

THE east village COUNTRY

SERIALS DEPT
UNIV OF WISCONSIN LIB
728 STATE ST
MADISON WI 53706
3/21

VOL. 3 NO. 18 Copyright 1968 April 5 - 11 25¢ outside N.Y. 15¢

HANOI SAYS YES?



PETER LEGGIERI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 JAAKOV KOHN
 BRUCE TOBIN
 DICK PRESTON
 DON KATZMAN
 LENNOX RAPHAEL
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
 PETER MIKARAJUNAS
 FRED CARUSO
 JULES FREEMOND
 ALAN ASNEN
 ZOD FENSTER
 GIL WEINGOURT
 WALTER BREDEL
 PHIL GARVIN
 WILMER LUCAS
 LEN HOROWITZ
 EMMET LAKE
 TULI KUPFERBERG
 KEVIN FAVOUR
 BLACK BEAUTY
 FURY
 FLICKA
 DIANE DORR-DORYNEK

ICELAND: LORRAINE-GLENNBY
 LONDON: MILES
 PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 BERLIN: ALEX GROSS
 LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y.

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE
 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

Copyright 1968 The East Village Other, Inc. All rights reserved.

BRAIN DRAIN

Dear EVO:

At the present, my ship is in the Mediterranean Sea, and second class mail usually arrives about three weeks late.

My shipmates, many of whom are near perfect squares, tend to condemn EVO as junk. Yet they are usually quick to ask if they can read the latest issue when I'm through with it.

Sometimes they tend to read the latest issue before I even get to see it.

All these things led me to believe that possibly some scoundrel was at work, scarfing up on my EVO like Big Don Purnell scarfed up on Miss Pauline Purity. But after reading a letter from Mr. Pravia in Vol. 3, No. 12, I wonder just how much the U. S. Post Office has to do with the universal disappearance of (Vol. 3, No. 9) from subscribers' mailboxes.

Because I am totally different from my shipmates, most of them call me "Old Weird Bill," which I don't really mind, but now and then I come up with a good idea, so I'll tender you this suggestion. If you have any backcopies of (Vol. 3, No. 9), you (and readers who are lucky enough to be able to buy EVO from newsstands in the City) hang on to them. Possibly, they could become collectors' items, seeing as how it's so damn hard to get a #9 these days.

Sincerely,
 His Imperial Weirdness
 T-3 Div.
 USS Columbus

Dear EVO:

I'm a GI in Da Nang, Vietnam, and all of my friends and myself read the paper. We get a lot of laughs out of your witty satire.

We were wondering if it would be possible to get a subscription to the Other and have it sent to us.

You are probably wondering how I got my hands on it in the first place. I'll explain.

My sister-in-law was on your cover of the March 1-7 issue (Vol. 3, No. 13) and my wife sent us a copy.

Since then the paper has been all over the Battalion, and the guys are asking when I'm going to get another one.

I'm from Mass. and I've been to the Village a few times, but just as a tourist. I have found the people to be warm and sincere, and we like to read about their views on all topics. Sometimes we don't agree with them, but what kind of a place would this be if everyone agreed with each other?? We are here, and we

all believe in the cause, but that's not the point. The point is, that all Army personnel aren't dogfaces and we enjoy hearing other people's views. If you could possibly see your way clear to send us a weekly copy, we would be most thankful.

If any of your readers would like to write to me, or any of the other guys, we would be more than happy to answer their questions about Vietnam, and trade views on all subjects not just the war.

After all, who knows more about this war than us?? We are the guys who are fighting it.

Thank you very much for taking time to read this letter.

Sincerely,
 Alan E. Smith
 Ra 12773289
 HHD 58th Trans Bn
 Drawer #76, Da Nang
 APO San Francisco 96337

Think a Prayer.

"Trust in the Lord with all your might and acknowledge Him always and He will light your ways."

This prayer has been sent to you for good luck within 4 days of receiving this the Netherlands and has been around the world nine times. You are to receive good luck within 4 days of receiving this letter. This is **not** a joke. Send 20 copies of this letter to friends you wish good luck. Do not send money. Please do not keep this letter. It must leave you within 96 hours after receiving it.

While in the Philippines Gen. Napar lost his life six days after receiving the letter. He won \$775,000 before he died. However, he failed to circulate the letter. Remove the name from the top and replace it with yours at the bottom.

Warren S. Russell, Larry McConly, I. I. Warren, Nancy Ann Herman, Kathy Valdez, Samuel Weill Jr., Ralph Cutright, John J. L. Iblony, J. C. Viltone, G. S. Thurmond, W. L. Thurman, L. Lloyd K. Compton, Jane Morgan, Deanna Inglis, Chris d'Entrimont, The East Village Other.

Dear EVO:

... in reference to Kervin Roos pathetic dirge on how "Several weeks ago, the local vigilantes took it upon themselves to burn a commune (his) composed of three houses . . . I ask, what can one do?" (EVO—Vol. 3, No. 16).

You fuckin' people make me laugh!! You turn the other cheek n'—sure enough—you get belted again. You leave

your mini-Garden UNGUARDED n'—sure enough—the yokels come in and happily set fire to a dream . . . you people gonna end up in a circus; you're gonna be a bigger attraction than the Mets . . . an yuh know what I think? I think you deserve to be . . . It's easy to be a pacifist in Paradise but-Where's it at? . . . and the State Department wouldn't give you a passport anyway. You, the pacifist . . . What are yuh gonna do if the MAN decides to rape your Mammy (or other soul). Your gonna read him the dogma of Gandhi right? . . . WRONG . . . You're no pacifist . . . a turnip is a pacifist . . .

Good luck,
 Tom Sayles
 c/o General Delivery
 Marlboro, N.Y.

P.S. Diane Dorr-Dorynek's photo of McCarthy amid his New Believers was a mind-blower; my congratulations . . .

Dear EVO:

Every time I get mad at cops, I read something like the hysterical horseshit printed in last week's EVO (Vol. 3, No. 17), and all I can say is fuck you TOO.

Sure, there were lousy cops at Grand Central who wanted to bash faces. And there were other cops who wanted anything BUT to bash faces. But EVO screams about all of them like they were just one animal. Which is exactly what the squares do to anyone in long hair. BULLSHIT.

You think that all the boys and girls were just wearing beads and dancing? CRAP. I was there too. There were a couple of hundred pop-heads who wanted BLOOD at all costs: theirs, yours, or mine. Yeah, they were "Springtime": like napalm vomited on the floor.

"AUSCHWITZ" ??? Shit. You half-assed petunias at EVO don't know what "Auschwitz" means—or you wouldn't use the word every time you fart. Auschwitz: what happened at Grand Central had as much to do with Auschwitz as the drool of an EVO editor has to do with a hurricane.

"Auschwitz." Hell, compared to EVO's "story," the fucking Daily News is honest.

Love,
 Cappelbaum (Cooperman)
 New York, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

We are three guys from the New York City area who go to a typical mid-west school, or it was typical until the east invaded and people started turning on. We live in a tenement shit hole with mice living in our garbage can. But as the mice are happy there we are happy here. Right now we are all zonked but we remain interror striken states for fear of Igor. Igor is our downstairs neighbor (straight). He likes to kill people—but he would really like to kill us. What a hangup. Grass is so expensive here and when some is finally brought down from Chicago, they sell it for 20 dollars an ounce. Why do people screw others why can't we all just spread the wealth instead of trying to make money on others. Can't wait to come home to New York prices. Best of luck in court.

Graciously,
 Swids, Els, H
 Peoria, Ill.

Dear EVO:

I appreciate your kind mention of me in (Vol. 3, No. 15) EVO, but I must demur when you describe me as the film critic of the Chicago Tribune.

I work for the Chicago Sun-Times. Chicagoans rarely confuse the two papers (we are the one without a military editor). Perhaps you were misled because the Tribune owns the publishing company which printed the Chicago Seed until the Tribune bought the company. The Tribune is not the Chicago Seed either, however.

Best regards,
 Roger Ebert
 Chicago, Ill.

Dear EVO:

Greetings. You are as full of shit as the institutions you attack. It discourages me to think of the young guys with fashionable Jesus hair, wearing a bell on a lanyard (made by some psychedelic entrepreneur), sitting in some crap-hole in a tenement and sucking pot through this year's fashionable day-glo water pipe (\$4.98)—swearing they're getting Certified Visions of Truth while you people race behind them barking "Great, groovy, holy, outta sight, keep it up!"

Dig yourselves.

Tune in to some of those messages I hope you got during your vaunted acid recesses.

Contraction and expansion—remember?

Your scene now is playing the barking martyr game for fashion's sake. Things will change from the inside—not from the outside. The only sure way to change things is to come in—not staying out there hurling paranoid bags of piss at the middle-class towers for Dada's non-sake and the celebration of the death of the mind.

Come in and be real subversives.

After all, the Movement is only kindergarten and if you don't graduate from it you get to spend the rest of your life sitting in a corner and gazing at a wall.

And this aint the wall-gazing Bodhidharma rapped about.

It's too easy to paint the clock in Grand Central Station, drop garbage in Sheep Meadow, drop caps and giggle at the pretty lights in the waiting room.

Love,
 Bruce Maddox
 N. Y. C.

Dear Friends:

I would enjoy reading your groovy tell-it-like-it-is in the vernacular-like-it-is publication, but (as I have stated in a previous letter a few weeks ago) certain apparatchiki of this institution do not dig four letter word iconoclasm. Therefore, my precious subscription is going to waste—I mean that literally, each issue is ripped up and thrown in the trash can. Please help me put a stop to this maliciousness by hence sending forthcoming issues to my California pad—so that I may enjoy them when I get out this November.

Peace,
 William Bliss #59991
 Auburn Prison
 135 State Street
 Auburn, New York 13022

(Continued on Page 20)

DEAR BRUCE:
 NOBODY'S PERFECT!
 DEAR ADOLF: FUCK OFF!
 - Adolf Eichmann
 - Brucie

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003

NEW WEEKLY RATES:

Please enter my subscription.

Please renew my subscription.

I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.

I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

Name: _____

Street & Number: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

The East Village Other will be delivered sooner if you're sure to fill in your correct ZIP CODE.

Will H. RAP Rap Brown Be Pressured Into Fasting To Death?



by Lennox Raphael

Fifty pounds have dropped from his skinny frame since February 21 when he said, "For every day I am imprisoned I will refuse both food and water. My hunger is for the liberation of my people. My thirst is for the ending of oppression."

"They want him to die," Flo Kennedy, one of his attorneys, cried after a scary confrontation with Maryland authorities last Tuesday.

H. Rap Brown, elected Minister of Defense at the Detroit "founding convention of a new nation" last Sunday, drinks water every other day.

"Being a man is the continuing battle with one's life," he wrote from a New Orleans prison, "and one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe."

So an integrated CARAVAN FOR JUSTICE went to Maryland to demand that Gov. Agnew (moderate Republican who wants Rockefeller as President) and Mayor Pritchett, plumber, take note of the unpublished Report prepared for the President's Commission on Civil Disorders which put the blame on whites for the Cambridge Police riot last July. Not brother Rap who was charged with arson and inciting to riot.

Maybe it would have been different if the bus had been blessed. But Flo Kennedy said no. "Last time Hal Koppersmith blessed it, it broke down before we reached the bridge." (Koppersmith, a candidate for Congress, plans to kill himself sometime after The Fourth of July.)

So all hell & fear boogalood in the brain of the law when the unblessed bus got lost in Maryland and ended up at the Whiteonly Cambridge Country Club.

The unblessed bus was suddenly at the head of a parade of State Police, County officers, deputy sheriffs, FBI agents and other concerned vigilantes. Several golfers stared, pointed, laughed

at the friends of Rap looking for the Mayor's office.

"It is simple," Flo Kennedy said, "we're in a parade."

Driver Cy Gordon stopped the bus at the first filling station on High Street. But nobody knew where the Mayor's office was. Not even police officers who spilled out of their cars and started giving wrong directions, to confuse. It was funnier than falling down at a White House reception.

A black resident directed the bus to the Mayor's office. The group walked in. The Mayor was there.

"Sorry to be late," Mrs. Kennedy said to him, "but Maryland police kept giving us the wrong address." The Mayor sucked his fat cigar and smiled. "This whole business is your fault," she scolded at 2 p.m.

"The charges against Rap should be dropped. It would be a terrible thing if because of his fasting and bleeding ulcer he should die."

The Mayor looked at City Attorney Charles Emmonds. Charlie returned the Mayor's smile.

"You say you want him," Mrs. Kennedy said, "well, bring him here. Very simple. The whole Report indicts white racism, and this town is a perfect example."

"I'm not interested," the Mayor said.

"You should be interested especially when this man is a symbol of black liberation. We can't go and take him out," she said in put-on voice, "the guard will hit us. Cambridge is becoming a symbol of racial injustice," she added. "Don't think about us. Racism is going out of style."

The Mayor smiled. "How do you feel holding him in light of the Report that absolves him of all blame?"

"I have no more to do with this than this table has," the Mayor said.

State Attorney William B. Yates 3d was the boss who hopes to become Governor one day, at the expense of H. Rap Brown.

The Mayor went to fetch Yates 3d. "Yates is damn good," whispered a

Cambridge reporter. "He never loses a case."

"He's not available," the Mayor said, and kindly, "If only you had sent me a telegram about that." He was smiling expansively.

AND WILLIAM B. YATES 3d WALKED IN.

Why prosecute Rap in view of the Report, since all the charges against him are predicated on "your charge" of arson and inciting to riot?

"Let's start off with the so-called President's Commission," Yates 3d said, and read a letter to him from The Congressional Relation Office which confessed that a "draft of the report escaped us."

"Why did it escape?" "We don't know," Yates 3d said. "We only know what we read."

Flo passed him an excerpt from the Report and he started reading, "Excerpts from an unpublished REPORT: an analysis of the Cambridge, Maryland disturbance. What has come to be known as the Cambridge riot was in fact a low-level civil disturbance. For a few hours on the night of Monday, July 24, and an hour on the night of Wednesday, July 26, there were small scale disorders by Negro crowds, but nothing of the magnitude anticipated by local authorities or reported in the press."

His eyes were hard, impassively so.

"Three specific factors seem to provide the immediate context which confirmed white fears for the worst: (1) the content of the speech and the excitement it generated or was seen to generate; (2) The communication of information about what Brown said and how the crowd responded by the Negro police who were the informants for white authorities; and (3) Brown's walking a local girl home, being followed by a group of local youths, which was interpreted by the authorities as the beginning of an actual attack . . . may be reasonably surmised that there were pressures on the Negro police to lean toward the pessimistic side in judging the degree of threat posed by

Brown. Since whites anticipated some form of militant action, to underestimate the crisis would have placed the Negro officer in an awkward position (I.E. not telling his white superiors what they really wanted to hear).

Despite the fact that a riot did not occur, newspaper accounts of the disturbance tended to propagate the notion that Brown incited a riot in Cambridge. A careful reading of available clippings indicates that newspapers in reporting the specific instances of violence were pretty close to the mark. But nevertheless, the overall impression that one gets is of widespread violence following immediately upon Brown's speech . . . it may be emotionally satisfying to think that Brown came to Cambridge and that therefore there was a riot, and it may be simpler for the public to grasp. But the facts are more complex and quite different.

In summary, the role of Brown seems to be this: to have induced in city officials a sense of an impending riot, which then became the basis of their subsequent actions and interpretation of events. To the extent that Brown encouraged anybody to engage in precipitous or disorderly acts, the city officials are clearly the ones he influenced most. Indeed the existence of a riot existed for the most part in the minds of city officials, and to the extent that the Negro disorder occurred, it can best be interpreted as a response to actions of the city officials . . . Brown was more a catalyst of white fears than of Negro antagonism, the disturbance more a product of white expectations than of Negro initiative."

"I am not interested," he said, and started HOLLERING, stood up, it seemed he was going to belt Flo Kennedy, Rev. Robert M. Kinloch stepped before him, he turned to the door, someone said, "Don't let him leave like that." The Mayor, the City Attorney, everyone surprised by his histrionics. "Don't you shout at me," Flo Kennedy said.

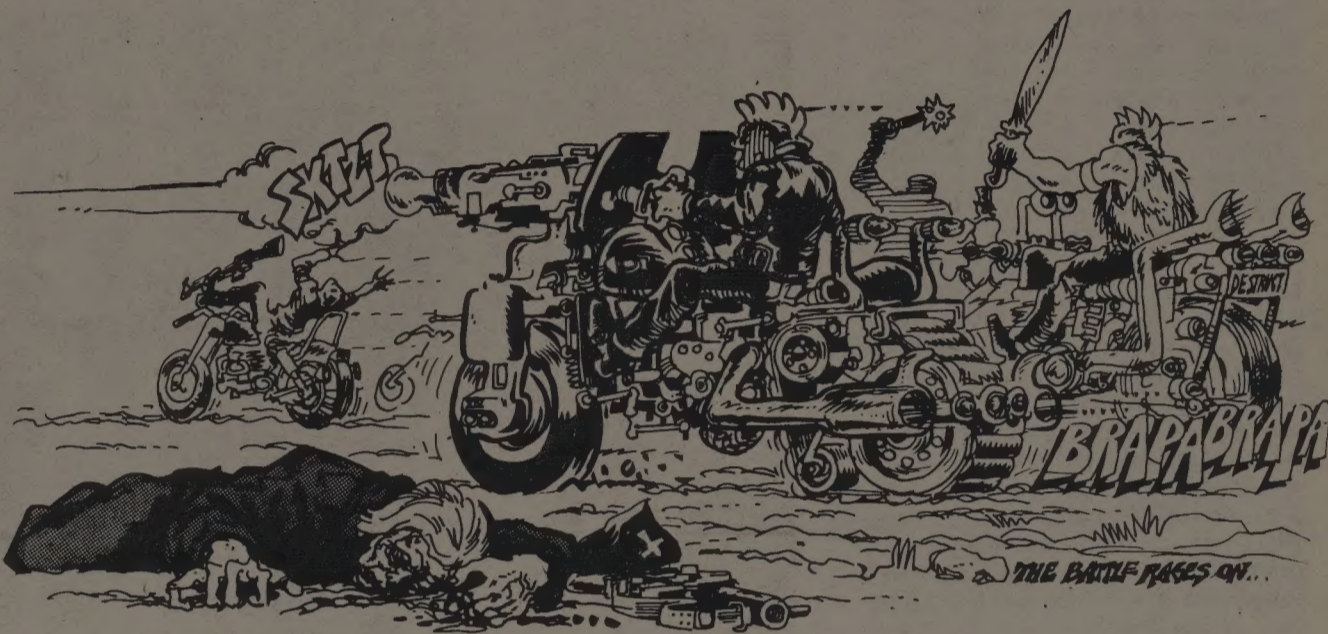
"He might be innocent like a babe

ZAP ZAP

DRAWN BY **M. RODRIGUEZ**
WRITTEN BY **ALGERNON BACKWASH**
COMIX

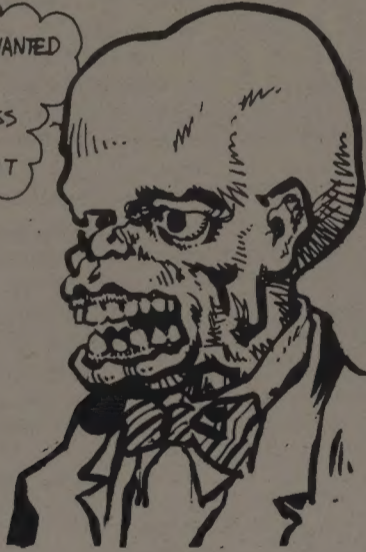
TWO WEEKS AGO WE LEFT THE WOMENS CHRISTIAN PROPIGATION LEAGUE ACTIVATED AGAINST THE BANDIT ARMY

THE BLOOD THE SACRED BLOOD
HEAL ME IN ITS FLOWING FLOOD
PRECIOUS JESUS HEALING BLOOD
HEAL ME JESUS WITH THY BLOOD



MEANWHILE A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO IN THE MESOZOIC AGE NILUS NECROPHLUM CONFRONTS YOUNG KATHY NESBIT

MY DEAR, THERE IS SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO SAY TO YOU SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO EXPRESS TO YOU PERHAPS THIS POEM MIGHT CONVEY....

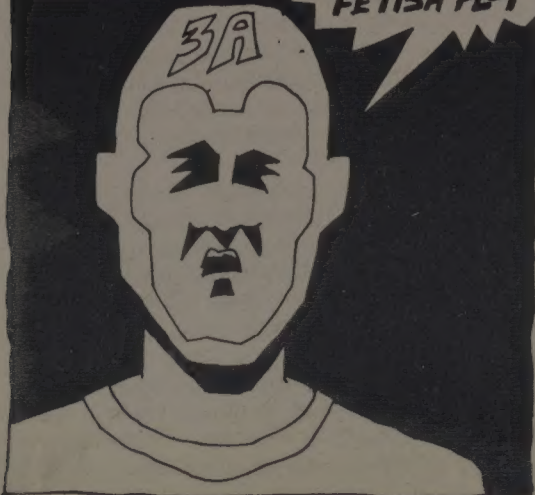


To a fragrant and beautiful
Princess
From a Wayward and Disreputable
Vagrant
O Princess whom I first saw you
I know you were the
Rod of Correction,
the Stone of Temperance
and the Blossom of Desire
Your erect and stately form
is all this life has not been
and its vision brings solace to
If fortune were kind and would
grant me some slight respite from
this twisted path
it would be only through
your divine person
Nilus

OH NILUS



HELLO LADIES AND GENZ THIS IS WALTER BLADDER WITH **PAST ON PARADE** A REVIEW OF HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE LAST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, THIS WEEK BRINGING YOU THE **GREAT FETISH PLST**



MASS PRODUCTION HAS BROUGHT MANY BLESSINGS TO MODERN SOCIETY SUCH AS THE GREAT VARIETY OF CONSUMER GOODS AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC. THERE ARE, HOWEVER, CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS EVER READY TO TWIST THESE INNOVATIONS TO SUIT THEIR OWN NEFARIOUS ENDS...



WOMEN HAVE BEEN HELD DOWN BY MEN FOR AGES THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE BACK IN THE NAME OF WOMAN POWER



TO BE CONTINUED....

"...the treasures of the universe will be yours..."



LETTER FROM EMMET GROGAN
OF THE DIGGERS:

Digger Headquarters
Somewhere in the
mysterious East

Listen!

We are sick and tired of having the Digger name connected with the efforts of certain con-men who end up promoting violence and letting the blame fall on us. Who died and made these types King? The Diggers are a Christian movment and no true Digger has anything whatsoever to do with violence nor will we advocate it. True, we are anarchists of a special kind, but our movement is away from the centers of power, politics, and related bags. We are partakers of the mystical body of the Christ, the Prince of Peace, and this summer we'll be operating farms in Vermont as well as spiritual centers in other nearby states. Our revolution is a Green Revolution, a return to the soil after the manner of Tolstoy, Benjamin Tucker and the other American anarchists. This summer we will also operate here in the city but on a far more selective basis than last year. We won't be running as many crash pads for spoiled so-called "hippy" kids. Hippies should stay home; we are only concerned with those who are ready to admit their ignorance and learn. The sign of the Digger is that he is not afraid to burn his last dollar. That is the only demonstration that makes sense at this point.

Pax vobiscum.

* * *



On April 10th, Harper and Row will release "G I DIARY" by David Parks, the son of the distinguished photographer and writer Gordon Parks. The book sells at \$4.95 and is a diary of one soldier's experience of army life and war. The book has special significance since Parks is a negro and the prejudice encountered on the firing line makes the war even more untenable.

The following is an excerpt: "Rain has brought everything to a standstill, and Bravo is under about ten feet of water. Sometimes I would prefer action to sitting around listening to these officers beat their gums. It's either how many battles they've won or how many broads they've laid. At times they act like children the way they demand attention.

And you better jjump if you don't want your ass out on that firing line. The only way to keep cool with them is to lie quiet. Show the slightest sign of intelligence and you've had it. Especially if you're a Negro. Pratt and Gurney are pretty bright souls. But everytime you see them they are pulling a shit detail while the white cats lie in their bunks enjoying life. A couple of the white guys got so ashamed that they came to the old man today and complained about Pratt and Gurney getting all the shit. I hope it does some good, but I doubt it."

* * *

American International Pictures will start production this summer on two major motion pictures, "The Marquis de Sade," and its sequel, "Justine."

poor paranoid's almanac

Washington, March 15 (Liberation News Service) — The Israeli government is now using the same law the British used against Jewish nationalists in the 1948 fight for independence. Acting under the "Emergency Regulations" inherited from the British, the Israelis are trying Arab student Halil Tauma for the crime of harboring another Arab student, Ahmed Kalifa, who was wanted by police for distributing leaflets against Israeli policies.

The Israeli government also recently blew up an Arab residence because they suspected it had sheltered an Arab terrorist. The action was sharply criticized by the mayor of Jerusalem.

(from Peace News, London,
and I. F. Stone, Washington)

* * *

I don't like Jim Morrison of the Doors. I don't like the man (?) who yelled at the Cafe Au Go Go a few weeks ago, "I want to eat Jimi Hendrix," during the Experience's performance there. I like the Doors, their music, and their latest, "The War Is Over." But in person they put me off. As a reporter from the L.A. Free Press put it, "Homosexuality is a pain in the ass."

* * *

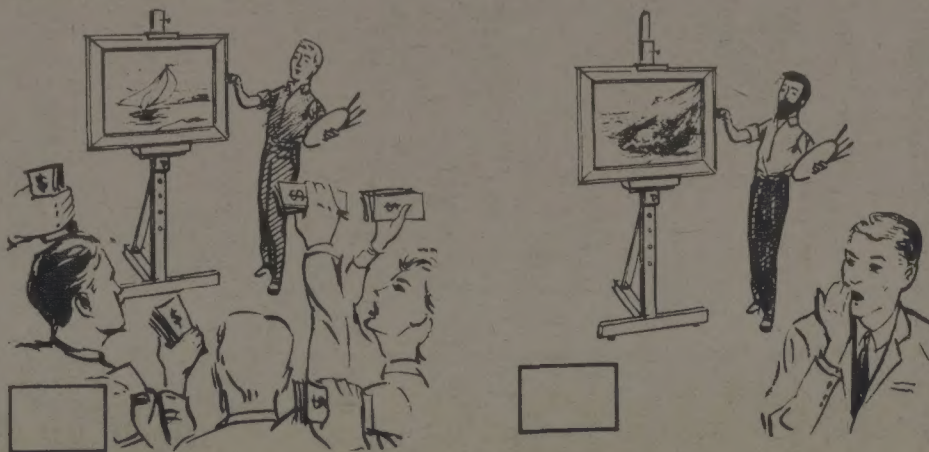
Anyone just wanting plain GOOD NEWS send 40 cents post paid to 239 East 2nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10009. GOOD NEWS is a pamphlet put out by Tuli Kupferberg and Steve Kraus.

Easter Sunday, April 14th, seems to have escalated more than its share of activities. Besides the annual parades and be-in's, there will also be a YIP-OUT: Resurrection of the Free at the Sheepmeadow in Central Park.

The YIPPIE activity will be a new high in get-togethers. The Sheepmeadow will be surrounded on all sides by four sound stages. Music will be beamed in over loudspeakers and 5000 records will have a turn on the P.A. system. Free balloons will be given out with free YIPPIE posters. Rabbits, flowers from heaven via airplane, and artists and freak happenings will probe the central park landscape. The police have agreed to stay out of the meadow. So come and do your thing and leave your hate at home.

* * *

The illustration below is taken from a school textbook designed for first graders. Notice the puerile distinction made between art and success (money), and beards and non-beards.



by Allan Katzman

* * *

The Internal Revenue Service has announced that it has adopted new rules for "coping" with persons refusing to pay the 10% tax on their telephone bills as an act of resistance to the war in Vietnam. What the new rules amount to is cutting corners on the democratic process by eliminating the right for a "costly" personal hearing at which the tax refuser has an opportunity to discuss his position with representatives of the government. Clearly the government's position vis-a-vis those opposed to its policies is that in case of conflict between the smooth running of its machine and the right of individuals to exert whatever influence they can on policy, individual rights will have to be sacrificed.

* * *

Stonybrook University will be sponsoring their own Festival of Life, April 26th. It will all coincide with the National Student Faculty Strike which is being held the same day. Rock and Roll bands, favorite folksing stars and a whole galaxy of fun and festivity will take place from 1 p.m. in the afternoon to 1 p.m. at night on the Stonybrook athletic field.

* * *

Try this experiment: Buy a twenty-seven cent eight ounce container of yogurt. (What? You don't like yogurt? Never mind — to make it more palatable you can use the flavored kind: strawberry, orange, boysenberry, etc.)

Now, on an empty stomach lap up the eight ounces of yogurt. Feel anything? Notice an insidious desire to laugh seeping into your brain?

Of course you do; for the bacteria in the yogurt culture produce a mild psychedelic. (Let me assure you that this is not another banana hoax perpetrated by the Berkely Barb and then the Village Voice. Yogurt does contain a psychedelic.)

A friend turned me on to yogurt for the first time the other night — colors were enhanced; a feeling of well being (of being connected to the world) swept over me; and I suffered from a bad case of laughter.

You can enjoy the YOGURT EXPERIENCE quite legally — for the moment. But I foresee the day when police will swoop down on health-food haunts on a regular basis.



Dance/Concert: James Cotton Blues Band, Mint Tatoo, Brotherhood of Light; Straight Theatre, Haight & Cole; 9 p.m.—\$2.50. **Dance/Concert:** Family Dog, Siegal-Schwall, Kaleidoscope, Savage Resurrection; Avalon, 9 p.m.—\$3.00. **Dance/Concert:** Moby Grape, Traffic, Lemon Pipers, Spirit; Winterland; 9 p.m.—\$3.00.

This was for Friday, March 22nd in San Francisco. The schedule ran in the latest Berkeley Barb I could get before press time. On a good weekend, there are one or two more dance concerts as well as shows in the small clubs and coffee-houses. Shows start at 9 p.m. and

The members of the group come from solid backgrounds in jazz and avant-garde classical music. They're good. I also get the feeling that they're being condescending. Maybe it's N.Y.; they're from L.A. and seem to have built a following there doing their own curious blend of Stockhausen and rock—serious Zappaesque sounds. But I wonder if the L.A. audiences try to dance to them.

is now playing at Slugs; afterwards they go on tour and wind up at the Fillmore West.

If audiences respond (as they have for Charles Lloyd) then the whole avant-garde jazz scene may shift to San Francisco. The record companies are apparently up in the air now. If the next big sound is new jazz and jazz rock, there's going to be a lot of shifting around on 57th street.

Listening to WBAI last week and I hear this new group called the Children of God. Psychedelic—boogaloo—soul—blues . . . and it's nice. Well, turns out

go on until 2 a.m. Non-stop, no hassling with sets and show time; just music and lights and nice people. On Sunday, prices drop to \$2.50 and \$2.00, and the places are usually filled all week-end long.

Now, I've been rapping about the high price of rock in New York since I got here. And my friends, more cynical than I, say: the audiences in N. Y. wanna pay a lot of money. Say: the audiences here don't know they've enjoyed themselves unless it costs them.

Well, last weekend should have turned them around. The Anderson Theatre and the Fillmore East let people in for free after selling maybe half their seats by show time. And uptown, the Cream's concerts at Hunter College were completely sold out—eight or nine thousand people coming to hear them.

To take a date out for one of these things means to lay out up to ten bucks for tickets . . . if you want decent seats. Since a show will usually last two hours—maybe up to three for a last set—you've got to go elsewhere either before or after 11 p.m. Like, it's costing these kids at least \$20.00 for a Friday night out and most of them can't afford to repeat it again on Saturday. Maybe that's why the audience at the Fillmore is looking more and more like an upper-Eastside shopping tour. Rock is "hip" these days . . . like pop-art and Dylan hair-cuts—but after you've "done" Eric Clapton Friday . . . what more is there?

I went to see the United States of America Saturday night, first at the Au Go Go and then at the Fillmore where they opened the show. Five LA musicians—all incredibly sophisticated—surrounded by \$40,000 worth of sound equipment and a hostile audience. Columbia has just released their first LP at the end of a fantastic promotion campaign . . . and what can I say?

pop rock & jelly

Received a memo from Mercury informing me of what's happening with Manfred Mann and their new hit single: **Mighty Quinn**. When Melody Maker in England quoted Bob Dylan—who wrote the song—as saying that the group had done his material "right in context with what the song was all about," Manfred told the reporters: "It gave me far more pleasure to hear that than anything else. A hit means certain satisfaction—'Gee we're going to have another hit'. But for Dylan to say we do his stuff better than anyone else really is nice." Oh, yes.

I caught Archie Shepp last Friday at Carnegie Recital Hall and it was something else. Shepp is working now with two trombones, tuba, bass and drums. In ensemble they sound at times like a New Orleans marching band and, in fact, concluded the show with maybe ten minutes of simultaneous improvised marches.

Shepp, a brilliant, young tenor player, has worked with Coltrane and others in the jazz avant-garde for several years now. To watch an audience of less than 300 people trickle out on him during the concert was a drag. If you keep your head open, you have to dig what these people are doing. A new LP, **Magic of Ju Ju**, (Impulse 9154) should be out soon—get stoned and listen to it. And go April 14, at 5 p.m. to The McMillan Theatre (116th St. and Broadway) to hear the group.

Albert Ayler, another important N.Y. avant-garde jazzman will present a concert on April 28, before leaving for the west coast. Says Ayler: "If I can't get gigs here, what am I staying for?" Maybe the times are changing—Cecil Taylor

to be a demo by a group Jerry Moore put together after his ESP release **Life Is A Constant Journey Home**, came out four months back. The group is just beginning to play around now; call Fass and ask to hear his copy And another "Fass Find"; Jerry Jeff Walker (Mr. Bojangles) is now appearing at the Bitter End.

The Free Spirits are playing this week-end at the Fillmore East on a bill with Buddy Guy and The Who. After a first LP on ABC, **Out of Sight and Sound** (ABC 593) fell onto the charts last year, the group split up. Guitarist Larry Correal and drummer Bob Moses went off to San Francisco to work with Gary Burton.

The rest of the group stayed here, added a new drummer and organist and—like Alice—just GREW. I heard tapes for their new LP last week and they are out of sight indeed. Jom Pepper's tenor sax takes the top of your head off with wild riffing lines while the rest of the band moves like a locomotive behind him. People on the coast have been into their sound for a while now—which ever record company finally buys the tapes is going to find itself with something very, very hot.

Tambolini's Gate wants to sound proof their set up and do Sunday midnight 'till morning rock concerts; meanwhile, the Seventh Sons will play from 7 to 9 p.m. this Sunday—admission \$2.00. John Handy is at the Dom on St. Marks Place. Blood, Sweat & Tears will be at the AuGoGo through Sunday, followed by Ian & Sylvia. The Chambers Bros. are at the Electric Circus through the 21st. Tim Hardin will give a concert at Town Hall this Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. Sun Ra is on Monday nights at Slugs. And on Wednesday, the Group Image does their thing (and invites you to do yours) at the Hotel Diplomat; starting at 9 p.m.—admission now \$1.50.

by Jules Freedmond

slumgoddess

photo by Ronald E. Reis



clean energy From Con Edison

THEATRE?

They all came (all right . . . WE all came) to cheer for Ho and Che and boo LBJ. Especially that last, folks, in multi-floral bouquets of Bronx cheers, condescending, ascending laughter and high spirit. The First American Radical Theater was on, giving itself a benefit sponsored by the **Radical Booking Agency**. There's a lot of radicalism in that last sentence; radical theatre is one thing Radical American Etcetera is another. Capitalization does something, and around 9:45 p.m. on Sunday the actors got separated from the bandwagon people when Richard Schechner ran in—no, leaped in to announce LBJ's decision not to run again.

Before the announcement, it was semi-substantial fun to be part of a general protestation: the People vs. The System. After Schechner—who directed one of the groups involved—the issue directed but off-the-mark harpoons seemed fatuous and unconnected with theater as it is pronounced ringingly: **Thee-eah-tuh!** To be fatuous myself, groups involved in theatre are almost never involved groups.

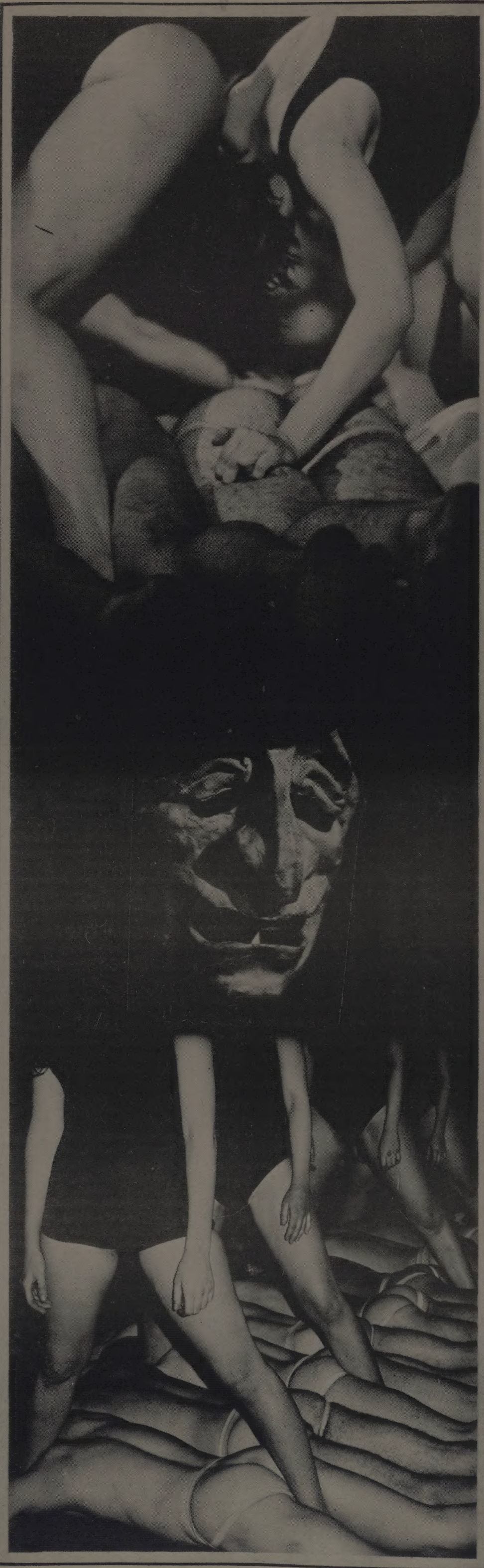
Emotion is a nice stimulus, but theater damned well better have validity if the audience is going to keep its eyes open and its hands from throwing rotten tomatoes.

But theater is not the re-enactment of George chopping down his cherry tree while a fife and drum play. Theater, in five words or more-less is a means of dramatizing the human situation and the reality of human beings is not the god-dam war in Vietnam. If one is to discuss the politics of a particular group, and one is also doing theater, than it is one's fucking duty to reach behind and under to the essence, to the motivation, to the framework of the action being studied. If I stand on a street corner and yell "I hate war" I am making a scene, true. But if I scream that on the stage of the Royal Shakespeare Company, dressed in drag, it ain't theater until I somehow reveal to you why I am screaming.

The night began with the Performance Group, directed by Schechner. Label them theater of essence, or color them in the line of Open Theater. They presented an oral and physical essay whose thesis was that one can dramatize some of the possibilities open to human beings through the use of mind and body. Compounds and complements: motion/motionlessness; sound/silence; some of the essential qualities, perhaps, of being human. When the controlling consciousness is minimum, then particular single actions and sounds are very important. One actor stands, the others lie or sit, and the question of power is raised. Words are turned over in the audiences mouth like whispered clues in a murder-plot.

Being born on a stage has always been a fun thing to participate in, an achievement, the steeppluchase of acting because of all the inherent thrills and chills; and of course the danger of falling . . . of falling. The Group ritualizes this action as well as any bodies short of an actual childbirthing mother could. It isn't easy for a heterosexual group to convey this agony; most people know only the pain of either being born or giving birth . . . if they know of one at all. After the ten male actors dropped their shorts and continued in jockstraps, the audience was already in a wierd mind—discomfort—further illuminated by the visible writhings and tortured undulations of the bodies who moaned and whimpered and sighed.

Theatre of shock has many levels and an infinite spectrum, from the superficial verblatency of Hey you! mothuhfuck-kuh through a Kusama-like sexual exploitation use of nude bodies in impossible positions. This group was able to use words in an extremely delicate and revealing way, making the sounds themselves act to both heighten tension and then allow for comic relief, merely by the way the sounds issued forth. A boy is pushed out of a line of wriggling-on-the-floor bodies and when he emerges, he sighs, "Good . . . Evening sir, may I take you to your seat?" Then the others pick themselves up and chant this same phrase as a common replacement for all communication symbols from How do



by Lita Eliscu

you do? through. I wanna go to the bathroom.

Pageant Players—you either like them or you dont and for about as many reasons as people argue about the relative value of long and short hair. They did their agitprop thing, called "The Rulers", which means a two-headed ugly Ugly struts out and does a Pinkie Lee routine so that nervous laughter could be just amused. Then the show rolled: it seems pantomiming the erection of a country (well, it has that fervor about it) is a very popular thing these days. Lanford Wilson did it in his "Untitled Play," but hardly so well, or maybe he just did it longer, and there is something about watching people go through this Hollywood-musical Gonna Build a Mountain with no words which is worse the longer it is . . .

Then we have the eternal division of the world into the Land of the Haves and the Nots. In typically subtle form, the Nots have only peace and understanding and Love while all the machine society of Haves have is frustration, gout and TV sets. The poor little yellow people have the sun and the moon and the stars that shine and we're got Coca-Cola. Fucking isn't mentioned or pantomimed so I cant report on who is better in that area although conclusions may be drawn as to the relative merits of a steady diet of opium, rice and fish versus pizza pie, Coca-Cola and pot.

The best line occurs when the manshirted machine-society girl looks around this strange country she has been sent to (to KILL!) and says, "I don't like it here . . . I wish I was back at my shitty job." And the audience laughed because they of course were not part of such an automated life. They protest; and meaningfully, right . . .? The other high point of the piece lost out too, partially because it has been used so many times. The ugly Ugly Who Wants To Control The WORLD needs more people in his army, and he looks out into the audience and screams; I'll take you! and you and YUO!

Then came R&R, which can be interpreted as both Relief and Recreation (military style) or the more commonly use "Rock and Roll." It was both. It celebrated LBJ's announcement, and everyone fighting the hard fight was now catapulted into euphoria and joy. My captain my captain, the fearful deed is done . . . Suddenly I discovered I didn't know why I was jumping up and down and stopped.

Gut Theater was next; a bunch of street kids from a gang called The Spoilers. Must have been a junior and senior division, because the kids ran from seven or so through late teens and maybe even early 20s. Whenever kids get on a stage, I always wonder whose maiden aunt wrote the devastatingly cute, self-conscious lines. In this case, the lines must have been written by that disgruntled old WPA member over there, and I did a free-association stint of remembering that great line of Hitler's: "Give me the youth and I'll have the nation." Or something like that. . . . So they did plotted skits roundly labeled City Tripe; which I dramatically subtitled, World of the Street.

They did Cops, stupidity of; power, its diisive effect on friends; Money, the root of it all, etcetera. A mid-20-year-old negro came out in a Brooks Brother suit to represent the kind who doesn't look like he is going to demand you call him an Afro-American. He read poems, e.g., The Death of a Landlord, then took part in the older kids' skits, more sophisticated ones where he represented the Sidney Poitier in all of us. It was all nice social commentary, but the whole of Gut Theater has one actor, a teenage boy who is a great clown. The others are cute or fumbling depending on their age.

Bread and Puppet did a papier-mache parable on war, the reactions and reverberations: Hail Vietnam, alma mater who gave birth to all this theater. Their use of puppets is as sophisticated a technique as the also-used strobe lights in the performance, and the B & P handles both dramatically. The death-ray feeling grows through the wierd use of a tiny plane whose shadow is thrown in huge magnification around the dark walls as it buzzes its way around the room on

(Continued on Page 10)

PETER: One, two, hello, hello.
 EMMETT: OK, we're on. What do we talk about?
 PETER: UMMmmmm!!
 EMMETT: What's your next single going to be?
 PETER: No hope there, I'm afraid, for conversation. I have no idea. Our singles policy is always pretty confused. We never really know what we're going to do until it's out, because . . . I never really sit down and write what I expect is going to be the next single,

for the Maharishi at all. I don't know why. I admit he's a divine person. I admit that when you're in his presence you probably get the Maharishi bug, but it seems something akin to hypnosis to me. And although the values that he's putting across are very, very valid in life, and that there are a lot of god-seeking people in the music business, it seems like the Maharishi is making himself a ridiculous character, you know, the whole Herman Hesse thing about seekers having a



because it never comes off. I've long given it up. So I just write what comes to mind, and Kit Lambert says what is to be the next single.

EMMETT: Who was Happy Jack? Was that anybody in particular?

PETER: No, that was inspired from a couple of things. It was inspired from the fact that I never read Christopher Robin before . . . that story about the bear . . .

EMMETT: Winnie the Pooh?

PETER: Yeah, that's it. Well, I read it, and it just got my head into a peculiar way of thinking for about a week. I was really delighted by it. I wrote a lot of things like Happy Jack. One was called King Rabbit, which was about king concepts and ruling concepts and ceremonies and things like that, and another one was called Lady Fat People which was about sunbathing tourists and things.

EMMETT: Well, then, Happy Jack was essentially you, right?

PETER: No, it was about . . . Well, it was directly related to a part of my childhood . . . you know, I don't actually like relating songs done by a group to my personal experience, you know, but . . . it was meant to be based in the Isle of Man, which is an island where I spend a good part of my childhood between Ireland and England. It's got its own laws and everything. And my father, as a musician, used to play there a lot. And they have this peculiar beachcomber there, has an image sort of like Moondog, you know. And I spent a lot of time mocking him, and so did most of the kids, but he always seemed to be happy and he didn't mind. I don't even know what his name was. He used to try and come up and lead the donkeys that the kids rode on the beach. He used to try and come up and lead them, and then they'd chase him off. But he used to take everything kindly. Didn't matter. Once he was sleeping on the beach and they actually physically buried him, and he could of suffocated, but he just laughed at them. It taught me something. I tried to transmit that feeling.

EMMETT: What's your feeling about the pop musicians and others who are flocking to the Maharishi?

PETER: Well, I don't know . . . I've got my own man, a man called Meher Baba. I don't particularly care

WHATWOO

by Emmett Lake



secret society as it were, you know, and that the secret society's purpose is that it could be mocked, but the thing about the Maharishi is that he comes out and he says things and becomes mocked. It's very similar to the Christian concept in a way. When Jesus was alive he had a lot of disciples that probably became divine because of being in his presence. But there's a huge problem in that the layover of the impression of Christianity of one of . . . of mockery I mean it's easy to believe in Christianity. It's just as easy to cast it aside. It's important that if you're going to get into seeking, if you're going to get into religion, it's important to have someone that is alive. You shouldn't be worshipping ceremonies. But you know, Catholicism has it all. You realize that the ceremonies of Catholicism are important. It's a humbling of the person before a kind of chunk of stone. That's what people are. They should know humility, in order to know themselves. Really. To humble themselves to an altar, or to humble themselves to a cross, or whatever they do. It's important that you should love thy neighbor, and all this kind of thing. You should love yourself. You should respect yourself and maintain yourself above all others.

EMMETT: What's your position on drugs? Seems to be the popular thing with pop musicians to take positions on the issue these days . . .

PETER: Well, I'd say in advance that I've changed my attitude. When I talk about drugs I talk in retrospect. I mean I talk about what I did, and what I've been through with drugs, not what I'm doing now . . . I do regard it, to some extent, important that other people do what I did, because I regard a lot of things that happened to me via drugs as being important to the way I feel now. In other words, acid made me, quite simply, aware of something bigger. And, uh . . . I didn't get obsessed with acid, you know, thank God I mean I don't think acid is the highest high.

EMMETT: What's the highest high?

PETER: I think the highest high is to become one with reality. You know: devine. To find what everyone is actually here for. To find peace and unity with life itself, you know. One of the problems of being a human being is that, although you're equipped as



PHOTO NEWS
 FROM
 ROGERS COWAN & BRENNER INC
 120 W. 48th St. New York, N.Y. 10036
 PLATE 84772

THE WHO (L-R)
 KEITH MOON, PETER TOWNSEND, ROGER DALTRAY AND JOHN LENTWISTLE



(Continued on Page 21)

LADY BIRD DROPS BOMB IN MACY'S

by Allan Katzman

Why bomb a Department Store? Is it an answer to how America works?

The answer, which some of us seek most of our lives, was never brought home to me more fully, with all its social impact, than at the time several years ago when I had the dubious distinction of working in one of America's finest symbols of organization and clockwork orange known as Macy's Department Store.

I was the proud possessor of "the white flower" or what is referred to in the merchandising vernacular as "one of the hired help with executive powers." My position, I must admit, was peculiar because even though I was trained by Macy's and had to follow their every rule to the strict letter of the law, I was at the same time paid by Hartz Mountain Pet Food to run their concession which was, of course, "Macy's Pet Shop."

The answer came one morning when I strolled at 8 a.m., an hour before I was scheduled to work and the store was to open, to see if my stock clerk had received the shipment I had ordered the day before of two thousand java temple birds. When I entered the back of the pet shop, where shipments were received, I noticed at least twenty five cartons ripped open and emptied of its contents and no stock clerk in sight. I did not suspect anything was wrong except the fact that I thought the clerk had arrived early, opened the cartons, and put the birds in their cages outside on the floor, and then after fulfilling his duties, had gone off to sniff a coffee bean. I figured he was sitting in the company's employee cafeteria sipping his daily black narcotic of leisure. It didn't dawn on me at the time to check the cages as I was positive of what had probably happened. I thought at the time, what possibly could a stock clerk do with two thousand java temple birds except put them in cages.

I didn't know or even suspect that there was another possibility until my phone started to ring around eleven o'clock, two hours after Macy's had opened for business. It was Ladies Clothes, on the third floor, calling to tell me that "a whole bunch of your fuckin' birds are flying around, shitting on our clothes." In the next couple of moments I was deluged with phone calls from practically every department on every floor in Macy's. "The birds are attacking" was the message. Macy's was under siege and their prestige,



customers, and merchandise were taking a heavy beating and toll from the droppings of two thousand birds who were scared shitless by this sudden world and slave market for their tiny souls. They were petrified by their new found freedom in a place where ordinarily Nature would not condemn them for their shit but Macy's would. The whole affair took on an absurd plot escalating itself until twenty minutes later I was ushered into the office of the Chairman of Macy's, Mr. Jack Straus.

The scene was unbelievable. Mr. Straus, usually a charming and nonchalant person, had completely blown his cool. He stood in the middle of his plush office on the fifth floor, right behind the toy department, yelling at me for letting such a thing happen and not trying to do something about it afterwards. But my mind at this point had reached such a state of numbness and nirvana that I quietly and logically deduced for him that I was not responsible for such a thing happening but that he was because the store clerk was hired and paid by Macy's. I related to him how I had not been idle minutes after the recognition that, as he put it, "an enemy was on the loose." I had found out that his stock clerk had gotten drunk and out of revenge, rebelled, by letting the birds loose. I also logically showed him it would take hundreds of his employees, working a steady eight hours, to round up these small but extremely fast "beasts of prey."

He seemed calmer now after I had rattled off my excuses. In fact, he

seemed almost in awe of me as I convinced him that I was the only person in all of Macy's, if not the whole world, who was totally innocent of this whole catastrophe. He spoke calmer now and with respect and asked my advice. I told him I would help him with all the power I had at my disposal. I explained to him that I and three of my clerks would stand in the middle of Macy's with nine foot nets and track down the birds one by one. Of course, I knew he realized it was an impossible task for four people no less than a hundred. But I left him with a thought as I exited to get the job done that, "it was not beyond my propriety to act the fool if it served a good cause."

So for almost eight working hours, I stalked the jungles of Americana, among the women's and men's clothes, the pots and pans, the TV sets and radios, the toys and perfumes, the pure products of America; tracking down the birds in my brown Brooks Brothers suit with the white flower beaming from its lapel and a net attached to a nine foot pole in my hands which marked me now with the phallic distinction of Hunter in this new found jungle.

I ran from floor to floor, almost twenty in all, enjoying myself and practising all kinds of maneuvers in trying to develop my skill as a net catcher and manipulator. The joy was overwhelming as I caught these precious but delightful birds alive in my net; spending the most loving eight hours of my life saving them from their fright.

For almost eight hours, I was exhilarated by the thought that one person had completely fucked up Macy's and two thousand birds had brought it to a standstill and that I was not responsible in either case even though between the three clerks and myself we managed to catch only fifteen of them. I left that night with the contentment of an anarchist beating inside my breast. Two thousand beautiful birds were trapped in Macy's unable and unwilling to follow its rules or regulations and making Macy's and the dynamics of its organization vulnerable to their shit till the end of time.

But I was a fool and not very clever to realize that there was always another possibility that lurked in the dark corners of the future. When I came in the next morning at 8 a.m., two hundred workmen, standing on painter's platforms, were plastering up the almost sixty foot high ceiling of Macy's first floor. The assistant head of Macy's stood in the middle of the floor with his hands behind his back while he and his crisp \$200 suit made sure the job was done right. The possibility I had not foreseen had become real. He greeted me from the corner of his eye, "Good Morning, Mr. Katzman," and I replied, "I see you solved the problem." During the night, after closing hours, using almost three hundred workmen and police dogs, they had sniffed out and tracked down the birds and shot them one by one with b-b guns. That morning they stood around walling up the crime and making sure no trace of evidence was left for posterity.

SILVER APPLES

coming soon...

THEATRA

(Continued from Page 8)

the end of a long pole. Somehow the body-snatching of the puppets was better than anything LeRoi ever wrote home about. Every time the plane hovered, a bunch of puppets were whisked off in dead silence.

Open Theatre grew into the demands of the moment, interacted with its environment, and put on a rock and roll benefit inside the whole concept of benefit. Many more flowers were thrown freely, and dancing went on in a marathon way, with people doing extravagant leaps, twirls and crazy pirouettes. A Swiss boy walked over to me and explained he had just been passing by and heard the music; was this a new form of religious ecstasy in this particular church...? I said yes.

RESERVISTS

WHEN are they going to GRAB YOUR ASS?

WHAT are you going to DO ABOUT IT?

RESERVE RESISTANCE PARADE

Sat. April 13, noon — from Columbus Circle

RALLY — 2:00 P.M. — Union Square North

HEAR: Keith Lampe, ex-officer; Conrad Lynn, lawyer; Gary Rader, EX-Green Beret Rsvst.

AND MANY MORE

Let's tell them: HELL NO — WE WON'T GO!!!

Veterans & Reservists To End The War in Vietnam.

5 Beekman Street, Room 1033, New York, N. Y. 10038.

I want to resist. Tell me more.

Enclosed is \$_____ to help the fight.

NAME _____ PHONE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS

APRIL 9TH THRU APRIL 21ST

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

SAINT MARKS PLACE, BETWEEN 2ND & 3RD, EAST VILLAGE, N.Y.C.
CHAMBERS BROTHERS EXCLUSIVELY ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

TM © 1967 Electric Circus of New York, Inc. Pat. Pend. Coffee in the Think Tank.

MONEY

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITY

\$1.00 PER MINUTE

WE PAY YOU \$1.00

For 1 minute to write your opinion, written from home about our clients' products and publications, sent you free. No Skill. No Gimmicks. Just Honesty. Details from RESEARCH 669, Mineola, N.Y. 11501, Dept. 586.



SAINT GODARD & THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION.

If you want to know why a man is hated—look at his enemies.

The enemies of Jean-Luc Godard are the establishment critics. Their minds are gilled with traditional forms, character progressions, fit subjects, plots, beginnings middles and ends. Politically they consider themselves progressive, but their progression is gradual — like a snail. They profess to approve of change but they expect plenty of warning. They want first a weather forecast, then a caucus before they trim their sails. They suck and they hate Godard because they know that his wind is sharp and sudden and no matter which way they are turned it will blow hard up their ass.

When Sartre made Genet a saint it was because he knew that the doors of the Academy Francais would be forever closed to him. Wiley old Sartre. But Genet is old and his halo has lost its sparkle and the younger generation needs a saint with dash and vigour, like D'Artagnon. They need a new saint who knows where it's at. When they choose one it will be Godard for Godard est un Saint.



In America, the Academy is fitting Arthur Penn for his paper crown. When the Oscars are given he will become King of Mediocrity — the highest award the American Academy can bestow. That the American intellectuals and critics should have swallowed "Bonnie and Clyde" hook line and stinker is a bitter reflection of where their interests and values lie. In death and mediocrity.

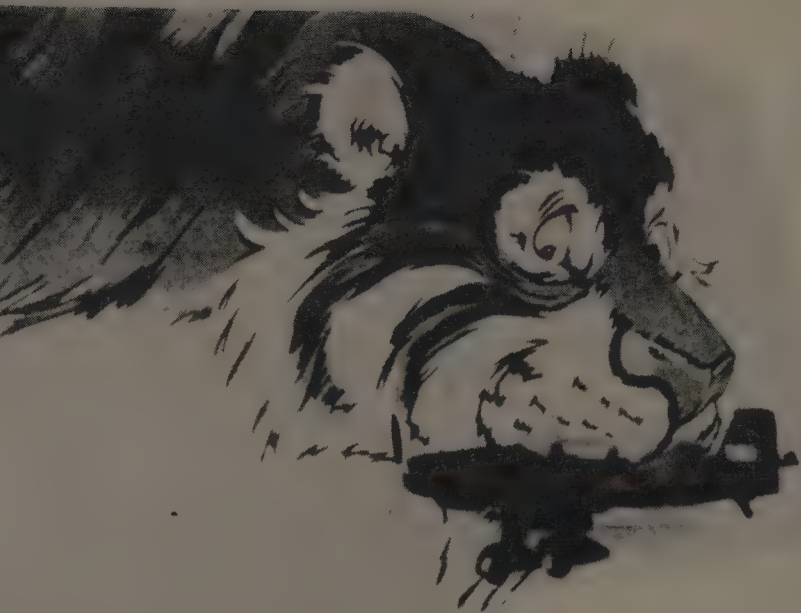
Arthur Penn will be crowned King because no other director in America has his finger so close to the faltering pulse that creates its grass roots heroes. From Hellen Keller to Clyde Barrow is but a small sentimental step.

But, my God, how the money rolls in. If only money could laugh. Penn's story is how to succeed in film without actually contributing anything except animal cunning, and in spite of having a directorial technique that is 15 years behind the times, in spite of not having an eye, or a soul, in spite of not having a memorable word in the dialogue. If it were not for the fact that he hires brilliant editors like Avakian and Dede Allen, I doubt that you would ever have heard of his name.

France is not less decadent than America. It just has J. L. Godard instead of Penn. And the magic that keeps Godard in perpetual production.

America is more vital than France being at the pinnacle of its power and in the early throes of its second revolution. But whose to know this since there is no-one to tell the story. Truth is not legal tender. Ideals are scary. A luxury that only the avant garde can afford.

When a mature man can not only feel but concretize the aspirations of youth he is not just a genius, he is also a saint.



it's at. Ask the Chinese. They practice what they preach and their preaching inspires — is holy, clan and pure because all else is corrupt. What? You still don't like it? Tough. It's a reality and our words won't change it.

In America we are just beginning to accept homosexuality as a sad reality — an establishment deviation. "The Queens," a verite film of the Miss All America competition, beautifully photographed and directed by Frank Simon, is one facet of where it's at in the gay old U.S. of A today. It's not sensational because we are all too familiar with the subject, but it is sympathetic and is another battle won in our sexual revolution. Granting the queens their fantasy, we no longer snigger. Slowly we are beginning to understand ourselves. We too may be living out a fantasy. And sometimes — living it out turns it into a reality.



Utopias are fantasies. Without Lenin, Marx would have remained a blueprint. Lenin was the not-so-secret ingredient it took to make the revolution practice the philosophy. A successful revolution demands a revolutionary philosophy.

"Le Chinoise" is not only a statement on youth and revolution, it is also, from filmic point of view, a revolutionary statement. Godard does not lecture us in the film language of an elder, his vocabulary is that of the avant-garde at its finest — its freest. It is this total freedom from the cliches of the past that makes him the eloquent spokesman of the younger generation and the bete noir of the establishment. You may not agree with him but you will have to admit that, on a dramatic and social level, he has given more to film than any other director of this decade.



YESTERDAY

TOMORROW

THE FINCH

by Saul Gottlieb

Shortly before Charlotte Moorman smashed her violin on my head at the Destruction in Art Symposium, celebrating the first day of Spring, I read Jean-Jacque Lebel's open letter to the organizers of the Symposium in EVO March 22-28). Lebel refused to take part in their Finch College Museum show because it is part of the "same dollar-brained machine which is making napalm and other 'cultural' products". He demanded that they blow up the Finch Museum with 5 pounds of NT s his contribution to the festivities.

(He added "this event could and should be repeated at quite a few Universities, induction centers, police headquarters, army posts, art galleries, concert halls, publishing houses, TV & radio stations, churches, etc." Shortly after EVO printed the letter, Whitehall Street Induction Center was blown by one stick of dynamite).

Jean-Jacques is a good friend of mine, I'd published in BOSS (Spring, '67) a long talk we had in Cassis, France, in the summer of 1966 when he was with us in the Living Theatre for the premiere of *Frankenstein*, which Jean-Jacques followed by the greatest happening I'd ever been in, involving 500 people in Cassis tearing and pulling and biting and fighting over a mile-long plastic gas-filled 3-foot-in-diameter "snake" stretching along the wharf and across the harbor.

Recently, on my way back from Cuba via Paris (courtesy of U.S., State Dept. and the Cuban Government), I spent a week with Jean-Jacques; he'd just come back from the Film Festival at Knokke in Belgium, where he helped organize a demonstration against the government of Belgium, protesting their bullshit "no-politics" dicta for film-makers by putting on a Beauty Contest for Males and Females, nude, while the Minister of Culture was trying to give a speech. He also joined the German radical students who broke up the Festival with a demonstration demanding that American underground film-makers make films against the war in Vietnam. They were all kicked out of the gambling casino in which the Festival was held, and the Belgian police have since tracked Jean-Jacques down to Paris and arrested him — he was in jail only a few hours, and is now out. He was also in close contact with Czech happenings people whose leader was (and maybe still is) for making a happening without a permit on the streets of Prague.

So it ill-behooves Lil Picard, in the last issue of EVO, (March 29-April 4), to snidely attack Jean-Jacques (while saying she loves him) as a lazy Parisian dilettanti sipping aperitifs at the Cafe Floré (he never took me there — we did go to the Dôme one night, where he introduced me to many anarchists, pacifists, and revolutionary artists—most of the time he was busy translating *Last Exit to Brooklyn* and preparing a book of revolutionary conversations with Julian Beck and Judith Malina. He may have been less radical in 1964, as Lil recalls, but we've all changed a lot in the last few years.

And how do you know Jacques is not planning to stop Charlotte Moorman from smashing that violin. Herman, you think he's going to do it in advance?

Jean-Jacques's letter is one of the factors that stopped Charlotte Moorman from smashing that violin. Herman, the night before the gang had accepted the offer from Alan Burke, who refused to destroy live animals and fish on his TV show, she walked out in protest. Alan Burke, at the last minute, let Nitsch destroy "the fish." The show is meant to be a protest. Charlotte Moorman's letter emphasized this as a re-tempt to prevent Charlotte from smashing, just before she had an obligation to Picard.

Al Hansen's rude attack on John Harriman's protest destruction (not dealing with human being worthy and discussion, but as Charlotte's vicious post-expostulations at the first tried to stop her from smashing that violin (later I found he returned Vietnam GI, serves), were other factors — I was also in contact with Ortiz and Jon Hendricks to the freeing of the CING OFF BRANCHES OF TREES IN THE JUDSON that symbolic destruction wasn't this mentioned.

The point is that the two years behind the for purely SYMBOLIC destruction as indicated by the Whitehall Street the first stores in Chicago and massacre at Orange Jacques asks them to be and they respond with destruction event in the end of April. . . . Jean will "be exploded with about counter-revolution exactly what Jean-Jacques about in this EVO letter of how the so-called itself get sucked in by entertainment industry later absorbed, castrated. Much sooner than you Jacques.

There are also variations about the validity of destruction-in-Art theories: D destruction of dead meat, produce audience, a kind of does it enrage people formers, as happened March 21st? I'd like whole issue publicly gang, if they're willing.

I'd like to find out what present situation in the artists" have. I'm appalled that Ortiz can write, in planned chicken-killing Power—Back Power ps



WHITEHALL

TERROR

THE MUSEUM

know, Lil, that Jean-
 Jacques is planning to blow up the
 art galleries? Do
 you want to tell you about

er in EVO was only
 that led me to try to
 get the man from destroy-
 man Nitsch had told
 me, that the DIAS
 the censorship of
 used to permit them
 to eat dead meat
 now, and Nitsch had
 a protest, even though
 minute, agreed to
 "one large dead
 mentioned in Char-
 er in EVO, but not
 up-out—though I em-
 reason for my at-
 Charlotte's violin-
 he conked me. You
 to report that, Lil

treatment of poet
 protests against the
 thing with him as a
 of consideration
 as a nuisance) and
 pushing and angry
 the young man who
 breaking the vio-
 ne was a recently-
 still in the Re-
 precipitating fac-
 incensed that Ralph
 dricks had reacted
 the chickens by SAW-
 OF THE ONLY TWO
 ON BACKYARD. Is
 ruction? And why
 ed in EVO, Lil?

the DIAS people are
 e times — the time
 destruction is over,
 the blowing up of
 fires in department
 and New York, Jean-
 Jacquesburg, etc. Jean-
 Jacques is planning to
 blow up the Finch,
 with "a symbolic"
 the Madison Gallery
 Jean-Jacques' letter
 with a 'BOOM.' Talk
 tion! This will be
 Jacques warned them
 letter: "an example
 of 'avant-garde' lets
 by the cultural or
 try and sooner or
 later, silenced."
 you imagined, Jean-

every serious ques-
 tion of the Destruc-
 tion. Does viewing ac-
 tions, chickens,
 "catharsis" in the
 of Pasteurization, or
 against the per-
 (not only to me)
 like to debate the
 with the DIAS

what sense of the
 the U.S. these "ar-
 tists", for instance,
 in EVO, about his
 work, as a "White-
 psychopathic reali-

zation with all the frenzied erratic
 White Power paranoid verbalizations and
 actions and the Black Power reactions
 — action and verbalizations." (Note he
 doesn't use the word "paranoic" as an
 adjective for Black Power!). The White
 Man smashing the white chicken to
 death shouting WHITE POWER and
 BLACK DEATH and the black man do-
 ing the same to the black chicken shout-
 ing BLACK POWER and WHITE DEATH.

The meaning of such an event would
 seem to me to be a terribly gratuitous
 insult to the forces of Black Liberation
 in the U.S. — Rap Brown, Stokeley, Le-
 Roi and Ed Bullins would look at Or-
 tiz ruefully as another insane White
 honkie, and maybe he is. White Power
 and Black Power are not EQUAL con-
 tenders, as this would indicate, and
 Black Power people do not want to
 smash black people or chickens to death
 — they want to liberate their people,
 and thereby eat more chicken.

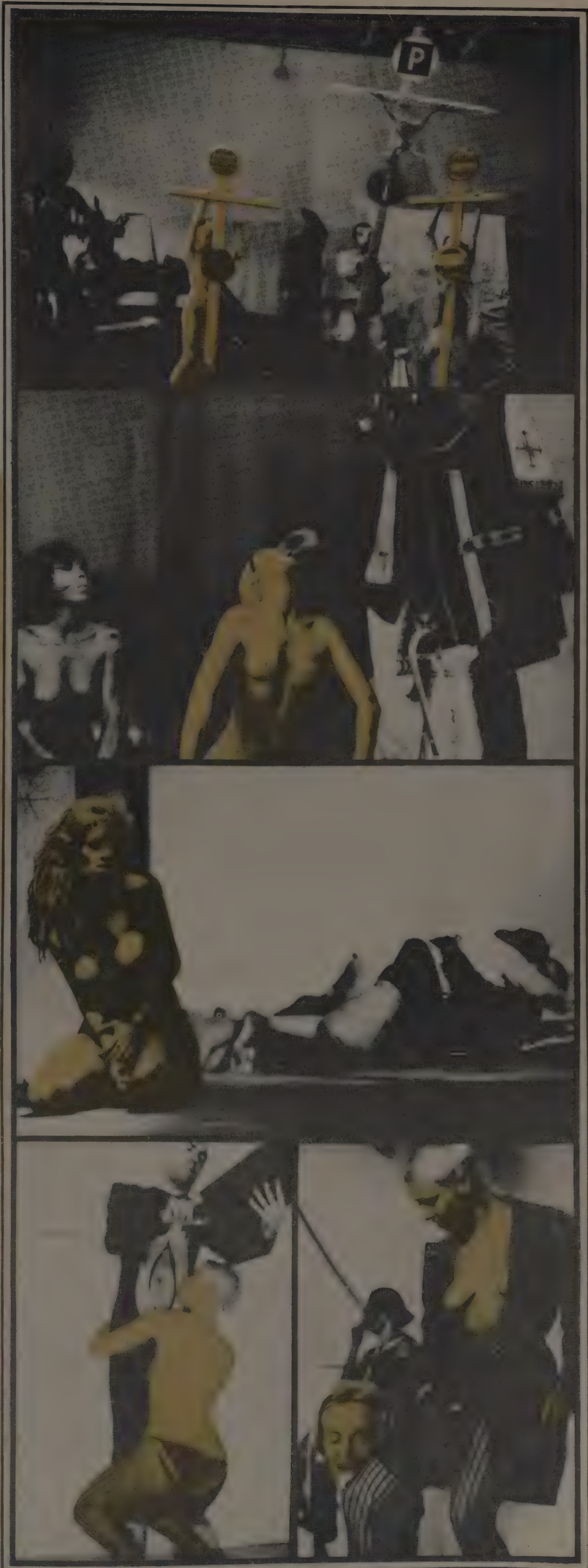
Ortiz claims I understand nothing
 about Destruction Art. Maybe (though
 those who saw my play "American
 Atrocities in Viet Nam" during Angry
 Arts Week last year, now published in
 the spring issue of The Drama Review,
 might disagree), but perhaps something
 was wrong with the presentation if I
 did not understand it. "Like the child
 who chases his bright colored ball into
 the street without looking for oncoming
 cars, so Gottlieb plunged into Moorman's
 path," Ortiz writes, quaintly. But what
 was the "bright colored ball"? Life, in-
 stead of death? The oncoming cars
 (Moorman is more a Mack truck) were
 clearly visible to me — Moorman smash-
 ed the violin on my head while my back
 was turned — and her "path" had been
 deflected for a good ten minutes of dis-
 cussion, argument, wrangling and even
 Hansen's trying to convince her that
 my intervention was in the "spirit"
 of destructivist art, that they wanted
 people to protest destruction. If I'm a
 child (age 44, graybeard), I prefer that
 to being a demonic destroyer of chickens
 and trees.

But I am interested in destruction, al-
 beit not merely "symbolic." I hereby
 warn the DIA gang that if they attempt
 to blow up Jean-Jacques' letter I will
 try to stop them, and not nonviolently,
 because my experience with Moorman
 proved to me that nonviolence doesn't
 work anymore, not with these "artists"
 (none of them tried to stop Moorman
 hitting me) nor with the police at Grand
 Central, the armed forces at the Pen-
 tagon, or LBJ.

Further, I demand they call off their
 plan to blow up Jean-Jacques' letter,
 and to call off the Finch College Mu-
 seum DIAS show, as both are counter-
 revolutionary. If they hold both or
 either event, I will try to stop them —
 VIOLENTLY.

Jon Hendricks wrote in EVO: "We
 are not politicians or political activists,
 but we are artists and as such we must
 make the strongest statement we can."
 I submit that in these days there is no
 distinction between "artists" and "po-
 litical activists" — every "artist" must
 consider whether his work is aiding
 the forces of repression or the forces
 of liberation.

Photos by: Harold Chapman, Jacques Prayer, Manuel Bidermanas, Massal and Martine Franck



THE (WORLD WEARY) ADVENTURES OF **Sunshine Girl** BY KIM (THE GRIM) DEITCH



OY WHAT A SUMMER IS COMING. ITS GONNA GET BAD. OOH I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS CITY

FUCK MAN, WE GONNA BURN IT DOWN ANYHOW

Wow! WHAT A COUPLE OF BAD TRIPS. BEEN HEARIN THE SAME SHIT ALL OVER. GOSH, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE, THEY'RE RIGHT!

MORE HIPPIE MURDERS **BLOODSHED!**



BUSTOS

MAN, WHAT A BUMMER



HEY! I GOT A BITE!



SUNSHINE! HOLY SMOKE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YA SPLIT FOR ATLANTIS

LEAVING NOT EVEN THE GROSSEST OF DETAILS TO HER IMAGINATION, BILLY ENUMERATES UPON NEW YORK'S ELEPHANTINE PARANIOA. EVERYTHING! SPICS, NIGGERS, NARCS, EVEN THE (SECRET) CONCENTRATION CAMPS THEY'RE BUILDING ON AVENUE D!



NOT ONLY THAT I'M HORNY

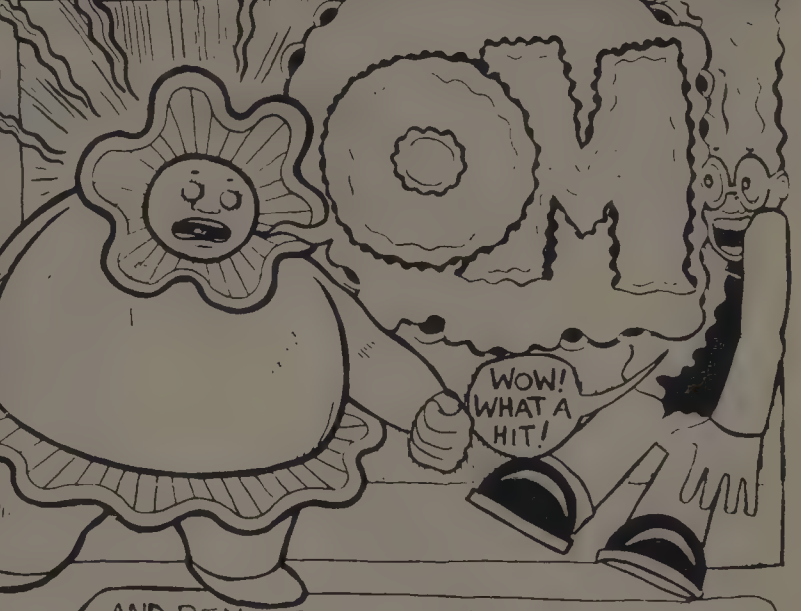
WHAT A BUMMER



OM



OM? WHAT'S THIS OM? WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF APOCALYPTIC ABYSS AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS OM?



WOW! WHAT A HIT!



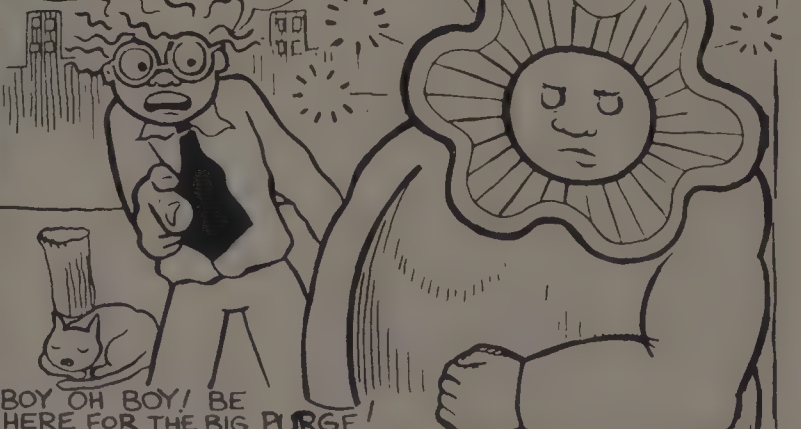
WHOAH YEAH! NOW I GET IT!

LATER SO WHAT IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO KIDS, IS THIS; THE ONLY THING GONNA SAVE NEW YORK, THIS SUMMER, IS A WHOLE LOT OF CLEAN KARMA... WHICH MEANS WE'VE ALL GOT SOME CLEANIN TO DO



SO LETS GET GOING

AND REMEMBER ALL YOU FOLKS CLEANING UP YOUR KARMA, ME AND SUNSHINE ARE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY! AND THOSE OF YOU WHO NEED JUST A LITTLE MORE HELP THAN THE REST, (AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE,) BETTER WATCH OUT!



BOY OH BOY! BE HERE FOR THE BIG PURGE!

THE END OF THE WAR!

A MIND BLOWN
IS A MIND SHOWN:

GORILLA • BONZO DOG DOO-DAH BAND

HA!

HAPSHASH AND THE COLOURED COAT FEATURING THE HUMAN HOST AND THE HEAVY METAL KIDS

GORILLA
TOMBO & CO
100 LEE
1974

IMPERIAL
A PRODUCT OF
LIBERTY RECORDS

HAPSHASH AND THE COLOURED COAT
FEATURING THE HUMAN HOST AND THE HEAVY METAL KIDS

LP-12370

LP-12377

MUSIC FOR THE HEAD BAGGET ON IMPERIAL RECORDS

BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS IN NEW YORK

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, APRIL 5 & 6

THE WHO
BUDDY GUY
FREE SPIRITS

COMING FRI. & SAT., APRIL 12 & 13

BUTTERFIELD
BLUES BAND
CHARLES LLOYD
QUARTET
TOM KUBE

COMING FRI. & SAT., APRIL 19 & 20

MOTHERS
OF INVENTION
JAMES COTTON
BLUES BAND

COMING FRI. & SAT., APRIL 26 & 27

TRAFFIC
BLUE CHEER
IRON BUTTERFLY

COMING FRI. & SAT., MAY 3 & 4

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
THE CRAZY WORLD OF
ARTHUR BROWN

AND AT EVERY SHOW—
THE JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

BILL GRAHAM'S
FILLMORE EAST
SECOND AVENUE AT SIXTH STREET

BUTTERFIELD

TWO SHOWS EACH NIGHT: 8:00 P.M. & 11:30 P.M. ALL SEATS RESERVED: \$3, \$4, \$5.

MAIL ORDERS: CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO FILLMORE EAST, 105 SECOND AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10003.

ENCLOSE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE & SPECIFY DAY, DATE & 8:00 OR 11:30 SHOW

TICKETS ON SALE AT THE BOX OFFICE 2 WEEKS BEFORE EACH SHOW— DAILY 12:00 NOON TO 10:00 P.M. INFORMATION: 777-5260

Yippie-Yi-O-Ki-Yay

In the afternoon of LBJ's sudden shocker, a heated dialogue between Phil Ochs, folksinger, and Jerry Rubin, yippie organizer, took place on the subject of America, Johnson, Kennedy and the movement. Perhaps it was not untypical . . .

RUBIN: The six-gun has surrendered; the machine will now move back into control of America's banks. Rationality will replace the sloppy hand. Kennedy, the mechanical consumer product, will replace Johnson, the existential gambler. And things won't be as interesting up there.

OCHS: The machine has never relinquished control; the six-gun is now fully automated. The yippie is a political child reacting emotionally, like an artist, armed with intuition and numbers, and therefore effective in the current madness. Perhaps the politics of acid. The yippie is the child and creation of the insane technological society.

RUBIN: Only an emotional child could react properly to this world. What can a grown-up Harvard professor say about napalmed babies? What can a rich man know about black poverty? I try to react to America like an emotional child. I am also angry. I am angry at a machine that does not ask why, that smiles, that shakes your hand, that feels no emotion. The battle in America is not between Johnson and Kennedy, or Democrats and Republicans, but between children and the machine. Kennedy represents the basic evil of America, not Johnson. Johnson was just doing all he could in his own way to live up to J. Kennedy's memory. I hate all rich bastards.

OCHS: You radicals are all alike, lashing out at the approaching armed tractor with yo-yo's. I agree with an essential part of what you're saying, but I also sense the machine is developing a rather apparent emotion, that of survival. The system is in a state of crisis and I feel there may be a surprising number of radicalized establishment figures ("rich bastards") who are responding to the lunacy of the times as deeply as we are. Many people are very mad, many are in a drugged stupor, and being a semi-yippie I'm hysterical.

RUBIN: O.K., that draws the issue clearly. I do not want this system to survive. You do. I want to help destroy America's military domination of the world, and her cultural imperialism. To me the essence of America is viewing man as a material, not a spiritual, object. In other words, the Death society. America at her essence is irrational to man's freedom. Kennedy would rationally protect this irrationality. Kennedy is the enemy of the South American peasant, the Detroit black, and the dropped-out Long Island white teen-ager.

OCHS: Once again I essentially agree with you but I see a different pattern for the change. America must change the direction of its foreign policy and the character of its soul if it is to survive. The world at its essence has been historically irrational to man's freedom and we're just the new generation of actor-comedian-revolutionaries who get to face the impossible, but only worthwhile battle. I'm as unpatriotic as the next guy but I realize the revolution requires timing as well as militancy. Look before you leap and consider who else might be dominating.

RUBIN: Fuck your timing. Johnson quit because like you, he understands that the counter-revolution also requires timing as well as militancy.

OCHS: Johnson pulling back is either the noblest or the craftiest move he ever made. The advancing armies, panting on the verge of a major kill, pause and lift their visors to discover to their outrage that their helpless enemy has disappeared and joined their ranks through the night. Come back Lyndon, we need you.

RUBIN: Johnson hates Kennedy more than he hates Ho Chi Minh. He has robbed Kennedy of a Kennedy

YIP-OUT:
RESURRECTION OF FREE
CENTRAL PARK/ALL DAY/EASTER SUNDAY



crusade. Johnson can now sit on the sidelines, amused. Both men have so confused their images with their heads that all they see is their images colliding in the media. And the whole charade is a technicolor movie distracting us, the yippies, from doing our thing.

OCHS: Yes, but it's a great movie, and I suspect we're all part of it, without our choice. In fact, we are probably creations of it. We're trying to kill daddy by our underground films, forgetting that Warner Bros. can still come up with Bonnie and Clyde. Yes, one hand, on the creation of the new society, but perhaps another trying to keep horseshoes away from the cossaks.

RUBIN: The change in the faces of royalty have no effect on Yippie. Chicago will still be a theatrical stage, and we actors. The Democratic Convention still smells of Death. Yippie and black power are the only ideas left to believe in America.

OCHS: The change is the faces of the party will in fact diminish some of the natural organizing power of Yippie. Johnson is the great theatrical enemy to have; it is much easier to get people to freak out over him than the memory of John Kennedy.

RUBIN: But in four months Bobby as the established candidate will reveal his fanged teeth; he will oppose revolution in South Vietnam; he will salute the flag; he will attack crime in the streets; he will embrace Lyndon B. Johnson; he will condemn extremism; he will court the South; he will have you arrested for pot; he will joke on camera. Bobby is the polar opposite to our alternative consciousness, alternative culture. In Chicago the freaky, emotional, communal underculture will expose itself to Bobby's refrigerated mind.

OCHS: All presidential candidates are required to recite the defensive slogans of the corporation cold war; the question is what they actually do when in office. John Kennedy followed

the natural political course, which was middle; Robert Kennedy will follow today's natural political course, which is moderate left. I'm not proposing to blindly follow the man. I'm leaving open the possibility that he is hip enough, and charismatic enough, and powerful enough to make a major attempt to reform an unworkable system. If he really has no intention of making a change, he will fall like any near-sighted bureaucrat.

RUBIN: Phil, please take your thumb out of your mouth! Don't swoon so soon! Bobby Kennedy believes in the corporate cold war with all his sawed-off soul. Bobby Kennedy has won your heart and stolen your head. Kennedy stands for the maintenance of property; we stand for the destruction of property and the establishment of community — never the two shall meet. The youth are building a real thing, and Kennedy is irrelevant to it. I suggest a five-month ban on the mention of Kennedy's name.

OCHS: Jerry, take the joint away from your thumb. The day community stops meeting property is the day Kennedy loses his ambition. I believe the youth movement should define its separation from Establishment leaders so as not to face anything approaching the Stevenson disillusionment. But while we're hacking our way out of the jungle, let's not forget that we're not the only tribe and we must carve our future out of our past, however corrupt. Kennedy doesn't own me; I visualize him arm-wrestling in the wings with Che Guevara, and morally I lean toward Che's side. I admit I'm confused about the current situation. I am blinded by movie star reform, and movie star revolution. But I can see reform on the way to youthopia.

RUBIN: Kennedy? Who is that?

OCHS: He doesn't exist; neither do the yippies.

RUBIN: The yippies are a social movement, a dynamic youth energy force. International. Young people too alienated to become spare parts in

somebody's junk car. Young people ecstatic with the "now!" Demonstrations are becoming a way of life, a life style — a celebration of the future — without specific political demands — our politics exists in the very way we live our lives. We cannot be coopted because we want everything. We do not accept the assumptions of America. Electoral politics is a trick-bag which has little to do with the way America works; America's power lies in her cultural and economic institutions, and we are at war with them. The Vietnam war has taught us how to stand on our two feet. Once standing, we shall never kneel again. See you in Chicago!

OCHS: The energy of the youth social movement is there without the yippies, and the yippies are becoming the natural embodiment of that force. I'm a part of that force; I celebrate life; I also have specific demands, like the legalization of marijuana, the curtailing of the police, the end of an imperialist foreign policy. I am not kneeling, but my feet aren't completely off the ground either. America is the beautiful shipwreck; we are the orphans of technology, and "now" is an illusion just as sure as my name is Eugene McCarthy. Keep flippy for yippie; see you in Chicago!

Books
Occult
Yoga



RAW

India's
Finest
Incense

IMPORTERS
120 W. 3d St. New York, N.Y.
475-9189

RAPRAP

(Continued from Page 3)

or a lamb," Yates 3d hissed, "but we're going to bring him to trial. I don't regard this Report as nothing, not even a piece of paper. It's untrue. A lie. No deputy sheriff shot at Rap Brown."

"Were you there?"

"I was here."

"But he was fired upon?"

"ABSOLUTELY. But I'm not interested in this Report."

"Suppose he dies."

"I'm not interested," he smiled like the pimp who won, "BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT," he started hollering again, "AS SOON AS WE CAN GET RAP BROWN WE'RE GOING TO HAVE HIM."

"You just met the Chief of the Racists," a local brother sang.

"Your town is going to smell like you," Flo Kennedy cried. "We have had a whole course on racism. He couldn't have done better."

Phase One of Operation Justice was over. Rap was supposed to appear in Richmond, Virginia, and the bus was going. Cambridge was quiet on the surface. The Cambridge Daily Banner said a group of 15 NY area residents were due to protest the arrest of Rap. "Police Chief Brice G. Kinnamon said the 15 left New York at 6 a.m. this morning," and "After almost a year of legal maneuvering Brown's attorneys have succeeded in keeping him out of Maryland," and carried an AP story, "Reports persisted that Brown had left Louisiana, where he was under heavy bond charged with illegal interstate transportation of firearms, and was somewhere in the Richmond Area," plus an editorial which tells where Cambridge's at.

EDITORIALS

The Negro Police

Whenever the question arises of racial integration in Cambridge, the point is usually made that this community had the first integrated police department on the Eastern Shore. Today there are at least five Negro policemen wearing the uniform and badge of the Cambridge City Police Department.

Racial activists have not failed to point out that while the local police force contains Negro officers, the department is not really integrated. Although police officials have disclaimed such a policy, everybody with two eyes knows that the white police patrol the white areas of town while the colored policemen are confined to the Second Ward.

Recently in one of its mimeographed leaflets the Cambridge Black Action Federation called for the use of Negro policemen on Race St. The federation also proposed that the local police department truly become color blind in its assignment of officers. This is a proposal with which many Cambridge residents seem to be in agreement.

Apparently the hierarchy of the Police Department has agreed to assign one or two Negro policemen to the Race St. beat, at least on weekends when pedestrian and vehicular traffic through the center of town is heavy. That move seems to have the blessing of the Cambridge Police Board which is the policy-making body for the police department.

The point is sometimes made that Negro police are assigned to the Second Ward because that's the way ward residents wanted it. While that may have been true when the first Negro men were placed in police uniform, it is no longer so today. Negro activists say the day is past when only a black

officer can arrest a black man and a white officer a white man.

Since the confinement of Negro police to the Second Ward has become a point of obvious community friction, the Police Board has acted wisely in pointing toward a more realistic use of its police officers.

"You can't represent H. Rap Brown here," he said to Flo Kennedy. "And neither can William M. Kunstler. I've already had a letter sent to him. He's not a member of the Maryland Bar Association."

"BUT WHO ARE YOU?"

He smiled.

A black resident approached the group of New Yorkers and said, "Do you plan to stay here?"

"No," someone said.

"Well, you'd better leave soon. You've got to be kooky to stay in this town."

Everyone was scared, everyone wanted to leave, but Lemuel D. Chester, who is on the same charges as Rap, wanted to conduct a guided tour of the Second Ward below Race Street, the dividing line. Then the news that two members of the Caravan for Justice, Jim Jones, 24, and Robert Williams, 19, had been picked up for speeding in Delaware and charged with possessing a 30-30 caliber rifle, 30 rounds of ammunition and a knife. Which dampened every spirit. Plans changed. Lets head for Delaware. But first the tour of the Second Ward, followed by everyone including the Federal B of Investigation. "We're supposed to go along with these shacks and rats," Chester said, but was reminded that Harlem rats were bigger, healthier.

Then a Bishop ran up and said the bus was parked too near to his church whose doors were heavily bolted. He lives 40 miles away. "Move!" he said,

Chester called him a Tom Nigger, he ran across street to complain to watching cops, he is hated intensely in the Second Ward. Someone said he was flown in by Police who feared the New Yorkers were about to start a rally in the black community. Even his pastor resigned.

So everyone got on the bus and started for Delaware, crossed the bridge where Captain Randall pleasantly offered directions, "Stay on Route 301," past sign KEEP MARYLAND BEAUTIFUL AND SAFE. And the Delaware Police & FBI took over, and followed the bus into New Jersey.

And back in New York the thought was of Rap dying. But, James Forman (International Director of SNICK and Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Black Panthers) expects white revolutionaries to avenge his death with ten war factories (destroyed), fifteen police stations (blown up), thirty power plants (demolished), no flowers, one southern governor, two mayors, 500 racist cops (dead) and a generous, sustaining contribution to SNICK, the black liberation front.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

CONTINUOUS GROUP PHOTO SESSIONS... come in ANYTIME between 1 and 9 PM. Every Thurs., Fri. and Sat. 1 hour \$5. Private studio & model \$20 hour. Half hour \$12.

PHOTOGRAPH FEMALE FIGURE MODELS

MEMBERSHIP \$2 YEAR FREE BROCHURE

STUDIO "A"
68 WEST 39th ST., NYC • 279-6452

NEW YORK SCENES:

A New Kind of Survival Kit

New York is the most expensive city in the world, but it is possible to get your money's worth. That's what New York Scenes magazine is about.

Take restaurants, for example. We're not going to write about the big expensive one that's always being reviewed. Instead, we'll tell you about our favorite little out-of-the-way place where you can get a marvelous *canard à l'orange* served in pleasant surroundings and at a price that won't wound your wallet. In addition to reviewing restaurants, we'll give you some unusual tips on home cooking as well as useful culinary information, like the difference between Mandarin and Cantonese foods. Our restaurant reviewer, by the way, is the former managing editor of *Gourmet*, so he knows what he's talking about.

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).

Or our "Q&A" column where you can get the answers to any questions about New York. (Do you really know how to qualify for a semiprofessional apartment?) Or Arthur Frommer, reigning monarch of anywhere-on-five-dollars-a-day, telling you where it's at for very little all over the world. Or George Kaye's column on New York night life; or Carole Hay to keep tuned in on the world of fashion and design, from love seats to love-ins; or Theodore Bikel on the real folk culture; or EVO Editor Allan Katzman on the Underground; or Jerry Orbach on Off Broadway; or Howard DaSilva on on Broadway; or graffiti expert Robert Reisner on you-know-what; or Veronica Geng on almost anything. That's New York Scenes... for you.

DIAL YOURSELF A 25% SAVINGS—24 HOURS A DAY

All it takes is a phone call—any hour, day or night, seven days a week—to get your subscription to the newest, hippest, most informative magazine in New York. The price: only \$3.65 for 12 issues, a savings of 25% over newsstand cost. The number: (212) 989-4140. Any hour of any day. Call now.

ENSLAW PUBLISHING CORP., 167 WEST 22nd STREET, NYC 10011


WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU IN NEW YORK SCENES:

- Furnishing Off the Street—Or how I beat the trash collector to my Louis XIV armoire
- The Real Underground—The New York Subway System
- Escape!—Groovy weekend getaway trips
- The New York Mafia
- Witches and Warlocks—The occult in New York
- Pets in the City
- Dime-a-Dance Emporiums—A really different night out
- The Pub People
- Where You Can Get Free Psychiatric Care
- Scenes' Hip Guide to the Hamptons
- How to Spot Your Neighborhood Bookie
- The Secrets of Computer Dating—What you don't know about romance in the Electronic Age
- Bunnies and Bums—The East Coast ski scene
- The New York Orgy
- How to Find an Apartment
- Sunday Brunch—A great tradition revived
- Off-Beat Organizations
- Confessions of a Professional Party Crasher
- A Selective Guide to New York Clip Joints
- Who's Who in the Underground
- The Wonderful World of Pornography
- The Egghead's New York
- Knishes and Cannoli: A Guide to Ethnic Eating

NEW YORK
Scenes

A NEW YORK KIND OF SURVIVAL KIT

CARNEGIE HALL
 Fri. Apr. 12 & Sat. Apr. 13 - 8:30 P.M.
 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

sectionic strings · fireplate · mandolin · lute · organ · timbales · violin · indonesian congas · chinese moon guitar · sun harp · nigerian horn · log drums · oriental lute · bassoon · brass · flute · japanese koto · african kou-tou

THE VILLAGE COUNSELING SERVICE

offers...

A neighborhood counseling service designed to meet the needs of the people who live in Greenwich Village.

It is staffed by highly trained personnel who are experienced in dealing with the personal adjustment problems of creative and unconventional individuals.

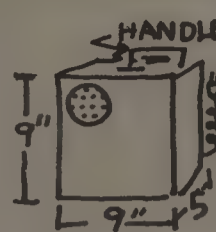
The goal of the Village Counseling Service is to offer help to its clients in reaching a better adaptation to life within whatever human framework the individual has chosen as his own.

We welcome problems in all areas of psychological adjustment, including:

- Drug Addiction
- Psychosexual Difficulties
- Creative Productivity
- Marital Conflicts

FEES ADJUSTED TO ABILITY TO PAY
 EVENING AND WEEKEND HOURS AVAILABLE

THE VILLAGE COUNSELING SERVICE
 236 East 6th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
 Telephone: 473-0153



COMPACT STROBOSCOPIC LIGHT UNIT: ILLUMINATING
 100 WATT SPOTLIGHT
 FLASHING RED-BLUE
 RED GREEN at 3 1/3 cps

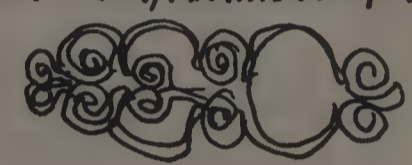
WALNUT-FINISH WOOD CABINET
 (9" x 9" x 5") Σ f (STROBE) — HOME PARTYS DISPLAYS
 PAINTINGS POSTERS
 DEUS EX MACHINA + STROBES

217 W. 16th ST (4C) SINGLE UNIT \$27.50
 New York N.Y. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS
 (212) 242-3518

INDIVIDUALLY HAND WROUGHT

EARRINGS BRASS \$4
 SILVER \$6


SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
 ESTE GARDNER 8650 PINE BRANCH RD
 SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND 20901



millard thomas
 phographer 929-8749




TURN ON... THE COMEDY OF



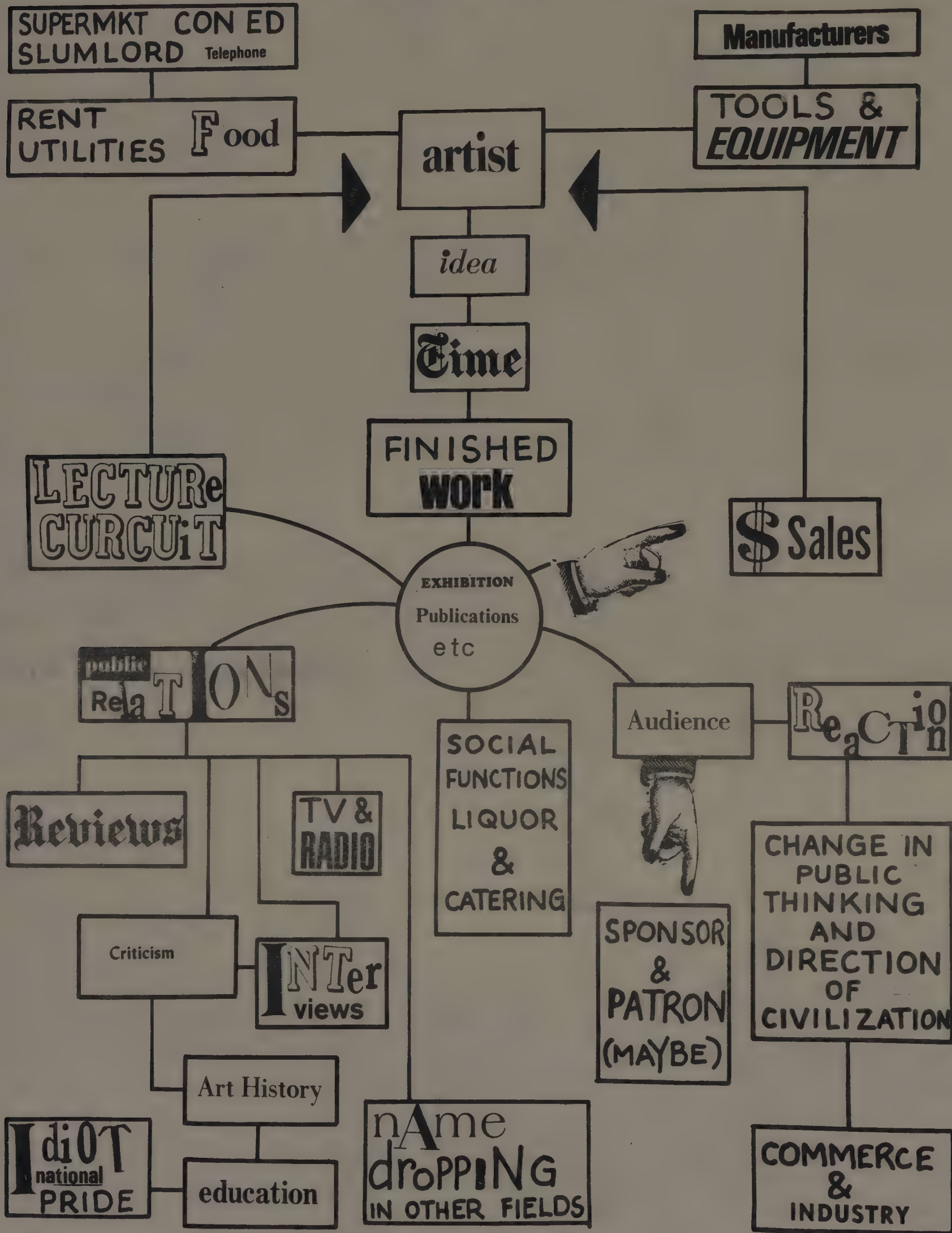
GARNIE KOVACS

TUNE IN... TUES. APRIL 9 10-11 PM ABC-TV



THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER
 ANTIQUE AND NEW DIRECTION CLOTHING
 792 LEXINGTON AVENUE BETWEEN 61ST & 62ND STREET N.Y.C. TEL: 698-6324
 Send for free catalog.

POrTRAIT OF the Artist ^{as} a CATALYST in a CAPITALIST SOCIETY



by DICK PRESTON

CHART BY ELFI

There is an unfortunate attitude prevailing in our society which results in the artist being vided as a drone and a parasite.

The situation is quite the contrary, as the above chart shows, and it is most often the very people who put the artist down who are the actual parasites

The artist may make nothing out of what he does — but what he does contributes to someone else making a good living.

If, after perusing this chart, you find that he really is a vital cog in the machinery of your way of life &/or business, you might try being a little

more sympathetic. Lay a little bread on him. Lend him your car or your daughter. Don't bug him about those bills. He'll appreciate it and it will help him to produce more that will make you richer.

While we're playing this chart game, why don't you make up a chart of your favorite "parasitic" image. For instance, if you're a cop, you might try playing it with the criminal as the centre point. You will probably find that you owe him your bread and butter and your childrens' education. Next time you make an arrest, and before you slam the cell door in his face, give him a cup of coffee and kiss him good-night. He'll appreciate it too.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

This is one of those infamous open letters to the writer of the pre-war letter (signed a proud sailor) in the March 29th issue (Vol. 3, No. 17) and any of his camp that happens to be dropping in for his laugh at the truth.

I would like to be very democratic and a nice guy, and say that he like everyone else has his right to opinion, and that I respect his opinion, but I'm sorry, but at present in this not so democratic country, I don't feel morally constrained to be either democratic or respectful. You say that the Viet Cong commit this atrocity and that atrocity, and steal this and lie about that. You're probably very right. But then let's be fair and mention that we commit this atrocity and that atrocity as well. And we steal this and lie (many times over) about that (and too, our own country's government representatives). Let's face it, regardless of the Geneva conventions, war is not a game played according to Hoyle, and both sides do what ever they damn well please. But as an aside, let's also remember that the Viet Cong are fighting Asia style, true to tradition, whereas we are not fighting American style also true to our tradition. We are supposed to be the nice boys, who don't do things like torture and rape like the bad people of all the other countries do in time of war. God protects us and we protect the virtues of God, except of course when we think he's not looking, which in an age of atheism is rather constant. Anyway, friend, both sides fight dirty.

Now about this right and wrong bit . . . it seems to me that "my country right or wrong" is a very relative statement. Relative to the country that you happened to be born into. Q.E.D. if you were born in Russia, Russia would necessarily be right, or Red China, or shall we say North Vietnam. It wouldn't do to have you fighting against yourself, in which case I would suggest you do not go to Vietnam, your schizoid self might make a very unhappy meeting for both partisans of the truth involved.

You tell me to flee if I don't like thee, but my dear fellow citizen, according to Virtuous Americans, that is cowardly. Wouldn't you rather have me be an American for once in my life and stay to fight.

Lastly, I don't think I should have written this letter. Neither you nor I, is going to change his mind. We are both helplessly committed to our respective brands of truth and morality. And as

any good American pragmatist knows truth is relative, so we're both right, except for one thing . . . you're going to kill the red bastards and feel their red blood splatter in your face, while my truth gives them a chance to enjoy that great life, which you generously offer me if I will take my head out of illusion and offer it to your bloodbath.

When you come back from your tourist duty, I would appreciate hearing how much of Vietnam is left to save.

Yours,
William Borman
New York, N. Y.

P.S. No, I don't believe everything I hear, but I hear so much that some of it has to be true. It's hard to turn off to everything. But I see some people can do it with conviction.

Dayton - Sculpture April 6 - May 5
 Decor - Painting 2 Floors
 147 Bowery Rd.
 Tues - Fri 6-10 Sat - Sun 1-6

NEW YORK OVER-THE-COUNTER QUOTATIONS

ACADEMY LEADER

"BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!"

5

3

4

2

1

START

RUFFLE SHIRTS
 LIBERTY BELLS
 COSSACK SHIRTS
 BEHRU SUITS, ETC.

LIMBO

4 Saint Marks Place, N.Y.C.
 Retail: 674-9638
 Wholesale/Franchise: 533-5970

ANTIQUE CLOTHING

HARRIET LOVE SHOP

Cotton long dresses, 1875; white embroidered cape, 1915; two 1910 riding habits; long white nightgowns, 1900; two piece white lace dress, 1912; brown linen suit, 1910.

128 West 13th St., N.Y.C.
OR 5-3368
Tues. thru Sat. 12-7

WANTED!

FILM MAKERS FOR UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL

CALL 533-5950

SLACKS . . .
To fit your lifestyle

Majestic
10 AM
9 PM
6 DAYS GR. 1620

SLACKED!

COTY TYPESETTING CO.

PUBLICATIONS - MAGAZINES - BOOKS
JOURNALS - REPRODUCTION PROOFS

OVERNIGHT SERVICE

54 W. 21 St. • 675-3461 • New York City

EAST VILLAGE ASTROLOGY SERVICE
 308 EAST 8 STREET / N.Y. 10003 / 533-8670

NOW! IT CAN HAVE FUR AROUND IT!

Genuine Mink Keyhole Cover

A million laughs with this genuine mink ignition lock cover. Installs on any car in seconds. Rush \$1.00 cash check or M.O. Money back if not delighted.

NOVELTY MART Dept. D-1, Box 654 Plainville, L. I. N. Y.

TURN ON TO

STEPPENWOLF

DUNHILL RECORDS, INC. DUNHILL abc

MARBORO SAVES

THE BOSTON STRANGLER. By Gerold Frank. Hardbound. Orig. \$5.95	1.00
THOMAS WOLFE. The definitive biography by Elizabeth Nowell. Hardbound. Orig. \$5.95	2.98
THE DEATH PENALTY IN AMERICA. Ed. by H. A. Bedau. Is death necessary? The pros, cons by America's top criminologists. 584 pp. Hardbound. Orig. \$7.95	2.98
LOUIS ARAGON - HISTORY OF THE USSR from Lenin to Khrushchev. 684 pp., hardbound. Orig. \$12.00	4.98
FLAGSTAD: A Personal Memoir. By Edwin McArthur. Candid portrait that separates the woman from the legend, told by her accompanist. Photos. Hardbound. Orig. \$6.95	1.00
Lucius Beebe: THE BIG SPENDERS. Deliciously told epic of how America's rich rich spent their money — from ocean-going love nests to titled sons-in-law. 33 period illustrations. Hardbound. Orig. \$6.95	2.98
EXPERIENCE OF WAR: The US in WW II. By K. S. Davis. The whole vast panorama in 705 pages. "Excellent and superbly readable." — N. Y. Times. Hardbound. Orig. \$7.95	2.98

Marboro saves you up to 80% on books, records, posters, prints.

MARBORO BOOK SHOP

56 W. 8th St. AL4-2180
Open 10 AM to Midnight, Mon. - Sat.

WHO

(Continued from Page 9)

the most aware being on earth, you're also equipped with a lot of things that fuck you. You know, you're equipped with reason, which is a big screw-up, and you're equipped with intelligence, which is another big screw-up, and you're equipped with intellect, which is another big screw-up. And these things, they might point the direction, but they also root you to the spot. I think that something very good about pot is that it can uproot you from that spot. I think that pot takes you in the right direction. If you're concerned with things like meditation, or just grooving, as it were, or if you're hung up on life, or just living, if you're lucky enough to have that, then pot is a way of digging it more easily, as it were. One of the biggest things which stops me from smoking pot is paranoia. I'm always afraid of being busted. I'm afraid of being prevented from coming to America. I'm not saying I love the American soil, but I've come to love a lot of American people, and I'm beginning to enjoy it here, and make friends here, and I don't want to be kept out of the country. I don't want to be prevented from being a member of a group, by going to jail, because I'd have to work out a whole new way of living and thinking. I

don't wanna get busted, and so I don't get to smoke a whole lot of pot; in fact, not many people get to smoke half as much pot as they want to smoke. You know, the police aren't interested in you if you're smoking an eight-of-an-inch-thick joint, but if they regard you as a member of a ring that's pushing stuff, maybe including dodgy acid.

EMMETT: What's "dodgy" acid?

PETER: It means it was made by that Owsley geeser.

EMMETT: Does that mean "good" or "bad"?

PETER: Bad. You know, stopped-up acid. It wasn't pure. It completely fucks you up. Much too strong. Stuff like that

EMMETT: Did you have a bum trip?

PETER: Worse than that. I think it actually effected some kind of brain damage. Ever since then I've never felt quite the same. I remember what I felt like before. I think it's done something to me. Physically.

EMMETT: Have many people in your circle of friends flipped out . . . gone insane, lost their minds because of acid?

PETER: Yes, but this was all before acid. People were just tripping out all on their own. One guy who was completely insane took acid, and told me about it, and from what I could understand, the acid was nothing compared to what he was going through on his own. In terms of "normal"

schizophrenia. In fact, he was having such a hard time with schizophrenia that the acid went by him practically unnoticed. Because acid has got a lot to do with how much you can actually sit around and appreciate it, get your head together inside your head to look out and enjoy it. Uh . . . I've got to say I'm anti-acid because I am. But then I wouldn't ever preach to anyone about drugs. Neither to take them or not to take them. Or about anything else, about drink or smoke. I don't drink or smoke, and most of the time I feel pretty good, and this is because I keep kicking myself up the ass and saying "feel groovy, cunt, because if you don't you're wasting your time." Meher Baba says everyone's got a right to be happy, you know. I mean, it's such a simple fact. I mean, if you wanna be a drag, if you want to drag down other people, if you wanna bring down other people, if you wanna bring down yourself, then go and do it, but, you know . . . it's not what we're here for. The sooner people would admit . . . Back down from the worst side people are made of, and enjoy themselves. And I think pot is one of the vehicles to people owing up. It's one of the vehicles. I mean, at least when people are stoned, they . . . I mean, you can get brought down when you're on pot, you can get the horrors, feel really bad on pot, and because you're on pot, it feels much worse than . . . But most

of it can be traced directly to feeling sick because if you've had too much grass you begin to feel sick, it goes completely out of proportion and starts a downhill slide. I dunno, that's why I couldn't get into the peyote bag. The thought of being sick for two days . . . What a masochistic high. I really got sick over the Rolling Stones bust and Donovan bust; this whole thing, it's so out of proportion, I mean the whole thing is completely out of proportion . . . It's like as if we went down to a South America village where everyone is drinking a certain kind of coffee and tellin' everyone that they can't drink it, you know, because it keeps them awake, or something, you know. Any kind of censorship pisses me off. I feel that authority shouldn't come from bureaus.

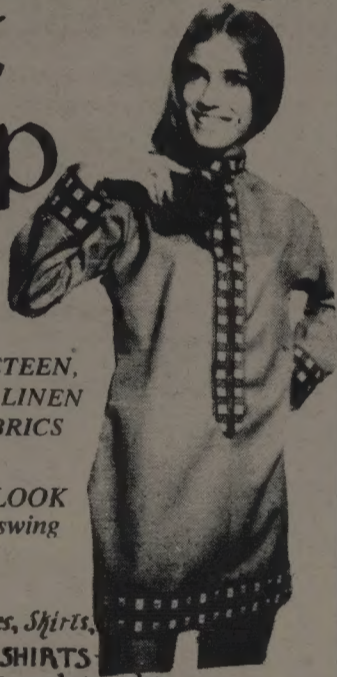
Tel. (212) 254-8170 Open Sunday - Closed Monday

The Darkroom

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES
FILM - CHEMICALS - PAPER
CUSTOM PROCESSING

95 Avenue A. cor. 6th St. New York, N. Y. 10009

MERCURY Gift shop



IN WOOL, VELVETEEN,
CREPE, COTTON, LINEN
AND OTHER FABRICS

The ZHIVAGO LOOK
with east village swing

COSSACK Dresses, Shirts,
MEN'S SHIRTS
ready to wear & made to order

MERCURY GIFT SHOP, INC.

101 First Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10003
(Near 6th St.)

Open 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Tel. 674-3930



THE APPLE TREE THEATRE

The Scene: All Around Us.
The Time: Between Yesterday and Tomorrow.
The Players: John & Terry Boylan and Almost Everyone Else.
The Program: The Altogether Overture.
A didactic chorus or two. A European *deja vu*.
A bit of tragic relief. An elegy to the future.
And the eternal etcetera.
The stage is solid Rock, with a backdrop of forbidden fruit.
A theatre of Experience. A theatre of Memory.
Where day-to-day scenes unfold as *sounds*,
mirrored in the tape recorder of the mind.
Listen now to

PLAYBACK

FT/FTS-3042

Verve
FORECAST
Verve Forecast Records is a
division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

Blow Yourself Up To POSTER SIZE 2 ft. x 3 ft.

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.

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

MATURE intellectual 26, seeks attractive balanced white woman for stimulating honest relationship, both in and out of bed. I wish to enjoy the finer things in life through a very loving partnership. P.O. Box 753 Stuyvesant Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

ATTRACTIVE couple seeks equally attractive women or girl for threesome. Write to J. Brooks, 175 Ave. C, N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

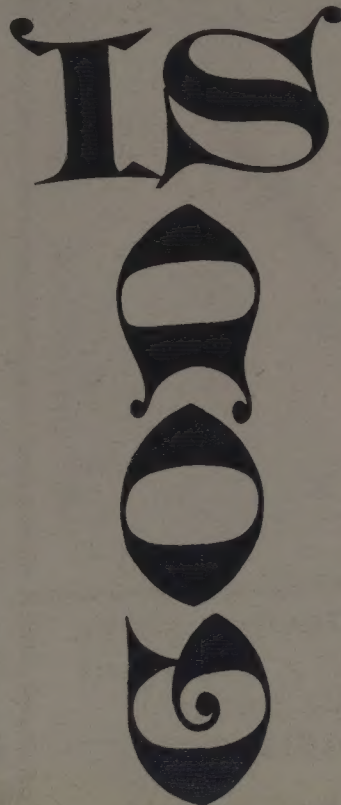
FURNISHED room wanted or will share apartment expenses in congenial environment. Am male, employed, pleasant and neat. Kitchen facilities required. Box 151, N.Y., N.Y. 10013.

ATTRACTIVE professional negro male 26, wants uninhibited sincere attractive white or Spanish female only 18-36, for companionship and love. Anything goes. Call Mr. Campana. MU 4-9564.

ATTENTION males: Male age 37, white will let his body be used for everything and anything you ever dreamed of and could not do before. Contact Bill at 689-5075, between 8 and 11 p.m.

SWINGING uninhibited mixed adult group meeting confidentially invites the unsatiated both sexes for glorious emotional sincopation. Confidentially meet contact information. Mann, 140 West Seventy-Two, Street.

YOUNG man (21) on Lower East Side seeking same for spaced relationship. I'm 5'9" with brown hair and brown eyes and waiting for your letter. Under 21 and no bisexuals please. Send phone or address to P.O. Box 622, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., New York, N.Y. 10009.



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.

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.

RUTH L. Please contact me. We understand now and need you.

Mim, Mom and Pop.

LEAVING for Florida Thursday, April 11. Two boys and one girl need one more girl. Expenses run about \$80 for 10 day trip. Call 724-0519.

YOUNG man good looking nice physique love any kind of sex will try anything and willing to please your commands. Seek teenage males and females. Call 788-0119. Dan.

GOOD looking young man, white, seeks fun and excitement with attractive uninhibited female (any nationality all ages considered) preferably with own apartment but if not okay. Call CY 3-8123 after 10 p.m. Ask for Paul.

WANTED: Ageless woman to mind two cats-one two-legged. Lite housekeeping, etc. Live in village. Call nites 691. 2491.

BISEXUAL male-young, good looking, well hung, seeks guys and dolls for stimulating sexual relationship. Picture appreciated. Will answer all. Box 258, Chelsea Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10011.

SINGLE, successful gentleman interested in the theatre, music, art and the current scene. would like to meet an intelligent, attractive gal to share my copy sad. Enjoy with me social activities and occasional travel. Hopefully should lead to a long range meaningful relationship. Please phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's wine and dine.

EPITHAH JOHN. Sutters in ship up to his chin, don't make no ways. Freddie sucks, I love Eddie, but Freddie sucks.

FULL self-realization \$1,000,000 (or whatever you can afford). 100 year money-back guarantee. Lionel Goldbart c/o General Delivery, Woodstock, N.Y.

"HOMAGE to thee, O Ra, who wakest life from slumber. Thou risest! Thou shinest! Thy radiant face appears! Millions of years have passed, we cannot count their number, millions of years shall come. Thou art above the years. "Coming Forth Years." by Day.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, intelligent, mature, understanding, fun-loving desires enduring but passionate relationship hopefully leading to marriage, to very attractive and sexy, but strong willed and sincere girl. Am anxious to share my apt., rent free, if desired. Write Ron Rogart, 142-25 Pershing Crescent, Apt. 4C, Jamaica, N.Y.

VIRILE SINGLE EXECUTIVE — looking forward to busting out of static routine with interesting gal. Entertainment industry. Creative, generous, cultured. educated, intelligent, discreet. Breeds fine palamino horses on jersey shore farm. Be pleasantly surprised, write to-day: Merrill, Box 251, Elberon, N.J. 07740.

DOCILE, male (39) will sponsor young dominant couple for horseback reining (will buy habits, lessons, polish boots) in exchange for couple playing jockeys with "Poney" Sponsor. Joseph Kust, G.P.O. Box 706, N.Y., N.Y.

GENTLEMAN, 36 years old, \$40,000 pad seeks woman for sexual happiness. No complications. Phone 843-4204, after 7 p.m.

YOUNG athletic male linguist desires position as social secretary or companion to cultured gentleman traveling abroad. Call EN 2-4733, between 5-9 p.m.

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.

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.

NOW FORMING—male nudist club—for a different and exciting summer. Country retreat w/cottages lounge and sports. Plus midtown club facilities limited and select membership - over 18 (need two (2) admin. assists. must write well and have good tel. voice). Write: Mr. C. Pauls, P.O. Box 307, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

SEEKING; sensitive, slender female. For meaningful or limited relationship. I'm extremely open-minded, uninhibited and honest. Will entertain any sincere request. Considered good looking, (39, 5'10", 160), College grad. great Manhattan pad. Discretion and answer guaranteed. Write: GPO, Box 1410, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

MALE, 38, seeks uninhibited female partners for mutual sex relations. Age and race no barrier. Send phone, name, and address: R. Dear, c/o C. Sklar Co., 183 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

ATTRACTIVE bachelor, late 30's responsible executive, comfortable high floor 57 Street apartment interested sharing home and life with unusually attractive sensitive female (only) evenings, weekends call 265-0929.

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.

TELL Lady Jane your sexual problems. Receive novel suggestions and help. Write J. Orme, 11 Chesterfield St., London, W1, England. Enclose \$1.00.

THE IMPOSSIBLE we move right away. The improbable takes a wee bit longer to the coast or points in between. Local too if you like that scene. Our prices are psychedelically low, Anthony & Anthony, Truckers & Movers. Call anytime, 254-5916.

MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City. Over 50 members. Date and address of our next meeting will be sent on receipt of \$5.00 along with our newsletter. Send to G. Moore, P. O. Box, N.Y., N.Y. 10023. State age.

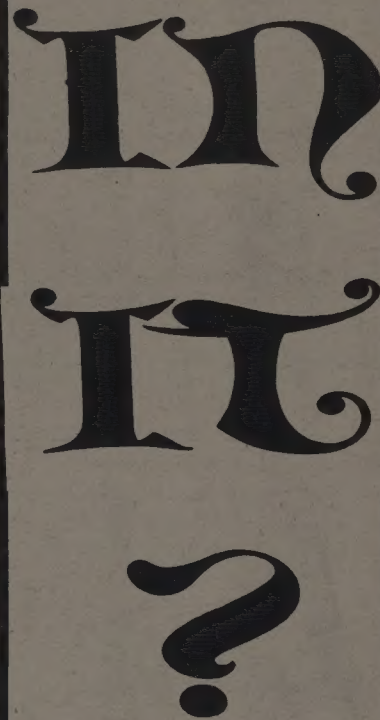
MALE, FEMALE or male/female films. Join the movie collectors club today. Be the first to view the sensational movies now being made for me all over the world. Best of all you don't need to buy these movies to view them. As a member of my club you can borrow the movies from the club library and pay only a small transportation and handling charge. I have over 150 movies ready now for viewing. Descriptions of the movies and sample scenes will be given only in the special catalog issued to members of the club. Membership is \$25.00 per year. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379 N.Y.C. 10023.

AMATEUR photographers we have 20 beautiful girls, 10 young males and the finest studio in town. We have equipment for rent and special groups for artists and photographers. If you would like to meet our models call Kim at 628-5871, 12 to 9, Andre Figure Model Studio Inc.

YOUNG, personable palmist reads past, present, clues to future at your next party. Your hospitality my only reward. Preliminary interviews welcome. 288-9631 (Manhattan).

N. Y. AREA Membership Committee for discreet swinging group announced limited openings for sincere couples and single girls. Send phone and photo for application. Brandi, Box 372, Merrick, N.Y., 11566.

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 parties. 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.



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

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

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

PUBLICATIONS

newSoundpaper - monthly music newspaper, new and reviews - jazz, folk, rock, pop r & b, country, 12 issues \$3 from newSoundpaper (D), 210 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10010.

READ "Response" Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexciting 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.

GAY males or females meet new friends. The latest up to date bar and restaurant guide for N.Y.C. Send \$5.00 to G. Moore P.O. Box 379 N.Y.C. 10023.

MALE, female or male/female nudist magazines. Warehouse clearance. Now you can obtain a fine assortment of these magazines at tremendous savings. Many in Full color. Original newstand cost ranges from \$5 to \$10 a copy. Pick your subject. Assortment of 5 only \$20, 10 for \$30, 25 for \$60. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

GOOD stuff, 10c, The Mad Peck, Dept. A, Box 2307, Prov., R. I., 02906.

THE PSYCHEDELIC lighting instruction manual includes complete instructions for building strobes, color organs light machines, etc. Send \$2 to Lightworks, 409 E. 6th St., N.Y.C., 10009.



EDISON'S POLYFORM

FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF OF

NEURALGIC PAIN

I certify that this compound is made according to the formula devised by myself

Thos A Edison

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY

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.

STAG Films for sale. 8mm 100 foot black/white or color. I have female/female, male/male or male/female films for sale. You pick the subject. State age. Send \$8.00 for black/white film. \$15 color or \$3.00 for samples and titles of films to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

MALE or female photos for sale I have photos of good looking young well built males and young luscious girls posed in fascinating positions specially selected for their appeal. Set of 8 4/5 prints \$5.00 or samples and catalog \$2.00. State Age. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379 N.Y.C., 10023.

MALE/MALE films for sale, 8mm 200 ft. black/white \$15, color \$25. State Age. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

DRINK SOUL
HOMEBREWERS International Confederation teaches science of brewing everything know, sends newsletter on new discoveries and holds brewing contests. Manhattan membership plus complete recipe on CHAMBEER \$1.00, H.I.C., J. Modunk, 165 E. 2nd St., N.Y.C. 10009.

CAMPING supplies - uniform jackets 95c double breasted suit - safari, leather, trench \$2.00, knickers, blankets, bells, \$1.50, pants, shirts, gas mask, helmets 50c. 97 E. Broadway, WO 4-6806.

SNOOPY for President, Lucy for First Lady, buy these and 10 other Peanut buttons. Also 188 stockbuttons. BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, posters. Free catalog. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46 St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036, 581-4199.

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.

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.

WINE RACK for the connoisseur... wine rack to hold his best vintage properly on their sides. This handsome piece is not only practical but its decorative too. Holds two bottles and collapses for easy storage \$5.998. Robert Warren & Co., Dept. G.P.O. Box 188, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11234.

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.

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).

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

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.

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.

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.

EMPLOYMENT

LOOKING for exceptional lead singer style - Mick Jaeger, Jim Morrison. Drummer also, style Mitch Mitchel or Ginger Baker, for original group going to top with all original material. Must have transportation to Island. Information call: 516-671-1157 after 6 p.m. 516-671-1925.

PROFESSIONAL photographers do you need nude male or female model's for book covers - figure work - magazine layouts and etc. We have them by the hour or session at low rates. For information call Kent, 10 to 6 at 628-5760.

PROFESSIONAL Photographer need's female nude model's, \$10.00 to \$25.00 an hour. Age 15-30. Call Brion at 628-5476.

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.

BODY PAINTERS and MODELS wanted for poster work. Good opportunity for publicity and promotion. Call Miss Lee at 757-3995 for appointment.

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.

MALE physique photo and Art Guide, where to obtain hard to find B/W photos, color prints and slides, movies, physique drawings and other art work and physique and homophile magazines. Send \$5.00 to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.



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.

AMATEUR photographers would you like to shoot a well built, young male model in your home. For information call Dave 11 to 7 at 628-5761.

GIRLS wanted to pose for nudist magazines. \$50 immediate cash. Lee Studio "A" 279-6452, Thurs., Fri., Sat., 1-9 p.m. 68 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

YOUNG artist needs females models, 16-20, Caucasian only. Light to medium build, \$10.00 an hour. 249-2603.

ATTRACTIVE female will model for artists, amateurs and photographers on location, your studio or my place (body paint available). Write Miss Lee at Suite 600, 155 W. 46th St., N.Y.C.

ATTRACTIVE female models available for photographers for fashion, figure and sketch work on locations, or your studio or ours (body paint available). Write Miss Lee at Suite 600, 155 W. 46th St., N.Y.C.

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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOMAN would like to know EVO readers in Princeton, N.J. area. Interested in New World of Being. Box #106, Cranbury, N. J.

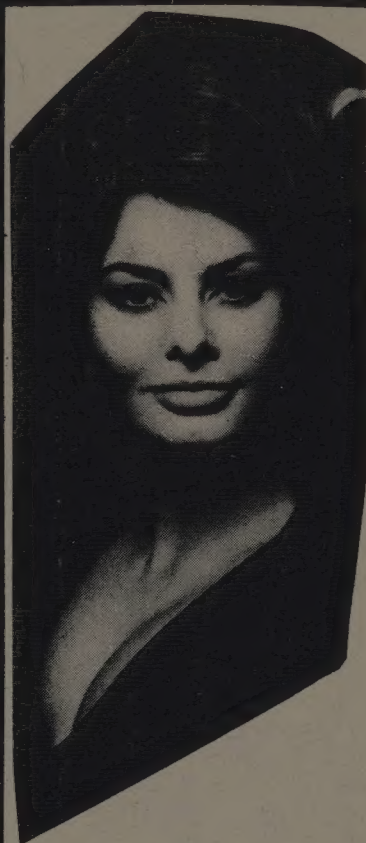
S. POT Nudnick. Do you read the ads. Why? Your in Spiritual Development.

LIBERATION ARMY . . . LETS STOP WASTING TIME. WEED UP, BLOW THE BOWL, POP THE TOP, AND DOWN THE PIE . . . WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY? TIME TO WEED UP. — ZOD

FABULOUS new boutiques to open in East Village, we would like designers who make groovy clothes to bring samples to The Psychedelicatessen, 164 Ave. A, between 1 and 5 on Monday, April 8.

RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition and desperately needs the following: tools (all kinds), canvas, canned goods, rope, etc. etc. and money. Send stuff to or contact WALDEN THREE, 646 E. 6th St., Apt. 10 Thanks!

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



RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition. To continue work we need; Tools (all types), canned goods, seed, money, people with transportation, rope, cloth, and a plow, or anything that could be used. Send stuff to or Contact, F. Bannon, 646 E. 6th St., Apt. 10 Peace. BLOW YOUR MIND. SEE ERNIE KOVACS, ABC-TV, APRIL 9.

OAK Lane School Underground Film Fair will be held in Philadelphia April 27th. If you have a completed film on work in progress that you would like to exhibit, call us no charge for exhibiting. N.Y.C.: call 871-7999; in Phila. call 248-0385.

GAY GUYS and gals in N.Y.C. want new friends? We hold very private partys 4 times a month. 2 for guys and 2 for gals. For date and address of our next party send \$5.00 along with a description of yourself to G. Moore. P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

GIRLS wanted to appear in 16 mm. underground film. (Balling the director not required.) Showcase. (No pay.) Weekends. Send photos. Marshall Anker, Box 2504, G.P.O., N.Y.C.

NEW JERSEY IS THE AVENUE D OF AMERICA.

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.

HOME GROWN HAPPINESS

BY MICHAEL W. MORIER

HOME GROWN HAPPINESS is the result of five years of research on the growth of (marijuana). It divulges the secrets of growing dynamite grass, indoors or outdoors summer or winter, even in the north temperate zones. You will learn to grow pot hydroponically and with artificial light. You will also learn about experimental giant and freak plants through the use of various hormones. The quality of your crop will amaze you.

Send copies of HOME GROWN HAPPINESS to your friends using the following order blanks: (Enclose \$1.00 for each copy. Add 25 cents for orders outside the U.S.) HOME GROWN HAPPINESS, Box 555 East Village Other, 105 Second Avenue, N. Y. N. Y. 10003.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

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

ARE you introverted, extroverted, arrogant, moody? For answer send \$2.00 and sample of handwriting to OMAR c/o NADJ, Box 12002, Norwood, Ohio, 45212.

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.

CLASSES in practical and esoteric astrology. Tuesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m. for information call Paul, 675-1663, or Alan (morning) TW 6-2672.

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.

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.

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

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.

BUY & SELL

SUBLET APARTMENT CLEAN building, private tile bathroom, kitchenette and 1 large, sunny, room. Birds sing every morning. Low rent! Contact Fred at EVO come in or phone 228-8640 and leave message.

WHAT'S THIS AH HEAR
'BOUT A NEW MAGAZINE
OF TOPICAL SATIRE?



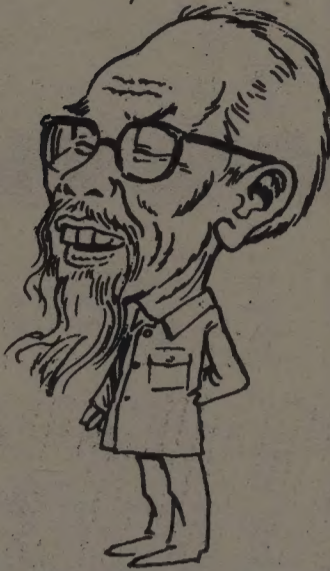
YES! IT'S SORT OF AN AMERICAN
Punch...



A FAMILY-TYPE
Realist...



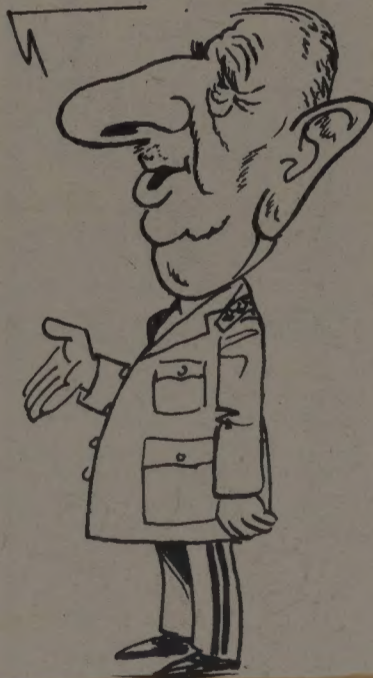
OH, YOU MEAN
CARICATOUR!



A COMIC-BOOK
TIME...



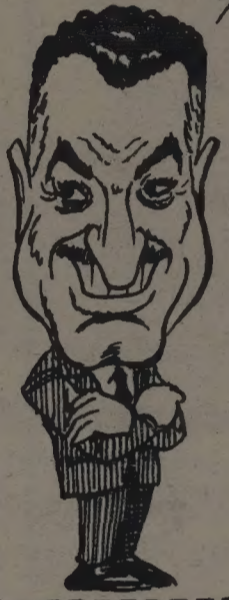
A THINKING MAN'S
NATIONAL ENQUIRER...



CALICATUL?



AN ADULT
MAD ... (YOU SCHMUCK)



A VOTE FOR ME IS A VOTE
FOR AMERICA AND ALL
THAT AMERICA STANDS FOR,
FURTHER MORE...



HEY, CUT IT OUT
ALREADY! STICK
TO YOUR LINES,
YOU IDIOT!

CARICATOUR

The exciting new monthly magazine of put-downs and put-ons on what's up.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS WILL BE PEOPLE LIKE JEAN SHEPHERD, ED FISHER, FEIFFER, LUGOZE, AND OTHERS, WHO WILL COMMENT ON THE SCENE THROUGH FIRST CLASS CARTOONS AND ARTICLES . . . THE KIND OF BITING AND THOUGHT-PROVOKING SATIRE YOU HAVE LONG BEEN WAITING FOR. SO, COME JOIN US ALL YOU FREE SPIRITS AND INTELLECTUAL SWINGERS! READ CARICATOUR ALWAYS AND WE PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER DIE OF ENNUI.

ON SALE AT SELECTED NEWSSTANDS OR BY SUBSCRIPTION.



Copyright 1968 by Contemporary Publications Inc.

CARICATOUR 260 West Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

1 YEAR \$3.50
(12 ISSUES)

6 MOS. \$1.90
(6 ISSUES)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose check or money order.