

THE east village OTHER

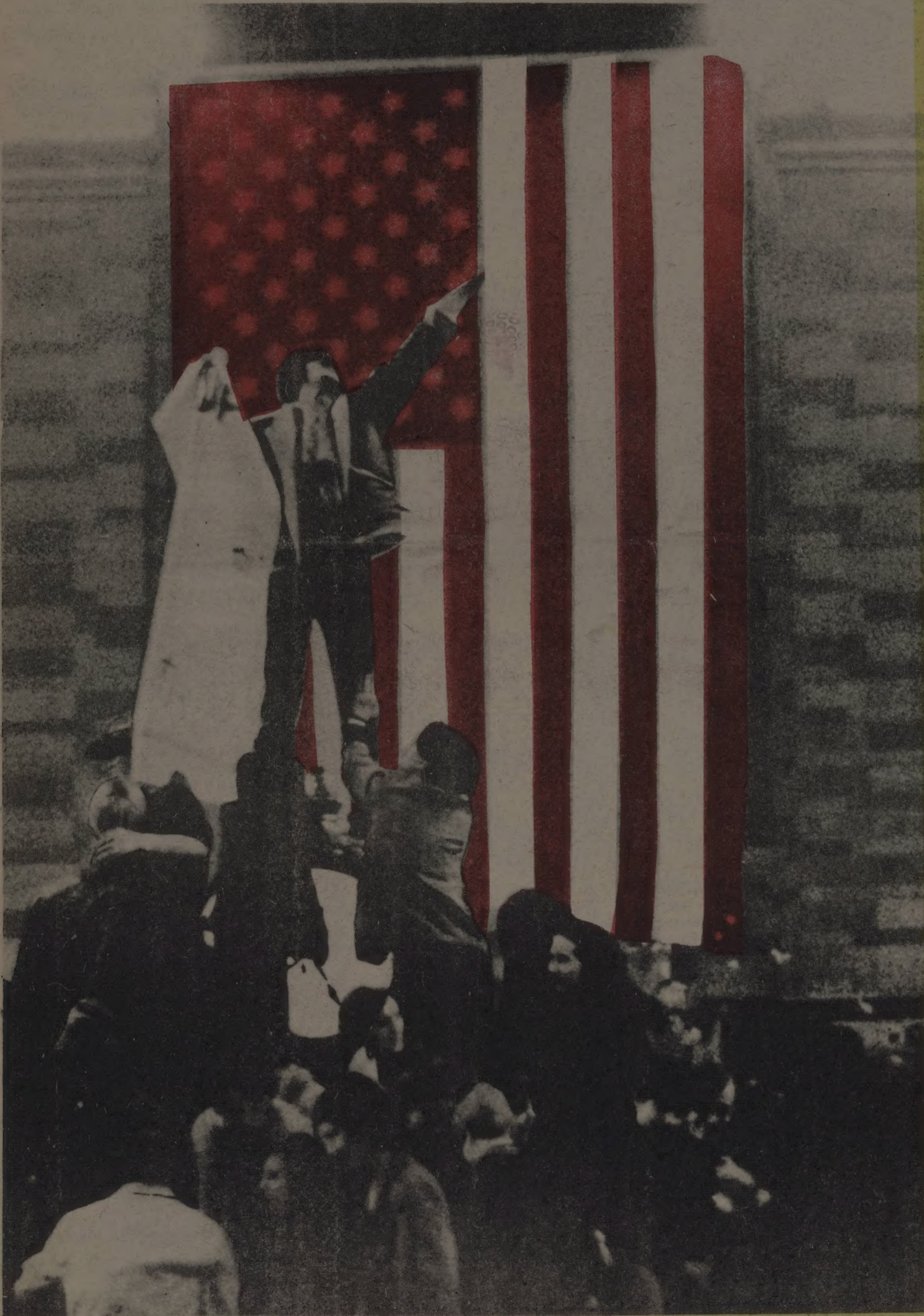
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Weekly 15¢

25¢ outside N.Y. March 29 - April 4



REVOLUTION

POLICE ATTACK PEOPLE

TAKE THE A TRAIN



Waves and waves of innocents file under the Drago sign to the valley.

Ballons rise, confetti float deliriously on the smoke, ABOVE, cops having good time, laughing, talking, shuffling, obscene gestures, tit(for)tatology.

When the river overflows we are isolated, but if you drink a little whisky time just flies.

"I could do with one now," a cop.

THIS IS THE LIFE save it in beautiful pictures, KODAK KILLS too. Thousands upon thousands, from all over they come to christen spring, the carnival is beautiful, fantastic, liquid, people having a good time.

"What is this?"

"A freak out?"

"Your mama."

Blood in their eyes, pupils rebel. Cops beating everyone, anyone, oppression equalizes.

JUST BEING THERE WAS SUFFICIENT PROVOCATION to confront is to declare war, Japanese students come prepared to fight, protected.

The cops have clean faces, some wear grey gloves, their noses quiver in the wedge.

Pointed at blood, cop snatched him, "Get to fuck outta here, now," WHAM, the soldiers of summer chew gum, choo choo, BIG BEN observes all. Old man with pipe. "There are too many cops here," he says, "WHY ARE THE COPS FROTHING?"

THE SOLDIERS OF SUMMER TOOK THE INFORMATION BOOTH AT FIVE TO ONE!

Skirmishes.

Jennie is 3month pregnant, on the ground, three cops on her beating, screams, they do not want to hurt her, lesson of pain, she is pulled into the crowd.

"IT IS LBJ'S WAR, fuckhead!"

Retreat & attack. Beat the hippies. Kill for piece.

Entrances to the station being blocked off, cops charging rushing people out with blood, bruises, some arrested, some taken to hospital, some go home with bruises and blood, afraid to go to emergency rooms, nightsticks chatter nasty insane, AND THE CLOCK WAS THE GULF OF TONKIN.

"Fascist pigs . . . zieg heil . . . storm troopers . . . cops suck . . . REVOLUTION . . . hell no we won't go," two cops chase them.

photo © by Charles Gatewood

Dienbienphu came to town. The armies of spring confronted the soldiers of summer. Blood flowed: and the war goes on with loving.

The invitation was simple, "It's a spring mating service celebrating the equinox, a back-scratching party, a roller-skating rink, a theatre . . . with you, performer and audience, get acquainted with other YIPPIES now for other yiptivities, and Chicago Y!IP! Festival this summer."

And the armies of spring came properly armed with bells, flowers, beads, kazoos, music, FM radios, pillows, eats, love, peace and heads to be busted by the soldiers of summer, who did not bleed.

"Donald Duck for President," a man shouted with the kids, the older ones join, "UP THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS!", "We want power" the cry is, "PEACE NOW?" the bosses are in the gallery, on the UPPER LEVEL with the flag, they are looking down, some taking photos of the armies of spring who look up, fingers raised say UP, the bosses respond with scattered smiles then point DOWN, crucify, thumbs down.

FIRECRACKER at 12:30, the sound trembles under their feet echo of beauty. Everyone is confused, it smells bad,

the cops confused, numbers affect emotions, people become braver & spit at cops, there was more to come. The Captain smokes a cigar, it moves from side to side of mouth to his eyes. Some irate citizens, dressed to kill their love, angry, a cop agrees, his veins stand out on the nightstick, "we should fuck them up the ass!" Agreed.

Three cheers for the cops.

At 10 to one they charge. BOOOOO OOOOOOOOOOOOOS. They rush with their eyes on your head, look out!

"Vicious dogs!"

Singing, dancing, chants, politics, theatre, taunts, restraint on both sides, a circle, around & around & around, "Break that up," the Captain said, "BREAK IT UP NOW," the cop held his stick lovingly tight his eyes half-shut lunged into a circle at random, threw him to the ground, picks him up, good tackle, yes, shakes him, the line is broken, this cop never smiled, about 50, Martha waiting at home.

FROM THE DEATH OF WINTER COMES THE BLOOD OF SUMMER

Heavy expectation, cops guarding gate to New Haven train, conductor asking the nattooweldressed for tickets, cops glaring.

"They get up in Church and tell you you should go along with this stuff," the conductor says, in the center the cops make another lunge, their faces age, loinquirk.

White pussy cat on someone's shoulder.

"GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO!"

Absolute frenzied beauty, 20 to one still, catch a cop or two detectives stand around them, names, names, names, the detective wears handcuffs on his belt, they are rescued and led out by an intent flying wedge of cops.

"They wanted to whip their fathers, cops being the brutest extreme of that malady fatherhood."

25 to one: FIRECRACKER.

Two detectives rush from the UPPER LEVEL snake furiously through the celebration drag out two youngmen with long hair, they do not know why, too bad, hustled off.

"This is really good."

The armies of spring came thru one entrance or another, Pan Am, Vanderbilt Hotel, Chanin bldg., Commodore Hotel, Lexington Avenue, to "a vaulted ceiling to hold us ALL," said the yip-flyer, to meet later on at Sheep Meadow in Central Park to yip up the sun.

THE ROAR OF THE SOLDIERS, THE SMELL OF THE COPS!

THEY rush people to the UPPER

TO AUSCHWITZ

by LENNOX RAPHAEL

LEVEL, trying to get them outside, women crying, cops laughing, nightsticks tremble. THEY curse, their kids taunt, penis contracts in vacuum of fear, the anger, the anger.

NO NO NO NO WE WONT GO GO GO

"GO HOME, YOU BASTARDS" the sergeant shouts.

"One question: Whatever happened to freedom of assembly?"

Kicks, jumps, "Look at them. They're protecting that Information Booth. That's how stupid they are."

1 a.m. "We won't go."

OM POWER FIREPOWER

The leatherjacketed detective said, "Pinch a little harder on the ass."

1:05, BOOOOOOOOOOOOS. Shouts. THE MOST POWERFUL cherry BOMB.

"Burn the cops."

Arrest, arrest, arrest, arrest, spit, blood, arrest, cry out, charge!

"We want information."

"When is the next train to New Haven?"

"You'd better watch out, prick," the detective said.

1:08, CHERRY BOMB.

"Watch it," cop.

"Stay together," cops.

"Where's my hat?" a policeman looks for his hat cannot find it, says thanks when receives it from YIPPIE, runs to beat on another, he is not joking, look at his eyes, he cannot see further than his stick.

STRUGGLE, headcracking, blood near the information booth.

"These are not our police," Garelik shrugs, as overheard.

STRUGGLE, STRUGGLE, STRUGGLE, arrest.

"Where is my fucking hat?"

"You hit me!" KODAK EXHIBIT CENTER.

"I saw him hit you."

"You saw it? O!K! Get to fuck out."

He cannot move, one cop grabs spins throws him to the ground, kicks, another picks him up, he is held by the collar dragged around BOOS, arrest. The law smiles. A girl on floor crying blood, cops hold & shake another kid trying to drag him by the collar he holds onto to friend cop shoves him into corner & and leaves him to cry on his friend. THEY are clearing the place, attacking, rushing, beating, holding the entrances, beating newsmen, marking cameras, ONE KID ROOTED TO THE SAME SPOT, fearstoned.

"What is this, Sir?"

"I want to view the carnage," Ed Saunders says, "where are their leaders?"

People drifting back, cops holding on to the INFORMATION BOOTH.

"What do you call this, Sir?"

"A get-together, motherfucker!"

"Why cops?"

"Obviously, they're protecting KODAK."

"Groovy thing. Brings people together. Love, love, love."

"Unnecessary horseshit," says John Stone who wanted to take off clothes and confront a cop, nakedly.

"The kids are here to love cops. Love, love, love. Loveramos."

Saunders says, "As long as they don't chant KILL THE COPS I'm happy."

PEACE PLEASE!

JIM MORRISON'S GOING TO BE A BIGGER STAR TRAN BARBRA STREISAND!

"Everybody doing their thing, quote unquote."

"The first instinct of the cop on the beat is to be brutal."

FIRECRACKER, cops rush, arrests, no YIPPIE command post.

"They were going to set up a command booth," Saunders.

You hear the rumbling at the attack."

"TIRED YIPPIE DOPEFIENDS TEAR DOWN CLOCK AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION."

2 a.m. bam, bam, bam, crackers, firecrackers, conductor kicks passenger trying to get on.

"He kicked me! I wasn't even demonstrating!"

"YOU ARE HERE."

COKE HAS THE TASTE YOU NEVER GET TIRED OF

ED SAUNDERS pushed out of Grand Central Station. Abbie Hoffman beaten out. THEY are looking for leaders. WHERE ARE THE LEADERS, BEAT LEADERS.

THEY'RE ABOUT TO TAKE ME

2:10.

The name comes off and the taste comes on. "Cops are fucking animals, man — shit!" Miller's High Life. Vietnam song going around. Twenty past two and the valley is full again, but the soldiers of summer hold the INFORMATION BOOTH!. "I got my heads several times close to the clubs, but they never hit me." Luck knows a lady.

"Here they come."

"There they go."

Twenty-five past two cop brings in wheelchair leave under CHECKED BAGGAGE RECEIVED & DELIVERED.

2:15, "They're going to get you, soft cherry bomb, THEY look around with furious eyes.

"It could have been a nice stroll."

"UP," the cop said, making the sign of dirtyfuck.

Cops their back against the walls of the INFORMATION BOOTH.

"This looks like death."

"This is what you call Waiting for Godot," Paul Krassner says, nightsticks rush past dribbling the sweat of anger in the palm.

"They give us love, we give them pain. Give for give. What's unequal about that?"

"Hey, motherfucker," he was saying to the cop, "Hey, motherfucker, step over here let me kick your balls off," two minutes, the cop ignores.

"Are you having a good time?"

"Oh, yes. O.K."

"Are you putting down Police brutality? Write how the cops took three kids and started kicking them in the head past that phallicized flag on the upper level."

HUSH POPPIES MAKE THE SIDE-WALK SOFTER

People from a distant planet of comfort wandering on the edge with tight faces of scorn not knowing if their sons & daughters are under the sticks too.

"HELL NO WE WONT GO."

ONE TEN. Biggest boom. Cops mad. Streets unsafe. Pull, us, push, boss, baton, STAY RIGHT THERE. "Sonsah-bitches, motherfuckers" cop said smiling. Lieutenant pushes. Kids singing. Titanic going down. "We should be shootin." Down to the valley come the soldiers of night charging, "HOME OF THE FREE LAND OF THE BRAVE, hell, no, we won't go," home, the cops charge! sweep past FLORIDA'S GREAT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR roughing up pressures of sampat.

Trains leaving platform 34 & 36 for somewhere. Cops pass, arrest, three cops to one kid holding him tight, he does not resist, THEY hiss & sting.

"I wore a shirt and tie to come here so I could get some pictures. It worked," he was looking down as the cops, at 20 to one, charge.

"I felt kinda scared, my arm hurt. He pushed the stick against me. His nostril quivered."

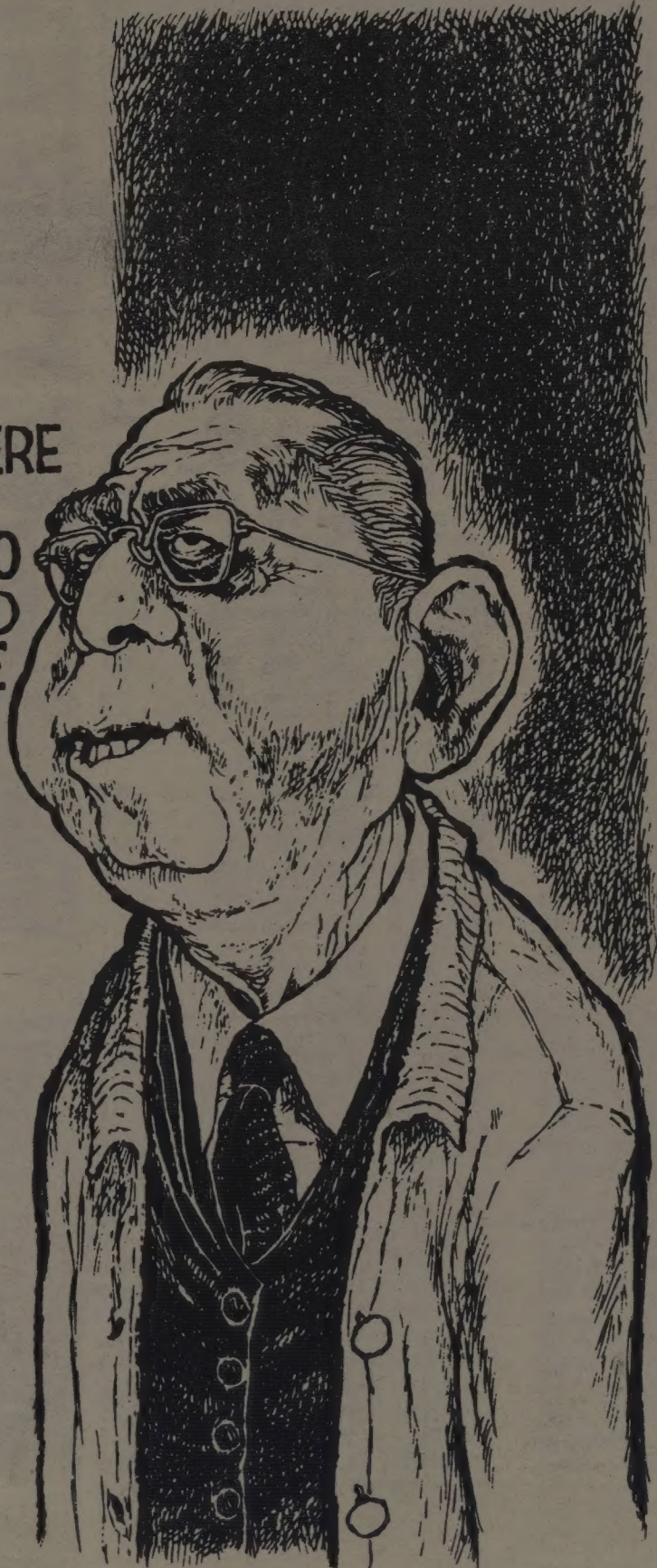
Slowly, surely, brutally, the cops are trying to move people out, confusion, anger, WHY WHY WHY, cymbals, rush to man & wife swerved off to belt a chick, she screamed, the cop hit her again, beating her on the ass.

People dancing, singing, chanting, overreaction vs. overreaction.

By twenty to two THEY hold the INFORMATION BOOTH, clapping, deafening, a well-dressed drunk is left alone, he keeps falling down.

(Continued on Page 14)

"I'VE LIVED HERE IN THIS CITY FOR OVER 40 YEARS!...AND NEVER ONCE HAVE I BEEN BRUTALIZED BY THE POLICE!!"



R. COBB
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 OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate.)

The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue,
 N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues).
 Phone: 228-8640

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Cover photo by Walter Bredel

WHEN THE MAN'S SHIT HITS THE FAN—

Letters

Dear People of the Village paper.

Grass is Greener
 —but—

Write man it's a hassle.
 Pfc. Stephen Baird
 154th TC (TS)
 771st Trans Bn.
 APO 96384 San Francisco
 Box 122

Help a cat who got caught in.



Dear EVO:

Lennox Raphael's article, "Saint Fetus is a Bal Tooth," in the March 15/21 (Vol. 3, No. 15) issue was damn good!, and it has moved me to write regarding a suggestion to those underground movements for the liberalization of the present abortion situation.

There is an abortion technique developed some few years ago in the Soviet Union, and this is the vacuum method. It is quick, effective, and (seemingly) does not involve surgical training. This technique is now widely used in eastern Europe and in the Chinese People's Republic.

It would seem to me that this technique would be ideal for clandestine abortion clinics which would be safe, clean, and within the financial reach of everyone, especially the jobless mother-to-be of the black ghetto or the hippie teenaged girl on the lam from a puritanical, middle-class home.

This would be an ideal chance for some Digger-oriented people with a knowledge of the Russian language, and access to medical periodicals from the Soviet Union to make full information on the vacuum method of abortion available to everyone in "the flower world." With full information available, I am quite sure that it would be only a relatively short time before clandestine clinics (like I described above) would be coming into existence.

For the Revolution and the New Age,
 Edward F. Lacy III
 P.O. Box 1873
 Houston, Texas 77001.

Dear EVO:

In your issue of March 15-21 (Vol. 3, No. 15) you state that the staff of the *National Guardian* "threatened to quite if they published Julius Lester's column praising the Yippie convention in Chicago this summer." I don't know where you got your information, but it's not true. While many people on the *Guardian* disagree with the Yippies, no one has ever even hinted that I shouldn't write about them. Quite the contrary, in fact. Jack Smith, *Guardian* managing editor, asked me to devote a column stating my reasons for liking the Yippies.

One other correction I'd like to make is that I am not on the staff of the *Guardian*. I merely write a weekly column and have nothing more to do with the paper. While I am the only black columnist, there are several blacks on the *Guardian* staff.

I resent having my race used as a kind of plus for the Yippies. I refer to the sentence which read, "Now here comes along Lester, the only Negro on the staff, who is for it and praises its possibilities." The implication is that the *Guardian* rejects the Yippies because they don't "include any recognized black coalition" and yet, I, being black, support the Yippies and look how off-base the *Guardian* is. I don't support the Yippies because I'm black, just as I'm sure the editors of the *Guardian* don't withhold support of the Yippies because they (the *Guardian* editors) are white. I support the Yippies because I'm me. You imply that the Yippies need a black stamp of approval and my positive feelings toward them are that stamp. Fortunately, they do not need blacks or the *Guardian* to legitimize themselves. They have done that. And it's damned obvious they don't need me, black or otherwise.

Love and Revolution,
 Julius Lester

Dear EVO:

Hard as it is for me to believe President Johnson, it is just as hard for me to believe that Robert Kennedy was the only person in the country who didn't know that the Democratic party and the whole country was already split on the issues of 1968 until Senator McCarthy won in N.H.

Nobody would touch this torch for fear of burning his fingers until Senator McCarthy carried it so gallantly into N.H., with the laughter ringing in his ears, with a generous concession of 5% of the vote.

The old voters of N.H. came through with flying colors, and if the college crowd now joins the pack of screaming teenie boppers, they can stop preaching to my generation, we muddle through when we have to.

Sincerely,
 Mrs. Doris Stanley
 24 Mass. Dr.
 Nashua, N.H. 03060

Dear EVO:

I have read with some concern in your newspaper about the YIP convention scheduled to correspond with the Democratic Party convention this summer in Chicago. It is my understanding from what I have read that the primary purpose of the Yippies in Chicago for the Democratic convention is to harass those men participating in the latter.

Until the morning of March 16, I thought it might be a good trick to vex the power politicians in their attempt to put up some kind of candidate for President of this country. Any demonstration against even a possible proposal of putting up Johnson for re-election I wholeheartedly supported, and now support; some reservations were held that McCarthy's campaign might be given trouble, but against that there was a better possibility of putting the Johnson supporters up tight, so I still went along with what I understood the Yippie's thing to be.

But now, since last Saturday's announcement by Mr. Kennedy that he definitely is a candidate for the Democratic nomination, I cannot go along with YIP. I am afraid that their actions may namer, endanger, disrupt, or interfere in some way with Kennedy's effort to be heard in order that he may get the nomination. I am afraid of this because Kennedy is the hope of peace and freedom restored in this country. He is intelligent and fair leadership for America again. He's the only chance the youth of America have for growing up in a free country without moving. He is the hope that has been buried under the Johnson regime.

YIPs, don't place your only chance in a compromising or embarrassing situation. Harass the Democrats discriminately.

Peace,
 Ray Horton, DMSN
 Photo Lab
 USS Dixie AD-14
 GFPO San Francisco, Cal., 96601

OFF

Dear EVO:

Please print the following story for me. It is very important to me and for others of the East Village.

I used to live with a tribe called the Magical Mystery Tribe. We lived at 60 East 1st Street.

You see, Che, the guy I married, loved me very much and married me cause we were having a baby. But one night I went out and got busted by the P.A. cops. Well, they sent me back to Florida. I hate it here cause it's in a town where they hate hippies, long hair, etc. I dress as if I were in N.Y.C. and the people put me down.

If you people would please print my address and telephone number in your paper so Che knows where I am because I can't get a hold of him and I can't leave Florida yet.

We were all planning to buy a farm in California and raise sheep and all kinds of beautiful things.

Also I've been straight since I've left the Village. I miss and love the Eastside and I do need your help. So please print this for me.

Yours truly,
 Michelle Rizzo
 1113 Patterson Road
 Fort Myers, Florida 33903.

Dear EVO:

What a bunch of bullshit you print in your "news" paper. You print such untruthful shit about the United States and the U. S. military that you shouldn't be allowed to call yourself a part of this great country.

In your March 22 (Vol. 3, No. 16) paper you printed the poem "Legendary Beast of The Jungle." In the poem the Beast needlessly killed "hundreds of civilians." Well, why don't you tell your readers how the Viet Cong kill civilians? Tell the readers how the Viet Cong bomb hospitals and schools. You can also tell them about the ruthless way that the Charlie torture the U. S. prisoners of war. Tell them how the Viet Cong steal food from the people of the country to feed their troops.

The United States is my country and I will support her in anything she does until the end. And I think that alot more people in this country should do the same.

I am in the service and in a couple of months will be going to Southeast Asia. I just hope that I'll have a chance to kill at least one of those red bastards.

Why don't you and the rest of you hippies set your heads out of your ass and take a look at the world without the use of LSD, or pot. You might see that the world is a great place to live. You also might see that the Viet Cong don't have anything to offer the people of Viet Nam or the rest of the world except a life of living on your knees.

If you don't like the way that the United States conducts herself, then why don't you move to Red China or Russia? Nobody is holding you here, so don't let the door hit you in the ass.

I don't know who said this but I agree with it 100%—My country may she always be right, but my country right or wrong.

Sincerely,
 A Proud Sailor
 Name Withheld On Request.

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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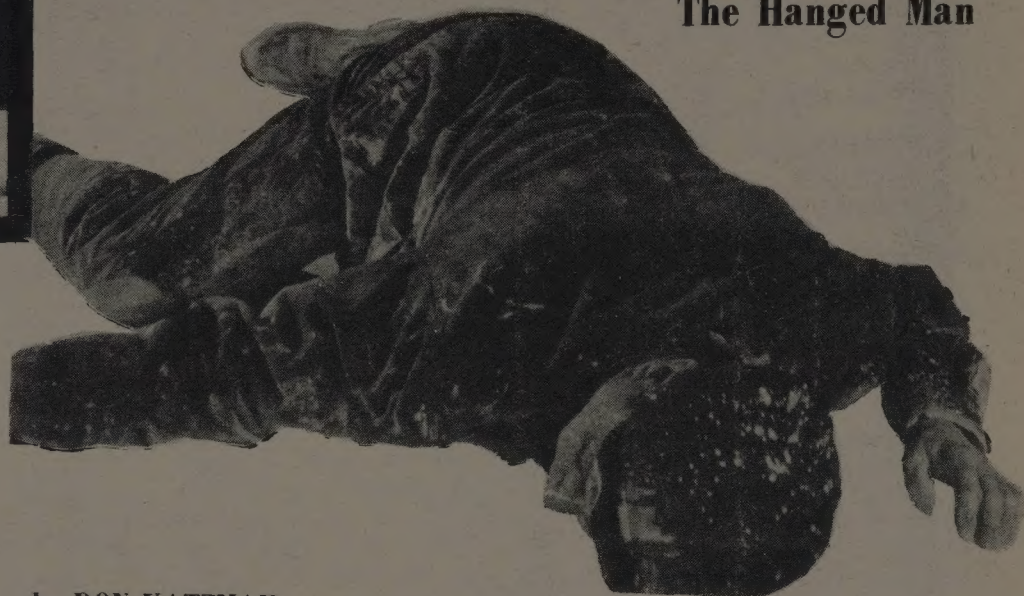
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J.



MAN DANCES AS
5000
BULGARIANS
WATCH...

The Hanged Man



I have long been a collector of myths and fairytales from various parts of the world. It is a habit of mine to read into these stories, analogies and ill omens, and even sometimes change the endings by using the tales as declarations of the truth or readings into man's inescapable past or future. These stories also hold for me certain memories of my childhood. I am sure many of us can recall collecting enough money to allow two older neighborhood kids to enter the movie house; but once inside they would naturally leave the side entrances ajar while the rest of us would sneak in unattended and unnoticed in the darkness of the theater. We would watch with one eye on the screen while the other eye was on the lookout for matronly ushers whose job it was to weed out the payers from the non-payers. Most of the time, the huge theater covered our existence and at least justice prevailed for the length of two movie features or until it was time for us to depart.

Now, of course, being older, I have either grown accustomed to paying my way or dissatisfied by the fact that most of the movie houses have grown smaller and are devoid of side entrances or the matrons are no longer employed as sheriffs of the movie aisles and the double feature has more times than most turned into a slick and sophisticated one length extravaganza on the tribulations and times of the not so pure-hearted Pauline. Sometimes, it is merely that I feel the fairytale is what we are living in; not the one in which it all ends in happily ever after, but the one in which evil is inferred and which ends in conveying man's tragic inadequacies. There is one such tale, I remember, which fits my apprehensions so well. It is from the Chinese and is titled "The Magic Cask" and goes something like this:

"Many years ago there lived a poor man who dug up a big earthenware cask in his field. He took it home with him and told his wife to clean it out. But when his wife started brushing the inside of the cask, the brush dropped out of her hand, and the cask suddenly began to fill itself up with brushes. No matter how many were taken out, others kept on taking their place. So the man sold the brushes, and the family managed to live quite comfortably.

Once a coin fell in the cask by mistake. At once the brushes disappeared and the cask began to fill itself with money. Then the family became rich; for they could take as much money out of the cask as they wished.

Now the man had a son at home, who did not work. Since there was nothing else he could do, his father

set him to work shoveling money out of the cask. When his son grew weary and could not keep on, his father fell into a rage, and shouted at him angrily, telling him he was lazy and did not want to work. One day, however, the son slipped and accidentally fell into the cask and died. At once the money disappeared, and the whole cask began to fill itself with dead sons.

Then the man had to pull them out and have them buried, and to do this he had to use up again the thousands of coins he had collected previously. And when he was through, the cask broke, and the father was poorer than he was before."

Of course, we can read a lot into this fairytale or by just comparing it to the reality that surrounds us, we can postulate upon the prophesy built into its timeless qualities — the son, the father, the object of greed and the final tragedy neatly woven into the fabric of what must prevail when all reason has failed and faded away. We are left with the broken pieces and the magic is no longer to be witnessed or desired.

The fantasy that surrounds most tales like this is peculiarly outstanding when reality catches up with it and the two become harder and harder to tell apart. It is like a guard in an insane asylum who is slowly being convinced by the inmates that they are sane and he is not. Eventually, he takes place in the madness of it all and becomes conditioned by the bedlam. In his one-man cell, fiction becomes fact and he begins to accept it as the truth.

There are very few of us who can stand apart from this madness by challenging the foundations that permit it to exist. There are even fewer stories which show us this challenge and point up the absurdities existing in the real life of man. One of the few tales that comes to mind is Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* — veritable liturgy of madness. Here we are confronted by a little girl who is as rude as she is logical; whose questioning of the characters who inhabit her nightmare is accepted by them only as impertinence, whose actions are those of concern, whose concern is only the reflex of her curiosity. She survives, not as a loving creature, although she is willing to be kind, but as a confused captive of a world which is run by meaningless directives. Alice never accepts these directives as facts, only as a blue-print for argument and discussion. Her manner is not of one who is willing to sit idly by and go among mad people and yet there she is caught in that situation. It is as the Cheshire

by DON KATZMAN

Cat says when Alice asks him "How do you know I'm mad?"

"You must be" said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

The theme underlying Carroll's story is the acceptance of paradox as a way of life and madness as what must surely be the entrance into a fanciful and fact-filled journey. Alice fights, for a while, all this absurdity, but is caught up in its pace and its requirements:

"Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: All she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her; and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!" but Alice felt she couldn't go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things around them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?" thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried, "Faster! Don't try to talk!"

Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!" and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

"Now! Now!" cried the Queen . . . "Faster! Faster!" And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little now."

Alice looked around her in great surprise. "Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!"

"Of course it is," said the Queen. "What would you have it?"

"Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else — if you run very fast for a long time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."

All through running, Alice never quite grasps the reality of her situation. She has kept herself in the same position at all times — an insane location for a sane little girl. Often, what she says is twisted and misinterpreted by her listener. As Humpty Dumpty states, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more or less. When I make a word do a lot of work like that, I always pay it extra."

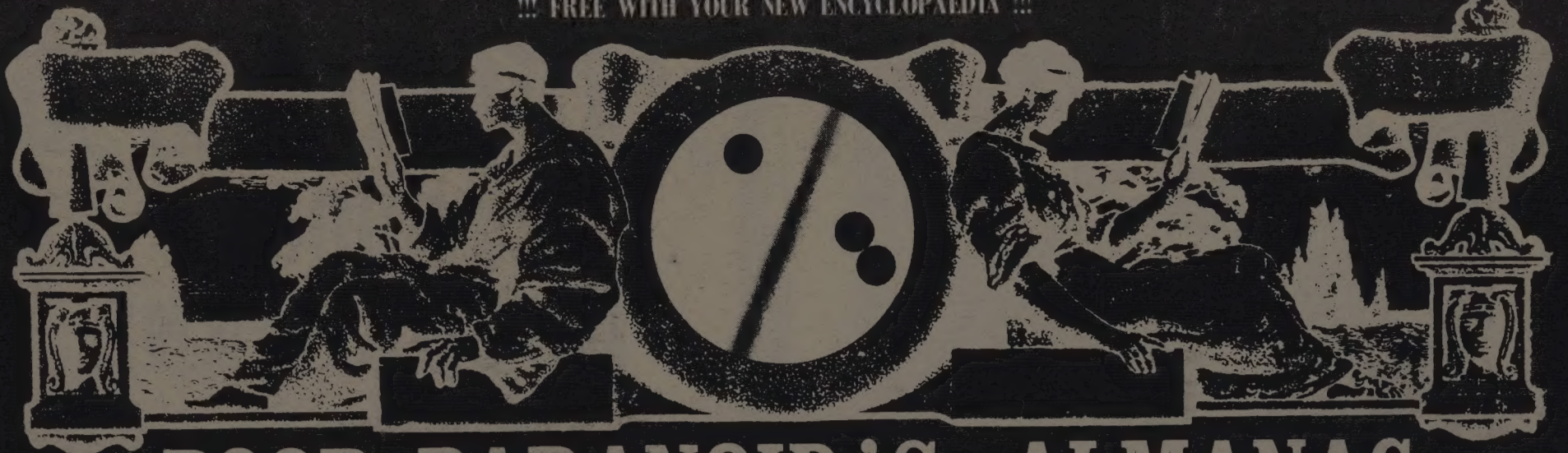
The extra that Alice pays the world she is dreaming of and the one she must do her living in is by way of a curious puzzle. Of all the creatures of whom she asks the puzzle, her kitten is the least likely to answer it.

"Now, Kitty, let's consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should not go on licking your paw like that. You see, Kitty, it must have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course — but then I was part of his dream too! Oh, Kitty, do help to settle it!" But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Now that Alice has awakened to real life, reality and the tale have become one and the same madness. We have come full cycle in our quest. If all the madness were spelled out on a piece of paper it would become the fairytale of tomorrow, or it is the other way around? As Alice ended her nightmare with a question, so must we, dear reader, end ours with one:

"Which do you think it was?"

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POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

by ALLAN KATZMAN

Monday, March 25th. The Modern Museum of Art had its gala opening of Dada, Surrealism and its Heritage. The scene was unbelievable. I arrived around 6:30, and the area on 53rd St. between 5th and 6th Avenues was completely cordoned off by more police than could be found at any one time at a riot on the Lower East Side.

Tactical police, emergency equipment, communication trucks, and buses to transport riot police were in evidence. Wooden partitions were set up across the street from the Museum and helmeted police stood bluishly in front of its doors. Max Ernst was right: **THE HAT MAKES THE MAN.** The police were overacting due to Friday night's Grand Central Yip-In and a report in the Daily News that 3000 YIPPIES were expected tonight at MOMA's grand opening. But only 300 showed up and those from a group calling themselves The Transformation headed by one Gene Swenson. It was Swenson's contention that Dada and Surrealism were not in the Museum tonight but out where the kids were. He was right. Everything looked surreal. About 20 people from The Transformation performed a ritual dance of exorcism in beautiful costumes bearing aloft holloween-like totems. The Museum appeared to be under siege and the mystery and melancholy of the street were exaggerated by uniforms on both sides.

Paranoia raged early. Kate Coleman from YIPPIE was fingered by the Black Mask, art and political revolutionaries (?), as an informant for talking to a policeman. She was trying to get the police to widen the barricades so more people could enter which they did. Tom Harriman had called me over to tell me that Gene Swenson had fingered his brother John to the police as a troublemaker. John split the scene to avoid arrest.

The Black Mask stood across the street yelling at everyone and anyone who went into the Museum. At one point my name was conjured up by the Mask as a collaborator because I dared enter the Museum. But what they didn't know at the time was that I had to go to the bathroom. While I was "doing my thing" inside, the Black Mask was doing theirs outside in the street.

About 9:00 p.m., things became hairy inside the MOMA as Ralph Ortiz and Jon Hendricks let loose two chickens inside the exhibit who immediately, because they were frightened, shit on the floor. Someone threw chicken feathers all over the Museum and someone let a stinkbomb go off in the men's bathroom.

It was as hectic inside as it was outside as police, demonstrators, chickens, billy clubs, costumes, and smells added a touch of unreality to the whole affair. And Oh Yes, as far as police brutality was concerned, two children were threatened by a nightingale.

After two weeks of harrasments and illegal arrests of two hundred people for possession of narcotics and housing runaways, the "kids" of the Lower East Side decided to demonstrate their grievances at the 9th Street Police Station on 5th St between 1st and 2nd Avenues.

On Thursday, March 21 at 8:00 P.M. they gathered, two hundred strong (Hippie, Black, Puerto Rican), to confront the Blue Forces of Law and Order with a new kind of power.

In the ensuing struggle, innocent people were hurt and positive proof that the police were forging a revolution through their stupidity and brutality was much in evidence.

The case of Rubin Martinez, a 17-year-old Puerto Rican who had been in New York less than a month, comes to mind. Rubin, who was not part of the demonstration, had stopped to ask a policeman what was going on.

For his troubles, Martinez was arrested by the policeman for "resisting arrest and felonious assault," and subsequently beaten up in the police car and inside the police station where he received a broken arm, fractured knee, four head wounds, and a bruised kidney. The police claimed that Rubin had thrown a bottle at a policeman and was then set upon by outraged local citizens. But testimony by four key witnesses shows that he was arrested in good physical condition and that he was not attacked by anyone before the arrest.

Police crimes like the latter are reasons why "the kids" of the Lower East Side are pushed to demonstrate and confront and why "HENRY DOESN'T LIKE COPS HASTLING HIM."

One policeman from every precinct in New York City has been transferred to the 9th Precinct on the Lower East Side. The twenty seven new cops will be used as undercover narcotics agents in the East Village.

The YIPPIES have come into their own because of last Friday's police riot at Grand Central Station. A week before that on Tuesday, March 19th, they had held their press conference at the Hotel Americana concerning their confrontation with the Democratic Death Convention which was to be held in Chicago in August of '68.

Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman expressed, a day after the press conference, their disappointment over the negligible media play on the YIPPIES. Where before the media had responded beyond their expectations to what they had planned to do, now it seems they were no longer interested. I explained to them that "the Media was a fickle lover," and that, "the reason they were no longer interested was that now they had, in the guise of RFK and McCarthy, an alternative to lumpkin LBJ."

RFK's announcement that he was seeking the presidential nomination of the Democratic party and McCarthy's fantastic showing in the New Hampshire Democratic primary, had all but taken the wind out of the YIPPIE sails. But as in all things, especially life, things change rapidly and a fresh wind, produced by swinging clubs, has once again made the YIPPIES a viable force on the high seas of political pseudo events.

The reasons for the YIPPIES' emergence as an important political event are manifold: the fact that thousands of college kids are giving up their fun weekends and pouring into Wisconsin to help McCarthy, the White Hope for Integrity and Honesty in Politics, has nothing to do with the "kids" down here or in the Ghettos. They all grow out of different life styles and experiences. A black ghettoite will just respond with the logical conclusion, "what's this white man gonna do for me that already has been done to me?" The YIPPIE already knows that our political institutions are impotent in solving the domestic crisis. LBJ has pushed through more legislation against poverty, pollution, ghettos, etc. than any other president before him including the late JFK and what has that got us but riots and the possibility of more riots. The fact that McCarthy's campaign centers around the war and the siphoning off of monies to solve these problems will not stop riots from happening. The disease has been with us for a long time and our efforts to check it through political means have only worsened it. What the YIPPIES are simply showing is that, "There are no political solutions, only technological ones. The rest is propaganda." And as far as RFK taking the plunge into the power game whoever is there when the center breaks can make a fortune by picking up the marbles. He will be following in the steps of Daddy Joe Kennedy who became a multi-millionaire during the stock market crash of '29 when he bought while others sold.

Let's face it, what can a ghettoite or white kids from down here do with an alternative like McCarthy? Can they raise money to go to Wisconsin to help him with his campaign when they have enough trouble feeding themselves and ducking the clubs of stupid, prejudiced cops who believe the poor

and the alienated have no rights and are less than human? What are McCarthy and RFK going to guarantee them that is not already guaranteed by the Constitution? And what guarantee is there that RFK and McCarthy could get the nomination against the power of an incumbent President?

If the YIPPIES show anything in Chicago, it will not be an alternative that seeks political solutions but a demonstration that we must do away with politics and power play and use our vast technology and skills to solve problems without benefit of profit. The YIPPIES are a prophecy and more than an alternative. They are a road to two worlds; one paved with the possibility of utopia, the other with the blood and bodies of millions who may be sold down the drain like dirty laundry for an alternative solution that still seeks a handful of gold.

Anita Hoffman of YIPPIE will be collecting evidence, photographs and witnesses for the ACLU on last Friday night's police-in. She can be contacted at either 982-5090 or 228-8432.

The U. S. government has just printed a book called "Psychotropic Drugs and Related Compounds." What it is is 365 pages filled with the name, chemical structure, dosage, and action of every drug currently known to have any effect on the mind (hallucinogens, tranquilizers, energizers, etc.) whether now on the market or still being studied. It also has a complete bibliography with names of labs, etc.

The book costs \$2.75 and is available only from the U. S. Printing office. It is Public Health Service publication number 1589. Send money to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 20402 D. C.

Robert F. Kennedy will supposedly be a guest speaker at the American Society for Group Psychotherapy and Psychodrama when it holds its annual convention March 28th to 31st at the Statler Hilton, Georgian Foyer.

The theme of the Convention, "Towards A Better Community," will include psychodrama demonstrations and discussions in which all are invited to come and speak their mind. General Admission is \$2.00 per day or \$30.00 for four days, including luncheon and dinner. Registration begins 4:00 p.m., March 28th at the Statler.

"A HANDFUL OF CONCRETE," concrete poetry by Ronald Gross is now available from Black Thumb Press, 900 West End Avenue, N.Y.C., price \$2.00.

The poems are packaged in a packet with a page from the yellow pages screened across it. It contains do-it-yourself Vietnam headlines, folding poems, visual and typescript poems on postcards, and an essay introducing the international Concrete Poetry Movement.

(Continued on Page 17)

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Kips Bay Arts Gallery at 613 2nd Avenue is offering its two terraces free to any artist, poet, or media experimenter for the months from mid-June to October. Contact Alan Baer, 679-7615.

pop, rock & jelly

EXCLUSIVELY ON

Murray the K is back again. I went to a screening Tuesday of the pilot film for Murray's projected new TV series, *The Sound is Now*, and watched Phil Ochs tell a surprised audience that anyone who writes poetry as well as Mao Tse Tung can't be all bad.

The first show features Murray with Sonny and Cher and Phil Ochs. Establishment (read: older) types Henry Morgan and Tex McCray are there to take the other side of any argument, while an audience of N.Y. college kids provide comic relief. "Mr. Ochs, are you calling for mass desertion out of the armed forces?" Says one frat type "What will happen to America?"

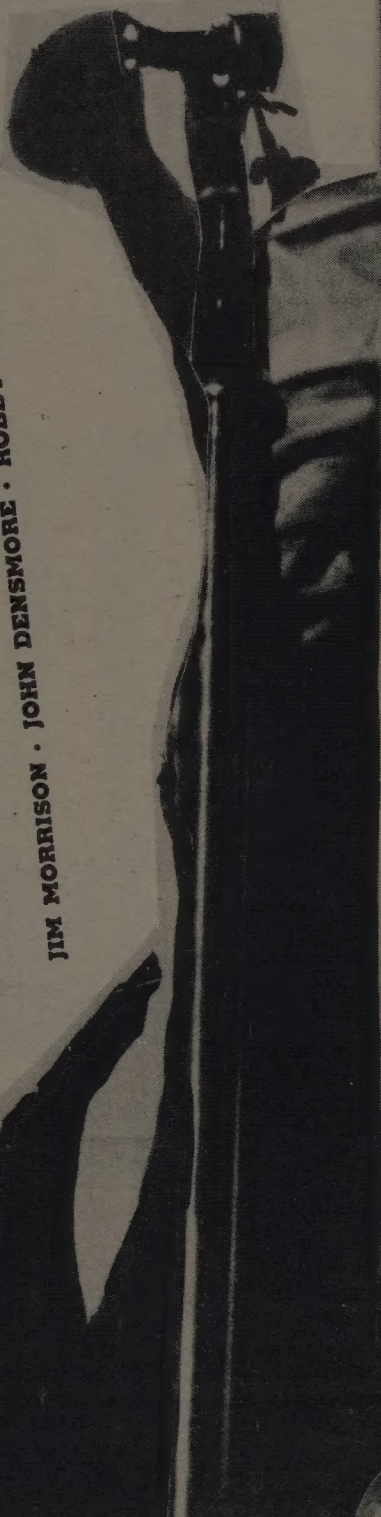
It'll be interesting to see what happens to Murray's new show. I came to NY too late to catch Murray in his now classic WINS days, and instead dug only the "new" Murray doing the "old" WOR-FM thing. But in a very real way, the success of the old WOR-FM has made possible adult rock programming throughout the country. Maybe, like Alice, he can do something in that other and even bigger wonderland now.

* * *

Over ten thousand people came to see the Doors in concert at the Fillmore East last weekend. The ones who got in got to see Elektra's four minute promotion film for the new Door's single, *Unknown Soldier*. Put together by underground film makers Mark Abramson and Ed Dephoure, the film has Morrison symbolically crucified, shot and spitting out real Revlon cosmetic blood, all this intercut with Vietnam combat footage and newsreel clips from VJ Day.

The TV people who've seen it apparently feel that the film is a little "too controversial" to ever run as an ad. The audience at the Fillmore watched it quietly after the Doors had finished their set and left the stage. When it was over, there was wave after wave of applause and Morrison, Manzareck, Krieger and Densmore came back onto the stage like conquering gladiators for their encore.

THE DOORS
JIM MORRISON • JOHN DENSMORE • ROBBY KRIEGER • RAY MANZAREK



The Doors are very together musically — they're very good and very tight and they never, never make mistakes. Morrison's voice live cuts thru a crowded hall . . . moving across your nerves like a dull file. Ultimately, it comes down to their material and their image I find myself bored with their lyrics and after fifteen minutes all their melodies and chord changes begin to sound the same.

And then, Morrison in his leather pants, pouting into the mike like some silly, spoiled, suburban kid doing a temper tantrum. "We want the world and we want it now. Now NOW!" Maybe I just don't know what to make of him: legs spread, ass out, just standing so cool into the mike to explode suddenly into brief little Nureyev dancing and jumping steps around the stage. But it took a whole lot of balls to put out the *Unknown Soldier* as a single . . . and a whole lot more to make that promotion film.

* * *

Catching up now, I had a chance to hear the new English import, the Soft Machine, for the third time at an otherwise undistinguished evening at the Anderson Theatre a couple of weeks ago. Two years old now, the group has apparently emerged as a major influence on England's underground rock scene — playing to packed houses in London, Paris and Amsterdam.

With their American tour due to end April 6, the group is currently negotiating for a record contract while here. Two previously cut LP's are still lying unreleased in England . . . perhaps because of the unredeemingly un-social content of their lyrics. On *We Did It Again*, a long, modal piece with simultaneous multiple vocal lines, bassist Kevin Ayers chants: "The war in Vietnam, the war, the war. The war in Vietnam," while Robert Wyatt in red bikini shorts sweats over his drums and recites a long list of personal grievances against the government, the management, and the audience. And Mike Rutledge wrenches long, aching dissonant chords from his battered Lowrie organ to throw over everything.

* * *

By what seems a most unique arrangement, the Soft Machine is travelling with its own personal light show: Mark Boyle's Sensual Laboratory. Already an established avant-garde artist and film maker on the London art scene, Boyle began to work with multi-media light shows as far back as 1963, experimenting with electronic music, theatre happenings and ballet.

After forming the Sensual Laboratory in 1966 with Joan Hills and biologist John Claxton, Boyle began doing light, environments at London's underground rock club, UFO, eventually staying on to do lights for the different rock groups there. His projections are based on physical and chemical reactions: the movement of air through liquid under different conditions, as well as the live projection of fish, worms, alpha brain wave patterns, etc. Dyes and color filters are used to distinguish between two simultaneous reactions.

Boyle is understandably close mouthed about how he gets his effects: all of the English and European light shows are now based on his work. During the American shows I caught, the Soft Machine would drape white cloth over their equipment so that across them, around them, behind them, incredibly beautiful blues and purples, yellows and reds would flow in organic movements as if in counterpoint to the music. Beginning with slow, gentle movements, the lights would move into faster and more explosive patterns — literally climaxing with a projection of the destruction of the slide itself.

* * *

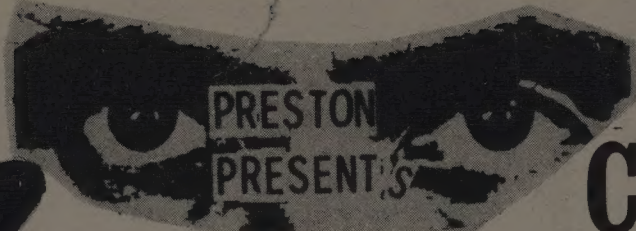
Some recent LP's that you might find interesting include the new Columbia release. *The Great Society / Conspicuous Only In Its Absence* (CS 9624). Recorded live at the Matrix in San Francisco in 1965 or 66, the group is the predecessor to the Jefferson Airplane. Featuring Grace and Darby Slick, the Society runs through an exciting first version of *Somebody To Love* and other goodies. Now if some company will only release tapes of the Charlatans, another important, early seminal SF rock group, people can begin to see how the west coast sound evolved.

(Continued on Page 21)

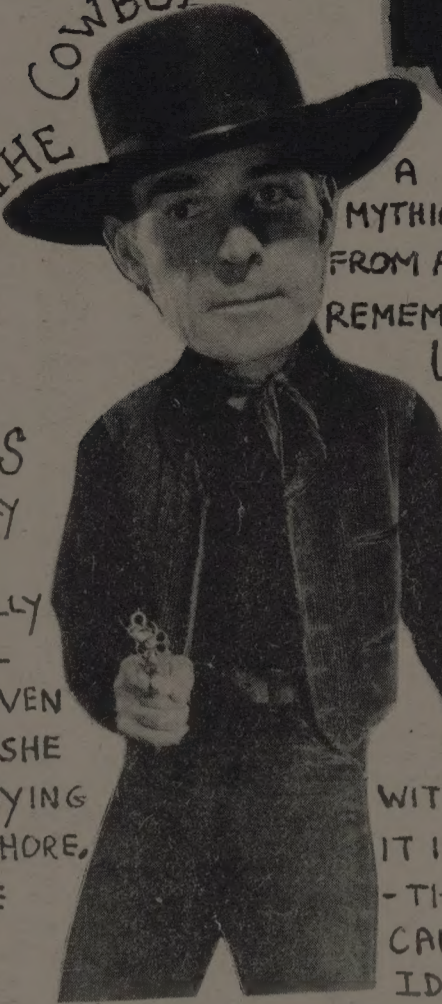
by JULES FREMOND



SIX CLICHES



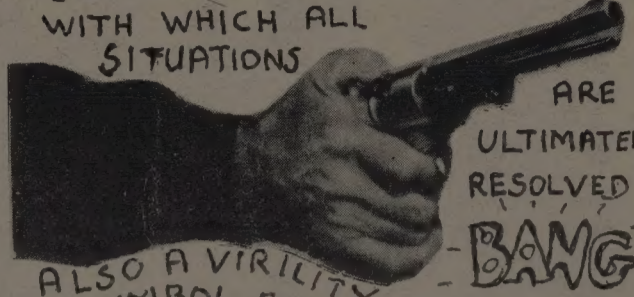
THE COWBOY



A MYTHICAL FIGURE FROM AN INCOMPLETELY REMEMBERED PAST. USUALLY PORTRAYED AS AN UNDER-NOURISHED, UNDER-SEXED, INARTICULATE LOW GRADE MORON WITH WHOM - IT IS BELIEVED - THE MASSES CAN EASILY IDENTIFY.

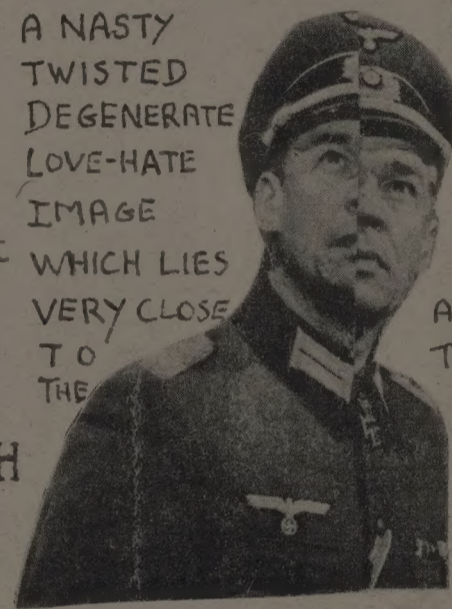
HAVING AN EXTREMELY SADO-MASOCHISTIC PERSONALITY HE IS MUCH MORE LIKE A CHARACTER FROM KRAFT-EBBING THAN A FOLK HERO.

THE GUN - AN INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH ALL SITUATIONS ARE ULTIMATELY RESOLVED.



ALSO A VIRILITY SYMBOL FOR THE IMPOTENT... BANG... A SUBSTITUTE FOR INTELLIGENCE.

THE NAZI



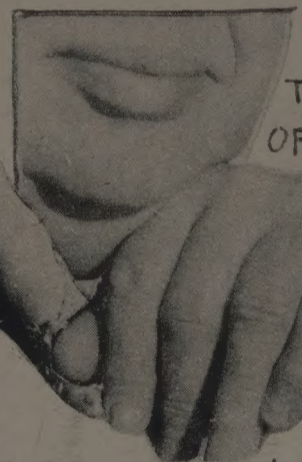
A NASTY TWISTED DEGENERATE LOVE-HATE IMAGE WHICH LIES VERY CLOSE TO THE HEARTS OF - ALAS - TOO MANY AMERICANS. SYMBOLIC OF STRENGTH AND ORDER TO THOSE WHO FEAR CHANGE & DISORDER.



THE SEX GODDESS

IS GENERALLY FEMALE. ESSENTIALLY A VIRGINAL TYPE - EVEN WHEN SHE IS PLAYING A WHORE, SHE IS

ALWAYS REMINISCENT OF ONE'S MOTHER - HAS AN ULTRA NARCISSISTIC PERSONALITY AND IS A LOUSY COOK AND A FRIGID LAY.



THE MOUTH

THE CENTRE OF ACTION IN MOST MOVIES. ITS ELIMINATION WOULD REDUCE THE RUNNING TIME OF A FEATURE FROM 90 TO 10 MINUTES.

would finance such projects itself. After the studio has OK's the script they will have nothing further to do with the film until it is completed. They will then handle all distribution matters.

Of the profits, 40 per cent goes to the sponsoring studio and 60 per cent to the A. F. I. for future projects. Since the director gets only a salary during the period of production, it might not be a bad idea for the A.F.I. to consider giving him, say, 5 per cent. After all, one never knows what will happen next and the line-up at the unemployment office is dreary and unprofitable.

The idea of a national film institute has ben part of the European scene for many years now and it seems that the A.F.I. is wisely going to follow some of the established practices of these institutions. Among its plans are those for a film archive . . . film training

THE FILM GOING PUBLIC ...



... AS VISUALIZED BY A MARKET RESEARCH COMPANY.

Having lived through a billion cinematic themes and variations your eye is too well acquainted with the permutations and combinations of plot, character, form and the interminable progression of identical sequences.

You may not be able to articulate it but you are never-the-less a master of film technique. You have sat through the history of film a hundred times over and now you have an instinctive understanding of what lies around the corner of every filmic landscape.

The fact is that the cinematic imagination moves a great deal faster than the plans and machinations of the major studios who are only prepared to try something new when the old has ceased to show any return at the box office.

For 40 odd years now the U.S. film industry has been playing it safe . . . capitalizing on the imagination of its pioneers . . . buying and corrupting the best of the European directors . . . making films to the lowest common denominator formula . . . ignoring the ever increasing film vocabulary and never plowing its profits back into any program which would assist young filmmakers ad thereby advance the art of film. Men of promise have been stifled and those who dared

fight back, like Orson Welles, have been driven into exile.

But the days of total mediocrity are ended and, with the breakdown of the studio monopolies and the advent of the Independent Cinema, new talent is making its pjresence felt.

And now, with the formation of the American Film Institute, the great slow-worm of the industry may be turning.

At a pres conference this week, George Stevens Jr., Director of the A.F.L., announced a plan designed to assist young filmmakers in the production of feature films. This is in addition to their program to produce short films.

These feature films will be budgeted up to \$400,000, the funds being provided by leading U.S. studios and producers. To date, 12 have agreed to be parties to this scheme.

The responsibility for the selection of scripts and directors and the mechanics of production will lay with the A.F.I. Scripts will be submitted to the financing studios by a sytem of rotation in order that no one studio will be able to pick the cream off the top.

In the event of high quality scripts being rejected by all the sponsors, George Stevens said that the A.F.I.



GEORGE STEVENS JUNR. - TRYING TO CHANGE THINGS.

FIRST AID

Are you seeing more fiims and enjoying them less? Is your mind's eye telling you the course of the plot before it happens? Do you really care what happens? Do the images seem cliched, lacking in substance and the ability to turn you on? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, you're suffering from film fatigue.



THEATER

by LITA ELISCU

Getting Down on it at La Mama

Remember the days when you could protest and rebel at the same time—say, pre-Lenny Bruce—enjoying the satisfying pain of being alone, against the world . . . ? Now, protest isn't tolerated but admired, and everybody wears a button. Bad Bobby may wear long hair, but so does Good Bobby (if he still exists); latecomers surreptitiously turn their rosaries into love beads, remove those mezzuzzahs from the gold chains, and add a shellacked wishbone or maybe a hangnail. In, baby. Yeah, solid.

The world used to be a spectacle sport for the many who helped improve the breed by betting on the entries. Suddenly, everyone has an overwhelming desire to be in this race; the paying customers have decided they can be cut-rate creators and get some of that bread, too. The underground used to be on the periphery, but there's nobody left inside. Once there was a two-way feed-off process. Now replaced by a one-way feedback as the former spectators play their own swan songs and then pay themselves off as though they have done something worth rewarding. The few boobies who at least pretend to stay in the establishment—to preserve the illusion of a two-party system—pay those who scream loudest and serve the most popular big chunks. And the customers eat this regurgitated mental pabulum fed to them from that 'long-handled

newspaper spoon' because they don't even know there is anything else. Sometimes, something good is in there but you have to eat the whole mouthful before you know; you just can't trust the headlines. Last week La Mama had a triple-header. I thought I was going to in order to see the two plays by Jan Quackenbush, big shit in London. After I saw the first play by Copi, could have left, because the evening meal was really over.

Once upon every time, especially lately, someone tries to say something if not new at least meaningful about that war in Vietnam, the one they are fighting on the boob tube. "The Cylinder" by Copi, while hardly new or significant had a certain charm, sort of like Pageant Players given a budget. It is intermission-length long but has the force of a powerful emission even as it proclaims a message of impotence. Plastic wrap encases both dummies and live actors. These share top billing with the lighting which does as much to affect the mood as the actors. This is an agitprop drama starring The Green Plasticman, LBJ, and a host of other well-known American types: cheerleaders, mini-skirts, an abominable black snowman (yes, Virginia, there is such a creature, and if he stops on your rooftop, don't let him in). Actors move and speak without stopping while the lights switch crazily in order to focus, here, on ranting LBJ and there, on the chanting teeniebopper. These two

do a Marsha-John exchange, she saluting and pledging allegiance and honeypots while he draws in doubletime about a war of attrition and the feeling deup-in-thuh-marruh-uv-hiz-bones.

There is a big red plastic cylinder in which are dummies and live people, all of whom constantly exchange places. More and more people are put in the cylinder until LBJ is the only one who never is put, or tries to get, inside (and this is the man who said, "Your President is coming . . ."). The play does not build. The lights first go on in the middle of what must be group orgasm; voices chant snatches of old favorites: "2-4-6-8 . . . kill! . . . Oh beautiful for spacious skies . . . You! Get out! Get in! Help! . . ." The play ends with LBJ flapping his plastic arms until he revs into high gear and flakes out, just as all the others reach a new chanted climax and fall to the bottom of the cylinder. Lights out. There is time to smile at the drum majorette, laugh at the ridiculous Green Plastichead, and go wow! maybe once at all the red lights and red plastic. Then the lights go out, and you shrug a little, preparatory to dismissing the brief scene.

It isn't until somewhere in the middle of the next play that one starts remembering this first slight offering, and then finds that besides remembering it, one is forced either to keep thinking about it, free associate, or else fall asleep. The first Quackenbush is called "Complexions." A misleading title: the play suffers

from boring oversimplicity (and lousy Mike Nichols imitation). Two females sit facing across a mirror. They do not mimic each other, but follow an eventualized pattern in the ritual of putting on make-up to create new faces, new personalities. The blonde starts off: "Mummy says I'm mature for my age." The dark-haired girl stays silent, watching this Andy Boy in drag apply more rouge to the spots on her cheeks, more "lip-sticker" etc. Then they talk, and blonde gradually her (or tediously for us) becomes more disillusioned as the other girl reveals what the 'true' life of a 'woman' is like. They talk of "trips," each trip a symbol of a new foray into temporary mistresshood, dark glasses and champagne. For some unexplainable reason, they cry or moan through most of this, occasionally swigging scotch from the fifth on the table in order to brace their souls for this confession of sin. It is disclosed there is little a painted woman won't do to hold her men, including changing her hair color and tinted contact lenses according to his ever-waning but chronic desire. About this time Blondie goes from teenie to young woman, which is fortunate, because when she takes off her smock it is impossible to think of her as a mature thirteen-year-old. Anyhow, each removes her smock, as a symbol, stands in black slip, and cries some more, wail and sob, while delicately revealing her story. At the end, daughter is Mummy;

AN ARTIST

WITH BALLS



by LIL PICARD

IS WORTH TWO IN THE GALLERY/ ROUND 2

After two chickens were rescued from being killed in Ortiz—Event "White Henry & Black Penny", the most alive discussion on "Destruction in Art" happened.

In 1964 J. J. Lebel organized an Art—exhibition and manifestation—events in Paris in the "Centre American des Artistes", 261 Boulevard Raspail. During that time May 25 to May 30 he gave some American & many European artists a chance to do their thing in the very nice bourgeois establishment auditorium of the square middle class American Cultural Center. Most every afternoon friendly bearded Lebel, (writer of open letter to Evo, printed in (Vol. 3, No. 16) sits in the swanky Café Flore on Boulevard St. Germain, where the Snob-Intellectualism, the Fagism & the Aperitivism of Paris' Upperground flourishes and practically every night Lebel makes the Art-world-scene with cocktail parties, openings, and is swinging along in the establishment of the "Louvre" and Musée d'Art Moderne art circles. Jean Jacques is a charming fellow, I love him and he even had placed two of my collages of "Destroyed Cosmetics" on a wall in the exhibition of "Libre Expression" (Free Expression) together with work of many other artists and his own nice clean traditional collages. Just to mention some names of this-1964 Exhibition of the J. J. Lebel "Workshop de la Libre Expression" I had the chance to attend & watch also the Happenings

which took place. There was for instance Allan Kaprow doing a Happening in the department store Bon Marche No Bombs had been placed no TNT exploded it had been just a tame play with french bread and washing machines. Nobody stole any merchandise from the display tables, no looting . . . very soft, quiet free expression went on! Carolee Schneeman performed Meat Joy in the friendly halls of the American Center for Artists. D'Arcangelo, Christo, Ferro, Lichtenstein showed paintings and so did many French and Japanese artists. Critic Otto Hahn, a lover of Pop Art, who writes for the weekly Magazine Express and Monsieur Pierre Restany, Art-critic, who believes in Surrealistic Mysticism, participated, being engaged as important aids to the cause of free expression. Bazon Brook, Vostell, Fluxus with Artist Ben did Action—Happenings, Ferro's piece "Goldwater" was in fact the highlight of the affair. Nobody destroyed anything more than a car filled with spaghetti . . . no French museums got attacked, nothing really happened. Those had been happy days, . . . so distant now. But things in Art change, take on a new air . . . Jean Jacques proposed his idea, a sound and fire Happening for N. Y. for Dias U. S. A. 1968 in his letter to EVO. I would like to know how Jean Jacques takes part in the French revolutionary free expression in Paris, while he sits in the Café Flore or visits the Ileana Sonnabend Gallery? What is he waiting for? We hear very little of

French revolutionary Destruction-Art—Events going on in the former so important Art Center of the world. Paris became a dream—like Souvenir place. And Jean Jacques' dreams are just phantasies. Why does he not blow up the Louvre or the Musée de L'Art Moderne and all the other nice commercial Art galleries around Bvd. St. Germain and Rue St. Honoré?

We all return the warm greetings he sent through EVO. Jon Hendricks will display Jean Jacques' Dream—Boom—Event as a symbolic destruction event in the Judson Gallery end of April and the article will be exploded with a "BOOM."

Ralph Ortiz when asked about Lebel's participation in the Dias L, 1966 in London, (Ortiz was a participant there) said: "Lebel did nothing that had anything to do with Destruction Art.

His so-called enthusiastic participation was speaking pretty words like: 'it's a good cause, glad you invited me' and a trivial action in pushing his finger through a hole in a postcard size paper & waving a fragile feather into London's balmy fall air." "I can only say," Ralph Ortiz said: "Boom-Boom to you Jean Jacques."

But now I (L.P.) like to get to the realities of the first preview for Dias U. S. A. 68, that took place March 22 in the Garden and Garden Room of the Judson Memorial Church. I, (Lil Picard) have to make the following statement: about the Destruction in Art Symposium:

What is Destruction in Art and why Destruction in Art?

Because D. I. A. is an Art form, it is not Destruction in Life. This Art form is used by artists to make themselves and people more deeply aware of the destructive forces in man. Destruction-Art is NOT genocide, NOT murder, NOT crime, NOT violence, NOT hate, NOT aggression, NOT hostility, NOT cruelty, NOT killing of your fellow men. Destruction Artists are NOT Fascists. The chicken killed by Ortiz or the dead animals used by Hermann Nitsch are only symbols, artistic symbols used for symbolic actions. A transcendence takes place and a spiritual, ritualistic often religious action and impact is achieved, which touches the viewers inner being and makes them aware of the cruel realities of life, of daily happenings on the battlefields, in city streets in U.S.A. and overthere in Vietnam or wherever war will break out in the future. Destruction in Art wants to make man more deeply aware and conscious of destructive urges and forces in our daily environment and in ourselves. The actions by artists produce a shock. This shock will act as a checking device, a control for destruction in life. By using Destruction in Art, one gets rid of destructive urges. The actions work as a catharsis for artists and viewers. Destruction—Artists are reflecting the destructive—present reality, the violence and death of our destructive time. Destructionists in Art want to shift hostile urges to Art.

(Continued on Page 20)

At thirty four, Tom Sankey knows what he's talking about. After dropping out of the U. of Wisconsin's Theatre School in his last semester, he came to NY's lower east side to live and act. After a brief career as another unknown late 50's pop singer, he worked as a typist, an usher at the Bleecker St. Cinema and as commercial artists. His first major play, the Golden Screw, was performed at St. Marks several years ago, went Off Broadway, was released as an LP and was almost televised on channel 13. His latest play, a rock 'n' roll version of Gray's The Beggar's Opera is now running on weekends at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery at 10th St. and 2nd Ave.

EVO: Tom, how long have you been working on... well, where did you get the idea for doing the Beggar's Opera?

Sankey: One of my favorite shows was Three Penny Opera. I thought it was the best musical I'd ever seen. And then, when I was working at the Bleecker Breat, I saw the film of the German production of Three Penny.

EVO: That was the old Fritz Lang version?

Sankey: Right. It had a real feeling to it... a whole different message. They were talking about conditions in Nazi Germany. And they were, you know, running right into them too. They had captured a feeling... I don't know, sort of like end of the world.

Anyway, I got the same kind of feeling that was in the German film in discotheques at times and I thought: "wow... yeah, this is sort of the way I think the United States is like right now." In my own personal life, a lot of the values I've been taught to believe in as a typical middle-class, mid western kid (and I probably believe them more than most people do... I'm a believer) seem to me to be going down the drain.

Like, it wasn't true that if you worked hard, were honest and industrious, you know, and followed the ten commandments, that you would be successful. What would happen is that those people who respect those values would respect you and that would be about it. And there aren't too many people like that.

EVO: Tom, the last play you did at St. Mark's was the Golden Screw. What happened with that production and what happened afterward?

Sankey: It was... it looked like commercial property. It was very simple to stage and it worked theatrically in a very simple and inexpensive way. It looked like it was practical for it to go Off Broadway. The way things were then, a playwright wasn't considered a playwright until he had at least an Off Broadway production.

EVO: The Golden Screw was done when?

Sankey: It was done... well, it was first performed at St. Mark's in Sept. '66. It went Off Broadway in, I think it was Feb. '67. In between, we had the channel 13 production which was never shown. And the tape we made, by the way, had been wiped clean.

EVO: Why wasn't the thing shown?

Sankey: Nobody quite knows. Nobody's gotten a straight answer out of the president of the station. And the friends I have who had done the production were never clear on exactly why. Nobody wants to say it but the feeling is that the president of channel 13 was such a member and supporter of the establishment—and he suspected that the play was anti-establishment—that that was it. He felt it went against certain things he believed in, I guess.

EVO: The play was about a young man who evolved from obscurity as a folk singer to become a rock star, but by the end of the play, he found that he was all alone.

Sankey: Well, like a lot of people, he achieved the success he set out to get and then he found that with all that success, he did not have happiness and he had no greater understanding of himself or the world.

EVO: What happened with The Golden Screw Off Broadway?

Sankey: A lot of things... we lost our original director. I hung on to every body I could... there was a good deal of... some... and I was doing the best I could... and then they were... because that was some of the...

commercially smart move, you know?

EVO: But the show ran for eight weeks. How was the response to it?

Sankey: The response was good. I think it was still a good show. There were some errors being made but the main thing I was trying to get across was a theatrical point and perhaps I was the only one who was interested in that. As long as the show worked on an audience, I felt it ought to go on.

EVO: Why did it close?

Sankey: Well, partly because we had opened at a bad part of the year. And I think my producers were a little timid. If we could have gone another week (this is all, you know, like the business of Off-Off Broadway which is really a drag, but I guess if you're going to go into it, then you ought to consider all these things) If we could have gone another week, we would have gone into Easter vacation and had a lot of college kids. Who knows, if we had lower prices we might have had more teenage kids in the audience... we had almost none, which I think was a mistake.

EVO: What led up to the Golden Screw how did it come about?

Sankey: Well, originally it was a statement in terms of the theatre itself—in terms of Theatre Genesis and the workshops there.

EVO: When did you get involved in the theatre project—Theatre Genesis—at St. Mark's?

Sankey: When they first started. I began hanging around their Monday night things and I had a couple of plays that I submitted.

EVO: When was this?

Sankey: '64, I think. I had a couple of plays read and people were amused by them. I was writing little burlesque things... one act plays. And I finally wrote a play. I was desperate to be working in the theatre as most unproduced playwrights are. And I wrote my most commercial play at that point.

EVO: And that was the Golden Screw?

Sankey: No. It was a play called My Daddy is Dying. After having been produced at the theatre, I thought that that'll give me a little more leeway and I can do more of what I think is exciting. But the same thing applied. So finally I put together something which was just going to be fun to do in terms of the workshop.

I was going to find some actors who were going to read this play. I was going to write these songs because I felt they would be exciting in a Monday night workshop because nothing like that had ever been done there. And I was going to stand up in front of everybody and say "fuck you!"

EVO: What happened after the Golden Screw?

Sankey: Well, we had a weird period. I didn't know what to do. Certain kinds of offers had come up during the play. Somebody wanted to make a movie of it. I found that all of a sudden I had an actor's agent. The William Morris Agency called me and wanted to take me on. And I guess it was in June, I got a job working with the group from the play for two weeks at Ordine's. I went and sang mostly the songs from the Golden Screw. We were a little bit out of place, actually, but we tried to concentrate on a nice dance beat.

EVO: How did you get the band together for the play?

Sankey: I put an ad in the paper saying we wanted a rock 'n' roll group for an Off Off Broadway musical.

EVO: Are the same people doing the music for the Beggar's Opera?

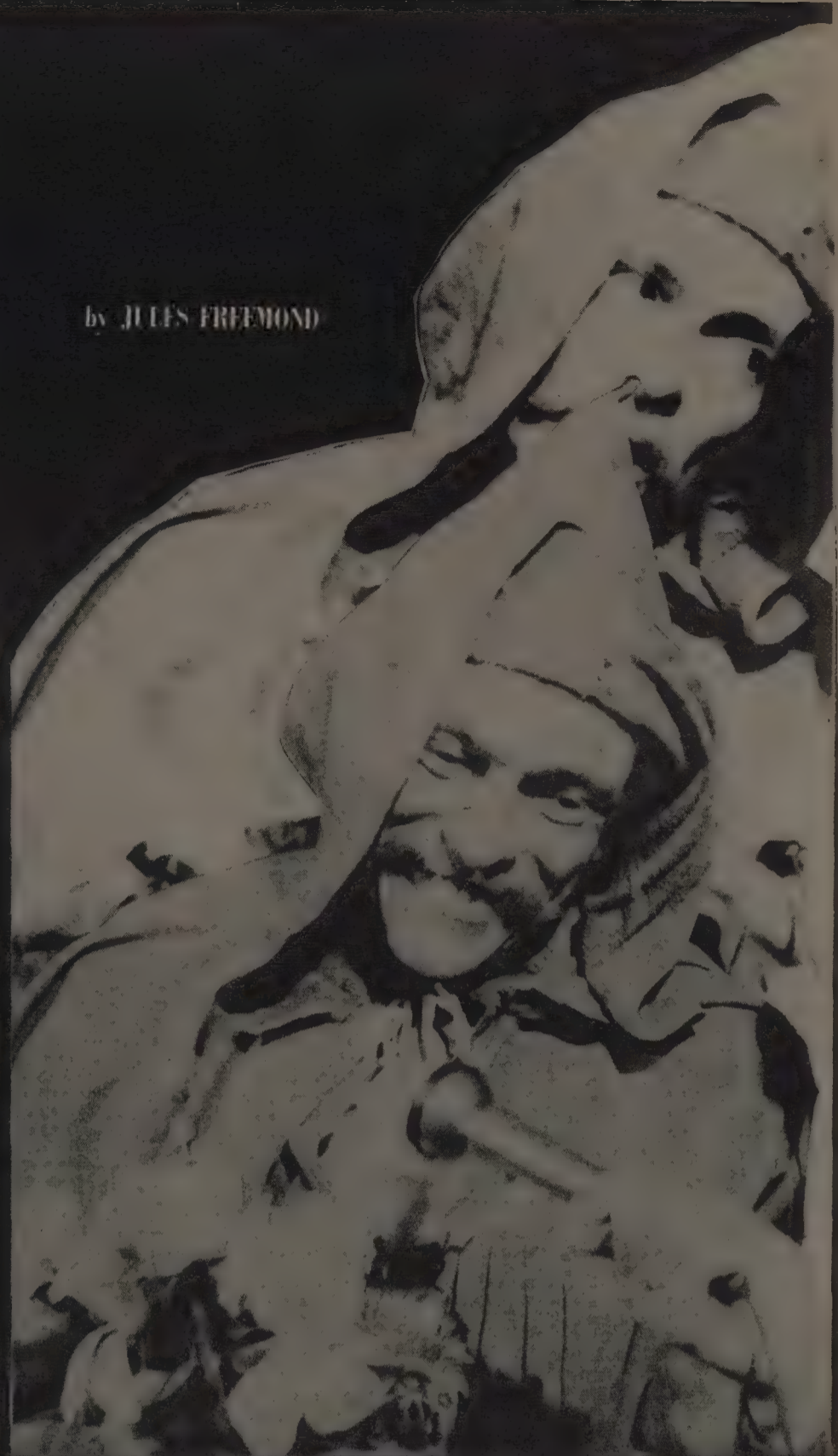
Sankey: Yeah, they've been commercially unsuccessful and yet we're still friends.

EVO: So that after the production... after this whole series of offers, what happened then?

Sankey: See, they tried to turn me into a star to help the production Off Broadway. They also turned the play into what looked very much like my autobiography—which it was not. Like a lot of critics said: "well, this is obviously Sankey's autobiography". And yet, they could never have bought a record of mine. Obviously, I was not that famous singer.

EVO: Okay, now what have you been doing between the Golden Screw and Beggar's Opera?

Sankey: Well, I've been working as an actor in theatre productions at Theatre Workshop. I've been back home. I've been...



by JULES FREEMOND

sankey smokes





'THIS IS THE GREATEST
SHOW ON EARTH.'

BRUCE TOBIN



Ruschwitz

(Continued from Page 3)

"What seems to be happening?"

"Police rioting."

"You know I really thought this was going to be one big squaredance."

"If there were no cops there would be no riots. Simple as that."

"They're not letting anyone go thru to the train."

"What happens if I say I'm from New Haven?"

"They'd buy you a ticket."

"Bullshit."

1:45 kid on ground being beaten by two cops, pass the pain around, Sir.

3:05.

Trains leaving for (& coming from) Brewster, Poughkeepsie, Mount Vernon, Peekskill, Dover Plains express, draft cards are being burned, cops move in, Psssssst the instant shampoo, VIETCONG USA scrawled on MERRIL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC., Vietnam is here, cops gather under WESTCLOX WAKES UP AMERICA, high fidelity demonstration, DRAFT COPS.

"Everybody is taking pictures of everybody."

"I just saw an FBI man."

"CHE."

"WE WANT CHE."

"MA-CHE-TE!"

3:10 balloon climbs to the ceiling.

"Let's fuck this place up."

"To central park, to central park," is the chant at 3:15. Some rise to the Upper Level & leave. SET YOUR SIGHT ON SUFFOLK.

"We should have a yip-in in every station in New York while another big yipout is taking place in the park."

"Confuse the fuzz, man."

"And the cops are very rude, man."

"I could have held hands with that cop. He was ready but also terrified."

"I saw people make themselves mar-

tyrs. I saw people who didn't become martyrs."

Clapping. FLORIDA'S GREAT, her smile.

3:25 and the armies of spring on the stairs singing "YOU GOT TO KILL, KILL, KILL FOR PEACE."

"That was the flash of an H Bomb."

"That's nice."

"Individuality."

"You should have seen it before."

"They should have charged a dollar admission and you would have had something worth while."

Trains leave for Stanford, Boston, and two for New Haven, the fast ones.

Singing under UNION NEWS COMPANY, man with suitcase thru crowd, he's angry.

"Write I saw them kicking kids in the balls and everything. Kids won't move fast enough and they were kicking them in the testicles and everything."

"What's your name?"

"I'd rather not."

Two uniformed soldiers charge with the cops kicking cuffing gum falls from one he bends to pick it up straightens without doing so to belt a chick across the back, she is fleeing.

"O wow."

"Beautiful."

Dancing.

The detectives walk with their right elbows, people singing "WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING HOME." Everyone singing, straightest looking people in the world at it, young & old, "GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH," beautiful music, cheers, "IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS THIS IS A COMMUNIST INSPIRED PLOT," plainclothes cop holds head says, "What's happening?" stop the war madness now. Really? Uplifted fingers from the crowd, liberty equality fraternity, great humming, no, droning, UP UP UP! the circus, black umbrella funeral up the stairs, near high fidelity demonstration, "the cops are going after the agitators."

"Habla español?"

"Un little poco."

Kids shouting they want peace.

"They should throw rocks and fire-bombs."

"PEACE."

Around & around slowly she walks with flag on closed umbrella, they follow her. Look at it, bigger than leaders whispered. Wonderful acoustics. Aretha singing respect her voice hangs RESPECT, "I'd really like some smokes."

"I'm ready to faint any moment now."

"HELL, NO, WE WON'T GO."

"The Resurrection is here," the blind holds tight to his briefcase.

"WHY?"

"We are here to enforce order, and we don't like to see any damage done."

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Policeman. How do you feel, Mr. Policeman?"

"I don't feel anything. This is a job."

Cops walk around telling people to get up from the floor of the valley nudging them with sticks. 3:30. Psssst. The instant fuckup. Plaid Stamp Savers don't Pay more. They just get more.

The cleaningman sweeps. "It's a bastard," he says, "I saw the cops beating everybody. Even the Transi ones."

"It's a bitch."

"How does it feel to beat on someone, Mr. Policeman?"

"They were kicking us. Both of my shins are black and blue. I didn't do that to myself. This mob was worse than concrete. O.K., here comes my boss."

"Under control?"

"The kids are getting tired."

Ten to four, FIRECRACKERS, Louis Abolafia sketching, Don't move, don't move. It's great, except reactionaries were blowing it. I think a love-in should remain a love-in. I am enjoying my-

self, so are you. It's the only way we can spread the message to straight people. That's a beautiful mustache."

"Captain Kangaroo made it."

Contingents leave for Sheep Meadow with pipe. WHAT BRAND DO YOU INHALE? scrawled on the investment center, U S BANKS EAT THE WORLD, BRING THIS MOTHER DOWN, CRUSH IMPERIALISM, NO MORE COPS. Man pissing right there cannot hold it back his master is voice outside. The sun will rise, NIHILIST YOUTH REVOLT.

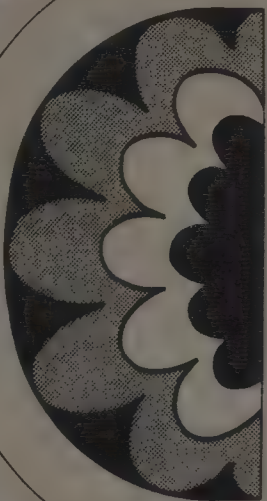
4:05, Jerry Rubin, sawedoff Don Quixote, "It's good."

New York Central Railroad Policeman slaps a girl, "A night to remember. This is beautiful." Rubin leaves for Chicago at 7. Cops telling people to leave, making them raise from floor, UP UP UP UP UP UP, yes, you too! The cleaning goes on, the dust, police thinned out, blood on the floor, high fidelity spring spree over, NIXON'S THE ONE! America's Number One pretzel salesman.

And Leo Barnett, Director of the Computer Laboratory at the Brooklyn center of Long Island University, dashed off a telegram to Gracie Mansions, I AM OUTRAGED BY ACTIONS OF POLICE IN USING THEIR NIGHT-STICKS AND ARRESTING PEOPLE AT RANDOM LAST NIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL. AS THE FATHER OF FOUR CHILDREN I AM SHOCKED BY EXCESSIVE AMOUNT OF FORCE AND THE DELIBERATE CRUELTY SHOWN BY THE POLICE. IF SUIT SHOULD BE BROUGHT AGAINST THE POLICE FOR BRUTALITY AND FALSE ARREST I WILL TESTIFY. STOP THESE ACTIONS BY THE POLICE.

Reality is temporary, but blood flows.

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DESIGN FOR POSITIVE EFFECTIVENESS

The age of "economic man" draws to a close, predicted by Jung, Koestler, etc., years ago and strengthened by the development of The League of Spiritual Discovery, The Diggers, N.Y. Provos, Amsterdam Provos, Drop City, LES Psychedelic Community, USCO, Haight Ashberry, Free People of the World, The Tribe of the Sacred Mushroom, etc., etc., etc., all giving a pointer to the direction of the next epoch. Economic man's laws are geared to the protection of property, his power is in the hands of the owners of material wealth; United Fruit, the oil companies, etc. With the rapid onslaught of the Marxian "surplus" the laws are becoming redundant, many already are, even in terms of maintaining the status quo. In the not too distant future ownership of material goods will have little meaning, power will lie in the hands of the owners of the communications systems and secondly in the hands of the owners of the distribution systems. No good owning masses of steel if everyone has just about enough steel, you need good communications and distribution to locate every little "fluctuation" in demand. A forward-looking government would interest itself in IBM not steel.

CONTEST SYSTEMS OUT OF CONTROL

Who owns the communications systems can mold the future of the world (a bit). This is why the establishment of an alternative distribution system and communication system is so vitally important. Organizations such as the Liberation News Service have telez installations in all major U.S. news centers linking U.S. peace organizations, the underground and so on. The Underground Press Syndicate has joined with them, the old Communications Companies and the Affiliated Student Newspapers of America to give a communications system linking news disseminating centres which reach 5,000,000 people.

In Europe there is a proliferation of underground papers as well: IETS, Witte Krant, Love, Pousse, Mare, Ontbijd op. bed. Psy, Internationale Organ, Revolute, etc. and the eventual linking of all these provides a big step forward in lessening over dependence on Reuters. A.P. and the Times-Life syndrome.

As the material marketing systems get more into this line then so an alternative material marketing system needs consolidating as well OZ, IT, Fulcrum Press, Arts Lab, Osiris, Witch Season, ECAL, ICA, and others have all given support to a computerized system of mailing subscription copies and other information to the British "underground" mailing list which is at present about 15,000. A centralized computer accounting centre (as I proposed in an earlier IT) would solve many cash flow difficulties and increase the speed of the flow of money in the "underground." (Only a £1,000 is needed as long as it goes fast enough and there is no "leakage" outside). A computer can increase the velocity at once by contra-balancing all the internal debts between organizations.

BEATLES UNDERGROUND

Paul McCartney asked me to point out that Apple is not in competition with any of the underground organizations, rather it exists to help, collaborate with, and extend all existing organizations as well as start many new ones. The concept as outlined by Paul is to establish an "Underground" company above ground as big as Shell/BP or ICI but as there is no profit motive as the Beatles profits go first to the combined staff and then are given away to "the needy." Apple is at the moment in a disorganized state and very chaotic, however, it is hoped that it will be functioning as outlined above in about a year's time.

The Beatles have been described as communists in that they represent the workers seizing control of the means of production. "He who will give no-one the opportunity to grasp a rope hanging from his nose, to lead him like an ox, must be freed from every kind of bond" Tagpo Lhadje. A large company structure not geared to exploitation of *men* and *making* profit but to exploitation of *ideas* and *sharing* profits, provides a 20th century background to exist in this way without having to live in a cave with no possessions at all. A very large structure like this takes time to setup and it was to be expected that a number of mistakes and hustles should happen in the beginning.

GREAT NEW ADVENTURE

Talk and demonstration have little effect against the amazing pressures of a society in the last death throes of existence. The viciousness of America is a good example. What right has America to fly planes over China? To fly planes loaded with H bombs over Greenland? To violate the territorial waters of Korea? To impose Coca Cola culture on the Vietnamese let alone kill and maim thousands of innocent women and children? To bomb the people's republic of North Vietnam — who are themselves not bombing Washington? etc., etc. The CIA and affiliated spy organizations are immensely powerful, little progress will be made in fighting them — you cannot change a system much by using the system to change it — on the other hand it should be used as much as possible.

Independent educational institutions such as Summer hill, Emerson College, The American Free Universities all play a part through a fundamental mistake was made with the London anti-university. Education is a dialogue between people. As long as the "teacher" is paid and the "pupil" pays, then a "teacher-pupil" relationship is only one possible — an authoritarian structure!

There is no doubt that the difficult transition between epochs will be well under way by 2000, like adolescence it doesn't last long and huge changes take place very quickly. However: "Having come to birth as a human being, to squander that human life by employing it in the performance of unreasonable or evil actions, and to die after living a common ordinary life, would be a matter of regret" Tagpo Lhadje.

London

by MILES



collage by nina ton

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THAT WHICH MAN HAS SOWN HE SHALL NOW REAP

AND NOW FOR YOU

HELP

BUT, WITHIN THE SAME WALLS.

HELP

CRISPIAN'S CRY OF ANGUISH IS HEARD..

AND JUSTICE SWIFTLY METED OUT

WHEW

SPLAT

BACK AT THE BOILER ROOM!

THE CONTACT IS BROKEN! WHAT HAPPENED?

SPLAT

GRIMES

HAGGARD CRISPIAN RESTS IN SUNSHINE'S HAND AS HE TELLS HER THE SHOCKING NEWS

SUNSHINE GIRL GOES INTO AN ETHERIAL COMA LETTING HER COSMIC SELF FIND THE ONE SHE SEEKS.

A DEJECTED BILLY BUTTON WEARILY STARTS FOR HOME.

HECK, I'M SUCH A FLOP, I CAN'T EVEN BEAT DUMB OLD GRIMES AT CHESS

AT THAT VERY MOMENT INSIDE...

THAT LIGHT! GOOD GRIEF STOP IT. I'LL DO ANYTHING PLEEZE!

GRIMES

THOSE WITH EVIL IN THEIR HEARTS NEVER CAN STAND FOR LONG, THE LIGHT OF VALOR AND PURITY. SUNSHINE GIRL WATCHES OVER A GRIM LUCIFER AS HE CALLS OFF THE DEATH DEALING FORCES.

BEGONE FROM THIS ACCURSED SPHERE, I COMMAND IT

LATER, A HASTY GOODBYE

THE EARTH PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE AWARE OF THE AWESOME DEBT THEY OWE YOU

THAT EVENING

HI DEAR. I MADE SOME PROGRESS AT THAT MEETING. IT MAY TAKE TIME, BUT THE SENTINALS WILL HELP THE WORLD OUT YET.

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SILVER APPLES

coming
Anonymous Arts

pp's (Continued from Page 6)

The Resistance is holding a DRAFT CARD RETURN under the elms in the Central Park Bandshell (Entrance 72nd St.), 11:30 a.m., Wednesday, April 3rd.

There will be informal discussions followed by a potluck dinner. Contact The Resistance, 5 Beekman St. Room 1025, RE 2-4272 for further information.

MAN IS UPSETTING NATURE'S BALANCE IN THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM, is one of the pronouncements to come out of the IEEE Convention recently held at the N.Y. Coliseum.

The facts go something like this: "The principle of resonance absorption places everything in nature at some frequency, or frequencies, in the electromagnetic spectrum. Electrical characteristics of living matter describe

how living matter, including man, can become an active electronic component of a compatible or incompatible environment. Modern research is thus beginning to identify and correlate nature's role in these two fields of potential activity. One of the results of this research is the demonstration of how man is gradually raising the ambient levels of electromagnetic energy, in some frequency ranges, above the energy levels at which nature has been found to operate and, therefore, beginning to upset some of nature's balances."

The result of this research is that without the adoption of proper legal and legislative measures, man is ultimately placing himself on the hot seat of doom.

There is a drive on in the state capitol to drive bailbondsmen out of business. It seems there is a scandal brewing concerning private enterprise in such endeavors. If legislation is

pushed through people may find their friendly jailor in charge of bailing them out which is just one more step on the road to totalitarianism.

Next Monday, April 1st, there will be a benefit for the Downtown Poor, 8:00 p.m. at Eisner / Lubin auditorium, N.Y.U. The Pageant Players are scheduled to perform.

The benefit monies will partly go towards the Poor People's Campaign which will be going to Washington D. C. on April 22nd along with Martin Luther King's contingent to pitch tents around the Lincoln Memorial and to stay until the government responds to the needs of poor people.

As Wolf Lowenthal sees it, "The Government spends 100 million dollars on the war when it hasn't solved the problems of poverty."

THE YIPPIES went to Chicago this past week in the guise of Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and turned the windy city into a whirlwind of activity. Where ever they went the press followed and before long the Festival of Life this August became a reality.

They met with Mayor Daley and presented a form letter which explained their purposes, plans, and needs wrapped in a photograph of a nude woman. The cameras ground away as a young girl, who claimed she was an Indian by the name of Running Water from Flushing Meadows, Queens, pinned a YIPPIE button on the Mayor's lapel.

THE YIPPIES next held a press conference under the sculpture of Picasso. Then they went on to the Peace group meeting where it had already been decided by a vote of 38 to 34 not to have a festival in Chicago this August. But by the time the YIPPIES left, the decision was reversed unanimously in favor of the YIPPIES and their plans.

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playmate is Madame Pompadour and, in a final histrionic implosion, both turn out to be two faces of the same Eve—literally, for they both exchange lines and share the same husband. Tra la. They live in a world where men care only for sex, and then only sometimes and always with different partners. For them, childhood was that gay, carefree time before blood was a prayed-for phenomenon; being a woman (or older at any rate) means these "trips", emptiness and alcohol. This play offers nothing but these two chattering characters. Somewhere after the first few lines their lines begin to become interchangeable, it is like trying to separate a Cosmopolitan girl from a John O'Hara bitch: Not only is it impossible, but they are both such fantasies anyway, it isn't worth it. Hoping for an Education, somewhere between that of Henry Adams and Fanny Hill, one gets the best and worst lines from Dear Abby and all Simonne Signoret (breath sigh breath) imitators. With a whole world striving for the reality of love, this play is still trying to locate that X on the map of female orgasm, possibilities of.

The other play is "Inside Out," and no, it is not upside-down; it is just murky. This time, Quackenbush does latch on to a reality—the race issue in America, starring everybody concerned. With three characters and some walk-ons, he hoped to make Ed Sullivan look sick by this attempt to recreate the mood of America, Today on that stage. He fails, mainly because he thinks he can roast the whole pig over a sterno can, and no body in this world can go from

Mighty Mouse to Galahad to Man O'War all in one outing. The three leads do give it a try though, and succeed in making a bad play almost worth watching as they go through change after change, jazz musicians with their notes written by Giuseppe Verdi. Plotline no sooner gets established then it is removed: there are three friends; sometimes they are black. Sometimes they are not friends. They enact various relationships people can have, including interacting with a TV Repairman in a skit which might be called "Baiting Whitey"—or in this case, Spick. They find themselves in the South at the mercy of a Rod Staggered sheriff. Occurring at intervals, with the force of migraine headaches, are vignettes of pure symbolism, perhaps the best moments of the play because interpretation is left mainly to the actors. Two of them re-enact a dream-fantasy of one: a white horse with black hooves rears and drives his hooves into the hearts of little children unable to scream, but the actor breaks the stillness with shattering agonized cries.

There is a scene in which the local black honkie gets beaten up in awesome, powerful slow motion; very dramatic. The play ends with everyone else closing in on the character who plays this black honkie Mr. Fink. As he screams for help, they symbolically clap hands and walk in a circle, faster and faster.

OK, so nothing is new under the sun, including the midnight sun. Yet this play is dealing with human motivations and actions and somehow manages to entirely ignore sex, real fear, or do more than wave an abstract, limp list at loneliness. This is a great race for the cocktail-conference athletes to run in; there's absolutely no danger of getting wet or muddy.

The plays deal with reality in various invalid, ways resulting in nothing more than the tired eureka's we all have had and put away with the other memories . . . of that first girl, that last bad trip. These experiences all too easily acquire a veneer of unreality until they become part of Everyone's Life, part of that land of the Big lie: like childhood seen from an atrophied condescending perspective; blackness from a whiteness unable to reveal its own fears; or death accepted as maybe being even slightly like 2-4-6-8 . . . kill! Or the neo-Freud "there-there" which praises the healthier aspects of playing with one's self. None make that godawful objective correlative in life which says that there is futility, cheapness and a whole herd of elephant turd on the Yellow Brick Road, but there is some glory there too, because fucking whether good or bad, is always more creative than masturbation, no matter how aesthetic and concerned the latter is. There is no substitute for nitty-gritty.

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sankey

running workshops—we did a few productions. And I've been writing. I was working on another play last fall which I just stopped working on because I got interested in . . . I saw the San Francisco Mime Troup. And I got much more interested in working with people than in working with a typewriter.

EVO: Earlier, you mentioned the possibility of the play touring Europe next year.

Sankey: That's the Golden Screw. The tour would go from May through September.

EVO: The summer after this?

Sankey: Yeah, it's a long way off though, and I don't know what I'm going to be doing between then and now.

EVO: How do things look now for Beggar's Opera? You can only run four weeks with an extension . . . what happens then?

Sankey: I don't know; nothing I guess. If some producer would want to take the play and do it Off Broadway or on Broadway, it'd be all right with me. It would mean \$500 option money. I wouldn't count on anything beyond that.

But beyond this I don't think we should try to take half a show anywhere. And a lot of people are not going to be with us in another show. My brother's in it now but he's going back to San Francisco. And our directors (we have two of them), well . . . I don't think they can commit themselves. Once you start losing people like that, you're in trouble—you've got a whole new production and you're not going to be able to do the same thing.

And this time I feel the whole company should go or forget it. I hate to see things ripped apart by injecting new elements that are really foreign elements. There's a chance that we'd get some director whose never worked Off-Off Broadway . . . who is strictly Broadway oriented, and that's going to do bad things. I personally wouldn't want to go with the show.

EVO: I can ask all the stock questions, but I'm not a theatre critic. It'd be easy to say that, obviously, you've been influenced by Brecht and Weil, you know? But that's ridiculous . . . what I really want to know is why you're doing what you're doing and what your plans are for the future.

Sankey: Essentially, the reason I'm working in the theatre is that—and I'm really simplifying—it's alive. Television is not alive: it's visual, electronic images in a box. Film is not alive; you're just watching a projection of something recorded on film. In every sense of the word, theatre is alive because you have living people standing before you.

I think the realistic trend in theatre has come to an end because it no longer holds any great surprises. It's all become such routine stuff that in a well written play, you find out in the first scene what the play is all about. They have to show you that you've got a protagonist and that he's got a goal of some kind and that he's got an antagonist. You're going to be able to tell . . . just by the flavor of the scene . . . whether he's going to be successful or not. It's like working with limericks—how original can you be after you've written 500 or so?

EVO: You use a light show in this production, but you do it within the realistic implications of the plot. You do it along with the rock band during an evening at a discotheque where these things normally go on anyway. Would you do this . . . the mixed media thing . . . without the convention of the play oc-

curing within a discotheque?

Sankey: No, then you might as well do Three Penny Opera or the original Beggar's Opera. They're meant to be performed in theatres. It would be pointless to try this performance anywhere else than a discotheque.

EVO: How do you work, Tom? How do you arrive at what finally goes on stage? Some of it is the result of group improvisation . . .

Sankey: Very much of it. In other words, I wrote a script — like I wrote most of the comedy material, but I had the actors working on it in the workshop ahead of time so that I could write material for them.

And I think that I'm going to get away — to an extent — from writing plays. I think that whatever kind of material I write is going to be performed by rock groups and comedians rather than by actors as we think of actors. I'm making a distinction here between an actor and a comedian and I prefer comedians.

And I prefer rock groups to any other kind of music right now because they're live and I think that seeing them perform is theatrical and an essential part of the performance. I think it's a great mistake to write a rock 'n roll musical and then put your rock 'n roll group in the pit so nobody can see them. People who like music like to see it being done.

EVO: What are your plans now . . . what kind of stuff do you want to work on?

Sankey: What I want to do, well that's different from my plans, because I don't really have any plans. As long as I can afford to do so, I'll continue working in Theatre Genesis. And in those terms, I want to continue with the workshop operation. I want to develop a company of comedians. What we were trying to do before we got into formal production was to develop burlesque comedy techniques.

EVO: What's happening now with Theatre Genesis and all of the projects here at St. Mark's?

Sankey: If the theatre is going to continue on the same basis as it did this year, it's got to have more money. The grant is running out and there is no longer that department in existence. The grant just cannot be renewed. So we have been thinking about what's going to happen next year and we've decided: Why don't we go all the way? Why don't we have a real theatre — with actors on salary — where the playwrights can be supported by the plays they write without having to go into the commercial thing.

And so, our initial idea is to begin forming that company during the remainder of this year. We've gathered together the playwrights intended to be the basis of that company. They include myself, Sam Sheppard, Leonard Malfi, Tony Barsha and Mury Mednick, and then Tony and Ralph Cooke as the directors within the company. And we wanted to — if we could — show this year what we would try to do next year.

In other words, each one of these playwrights — who are not making it in the commercial theatre — would still be able to have his plays done here. We can't think of them now as being too successful for us. This is sort of where it's at for experimental playwrights. There is no opening up there. We're just coming back into the theatre where we were most successful and have done our best work.

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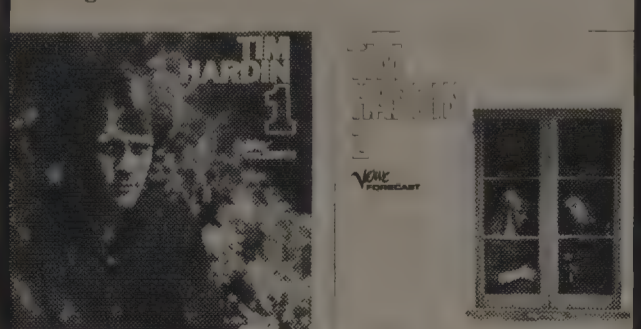
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(Continued from Page 10)

Ralph Ortiz Statement:

"The death of White Henny and Black Penny event, I had planned to perform in the Church Garden, was to be a White Power—Black Power psychopathic realization with all the frenzied erratic White Power paranoid verbalizations and actions and the Black Power reactions—actions and verbalizations.

White Henny and Black Penny were to finally be smashed to death against each other as the White man swung his White Chicken shouting **WHITE POWER** and **BLACK DEATH** and the **BLACK MAN** swung his **BLACK CHICKEN** shouting **BLACK POWER** and **WHITE DEATH**.

When Michael Kirby and John Wilcock rescued the chickens from which my Destruction was to evolve, Jon Hendricks and I could have challenged them, but we would have been trapped outside the spirit of Destruction—Art and we chose to let go and found relief in the rescue. Unfortunately Saul Gottlieb made it impossible for Charlotte Moorman to let go. Saul understands nothing about Destruction Art, his recklessness bullied Charlotte Moorman into playing the role of destroyer of people. That he might have symbolized the frustrating father and she the punishing mother needs discussion. But if insight is to be gained it is that war is hell even at the microcosmic interpersonal level. Charlotte Moorman's actions were not those of Destruction Art. Her artistic expression was subverted by Gottlieb's provocations. Charlotte was forced by Gottlieb to shift out of the displaced aesthetics of Art into displaced aesthetics of life. Her actions became those of an extremely frustrated hostile individual, who fought rather than go into flight. This essentially is the struggle of all Destruction Artists. Like the child, who chases his bright colored ball into the street without looking for

oncoming cars, so Gottlieb plunged into Moorman's path."

Al Hansen's statement.

"The most important event in the Destruction Preview at Judson's Churchyard was the frustrating of Ortiz' Chicken Destruction by John Wilcock and Michael Kirby. They cut the chickens loose and released them over the wall into the go-goers outside the Gold Bug Discotheque. Ortiz had bought the chickens from a slaughterhouse and for use in his piece they gained a few hours reprieve from the mass murder mill which would deliver them clean pink and in plastic at the supermarket for Kirby, Wilcock and myself to cook and eat. One doubts if Kirby and Wilcock will go on to free chickens from the slaughterhouse and poulterers because slaughterhouse cats don't know anything about happenings, ritual events, situations, actions etc. Anyway one learned more about Ortiz in that he accepted their theft of his Art—supplies as the outcome of a posit he had made. Each time he has killed a chicken it has been about the premises for hours and none has thought to free it, save it. This is not the first time Wilcock has worn a Spartacus hat, he's an old time establishment and windmill tilter. During the open discussion following the many events Saul Gottlieb the Art Commando got a violin busted over his head by Charlotte Moorman. The point came up about chickens, the meat in Nitsch's blood orgy . . . as being food for the poor . . . the violin being an instrument some poor child could use . . . the point was developed that the meat, the violin, the chickens were Art supplies in the connection used. If one insists they be given to the poor then they are food to the poor and there are no art supplies or canvas to paint on until there are no poor."

Charlotte Moorman's statement:

"Dear Lil,
I read Jean Jacques' letter—I'd only

heard about it before—and I feel that it is too serious a letter to quickly dash off a few words in answer to. I must agree with his stand about the Finch Museum in that we will have to accept some compromise in what we will do there—just as I felt about the restrictions the Ferry and Park people placed on my Festival—I was willing to respect their restrictions in order to reach more people. This is a point about which I feel strongly—I feel that Art is for everyone—the Art Museum Patrons as well as the Underground. To limit Art to either extreme is a form of snobbery, what Jean Jacques did not know at the time he wrote his letter is that we are so lucky to have Judson Memorial Church where we will not have to compromise. Neither Paris nor any other city has such an institution except us. The public should be informed that what they will see are the works as the artists conceived them—without compromise.

So I don't want to answer Jean Jacques' letter, I'd rather let the public know all about the Alan Burke show, the Dias Preview and what is planned for the Dias Festival—and you are the only one that will be writing about Dias who is qualified to tell the story. What you said at the Alan Burke show should be in your article—you expressed yourself beautifully.

Love, Charlotte
(Charlotte Moorman)"

Jon Hendrick's statement:

"You will all know by now the various versions of what happened Friday night. You will have made up your minds about where it was at. You will be angry or pleased or moved—you will be conscious that there is a group of artists who are willing to stick their necks out about a very strong conviction of theirs that there is a very big evil present in this country and throughout the world. That evil is human destruction. We are not politicians or political activists, but

we are artists and as such we must make the strongest statement we can. Destruction art is that statement. As artists we must make people aware—that is my statement, awareness. People close their minds to destruction—it's not nice, so they don't want to think about it. Like a sick aunt dying of cancer, she stinks so we move her out of the house. War, destruction, violence is that cancer. You aren't going to cure the cancer by not looking at it. The body of our nation is dying of cancer. Destruction Artists want to expose that cancer that it may be seen and fought against."

Jon Hendricks

As a last word to the statements by the artists I have to say this:

The Talk In—Talk Out in the Judson on Destruction in Art was the most beautiful thing that has happened in many years in New York. People really said what they felt. They were all turned on by Art. Revolutionary Poet John Harriman disagreed, but he did it poetically. The people in the audience reacted intensely, they were alive. The atmosphere was charged with engagement, everybody participated, nobody was bored, or dull, everyone got incited and high on Art. And more of that is planned in the next weeks and months for **Dias U. S. A. 1968** in Judson Church and the Finch Museum.

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And if you really want to get your dollar's worth, try "The Free-loader," a monthly feature that tells you what's for free in the city, and also offers friendly warnings about what's not (like don't steal the light bulbs from subway stations—they're threaded the wrong way for other sockets).

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NEW YORK Scenes

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pr&j (Continued from Page 7)

Ten Years After (London/Deram—DES 18009) features four young English bluesmen who can blow your mind soundin' like some old Library of Congress tape. That they sound at times like a too polished version of B.B. King or Muddy Waters is besides the point. As a white blues band they sound good, baby, and their *Can't Keep From Crying* is very, very nice. If you're into blues, just try listening to it, and don't worry about whether its derivative or not.

I'm not going to rap at all about Jeremy Steig's new LP *Jeremy & The Satyrs* (Reprise/RS 6282). Steig is a great jazz flutist and Adrian Guillery plays outofsite guitar, violin, and does vocals. The rest of the group is up to them on everything they do — from a funky, dirty, down home surreal blues to a spaced out exercise in avant-garde free jazz. Don't think of labels in this case — listen to the LP a couple of times before you make up your mind. Another jazz oriented group, The Free Spirits, is taping an album now. I'll want to talk more about both groups after I get a chance to hear the tapes. In the meantime, The Free Spirits will play the Fillmore East April 5 and 6 on a show with Buddy Guy and the Who.

Paul Butterfield will be bringing his big band to The Fillmore on April 12 and 13. Blood, Sweat & Tears are back in town and will reopen at the Au-Go-Go, April 1. Bloomfield will probably return to the Au-Go-Go in the middle of April. If you're interested in big band rock, big band blues at all, you'll probably want to catch them live. Or already have. In any event, you can hear the Butterfield band on Elektra's *The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw* (EKS 74015). Bloomfield's *Electric Flag* has just been released on Columbia's *A Long Time Coming* (CS 9597). And Al Kooper's *Blood, Sweat & Tears* first LP, *Child Is Father To The Man* (CS 9619) was released several weeks ago on Columbia.

EVO got a call a couple of weeks back announcing a new concert series beginning June 21 and going every weekend until the end of August. The producers are looking for rock and blues groups . . . independent ones to play in a 3000 seat circus tent in Wyoming. I've been asked to put this in as it might help new local groups make some bread this summer. Which would be a groove if everything's straight but I don't know anything more about it. For further information, please write: Shane Monroe, Box 26, Teton Village, Jacksons Hole, Wyoming 83025.

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cliches (Continued from Page 8)

and films for education. But, of course, its greatest service will be in the field of actual film making.

Concerning film for education. The Institute would do well to research the function and impact of film in education. Find out exactly what its purpose is, apart from providing jobs for film technicians, as films by such companies as *Encyclopedia Britannica* have little to do either education or film. There is now an increasing reliance on visual aids in education and a great majority of these add nothing to education except its cost. This is not to put down visual aids but to say that in the wrong context or if the films are badly made, they are worse than a bad teacher or no teacher at all. The mind accumulates images a great deal easier than it does knowledge and on an academic level the two are not synonymous. Semantically speaking, the film is not the thing.

I think we should give at least two cheers to the A.F.I. for conceptualizing an idea that should make our lives richer and result in our discovering, at our neighborhood cinema, new ways to look at the world.

Filmmakers requiring more information on this project should write to 1707 H Street, Washington, D. C. 20006.



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Get your own BLO-UP poster. Send any Black and White or Color Photo from wallet size to 8 x 10. We will send you a 2 ft. x 3 ft. BLO-UP . . . perfect POP ART poster. A \$25.00 value for \$3.50 Add N.Y. or N.J. Sales Tax. Add 45¢ for post age and handling. No C.O.D.

Send Check or Money Order to:

PHOTO POSTER
P.O. Box 407
North Bergen, N.J. 07047
Dept. F-28

Original returned undamaged.

KUSAMA'S notorious

Mass Erotic Happening
Be the first on your block to own home movies—FILMED IN 1968!—of Kusama's infamous orgiastic body-painting spectacular!

Kusama Studio, P.O. Box 129, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009


100-foot, 8 mm. color film, \$30 each
 200-foot, 8 mm. color film, \$50 each.

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: KUSAMA STUDIO

I am over 21 and incorruptible hopelessly corrupt.

Signature: _____
Print name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____

"Kusama's incredible assault on American prudery" — *Village Voice* . . . Kusama's boys and girls, as seen live in New York and Amsterdam, and on film in "Kusama's Self-Obliteration," prizewinner at 1967 Belgian Film Festival.
FILMED IN WILD PSYCHEDELIC SUPERMOD BODY COLOR



"Quite literally a film like this one 'eclipses' all the others: it makes them appear dull, routine, obsolete."
—Le Monde (Paris)

"Baffling, brilliant." —Chronicle (San Francisco)
Jean Luc Godard's "La Chinoise" in color begins an exclusive limited engagement Wednesday at the Kips Bay Theatre, 2nd Avenue on 31st Street, LE 2-6668.

Released by Leacock-Pennebaker

CARNEGIE HALL *congos* Fri. Apr. 12 & Sat. Apr. 13 8:30 P.M. *chinese moon guitar*

George F. Schutz presents



THE SPACE MUSIC OF SUN RA and His Space ARKestra

A Freeform Excursion into the Far Reaches of Sound and Sight

17 Musicians — 60 Instruments — 14 Projectors — Primitive Dancers — Space Costumes and Throat Singing

"As a musician, Sun Ra is a tone scientist creating space and filling it. His spark-speed over the keyboard generates energy-sounds from deep-thunder rumbles to propelling rhythmic prods." —ARTS MAGAZINE

Mixed-media by PABLO ESP—Delmark & Saturn Records
Films by Phill Niblock Consultant: Willis Conover

Tickets available at Carnegie Hall Box Office, 154 W. 57th Street
Circle 7-7459 — \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00

section strings - fireplate - mandolin - lute - organ - timbales - vidin - Indonesian - Sun harp - Nigerian horn - Log drums - oriental lute - bassoon - sax choir - flute - japanese koto - african koru-jon

100 MODELS NEEDED FOR FEMALE NUDIST MAGAZINES. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO, 255-2711.

Wheel and Deal

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. A telephone number must be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Monday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

PERSONAL

APARTMENTS TO SHARE
MUSCULAR type male wanted to share 3 rms., assist young builder with construction projects at home and other erections. 799-0370.

CATHOLIC Priest (not unsympathetic to village causes) will act as go-between for any teenager wishing to negotiate short term truce with family for Easter. No sermonizing, and confidences will be kept. Write: Father B, 11 W. 60 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10023. Tel. 586-7740.

WOMEN-COUPLES. Enlist now ultra-select swinging groups. No discriminations, Literature \$2.00. We have highly respectable young studs. Write: Mr. Roberts, Radio City, Box 327, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019.

"THOU passest through the portals that close behind the night, gladdening the souls of them that lay in sorrow. The True of Word, the Quiet Heart, arise to drink thy light; Thou art To-Day and yesterday; Thou art to-morrow." Coming Forth by Day.

TALL, handsome young male artists (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

I'M LOOKING for sincere girl (all ages considered), to engage in sex, in exchange for my love, good financial rewards, and a possible marriage. I have my own car, am financially well taken care of, and am a mature young man. All replies answered. Larry Kay 516-PY 1-6557, after 6 p.m. or write: 58 Fairview Ave., Valley Stream, N.Y., 11581.

ATTRACTIVE girl fly away with me to Portugal for 17 fun filled day-wee! No homos or prudes please. Call 729-4655, from 5 to 9 p.m.

MAN with four older children no wife, wants a woman or girlfriend for sex—live 20 minutes from village, call Lund, 201-795-0017.

SPANISH artist tall, attractive dark hair, blue eyes, 34, studio in village, glad to meet female 18-40 purpose: romance and bed games, no men after 7 p.m., 226-6224.

NEGRO artist desires attractive woman any nationality all welcome for lustful interludes to give me inspiration. Call after 8 p.m., no fags please. Jimmy 989-5288.

ATTENTION: Satisfaction guaranteed or your body back. Two virile and handsomely built men, who like girls, wine and the food of Hercules, would like to meet potential mothers. Call right now! F.Y.C. 60, H.B.

MATURE young man, seeks sincere gal; all ages considered, object: sex, love, and possible marriage. Financial awards for right gal. Call Larry Kay. 516-PY 1-6557, after 6 p.m.

MALE, 38, seeks pleasures with uninhibited, edible female, 20-50, while visiting New York. Phone 675-7867 evenings or 8-8:45 mornings through April 12.

GROWNUP GIRL and tall are you? Love MEANINGFUL talk, Bach? Delight in the hay? Say "Hi there!" to vital, single travelled writer, 36. Jay, 989-5024.

ATTRACTIVE with-it females wanted by writer-photographer with Manhattan pad to engage in swinging sessions with film. Object fun 'n games. Phone 533-8130; after 6 p.m., 686-3447. No homos.

NEW, exciting: Ready for summer fun: Male nudist club. Limited and select memberships over 18 w/country retreat and mid-town facilities. Write giving age, occupation etc. to Mr. C. Pauls, P.O. Box 307, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

GAY GROUP We want to share our vacation with 10 hip people on the beach in a 10 room house in Florida. We leave April 12th for 10 days. The Scene is planned. If you're a groovy person and can dig a good time call, after 11 p.m., 475-7643.

WOODSMAN-Type scouting for very kind & gentle hobbitish Girl, but one who also likes to make love. Call ORPSHIG evenings. No fags need apply.

BACHELOR (39, 5'10", 160), Considered good looking, college grad, great Manhattan pad. Enjoys good food, poetry, music uninhibited sex, long distance running and real people. Extremely open - minded; penchant for the unusual. Seeks sensitive, slender, feminine female. Write: GPO, Box 1410, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

WANTED very high type chick, to enter good scene in Vermont. Contact Larry Levy c/o Mind Garden, Wilmington, Vt. 802-464-8234 after 12 mid-nite, 802-464-5825, most other things leave message.

BILL QUINN am staying at the Picadilly Hotel. Leaving Saturday. Helms.

SLUM goddess with hip. wishes to write to long haired males who would like to ball her when she recovers. Write: Box X c/o Box 571. Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009.

FORMING 5 couple group circle 25-40 yrs. for serious try at Esoterica. Prefer educated and mature. Costly confidential. Write P.O. Box 99, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10471.

HANDSOME young married couple, 27, 29, professional people, intelligent, have extremely beautiful bodies. Want well built male, masculine, bisexual AC-DC, for lover and friend, negro or white etc. Send description, photo if possible. P.O. Box 5027 Grand Central, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MEMBERSHIP Committee for discreet swinging group announces limited. Openings for sincere couples and single girls. Send phone & photo for appreciation. Brandi, Box 372, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

YOUNG MAN, 30, likes people, likes to receive mail, would like letters, any subject(s). Will answer. — John Lanctot, 468 1/2 North St., Burlington, Vermont 05401.

MALE HEAD, age 25, seeks female counterpart to invest 2 1/2 years of her life in return for a one-half share of a groovy money making business. This would entail learning about, and eventually running the business in its entirety during my absence, which will be for a period of about two years, it is preferred that you have little or no roots, and no allegiance to anyone but yourself. You will be living in my apartment (before, during, and hopefully after) my departure and will be handling a wide variety of business and personal matters. You will be my primary contact while I am overseas and will have to handle any problems that may arise without blowing your cool. You should have a business oriented head, and a reasonable degree of education, a college degree isn't necessary, but some college background (if not the degree) would be nice. You should have an ear for hearing, an ear for hearing, and an eye for seeing THE RIGHT THINGS AT THE RIGHT TIME? IN THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE.

If you think you, would like to try something that could set you up for the rest of your life, and would like a real challenge, let's at least get together and see if you are suited for it. I hope to fill this position by May 15, 1968. Call either 477-5626, 477-1767, 477-6333 and ask for Mike.

MALE 28, handsome, married, bored frustrated. Seeks females any age to take advantage of my docile nature I will fulfill any desires demanded available daytime-weekdays. Absolute discretion assured. Please leave phone number at BE 3-5910 for Tom Rand.

PHOTOGRAPHER (24), in Television medium, seeks broad-minded GIRL interested in nude modeling and/or love. Photo if possible. Include phone number. J. K., Box 5018, Grand Central Post Office, New York City, N.Y.

WANTED GIRL typist young and pretty for a couple hours daily in exchange will pay small salary plus room and board in penthouse. With one hell of a nice guy. Southern hip. Not to crazy about sex. Call 362-3269.

PUDGY volunteers m/e post-graduate 14 day reorientation diet experiment. No appearance \$1.00 pay. Photo resume phone #/O. O. T. O.K. Sigane 523 Rky Pky 11212.

WITHOUT the one you love life is not worthwhile. Wanted: Intelligent, soulful young women by young black man in search of peace and love. Call Ronald, 286-1491.

JACQUES GUERIN: Please come home or call your mother COLLECT. Don't be afraid, nothing will happen! Your brothers and sisters love you. Call home or contact Mr. Louis Abolafia, 129 E. 4th St., 477-6108.

MALE Villager, 31, creatively inclined, recent meditation convert with own pad, seeks liberated, non-ordinary girl, interested in turned-on relationship. Peace, Love! 673-4706.

SEAMAN, white, Jewish writer share 5th Av. pad near Village, seeking a steady stable gal, 25-30. Should be cerebral and artistic with no sexual hang ups. Not marriage-minded. Full size photo. Phone and address and details assures reply. All info confidential. No prudes or homos. Box 835, 25 Soreth St., N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

COUPLE seeks to exchange occasional secluded visits with distinctive females. GR 5-6936.

INTELLIGENT, sensitive male, age 34, desires pretty girl (not thin), 18-35 who is warm, affectionate and understanding. I am 5'8", medium build, average looking, talented, compassionate and understanding with a good sense of humor. I like cultural activities and music. If you desire companionship in a sincere honest relationship and would enjoy being needed and appreciated then please write to: P.O. Box 233, New York, N.Y. 10008.

MY NOSE for News leads me on.

ADAMS seek IV eyes to share forbidden fruit. Garden of East Hampton. Call after 6 p.m. 628-8363 or 660-2232.

HIP young male 28, 6,2", 185 lbs., good looking, athletic, available anytime. Discreet, makes all scenes, private house for parties. Would like to meet females, couples, and groups for fun. For a quick response, call Ted Reynolds, BE 3-3300. Leave your telephone number.

GAY PEOPLE in New York City want new friends. We hold 4 times a month very special and very private partys in our own apt. Send description of yourself along with \$5.00 for membership fees and I'll send you the date of our next party and our very secret address. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, New York, N.Y. 10023.

S.
/a cloud of voluptuous fear/
/ripens into an astral tear/
/when the prison of farewell/
/transforms into an aerial
swell/
/YU 2-4471. Orpheus Jr.

THE HORNY HUNDRED. A new club forming, fifty male, fifty females (18 to 33) all horny and like variety. All members will ball every members of other sex. Attractive singles only. Send photo. Box 56, N. Y., N.Y. 10025.

HARK! Got a fetish I will do anything to please you! Your wish is my command. Domination & humiliation also can be accommodated. No men. Bill, Box 132, 5517 Broadway, N. Y., N.Y. 10463.

SUPERGIRL WANTED. Are you between 18-35, short, curious, intelligent, and uninhibited? If so — male 26 wants to meet you! Call 533-4707. No queers.

GIRL-trainee-assistant of writer. Free to travel. Salary open. Expenses paid. Write D. F. M. P.O. Box 1422, New York, 10017.

E.
/the slumbering princess of
audacity/
/stained the sunlight of
veracity/
/when deliverance returned to
dream/
/and-discovered the curtains
scream/
/YU 2-4471. Orpheus Jr.

A FEW more gals and/or couples can enjoy this small, close group. Phone and picture help. Box 2404, G.P.O., N. Y., N. Y. 10001.

MALE, shy, quiet, college student wishes to be seduced by a female under 35. Should be talkative and pretty. Please write David Roy, Box 3316, N.C.S.U., Raleigh, N. C. 27607. I am in N. Y. C. often.

PLAYMATES WANTED: Girls to share Paradise in the British Virgin Islands with swinging Continental bachelors. Pay own transportation. Free room and board. Send picture & resume to L. E. Gary, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands.

GIRL, teenage, teenybopper or female under 35, white, wanted by good looking young guy for non-involved, carefree, worry-free, very discreet balling only. Lyons, Box 226, Times Sq. Station, N.Y.C. 10036.

SPECIAL SERVICES

FOR THE ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

ASTROLOGY your life, your love, your career. Rod Chase. WA 8-8914. \$15.00.

CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch with anyone for any purpose/business or pleasure. Send for free information and application forms. CONTACT unLTD. 150 Broadway. N.Y.C. 10038.

NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male-female, married-single. Send \$1.00 to Alan Tuck Associates, Dept. E-3, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

"CLUB Pom-Pom" where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies. Communique \$1.00. Details 25c from: Fazekas. Dept. E. Box 54, N.Y., N.Y. 10038.

WE WILL move ANYTHING (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates also, and we occasionally accept things other than money as payment. Long and short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

LOSE weight or know why, successful E. Village method of self-awareness. Previously revealed personally for \$25.00. Booklet now available which ends conflicts. Send \$2.50. EVGA, 128 E. 4th St., N.Y.C. N.Y.

LEARN to Cook by telepathy \$1 to: Collage Unlimited, 110 Bowery, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10013.

THE FACE seems familiar but the name's not the same. Convince friend or foe with novelty blank Certificates. Birth, Baptismal, High School, marriage, and divorce. \$4.00 each. Real? A Mirror's Image. Send \$4.00 to Brandon Lawton, P.O. Box 299, New York, N.Y. 10011.

MASSAGE - Men only. Enjoy a relaxing hour in a beautifully furnished private salon, located East 70's, or your own place. By appointment 734-5094.

CLUB ANDREA is the name of the all new swinging publication for modern gal's, guys and couples, offering unusual correspondence and the opportunity to meet swinging people at our own partys given in our plus apt. Send \$5.00 for your copy and information on our next party. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, New York, N.Y. 10023.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellows, gals thrilling bohemian friendships. \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HELLO GAY LOVERS! Confidential and discriminating meetings exclusively selected to your specific interest. For questionnaire "H," Scientific media, Box 1691, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202.

MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City Meetings so far are twice a month. Date and address of our next meeting along with membership and dues card will be sent on receipt of \$5.00 along with our newsletter and fully illustrated magazine. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WHERE are the peace demonstrations and meetings this week? DIAL - A - DEMONSTRATION. 924-6315.

LOST DOG

BLACK WITH BROWN MARKINGS MEDIUM SIZE. HANGS OUT ON ST. MARKS PLACE. IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN ROLAND AT LIMBO, 475-9331, GREAT REWARD OFFERED.

FORGET your Red Books, whip and Chain. Tune in Ernie Kovacs, ABC-TV April 9.

WANTED partner to help move the mind Garden to a suitable location (N.Y., N.J., Mass or?). We need bread or a building. The Mind Garden has developed several completely new approaches to psychedelic entertainment, including a phenomenal keyboard operated giant light show good thing, but in the wrong state. Contact: Len Schneider c/o Mind Garden, Wilmington, Vt., 802-464-5825.

MIKE STONE (Saint Michael), call, write: Mary Anderson Hoyt.

EMPLOYMENT

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

LIGHT moving. 24 hour service wagon plus one man \$6.00, two men \$9.00. 388-1954 or 966-1405.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

50 YOUNG male figure models for professor photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

"RESEARCHER seeks shaved exhibitionistic female to pose for serious studies of physiologic and anatomical changes resulting from auto-erotic dynamics. Non-commercial and no photography. \$10 p/hour. Call Area Code 203 TO 9-8438 weekdays after 8:30 p.m. or anytime weekends."

PROFESIONAL Photographer needs 100 male nude models. Call Steve, 628-5762.

NUDE, male models for hire, for private or group. \$15.00 hr. \$25.00 2 hrs. Private. \$10.00 hr. for group. By appt. only, call WA 4-7790, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. or 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

ANY young film-maker interested in some totally new ideas, please write: T. Face, 586 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GIRLS wanted to pose for magazine figure photography \$30-\$50, Lee, Studio "A", 279-6452, 68 W. 39, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 1-9.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2771.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

GIRLS, couples need for creative experimental photography and for figure modeling. Non-commercial purpose only. Earn \$10 to \$15. Call Jon van Linden, 267-2912 for appointment and interview.

PRETTY girls wanted for pin-up and figure modeling. Should be slim and leggy with long hair. Good pay. Call 989-8751, after 5 p.m.

TRAVEL Mediterranean thru Far East, Orient, Hawaii and return from April 15th to Aug. 15th. For 2 or 3 girls with good bearing who are capable, conversationalists and have some secretarial experience. Reply P.O. Box 4163 Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

PHOTOGRAPHER seeking girl models interested in posing for European Publications. Hippie, teenybopper and twiggly types especially sought. High hourly rates. Telephone for appointment 989-7836.

MODELS needed for commercial photography (1) Bearded men, (2) fat jolly men, (3) attractive girls for nudes, (4) girls and men with well groomed hands, (5) girls who can make funny faces. Weller Studio, 924-3045, telephone for appointment.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs young, handsome, and hung male nude models, strictly business, call UL 2-0034, 12:30, 4:30 p.m.

SITUATION WANTED: Young man 25, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'8", 140 lbs., personable, cooperative. Seeks part time employment. Weekends, evenings. All replies answered. P.O. Box 1610, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

TWO mustached medical students willing to offer their bodies and minds for experimental movie making. Hetero only. Call Sam 756-2755, eves.

MALE nude stud physique models supplied for amateur photographers and artist, \$15.00 1 hour, \$25.00, 2 hours, including use of luxury studio apt. privacy guaranteed. By appointment only. Call WA 4-7790, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

MALE nude stud physique photos of yourself \$10.00 for 12, 8x10 taken in privacy of luxury studio apt. By appt. only. Call WA 4-7790, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

PROFESIONAL Photographer. Do you need male or female nude models? We have them from \$15-\$35 per hr. Call Kent at 628-5760.

SETTLERS going west, need donations of camping equipment, especially umbrella type tent with floor if possible. Call Annette or Barbara at EVO, 228-8640.

WHY overemphasize the female body when the male is so beautiful too? Groovy young guys, let it all hangout in non-porn film on masculine beauty. Apprehensive. Bring your girl to filming. Box 3247, Grand Central Station, N.Y., Snapshot helpful.

ARTIST wants inspiring female model - no pay - percentage on sale, physical beauty not essential but must communicate the beauty of the infinite. Call Satpva. 473-6774.

I AM TIRED of the establishment can I make money without the grey flannel? Mid-Twenties, draft free, no obligations. Wide business experience. Box W c/o East Village Other, 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

ATTRACTIVE female models available for fashion, figure and sketch work on locations, or your studio or ours (body paint available) Call for appointment: Miss Lee, 757-3995.

NEW models and aspiring actresses, instruction and consultation, photos for portfolios, introductory make-up and terrific opportunity for poster modeling. Call Miss Lee, 532-4091 between 2-4 p.m. or 757-3995 other times.

MODELS, writers, actors, actresses, dancers and artists. Beginner or professionals. Special champagne party given for you in \$100,000 E. Side apt. Here girl will meet photographers, film makers, talent managers, top people in creative professions. Help your career, meet interesting people while having lots of fun! Call Alan: 628-5476.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs immediately 100 females nude models for European Magazines. No experience necessary. Age 15 to 30 up to \$100 a shooting. Call Brion at 628-5476.

AMATEUR photographers, would you like to shoot a young, good looking, well built, male or female model in a plush \$100,000 apt. or at your home? We have both and even equipment to rent. Private shooting sessions start as low as \$15.00. Call Dave at 628-5871.

PUBLICATIONS

MANUAL for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada \$1, c/o Z. Godron, #15, 2279 Young St., Toronto, Ont. (Canada).

READ "Response" Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussy-cats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexcing photos. Special offers. Get with it! Current issue \$2. "Special Edition," \$1. Adults only (give age) Remson; Suite 6, 116 W. 87th St., N.Y. 10024.

MALE nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine and sample monthly newsletter. State age, send \$5.00 to Solstice Society, Box 3775-V, Van Nuys, California, 91407.

TITS & ASS 8MM COLOR FLICKS of O/O SIGHT LOVELY NAKED GIRLS ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE 25c LOTUS BOX 323 TIMES SQ. STA., N.Y., N.Y. 36.

CAN WE GET YOU LAID? No, you'll have to do that. We can sell you "The Swinging Set." 24 pages containing 200 personal ads, candid photos and offers. \$1.00. Lillian Marsh, Box 1125, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

"SIZZLING Adult Tabloid" New-Bold, Daring! Broadminded news, Personals, Sources, Hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c. Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

THE BLACK BOOK is a singles-only magazine dedicated to putting new people into your life. The Black Book, unlike other publications advertized nearby is dignified, legit and deals in service, not sensation. If you are tired of the same old faces, the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036.

SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals, for those interested subject of discipline, TV., and other unusual diversions, plus news worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues: \$8.00 cash or M.O. - JUSTICE, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231. Sample COPY \$1.00.

THE NAKED male is available in photos, slides and movies from the newest, grooviest studio. If you haven't gotten your copy of our FREE catalog of handsome young guys ACT NOW! Write E.S.P., Dept. 842-A, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. State age.

GAY people meet new friends. The latest up to date Bar and Restaurant guide exclusively for New York City. Send \$2.00 for your very special copy to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

WHAT are the NEW attitudes of women about their femininity? How do the young woman of today see themselves? What is their role in building the future? Am interested in hearing thoughts from young women about women for book. Write Sandy Williams, 219 E. 74th St., #12, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009.

CATALOGUE freaks send 10c. to: The Mad Peck, Dept. A., Box 2307, Providence, R. I., 02906.

BUY & SELL

HIPPIE beads or bells \$2.00 post paid. Hippie psychedelic love charms \$1.00 postpaid. Dealer inquires invited Valco Trading, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey, 07055.

INDIA'S FINEST INCENSE 2 pkts. \$1. Also Sitar \$90, Tabla \$60, Shenai \$25. Sitar instruction book \$2.25. Indiacrafts, P.O. Box 853, Dept. E, San Francisco. Dealers & Representatives wanted.

BUTTONS, Posters, peace jewelry, post cards, love bills, trip glasses, psychedelic, etc. wholesale to all! We cut you in on the button boom 5-\$1; 12-\$2; 50-\$5; 250-\$20; 1,000-\$75. Our entire line is a must for any successful "in" shop. 10c brings our mindblowing catalogue via air. Free Speech Inc., 28 St., Marks Pl., N.Y.C. 10003.

FINEST RAJPUT INDIA INCENSE. 20 thick 11" sticks, only 50c Pkge. Why pay more? Send 10c for sample with list of ten fragrances plus "The Story of Incense". Mail orders shipped promptly. Imported by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York, 10028.

PHOTOS FILMS—All kinds. Unusual adult items available. Details FREE, SAFARI Studio, 526 High Rd, London, W. 4 England (for special handling include \$1.00).

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

COLLECTOR'S Deck 5x7 full-color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

CHEVY 1964 Conv. white Impala 327 air cond. AM-FM automatic. Write: Z. Levy, 50 Manor Drive, Clifton, N.J.

PARTY cards ADULTS ONLY 52 lively playing cards plus jokes in gorgeous color \$3.00. (First 100 orders BONUS mini-deck FREE) Parisian c/o Box 68-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

ROCK Rehearsal studio in mid-Manhattan reasonable rates, also interested in recording unknown groups with major labels inquire. Dennis or Bob, CI 6-9431.

IMPROVE your outlook. Send 25c. today for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., N.Y.C. 10003.

TERM papers for English, History, Political Science, Sociology. Also book reviews, reasonable rates. For list, write: Haber, 1245 Avenue X, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

POSTERS. All types of psychedelic merchandise. Incenses-pipes, Brassware, Beads, flowers, etc. Platt Manufacturing Co. 420 So. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif. PH 628-4065.

FOR SALE or rent. Famous psychedelic bus, ideal for mobile shop, promotional events or just plain grooving, garaged all winter. Call 516-CE 9-8140.

NEED a market for your work? If it's poetry, prose, or art, send it to the Misgiving Review, 19376 Mansfield, Detroit, Mich. 48235.

STAG films for sale, 8mm, 100 foot, black/white or color, I have male-male, female-female, male-female films for sale. You pick the subject, also set of 8, 4 by 5 black/white prints on the same subjects. Send \$8.00 for black/white film; \$15.00 color, \$5.00 for prints, or \$2.00 for samples and titles of films to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10023.

MALE nude physique photos of yourself, taken in our private studios, 12, 8x10, B&W for \$10. By appt. only, call WA 4-7790, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. or 6 p.m.-8 p.m.

POSTERS ARE SOCIAL COMMENTARY. They're also very decorative and inexpensive. Send for free catalog of controversial, day-glo, and just plain beautiful posters. GLOBE, 121 Fifth Av., N.Y.C.

URGENT! Girl broke, desperately needs money for operation. Will sell personal 4-5 photographs of herself of a different nature than those generally advertized. \$1 cash each or 5 for \$4. Judi Davis, Box 2262, Sepulveda, California, 91343.

STOP THE DRAFT FILM on Oakland demonstration color, 6 1/2 min., rental \$10 Canyon Cinema, 756 Union San Francisco.

WE SWEAR! Our new exciting stimulator will fulfill your desire for instant tension relief. Sevenish. Adaptable. Men new vigor! Ladies absolutely thrilled at results! Illustrated Brochure 25c (refundable) Wil-10 Ent., Corfu, N.Y. 14035.

ABJ for President, Peace button, buy these and 100 other buttons. Also 12 peanut buttons, BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, posters ask for free catalog. Dealers inquire Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., 10036. 581-4199.

HELP, anyone with any back issues of "Help", write Zed Fenster c/o EVO 105 2nd Ave, N.Y., N.Y.

RELIABLE EVO employee needs stereo - will buy if price is right - or if you're leaving city will be glad to stereo set. My references are good, I am insured. Call Barbara or Annette at EVO, 228-8640.

**PSYCHEDELIC
BURLESQUE
MAYFAIR THEATRE
235 W. 46TH STREET**



APRIL 1ST, 1968

SHOWS CONTINUOUS 1 & 3; 8 & 10 - MIDNITE SHOW SAT.

**OPENING DAY: 1st show begins PROMPTLY at 12:43 PM; 2nd show at 3pm; 8PM show SOLD OUT; tickets still available for 10PM show.....
TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT LIMBO and the HOUSE OF OLDIES**