





B.U.R.P. BOSTON URBAN RENEWAL PLAN

Tent City, a seemingly spontaneous development that sprang up overnight on a Columbus Avenue parking lot last week, came about six years too late to save the City of Boston from the nearly total destruction that has driven a quarter million former residents of Boston out of the city, bankrupt nearly 20,000 businesses and cost the residents of Boston nearly one and one half billion dollars, in exchange for a paltry 200 million dollar pork barrel a slick bunch of shit heads in Washington dumped into the laps of the local Political Mafia, supposedly for slum clearance that hasn't yet taken place.

A hitherto apathetic citizenry that has lain dormant for the past many years while bull dozers demolished substantial commercial buildings, well-constructed homes and sapped the vitality of

the City, has awakened, and the cry of "STOP DESTRUCTION AND START CONSTRUCTION" that led CAUSE members to the parking lot, is a time for rejoicing and several Hallelujahs are in order, in spite of the fact that the demonstration brought about the arrests of more than a dozen individuals on charges of obstruction and destruction of property.

Compared with the supposedly legal destruction done by the Boston Redevelopment Authority during the past six years, the City Hall both old and new, the State Office building and the Kennedy building, all architectural monstrosities, could be reduced to ashes and they would represent only an iota of the irreparable damage and suffering that the residents of Boston have endured under the John F. Collins. Edward Logue regime

A few years ago in the Harvard Street area of Brighton a handful of residents aware of their constitutional rights refused to give up their homes to the BRA. Police who are controlled by the Mayor's office and the bulldozers which are controlled by the BRA arrived at the scene as did the T.V. cameras to record the event for posterity. Police dragged the screaming, battling, hapless victims out of their homes and then the bulldozers moved in and demolished the structures so that private developers could go ahead with their money-making plans.

Of course, all of that was "legal." i.e. demolishing the homes of people. What was "illegal" were the activities of the owners of the property who refused to give up their homes so that private developers could use their land, and all were dragged off to jail.

You can't blame the cops as they only do what they are told. Mayor Collins and the BRA Administrator Logue couldn't be blamed too much—the laws are on the Books (121- and 121-A) and they were merely taking advantage of them. The laws give the Renewal Administrator the final say. "Any property may be taken by Eminent Domain," under that Massachusetts State Law.

The ones to blame are a fucking bunch of moronic Legislators, supposedly guardians of the rights of their constituents who passed the law—many without even reading the 71 pages of 8-point type laden with therebys, whereforeas and other horse shit.



PHOTO

Or maybe they were paid off.

What happened to the two hundred million dollars the Government gave to Boston for slum clearance? Thousands and thousands were spent on court litigation, three hundred thousand was handed over to "U.S.E.S." to establish a Relocation Center. The Center was established, but even they couldn't find places for the displaced victims. Collins, Logue and their BRA fakers talked about low-rent housing—then demolished the Scollay Square area at the cost of millions and millions to businessmen and residents and erected monstrosities of the first magnitude. Scollay Square wasn't a slum and

neither was the West End for there, low-rent housing was already in existence—\$40 and \$50 a month flats. Madison Park was slum area and has been for forty years and still is. Yet not one rubbish pile or long-raised building on that desolate prairie that has been virtually uninhabited for some 30 years has ever been molested. In that section alone, there is enough area for the City Hall, the State Office building, the Kennedy building, Center Plaza and all of the other crappy structures. Each could have a five hundred car "free parking" lot—or would that, too, be illegal?

—Bill Bool



PHOTO

What Is The Underground?

It has been some time since the question of what the underground is has been brought out for discussion. Now it is time again for its reappearance. In the first four issues of the AVATAR I tried to define the actions of people who wander into the intellectual quest and practical studies of universal politics. Such a quest stimulates the concern, reasons, and offers suggestions for change in the governing structure of mankind.

I tried to explain the opinions and interpretations of what this government has taught us and what are thought to be proper methods of action in governmental, social and structural change possible to man. Most was written in the inquiring defense of dissenting factions of society with the hope of clarifying the social extent of expression regarding disillusionments of its functioning elements.

My point was that the foundations of what I termed "underground" was in fact the individual and the associated forms of his social structure based on the nature of discontent which causes stimulation towards

his existence.

What it leads to is the study of extremism in the personal and social forms of existence. I hoped that through my definition I could allow each individual to think of the nature of his existence and at least speculate about the activist world of practical effort that can result in changes of those portions of existence which he dislikes without the consequence of feeling guilty.

The middle-of-the-road men have become less defensive and their mass has grown—people who put themselves into the purest form of critical structure, people who question the nature of existence by experiencing the conditions of the most extreme.

But the extreme factions are also more finely defined: these are the structure of authority and its opposition. By becoming aware and involved with the extremes, you see what knowledge is needed to understand the balanced structure of man's evolution. But extremism is a dangerous area, even when its eventual purpose is an educational one. It magnifies

answers to questions of this existence's reality. Question the fact of fact. It questions the effect of past and present action. It questions the validity of projection and most of all, questions all that can be questioned in the unanswerable elements of extremes, trying to draw abstract conclusions in a balance between them, leading to functioning on a practical level for social performance.

The extremes take over or to be taken over will swing constantly between questioning right and wrong for the advancement of enlightened human behavior.

So again, let it be asked. . .

"What is the Underground?"

In an attempt to secure knowledge

In an attempt to define peace

In an attempt to understand the nature of behavior in as many aspects as possible, the questioning element must be able to relate to as much human experience as possible to perform accurate in each situation as it comes.

What Are YOU?

What Are YOU Doing About It?

I hear a lot of talk about how bad things are, the war is bad, taxes are bad, the roads are bad, the trash is bad, . . . my question is always what are you DOING about it? What have you DONE to find out who can



help you CHANGE IT? What do you know that I don't know that I NEED to know? What do you want to do about the world folks? What are you DOING ABOUT IT? Have you heard what others are doing about it? We told you what Bob Gordon is doing, did you hear what Roy Richardson is doing at the Tremont Street Methodist Church? He opened the nursery school room for a rock dance last Friday nite for free, lots of people came in and danced, Roy was there dancing too, great idea. . . wonder why ALL Boston's churches don't do that every Friday nite? . . . Ron Beaton has been trying to do a theater thing at the ATMA COFFEEHOUSE on Tremont Street, but Station four keeps hasseling them for some strange reason, don't they know that theater is culture, and without culture cities encourage frustration and people take that frustration out on each other by stealing, fighting, and stuff like that, I bet Captain McDonald at station four realizes that some of his people hassled ATMA for some kickback, and surely he must know that it's hard to control that kind of stuff, and I know he's trying, he's a good man, honest and willing to help people, please check that out for us Captain, . . .

Young people are doing a lot of good things in Boston, John



McConnel is working with Pebbles and the folds a SNAP to plant vegetables in the empty lots owned by the B.R.A., John figures if the people in the South End realize that the land belongs to them, and if they plant food on it, they won't have to buy it, gardens will be springing up all over town . . .

Art and Culture are coming to the South End too, Charlie



Giuliano, Editor of AVATAR, made arrangements for the Institute of Contemporary Art to set up shop in Worcester Square, National Underground Television is in full swing, and interesting people should contact Brian Kelly at 37 Rutland Street, Boston, for more information. . . Joe Oteri's office is doing a great job defending AVATAR in its court nonsense, Brian Faunce of AVATAR has been putting in his energy there to ease the financial burden we've been racking up . . . Joe will be a key figure in getting the Marajuwanna law changed so all you folks won't have to smoke in fear of being busted, . . . M.Preston Burns, of ADVANCED SOCIETY PROJECTS, has been working with South End realto, Peter Baptiste, to provide housing for people in exchange for labor on the houses, Preston, representing AVATAR, is co-ordinating environmental analysis for the academic and legal community in Boston . . . Let me ask again, what are YOU doing to change things?

Harry Chickles is renting the Psychedelic Supermarket from the owner, George Papadopoulos, trying to make a \$1.00 nite thing happen there, instead of \$4.00 a nite that George was charging, good luck Harry, people don't forget \$4.00 so easy, . . . the musicians trust you, we trust you, I hope the people will give you a chance . . . Barry King is doing the BOSTON ARTS PROJECT thing which will provide a place for people to gather socially and do creative things together, painting, clay stuff, photography, dancing, music, just costs a buck to join, they need lots of help, it'll be a good thing . . . LE CHRONIC is sure a welcome thing to happen in Boston, the first three issues are out of site . . . David Omar White sure kin drawer! . . .

Listen folks, a lot is happening, a lot you know about and we don't . . . AVATAR is a community paper, it'll tell you what's happening if you tell us what's happening . . . write it, draw it, call it in . . . this is a new AVATAR, new people and old people, people that want to spread everybody's truth . . . if you dig this issue, you gotta tell us . . . write it, draw it, DO IT! That's what we're doing, what are YOU doing?

by Edward Beardsley

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thanks Tracy

Welcome To Boston!



Paula Lark: "Good God!"

Day in the Life

BOSTON COMMON, BOSTON, MASS. (UP) . . . Boston had a great day in its life when this picture was taken, it was the Music Festival sponsored by the city three weekends ago —lots of music, lots of music, lots of people and lots of trash . . . disgusting, people called it a love-in, something left over from last summer . . . I'm sure the city thought it was a good idea all the way up to the end of it when the Park Department and Police Department had to clean up



the mess all those "loving people" left. It's no wonder to me that the promoters had trouble repeating the festival last weekend, why should the city co-operate with the swingers when the swingers



are too dumb to pick up after themselves. I bet if the place is cleaned up by the people, providing the city will provide cardboard boxes after the concerts, we would have some beautiful things happening in our city's parks and recreational areas this summer. The Assistant Park Commissioner Bob Gordon is a beautiful cat, and can get musicians, artists, actors, to contribute their time to the city to have some fun this summer, he needs a lot of help, from the press and from the Mayor's office, he certainly will get support from the AVATAR,



let us know what we can do brother, and it will be done.

Edward Beardsley

So you're going to Boston to seek your fortune huh hippy? Well, let me hip you on what's happening here so you will be discouraged. Are you ready to work without being paid? Are you ready to pay for a room in a sleazy hotel or rooming house in the South End or Roxbury? Do you think that every thing is groovy here and we'll find you a place to crash for free cause we love everybody groovy? Are you groovy? If you ARE so groovy why don't you stay home and turn on your folks or whatever is driving you away? You ain't ready for Boston or San Francisco or New York yet kiddies if you ain't ready to dig yourself, so don't come to a place where you are not wanted or needed to escape a place where you are not wanted or needed, figure out WHY you are not wanted or needed first, and I bet your answer will be, nobody loves

me, everybody hates me, when you do realize that, CHANGE IT! Only you can "it ain't me, Babe."! BOSTON ain't what's happening hippy PEOPLE are what's happening . . . LOVE is what's happening . . . Go pick up your socks, wash out the tub when you're done, rake the lawn, put the cap on the toothpaste, don't be a litterbug, smile a lot, shake hands a lot, help a car push his car, be nice to some cat that's got the blues, tell somebody they sure look happy when they ain't, THAT'S WHAT A HIPPIY DOES NATCHERALLY . . . DO YOU PEOPLE? Cause if you don't, then why are you coming to Boston, we don't want you, go pick up your socks so your Mom will dig you so you can have her dig you, cause that's what you want.

Edward Beardsley

National Resistance Conference

The Resistance held its first national conference, April 30—May 3, in Chicago. In its most significant political decision, it set the next national draft-card turn-in date for November 14 while encouraging local groups to act on their own initiative in turning in draft cards before that time.

The main activities of the conference were a series of workshops on the specific problems of American society most directly related to draft resistance. Those from Boston attending the conference noted that there is now a surprising number of recently-formed Resistance groups from the smaller urban areas and towns throughout the United States. Of the 125 Resistance members who attended the conference, the majority were from newly-formed groups who only recently turned in draft-cards for the first time.

The atmosphere at the Monday night Resistance dinner was generally optimistic about the programs and plans for this summer. Those who had attended the Conference felt that the contacts established in Chicago with members of the Resistance from other parts of the country would provide a basis for a coordination of national activity this summer.

—Brian Kelly



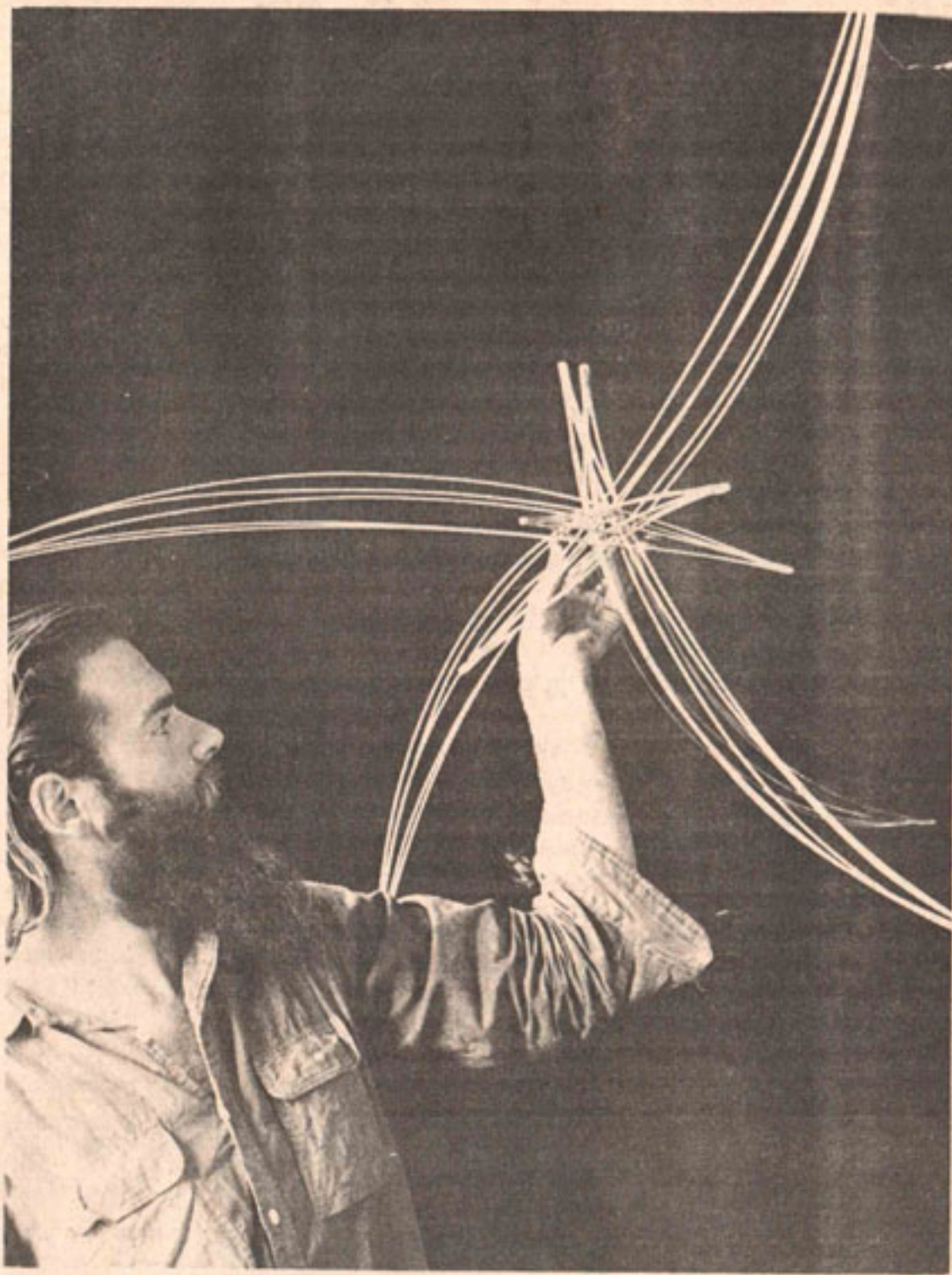
One of the most positive proposals for the South End is a plan to reclaim vacant lots for gardening. The plan has the double value of clearing the rubble and providing the people with an opportunity to get involved with nature. You can help by calling John McConnel at the AVATAR Office. In general, rakes, hoes, wheel barrows, hoses, and things like that have to be gotten together. Remember folks you only reap what you sow and planting time is now upon us. By late summer the South End can be resplendent with nourishing, fresh food, and best of all Free, that's right brother, free!

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CHANGES

Isn't it strange the way listeners listen to a voice again and again inspiring themselves endlessly until finally, off on a trip somewhere of their own, they scream back, Oh come now we've heard all that before. The voice that enlightened reiterates, tirelessly at the listener's request, and suddenly the listener, having listened to his own listening, screams, Shut-up I've heard all you've got to say. The listener who forgets to speak and the speaker who forgets to listen.

There's nothing happening here, just cold impalpable fear. I can't promise you a thing. Suddenly now it's spring but that don't mean a thing if you're planning to kill somebody. If you *have* to? "There's a man with a gun over there." I think it might be me. I think I'll shoot him and see. "Cause he's on my land." Says he'll make a stand. I may have to kill him you see cause I want him to be free. Just like me, to dress in uniform grey, blue, green, or black and decide for you what you're going to do. But I won't shoot at you unless I *have* to. Are you planning to kill, if you *have* to? You are killing and you don't have to? You say you have a deadly headache? Oh, murderous headache? Drop a few fragmentation bombs every evening before you go to bed? Or maybe you only knock off an occasional rapist or murderer once or twice a week? And if I *have* to, forget about me and go climb another tree, cause I'm not free.

And now it's off the air anyway. To paraphrase: Turn on to me, Love, Mel. "Allison's Trip"—Mel's trip, Allison's body and soul. Take Uncle Mel's acting medicine, and he'll make you a star. Some of the pictures were nice, some weren't too real. Don't hassle her with your camera while she's on a trip, man, it's *her* trip, remember? She'd be glad to give you the photographs in any case. Hey, man, what kind of photographer needs to give his "subjects" LSD? Oh, that kind. On the whole, sort of a down trip, well done.

And the news, and the news, and the news, and the news . . . Many people whose energies went into producing *AVATAR* in the past don't feel it should become the religious journal of a small group or the artistic vehicle of one man. So it won't, it'll go two separate ways. Two *AVATARS*!

America is hopeless and cannot share itself. America hangs like a millstone around the neck of the world. As Eldridge Cleaver said, "America is a truly disgusting burden upon this planet. A burden upon all humanity." The people of this world, especially the majority who because of the color of their skin have felt the blind destructiveness of America's racist hatreds, are sick of America. They are sick of its missionaries, money and marines; of its boullion, bullets and bombs; of it and all that it now stands for. They are sick of Cadillacs dripping gasoline on the ground while they push carts, they are sick of the length and breadth hypocrisy of its national purposelessness. They are sick, dying, and

to us; we will invite the rest of the world to watch as usual. But maybe all that won't happen; there's a rumo out that you want to use your atomic weapons soon because you haven't *come* yet? We'll stop you if we can but we will definitely survive you. We are not going down with you. No.

Now look, you bunch of beautiful friendly rascals up there on Fort Hill, don't you understand the difference between a nucleus and an elite. It's one thing to form a center, to begin a creation, to start a growth, and another thing to sit up on top of Fort Hill and hurl Mel Lyman's draggy abuse down on everybody. You folks promised me last summer you were Avatars descending, bringing something down into the community. At the time I thought to myself, well, never mind the "down" but the "bringing something into the community" I like. And now you want to grab everything and run back to your silly little hill. Just when it begins to get really exciting you want to turn off everyone that isn't all the way with Mel. There are lots of Avatars now. Really and truly there are. Certainly if you're going to include that selfish, rude, ruthless, and risque rascal Bobby Kennedy as an Avatar, well, I mean you're leaving plenty of room for everyone now aren't you? There are so many Avatars here now and of course they want and need their newspaper which you helped start and create, *AVATAR*, and you don't want to spoil their fun and be a general sort of drag to everyone do you? Of course not. You see, there are many voices, not just one; and



—Reprinted from Italian Photo-Magazine *L'Espresso*

Brings you the news, brings you the news, brings you the news, brings you the news . . . Hey you "archangels and Gods" up there on Fort Hill is it true what we hear that you've been busy freaking each other out, fighting, manipulating each other . . .? I hear in addition to the building of a wall of heavy, heavy stone around Mel's house, you've also been having fist fights amongst your together selves. But we did notice that when the publication of a community newspaper got to be too much you split with much of the publishing equipment and that all of you united your many different selves to produce Mel Lyman. *AVATAR* number 24. Did *AVATAR* ever DESCEND?

And the reviews, and the reviews, and the reviews, and the reviews . . . A heavy stone into place. Beautiful. Have a nice long lonely night if that's what you want and a nice trip down. See you later. Communicating with yourself again, the hell with other people, right? Hope it works out. The letter "to Dave Silver" wasn't to David Silver, isn't that funny? And the word had already gotten around about the David Silver Show.

reborn of their sickness for it. Great big fat cumbersome stupid selfish murdering America isn't sick. It isn't even sick, it's dead. Must we suffer longer the thrashes of the dying and the burdensome weight of the dead?

I see a dawning civilization of young people inhabiting a corpse. A spanning spectrum thinly populated continuum of all of man making love to each other and talking to each other and smoking drugs with each other and doing other forbidden things together to find out what are the principles of man that go beyond America's racist rules. White and Black make love to each other, they both come, they both happen. So much for your rules, America. Marijuana is not what you told me and you couldn't have known but I didn't know that then, so, No, America. There are many people who are not as freaked out by the chaotic reality metaphor of hydrogen fusion destruction and computer technology connotation as you are, so, No, America, we won't accept your inhuman solutions. Do whatever you will

there are many perfectly nice people and beautiful, brilliant Avatars who don't agree with Mel, who have things they want to say, who may not even believe in God, who may not want to project anything greater than a supreme being which is man's trust in man, or some other fine little fantasy which serves the purpose for them personally. Many Avatars I have known feel that everyone ought to have a chance to speak or that all voices should be heard or something like that and that seems like a good thing, now doesn't it? So why don't we get out of these silly control bags and come down off of it and try to be the voice of the many brave people who want to herald a new age. Let's just go ahead and let time tell who's "on an ego trip" and who's not and what of it and most of all let's tell the truth as best we can.

We can forget about this support H.Rap Brown, and this support Huey Newton, and this support Timothy Leary, and this support Benjamin Spock, and this support Eldridge Cleaver. Let's see if we're up to standing with them.

—Brian Kelly

Not False Gods, But Real Men

Two trends in American society, and thus to be reflected in American politics, I think are growing in power so that we must come to grips with them, for I am deeply troubled by them. I refer to the ethic of charisma and the ethic of technological evaluation of a man's worth. The one is represented by the glittering movie star, by the attractive Bobby Kennedy (or his image in people's minds), by the radically immediate "prophet" (Kahlil Gibran, Mel Lyman, Meher Baba are examples), by the "idol" (the Beatles and Tim Leary). The other is represented by a Business Week evaluation of the ending of the Viet Nam war: the rate of increase of troop callup has slowed from 340,000 per annum to 240,000 per annum, thus the War is ending. It is represented by learning, in college, not the lessons we must know to live, not the exciting ideas of past minds, but the specified body of facts necessary to acquire the A.B. or B.S. degree necessary to get into grad school to acquire even more specified facts in order to become a Ph.D in order to win a lucrative teaching position at a prestigious college to teach other candidates for an A.B. and Ph.D degree. It is represented by the young graduate who must live his most creative years as a rather insignificant possession of a huge, mechanically competent law firm or corporation, who must research chemical compounds for some new variant of synthetic fabric, who makes a living based heavily on his ideological cleanness and technical superiority to a machine about to displace his less successful brethren.

Somewhere in between these two ideals of successful manhood is, I think, the true goal. Obviously man must look up to some embodiment of his values. And just as trivially, man must have a skill in making something, by which to earn his share of the culture's buying power and with which to contribute to the goods (physical or otherwise) of the culture. But the tendency of every man is to raise his own ethic into a universal system. And thus those who come through the process of selling their skills to an employer and have learned that in that realm a man is able to make it solely as a producer come to say, "It's not what a man is like emotionally that validates his existence, but what he can do with his tools." And those who have found meaning in the worship of another being (be it God or a man-God or Bobby or the Beatles or whatever) come to say, "It's not what you make your bread by that judges you, but how much you believe in something." And those who are very aware of the intensity of feeling in love, hate, and pain say, "True meaning in life is feeling. You are as much as you feel; that's the measure of you." But where is the man who doesn't feel? Or who hasn't a skill, of whatever kind, to make a living with? Every man has these, though there are some who think, having just learned that they had skills or feelings and patted themselves on the back for it, that all men don't.

The real goal is to seek a life in which one's life skills are admired and whose compassion and faith are accepted. God created a Man who both worshipped him and had dominion over the Earth. Why, then, should one side try to exclude the other? only the pride in man that lets him say, wrongly, "My type of life's where it's at, baby. If you don't live on my scale of values, you're invalid." This sort of blindness we must do away with.

I ask for a reawakening of self-confidence and an abatement of over-confidence. I ask the readers of *AVATAR* to live up to themselves, not to another's self. Don't drool on Mel's graven image. Don't call other people "degraded" because they see a truth which you've looked at and rejected. I ask our readers to have pride in themselves, and only so much. Then they can take pride in their fellows, too. Only if they can be as proud of others as they are humbly proud of themselves can they be men, and not distortions of men. I think of a Hebrew story of Rabbi Zisha, who was plagued with torment that he would die, for he felt he hadn't lived up to the standards of Solomon or David. And then he heard the Lord, saying, "Rabbi Zisha! Rabbi Zisha. Do not worry about Solomon or David. Worry about why you weren't Rabbi Zisha."



But deciding to live up to oneself, and not to some hero or some technological demand, is only the first step. Everyone has his identity crisis; in each private life it is the supreme issue of coming of age. But the crisis passes. And for what reason do we find out who we are, and what goals we have? Some say, the meaning of life is to find a meaning in life. The unexamined life is not worth living, said Socrates. But examination was not, even for Socrates, the end, the purpose, of life. The real goal, at least for action, is to do - to contribute our sweat, thought, and time, to keeping our community a good one, with understanding and healthy commerce of goods and ideas, so that as many men as possible of it can find a measure of fulfillment within their lives.

I know that this is a bland, undramatic ideal to follow, and that our age, drained by the dehumanizing influence of institutional bigness and statistical evaluation of worth, aspires to dramatic, explosive happenings. I know that when the irreducibility of the self is on all sides challenged by the theory that man is but a collection of motor responses to stimuli, the self responds with violent and overassertive protection of self - to the exclusion of thoughts about our fellows. But I hope and pray that we will, even if only occasionally, confess that such a reaction is no more worthy than the destructive theory it so rightly opposes. I pray that we, when the decisions about our culture's future come to us, will act for the good, encompassingly conceived, of the whole society.

This is an austere task. Change for all occurs slowly - unobservably slowly at times. Men sure of their purpose are required. Men whose self is not at war with others are wanted. It is a job. It is many, many petty jobs. I ask that we take hold of politics, both glamorously presidential and thanklessly local, by which to do the job. Help all our fellows to speak up, to be part of elections, of lobbying, of committee hearings. Share power. If we do this, we'll have our say. We'll have our self validated. Because it will have been our dedication and our perseverance that, over time, won for others what we cared to see won. For those at a crucial age of crisis it is especially hard. That only makes the job more worth trying. And now enough words: back to the job.

J. Michael Freedberg

A Modern Mass In An Old Church Genet's *The Maids*

Go to Epworth Church in Cambridge, on Massachusetts Avenue, north of the Common. Enter its Gothic-beamed halls; you will find a seat in an ebony, uncushioned Puritan pew, one of a line semi-circling the confined area of the church's floor. There's a bed, a dressing table scattered with vanities, and against the wall flowers and a gown hanging. A thin string curtains the players from the audience; behind it paces short, gruff Solange, one of Madame's maids. And so the mass begins.

Only three players: Claire and Solange, sisters and maids of Madame, their mistress and the focus of their reaction to life. That reaction is the play: the maids' reaction against Madame as the ideal of social aspirations, an ideal which determines the conditions, even the spirit, of every life her ideal covers. But the sisters' reactions are not the same. Claire feels the hurt of not being Madame; she would so much love Madame's gowns and mansion, so much love the servile attentions of maids about her. Solange, however, rebels against the whole idea of placing some people in roles of command and others in the role of obeying and serving.

This conflict forms a play within the play, a mass: born in the maids' reaction against their own image as servants, forced to exist only when Madame calls them to, unable to have a life of their own anywhere except in conflict with Madame's value system and in response to Madame's commands. But the maids resolve to avoid the conflict by combining to poison Madame's tea. Claire is given the job of forcing Madame to drink. But Madame is cool to the tea, and Claire cannot force the lethal drink upon her, but is distracted by Madame's romantic idyllings about "Monsieur", whom we never see.

Claire has failed, and must atone for it by facing, with Solange, their conflict with each other and within themselves. And so the maids play out their response to Madame as a role. It is a ritual death, with Solange the rebel killing Claire the

jealous, through whom the idea of Madame is killed, for having poisoned their lives. The play ends with Solange striding through the audience and out into the great room crying "free!" - the freedom of the servant, his release from the bondage of forced inhumanity into fulfillment.

For the merciless emotional impact of a ritual death, with its attendant cries of agony and unsoftened pain, which we are never spared, the acting is well suited. Carol Provost as Solange, short and gruff-faced, is consistently tough as the priestess of the ritual. A slight New York accent is a convincing touch for lines fiercely resentful of an idea, unswervingly dedicated to a cleansing of evil. The audience is won over to Solange's fanatical mission by Carol Provost's commanding manner. Her movements are masculine and her eloquence properly harsh.

Judy Epstein plays a candy-sweet surface, ripped-to-shreds conscience. Often Claire puts the audience into an entertainingly complacency, especially at the start of the play, from which Claire's response to Solange's harshness rips them. Both halves of Claire are given equal emphasis: when in the agony of self-punishment, Judy's Claire is in complete agony; when in the idyllic dreaming of being Madame, Judy's Claire is wholly idyllic. In a play that emphasizes the extremes of certain human emotions, Judy Epstein portrays those extremes so that we can believe them within the same person.

Lastly, Pat Collin fulfills the conditions of Madame: seen through the eyes of her maids. Pat properly puts forth the richly seductive attraction of her image, gesturing to us her robes and vanities, lingering over key lines in Madame's life, such as "whispering sweet nothings in his ear". Madame must act upon her maids but be oblivious to them; Pat Collin is cosmetically lovable when she addresses them, cruelly thoughtless too, all at once.

So take yourself to Epworth Church this weekend. For Genet's *The Maids*, it really is.

J. Michael Freedberg



String Quartet

AN EDITORIAL, HUH?

As you have gathered from your distance, there have been some mighty strange changes here in the past two weeks. There is no need to dwell on the details, you will gather them from other sources and as far as I am concerned it's all history by now. All those back issues of the *AVATAR* molding in the basement and stacked in huge heaps around the sides of our office are remnants of another era. Some day it will all be on microfilm for others to figure out. We were all part of it and owe a great deal to it for it brought us where we are today.

This ephemeral moment, this beginning is what I wish to address myself to. You can call this paper a first edition if you are so inclined, save it, put it away in a scrap book, wrap your garbage with it, use it to start a fire, spread it out for your puppy, hang it on your wall. All is vanity, now no less than then.

As soon as it became apparent that we were at the juncture of a new beginning, there was a curious internal jockeying for position. Nothing illustrated the change better than the rearrangement of the mail boxes. All the old names were torn down and over night there was a proliferation of new names, new aspirations, new conspiracies of authority. Even before a single word had been set in type people wanted to know what title they had, what they could write home to tell mother. "Guess what, ma, I'm the office manager of the paper." And then the endless question, what are we going to call our paper. Some say *AVATAR*, certainly there is a logical continuity, we are in the same offices, use much of the same equipment and most of our staff is the same. Then there is something altogether different, an apprehension that we will disrupt, distort what *AVATAR* has stood for. Whatever that means.

Even before we go to press people want the assurances, the security of name title masthead. I think it's entirely irrelevant. What's in a name, a rose by any other name smells as sweet. Even as you read this you will have a better idea of what our paper is than I have writing this. I am sitting here writing for a paper that has never existed, that has no tradition but rather only a vague future. Looking through this edition, you will feel confident that we are indeed Something. Even here you have the advantage over me for I have seen it for the past two weeks only as a hypothesis. A first edition implies a second and we intend to keep going for as long as it seems necessary. This, I guess, is the only assurance I can give you.

The second, third and fifth editions already exist in my mind as very specific entities. The second edition I foresee as largely news, and somewhere in the near future we will do a Roxbury issue. The magazine I see as a vehicle that we will use for lavish features of art, music, literature and other issues that seem to have an integrity sufficient to warrant a kind of magazine presentation. Because I am an artist, the graphic presentation of the paper will be emphasized. Image will have equal important with word.

As to the specifics of our editorial policy I have been much assailed in the past two weeks. It seems people demand full knowledge of my policies before they can place themselves at the disposal of the paper. The Resistance wants us to be a radical paper, the artists want us to be lewd and lascivious, the musicians want us to put down the Boston Sound, while others think we should talk more about drugs. Some state that we are now a community paper, others that we are a Republican paper and still others a non-descript forum for general opinion.

Decisions decisions, soon I shall be in my Hamlet stage if this continues. It seems wiser to surround myself with capable men and let them judge the material for their respective fields. Even this is impossible for already there are well qualified dissenting factions that are so opposed that acceptance of the one precludes the other. With individual after individual I have had to sit down and eat through all the bones of contention.

In the end I hope that everyone will feel free to submit to our paper. I see our venture as inclusive rather than exclusive. There is a great tendency to let it all hang out, please everyone, include everyone, yet the simple fact remains that there are so few that are truly worthy of acceptance without editing. Much of the stuff thrown at me in the past week is so bad, just terrible, yet I read it patiently, trying to see it. Now and then I come upon something really good and it seems to make the job so much nicer, almost pleasant for a moment. But I am not weak. I'm the BIG BOY. I guess I can take it, even though for the moment I have a splitting headache.

So thanks Wayne and Brian and all the rest of you guys up on Fort Hill that took me out of my lofty isolation. In his last unpublished work, quite an anarchistic venture, Wayne says, "And after this I guess Charlie Giuliano will be the editor, poor Charlie, and it is the best thing that could ever happen to him." Well, Wayne, thanks for the encouragement and in the next few months I'll try to live up to your opinion of me.

—Charles Giuliano
The Mild Mannered Editor

Down in Roxbury



She stood within the shadows of her kitchen, at the stove, erect, and listening for the sounds of her son moving, his slippers upon the floor; she pressed a towel to her forehead. She had not let him unpack. She had left her night job early to get him at the airport. She had told him she was happy he could stay the night. Perhaps he could even stay two nights, she thought. He passed by, into the bathroom. She waited for the sound of the lightswitch. It clicked. And for the door to close.

She turned the gas beneath the kettle of soup to full; the flame exploded, climbing the sides. He could see into the bathroom above where the water dripped and dribbled through the walls from the bathroom above that. The beams were exposed; the dribble had eaten away much of the ceiling, its slates and its plaster. It dripped directly into his bathtub. She felt disgusted with herself. She tried to hide the towel in her hands. She breathed deeply. She would cry.

"In Honduras, Mom, we put canopies over the beds to catch the termite dirt."

She stopped. She did not answer.

"Have an old rope? Mom?"

She thought not to answer. But the bathroom door opened—"In the closet, Will"—and his slippers moved upon the floor to the closet, and returned. She went to the door. He was standing on the rim of the tub tying the rope round the overhead beams. He put the loose end into the sink. The water ran down the rope and into the sink. He swished fresh water into the tub where plaster and dirt from the apartments above had accumulated during the night. He plugged the drain and drew his bath water. "Will?" It had been two years since his last hot bath. Honduras! There had been no hot water in his village in Honduras. But he had gone swimming everyday.

She returned to the stove. He had been away six years. College, and the Peace Corps. Honduras! He had worked with the poor in Honduras. He had worked to give the poor a sense of responsibility based upon themselves as persons: not upon land or machinery or other materials which they lacked, he said. The water trickled down the rope now, and into the sink. She

heard him stirring the bath water. It was cold.

"Where is the hot water? Mom," he yelled.

"Give it time, Will." She said it quickly. She caught her breath and listened.

He turned off the faucet and let the water drain. He swished it, and splashed his face, and then it was gone out.

"What do you think of the sun tan? Mom." He came out of the bathroom rubbing his face dry. He was the oldest. There were two others away at school. She had insisted upon their going to college. She thought it was the escape. But now Will had come home.

"You're blacker than your father ever was," she said. She stood at the stove boiling a ham bone for soup. She did not look at him. She looked away. She took an apple from the refrigerator and gave it to him; he took a chair at the table by the window overlooking the courtyard between the two rows of tenement. She thought to draw the curtain. Crateboard fences divided the mud yard into a hundred individual plots each buried within its own shadows; the wash hung from the iron railings of the fire escape; the muggy smell of rotting wood, the poignant odor of cigarette and urine and alcoholated flesh: the slum.

"It is the sun," he said. "It is the beautiful sun. It is the sun, and the mountains, and the rain."

She brought the steaming kettle to the window and edged the bone out onto the sill with a fork. A skinny cat sniffed of it there. Too hot. Too hot.

"The washerwomen who took my clothes to the river each week brought me a puppy. I told them I couldn't get it on the plane without papers."

"Will?" she said.

"They didn't understand. They brought me some newspaper."

Will laughed. His eyes smiled. She smiled at him when he looked away from the slum, when he looked at her. The soup was ready. She peeled another potato and cut it into the soup. She didn't want it to be ready. She hadn't expected it to be ready so soon.

"Carlos the landowner divided one hundred acres of his jungle among the poorer families. He helped them clear the land and plant banana trees. After all, he said in his broken English, isn't that what the land is for?"

Perhaps he could even stay two nights, she thought. He could watch the ball game on television. Yes. He wanted to show the slides. Yes. And then they could go to a movie.



"Marie said I should write to her. I cannot write Spanish well. She cannot read English. She said it didn't matter. She would keep the letters."

Marie? Yes. And then he would get out. And then she would have gotten him out. He could get any job he wanted now. Yes. It was ready. She would set the table. Then she laughed. The cat pawed at the bone, pushing it ever toward the edge of the sill. She laughed at something Will was saying. She laughed to hear him saying it. She laughed to hear his voice. He had been coming home now for six years. She had waited for him each summer and each vacation and each time he came to stay; always he had gone away. And she was glad. "Will?" The curtain, breathing with the moving air, pulled tight against the window. The three boys—Will—she had raised them. She had tried to get them out. She had tried. But now, Will had come home. She slammed the window shut, knocking the ham bone twenty feet to the ground. The cat leaped off the sill, onto the fire escape, down the rails, after to reclaim it.

"Will?"

"Both the rich and the poor fear. They fear each other. They keep each other down. They—"

"Get out, Will." She pulled the curtains; the kitchen darkened.

"Mom?"

"Get out, Will. This isn't your home anymore, Will." She stood over him, before him. She spoke deliberately.

"Where do I go? Mom?"

"I don't care, Will. Anywhere. Just get out of here. God, I"—She tore at her apron, twisted it in her hands. "I don't want to see you this summer, Will."

"Where do I go? Mom?"

"Oh God, Will, get out. Do anything, Will." She began to sob. Tears filled her eyes. "Do anything, Will. Anything."

"I can't, Mom."

"God, Will, get out before you can't." She pulled the other kitchen chair and fell into it. She buried her head in her arms and wept. "God help you, Will," she sobbed. "God help you, Will." The force of her body shook the table. She cried. She stopped. She wiped her eyes. She turned to the stove, to the soup. Will got up. He brought the kettle and the bowls.

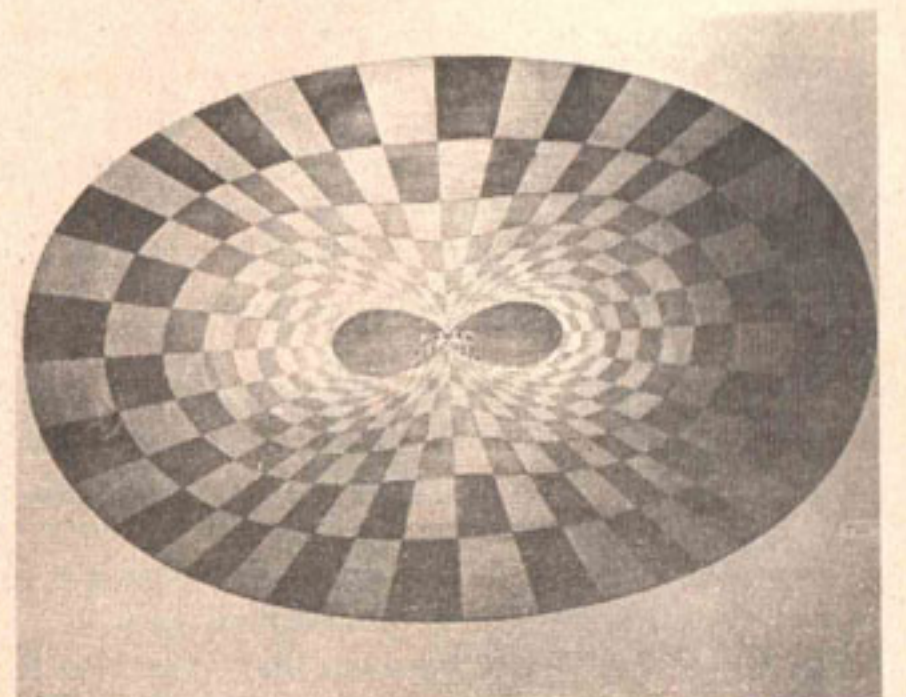
"We told them we were going to fight disease together, Mom. Many of them brought knives to the first clinic. No one brought knives to the second clinic."

"Yes, Will." She smiled. She had been standing at the stove too long. She felt her tiredness. Her legs were tired. Will would see the landlord about the hot water. Perhaps it would be on again by the end of the week. Yes. And she would see the slides this evening. It was good to have a man in the house again. Will had come home.

"The company said no to a school. The mayor said pickers didn't need to read or write. The pickers formed their own school. The company paid the teacher's salary."

"Yes, Will. Yes." She opened the curtains. She felt very tired.

—Thomas Alexander



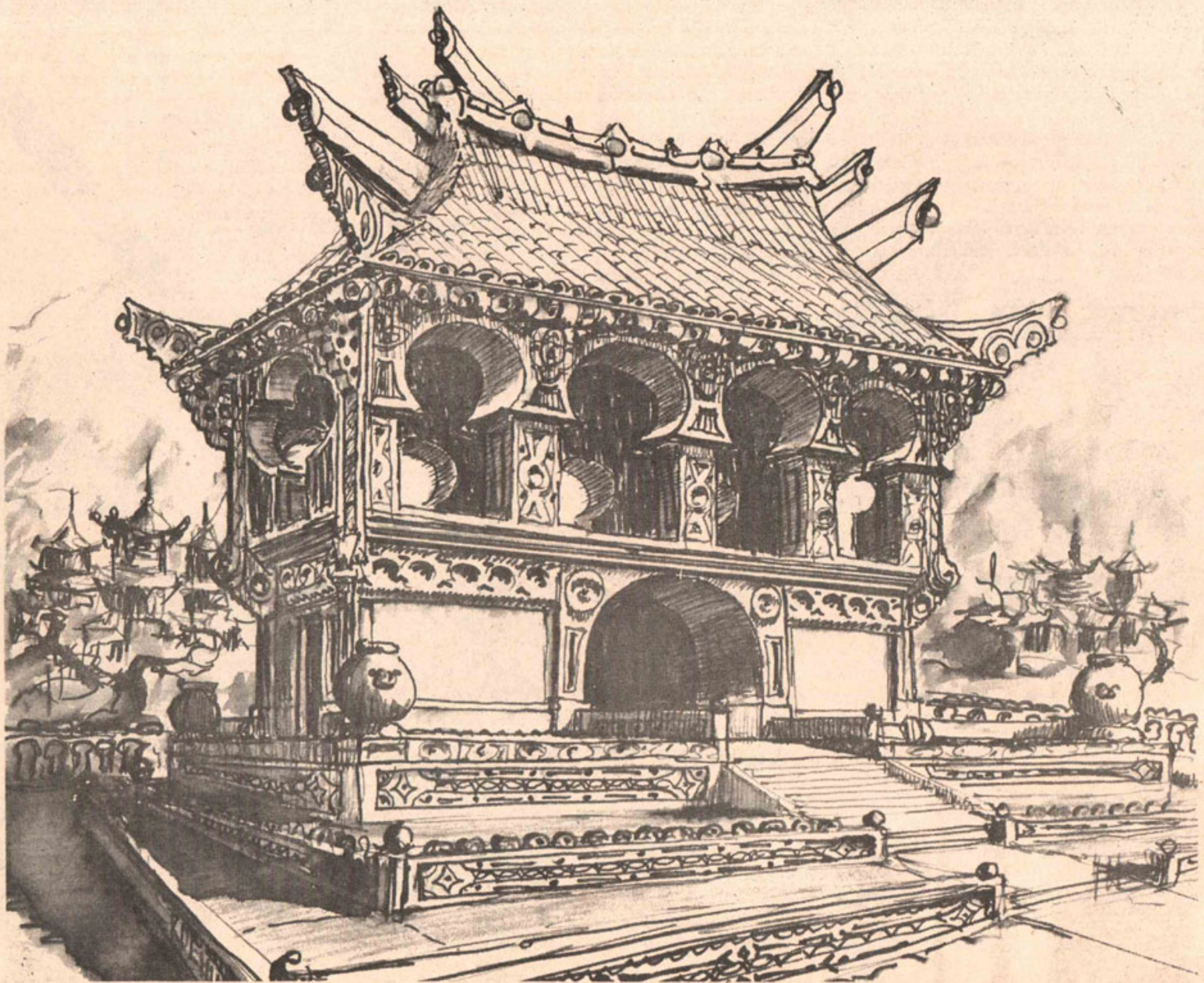
ADVANCED SOCIETY PROJECTS

The purpose of this organization is to provide information on conditions from perspectives that could not normally be obtained or considered in a limited analysis of the total concept of environmental conditions, eliminating the possibility of undesirable effects and errors in future environmental structures.

M. Preston Burns

37 RUTLAND st.





Somerville

"We owe it to our taxpayers to keep people like you out. We threw *AVATAR* people out bodily and we'll do the same to you if we have to." So a Somerville Health Department inspector told Peter and Mickie Brigham, who have been operating The Place on 322 Beacon St., a refuge for runaways set up in January under the aegis of the Inter-Seminarian Benevolent Association, Inc., a group of Boston area seminary students. The Place has tried to act as a link between the runaways and parents.

Although the police and city had been informed and agreeable to the formation of the haven and the neighbors were friendly, harassment began in March. First came the Health Department, searching for violations and finally using as a device two mattresses on the floor ("unsanitary") which were to be put in a bunk that would be finished the next day. They made Peter throw out the mattresses.

The problem with this tactic is that state law requires health inspectors, before the city can take further action, to notify occupants in writing exactly what the violation is and how it can be remedied, and allow a reasonable length of time to correct it. They must also inform the occupants that they have a right to a hearing. So when the inspectors returned, Peter called their bluff by telling them the law, and they left.

Instead, the police sent the corporation (I-SBA) summonses to a hearing for illegally running a boarding house (although under law a lodging house is defined as over ten people,

more than ever slept at The Place). Judge DeMarco took this under advisement, telling them, "You have a lofty purpose and are doing good things, but get it out of Somerville."

Then, on April 13, Detective Mossiello came to The Place looking for a fourteen-year-old runaway girl who had been there three days before. Mickie had talked to her and found a family she could stay the night with. Mossiello said he wanted any minor turned over to the tender mercies of the police and charged Peter, who had never even talked with the girl, with "contributing to the delinquency of a minor"—\$500 and one year imprisonment.

The girl was found and taken to the police station by a seminarian in the corporation. Mossiello yelled at her for awhile and finally gave her permission to make a phone call. A matron was called to take her to the phone, and when she saw the girl smoking a cigarette, slapped it out of her mouth with a newspaper. Without explanation, the matron grabbed and yanked her wrist, so the girl pulled away. This was "resisting arrest" (runaways are criminals since state law requires all children under seventeen to stay at home) and gave Mossiello an excuse to throttle her, twist her arm, and pull her down the hall to a phone. Before she could make a connection, he got impatient and dragged her away, throwing her in a cell and locking it, again without explaining why. So the girl broke down completely.

This is the type of care the police think runaways should be turned over to.

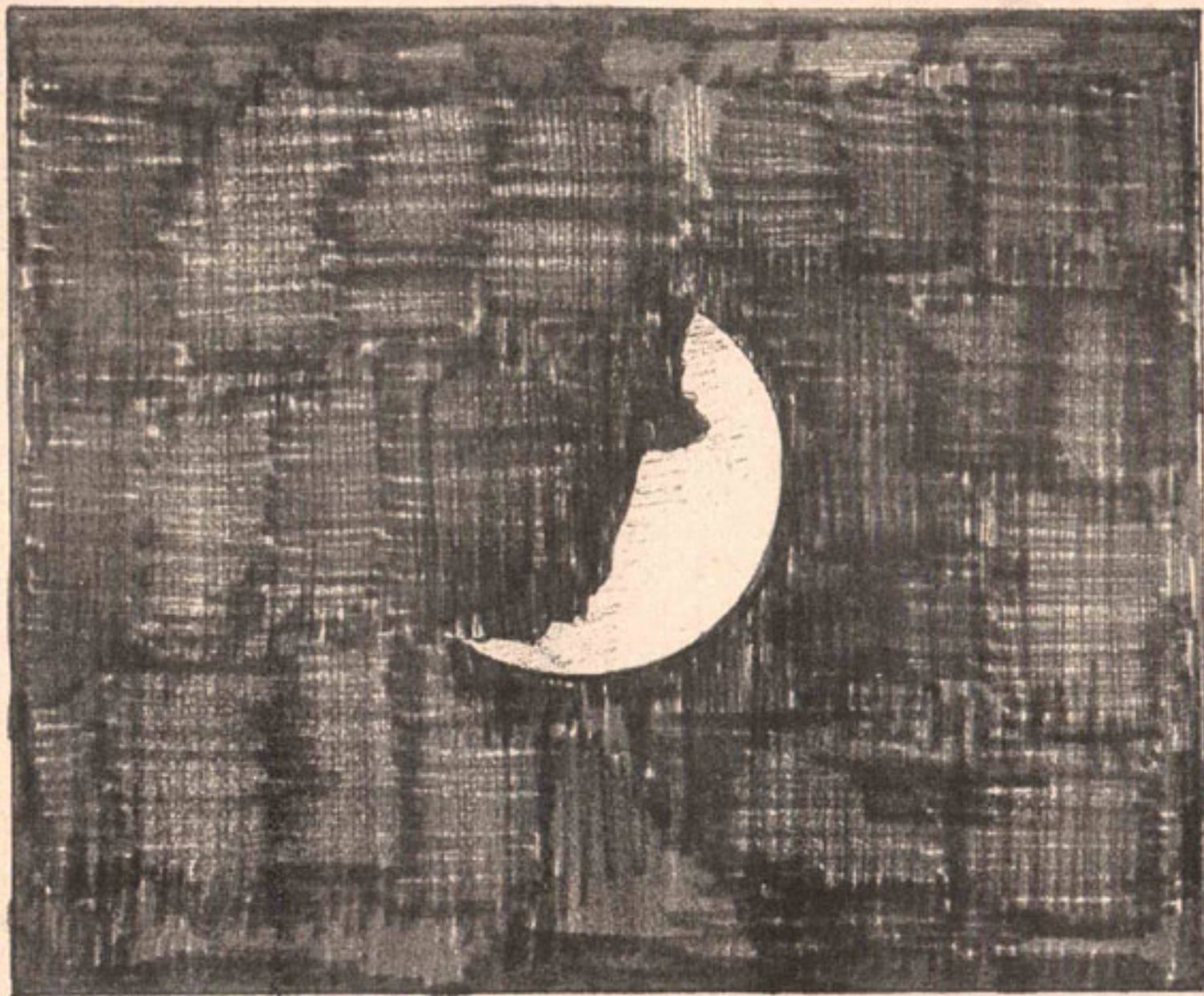
On the eighteenth, Peter was called into Somerville District Court for a hearing on his charges before Judge DeMarco. Mossiello told his story, lying that Peter had told the girl to run from the police; the Judge refused to listen to Peter's lawyers, saying that the only thing relevant was that the girl had been at The Place, and ordered everyone evicted by midnight. He finally granted a few more days for Peter and Mickie to get an apartment, threatening to arrest the other members of the corporation as well as Peter if they didn't get out of Somerville.

Since their main concern is with helping runaways and not in fighting Somerville, Peter and I-SBA have left the city. The atmosphere of Somerville is obviously not conducive to helping runaways, who are badly enough alienated and frightened without having to face continuous police harassment. Somerville refuses to face being a city of 100,000 adjacent to Boston, so the runaway refuge will be relocated elsewhere in the area, in a city that is willing to co-operate. Peter and Mickie will be moving to Cambridge to do more good things.

Somerville wants to be left alone from its responsibilities and is fully willing to use the power of its city machine to keep itself insular. Anyone who is not completely straight and lives in Somerville should stay cool for awhile until the time comes when the city blows open. Which may not be long.

—Randy Foote

ASAR



Senator William Seward of New York charged the South, forced an irrepressible conflict.



Senator Salmon Chase, "a criminal betrayal of precious rights"



Charles Sumner of Mass. called Douglas a skunk



T.R. Roosevelt was a Scorpio





"It was like saying good-bye to a statue. After awhile, I went out, left the hospital, and walked back to the hotel in the rain."

-Ernest Hemingway

-Photo: Yousuf Karsh (Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

"Debate"

"I can't stand Jews," said the first.
 "I can't stand Negroes," said the second.
 "I can't stand the fact that there are people that I can't stand," said the third.
 "I can't stand midgets," said the first

"Pardon Me"

Man to man
 We laid it on the line
 I know you
 You know me
 And even though we
 Don't agree
 Somebody lied.

"In a Hurry"

Running blindly into blindness
 I stumbled over kindness
 Got up / excused myself
 And ran off a cliff

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Jolly Glad to Serve You" COPY COPY COPY

"BEIN' NASTY"

The *AVATAR* is now involved with obscenity trials in Cambridge. Let's not even begin to discuss whether or not four letter words are obscene. The question of obscenity is irrelevant because "obscenity" does not exist. It is the manifestation of one's mind. As far as the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is concerned, however, the law views it as the following.

"Obscenity means to the average person, applying contemporary standards, the predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interest; that is, a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion which goes substantially beyond the customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters and is matter which is totally without redeeming social importance."

Redeeming social importance. This, of course, refers to so-called objectionable material which is of no value to the community at large and may be corrupting to the morals of said community. Of course. . . if shit and fuck are taken out of context, they have no value but are merely words. Yet if words such as hate and greed are similarly examined, they are ignored; because they don't refer to some type of bodily or sexual activity.

If I say "fuck" to your daughter you'll probably want to hang me. Yet if I say "sexual intercourse," it's perfectly acceptable. It's obvious that obscenity is a judgment made by the individual. The witnesses currently appearing for the Commonwealth against *AVATAR* have expressed an open resentment toward the use of slang. The irony lies in the fact that one man can quite possibly decide for the majority concerning what's dirty and what isn't. Democracy. . . of the people, by the people and for the people. The very nature of the trial is in complete disaccord with the Constitution. Who wants a judge deciding what corrupts his morals.

This is the very question *AVATAR* is now facing in court. The statutes hold that something is obscene if "it tends to corrupt the morals of the community." City Manager DeGugliamo contends that *AVATAR* does. I won't go into explaining the morals of Cambridge. I will only tell you there are none. With all the bullshit going down in consider corruption in politics rather than the obscenity nonsense.

Another witness for the Commonwealth, a school psychologist, testified that he considered *AVATAR* to be dangerous. His main objection was to *AVATAR*'s references to sexual activity in past issues. Dave Wilson, editor of *Broadside* magazine, wrote a beautiful piece on the art of love-making called "Scaramouche." The psychologist angrily told us that analism and cunnilingus were unnatural acts. What can I say but that no man, regardless of his position, can tell me that what I do with another person is unnatural or illegal.

It's amazing to note the similarity between *AVATAR*'s case and the one Lenny Bruce was involved in.

Bruce was convicted of using obscene language in a public place. In the course of a performance at a San Francisco jazz club he used the word "cocksucker" and other words which put the police uptight. One piece of evidence presented by the State was a tape recording made by the police of part of Bruce's act. It was a chant in which Bruce did a parody on sexual climax, i.e. coming.

The jury was shocked. Bruce later wrote, "Now if anyone in this room or the world finds those two words (I'm coming) decadent, obscene, immoral, amoral, asexual, the words "to come" make you really uncomfortable, if you think I'm rank for saying them to you, you the beholder think it's rank for listening to it, you probably can't come. And then you're of no use, because that's the purpose of life, to re-create it."

The issue is not *AVATAR* as a filthy newspaper. It's the use of words that one might find objectionable.

A Federal Court Judge recently said, "The law does not prohibit the realistic portrayal by an artist of his subject matter, and the law may not require the author to put refined language into the mouths of primitive people. The speech of the performer must be considered in relation to its setting and the theme or themes of his production."

Who, then, decides? The individual. The needless courtroom procedure might stop when certain people recognize the great change about them. And recognize also that there are matters of greater importance than whether or not "fuck" is offensive. I'm not telling you that the *AVATAR* is not obscene. I'm telling you that NOTHING is obscene. Peace.

Jon Marciano

*Otis Butterfly
Lives! (Patch)*

FOR TOMORROW

Internal revolution is as rare as modesty. We have survived the cold war, natural disasters, and even the proclamation of godheads. Yet, despite all - presidential abdication, personal proclamations and murder - nothing has fully prepared us for participation. My hope is that the meetings which produced the Declaration of Independence are coming full circle to begin again anew, that men may now sit together to do what none can do alone: to make this a world for the living - now - while there is still a world in which to live.

Many of us have been talking about freedom, love, brotherhood, truth... hope. The words have been spoken in innumerable places in every way conceivable by every man, woman, child be he black white yellow or red. If it is possible to bring these voices together, if it is possible to communicate - it will be possible to work together on the basis of mutual agreement, TOGETHER AS EQUALS.

As a nation we have professed to the world to be what we are not. As a city we have presented to the nation a face which is only a mask. We have too hastily celebrated the emergence of the New Boston, the Boston Sound, the Boston Scene. Yet many of us have returned to/ remained in Boston, from within and without, from all parts of the world, because we felt that something is here: that



IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMAIN HERE, more important than to flee to some more sympathetic less complex, social cultural, psychological economic or physical climate. This is not to say that something is owed but that there is a feeling, a needing, to be a part of, rather than away from, this place.

I would like to ask if here and now we can modestly begin the effort to make Boston a viable place in which to live. If avatar means the manifestation of God on earth, if the Avatar is to be the means for that manifestation and the linkage that it has attempted to be, it must become so now in the midst of its own internal revolution. I would like to ask if the Avatar in its sudden emergence as a relatively unincumbered vehicle would open itself to the entire community as a public forum for the meeting of men with man.

"MEN ARE COMING, GREAT MEN WHO ARE AMONG US NOW, WHO WILL UNITE THE EXTREMES INTO AN UNSHAKABLE STRUCTURE, UNSHAKABLE NOT BECAUSE OF ITS SUPPRESSION OF THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE, BUT BECAUSE OF ITS PERFECT EXPRESSION OF THAT WILL. AND FROM THE PRESENT BEWILDERMENT, ANGER AND CHAOS A TRUE WILL MUST ARISE TO REPLACE THAT SHADOW OF WILL, THAT VACANT GREED WHICH IS NOW CALLED THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE BY THE CUNNING DWARVES WHO STUMBLE WHERE GRACEFUL GIANTS OUGHT TO STRIDE."

I would like to ask the Avatar to publicly invite the people of Boston to convene. That all together may see together the common need. In particular I would like to ask the meeting of the following men in the next issue of this paper:

KEVIN WHITE
JOHN F. COLLINS
REV. VERNON CARTER
THOMAS ATKINS
ALFREDO DE JESUS
CARMELLO IGLESIOUS
HALE CHAMPION
MEL KING
CHRISTOPHER IANNELLA
JOHN SEARS
DAN RICHARDSON
DOREIS BLAND
ROBERT H. QUINN
RALPH LOWELL
DR. STANLEY CHIN

CHIKUMAH UZODOMA
MICHAEL HAYNES
EDMOND L. MCNAMARA
PAUL PERKS
ROY RICHARDSON
JAMES R. KILLIAN
NATHAN H. PUSEY
ASA KNOWLES
ARLAND CHRIST-JENSEN
FATHER DRINAN
ABRAHAM SACHAR
EDWIN H. LAND
GUNTHER WEL
WILLIAM J. ROLEY JR.
THOMAS EISENSTAT
EDWARD H. PROSKE
CARDINAL RICHARD CUSHING

In hopes for tomorrow, I am richard joo



the only regret

Some French singer - I can't remember his name, all those French are so bad - once said, if I can recall it properly, "Le seul regret de ma vie est de ne pas avoir été noir." The only regret of my life is that I wasn't born black. Brooding about the article I hadn't written for the next issue of AVATAR, I just came back to my room to find a black party. I'm alone tonight and white, and I know what that singer meant. No, I'm not hung up about sex—don't quote James Baldwin to me. It's that, well, they're playing Aretha, The Miracles, James Brown, that sort of thing, and really grooving to it. You know, I can listen to those songs and I can point out, as if anyone cared, mistakes, clichés, steals, awkwardnesses. I've seen Otis, James, and The Temptations, and I really dug them all, well, not The Temptations so much---the slick choreography distracted me, or maybe it was because the audience was mainly white. I dug them, sure, but I never got up and danced, danced to myself, with myself, at myself. Can anyone who's white, unless he's stoned? We can't and for the same reason that we listen for mistakes: we've got minds, not souls. Drugs don't help. After all, we take them to "heighten our self-awareness" to find "the inner truth" or some bullshit like that. And this is what makes the YIP thing in Chicago so ridiculous, and Jon Landau writing about Otis so pathetic and pointless. Words are thinking, and that's nothing. And this is nothing.

There are two kinds of pop music around today: mind music and soul music. There's also bad music, but I don't want to write or talk about that. Mind music kills the soul and soul music kills the mind. Bad music, needless to say, kills mind and soul.

Do you realize how horrible it is to have a mind? It's like a boil that just won't go away. Every time you sit down you feel it. Most whites have boils. Some don't, but then they don't have souls either, and that's known as acne.

To get back to music, what I'm expected to write about, to me it appears that there can be two kinds of music that can be significant, viable for whites: music that kills the mind, and music that makes you love the mind. The first kind is not the same as bad music, which kills the soul also. It is evil music. When you hear it, you never ask, "Gee, how'd they ever think that up?" You never ask because there's nothing left in you to do the asking. And such music can never be written about, because that's using the mind. All you can do is point it out: the wails at the end of The Moody Blues' "From the Bottom of My Heart" (on their first album, a great one), Barry's lead on "Eastern Jam" on the Fish's second album, the guitar on Donovan's "Season of the Witch," Ray Davies' voice in "Rainy Day in June" and "Dandy" on the Kink's Face to Face. None of this is soul music, for that presupposes the

lack of a mind and therefore doesn't kill it. Evil music is evil music, and very little has been played.

Then, as I said, there's music that makes you love the mind, that makes you say, "Gosh, whoever thought that up must be a genius." This is the music which makes the best of a diminished thing, which teaches you how to live with your boil in maximum comfort, a plush cushion beneath your buttocks. This is where The Beatles come in, and the Stones (though 'Citadel' is pretty damn evil). Also 'How Am I To Know' by Ars Nova and 'The American Way of Love' by the United States of America. I ought to mention Dylan and several numbers by The Airplane here, and moments of Earth Opera and Eden's Children.

Of course, very little music makes it to either of these categories. Most music, even by good groups, is bad

music. If an album has two good cuts it's worthwhile; four, it's great.

As long as I'm on the classification trip (a mind thing if there ever was one), I might as well be consistent and add one more category: the beautiful. As with all the other terms I've introduced into this article, this one cannot be defined either. After all, a definition is a translation of something into something that it isn't. It's not that I'm a sloppy thinker believe me. So, definition by example: The Beatles' "In My Life," some of The Fish, Buffalo Springfield and Tim Hardin and The Byrds at their best, "Dock of the Bay," The Miracles' "Fork in the Road," Gary Burton's "Sweet Rain," Archie Shepp's "Call Me By My Rightful Name," John Handy's "If We Only Knew"...had enough? The beautiful transcends the mind-soul classification. I could cop out now and say that the beautiful is what we need, that this is what should be pursued in music, but we know that beauty is not the only thing we are in need of. Beauty cannot sustain us; if it could, all rock would try to be beautiful, and this is something rock rarely tries to be. Beauty doesn't sock it to you, nor does it blow your mind. I don't know what it does, and no one else does either; if they did, there wouldn't be books written about esthetics. Whatever it is, beauty tends to be quiet, and it results in passivity, not action; it's not making love, but going to sleep in each other's arms. And we all want to make love.

So we have the evil, the beautiful, the soulful, and the mindful, and we cannot forget, the bad. All these designations are arbitrary and meaningless, as are all designations and all words. But they are mine. I don't want to make them yours. But to make them your own, if you've got a mind and are driven to do that sort of thing. If you don't have one and aren't driven, don't read. I wish I didn't and could sit down without wincing.

— Ken Emerson



The melancholy loneliness of the Hardin sound makes it easy for a score of imitators to seem full of meaning. Even Bobby Darin evokes some magic in *If I Were A Carpenter*. Hardin is a great song writer but an even greater interpreter of his own music. There are a couple of records on Verve but Hardin rarely performs before live audiences. He has gone so deeply into himself and his music that he seems estranged from the young audiences. His orchestrations for two guitar, bass, drums, electric piano and vibes have all the subtlety of Jazz groups especially, Stan Getz. With a bossa nova beat behind it, *Misty Roses*, could be a jazz standard.

In the summer of '63, Tim Hardin came to Cambridge to be part of the Folk Scene. He played at Club '47 and gave guitar lessons in the back room of the Folklore center. An ex-marine stationed on Okinawa, Tim had a ready humor and was an incessant rapper. His ambition was enormous and he wanted more than anything to make it. The irony is that he got it and the devil's bargain for fame has cost Tim a life of intense personal tragedy. Tim's greatness as an artist is that he re-

veals this tragedy constantly in his music. His lyrics are filled with, tomorrow, yesterday, another day to lose you, too lovely to be alone, don't make promises that you can't keep.

At the Hoots of the Club '47, it was always easy to pick out the Hardin students. Hardin had a kind of fast picking style that sounded like brushes on a snare drum. His style was percussive as well as lyric. Tim was a clown and a showman, full of jokes and raps. This brought him a small core of devoted followers. In the larger sense of the Cambridge Folk scene, Tim was a loner and even somewhat unpopular. He always tended to rock more than Folk. Long before Dylan, Hardin was playing electric guitar, laying down a gutsy, bluesy sound. One day Myerson came by Hartwell St. and got Mel to play harp in a Hardin group. It lasted very briefly.

His singing in '63 was rough and guttural. Songs would roll around in his mouth twisted into bursts of sound. It was too early for this music to be understood. This was still the era of Jackie Washington, The Charles River

Valley Boys, Mitch Greenhill and a variety of blue grass, ethnic styles. Hardin was more than ethnic, his individuality became more apparent.

Things went from bad to worse. Tim made a promotional record for Columbia and for a while it looked like he would land a contract. That finally fizzled and Tim split for New York and started a group there, that didn't last and then Tim did the same thing on the west coast with the same result. Somewhere along the line Tim started to write his own material.

By the winter of '64, the music world changed dramatically with the arrival of the Beatles and the Liverpool sound. Dylan later brought out Highway '61 and there was a memorable Newport appearance when Dylan was booed for his electric group. This was the death blow for the Folk scene. By the time Tim released his first Verve record he had changed into a very skilled, subtle studio musician. He had softened from the previous gutsy, bluesy style.

"There is more to my music than you hear on records," Tim promised before his set this weekend. Hearing him live for

the first time in five years, Tim seems to have grown to the stature of a Billie Holiday, Annie Ross or a Chet Baker. Live Hardin leaves no doubt that you are in the presence of a great artist. You listen intently as the music chills you with its sorrow. Then you wonder what compassion there could possibly be in the faces of the teenagers sitting on the floor of the Psychedelic SuperMarket. You think of Bird and Lady Day, but Hardin is here and you are glad and afraid.

For the first time in quite a while, Tim is on tour, next stop Colorado and eventually probably the big gigs at Town Hall, and Carnegie. Tim is obsessed with perfection, it seemed to make little sense as he fussed about mikes and volume control. The habits of an exacting studio musician were lost on an undemanding audience. It is rare to see such perfection in Pop music. The men with him have all the bored perfectness of well-disciplined studio musicians. Here are none of the capes and psychedelic garb of acned groups, none of the show bizz antics, no schtick, no schmaltz, but rather a very pure fine art.

—Charles Giuliano

"You look to me like misty roses,
Soft to touch, you're too lovely to be alone." ~Tim Hardin



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Paradox of the re-made image

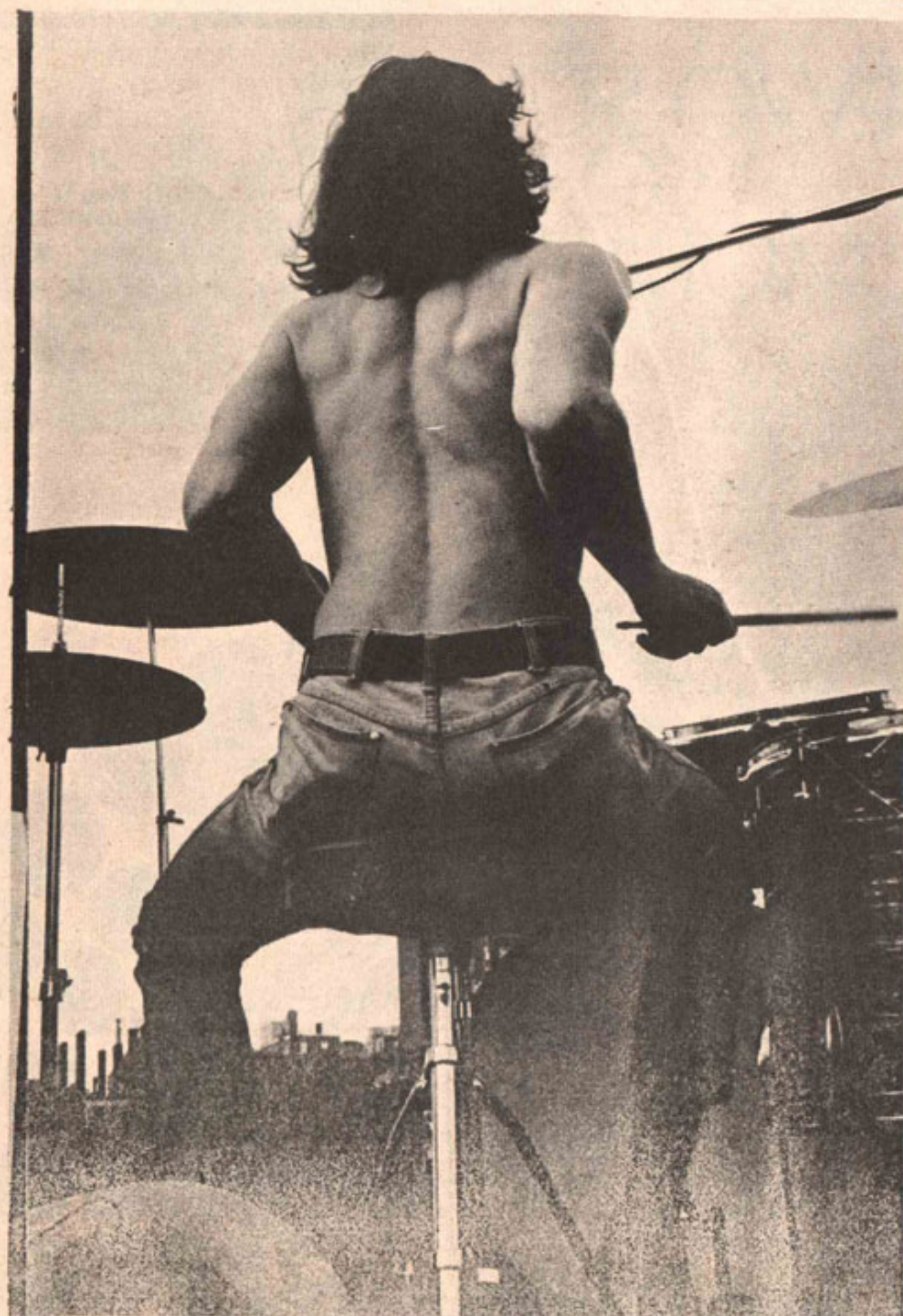
I tripped a walk down Hudson way
A morning glow to speak
When on a crooked cornerstone
A lad to me did reek:
Say man, are you putting me on?
I've got two words for you and they arn't
Go Home

I stumbled fast to catch my breath
And laid against a tree
For when I looked the lad again
I found that he was me

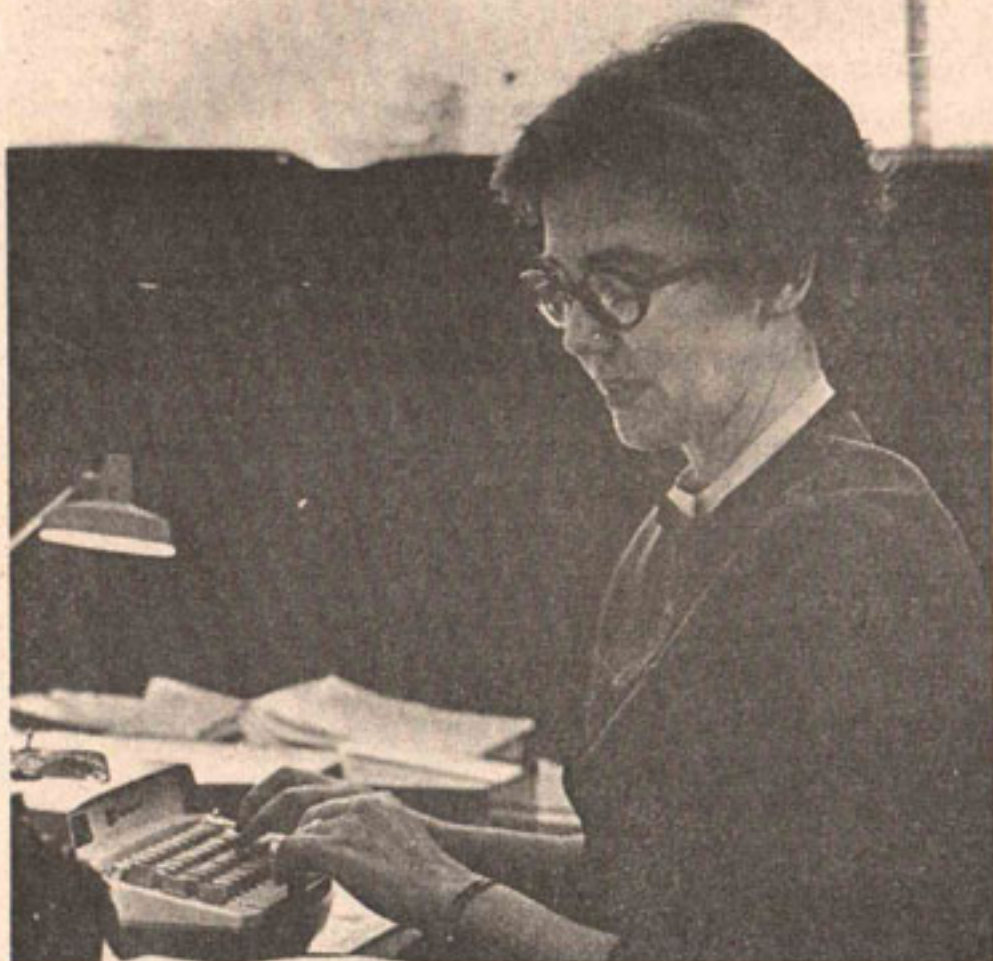
Came then a mirror crystal gaze
That made my dream come true
Of faith and grace and loving life
And care for tommorrows in me and you

But then the lad he paused again
Mindfull questions of hows and where and when
Ever seeking to lose and find again
In disregarding you

For as any man who moved The Men
These words I say are True:
A fool as I will find another again
Amist a machine drone pool
To move so quiet in caution blanks
To find and work the heated stream
And wander and wonder tremble sweat
Of an evil seagull cry
And know the secrets kept that make me
God
Here caught putting up with you.
-Tim Kelly
June, 1967



Contemporary Arts On The Run!



Boston prides itself on being a cultural center. It boasts a Boston Symphony Orchestra, Fine Arts Museum, Museum of Science and many other commendable activities. One of these is the Institute of Contemporary Arts. For the past 31 years they have championed the cause of Modern Art. In their long history they have been housed in a variety of locations. Each move attempted to improve facilities and upgrade the quality of exhibition and library holdings.

The importance of the Institute is that the Museum of Fine Arts has never accepted its responsibility to exhibit and collect contemporary works. When we consider that Contemporary means all Living Arts, we come to realise that the MFA has its head in the past and cannot recognise anything current. The Institute has had to cope with the indifference of conservative Bostonians. Their support has come from a handful of aware citizens who recognise the need to represent things contemporary. Mrs. Thurman of the Institute has planned many exciting projects to bring Boston into active focus with the efforts of living art. Some of these things have actually come about: most significant was the installation of the Expo '67 show at Horticultural Hall. This represented an enormous effort on the part of the institute against the obstacles of minimal facilities and tight budget restrictions. This exhibit had the added significance of being the only installation outside of Montreal of these works. The cruel fact is that these efforts were treated with a very cold shoulder on the part of the media and hence the general public.

The dilemma of the Institute is a failure to communicate through the media. The media has little feeling for contemporary art and gives it at best token representation and then in the cliché ridden terms of reactionary criticism. Bostonians have failed to acquire the sophistication to recognise the need for art in their lives. Other cities as Philadelphia, NY, Dallas and other places have been able to communicate the need of contemporary art as a community responsibility as well as a communal asset. It just doesn't happen automatically, rather, what contemporary art has been seen in Boston represents the undying efforts of a very few who have worked against the odds and now have been brought to their knees by that old demon the landlord and the budget.

As of the first of June the Institute has been asked to vacate their premises on Newbury St. The landlord, the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company will reclaim the gallery space for their expansion program. Newbury St. had seemed an ideal location for the Institute since the street houses most of the city's serious art galleries. In the Institute's tenure on Newbury St. the cause of Contemporary Art seems to have reached its highest point. The galleries have been strengthened and numerically increased as a result of the Institute's presence. The Institute has attempted to be an active presence for the Boston artists keeping files of slides, biographies and serving as a clearing house for inquiries of purchasers and industrial commissions. Part of the Institute's services has been a rental collection from which individuals have rented and subsequently purchased their first works of living art.

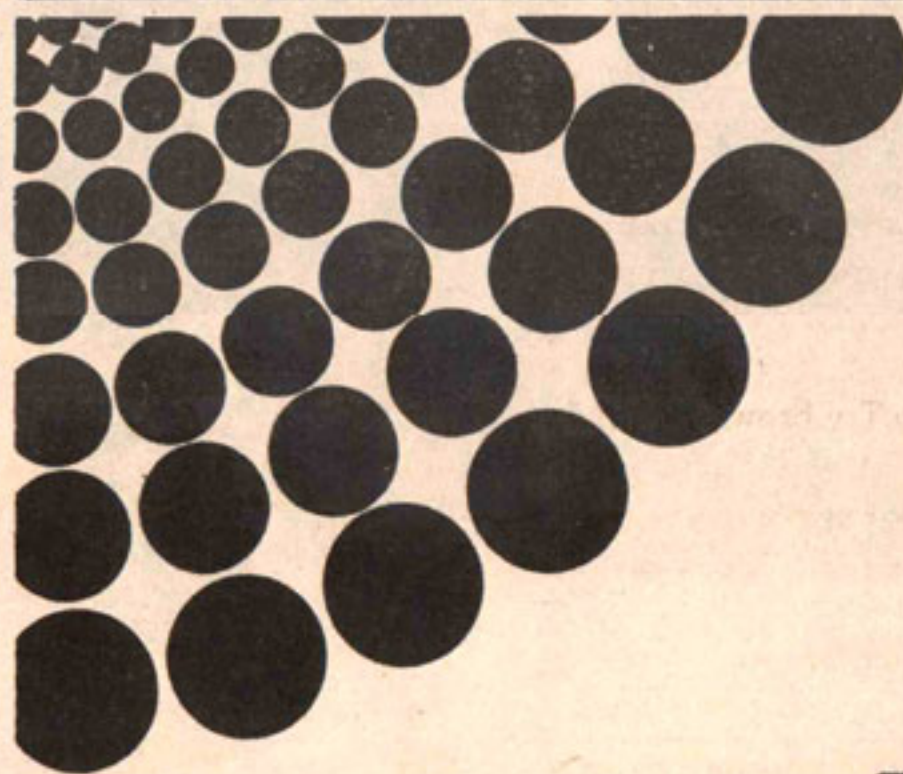
At this point the future of the living arts in Boston depends directly upon the future of the Institute, the MFA is prepared to at best make a token effort for living art. In a surprise move the MFA has announced that they are making a curatorial appointment for a Modern Art coordinator. Part of his function will be to advise collection of contemporary works and to stage an annual exhibition for contemporary art. Admittedly this is more than the MFA has ever done before yet it hardly fills the gap of the more general needs of contemporary art. One can only consider this as a token gesture in response to the very real pressures exerted upon them by interested individuals. The frustration is that the MFA has designated \$150,000 annually to the modern arts. The Institute's annual budget is \$200,000. The difference is that the Institute has to do so much with their funds that every cent is accounted for. On the other hand a couple of years ago Perry Rathbone purchased a Picasso out of the artist's studio for \$150,000. How can we compare the purchasing of a single painting with the efforts of the Institute for an entire year with its multiplicity of programs. The MFA is in a position to squander recklessly whereas the Institute is in constant jeopardy. Frankly I would prefer to see the damned Picasso sold to save the Institute for yet another year. Of course this will never happen and it's the total failure of the community to recognise the needs of the Institute that

make it a cultural vagabond constantly forced to compromise its ambitions and even its very existence.

One woman who cares very much for the cultural life of the community is Elma Lewis. Her ceaseless efforts have at last secured a cultural center for the community in Roxbury. A Jewish benevolent foundation has turned over vast facilities on Seaver Street for a Negro Cultural Center. The MFA has graciously offered its services to help secure a curator for a permanent, all-black

museum in the center. In the late summer there will be an all black exhibit of some 30 artists selected by John Wilson an artist on the BU faculty. This represents partially the kinds of things that can result from positive thinking and constant pressure in the right places. It would never have happened without Elma Lewis and to say the least there will be no Contemporary Art in Boston without your support as well.

Charles Giuliano



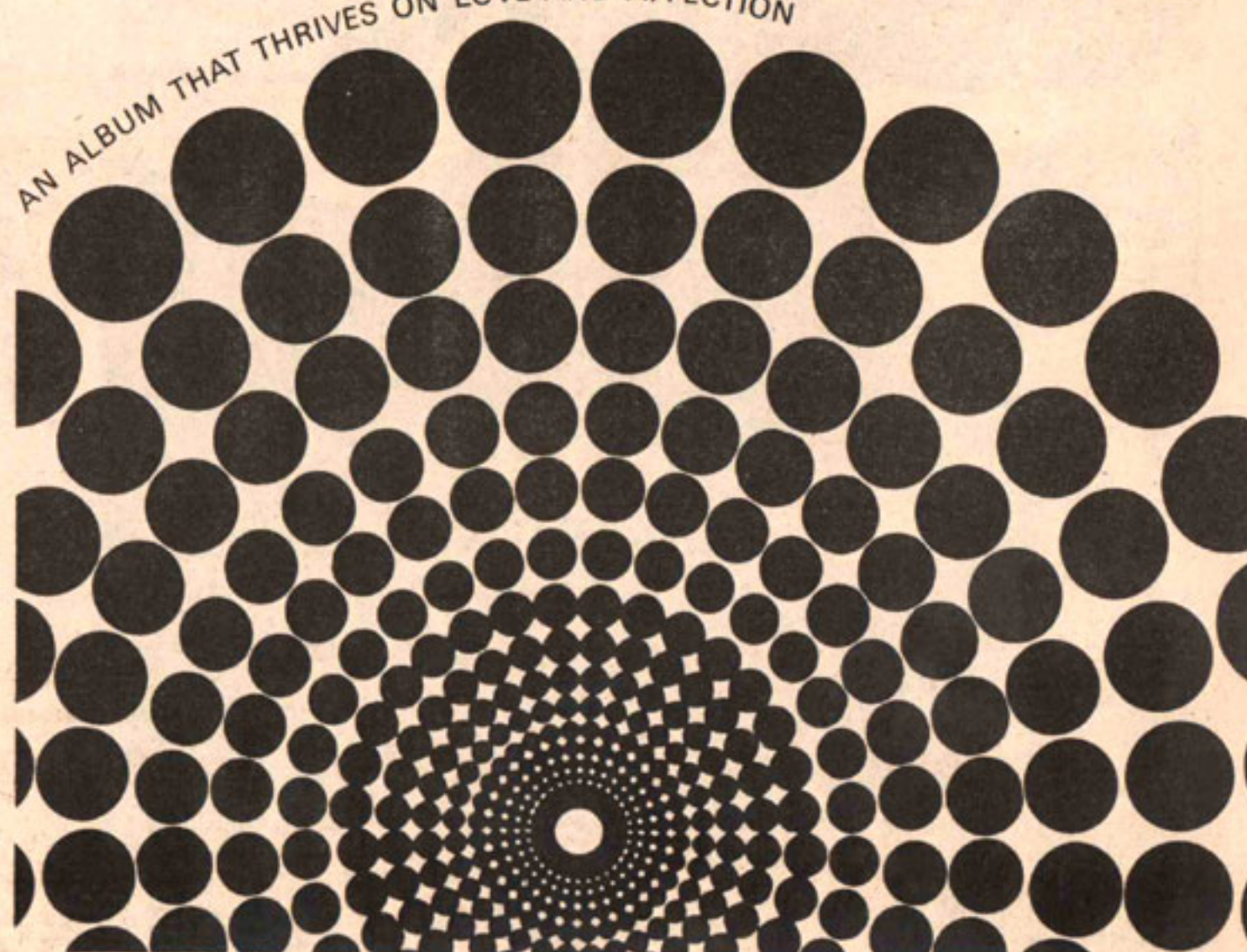
TWO SUNS WORTH MORNING GLORY



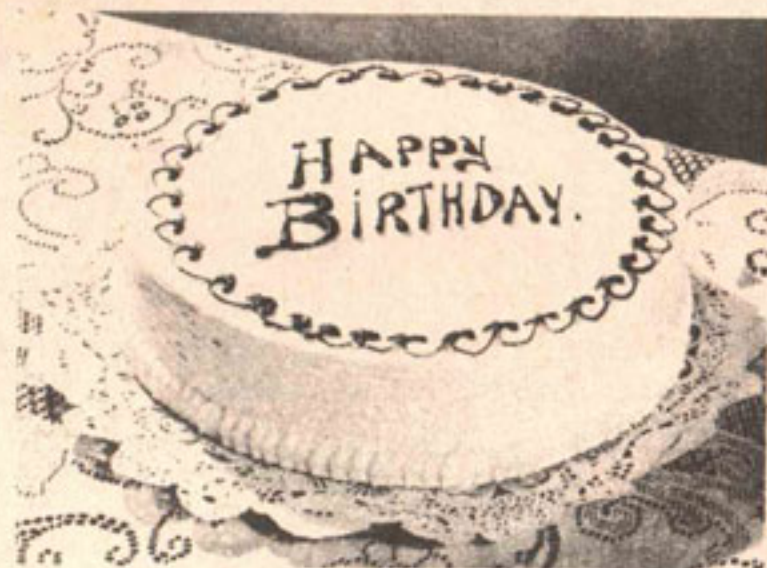
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You ARE What You EAT!



If you want to join the revolution you've got to start at home and you don't have to be black red yellow or white. Just human and hungry for a change. Wake up and join the Food Revolution.

Jim Silin, downhill artist and bopper, started the revolution in this area. "It's just a matter of desiring The Real Thing" he says. Butter-margarine, brown rice-white rice, Jewish brown-TipTop white, good-evil, high-low, in-out.

This does not mean to become a food freak. Don't starve yourself on macrobiotics. Be gracious when invited out to eat. The best cause is destroyed by its fanatics.

It is a matter of quality. And how long you want to live. Quality survives. So eat your beans at every meal.

The purpose of the food revolution is to turn the body from a mistreated, malfunctioning, malnourished rag into a healthy machine. You know you are eating well when you eat to shit instead of living to eat.

The first step is never don't you ever don't dare don't you ever don't ever think of eating Meat. Vile, bloody, rank cannibal food. It is too spicy and too dangerous. It signifies kill kill kill. Causes rednecks.

When you first break the meat habit you may shit a lot. This is the initial purge. You have learned the lesson of the sacred cow and joined the Resistance by boycotting Texas cattle. Meat is for the birds.

Choose a staple to replace meat. Try brown rice and yoghurt. A staple means you eat a lot of it. Beans and rice, rice and beans, refritos and tea. Your staple can remain on the proletarian level or go into exotic fried rice variations. Choose your revolution.

Get off the sweets. Sugar is the worst sort of addiction because it's a lousy high. A rush and a crash. The more you eat the more you want. It's a habit your mother got you on to shut you up. It's the American mania. Smell sweet, breathe sweet, shit sweet, nonsweet sweets, life's a bowl of sweeties.

Wake up and eat a large breakfast. Really gorge, really stuff yourself. Get rid of all your desires toward excess in the morning. Eat all you want. Eggs, cereals, juices, bacon, toast, yoghurt, wheat germ, rice cakes, dried fruit, fresh fruit, etc. Smoke a pot of tea and forget it. You have the whole day to digest and lots and lots to do.

Never eat your largest meal close to bedtime. It ruins your appetite for breakfast and screwing. It causes large fat deposits around the middle and behind. You will regret it.

The rest of the day you nibble. Get into the grazing scene. Take a bite whenever you feel like it, but avoid sitting down to eat. Good snacks are any and all raw vegetables, peanuts and all the goodies you can find at Nature Foods Stores. Always observe tea time and always employ tea as a standard social ritual. Never overwork your stomach or kidneys. Chew.

The tea ritual is a whole other thing. It has to be very Zen. The heated pots and cups, the measured brew, the hourglass times, the straw strainer and the Tea Master. Don't get into the tea bag. It is faster and easier that way but it's only dye. Always replace top on tin. Always avoid ruining good tea with foul whiteman sugar—super refined. Natural, organic, cleaned and raw, please.

If you are very dissatisfied and life is meaningless without steak, pizza, Pepsi, PeterPaul, Reeses peanut butter cups and dubble bubble then go fish. Become a mackerel snapper. Haddock, bass, trout, it's all good. Fish is pure. It is a symbol of peace. When you branch out, make a fish gumbo with a basic fish stock, vegetables and any small fish, shrimp or clams thrown in at the last minute. Out of sight. Then you dump some fresh rice right in the middle and eat it for days until it stinks and you have to throw it out behind the barn. Ugh.



There are basic things to know about everyday food. Such as salt. Discontinue poisoning yourself with chemically preserved and refined table salt. Diamond Crystal Kosher only, dahlink. Sweeten with honey, natural brown or a sprinkling of crushed dates if you must. It's the little things



that count. You can be sure than any precooked, preserved, prefrozen or preferred American product is low grade. Demand the best. Save silver coins.

And when you step out and want to put your body through gastronomic changes, even then observe the soul food principle. Dig the fried clams and the southern style schmoo. Schmoo is chicken and almost a vegetable and won't hurt you none. Then there is the fabulous assortment of after-hour hooker food found in Chinatown. It's very colorful and tasty, guarantees immediate satisfaction, but may leave you feeling beat. A Sunday treat is to do a duck. Complete with orange sauce and wheat germ stuffing. Set aside a whole day and expect everyone to just happen by ole buddy.

Potatoes have no value. Hot mustard cleans your sinuses. Take pills with milk. Seek out the True Peanut Butter. Figs, raisins, prunes to start and bananas and cottage cheese to stop. Coke rots your brain and candy is just plain silly. Eggplant tastes like you know what and chocolate eclairs are immoral.

The revolution needs you but not full of shit. The word is: Purify the Vehicle.

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The Science Article

If you ever don't have anything particular to do one of these days take a drive on route 1 North up towards Saugus, Lynnfield and that way. For many are the wonders of Ugly America that you can see up there. They got this steak house up there, see, with a sign sort of suspended on a forty-foot plastic cactus, and in front of it, see, they have about 8 full-size plastic cows standing in plastic grass and surrounded by a plastic fence. A little further up the road, there's a twenty foot plastic Santa Claus that's been knocked over on its ass and is just balancing there sort of teetering around, useless legs sticking out horizontal, balancing now on its ass, now on its plastic bag of toys. You don't have to hurry to see these things though, because barring being burned up, the cows, the grass and the Santa Claus will be there FOREVER.

(I once thought of opening a restaurant in this area to be called the STEAK PIT. You'd go in and pay in advance. You'd be fitted for a plastic apron covering all of you but your hands and face. Then you'd be lowered into the pit area where you could WALLOW in steak, potato and tossed salad until full, at which time you'd pull the rope twice and be hoisted out. All quite sanitary and tasty.)

But I digress.

What I wanted to point out was the eternal quality of these plastic things. Metals rust, oxidize; stone crumbles; wood rots or turns to stone; flesh disappears; but plastic lasts FOREVER. Nothing gets to plastic. Bacteria doesn't eat it, it doesn't weather appreciably. It'll be there for a long time. (Bad art used to disappear a lot quicker.)

But that's really where it's at. Science is the sickness of the age. Watch out for them. If they can do something they will. I've read that they are thinking of the following:

- 1) Production of synthetic food from shale oil and petroleum.
- 2) Elimination of birth defects through genetic engineering .
- 3) Breeding of intelligent animals for low-grade labor .
- 4) Remember these guys are the same ones who gave us the bomb. (What the hell, they *could* so they *did*.)

Not to mention the myriad wonders the medics are going to do for us. I guess by the year 2000 they'll just remove all the organs at birth and put the little machines in then. You get more complete control this way, too, since you can just cut the power any time from the central computer bank.

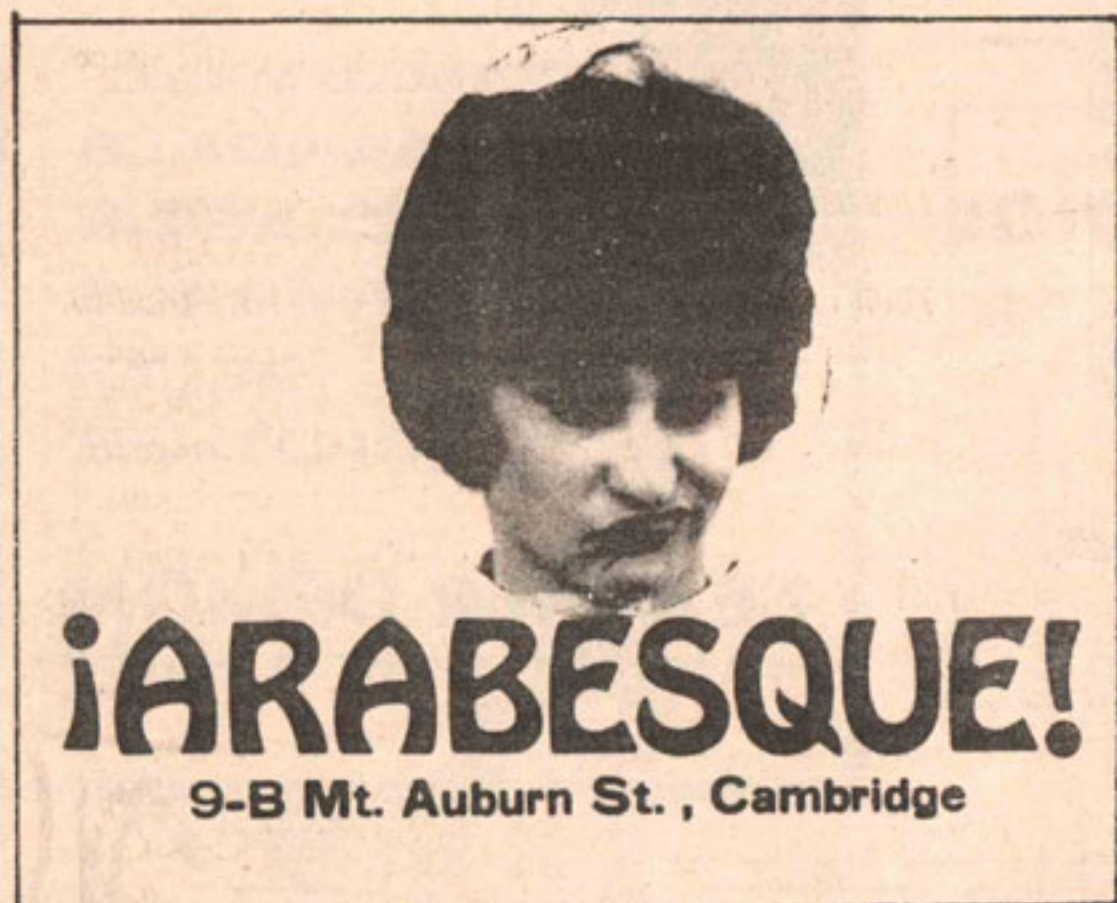
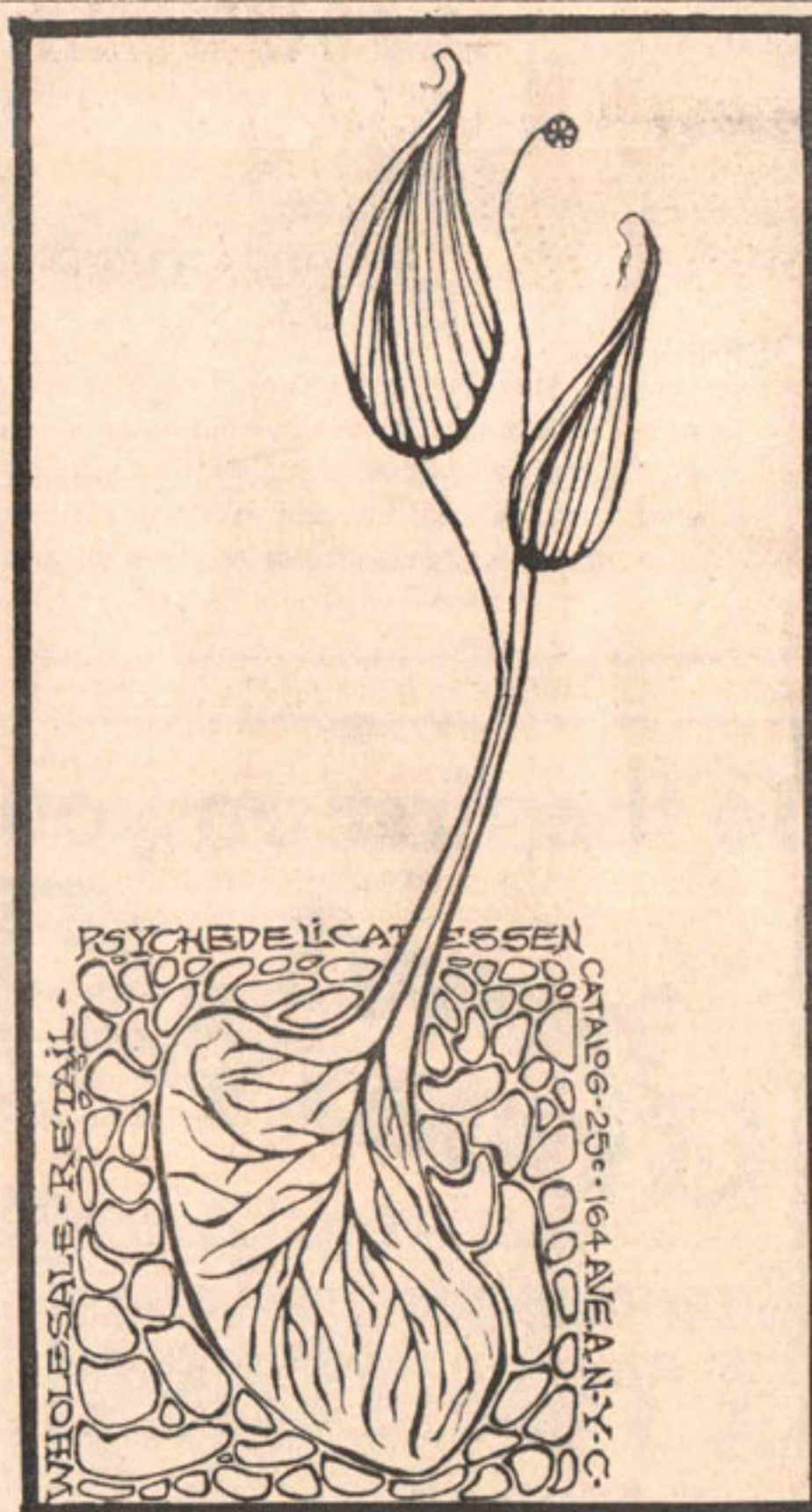
These medics have somehow got us convinced that we owe it to ourselves to undergo their vile *paliatifs* every time we get sick. And the surgery! Never mind that the body comes pre-packed, self-contained, (see it don't have many holes in it does it) like it's a unit, when it starts fucking up, just die, but fortunately it's

self-repairing. But like I said, "Don't pay that no mind, an operation don't take much time. Put that knife to it! Sock it to it! Take out the kidney, grab a lung, might as well get the tonsils while we're here. Oh yeah! Harry, wanna get the appendix and a hunk of liver. We'll have 'em all out on the table here, make some tissue slices, have a look under da scope. No we're not able to replace them at this time. Working on it though, down in the dog lab."

The medics are running the country now. You have to be examined by one to get a job. If a psychiatrist doesn't like your looks, he can have you locked up for 10 days and do anything with you he likes. Most people never think twice about it. My parents certainly didn't. I put my time on the table while some old Jew from Buffalo tinkered with my eyes. And me lying there like a little lamb! (I'm telling you, Daddy. If I run into you in hebben or somewhere on a dark night, by Jesus, you'll spend a bad twenty minutes.) All medical treatment is symptomatic. That means you treat the effect and not the cause. So on the balance you end up with 2 causes. That is—KARMA.

Natural cycles add up to zero. When you kill something, eat it. (Can you image McNamara, Johnson et. al. sitting down to a dinner of 20,000 boys who came home in a box. But that's what they must need to mitigate BLAME.) It's the same with the plastic Santa, except in that case it's kinda ludicrous, but again it's just a cycle they can't complete. I'm not going to include some graphs I wrote on the possible consequences of all this, a friend told me it sounded fictional and out of place. Suffice it to say that the swallows come back to Capistrano every year, and in the same manner, it can be shown that your chickens will come home to roost, too, BABY.

I never been to hell but I heard it mentioned they paved the streets with good intentions. Science is washed up, dishonored, thoroughly finished, no longer credible. Science should disband or something. What we need is CON-SCIENCE, the together knowledge. These guys are making a bourgeois profession of messing with God. And they don't know nuthin'.



the
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BOOKS & OBJECTS

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..palmistry..e.s.p...magic
..mysticism..psychedelics..
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a call to CELEBRATION!

I
and many others
known
and unknown to me
call you—

—to celebrate our joint power to provide all human beings with the food, clothing and shelter they need to delight in living.
—to discover, together with us, what we must do to use mankind's unlimited power to create the humanity, the dignity and the joyfulness of each one of us.
—to be responsibly aware of our personal abilities to express our true feelings and to gather us together in their expression.

We can only *live* these changes: we cannot merely think our way to humanity. Every one of us, and every group with which we live and work, must become the microcosmic model of the era which we desire to create. The many models which will develop should give each one of us an environment in which we can celebrate our potential: and discover the way into a more humane world.

We are challenged to break the obsolete social and economic systems which divide our world between the overprivileged and the underprivileged. All of us, whether governmental leader or protestor, businessman or worker, professor or student, share a common guilt. We have failed to discover how the necessary changes in our ideals and our social structures can be

WHAT SPACING? →

and lack of responsible awareness, causes the suffering around the world.

All of us are cripples—some physically, some mentally, some emotionally. We must, therefore, strive cooperatively to create the new world. There is no time left for destruction, hatred and anger. We must build, in hope and joy and celebration. Let us cease to struggle against the structures of the industrial age. Let us rather turn our energies toward seeking the new era of abundance with self-chosen work and freedom to follow the dream of our own hearts. Let us recognize that a striving for self-realization, for poetry and play, is basic to man once his needs for food, clothing and shelter have been met—that we will choose those areas of activity which will contribute to our own development and will be meaningful to our society.

The destructiveness of industrial-age values

But we must also recognize that our thrust toward self-realization is profoundly hampered by outmoded, industrial-age structures. We are presently both constrained and driven by the impact of man's ever-growing powers. Our existing systems force us to accept and develop any weaponry system which may be technologically possible; any improvement in machinery, equipment, materials and supplies which will increase production and lower costs; any "effective" form of advertising and consumer seduction.

At present, in order to convince the citizen that he controls his destiny, that morality informs decisions,

and that technology is the servant rather than the driving force, it is necessary to distort information. The ideal of informing the public has given way to the business "deal" of trying to persuade the public whatever it is profitable or convenient for them to think.

Miscalculations in these increasingly complex rationalizations and consequent scandal account for the increasing preoccupation with the honesty of both private and public decision makers. It is, therefore, tempting to attack those holding vulnerable roles, such as: national leader, professor, politician. But such attacks on individuals often disguise the real nature of the crisis we confront; i.e. the demonic nature of present systems which force man to consent to his own deepening self-destruction.

The way ahead

We can escape from these dehumanizing systems. The way ahead will be found by those who are unwilling to be constrained by the apparently all-determining forces and structures of the industrial age. Our freedom and power are determined by our willingness to accept responsibility for the future.

Indeed the future has already broken into the present. We each live in many times. The present of one is the past of another, and the future of yet another. We are called to live knowing and showing that the future exists, and that each one of us can call it in, when we are willing, to redress the balance of the past.

In the future we must end the use of coercive power and authority, i.e. the ability to demand action on the basis of one's hierarchical position. If any one phrase can sum up the nature of the new era it is: *the end of privilege and license*. Authority should emerge through a particular *ability* to advance a specific shared purpose. We must abandon our attempt to solve our problems through shifting power balances or more efficient bureaucratic machines.

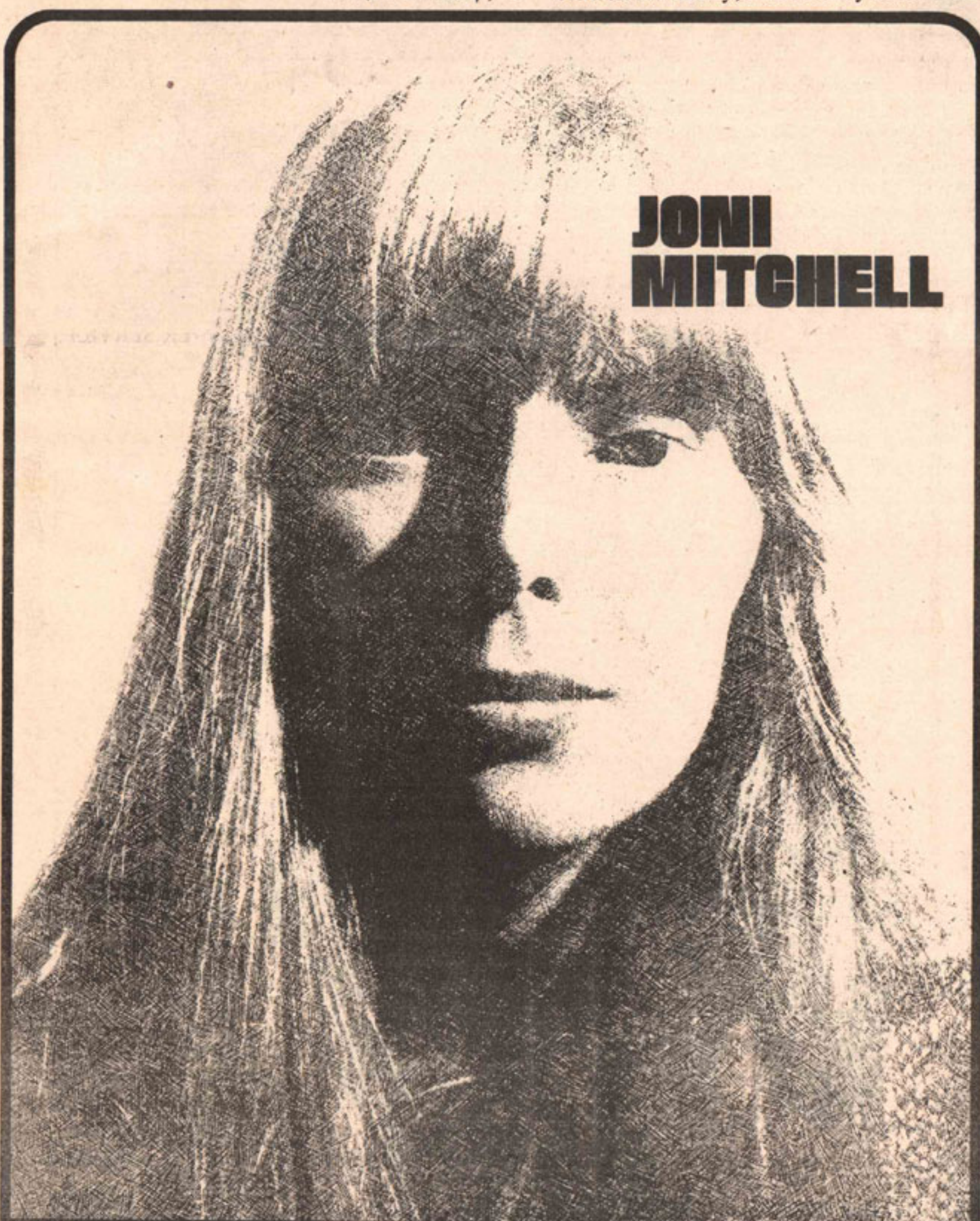
We call you to join man's race with destruction to reach maturity; to work with us in inventing the future. We believe that a human adventure is just beginning: that mankind has so far been restricted in developing its innovative and creative powers because it was overwhelmed by toil. Now we are free to be as human as we humanly can.

The celebration of man's humanity through joining together in the healing expression of one's relationships with others and one's growing understanding and acceptance of his own nature and needs will clearly create major confrontations with existing values and systems. The expanding dignity of each man and each human relationship must necessarily challenge existing systems.

THE CALL IS TO LIVE—IN THE FUTURE.

Let us join together joyfully to celebrate our awareness that we can make our life today the shape of tomorrow's future.

This document was created by people of several countries and will be available in many languages. Their names are not important for they have tried to express the spirit of an age. You may circulate any part of it in any form. It is meant to grow: you are challenged to improve words, paragraphs, change its form, translate it into music, poetry, pictures, tape. . . So others can share your vision please send copies to: A Call to Celebration; 400 Central Park West; No. 16D, New York, N.Y. 10025.



JONI MITCHELL



JONI MITCHELL RS 6293

"There's a man who's been out sailing
In a decade full of dreams
And he takes her to a schooner
And he treats her like a queen
Bearing beads from California
With their amber stones and green
He has call her from the harbor
He has kissed her with his freedom
He has heard her off to starboard
In the breaking and the breathing
Of the water weeds
While she's so busy being free"

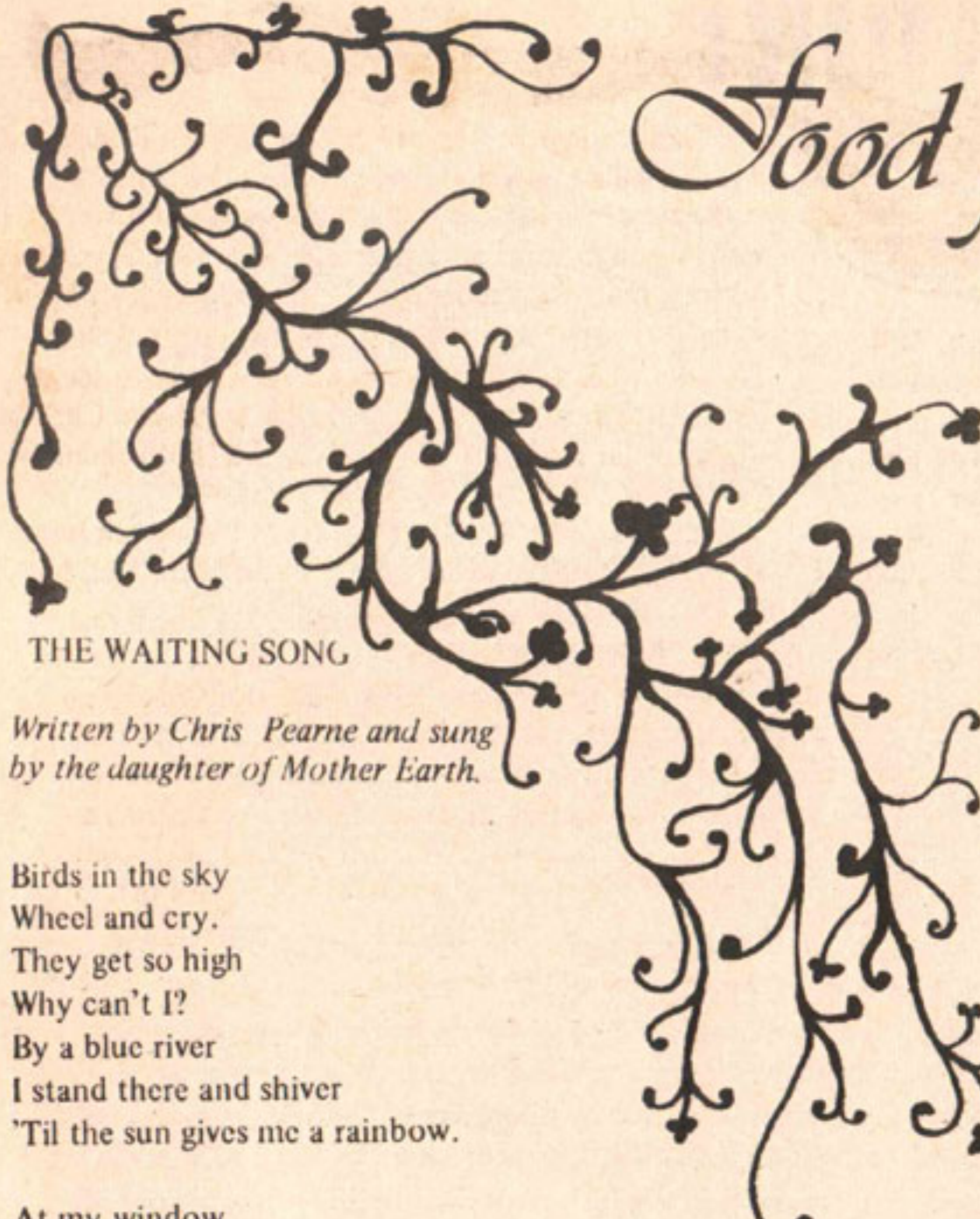
Joni Mitchell 1968*

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Food for Thought, and a Word To Live By

THE WAITING SONG

Written by Chris Pearne and sung by the daughter of Mother Earth.

Birds in the sky
Wheel and cry.
They get so high
Why can't I?
By a blue river
I stand there and shiver
'Til the sun gives me a rainbow.

At my window
See my rainbow
Where does it go
To hide gold
I don't know.
High on a mountain
The stars are for counting
'Til the dawn take them all from me.

Hawks swiftly wing
Shrilly they sing
Flying to their king
Word to bring
Of the spring.
I wait in shadow
And watch as the day goes
'Til the night gives me the moonlight.

May 4, 1968. The birthplace of Mother Earth burned. The house had stood since 1750. At 4.00 in the morning flames brought people from nearby towns to see the house that stood when the Indians burned down the center of town, meaning Mason, New Hampshire.

履

A baby cries for the first time when he becomes aware that he must breathe for himself. At first he fights by kicking, trying to tell his Creator he does not want to be born, but the Creator must create. Then the day comes when the Creator must also let go, and on that day the fight is much harder. The creation fights back, but the Creator must be freed of it. The creation knows that it must go out into the world and it knows that it has reason to fear it, but the Creator must get rid of it, or it will destroy the Creator. All things must be done or take place. There are only tears, the Creator crying for happiness, the happiness of letting the creation go free (or getting outside of itself) so that it may grow, and the creation cries from the instant it enters the world - it must feel pain so it may be aware of the fact that it is here. When the struggle is over, the Creator cries no more, and the creation must show what seems to unaware minds to be so very small and understood, and not put down, and weak, was the very seed of life. A man must give up the thing that is so deep in himself, and a woman must suffer with what he gives her himself, the same way the baby suffers when he plays the game of life. Understand this, and you will be on your way to being God, not a mind, a word from the mind, received from the soul of man through the heart of God.

Pebbles

Understand the seed.
Know the apple.
And be the tree.

Pebbles

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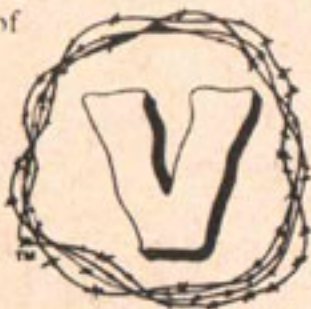
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friends, enemies,
jobs, hippies, squares, Russia, Afghanistan,
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bious affiliation. Plus a lapel pin that pro-
claims it.

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Ringleader whom he hates the most, he re-
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the VICIOUS CIRCLE
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The Straight Creep Nothing

(a contemporary paraphrase of Hans Christian Anderson's tale, *The little Swineherd* or *The Prince in Disguise*)

If you want to hear where it's at, kiddies, there was once a Flower Prince with a very groovy head. He had little bread but he inherited two wonderful treasures - a magic psychedelic rose and a super nightingale. With these, he hoped to win the hand of the Plastic Bopper Princess, the fairest chick in the whole world, incidently.

He took the magic psychedelic rose to the Plastic Palace. When the Plastic Bopper Princess saw it, she said to her Plastic ladies-in-waiting, "What a drag!"

"Dig, baby," the Flower Prince said. "This is the magic psychedelic rose. Its fragrance is like all the beautiful flowers in the world and just the sight of it turns you on and takes your head fantastic places."

"So what?" exclaimed the Plastic Bopper Princess haughtily. "When I'm into a flower-sniffing thing, my attendants spray the throne room with the best aerosol room fresheners. Twenty different artificial floral fragrances! And when I want to trip," she laughed, "The Court Alchemist has a formula for acid that would blow Leary's own mind! Besides, haven't you noticed that all the flowers in the palace are artificial? Real flowers only wilt and die."

"Boy, are you distorted," exclaimed the Flower Prince as he left unhappily.

The next day, the Flower Prince, still hung on the

Plastic Bopper Princess, returned to the palace. Still determined to win her love, he brought his second great treasure, the supernightingale.

"What the hell did you bring that scungy old bird in here for?" inquired the Plastic Bopper Princess.

"Scungy old bird?" he exclaimed. "Milady, this is a supernightingale. His song is like the melodies of all the loveliest songs in the world!"

"Can he do any Dylan?" asked the Plastic Bopper Princess.

"Of course," he said.

"What about *I Dreamed I Saw Saint Augustine* and *It's All Over Now Baby Blue*?" she asked. (The Plastic Bopper Princess liked these two songs best because she knew all the words and could fake the guitar chords.)

"Certainly."

"With the harmonica parts?"

"Naturally."

"Big fucking deal," yawned the Plastic Bopper Princess. "I have every record Dylan ever cut - even some tapes he made when he was just Bobby Zimmerman! And look at all my stereo goodies! What do I need your stupid bird for?"

"Because he's real, sweetheart!" the Flower Prince began but she interrupted him.

"Haven't you noticed that we have no *Real* birds and animals in the palace? Real ones die, you know. I wouldn't want anything but mechanical toys. So get that bird out of here! He's unsanitary and probably carries psittacosis or something!"

"Okay, forget it," mumbled the Flower Prince and left the palace again.

Being a resourceful and clever guy, the Flower Prince went through some funny changes the next day. He cut his long hair, shaved his beard and discarded his beautiful sergeant Pepper uniform for a blerky, insipid suit.

Then he went to the palace again, this time to see the Plastic Bopper Princess's father, the Synthetic Chrome Emperor, and quickly got a job in the IBM accounting division of the Royal Bureau of Finances.

"You're going to like being part of the team here at R.B.F.," the head accountant told him. "You look like the sort of bright young man who'll be a real credit to the organization."

Soon word came to the throne room that some straight creep nothing from the Royal Bureau of Finances had made a great invention - a plastic paisley rose that had day-glo petals and diffraction disc leaves. Its wonderful colors turned any room, large or small, into a light show and it gave off an incense-like smell that got you smashed. It was truly an artificial marvel.

"Who has created such grooviness?" asked the Plastic Bopper Princess when she heard about the plastic paisley rose.

"Oh, some straight creep nothing from the Royal Bureau of Finance," one of the plastic ladies-in-waiting told her.

"Well, call him up and see how much he wants for it," the Plastic Bopper Princess said, as she handed her attendant the Princess phone.

"You won't believe this," said the plastic lady-in-waiting after a brief conversation.

"Sock it to me," said the Plastic Bopper Princess.

Her attendant tried to keep a straight face. "Would you believe the price is ten kisses?" she finally managed to giggle.

When the Plastic Bopper Princess stopped laughing, she asked the plastic lady-in-waiting to summon the straight creep nothing. "Tell him I want him here speedier than a meth freak," she said, "with the rose!"

But she almost puked when she saw him. "Kiss that straight creep nothing!" she laughed in amazement. "Ridiculous."

"Do you want the rose?" asked the straight creep nothing (whom we all must know was really the Flower Prince in disguise). "I had a very good offer from a discotheque for it."

"Oh, all right," the Plastic Bopper Princess said, dropping a Miltown to suppress her churning stomach. He got the ten kisses and she got the rose.

On the next day, word reached the throne room that the straight creep nothing from the Royal Bureau of Finances had another invention. It was a three-track stereo jukebox shaped like a nightingale that played music louder than any other stereo jukebox and was guaranteed to distort any kind of music beyond all recognition.

"I must have that jukebox!" exclaimed the Plastic Bopper Princess. "What does he want for it this time?"

"One hundred kisses," the plastic lady-in-waiting told her a few moments later.

"He's out of his head!" laughed the Plastic Bopper Princess, taking two Miltowns and summoning him to the throne room.

In the middle of their eighty-sixth kiss, in walked the Synthetic Chrome Emperor who promptly freaked out. He kicked them both out of the palace.

Outside in the cold rain, the Plastic Bopper ex-Princess began to cry.

"Why didn't I marry that nice Flower Prince with the magic psychedelic rose and the supernightingale?" she sniffled. "Then I never would have gotten into this mess. Now I've lost everything, my plastic wardrobe, my stereo, my record and tape collection, my credit cards, my swimming pool, my Alfa, my Princess phone, my Honda, my title..."

"Oh, shut up!" said the Flower Prince; when she did, he told her of his true identity. He added, "You wouldn't marry a *real* prince who would give you *real* treasures but you're so greedy and distorted I bet you'd have eventually married a straight creep nothing who could make phoney electric and mechanical toys!"

The uptight Plastic Bopper ex-Princess tried to rationalize her stupidity and her artificial value system. She began, "Marshall McLuhan says..."

"Up yours and Marshall McLuhan's!" sneered the Flower Prince in his best Humphrey Bogart manner and he walked away, returning to his own kingdom leaving the Plastic Bopper ex-Princess all alone to sing *I Dreamed I Saw Saint Augustine* and *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*.

UNHAPPY ENDING

Ethel

見下
付金
見下
付金

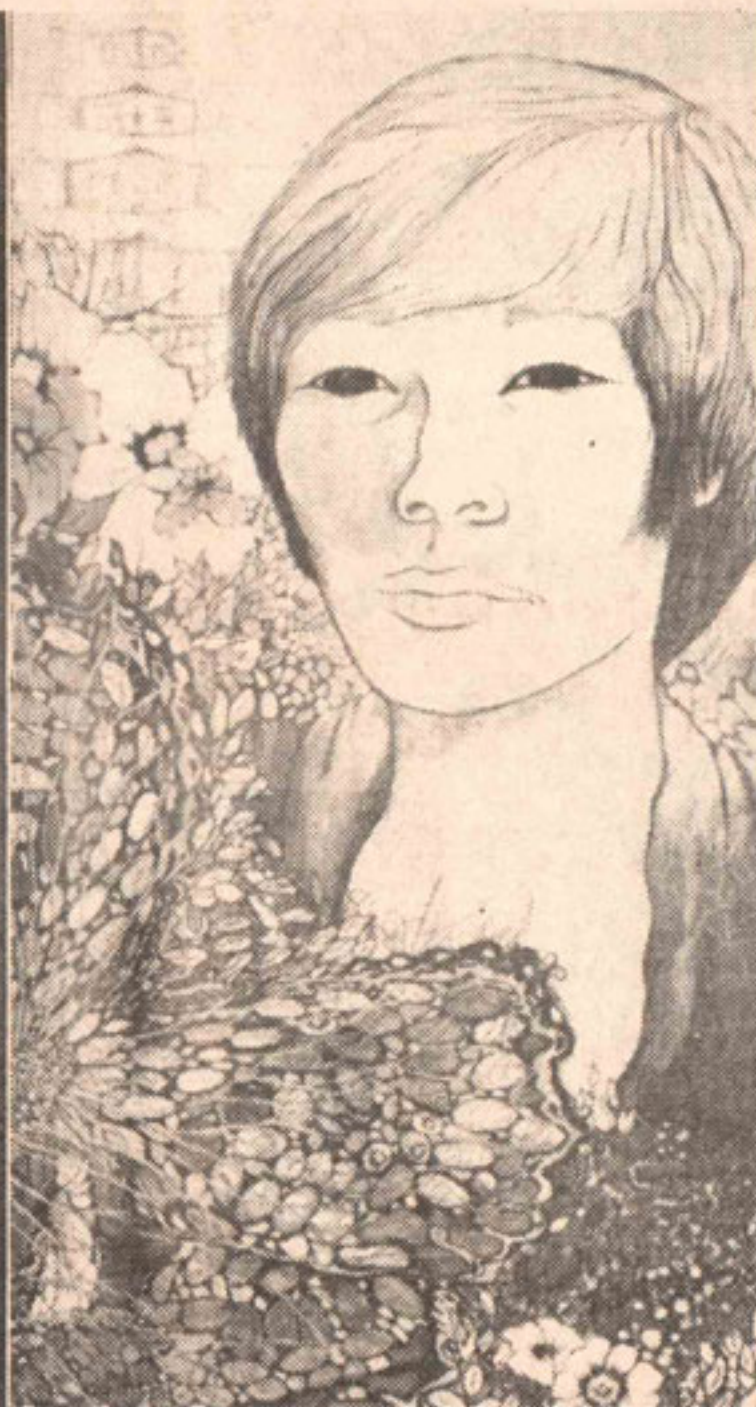
Honorable house of Harumi, boychild
born beneath aromatic cabbage leaf
at foot of snow-capped Fuji.
Carrot in his mouth, ruby smile in his eyes.
Fields filled with his singing.

Two complete records in first album.
Part one woven from words and wisdom
of today. Part two takes you on a
journey back through time—through the
pomegranate forest to a fire by the river.
Where the hunters of heaven sip eternal
tea. And sighing strands of music flow
from memories of samurai...

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FT/FTS-3030-2X



HARUMI



Myths About Drugs

Dear Mr. Andrews:

Would you write about mixtures of marihuana and other drugs? I had some grass the other day that really zonked me after a couple of puffs. It must have had DMT or acid in it.

J.S.

Dear J.S.:

In my experience, marihuana is almost always just marihuana. It would be pointless to add LSD to marihuana because LSD is destroyed by the heat of smoking. A few drugs like DMT are heat-stable, and users occasionally consume them by mixing small amounts with marihuana. But such mixtures are usually prepared on the spot since DMT deteriorates with time when it is exposed to air. I would bet that what you had the other day was plain old *Cannabis sativa* with nothing added.

Your letter interests me because it touches on a popular myth: that the extremely variable quality of American marihuana must be due to additives or adulterants. There is little evidence for this idea; at least, samples of marihuana alleged to contain other drugs usually prove to be pure marihuana when they are tested chemically. The variable strength of marihuana is certainly noticeable, but I think other explanations have to be found for it.

In previous columns I have written that a major source of variation in drug effects

is set and setting—that is, the total suggestive influence of psychological and social factors. A person given marihuana that is supposed to have DMT in it is likely to get very high very fast just on the basis of what he has been told about it.

In addition, different batches of marihuana probably do contain different amounts of active principles. It is now believed that the psychoactive properties of *Cannabis* reside in a group of chemicals called tetrahydrocannabinols that exist in the resin (hashish) of the hemp plant. The most important member of this group (because it is the most abundant component of hashish) is delta-1-trans-tetrahydrocannabinol or THC. "Average" marihuana contains about 1 to 1.5 per cent THC by weight. Marihuana that contains significantly less THC than this average is likely to be considered weak by most users, and marihuana containing significantly more is likely to be considered strong. However, it is not clear that THC content is the only factor determining the strength of a batch of *Cannabis*. Possibly, other constituents of the resin play a part in the intoxication one experiences after smoking. Possibly the age of the marihuana is important because THC content seems to decrease slowly with time. Possibly the moisture content is also important since drier marihuana burns hotter and some THC may be destroyed at high temperatures.

The point is that there are many ways to account for variations in marihuana effect without invoking DMT or other potent hallucinogens. Strong marihuana can seem very strong indeed if taken in circumstances conducive to a rapid high and probably can get you "really zonked" after a couple of puffs.

I am surprised how frequently I hear versions of this story of marihuana mixtures. It is a favorite of doctors and deans as well as heads and is often cited as a reason for not trying marihuana: "You don't know what you're getting," the argument goes; "You may think it's marihuana, but someone may have slipped DMT into it." Maybe. But the chances are very, very small.

Dear Mr. Andrews:

How is opium-cured hash prepared? Where does it come from? How do the effects differ from regular hash and from opium?

S.J.F.

Dear S.J.F.:

"Opium-cured hash" like DMT-cured grass is more myth than reality. In this country hash is hash. It varies greatly

country hash is hash. It varies greatly in quality, age, appearance, and potency, but it is not mixed with other drugs.

Hashish, like other products of the hemp plant, requires no curing or processing. It is ready to use almost as soon as it

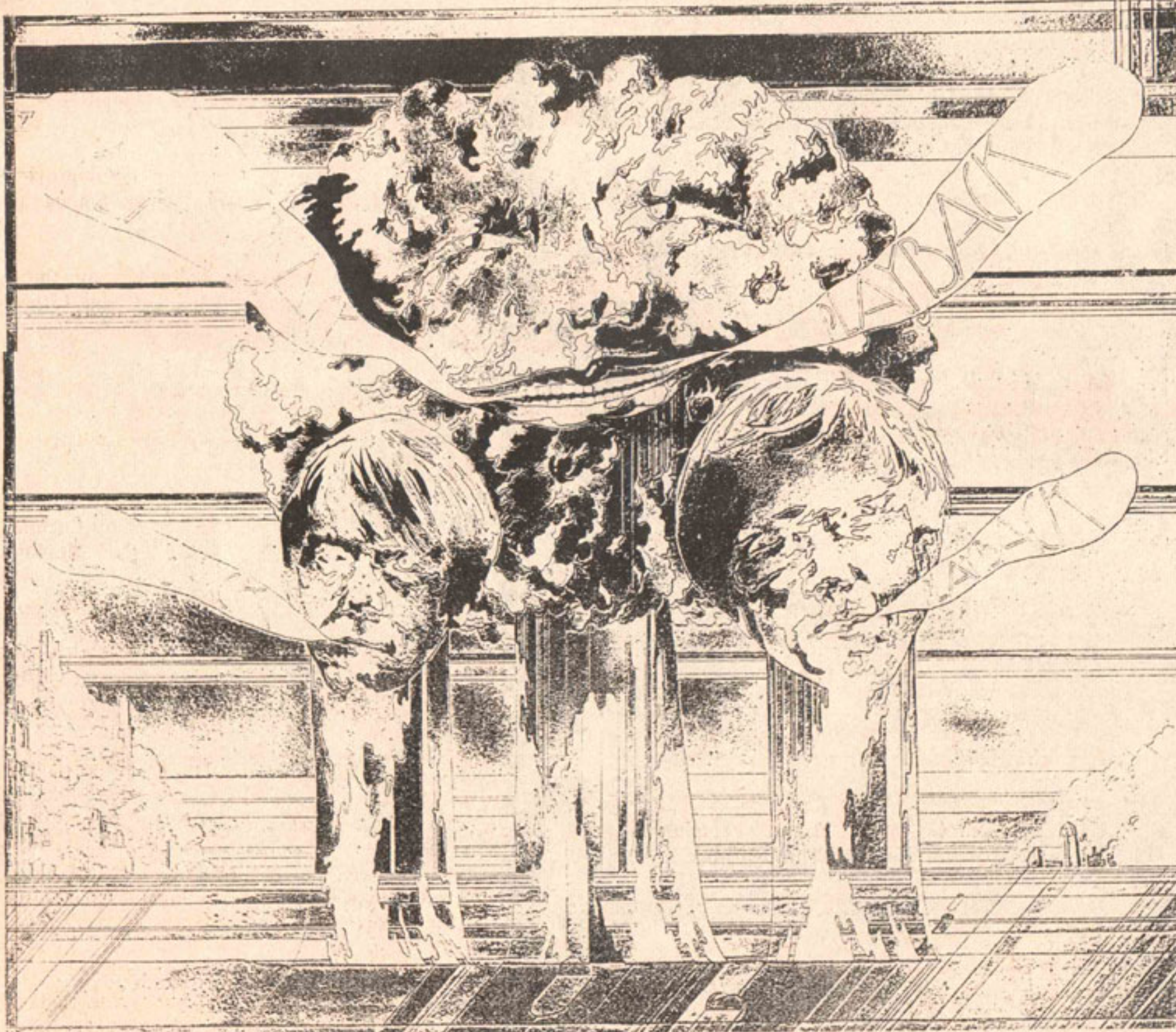
comes from the fields. The exact methods of collecting resin from hemp vary from country to country. In some places it is scraped from the tops of the plants by hand; in other locations, the cut plants are pressed between coarse cloths, to which the resin sticks. The resin may then be sifted or washed to remove impurities, then kneaded into lumps. Fresh resin is brown and powdery with a distinctly minty fragrance. As it ages, it becomes harder, darker, and less aromatic.

In some parts of the world, hashish is mixed with other drugs and with flavorings before it is smoked. For example, in the Middle East, one can obtain "Hashish Kafur"—a mixture of powdered hashish, opium, and spices. Other mixtures contain leaves of henbane or Jimson Weed (sources of the toxic alkaloids atropine and scopolamine) in addition to opium. But these products are not available in America. In discussing them for the *U.N. Bulletin on Narcotics* some years ago, Dr. R.J. Bouquet wrote: "These products are not used in the illicit export trade. They are prepared as and when required by local customers in the various countries where they are consumed, the reason being that such mixtures generally only keep for a short time, and the tastes of consumers vary from district to district."

So I am skeptical that you have had any hash that actually contained opium. I am also skeptical of reports I have been given of experiences people claim to have had with pure opium. Raw opium is an extremely rare drug in the United States, simply because nearly all of it that is smuggled out of the countries that grow it is converted to morphine and then to heroin before it comes anywhere near America. Most people who think they have smoked opium have actually smoked hashish, hashish mixed with flavoring agents, or some other resin.

Smoking of raw opium causes relaxation, drowsiness, and dreamy sleep. A mixture of opium and hashish would be considerably more soporific than straight hashish but would not necessarily cause any accentuation of the hashish effects. In fact, a person under the influence of hashish might be brought down by smoking opium, just as he might be brought down by drinking alcohol.

—William Andrews



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Anyone who would like to spend some time with Gay Eigner get in touch at 134 Fuller, Brookline. 277-2508. Don't feel hesitant.

Guy E.

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Married inter-racial couples needed by poor Anthropology students for short interview concerning leisure time activities. Call 782-6524.

Arlington Chapter Friends of the New School for Roxbury Children present *The Organdy Mist* and friends in a benefit concert of rock anthology Saturday May 11, 7:30 pm. Lowe Auditorium, Arlington High School. Donations: Adults \$2, Students \$1.50. For tickets call Mrs. David Widden, 648-1445.

el be john's son (eloi's pres. eli: git a cross)/washington wasingarden/finger- & toenails=nails in hans & feat (santa claws)/bible be i be eli (bus be us: brahma visnu & siva are i (brain vision show-er)(yesus the El-Avatar=yoshua yeshiva ye're shiva))/world word of el (lsd: el said)(hell: elohim helen halloween harlem). Hello Elise: love=all + love (yhwh your way ya who/how are). free booklet: benedict schwartzberg 610 e.13, ny.

racial rachael (hiya leah)/cooky-shuns tan not white (say tan/orange-u-tan)/harlem elohim sphinx spans nile nail/nihil pyramid brahma id sahara sarah isis is (pun-ish-meant) pharaoh fair O (fair-is wheel) mores messias/mss. (hebie hippie hid yid) zepporah zebra/zipper. free booklet: benedict schwartzberg, 610 e.13, ny.

HOWARD,
IF I COULD TURN YOU ON, IF I COULD
DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR WRETCHED MIND,
IF I COULD TELL YOU I WOULD LET YOU
KNOW.

M.A.S.

FLY UNITED



THE GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS. Recent serigraphs and lithographs. Through May at *Harcus/Krakow Gallery*, 167 Newbury Street.

ROBERT ESHOO. Drawings and constructions. Through May at the *Eleanor Rigelhaupt Gallery*, 125 Newbury Street.

DAVID VON SCHLEGEL. Constructions of aluminum and wood. May 13th through May 31st at two galleries: *Obelisk Gallery*, 130 Newbury Street and *Ward-Nasse Gallery*, 133 Newbury Street.

HANNES BECKMANN. Recent paintings, geometric abstractions. May 4th through May 31st at the *Kanegis Gallery*, 123 Newbury Street.

GABOR PETERDI. Prints and paintings. From May 5-16th at the *Cambridge Art Association*, 23 Garden Street, Cambridge.

DETTA LANGE AND STUDENTS (Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles). All media. Opens May 7th at *Botolph Center*, 161 Newbury Street.

HENRY SCHWARTZ. Assemblages. Opens May 10th at *Mirski Boris Gallery*, 166 Newbury Street.

OLD MASTER ENGRAVINGS (Schongauer, Durer and Rembrandt included). From May 7th through May 31st at *Gropper Gallery*, 1768 Mass. Ave., Cambridge.

PARK PLACE GROUP (from New York). Mostly sculpture. Opens May 10th at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, *Hayden Gallery*, M.I.T., Cambridge.

ANNUAL STUDENT ART SHOW. From April 26 through May 19th at *B.U.*, Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

THE MUSEUMS

ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART. Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. "Noise," exploration of the audio experience in art. Through May.

BUSCH-REISINGER MUSEUM. Kirkland Street and Divinity Ave., Cambridge, Mass. "Max Ernst: Works on Paper" close-up on the graphics of one of the founders of the Dada movement (1911-1922). Through May 11th.

FOGG ART MUSEUM. Quincy Street, Cambridge. "Degas Monotypes" (1875-mid 1890's). Through May.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. 479 Huntington Ave., Boston. "Men Who Make Our World: Photographs by Yousuf Karsh" a collection of photographic portraits. Through May. . . . Painting in France 1900-1967. Opens May 16th. . . . Photographs by Alfred Steiglitz. Through May 26th.

ROSE ART MUSEUM. Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. *Leon Polk Smith, paintings.* Through May.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH ART CENTER. 565 Boylston Street, Boston. *Linda Cook, oils, polymers, graphics, drawings.* May 5th through June 5th.



THELONIUS MONK. Friday through Sunday evenings, May 13th through 19th at the *Jazz Workshop*, 733 Boylston Street. Call 267-3960.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY BAND OUTDOOR CONCERT. Sunday afternoon May 19th at 3:00 at *Hatch Shell at the Esplanade*. Back Bay. Call 536-6340.

Send all calendar information to Suzanne Beardsley c/o AVATAR, 37 Rutland Street, Boston, Mass. 02118, or Call 261-8636.

FIRST ANNUAL BOSTON POP FESTIVAL. May 10th through 18th at the *Psychedelic Supermarket*, 590 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. Including rock, folk, jazz, gospel, rhythm and blues. Among those already confirmed are: Colwell Winfield Blues Band, Jamie Brockett, Paula Lark, Third World Raspberry, Freeborn, Big D and the Marcells, Crow, Salvation, Faith. On Friday and Saturday nights admission will be \$3.00, during the week \$2.00. From 8:30 to 1:00 p.m.

BERKLEE SPRING CONCERT. Jazz to Classical. Sunday afternoon, May 25th at 2:00 at *New England Life Hall*, 225 Clarendon Street, Boston. Call 437-2192.



NO EXIT by Jean Paul Sartre. Presented by the *Old South Players*. From May 3rd to May 25th at *Old South Church*, Copley Square, Boston. Call 536-1970.

FIRE by John Roc. Theater of the absurd at *Brandeis University, Spingold Theater*, Waltham, Mass. From May 1st through May 11th.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA by George Bernard Shaw. From May 8th through 11th at *Loeb Drama Center*, 64 Brattle Street, Cambridge. Call UN 4-2630.

THE PROPOSITION, musical comedy, satire, improvisation at 241 Hampshire Street, Inman Square, Cambridge. Call 876-0088.

WHITE SALE, original drama presented by the *Harvard Dramatic Club*. May 9th to 11th and 15th to 18th at *Agassiz Theater*. Radcliffe Yard, Cambridge. Call 354-9175.



ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS directed by Luchino Visconti. Also "Happy Anniversary" and "Monkey Into Man", Sunday night, May 12th at Ell Center Ballroom, *Northeastern University* on Huntington Ave., Boston. Call 437-2732.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY at Boston Cinerama. Washington near Essex. Daily 8:30; Sunday 7:30; Matinees: Wed., Sat., Sun., 2:00 p.m. Call HU 3-4515.

23rd PSALM BRANCH by Stan Brakhage, "new cinema" about "new?" violence. Presented by the *M.I.T. Film Society* on Monday night, May 20th at 8:00 and 10:00 in Room 10-250, M.I.T., 77 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Call 868-4674.

KNIFE IN THE WATER, Roman Polanski. May 24th at 8:30 at the *Charles Street Meeting House*, 70 Charles Street. Call 742-0450.

THE LAST BRIDGE with Maria Schell, photographed in Yugoslavia (1954). Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 2:00, May 18th and 19th at the *Museum of Fine Arts*, 479 Huntington Ave., Boston.

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC directed by Carl Dreyer. Friday evening, May 10th at 8:30 at the *Charles Street Meeting House*, 70 Charles Street, Boston. Call 742-0450.

THE LAST LAUGH starring Emil Jannings (1925, silent). Presented by *Cinema Spectrum* at the *Abbey Cinema*, 600 Commonwealth Ave., Boston on May 10th and 11th at midnight. Call 262-1303.

LIFEBOAT directed by Alfred Hitchcock based on a story by John Steinbeck, starring Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak. Also *SEA WOLF* at the *Charles Street Meeting House*, 70 Charles Street, Boston, on May 17 at 7:30. Call 742-0450.

M.I.T. EXPERIMENTAL FILMS, "Eros o Basileus", "Ming Green", and "Through a Lens Brightly: Mark Turbyfill." On Monday evening, May 20th at 8:00 and 10:00 at Room 10-250, M.I.T., 77 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Call UN 4-6900.

I Love You

10. Lü / Treading [Conduct]



above Chien the Creative, Heaven
below Tui the Joyous, Lake

The name of the hexagram means on the one hand the right way of conducting oneself. Heaven the Father, is above, and the Lake, the youngest daughter, is below. This shows the difference between high and low, upon which composite, correct social conduct depends. On the other hand, the word for the name of the hexagram, TREADING, means literally treading upon something. The small and cheerful [Tui] treads upon the large and strong [Chien]. The direction of movement of the two primary trigrams is upward. The fact that the strong treads on the weak is not mentioned in the Book of Changes, because it is taken for granted. For the weak to take a stand against the strong is not dangerous here, because it happens in good humor [Tui] and without presumption, so that the strong man is not irritated but takes it all in good part.

The Judgement

Treading. Treading upon the tail of the tiger.
It does not bite the man. Success.

The situation is really difficult. That which is strongest and that which is weakest are close together. The weak follows behind the strong and worries it. The strong, however, acquiesces and does not hurt the weak, because the contact is in good humor and harmless.

In terms of a human situation, one is handling wild, intractable people. In such a case one's purpose will be achieved if one behaves with decorum. Pleasant manners succeed even with intractable people.

The Image

Heaven above, the lake below:

The image of TREADING.

Thus the superior man discriminates between high and low,

And thereby fortifies the thinking of the people.

Heaven and the lake show a difference of elevation that inheres in the natures of the two, hence no endy angles. Among mankind also there are necessarily differences of elevation; it is impossible to bring about universal equality. But it is important that differences in social rank should not be arbitrary and unjust. If this occurs, and class struggle are the inevitable consequences. From the other side, external differences in rank correspond with differences in inner worth, and inner worth should be the criterion of external rank. People acquiesce and observe when this is so.