelic shrine at 62 East Fourth Street. Ken Shapiro and Lane Sarasohn, creators of Channel One, have been perceptive enough to realize television's unique possibilities, and audacious enough to exploit them. 'You walk into the theatre,' as Sarasohn describes it, 'and there's three television screens, twenty-three inch, black and white. It's sort of theatre-in-the-round, with three sections of seats, one to each monitor screen. We want people to feel as comfortable as possible, at home, almost — that's why we're showing black-and-white, instead of color; and mono sound, rather than stereo. Ideally, the customer should forget that he's in a theatre, that he's paid for it. But the sixty-odd people watching the same screen with him should help him become more strongly involved, create a psychic focusing force.'

Three TV sets, lots of people, that's the medium. Message-wise, Shapiro and Sarasohn have created four nightly hours of productions, each piece ranging from three to sixteen minutes in length. 'Our material is directed toward heads, mostly,' Shapiro explains. 'We concentrate on humor, psychedelic satire. The heads are a gorgeous subculture, with their own language, their own jokes — and since so little of it can be broadcast over regular media, drugs and sex and such, it gives us a whole world of totally new material to work with. We like to think we're providing heads with their own CBS.'

Channel One, the world's first groove tube. Only the first, though; Shapiro and Sarasohn should expect some competition. Hell, television is emphatically a head gimmick, all of the best features of strobes and lights and hallucinations in one box — is there any reason it should not become the religious art of the New Consciousness? Why not Transcontinental Trips, eight hours of programmed schizophrenia, broadcast ALIVE from coast to coast? Psychic calisthenics for bored housewives, led by sweatshirted gurus. Guggenheim Foundation grants for flipped-out animated cartoonists...

'And NOW — brought to you in LIVING COLORS — SUNSHINE GIRL!!!'

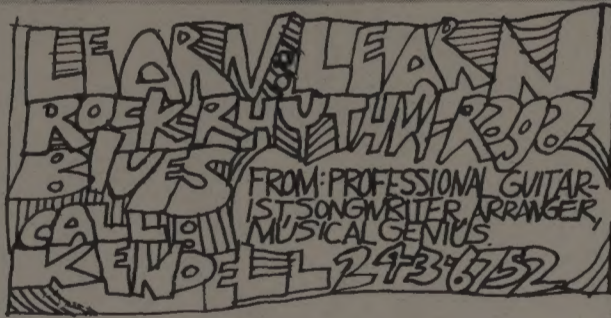


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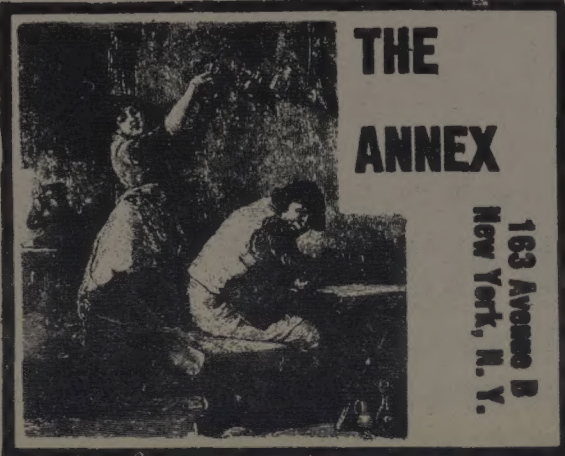
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UNCLE TULLI'S PEACEFUL PROTEST CONTINUES

Continued from page 5

no task to love him who loves you.)

You—Come and make love likewise.
All are born from love
All can love again.

And, if "love" stays a meaningless puff, a symbol, a trite tautology, a substitute, a mask for hate, an arthritic metal scribble on this flesh of the living tree.

Quakers, somewhere, recently began visiting (or trying to visit) Birch Society meetings. We all should do the same. Let us speak with these people, try to understand their fears, their aspirations. We consider them mentally ill, perhaps—perhaps, just as they consider us likewise. Is there really a "we" and "them"? Do both left and right NEED an enemy, always? Is that why they refuse to REALLY talk to one another—that is, to listen ALSO, and not just argue their own point of view? Must we meet them for the first time on some sort of old-fashioned (or atomic) barricade?

If we cannot talk to these people and win them over (it is NOT simple, it is NOT logic—it is love and hate we are talking of) are we not lost? The barricade is too late. I do not like that price of winning an argument.

The Free School has persisted in not permitting a Fascist to teach. What are they afraid of? Ideas and people do not disappear if you close your ears, or beat them to death. (Here at the Free School, I once heard a "leftist" ((in anger, but seriously)) propose extermination ("gassing," he said) of Birchites, as the final solution!)

David McReynolds must demand, and receive, the right to lecture all ROTC units on the virtues of pacifism.

Wayland Young should be permitted to speak to all NYC District Attorneys and Judges, on "pornography."

Local people, on the East Side, should be permitted to speak in the stationhouse (or to invite the police, by leafletting outside, to a lecture elsewhere) on the nature of the new East Side Community.

Whenever they will not invite us—we must invite them. Rock and roll musicians of the East Village, for example, could invite the police, their girl friends and their wives, to a free dance at the Dom.

Why—why should we be afraid? We believe much of beauty, joy, truth, and the eternal spirit resides in US, too.

We are not exclusive

We are not scornful

We are not revengeful

We are not superior

We do not wish to live in a world where every man's hand is raised against his brother.

The time grows short.

Let us use our hearts and our minds.

We need new ideas—simple ideas, important ideas, crazy ideas, revolutionary ideas.

We live in a world, now, that is constantly becoming newer and newer.

Hey, you new people out there!

We need your new ideas!

We need your new love!

Sing to us!

March 1967

THE CONCENTRATION CAMP CAPER

There are pricks on all sides. I have been something of a prick, myself, at times, and maybe still am. I don't want to be "flung on the dungheap of history," or killed in a concentration camp. Do you? How can you glibly decide, someone, some groups are unworthy of being saved? Unable to be saved? Who has really tried?

If we fail, we die, too.

Love or die.

Ancillary Ideas: WE' (individually, or as representatives of a political view

((either or both))) should approach police, judges, jailors, keepers of mental hospitals, homes for the aged, orphanages, veterans' groups, cabinet members, the President, industrial executives, information sections of army units, and all the incommunicado fountainheads of authority. We should demand the right to speak to, to confront these people directly, and to debate them face to face. We are a theoretical democracy. We have lost the freshness of our founding ideals.

Some of these contacts have been tried a long time ago, and been broken off a long time ago.

SOME HAVE NEVER BEEN TRIED.

Allen Ginsberg must demand, and be given, the right to lecture the student policemen-to-be, at the NY Police Academy, on marihuana.

1. Recent articles in the Berkeley Barb reported on the new rumors of an imminent declaration of war, and the reactivation of the US's 50-or-so concentration camps for the local prisoners of war (us).

Why don't we jump the gun, so to speak, and stage a camp-in?

Hippies from all over should investigate their local cc (concentration camp) and its resort capabilities. Tribes, indigents, hipsters, local minorities, people in poor housing, young teenagers from the urban ghettos, artists without studios, Rock and Roll bands looking for practice space, people unable to afford high Greenwich Village rents, skid row winos, nuts of all kinds, people ready to retire, all should seriously consider these fine government properties (OUR properties).
2. SELECT THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OF YOUR CHOICE. Why sit around and wait until you are shipped to some undesirable location? Go now. Many choice spots still available.

3. Wouldn't it be fun to be arrested, trying to break into prison? Embarrassing, too. But for whom?

July 1967

FLOWER CHILDREN

GENTLY BRINGING
SONGS OF LOVE
AND
HAPPINESS

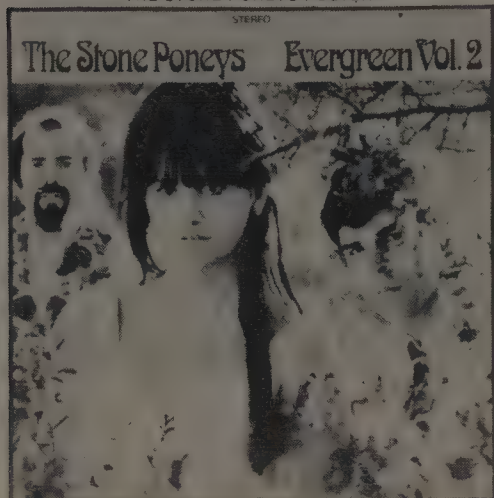


THE STONE PONEYS POSTER

SONGS OF LOVE AND
SINGING AND PEACE
SOFTLY ENDING
EVER NEVER
HAPPY



HEARTS AND FLOWERS POSTER



The Stone Poneys Evergreen Vol. 2

Ahh, Yes! Send a representative of the U.S. Government* to my home with a 20x30 4-color beautiful poster thingy of:

- 1. Hearts and Flowers (yes!)
- 2. The Stone Poneys (yes!)

ORDER ONE
SEND NO MONEY
IT'S FREE!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
BLOOD TYPE _____ SUN SIGN _____

Fill out, cut out, chant an incantation, and send to:



BEAUTIFUL POSTER THINGYS
CAPITOL RECORDS DIST. CORP.
1750 NO. VINE ST.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

*Postal division, of course.
EVO



BREAD FOR HEADS

GARVIN BOWART PHOTO-MONTAGE

The evening's main attraction, a benefit concert, raised money for the Community Defense Fund, nearly filled the Village Theatre (Oct. 28). The Fund, under the trusteeship of the Jade Companions, has been set up to provide members of the community with emergency aid and legal aid.

The success of the benefit, EVO contributed to in the radio stations and newspapers in New York several times, in order to bring publicity of the event. Some places (such as WOR-FM) promised to "blow about it," and others (such as WNBC-TV) stated that they could not guarantee it. However, it would be difficult to the policy of the station. The benefit concert's success was given on WNBC-TV (the MC'd the show), and the Johnny Carson Show, Time, News, and Escapade were the only magazines to give it. The media that covered the benefit often published articles, parades, and other things, which was NOT against the policy of the station. The concert had received the necessary publicity, far more than the collected near-\$2,000 would have been realized.

The show itself featured, in chronological order, the Northern Lights, the Last Sea Dreamers, organic pianist Burton Green, Allen Ginsberg, the Group Image, a fashion show by Trina's Tribe, "comedian" Bruce Fry, folksinger Bruce Murdoch, Moondog, the Third Eye, the Left Banke, the Mothers, and the Fugs.

The Mothers, without a doubt one of the most competent groups on the rock scene, played an excellent set—performing the first encore of their career. Pablo and the World provided

all groups that wanted it (the Left Banke, the Mothers, and the Fugs, declaring themselves NOT psychedelic).

The participants in the benefit show, the performers, who donated their time and joy; the audience, who donated their money; and the Village Theatre, which donated its premises, worked together to provide funds for community members in trouble with the heat. It's a sad note on the overall state of the community that some of the Left Banke's equipment was stolen after their performance, presumably by people who may, some day, need the emergency aid provided by the Community Defense Fund. Virtually no eastside hippies in any way offered to help with the poster distribution or any other part of the benefit.

The Fund is presently running on limited finances. So far, \$16,000 has been posted. If the people who currently need help cannot be accommodated, and the Fund, unfortunately, has to be selective. One solution that has not yet been fully taken advantage of is the Jade Companions membership cards. 8,000 have been printed; they are being sold at \$5 apiece. Cardholders are guaranteed help if there is any money in the Fund. If all the cards are sold, \$40,000 will be available for help. Call Peter Leggieri at EVO for the wisest \$5 you'll ever spend.



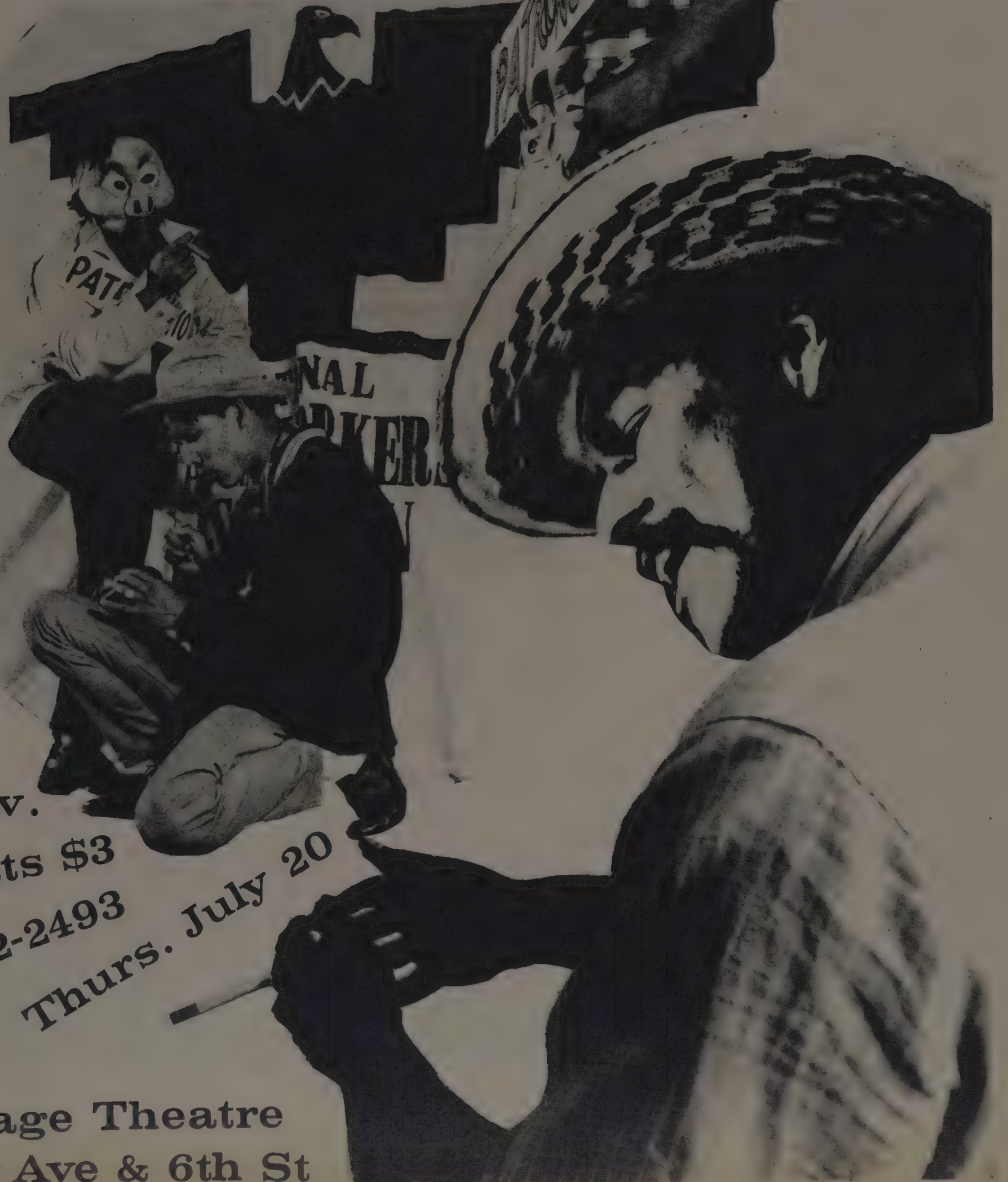


El Teatro Campesino

(Farm Workers' Theatre
from the
Delano Grape Strike)

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO

FIRST TIME
IN NEW YORK



Resv.

Seats \$3

LE2-2493

Thurs. July 20

Village Theatre
2nd Ave & 6th St

by Allan C. Edmonds

theatre in a strange land

Only two per-cent of America experiences the formal, costly and trite American theatre (remotely descended from that theatre that was once a relevant community happening), and again this year the New York Shakespeare Festival is attempting to acculturate the other 95. Besides its Shakespearean revivals in Central Park, the Festival's Mobile Theatre has brought the Jonson classic "Volpone" to our local parks for free. The common man can guffaw at the antics of a human Volpone, a Mosca, a Corbaccio and a Corvino as they are spirited out of Elizabethan literature by professionally-trained actors. The riotous and ribald performance was alive indeed, and the swine snorted up the pearls of our Precious Heritage. The expensive, dazzling show was beautiful, delightful, historical, educational, and, unfortunately, irrelevant to the contemporary common man. Moreover, the production, which was hampered by electronic difficulties, had a built-in barrier to community participation—the microphone and a magnificent lighting system. Since the show is already amongst the people in their parks, why don't the actors attempt the broad vocal Elizabethan style of acting (sans mikes)—so that they can HEAR their audience? And the unquestionably superior lighting of broad daylight—so that they can SEE their audience? But perhaps orthodox blank verse and characterization cannot today bear the audience contact (meddling) they once did before becoming orthodox. Perhaps barriers are necessary in the traditional American education which the Festival and the City of New York are offering to the unacculturated public-at-large. Inasmuch as their "Volpone" is arthistory, it is delightful and spirited entertainment, AND IT IS FREE.

Certainly the superb revival of "Volpone" contributes toward the destruction of the common enemy: cultural stupefaction of mass media television, but culture is more than mere history. Living theatre IS being done in the provinces. As Ronnie Davis of the SF Mime Troupe puts it: "What we want to do is to present plays that are not simply plays that are historically right, but are historically right for us at the moment." Yet from history can be found traditional "forms" for relevant contemporary presentation: the morality play, vaudeville, the minstrel show and Commedia dell'Arte.

A former member of the Mime Troupe, Luis Miguel Valdez, director of the National Farm Workers Association's (Delano grape strike) bi-lingual Teatro Campesino presents Davis' prescription of a "radical, independent, chaotic, anarchic theatre." The Teatro's most important aim, he says, is to reach the farm workers. All the actors are farm workers, and our single topic is the Huelga.

(Valdez was born in Delano, California, and worked in the fields there until he was 18. He has written "The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa." His Teatro Campesino performs for grape strikers at weekly meetings, touring up and down the San Joaquin Valley.)

According to Davis, "You do something because you think it's right and you believe yourself ultimately." He has been dealing with hypocrisy in America, dealing with it on the stage for everybody to see. "You can't say 'this is the conclusion' to the audience. They have to come to the same conclusion as you, hopefully. Otherwise it's the didactic theatre and you might as well write an essay."

"Unless we take the risk of living as public men," claims a Mime Troupe actor, "we run the greater risk of lifelong obscurity and impotence. This is our way of laying it on the line."

Valdez too lays it on the line; his Teatro is loyal to an a priori social end; i.e., the winning of the strike. "We not only presume Our Cause is just; we know it." The Teatro by its mere existence condemns the real loss of human talent, he says, the deadening of the human spirit, the brutalization of mind and body caused by the callous, feudal exploitation that is farm labor today.

Without resorting—as the Mobile Theatre does—to electric lighting or sound amplification, the Mime Troupe every summer brings free, INFORMAL, living theatre (Commedia) back to the people in the San Francisco parks. All they have are a small platform, a few props, and costumed actors. Instead of a dazzling history-lesson display, Ralph Gleason of the SF "Chronicle" described the Mime Troupe's Commedia as a "natural event, not particularly surprising or in any way peculiar in the view of the strollers in the park who stopped to watch." "We don't own our own theatre," says Davis, "we rent, which means we can travel...We work with the minimal, the essentials for performing. We've eliminated everything but the people and they can get in a car and go."

Likewise the Teatro uses no scenery, no scripts and no curtain. It uses costumes and props only casually—an old pair of pants, a wine bottle, a pair of dark glasses, a mask. Mostly the actors like to show that they are still strikers underneath, arm bands and all. To simplify matters, they hang signs around their necks indicating the characters portrayed. Minus

actors, the entire Teatro can be packed into one truck. "When the Teatro goes on tour," says Valdez, "the spirit of the Delano grape strike goes with it."

Practicing their own brand of Commedia dell'Arte, the Teatro improvises within the framework of traditional characters associated with the strike. Instead of Arlecchines, Pantalones, and Brighellas, they have "Esquiroles" (scabs), "Contratistas" (contractors), "Patroncitos" (growers) and "Hueguistas" (strikers). They experiment with these four types in dozens of combinations. Being free to act as they will, to infuse a character type with real thought and feeling, the farm workers of the Teatro have expressed the human complexity of the grape strike.

Valdez describes the Teatro as "somewhere between Brecht and Cantinflas." It certainly is a farm workers' theatre, a bi-lingual propaganda theatre, but it borrows from Mexican folk humor to such an extent that its "propaganda" is salted with a wariness for human caprice. "Our Cantinflas-inspired burlesque is familiar to the farm workers. It is in the family; it is 'raza'; it is part of the Mexican people."

The Teatro is presented in "actos"—10- to 15-minute skits, usually in Spanish, with or without songs. A particularly successful acto was performed last year in Freeport, California (just west of Sacramento), just after ex-Governor Brown had refused to meet with the strikers. The acto included the characters: 'DiGorgio Fruit Corp.', 'Bank Amerika,' and Governor 'Brown'. 'DiGorgio'—complete with sign, dark glasses and cigar—leaped onto the one-and-a-half ton truck used as a stage for the nightly rallies, and was quickly booed and reviled by the farm worker audience of over 300. Threatening them with loss of their jobs, blackmailing and deportation, 'DiGorgio' blustered and guffawed his way through all the booing and announced that his old high school buddy, the governor, was coming to speak to them that same night, and in Spanish. At this point, a car with a siren and a loudspeaker drove up behind the audience, honking and moving toward the platform. An authoritative voice commanded the workers to move out of the way, and the outside rally was momentarily halted as 'Governor Brown' was pulled out of the car by his cronies and pushed onto the stage. The 'Governor' protested all the way that he couldn't speak Spanish, but he was convinced to try: "No Huelga," they exhorted, "just say No Huelga." "And no boycoteo," insisted 'DiGorgio'. "The Governor" spoke so ardently that he turned into a Mexican. This is the turning point of the acto. 'DiGorgio' and his friends were forced to drag the metamorphosed 'Governor' off the stage as he shouted 'Huelga! Huelga!' all the way down, to the laughter and applause of the farm worker audience.

In another acto, a Scab is confronted by his Conscience who recites in Spanish Jack London's definition of a scab. This Scab is a Mexican version of Uncle Tom. Later he confronts a Grower with a pig mask and a cigar who arrives in a grand and noisy imaginary car. "What a terrible responsibility it is," claims the Grower, "to have to own a \$12,000 car, a \$350,000 house and a wife with a mink bikini. You Mexicans have it easy; I wish I was Mexican." The Scab is quick to oblige; he gives the Grower his shears and battered hat and puts on the Stetson, mask and cigar. The dispossessed Grower is dragged off, screaming, by a flunky who doesn't recognize him. "Now I'm boss," shouts the Scab, "I'll pay you 50¢ an hour." "No, no!" screams the Grower, "I'll never work for that." "Huelga! Huelga!" "All naked men are equal," comments Valdez.

Both the Mime Troupe and the Teatro use amateur actors. Not limiting itself to those with conventional theatre training, the Troupe selects its actors from

"the emotionally disturbed, the violent ones, the fallen away Catholics, the non-Jewish Jews, the deviates." Likewise, the Teatro appeals to its actors for the same reason it appeals to its audience. It explores the meaning of a social movement without asking its participants to read and write. "It is a learning experience," says Valdez, "with no formal prerequisites. This is all-important because most farm workers have never had a chance to go to school and are alienated by classrooms, blackboards and the formal teacher-student approach...If you want unbourgeois theatre, find unbourgeois people to do it."

Many of the Teatro actors showed great leadership potential, and they are now doing other things for the Association: organizing and boycotting in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and as far away as Texas. "Given the opportunity," observes Ralph Gleason, "artists and craftsmen, creative persons of all kinds can come from the farm workers' community."

Both Troupe and Teatro actors are as deeply and personally involved in their performances as they can expect their audiences to be. The Troupe spent nine rehearsal months being disturbed, shocked and offended with their "Minstrel Show" before they showed it to the first audience. "We're not out to destroy you," Davis will say to his audience, "we're out to disturb you. I'm willing to expose myself to the same thing we expose the audience to." Valdez claims that the Teatro is "all too real" to the participants. "The audience, when it sees these men on stage, knows, without thinking about it, that they come from the picket line where they have faced the violence and the terror they are talking about."

"Your head could burst open at the simplicity of the act, not the thought, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS IN DELANO." Elaborate technical environments are not necessary. "Real theatre lies in the excited laughter (or silence) of recognition IN THE AUDIENCE, not in all the paraphernalia on the stage."

Two scabs vowed never to break another Delano strike after seeing one Teatro performance in Bakersfield. Farm workers on the march keep asking, "Is there going to be a Teatro tonight?"

In two weeks New Yorkers will have an opportunity to experience the Teatro. On Thursday, July 20 at 8:45 it will appear at the Village Theatre (105 Second Avenue at East 6th Street); Friday, July 21 at 8:30 at the Labor Temple (242 East 14th Street); Saturday, July 22 at 3:00 at St Marks Church-in-the-Bouwerie (Second Avenue and East 10th Street); and Sunday, July 23 at 2:00 at Hijos de Barcelonetta (Broadway at West 103rd Street).

Also, another theatre of real people dealing with real problems of here and now, is being presented by Harlem's Our Theatre (1 West 125th Street) twice more only: this Saturday at 8:30 and Sunday at 4:00. "Black Happenin'" by Kelly-Marie Berry is a series of profiles-in-the-round on the realistic life, and the dream life, of the Negro family. The

Continued on page 20

LIL PICARD

SHE HAS HER FEET IN HER FACE

Marta Minuhin's Minuphonebooth represents the latest brainchild of this season's technical - light - crazy - mod - hippie - gay hullabaloo. Step into the glass environment, get involved with yourself, and with somebody you call up, be a telephone sphinx, don't get nervous, have heart, see yourself on the bottom of the booth, your TV image, blurred, you look like a ghost, fuzzy, white; look up again, this is telephone theatre. A white screen comes down; put your hand against it, you will see its shadow; purple-black water rises between you and the outside world. Outside the telephone booth, they are standing, watching you. It all happened at the Howard Wise Gallery, as an end-of-the-season performance. The miniskirted babies, entering the Minuphone, are watched by the bystanders: Al Hansen, in a space helmet; Rosalind Constable, hip dean of the journalists, as a quick-witted observer, "TIME-CONSCIOUS." The telephone pantomime is performed before our eyes. Kiki phones with herself. The most important thing to do, is talking. The machine is triggered by the voice. At the end, you are getting your own picture done, by a Polaroid camera. It's a ghost-image, fuzzy, blurred, very abstract. Marta would like Telephone Art to be erected all over New York. At the Wise Gallery, she has the number, 581-4570, but it's not meant for calling her there; you can be called by her - or all the Art-lovers - who come to the telephone. Her co-worker is Per Biorn, Bell Laboratory Technician, Danish by birth. Show ends July 28.

Everybody, today, is his own personal artwork. We ourselves, our bodies are Art. Beautiful young girls and boys paint themselves with Glo colors, decal tattoos, wear necklaces and beads, flowers and peacock feathers, flowing, flowered gowns and colored shirts, phantasie uniforms, all kinds of exotic gear; they are the new, romantic heroines and heroes of a war-frightened time, alive with ideas of a new reality of intense awareness, it's a dream of peace, in times of "Fear and Trembling." In all our mess of atomic fright, the human soul found an awakening, which makes even the most cynical judges and critics of the hippies and flower-love-people wonder: "What's going on?" Love-youth is beautiful and young. "YOUTH" made the cover of Time magazine, with the headline: "The Hippies: Philosophy of a Subculture." Marta Minuhin, 25 years young, Minigirl, and inventor of Glass and Vinyl Fairy-tale Happening Events and Environments (last year, she encased flies and rabbits into double-walled glass cages; and showed vinyl space-robot puppets, at the now-defunct Bianchini Gallery). She has an elegant, Argentinian-hippie quality. She is the product of our fast-moving pepsiplastic generation, and shares with the hippie world, not only her love for speed and involvement, but also, the need to use herself, her slender body and intelligent pixie face, to do "her own thing." This own thing is now Telephone ART, Telephone theatre, and everybody can be engaged in it. In a white gown, she telephones, and declares: "It's beautiful. I have my feet in my eyes."

Appearing as the only female artist, in a group of "space-sculptors," on CBS, Channel 2, July 2, in a TV show dedicated to "Future Art." On the program were Claes Oldenburg, being earnestly, philosophically humorous; Barnett Newman; Tony Smith, the "black sculptor of the age"; Len Lye, the giant genius of electron-



ically triggered steel plates in speed movement; Les Levine, the "plastic space boy of the age"; Robert Rauschenberg, performing his tracings, and watching his own thing, the "Revolvers," and talking about his "Future Ideas," "TOTAL VIBRATIONS," which, he promises us, he will do, and if he can't find it, that's what he would like to see other artists do. The walls come tumbling down," promised this show, and Donald Judd and Sol LeWitt represented - in the technology-filled hour narrated by Leonard Harris - the minimal aspect of 21 Century Art. Len Lye seems, to this reviewer, one of the most promising representatives of our coming millenium. He believes in giant Temples of Art, to show his monumental Steel Dancers, singing in space. He is a "Mythical Tinker," 66 years young.

One of the most enlightening events of this month, is the Festival of New Czechoslovak Cinema, in Moma's Auditorium. The "DAISIES" (Director: Vera Chytilova), a movie produced in Prague, 1966, is a "message film" without boredom.

It's a masterpiece. New techniques, delightful actors - it's showing two female, teenage clown actors, destroying everything that strikes their fancy, just for kicks. The film ends in a hilarious banquet destruction, symbolizing "the good things of life," and, after the destruction took place, leaving the atomically destroyed mess of things, the kids put it all together again, trying to get, out of the mess, a bit of order. From all the destruction-happenings I have seen, this one was, so far, the best. "Daisies" will become a Chaplin-quality classic of the sixties.



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PEYOTE LEGAL IN COLORADO

A Colorado court has ruled that a law prohibiting the use of peyote, violates constitutional guarantees of religious freedom.

In handing down the decision, Denver County Judge William Conley acquitted Mana Pardeahtan, an Apache Indian artist, who was charged with illegal possession of the consciousness-expanding cactus plant.

The judge found Pardeahtan used the hallucinogenic drug "in honest and good faith, in the practice of peyoteism, a bona fide religion."

Mr. Pardeahtan is a member of the Native American Church, numbering from 200,000 to 300,000 members throughout the U.S., with the largest concentration in the southwest—which uses peyote as a sacrament, in its rituals. Members of the essentially American Indian religion chew the small, white peyote buttons, during night-long ceremonies, in which they pray and sing, in honor of "Father Peyote." Pardeahtan's lawyer, Eugene Deikman of Denver, had contended, during the trial, that prohibition of the drug was an unconstitutional curtailment of the Church ceremony. He noted that both the U.S. and Colorado Constitutions guarantee freedom of religion. Both Montana and New Mexico, he argued, have legislation exempting the religious use of peyote from statutes prohibiting use of the drug.

Chief expert witness for the defense was Dr. Omer C. Stewart, head of the Anthropology Department at the University of Colorado, who had eaten peyote with members of the Native American Church

during religious ceremonies. He testified that church members consider the drug a "gift of God," and a "means of gaining insight into the world and the meaning of life..."

According to the Indian legend, Dr. Stewart said, peyote was given, by God, to a woman seeking her husband, whom she thought might be in danger. She ate the plant, and had a vision which led her to her husband, who was ill and close to death.

Dr. Gerald Starkey, a prosecution witness, testified that peyote is even more powerful than marijuana, which is outlawed in Colorado. But Deikman contended that it is no more habit-forming or dangerous than cigarettes or alcohol.

Pardeahtan, who spent the trial carving cotyls (traditional Indian votive dolls), felt the decision was a "victory for every man who feels a man's religion is his own...It lays a damn good platform for the Freedom of 'other' Religion...Laws can harm us, put us uptight, and in jail even! Don't drop out of America...Help change the laws that are unjust — they can be changed!..The New Race people can have no effect on a land or a people, or the laws of that people, if (you) do not make Flower Power also Vote Power. Love America. It's ours by right of birth and death...Take back your land!"

The decision in this case could have far-reaching implications for turned-on people, everywhere in Our Land. If it is upheld by higher courts, it will tend to cast severe legal doubts on the assumption behind anti-peyote legislation: that the drug is dangerous to health and harmful to society.

VOYEUR

PRESTON PRESENTS

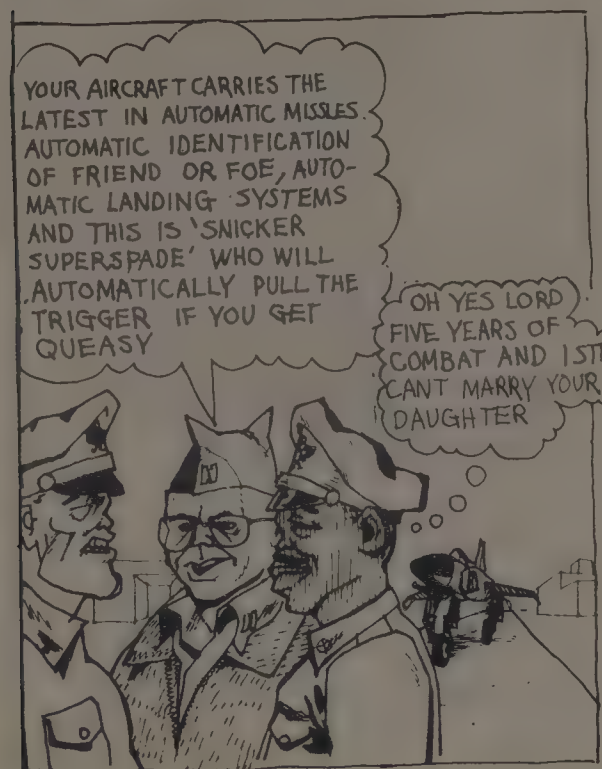
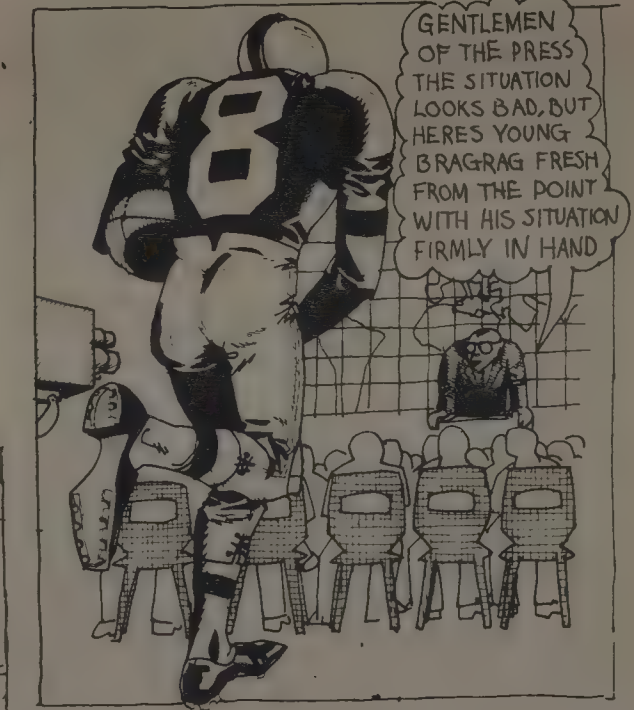
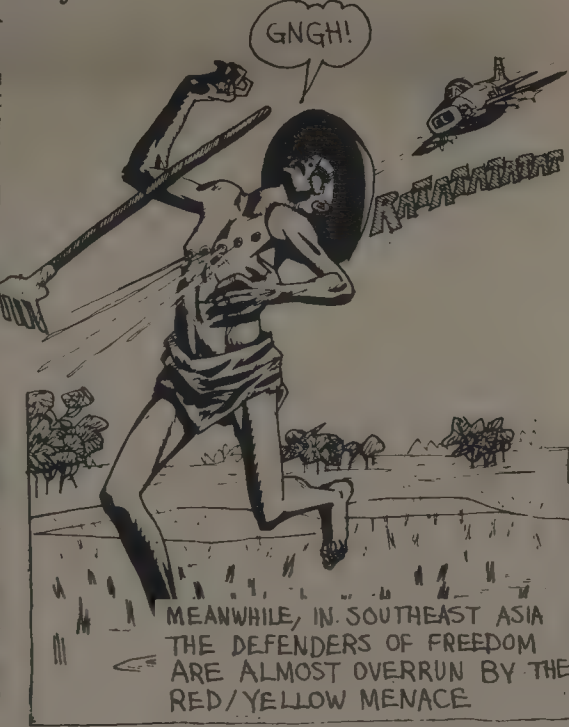
ELECTRIC CIRCUS

The speed of the electric revolution is astonishing. The use of electricity, as the major source of artistic power, is now established beyond any doubt. The Electric Circus is in town, and new standards for the discotheque fantastique have been established.

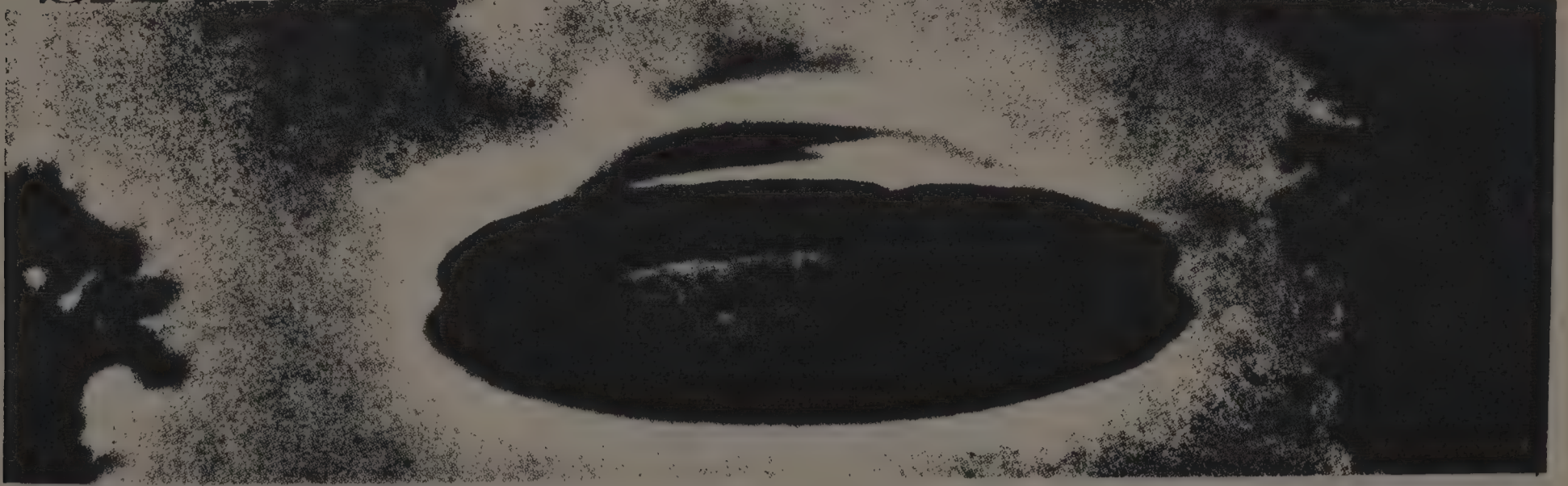
The Electric Circus doesn't have any elephants, but it does have a gorilla, a vestal virgin, an escape artist, a trapeze god, a go-go goddess, a juggler, white rock, black lights, strobes, slides, films, electronic music, a great sound system, and a degree of sensitivity towards environment creation, not seen before in this town.

The interior design, with its gigantic sail-type screens, is both decorative and functional. Tony Mitchell, late of the Filmore Auditorium in San Francisco, is the artist responsible for the lightworks, which are dynamic and, for the first time that I've seen, really get into an extended relationships game.

For years, now, science fiction writers have been predicting the genesis of the light organ... a machine which plays color, the way a musician plays sound. After a trip to the Electric Circus, one can see that it's well on the way to becoming a reality.



SAUCER CONGRESS MEETS



By GEORGE MURRAY

The trouble with covering the Congress of Scientific Ufologists, which wrapped up its four-day session in Manhattan June 25, is that what's really happening can't be reported simply.

Saucerism is happening as a multi-leveled phenomenon, so everything that unfolded in three stormy closed (political and administrative) sessions and four crowded (about 2,000 per in the Commodore's grand ballroom) open ones must be examined with an eye toward:

1) Paranoia, which enjoys a far higher—99 per cent probable—incidence among saucer-freaks of all leanings than among say pot heads (75 per cent?). The remaining one per cent includes the professional UFO-experts—notably teams from the University of Colorado and the Air Force "Project Blue Book" at Ohio's Wright-Patterson Field (the latter which may, as part of its military-syndrome, actually be classed as paranoid—but let's overlook that).

The role paranoia plays in saucerism is a study which will be gotten into and documented in an up-coming issue of EVO. For now, stipulate that the saucer-freaks tend heavily toward paranoia—a pattern of projecting and personifying fears with the non-conscious intent of peopling one's lonely universe.

2) The UFO as modern myth per Jung, who recognized that collective man—the culture in its time—evolves and unfolds via the same stages as does individual man in his psychic development.

Jung had already described the way in which man relates himself to the universe in varying stages of his growth. One such way is the mandala, symbol of one's particular view of self vis a vis the cosmos, which provides a handy mind-picture—a sort of psychic identity-card.

Such mandalas arise to consciousness from time to time, to tell you where you're at, in dreams and visions, doodles and paintings, etc. By Jung's understanding, there are also collective mandalas which arise along with other archetypal phenomena at times when the culture is going through a change. Such is the flying saucer.

Without exception, UFOs to their sected followers, are apocalyptic. Heads, it is a master from a culturally- and technologically-advanced race come to save us from our collective fate; tails, it is a race who will conquer us. God or the devil, to overly-simplify a minor digression.

Such apocalypsis-orientation occurred 2,000 years ago in our culture with the expectation of the Jews that a political or mystical messiah would free them from Rome; that milieu wrought Jesus and the pessimistic end-is-at-hand early Christianity.

Jesus—the cross, the man born of virgin, the son of man, the saviour, the redeemer—was archetypal. Jesus was simultaneously very much alive. Myth and reality, archetype and politico-sociological event, God and man—it was all happening at once.

Thus, too, with flying saucers, which come as the millenium approaches, and actualize the wish for salvation and rebirth—as the culture reforms itself and is reborn into another stage of collective growth. That they are mythic makes UFOs not one atom less real.

At the same time, UFOs—by the paranoia directed toward them—represent the cleansing by fire, the punishment (permanent or preceding salvation, depending relative to whom one is considering), the redemption. So saucers satisfy all qualifications for a diploma-of-myth.

Congress participants also satisfied the messianic-mythes. Speakers could be classed as confessors, prophets, evangelists, reporters (after Matthew, Mark, Luke and John) and testifiers to salvation. The audience exhibited awe, faith, intensity of belief, and a tendency to form processions to follow and engulf lecturers to attend potential ideas of greater significance than might have been uttered from the podium in earshot of possibly some sceptic unprepared for The Word.

A precis of the messages of personalities at the Congress' open and closed sessions

and conferences might suggest a pattern.

Louis Abolafia, old hippie, preached the love ticket; author John A. Keel suggests saucers are behind blackouts (more than 100 major ones covering every section of the nation), disappearances and mysterious fires, and that America will be entirely blacked out by July 15; NYU professor Gordon Evans sees a "long-range covert development plan to give humans a more sophisticated" Weltanschauung; Radio-talker Art Ford reported he is on the verge of proving that the loss of six Air Force planes and 27 men in December 1945 over the Caribbean, was due to saucers' Dr. Frank Strenges, LA preacher, suggested the balance of political power might shift radically if the American people ever learn The Truth about saucers.

Daniel Fry, president of contactee-oriented the far left of saucerism) Understanding Inc., said metaphysicians might learn the truth about saucers before scientists; Roy Thinner, star of the Invaders on TV, sympathizes with aliens for being gun-shy around earthmen; Stewart Robb,

Continued on next page



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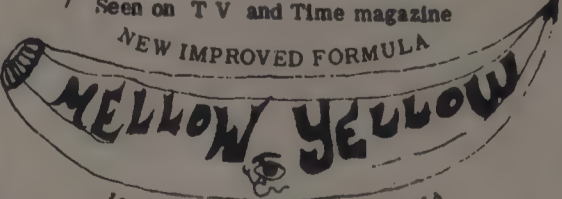
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CONGRESS CONTINUES

prophet and writer, said the plain of Israel will become the site for a soon-to-be-fought War of Armageddon, after which mankind will know a thousand years of peace; Richard Basile, preacher and occultist, said the Day of Judgment is at hand, and we should get tight with God, and saucer people may be in some instances "the devil's counterfeits."

Paris Lemans, philosopher, said saucers are apocalyptic, appeared with the end of the father-figure (FDR, Churchill, Hitler, Stalin, etc.) to accomplish what we cannot, and that we should cease ego-centricism; James Randi, magician, described mysterious 500-foot-long sand pictures in the Peruvian dessert; Vi-Venus, a Venusian chick, said men are really not separate entities, but cells which compose the mind of God; Howard Menger, sign painter

turned saucer freak, spewed among other things that the Air Force and CIA are "protecting us to stave off invasion by dealing with extra-terrestrials on their own level."

One speaker, who at first consideration didn't fit the mold, was British-born and New Jersey - dwelling naturalist Ivan Sanderson, who authored "The Abominable Snowman," and who speculated about what UFOs might be.

Sanderson said he had charted thousands of saucer-sightings in France and the U.S., and noted two significant patterns emerge. First, many sightings described straight lines across the countryside. Second, clusters of sightings could be discerned where lines crossed and at other points. The biologist-explorer said these lines corresponded, curiously, to airplane flight lanes which are marked by radio directional beams. He said the clusters often matched the locations of electric power stations.

Whereupon Sanderson hypothesized a new form of earth life. He said: "Animals live entirely on matter, but plants—down the scale of development—feed on matter from the soil and energy from sunlight. Why not a primitive organism almost entirely of energy which lives on the upper reaches of the atmosphere, feeding on pure raw energy?"

Sanderson noted that some organisms, such as jellyfish, take almost their entire mass from the environment—"encompassing that environment with a gossamer sack which amounts to only a minute fraction of the total mass. Even though low on the ladder of evolution, these organisms form shells which, in complexity, suggest having been designed by a technologically- and aesthetically-advanced mind.

"Perhaps it is the same with some kinds of UFOs—really simple creatures confused with complex machines by their basic patterns of movement."

Sanderson envisioned that his energy-creature would naturally live above earth's layer of air—close to the pure and unfiltered energy pumped out by the sun and other stars.

"But the last century on earth has witnessed the rise of world-wide electrical systems in grids, of radio beams, of atomic

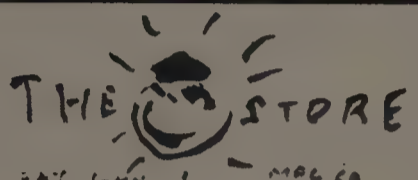
energy. Sniffing a free lunch in the wind," he said, "these organisms might naturally descend to the biggest free lunch counter of them all—and suck sufficient power from us to cause the hundreds of blackouts we have been experiencing."

That line of reasoning rang all sorts of bells in my memory. For one thing, there was the identity problem with thunder and lightning. Several years ago in Chicago, poet Ted Manijak told me he could make it thunder and lightning at will. He never demonstrated, but it didn't matter; his manner was convincing. Then last Summer in Ohio I saw it happen. An Akronite stood on a hillside outside the city and predicted 43 times in a row within the space of 30 minutes when and where it would thunder and lightning next. I began to redefine what I meant by thunder and lightning—from a "natural phenomenon" without life, to an entity; its own conscious thing. The following week, I stood around on a heavily-overcast evening—and talked with the thunder and lightning myself. It was a convincing argument for a new life form.

The times seem to favor the recognition of such new life forms, and have as far back at the middle 1800's when Thoreau was writing. It is perhaps the time of man's rediscovery of the living nature. If so, Sanderson's hypothesis is sensible. If it also fits the reality of UFOs, then the theory takes its place as a part of the apocalyptic pattern of the speakers' topics at the Congress.

For man's new fate might be to recognize nature's ways of living; just as man's old fate, as defined by Jesus, was to achieve brotherhood under a single concept of God—to recognize man.

Saucers may be a cure for loneliness, and a sign of intelligent life elsewhere, and an archetypical sign—not to mention energy-formed electric freaks from the upper reaches. Whatever UFOs are though, they are not exclusionary. Rather, saucerism—like everything else worth considering in this mythic time—is a multi-levelled phenomenon encompassing aliens and apocalypse.

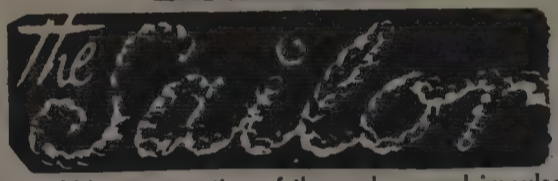


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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS

JULY 13
Poetry Reading, Gregory Corso, 8:30 PM, St. Marks Church, 10th St. and Second Ave. Contribution at the door.

JULY 17
Discussion on "What is the Meaning of 'Meaning' in Modern Art Today?", at the Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Washington Square, 3 PM.

JULY 20
Poetry Reading, Charles Resnikoff, 8:30 PM, St. Marks Church, contribution at the door.

JULY 24
Discussion on "Do the Jews Have a Future in Germany Today?", 3 PM, at the Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Wash. Sq.

JULY 27
Poetry Reading, Olson Macintosh, Dane St. Elmo, Dennis Dunn, 8:30 PM, St. Marks Church, contribution at the door.

The Eighth Annual Harold O. Voorhis "Culture and America" Lecture at the Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Washington Square, 2 PM.

FILM AND THEATRE

The film, "Deathwatch," by Jean Genet, at the Bleeker St. Cinema, is the movie to see.

JULY 11
"The Archduke Trio," a British chamber music group, will give a concert of 20th Century music, at the Museum and Library of the Performing Arts, at Lincoln Center, at 1 PM. Free to the public.

Verdi's "Requiem" will be sung, at 8:15 PM, at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Washington Square. All those who can sightread are invited to sing. \$1.50 admission.

JULY 13
The Saxons, with a new baroque approach to a variety of folk and pop tunes, in concert at 8 PM, in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Washington Square.

JULY 18
Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass in D Minor," sung by an extemporaneous chorale, under David Randolph, at 8:15 PM, at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, NYU, Washington Square. \$1.50 admission.

PARKS AND OUT-OF-DOORS

JULY 9
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.
"Volpone," 8 PM, P.S. 163, 98th St. and Amsterdam Ave.
Goldman Band Concert, The Mall, Central Park

JULY 10
Square Dancing, 8 PM, Poe Park, Bronx; and E. River Amphitheatre, Manhattan
Municipal Concert, 8:30 PM, Washington Square Park.

JULY 11
Concert, noon, Bowling Green Park, Manhattan
Creative Puppetry, 3:30 PM, Tompkins Square Park
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park
"Volpone," 8 PM, Fort #4, Playground, Sedgwick and Reservoir Ave., Bronx.

Ralalaika Concert, 8:30 PM, Mall, Central Park
Fireworks, 9 PM, Coney Island

JULY 12
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park
"Volpone," same time and location as July 11.
Goldman Band Concert, 8:30 PM, Music Grove, Prospect Park.
Stevie Wonder, 8 and 10:30 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.
Fireworks, 9 PM, Playland, Rockaway Beach.

JULY 13
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.

JULY 14
Goldman Band Concert, 7 PM, The Mall, Central Park.
Ian and Sylvia, 8 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.
Square Dancing, 8 PM, Washington Square Park.
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park

JULY 15
Herbie Mann, 8 and 10:30 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.

JULY 16
Salute to Mexico, 6 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.

JULY 17
Poetry Reading and Folk Music, 8:30 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park
Jimmy Smith and Gloria Lynne, 8 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.

JULY 18
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park
NY Philharmonic Concert, 8:30 PM, Sheep Meadow, Central Park

JULY 19
The Four Seasons, 9 and 10:30 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.

JULY 20
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.

JULY 21
Judy Collins and Leonard Cohen, 8 and 10:30 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.
Square Dancing, 8 PM, Washington Square Park
"King John," 8 PM, Delacorte Theatre, Central Park.

JULY 22
The New Christy Minstrels, 8 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.

JULY 24
Community Sing, 3 PM, The Mall, Central Park

JULY 25
Concert, noon, Bowling Green Park

JULY 26
Smokey Robinson and the ? Marks, 8 and 10:30 PM, Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park, \$1.

OUT-OF-TOWN

MASSACHUSETTS
Diggers East, home for transient hippies, operates 24 hours a day, 12 Wilton St., Allston, Mass.
Love-ins every Sunday afternoon, in the Boston Common.

RHODE ISLAND
The Newport Folk Festival, July 10-16. Write Newport Folk Festival, Newport, R.I. 02840.

MARYLAND
A Youth Seminar, July 22-23, at Heathcote Center (School of Living), Freeland, Md.

ARIZONA
The World University Roundtable, Annual Conference, July 21-23, Sheraton-Park Hotel, Tucson. Write Box 4800-K, Tucson, Ariz.

NEW MEXICO
The Supreme Be-In, at Taos, N.M., Aug. 20-26. Write now to the Supreme Be-In, c/o Box 925, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

CALIFORNIA
Carmel
Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, the second session, July 15-29, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

Los Angeles
The satiric drama, "Beginning, Loving, Warring, Aging, Ending, Beginning Again," Monday and Tuesday at the Coronet Theatre, 366 North LaCienega Blvd.

Free food at Omnibus Coffee House, Hollywood Presbyterian Church, Welfare Recipients' Union, Kerista.
Crash information: discussions, workshops at Digger Creative Society, 1338 N. Highland. Donations are appreciated.

San Francisco
The New Oracle on the Hopi Indians is out.
The San Francisco Mime Troupe, which deals in guerilla theatrefare, is again holding its open-air Commedia. They will be at:

July 19-21, Olive Pitts - St. Mary's Square
July 22-23, L'Amant Militaire - Aquatic Park
July 29-30, L'Amant Militaire - Mission Dolores Park

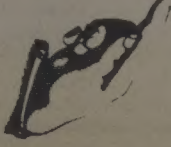
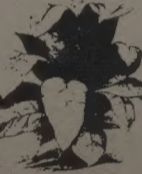
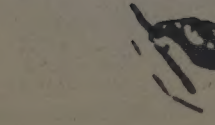
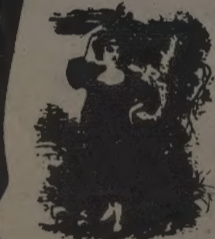
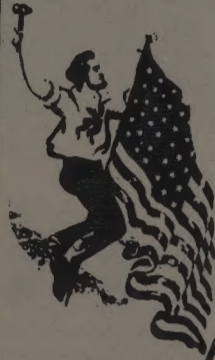
Free food and limited lodging can be obtained, from the Provos, every day in Provo Park, 8-7 PM. Free food will be handed out during the summer. Rock band play, from 8:30 PM daily, and Sundays, 2-12 PM.

ENGLAND
The Institute of Phenomenological Studies, 62a Belsize Park Garden, London NW 3, England: The Dialectics of Liberation Congress, July 15-30. Many unexpected people will be there.

ISRAEL
The Esperanto League for North America - The 52nd World Congress, Tel Aviv, August 2-9. Write to the League, 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.

For further information on any of the listed events, call the numbers given, or Sara at EVO, 228-8640.

If there is ANY sort of event that you'd like others to come to, ANYWHERE in the world, send any information to EVO, 105 Second Ave., NY 10003, or call the above number. Try to give the information, two weeks in advance.





PERSONAL

I imagine what stops many girls from answering these ads is a feeling that most, or all, of them are put in by nys or creeps. Well, I'm neither, I'm simply a guy (tall, good-looking, 26) who likes sex with pretty, shapely girls, without either having to promise anything to the other, except mutual pleasure. If you are interested in this, call me, Michael, 989-7232. No homosexuals, please.

PIGGY - I still hate you - won't you call and find out how much?

Business executive, 30, refined, considerate, desires intimate relationship with affectionate, intelligent gal. Will help pay rent. Write Dave Watson, suite 600, 110 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y.

PLUMP - timid, semi-hip, sincere type damon seeking sincere type pythias. write d. moreley, 74 grove st., nyc.

New in town? D.A.T.E. is N.Y.'s largest dating service. Send for our psychedelic questionnaire. D.A.T.E., 103 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

Boston man, 24, trying to escape square life, wants to meet girl for mutually satisfying relationship. Call Jerry, 536-7685, after 7 P.M.

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Man, 25, with child, would like to meet girl with same. STAN, TR 4-3514 - now living with family, so leave message.

SWINGER, 30, 6 FT., 175 LBS., LOOKING FOR GAL TO JOIN FORCES AS TEAM INTO THE WORLD OF THE SWINGING SET. DISCRETION ASSURED. PARTIES AVAILABLE. CALL 446-8510 AFTER 10:00 PM, KEEP TRYING, OR BOX 378, N.Y.C. 10016.



"D" - the TIMES rejected ad to water our words with voices. write again - or phone, leave number or address, discretion respected. "P" moreley, 74 grove st., nyc.

Phoebe mac Pherson. - We're very much concerned and depressed, and would like to know if you're o.k. Please call your parents in Florida.

Paul X (Xavier) - a thousand clowns, but no madmen. please write me - 2739 Stuart St., Berkeley - 849-2406 - Jane.

Would like to meet Bohemian female, for companionship, between age 35 to 40. Do not discriminate. Am interested in Bohemian interior decorating. Have made this type of furniture at my apartment. Planning to make other types of furniture. First meeting at my pad. Includes music, rock-and-roll, classics, poetry, psychology, political subjects. Weekdays after 5 PM, Saturday 7:30 PM, Sunday 1 PM. Phil, JE 6-5851.

ATTENTION, GIRLS WITH SINGING ASPIRATIONS: PROFESSIONAL VOCAL COACH WILL TEACH YOU, IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME HOUSE-CLEANING. CALL MR. GEORGE, 877-0730, 12 TO 7 P.M.

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FEMALE OR FEMALES WANTED FOR SWINGS, EXOTIC, SENSUAL RELATIONSHIPS. CALL STEVE, 5-10 P.M. 449-4543.

EAST 70'S. Man, interested in the fine arts, music, opera, also wrestling and boxing, wishes to share his luxury apartment with man, for purposes of companionship. Sincerity and similarity of interests and good references. Phone 628-5553, AFTER 2, afternoons.

NYC PRIVATE MEMBERSHIP CLUB, invites you to meet its many smart sophisticates. Club membership list (incl. descriptions and listings) and club dance invitation, \$2.00. WRITE: SPC CONTACTS, 130 West 42 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

SINCERE YOUNG MAN, DISCREET, PRESENTABLE, WHITE, ALMOST 6 FT., 165 LBS., DESIRES TO LEARN ABOUT CUNNILINGUS FROM CLEAN, ATTRACTIVE, AND PATIENT YOUNG LADY. MANHATTAN OR SUBURBS. SERIOUS REPLIES, PHONE APPRECIATED. BOX 2236-R, GLENBROOK, CONN. 06906.

I thank all the people that answered my ad, but I'd like to return to the stage, now, to give more money to the crippled and the poor. I will recite the crucifixion of the Lord, and would like everyone to come and see this. I am making an appeal to the movie houses and theatres in the Village, to help me return to the stage on the 26th of July, by giving me a night in the theatre. Call or write Maria AA c/o EVO at 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003, 228-8640 and leave a message.



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

WANTED: EAGER FEMALE! ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN. TALL, SLENDER, HEALTHY. GENTLE, CONSIDERATE, EXPERIENCED. OWN VERY PRIVATE EAST SIDE APARTMENT. IF YOU REALLY WANT TO DO IT, SAFELY, DISCREETLY, ENJOYABLY, CALL REX, 421-8249 AFTER 7. COCKTAILS, GET ACQUAINTED FIRST.

HYPNOTIST, 50, Once top stage hypnotist-mentalist, now definitely through with drink habit, which has kept him down for years, seeks services and help from some sporting people, over 21, either sex, for practice whipping his old act in shape in try for comeback. Answer, please, also if you know of some club date, or establishment, where I could make my first comeback attempt. After a little practice, can give a good show. Leave message at answering service, BE 3-3300. Just say, "Tell the hypnotist to contact me." Can work out some remuneration, like giving hypnotism and stage hypnotism secrets, not found in books... Self hypnosis. Quit smoke habit, etc.

Mature, youngish man will share studio apt. mid-Manhattan with Ivy League, young, unquestionably male, who perhaps has wheels. Write, repeat, write. #134, 154 West 57 Street, New York 19.

Will the Juilliard disgrace to a Mommy and Daddy call back a third time, to get one's 'just due.' 477-5972.



PUBLICATIONS

Starting a national anti-war organization, with newspaper, to assist and unite GI's in radical organizing. We need names, addresses to mail to, letters, stories, articles from servicemen, much money. Subs \$3 for 6 mos., free to servicemen. **THE BOND**, 2056 Emerson, Berkeley, Cal.

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HAVE YOU A HOMOSEXUAL OR LESBIAN PROBLEM? When people are fundamentally adjusted to themselves, sexual deviations are no longer a source of trouble. For information, write to: Richard Blackmore Vaughan - author of "Numerology and You, A Key to Self Analysis." 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003.

WANTED: Risk Taker & Profit Sharer, with a willingness to put a couple of thou on the line. Call Al - (212) 435-1051, Evenings or Weekends. Direct Mail Deals.

Man, 56, reducing expert, seeks a few adventurous, sporting people, 21-40, who can safely lose ten pounds. Couples and twosomes preferred, but not necessary. Experiment psychological (no pills) and on volunteer's premises. R.K., 267-2912.

REDUCING GROUP. Five overweight people are looking for a person or couple, one or both of whom are themselves overweight preferably, who would let them use a place in their home for two hours, once a week. Sort of a little A.A., playing psychological reducing records, giving each other moral support, exchanging reducing ideas, etc. Will pay. Nothing elaborate wanted, preferably some plain place with people who can use the money. No coffee or cake need be served, as they are fattening. Answering service BE 3-3300 will take message. Say, and only say, "Have someone from the Psychological Record Group contact me."



TRAVEL

Man, 25, desires intelligent, pretty, free thinking girl for trip around country, with stops in California and Mexico; leave in July; call 879-1201.

Anyone going to (or thru or towards) Colorado the first week in August? Me and my kid need a ride. Will share driving and expenses. Call Sugar at 939-5896, evenings & weekends.

Fellow planning to drive to Los Angeles, would take along compatible girl passenger, who would also like to sleep out, along the way. GR 7-1952.

Young man seeking ride to Seattle area: end of August; round trip preferred. Will help with driving and expenses. Leave message at 925-6522.



HOMES

Attractive, resourceful executive, has comfortable living accommodations in superb terrace apartment, for two fun-loving, bisexual females. P.O. Box 4569, Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 10017.

Wanted: Female, only, to clean bachelor's apartment, in exchange for room and board. Light cleaning, and pleasant environment. Phone: Jim 473-5499.

WARM, attractive, young bachelor (34), a writer, willing to share his pad (beautiful home on I.I.) with attractive, passionate young girl. 35 minutes from N.Y. Call (516) 868-1018, between 8-9:30 A.M., or late evenings.

Devoted - Body Builder, with no time to look for female roommate, would like to share apt. with girl, in West Village. 989-2615 or 691-6176.



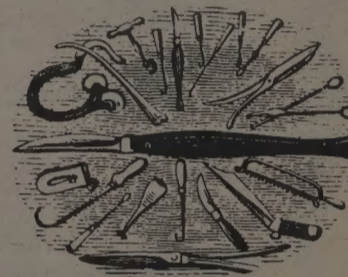
wheel



and deal

Living Loft, downtown, quiet convenient, excellent light, 90 ft by 25 ft, kitchen/sep bath \$200 mo., fix. extra call 925-4638

Small, 3-rm. house - fireplace, isolated, W. Jersey woods - stream and 2 waterfalls, all conveniences. July 1 to Aug. 15. \$200. Phone (201) 876-3727.



JOBS

Dancers Needed!! Young Arts Theater group will audition volunteers. Contact: Richard Simson BA 5-9264 or Lauretta Harris HA 8-5974

Women-Men 18-45 N.Y. is a big city and there are many individuals who like to draw and paint but do not like to go to the expense of hiring professional models found in tel. classified directory. Forth coming special "Not in the Classified" directory would like to list under "Services Offered" non-professional inexpensive models for these people. Need not have glamorous figure. Please write brief description if you would like to participate in this means of making extra money.

Two young commercial photo assistants seek young, well-endowed girls for glamour photography, \$7 a session, 1/3 commission, enlargements for your portfolio. Help us! 565-1561

girl Friday wanted to assist EVO publisher. MUST know shorthand & typing. Salary is \$50 a week with a chance to learn publishing. Have a head for organization. Informal sweatshop environment. Call ACTUNG -O for appointment.

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

Young Girl Needed to take care of office in an academy---also young Girl Models and Dancers---inquire Mr. Allen CI 5-8086, CI 5-9886



wheel and deal

(Help Wanted Female)

Attractive young ladies wanted for sophisticated glamor and pin-up photography work. No exp. necessary. Excellent pay. MU 5-1541

"Amateur" Female Figure Model Needed over 18 to?, heavy O.K., by expert amateur, 30 yr old Photographer, own darkroom, but poor. No pay but chance for good portfolio shots Practice Only - will not be published. Write Gregg Foxx, Box 127, Jackson Heights, 11372.

College Student--GALS & MEN (6) Over 18 for challenging sales job. Days or Eves. No car or exp nec. Great opportunity. Good salary plus pct. OR 4-5288

girls needed for feature films. must be beautiful well built pin up types able to act nude in front of cameras. 450-200 per day. Kirtman LO 4-3250

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

Wanted - Female Models for figure studies, exp. not necessary. \$5.00 per hour. Call 254-5202.



BUY & SELL

WHAT are you searching for? The Joker thinks you can find it in his new correspondence medium, devoted exclusively to Aphrodite - 50¢ brings latest issue, and special PARTY / AD / SUBSCRIPTION offer. Serendipity, 152 W. 42nd St., Suite 536, NYC 10036.

APHRODISIACS - Make love a joy, not a job! Materials and free samples, \$2.00. To: Coman Research, Box 352, New York, N.Y. 10011

Man wishes to sell his mind, body, and/or soul to the devil, or any other interested party. Write Preston, c/o EVO.

TAROT - The 22 Greater Trumps of the Ancient Tarot of Marseilles (poster size) or color or paint \$5.00 - Egyptian Tarot deck \$3.00 - Case Tarot deck, \$4.00 - Highlights of Tarot Booklet with coloring instructions, \$1.50 - send check or money order to Ra Publications, 1222 18th Street, San Francisco, 94107. Dealers inq.

FRENCH TICKLERS - fun, safe, reusable. Not sold as a contraceptive. \$2.49 ppd. with information. Andrew Peck, P.O. Box 71, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania.

BEDROOM TOO SMALL? Expand your bedroom to the limits of the universe. Complete kit \$1.00. Expanding Universes, P.O. Box 442, Cooper Station, NYC 10003

Good stuff - 10¢ from the Mad Peck, Dept. A., Box 2307 East Side Sta., Providence, R.I. 02906

Artists - (psychedelic, kinetic, luminic, head). I'm looking to buy different gift and craft items wholesale, or on consignment, for groovy new store. Jackie, 674-4330.

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES - Posters, buttons, incense, much more. "The wildest and grooviest posters yet to be seen." (London Bond-Tribune) The best selection of buttons at the LOWEST PRICES. Immediate delivery. Dealer inquiries invited. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE. Ramse Co., Box 5294, Sherman Oaks, California 91413.

Mandala Art Prints. Intricate psychedelic Hindu designs. Four majick 8-1/2x11", black and white prints, \$1. Bardo Matrix, P.O. Box #114, Rollinsville, Colo. 80474.

UNDERGROUND BUTTONS - Lowest prices anywhere. 6/\$1, 14/\$2. wholesale too. Huge selection. Write for free list. Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

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

DRAFT RESISTERS - YOU ARE NOT ALONE - We have no magic answer to the draft. We can't tell you how to dodge it. We can tell you how to resist it. YOU ARE NOT ALONE. Send 10¢ for "Uptight With The Draft?" or \$1.00 for a "draft packet" that includes "Handbook for C.O.'s." Write: War Resisters League, Dept. C-1, 5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038

I need donations of paint - any kind - will pick it up. John, (201) 291-2640.

The League for Lousy Lovers presents an open seminar! Topic: "Is it time for a truce in the battle of the sexes?" Sunday, July 16th, 8 P.M., in Apartment 16 at 211 East 5th Street. Admission - Men: \$1. Girls: Free.

For the ULTIMATE in Massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal, lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd Street, Suite 2C, between 2nd and 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. Air conditioned.

Am psychologically hung-up. Want to try group therapy - either join an existing group, or help form a new one. Have you any advice? Call BE 3-5949, ask for Mr. Shelly, and leave your name and number.

THE SEXUALIZATION OF EDUCATION: the Organic-Historic reality of consciousness-expansion. Inventive-experimental approach to learning, communication, problem-solving. BLAKE COLLEGE, 342 E. 10, Eugene, Oregon.

TRADE NOTICE: TALISMANS: - LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHY SUFFER IN SILENCE? Here is an Occultist, of Indian Origin, to solve your internal and external problems. For the best, guaranteed or money refund, Indian, Egyptian, Burma, Madras, Poona, Good Luck Rings, Kavachas, Seals and Hindu Amulets. Catalogue free, and let the guiding light of the Holy Spirit shine upon you. Write to: - "African Science Monitor," P.O. Box 172, Yaba-Lagos - Nigeria - West Africa.

DREAM PEOPLE in bowlers and fluorescent violet and blue jackets, looking out on the flowers of a mythical past, from a gigantic balloon, guided by a kind-eyed Captain Nemo, Dig? The kindly world that never existed. The mother and father you dreamed you had. Dig? Developing new beat and new sound, rag-rock, need girl, comedienne, interested in working act with W.C. Fields type. Have nothing, are acquiring material, will get amplifiers, lights, backing, etc. Aiming at pocket mod revue. C. Clayton, 227 Sullivan St., NY - 475-0484. PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE - your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assembles in an hour, with less than ten dollars of easily obtainable store parts. Send \$1.00 for instructions, drawing to: Carlton, 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Penna.

The milk follows the brine. to a drunken octopus of spine. where creation betrays the clown. with the nightmare & the crown. orpheus jr. yu 2-4471.

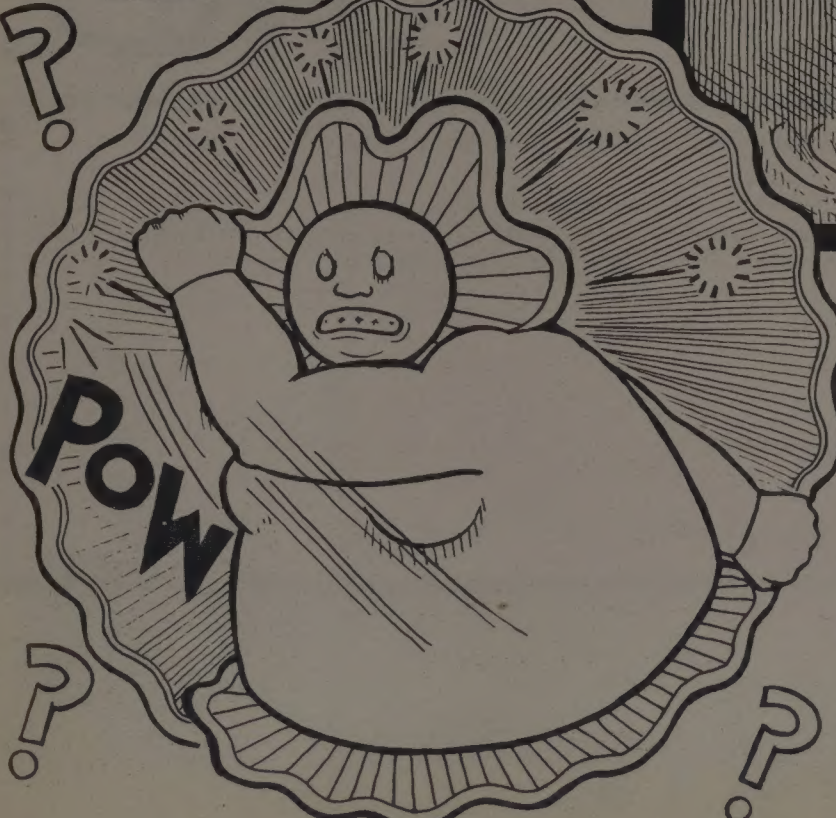
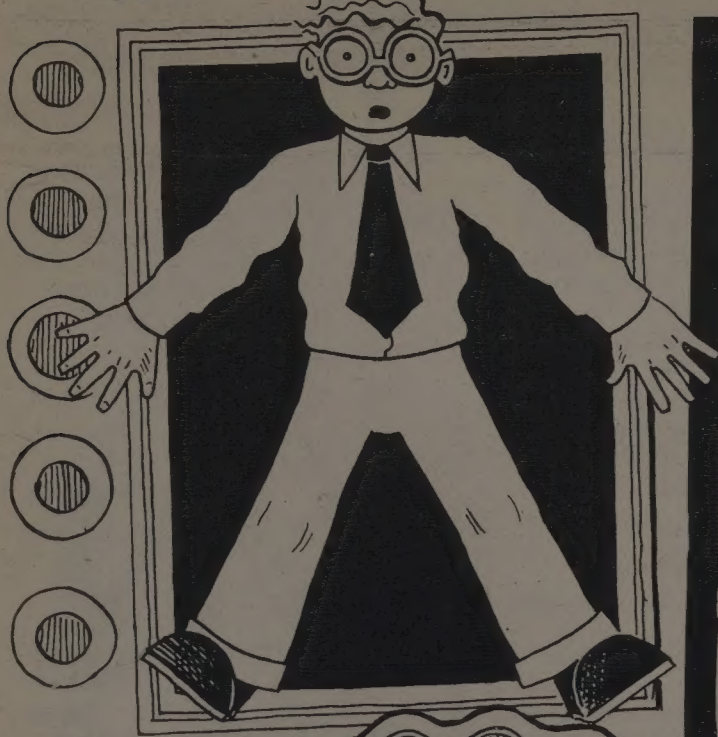
SLUM GODESS

AS WE REMEMBER HER THE LITERALLY IMMORTAL

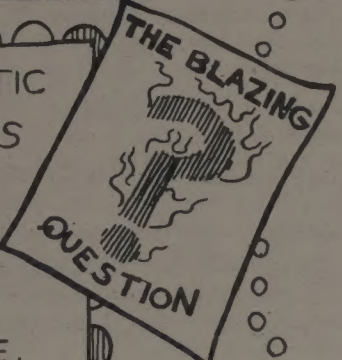
SUNSHINE GIRL

...AND WHAT OF BILLY?

WHERE IS SHE NOW?



SEEN HERE IN TWO CHARACTERISTIC MOODS, (MODESTY AND WRATH), IS ONE WHO IS NO LONGER WITH US. HAVING BECOME, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A SORT OF EAST SIDE PATRON SAINT, SHE HAS OF LATE, FOR REASONS KNOWN TO HERSELF ALONE, SEEMINGLY ABANDONED US. WILL APATHY DESTROY HER?



Kim Dutch



A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A U.C.L.A. professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

The Implications of LBJ's Dependency Upon Tranquillizers

Censorship Under De Gaulle—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

Man, the Food's a Gas!—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

The Weird Personal Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Anti-Aggression Pills—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

The Love Goddess of Kerista—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York sexual utopian community.

Kenneth Tynan on Bottoms

The Black Muslim Cookbook

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only \$5*. This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$5.

—Renew your own subscription for \$5 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to **Avant-Garde**, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, Suite 303E, 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only HALF PRICE!*

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