

THE east village OTHER

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The Wicked Witch of the West: BEAUTIFYIN'



By Torgen Juull

Why hello deah, don't you know youah trespassing?"

"No."

"Youah a little mexican, aren't you sweet, you've got that horrid yellow skin. I'm trying to beautify the ranch and you stand just where Ah'm goin' to plunk down this old poison sumac plant. (She plants a deadly nightshade.) Do all you mexicans have those lips? Thin lips like ma'hn keep the men in line, why you'd be on you'ah back all the time. You ought to be ashamed of you'ah figure, (she plants a strychnine) Go back where you belong, you'd just do anything, why when he comes around I just tell him Ah've got to beautify and Ah just haven't got time for that kind of thing. (She plants a locoweed.) You know you'ah cryin' is just killin' all mahplants. Ah know somethin' that'll take you'ah mind off how ugly you ah. You just take this little pill and put it in you'ah poppa's tequila. He'll beat up on you'ah momma, why Lan', it'll be so funny! (She plants another locoweed.) You don' have to let that happen, though, you just put one of these pretty little berries in his coffee and he'll scream a little bit. Ah just love God's works, I guess you'ah one of his mistakes. You'ah not a nigras, are you? (She strews scorpions under the strawberries, black widows on the bank of the swimming hole, and muses, "Why, that could bite someone in the most comical place.") There's lilies and there's weeds, (she sets the girl on fire)--Ashes are so good for the soil, why Ah just think Vietnam will make the most gorgeous blueberry farm. (She plants a dozen toadstools.) Ah think Ah'll just visit New York.

What a pity, Gentlemen, that this so sublime power should be vested in such a hideous vessel. The woman is a witch! Now, Gentlemen, our best treat. Our intrepid collector has a specimen of one of the flowers!

As he opens the box the horticulturists in the front row, resplendent in their uniforms and epaulets, turn each to their fellow. Remarks like, "Are you looking at me, you stupid grunt?", etc., spread as the perfume of the flower, thick and sweet, flows into the room like slime. The sound of army .44s is heard. There is a smell of abbatoirs, the Bowery and nitrates. The horticulturists are burning, and if you look carefully, by the light of burning flesh you can read the label of the flower.

Her Cocktail Ring
Was Only a Belt
Buckle, the Bracelets
Paste Pearls Set in
F pewter or Brass, and
"Old Skull Face"
Never Fooled Anyone
but Herself with the
Fake Diamonds. Or
Her Crowning Glory,
a Hideous Wig.

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STAFF IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE:

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Dear EVO,

What price justice? Nearly seven years ago a young American bachelor set off alone on a car trip to Mexico. Three days after he crossed the border he was arrested by the Mexican police for the roadside murder of two sisters, aged 18 and 21, and their brother aged 14. He was tried, convicted (after a highly irregular trial), and sentenced to death, and has languished ever since in the Monterrey Jail where today he remains with the death sentence still hanging over him. One sister survived long enough to give a description of the assailant. She said he was blond, had two gold teeth and was driving a blue Chevrolet. The convicted man has black hair, no gold teeth and was driving a two-toned Oldsmobile. Even more odd is the fact that another American afterwards repeatedly confessed to the killing, and was arrested carrying a weapon answering the description given by the dying sister. This man was spirited back across the border by the US Consular authorities and is now in the US military hospital for the mentally disturbed at Waco, where he is confined in a straight-jacket.

The convicted man, Dykes Simmons, now 37 years old, who has never ceased to affirm his innocence, was recently visited in prison by his mother and two friends. They found him brutally battered, covered with blood and lying unconscious on the floor of a small, stifling hot, solitary confinement cell. The mother did not recognize him at first and thought that he was dead. He had been beaten by the guards. The address of the prison is: The State Penitentiary, Monterrey, Mexico. The address of the American Ambassador is: The United States Embassy, Grosvenor Square, W1.

It would help if copies of letters written were sent to two American old age pensioners who are seeking to arouse interest in the case: Ashton and Marie Jones, 6252 North Golden West, California 91780, USA.

John Papworth

Dear EVO,

On Saturday, November 5, eight members of Valley State College SDS were arrested for "trespassing and disturbing the peace" at the VanNuys Air National Guard Base. They were arrested when they attempted to enter the base to speak with guardsmen about their part in the war in Viet Nam.

Persons here have already volunteered to sell blood to raise money for a Defense Fund, but this is by no means enough, especially since the group is already planning another Demonstration, in which arrests may occur.

We urgently request that all sympathetic persons donate what they can to this Defense Fund.

Please send contributions to: VSC/SDS, C/O Marianne Sherman, 11268 Peach Grove, North Hollywood, California or VSC/SDS, C/O Paul Shinoff, 119 Muerdago Road, Topanga, California.

Thank you,
Marianne Sherman

P.S. Moral support in the form of letters is also greatly appreciated.

Dear EVO,

Presently, I am appealing a fifteen year sentence for a sale of Marijuana that I was entrapped into making.

First of all, I wish to thank you for your help. Several people have gone to your office to get addresses of people who could help me gather information on Marijuana. I believe I have now almost all the material I need on Marijuana.

I know that you have had many articles on "Pot," but if you have any of the back issues of the extensive ones I would like to have some. If you will tell me how many and the cost I would appreciate it very much.

By the way, although I'm sure you know it, you have the greatest paper in the country! You might say I'm a fan, since I would rather have a copy of EVO than a steak dinner! Your position on the various anti-social laws and actions of the government are beautiful. You have given me something to look up to amidst all the evil and decay of our crumbling society. I made up my mind that after I win, (and I know that sooner or later I shall) I will continue to fight for the legalization of Marijuana. I realize now, that what happened to me can happen to anyone who smokes "Pot." When I say fight for legalization, I mean just that; not just pay it lip-service, as I did in the past. I did make one reservation, however, if a fine paper like EVO is crushed, I will know it is too late. Perhaps I have gotten to be too cynical but I know it is possible. Of course none of these nameless criminals would violate the first amendment (freedom of speech is the first, isn't it?) but there are other ways to stop freedom in the "public interest." (Leary, Ginsburg, etc.)

In closing I would like to add that I have recently been transferred here from the prison in Trenton. Would you be kind enough to have the address on my subscription changed? Thank you very much. I remain,

Yours truly,
Walter Strauss

Dear EVO,

About a year ago I went through a drastic personal change in which all of my past values and goals were refuted. My crucifix became a "Blonde on Blonde" album cover, my Bible: The Story of O, my savior: the Marquis de Sade, my anthem: "Boobs alot." The only people I really admired were Dylan, Ginsberg, and the Stones.

Fine.

Then I went to college -- a small Methodist-affiliated one in the armpit of the world: Iowa. It was a stereo-typed, liberal arts college, the kind you read about all of the time in the educational magazines, and so were all of the students. Madras, pin-striped suits, why-do-you-play-such-cheap-commercial-rock-and-roll-trash like John Hammond and Paul Butterfield, paisley ties, who-are-the-Fugs, etc., etc.

I was worried. But I got a subscription to EVO, read a couple of issues, and my worries ended.

Everyone in the world today is a Joe Something: Joe College, Joe Prophet, Joe Beatnik, Joe Mod, Joe Protest. Everyone, then, is just in one big happy family. No one is a non-conformist, because there is nothing to non-conform to. If you don't conform with the Joe Colleges, you conform with the Joe Mods. If you don't conform with one, you automatically conform with another. All of humanity, then, can get along together perfectly -- they are all Joes.

EVO, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
R.C. Schneider
Iowa

Dear EVO,

Thank you for existing....though that might sound weird, I'll try to explain. Firstly, carrying a copy of your fine paper enabled me to humor my government teacher enough that he gave me a rather high mark... how's that for perversion?

Secondly, by carrying this paper on the subway and Freeport (especially the Freeport bus), I have received greetings that would freeze water into ice, and even though this might make you think I have a mashugena state of mind, there is nothing I enjoy more than stares of disdain.

Thirdly, your fine articles have attracted the minds of the pseudo-intellectual class of my school and make it easier for me to goof on them.

Fourthly, and probably most important, it has shook the foundations of all my rules concerning obscenity and pornography. I always thought that foul language (be that as it may) was only for the gutter, but through EVO, and the Fugs and Allen Ginsberg, I have found that the use of "loose language" can also serve a needed purpose in getting across a very important or hard to get across point. I think this is the greatest service you're doing

I guess I should have included Tuli Kupferberg in the above, but I forgot! Anyway, thank you once again for existing and spreading your east village perversion, for it is the best combatant of the suburban perversion that surrounds me. By the way, my father hates when I read the EVO; as a matter of fact, he hates when I read the Village Voice. Now that's real perversion! Also, thank you for printing John Morgan's address; I just sent him a letter as a lot of other people should do.

Peace and Love
Shelly Rosenzweig

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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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The Flesh of Pound A Shade of Malcolm

The plot to bust Leroi Jones?

By Ishmael Reed

Something fishy is happening downtown in criminal court in the case of *The People vs. Everett Jones*. Everett who in reality is Leroi Jones, playwright, poet, essayist and founder of the Black Arts Reportory theatre has been apparently getting the business as a result of a case which grew out of an incident involving the artist and Shepard Sherbell publisher of the *East Side Review*.

During the trial history of this case Sherbell has been absent from court repeatedly and even publicly expressed a desire to drop the charges against the artist. Nevertheless the District Attorney is pressing for a conviction of Jones on charges of robbery and felonius assault. In the November 2nd hearing of the case the presiding Judge went so far as to make a move to jail Jones.

Jones' Lawyer Conrad Lynn gave EVO the following details on his client's bizarre legal difficulties.

According to Lynn, on July 30, 1966 Jones and Sherbell were in the audience during an Ornette Coleman concert held at the Village Theatre on Second Avenue and Sixth Street.

Jones noticed the publisher, in whose magazine his play *Experimental Death Unit* had been published. The two began to argue, Jones maintaining that Sherbell owed him \$100 for the piece and Sherbell insisting that the piece was a 'free-bee' like the contributions made to many other charitable institutions. Jones took exception to Sherbell's claim and according to Lynn a dialogue ensued. Jones: Man, when are you going to pay me?

Sherbell: Pay you for what, Roi?

Jones: That piece I wrote for your magazine.

The two then took the matter into the theatre's lobby where a crowd gathered and after a heated exchange Jones struck Sherbell. The hassle was broken up by friends of the artist and the publisher, with Jones returning to hear the second part of Coleman's concert.

He was disturbed about fifty minutes later by the agitated publisher and five cops. Sherbell pointed to Roi and said, "He grabbed my wallet," whereupon the surprised Jones asked the publisher, "Are you crazy?"

In the precinct where the artist was booked Diane Wakoski, a poet (*Discrepancies and Apparitions: Doubleday*) and Sherbell's wife was overheard saying to her husband, "Leroi didn't take your wallet."

After spending a night in the 'tombs,' Jones was arraigned on charges of robbery and felonius assault. He was then released on \$500 bail raised by poet Allen Ginsberg. A hearing was set for last August 9.

When that date arrived, Sherbell had changed his account of the events which had occurred in the Village Theatre lobby. He was now saying that Leroi Jones hadn't seized his wallet. The D.A. however refused to drop the charges and put the case before a grand jury for a hearing on September 22nd.

Sherbell held to his new position which according to Conrad Lynn infuriated the District Attorney bent upon putting Roi in the slamms.

On August 9th Sherbell (who wears a guardsman's mustache and drives a red sports car) held a press conference in which he announced his willingness to withdraw all charges against Jones.



In Cold Blood, Collage/John Harriman

On September 22nd Sherbell did not appear in court and noticing his absence Conrad Lynn moved to have the case thrown out only to have the criminal court Judge in Lynn's words 'brusquely' wave the motion aside and adjourn the case again. This time for October 17th.

When Jones appeared in court on that day he was attired Yoruba fashion. Conrad Lynn again pointed out that Sherbell was not present and reiterated his motion to have the case dismissed, a motion denied by the Judge who then according to spectators went impromptu and weird. Judge: Why are you staring at me like that?

Jones: In order to fix your face in my mind. This is the first time I've seen you.

Judge: If you know what's good for you, you \$*o*(&\$\$\$.

The Judge fixed November 2nd for the next trial.

On November 2nd Jones was in Montreal on a lecture tour and his lawyer was defending another client in Federal Court. Lynn's secretary presented the Judge with an affidavit to this effect.

The Judge according to witnesses exploded: Bail forfeited! Issue a bench warrant!

When this distinguished judicial mind had cooled, it was once again noted that Sherbell was no where to be found in the courtroom.

The time after consultation with the District Attorney the judge granted an adjournment to December 7th.

It has been reliably learned that Sherbell will probably not appear in court on that day when a Judge and District Attorney confront Leroi Jones, leading theorist of the Black Power movement.

It remains to be seen whether the system's hangups will spill out over the bench and into law as is usually the case or whether this flimsy business will drop dead on its heels.

If the former happens it will mean that another Black writer will have quietly paid his dues in an American Courtroom while at the same time every other literary magazine with a couple of translations from Horace carry hypocritical pleas for Russian writers Andrei D. Sinavsky and Yuli M. Daniel. Pleas usually accompanied by a list of slick, handsome names.

The People Vs. Everett Jones
Time: December 7, Criminal Court, Part IIB, 11 o'clock a.m.
Place: 100 Centre Street, New York, N.Y.

Sherbell wants charges dropped

In a recent interview with Sheppard Sherbell he told EVO: "I told the D.A. I didn't want any part of this. He said I would risk contempt charges if I didn't cooperate. I told him he could try to bring contempt charges against me and my lawyer as well as Conrad Lynn would probably help. That was my last exchange with the law.

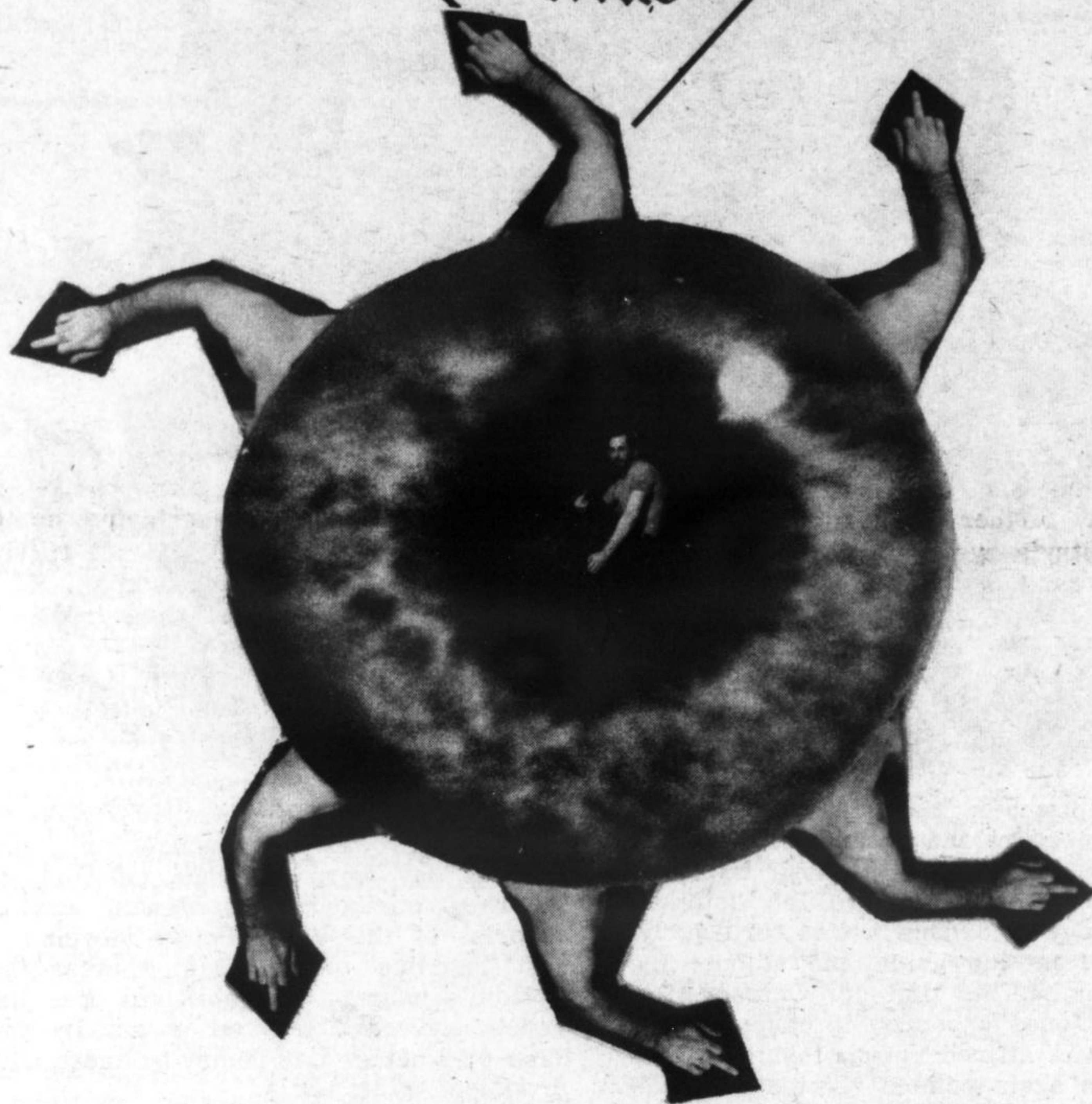
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AWARD

The Eye in Continuing
Quest fixes its Gaze upon
Dr. Frank Stanton
of CBS

And, for Conspicuously Filling
The Common Consciousness
with Semantic Garbage

Nominates him
babelonian
of the
Week



A short time ago Norman Mailer had a bad dream which he presented to the world as an essay. The gist of this essay was the not so astounding fact that the environment shapes the individual and by extension, the products that the individual manufactures in that environment. The significant germ kernel of the essay was his speculation as to whether a starkly harsh and oppressive environment would produce a totalitarian individual and product, and an inquiry as to whether or not this process was going on in this country at this very moment.

"Oh how utterly...I mean how can you be so SERIOUS about your obvious paranoia," lilted all the literary ladies who seem to run things Uptown, and all the clustered fags and fifteen percenters, anxious to do off the lion chorused: "Quite so, quite so."

So Norman, as all good men of mail are wont to do in times of creeping shit-

headedness, went off to froth at the mouth and bite on a stick, and Uptown turned to Amphetamine and Andy Warhol's whip wielders.

Meanwhile, on the corner of 52nd Street and the Avenue of the Americas, a structure was being raised. It attracted little attention at first; being across from the new Hilton, most of the natives of Midtown thought it was designed to house the utilities of that hostelry. "Looks like a huge radiator," they mused, on their way to the Big Lunch. That budding corporate heresy was nipped by a press-agentry campaign culminating in an article in Life magazine that defined the correct attitude the natives were to have about the Columbia Broadcasting System tower.

The article presented CBS's credo under the heading "Total Design." A brief summation of this credo is that every single aspect of the building, from the design of the exterior to the smallest furnishing must yield to the basic purpose of it, and that purpose is to increase

by metaphoric force the efficiency of those toiling within. It is implied throughout the article that such comprehensive control is a modern art form.

Reviewing CBS's premise from the vantage of the total historical process of what art has been, is now, and shall become, the following judgment is rendered: WE FIND THAT THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, AS EVIDENCED BY ITS TOTAL DESIGN, IS BEST DEFINED BY THE PHRASE: PURE AND ABSOLUTE CRUD. WE HOLD THAT THIS IS SO BECAUSE THE CREDO OF THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM IS FOUNDED NOT UPON INTELLECT AND CRAFT, AS ALL ART MUST BE, BUT UPON GREED AND THE ARROGANT EGOTISM OF ITS MANAGERS. We hold the president, Frank Stanton, Doctor of Psychology, responsible for this travesty.

Harsh language to be sure. It is intended to rectify a desecration of the Delphic Temple by persons not of that Order, who are ignorant of its responsibilities. The Life article quoted a board chairman as saying that: "Leadership in the Arts must be taken by this new force in society: the corporate management team." To the person who uttered that statement the following poetic line applies: "MONEYLENDER! GET THEE FROM OUR HOUSE." This may be interpreted to mean that the rule of merely rich presumptive ignorami is over.

For it is ignorance that is responsible for these Babbits thinking their unholy marriage of money and second rate abstractions a new thing. Finance and art have always been bedfellows. We offer as evidence of this Grand Central Station, and the US Customs House at Bowling Green. With two obvious example of more successful past collaborations to refute these self-appointed pundits, we can only interpret their pioneering zeal to be something else attempting to cloak itself in the robes of art, and we identify that something as being propaganda and mindcontrol taking advantage of the gullible public's misunderstanding of the distinction between discipline and regimentation. Discipline is a function of creativity, of Art. Regimentation is part of the process of destruction, of War. With that in mind we have created this military type medal for these Second Sons of Supply Sergeants who would profane our reason for existence.

By John W. Filler

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SHAMAN SONG by Gene Fowler

*on taking a coal from the fire
in naked fingers*

The word
is in the hand.
Under the moon
in the hand.
At the head of the valley
in the hand.
It glows in the hand.
Here!
Look here
in the hand.
Look at the word
in the hand.
It glows.
A great translucence
in the hand.
Go thru the translucence
in the hand.
Into the world
in the hand.
The coals glow
in my fire.
Are words
for the hand.

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The Old Ballgame!

by Lorraine Glennby



With femininity being increasingly usurped by the American male, many women are becoming scared. Driven ever further into adolescence by our country's hysterical youth-fetish and encouraged by homosexual fashion dictators, their innate sense of what is alluring has been destroyed. So with a death-grip on their libidos women have taken the last alternative: assault. Assault has replaced seduction with the advent of frenetic fashion.

What we are now witnessing in the form of fashion models, disco-girls, and grownup teenyboppers is the Stone Age come full circle, only in reverse. It's the women got the balls now, and they swing 'em from their earlobes, no less. The new look in jewelry, especially earrings, shows more than see-through dresses; it is a clear indication of the psychological condition of many "modern" women, whether or not they would like to admit it or even recognize it themselves.

In primitive times people wore teeth, stones, and other natural objects in the belief that these ornaments would have a magical effect, protecting them from the threats of their environment. With the development of civilization jewelry became traditionally used as a decoration whose main purpose was to emphasize beauty and enhance the wearer's sex appeal. But this approach has lost its potency along with the men in certain areas of society. With even breasts become mainly warm unconscious reminders of Mom (in the Playboy quarter) or unpleasant reminders of women (in the Camp quarter), the ladies in desperation have gone back to magic. Now they have taken to wearing plastic, acetate, and other un-natural objects in the hope that these ornaments will capture their prey and somehow bring the vinyl gods of a vinyl society to their knees.

The Mecca of modern primitivism is Paraphernalia, a store on 67th and Madison Avenue where the latest convulsions in chic are sold. It is total environ-

ment. Hidden speakers blare Beatle sounds from behind metallic miniskirts; female witchdoctors, their bodies camouflaged in geometric garments, move back and forth in the ritual dance of the shoppers. And in the center of the floor, risen like a large transparent phallus, is the earring case.

Within it lie a whole group of earrings that are machine inspired. Perhaps some of the fascination of technology might accrue to the lady wearing clusters of gears, washer nozzles, or what look like loops of old expired "Slinkys." If subtlety fails, she can try the "photo-earring": twin photographs of a manhole mounted on huge wooden disks. Or the "box-earring," which opens at a touch.

For those in identity crises there are round plastic earrings like clear concentric egos ready to take on the image of the surrounding scene. Also symbolic is the "noise-earring" made of clusters of big chrome rings that bang together, eliminating the need for conversation. A psychedelic bauble for vicarious trip-takers are prismatic spheres or triangles of plastic that clip on and off easily, allowing environment manipulation at will.

According to David Croland, one of Paraphernalia's top jewelry designers, the biggest sellers of all are bigger-than-life balls which any woman can own for a mere \$10. Next come slithery squares of stuff in hot colors that cascade to the collarbone. "May I bite your plastic earlobe?" he may be moved to murmur in frenzied awe as she writhes with these 'neath the strobe lights some Saturday night.

It must be the magic potential that counts, for the relatively cheap materials that make up the earrings sell for between \$5 and \$12 once they have been cut, twisted, and glued into shape. And business is so good that Paraphernalia plans soon to open a tribal annex in the Village. The Go-GO missionaries are on the move.

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THE FOURTH MAD WALL

By John Rosevear



Going to jail has become rather fashionable. Of course, it is more fashionable if the goer has a cause; but then again, being thrown in jail overnight for some preposterous charge isn't so bad either. The main thing about the jail business is that the drama is losing its social curse, and circles of friends can nowadays easily find one of their members who has been at least in a county or city jail. Further, there is nothing wrong with it, and whomever it might be cannot expect undue sympathy. He was simply out of circulation for a while. Civil rights, civil disobedience, and disturbing the peace are in the process of changing their outward posture.

It is upon this presumption that the following article takes form, for as we are going to go to jail, it might be wise to find out some things about the place.

City and county jails are fugitive. They accommodate immediate offenders -- those pending bond, those who are drunk (although drunkenness is not a crime), those who constitute an immediate threat to the safety and welfare of society. With rare exceptions, terms in these places are seldom over a few months. AWOL soldiers, habitual drunks, overzealous demonstrators, and the rank and file of the unsavories are thrown into jail. One cannot, therefore, expect comfortable accommodations. The toilet, for instance, is often a porcelainized hole with running water. There may be a shower (cold water predominating.) There are no mattresses on the bunks because some of the tenants have crabs, lice, and/or fleas, and metal racks are less likely to provide a home for these insects than is a mattress.

Did you ever drive past a prison? Or visit someone who was living there? If so, you saw nothing of prison. Nothing at all. You have to go there, be locked in it, meet and live with the people there to know what the place is like. There is nothing romantic about a prison, except walking away from it.

Upon entering, the inmate is first dusted for lice and/or vermin, and then given clean clothes, and then photographed. Variations, of course, are accepted. But in the main he is made to realize that the thick iron door has closed behind him, and he is entering a life that, if this

is his first visit, holds a number of surprises. Immediate preliminaries done with, the inmate will probably live in a transient society for a month or so that will analyze, test, evaluate, interview and otherwise peer into the new arrival's statistics and decide what to do with him. Naturally, there are a series of physical examinations. When these things have run their course, which takes about a month and a half, his destination is decided upon. Most states have satellites other than the Walls to accommodate their new members: work camps that maintain public parks, schools that accept peaceful offenders and provide them with the facilities to finish their high school education, vocational units, factories that supply the rest of the facilities with non-expert commodities such as soap, clothes, mattresses, furniture and so on.

The first exposure to prison usually takes place within the diagnostic area, where the new arrival lives in a cell as do all the others within the walls, eats the same kind of food, and lives the same kind of life that the others might live (except he has no assignment); but he is segregated from the others because he is innocent of the prison's activities and language and society.

First impressions are the most lasting. Everything is either bolted down or painted or both. There are no gay colors. The noises are fierce: cell doors slam, chairs screech and clatter on the concrete floors, the guards are tired of seeing your kind, and don't like to repeat themselves. Therefore they yell, and you can hardly mistake their command. And if the sounds are not dramatic enough, the smells certainly run a close second. Depending on locale

and sanitation practices, urine is the most prevalent odor, followed closely by pine oil soap. One never, never forgets the smell of pine oil. At night, when the lights go out in the cell block, the smell of sleep and the anonymous sounds of farting descend like an abysmal curse.

Adjusting to the routine of living in a cell is not difficult, for there is nothing else you can do. Each cell has a sink and toilet, but there is seldom a wooden seat to the latter. Cells can be one, two or three-man places. You learn to live together. If a man is to live alone in the same cell for a long period of time, he will, depending on local restrictions, decorate it to suit his temperament. He cannot repaint the pale, mint green walls or the egg-shell ceiling, or put tile on the floor, but he can add paintings to the walls, install a cabinet to house his meagre property, and throw a rug on the concrete. Rules usually prevent a man from putting curtains over the bars that form the end walls of his domain. Many of the decorations are original and attractive.

Except for death row and maximum confinement, men leave their cells to eat. This thrice-daily function takes place in a large, rather somber dining hall. One always tries to get in the chow line with a friend to have company for the meal. The men get a stainless steel tray and spoon, and are ladled food into compartments. The food is bland and starchy, but adequate. It used to be that one had to eat everything on the tray, but that rule is now more lax. One drinks from plastic, not tin cups. Chow halls are areas of high tension, and occasionally a riot starts there -- just like a James Cagney movie -- with men pounding their plates and trays and cups on the table demanding better food or more dancing girls or something. Recently, I was told, a man stood on the table and yelled that the warden was no good, and had no sooner said it but was shot dead. True or not, it indicates that the halls are surveyed by armed guards.

When the routine has lost its drama and begins to become a regular thing, some of the more painful discoveries appear. Possibly the first reality might be that you're going to be in these surroundings for quite a while, and you're going to have to make the best of it. Anger is, naturally, absolutely useless. If you have a battalion of attorneys and unlimited finances, you can probably get out on an appeal. If you have neither, you may as well adjust to the future.

Perhaps the first and most painful realism will be the fact that a prisoner has absolutely no rights. Well, he has the right to worship at the faith of his choice, but there his privileges end. He cannot vote, pay taxes, have any say in local or foreign affairs, has his mail censored, and has no say about anything that the warden cannot overrule. If a prisoner doesn't completely obey all the rules he can be thrown into the hole. Every prison (and jail) has a hole.

There is an additional right that a prisoner is denied, and it might take him quite a while to become aware of it. It is, as the book puts it, the right of Territorial Imperative. A prisoner has no territory. His area is not his own, and even when he leaves prison the parole officers exercise an extension of that rule when they visit his home. The prisoner's cell is not his own, even though no other prisoners are allowed in it. He is periodically inspected, and his locker or drawer is peered into by a guard. He has no private property. Anything he may write can be read and examined and confiscated.

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And what is so despairing about the situation is that the inmate can say nothing about it. He has no grounds for objecting. He has no right of protest. No right at all.

Is there ever a murder in prison? Yes, by a variety of methods. Because such occurrences are expected, and because older men sometimes fail to outlive their twenty-year sentence, prisons usually come equipped with a graveyard. Murder is infrequent, but one might say that out of ten thousand prisoners per year there is at least one killing. The most dramatic is burning. When the chosen is locked in his cell, men walk past it squirting either lighter fluid or fuel oil into the cell, and onto the man. Then the "murderer" arrives with a book of matches (the guard is conveniently absent), utters a few last words of sadistic pleasure, and throws some flame into the cell. A soft puff, and the place is an inferno. There is no escape from the cell, and the trickle of water from his sink or toilet is inadequate. The victim is usually charred beyond recognition.

But aside from such dramas as murder, the place is hopelessly dreary. Life has little variety, and the Buddhist concept of useless conversation is abused daily. Laughter is infrequent, and usually forced. One's stomach never aches from too much of it. When a joke is told, and most concern sex, the teller can be assured he will get some laughs -- perhaps more than he might get in a tavern. One TRIES to laugh in prison; it seldom comes out without some effort.

In prison, time accumulates a new dimension. You try to eat it away, rather than enjoy it. If a prisoner is having difficulty with his station, if the days are hopelessly lone, he is doing "hard time." Instead of asking why another is making life difficult, one asks, "Why are you cutting into my time?" And a frequent answer when one tells of his trouble is "Do your own time," or "Don't press my time."

The language of prison Negroes is peculiar. They talk about a "hoe" back on the street, but finding a hoe or discovering a use for a hoe on asphalt appears difficult. Then one realizes that the word is really "whore." All women who have had intercourse with more than one male, apparently, are evermore known as hoers. Another word, "beech," is equally puzzling. It is, nonetheless, used interchangeably with hoe. Beech means "bitch." "Close the doe." "Don't walk on the wet flow." "She a hoe." And we have but scraped the surface.

There is very little dramatic change in prison routine or programming. The places are run by the state, and the employees are civil servants. As such, they lose their dynamics in a common desire for "security," which is a favorite word of theirs that continually crops up in job discussions. They have lost their dynamics because the system won't tolerate any, and the upper administration is rich in conservativeness.

And to condense statistics, it is no special encore to point out that the system doesn't work: those who once enter prison usually return.

Further, one must remember that people in the capacity of state prison employees are not the sharpest people in the world. Signs of their inefficiency are easy to spot, and after they have been so employed they seem to lose sight of the fact that they deal with human destiny daily. Do not dismiss them with a sigh. The whole system is so turbulent, so many people come and go that the good ones (both prisoner and civil servant) have left their marks.

The mail routine is an excellent example. Severe restrictions used to be im-

posed on mailing privileges. Not only were the number of addresses limited, but the inmate could receive no mail other than from those on his list. All mail, both incoming and outgoing, used to be rigidly censored. But now things are different. In many prisons the inmate may write to whomever he pleases. He can send out as many letters as he can write, providing he can afford the postage. Usually after a letter is written, it is placed in a mailbox unsealed. However, unless there is reason to suspect the prisoner of writing undesirable things (obscene letters occasionally are sent to movie stars) the correspondence is simply changed for postage and sealed by the prison censors. In some camps the restrictions are very few: outgoing letters can be sealed, incoming mail is uncensored (but opened), and one would hardly know he was in prison, mail-wise.

It may be difficult for the newcomer to understand how the system operates, run by these highly inefficient guards and directors, and one can easily find that the operation is hopelessly inefficient. Yet somehow it works, and has been working for quite a while. It has gotten rid of flogging and leg irons, and now capital punishment is slowly being dissolved as the body might purge a poison.

Have there been other improvements? Certainly. Convicts no longer wear striped suits, nor is the ball and chain in effect. The dungeon-like holes of the Bastille and Inquisition times have become a bit more refined, and criminals are no longer chained to the wall. In the field of conservation, particularly forest conservation, many camps provide facilities for prisoners to bring seedlings and plant them with free rein. Arizona has a separate facility for their senior citizen criminals, and there is a large variety of vocational training facilities in most states.

Still, the prison system is designed so that a newcomer is expected to fit into a prepared niche and stay in that niche for the term of his confinement. If he leaves the niche additional problems are immediately created. Individuality is not, one might guess, encouraged. What is the niche like? It is governed by regulation, fed by routine, denuded of fun, and the pace is slow -- ever so slow. Anything can be done later because there's plenty of time. Dangling in front of the prisoner are various rewards that make him want to stay out of trouble, for if he does, some additional time may be taken from his sentence. That is, although the prison year is only nine months, it can under special circumstances, be reduced to eight or seven months if the inmate not only steers clear of trouble but performs an extra role that might enhance his reputation. For instance, some institutions have a book-tape program. Prisoners who can read fluently are called upon to read aloud either a book or current magazine onto tape, and the tape is sent to a home for the blind or to a blind library. And along that line, some institutions have braille typewriters operated by inmates.

These programs tend to instill a sense of righteousness in a prisoner, but they also afford him the means to learn, contribute, and escape from the dreary routine of regular prison life. But above that, the fear principle guides more movement than does the reward system. Since bad behavior is expected, measures to counter it have been instilled and installed, and fear remains today, as it has been for all ages, the one certain catch-all preventative. If you're caught doing something against the regulations, you will be punished. If you're discovered doing something good (such as helping an illiterate write a letter home) then you're simply not doing bad. There is no reward

for good in prison, except good itself.

There is no book of instructions that can supply the answers to all the questions a newcomer might have about prison life, or prison routine, or prison itself. The only way to get along there is to keep your mouth shut, remind yourself frequently that the ordeal cannot go on forever, that you aren't going to change it, no matter what you do, and you might as well make the best of it -- without giving aid and comfort to the enemy. It might be relative fun, but it can be miserable. You will certainly meet a variety of people there. Play a game. Decide which one of them you'd like to see after your term is over. See if your guess holds true throughout your confinement. Write letters to the government inquiring about things you've wanted to know about all your life. Read books you've put off for years. Try your hand at poetry.

The goddamn time will pass, you can grow a cock again, and rediscover the world.

John Rosevear, arrested while in possession of marijuana seeds, has been doing his time at Cassidy Lake Technical School in Michigan. He will be released before Christmas.

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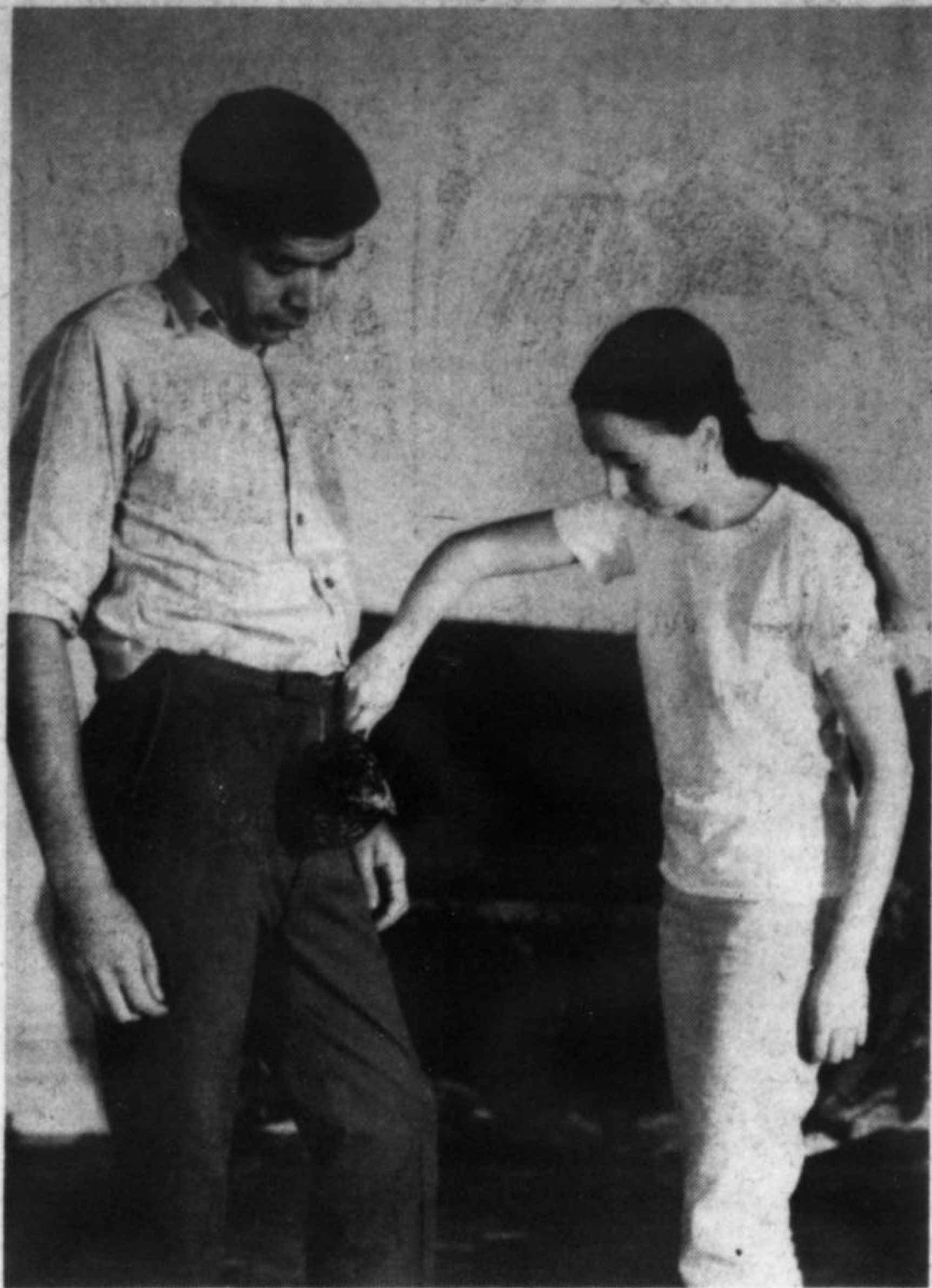
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CHICKEN DESTRUCTION REALIZATION
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Man in white shirt and white pants with a chicken in pants, head and neck protruding from fly. Woman in white blouse and pants. Woman's dialogue is directed at chicken. Woman pulls feathers from chicken's neck with each "You can't love me."

Scene opens woman feeding chicken, scratching its head and koochee-kooing to it. She stands back and throws the handful of corn at it shouting "You don't love me."

Dialogue--

Man: "Of course I love you."

Woman: "No you don't love me. You never loved me."

Above dialogue is repeated until chicken's neck is nearly bare.

Woman: "You don't love me. You never show me you love me."

Man: "Of course I love you. Of course I show you I love you. I bought the house because I love you. I bought the car because I love you. I left my mother because I love you."

Woman: "You don't love me. You just say you love me."

Man: "I know what you want. You want my chicken."

Woman: "Yes, I want your chicken."

Man: "You can't have my chicken. It belongs to my mother."

Woman: "I know it belongs to your mother, but I want your chicken."

Man: "I can't give you my chicken."

Woman: "You see, you don't love me. You never did love me. You hate me. That's what you do. You hate me."

Man proceeds to cut head off, saying to the woman: "I do love you. I do love you." He hands woman the head. She becomes jubilant. Clutching the head to her breast she cries out: "You love me. You do love me. You do love me." Embracing him, cuddling the chicken head to her face, leaving blood on her face, she skips out singing, "He loves me... He loves me... He loves me."

Man reaches down and puts his hand on chicken neck, looking out to audience, cries searchingly, "Mommy.."

For Art's Sake Destroy

by Ralph Ortiz

The First International Destruction in Art Symposium held in London succeeded as an event in Art history, but failed to realize the revolution. The army, navy and marines would not cooperate and build the small tactical Art Destruction weapons needed. The Bell Telephone people had prior commitments in New York. The First International Destruction in Art Symposium failed because there weren't enough destroyers doing enough destroying; there were too many clinging to the constructive past; too many holding back, confusing the REAL rape with the SYMBOLIC rape, the real murder with symbolic murder, the real suicide with symbolic suicide.

Last September, while speaking on a London street corner near Hyde Park, a man in the audience chanted, "Religion is the opiate of the people." I shouted back, "Art is the opiate." Someone behind me shouted, "It's the opiate that's the art."

Before I relinquished my soap box, I tried to point out that artists today, as throughout most of art history, are devoting themselves to rocking us into a complacent stupor with a kind of goody aesthetic that has stood art on its head for thousands of years. Fewer and fewer artists want to get their consciousness dirty. Artists today are busy being very nice and clean and neatly scrubbed behind the ears. Everyone is bored, not only the great politicians of the Great Society with its great discontent selling us down the great Swannee River, but the Great Society's artists who are busy polishing and greasing the way.

Animal sacrifice is as old as mythology, yet everyone gets upset when the head of a chicken is cut off. People become flushed and scream, "What will you do next, you fiend?" Then I have to reveal my plans to organize bus tours of the country's slaughter houses.

I'm told Animal Destruction reveals too much too soon. Pianos and over-stuffed chairs are O.K., but people just aren't ready to integrate so directly their destructive urges.

To place the idea in a more meaningful perspective, one must realize the many faceted significance of the first born lamb replacing the first born child on the sacrificial altar. Our society is overcrowded with altars of sacrifice, both real and symbolic, where we the victims go with heads bowed. Next time, send a chicken in your place.

The artist today has become a knowing accomplice of the technological revolution, if not by embracing its power, at least by educating us through their art to the emotional rigor mortis.

McLuhan explains that it is possible for ritual (such as games and art) to be and become obsolete. He as well as Groddeck and Freud recognized that sports, play and especially art are the essential cultural framework within which our emotional life is realized, educated and secured--where our urges, especially the maladaptive ones, get their play. Art that does not absorb and transform emotional residues and maladaptive urges in such a way as to serve emotional and physical survival ends is

avoiding its crucial role as mediator between symbolic life and symbolic death.

If artists are constantly seduced by the euphoria of catatonia, if art continues to move along conservative paths of desensualization, then there is a crisis of drastic proportions. What is being censored is the visceral life.

Art can and should play the role of the fifth column, destroying from within the last vestige of emotional life.



Joe Brainard's

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

BY JOE BRAINARD

W.W. LOO

TAUGHT SCHOOL IN LIEN, MINN., ALTHOUGH

HE HAD NO HANDS

HE FREQUENTLY WHIPPED UNRULY YOUNGSTERS WITH HIS EMPTY SLEEVE

1884



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To be called coward and chicken is a common experience for the pacifist. He is called coward in spite of his evident courage that makes him oppose the armed might and public opinion of an entire country. His courage is questioned although he is constantly facing public disgrace, imprisonment or even death for his convictions. It is witness to the fact of how much the virtues of courage, forthrightness and determination have been monopolized by a very specific brand of the human species by whose behavior everyone else is measured and categorized. And it is especially during times of war and crisis that an almost unbearable pressure is exerted on everyone to conform to this ideal human being-- the rough and tough warrior, armed and uniformed opposing and ruthlessly attacking the enemy. It is during times of crisis and anxiety that it becomes plain just how much society has succumbed to

male still hold sway and guide public opinion in the evaluation of human conduct, on a more immediate level the old notions of masculinity are in a profound crisis. That is, while the male can still play hero on the battlefield, on the political and sports arena, in the army barracks and in the business world, at home and in bed he is licked. Wherever the male can escape into those areas which helped him to establish and maintain his mythological superiority, namely outside the home, he can continue to live the myth and has public support. Yet to the extent that the modern male is forced to confront himself, his friends, his wife and his children on an immediate and individual level, the trappings of assumed heroism and superiority not only disappear but often revert into opposites. It is these opposites that are worrying him because he has become the victim of his own propaganda. He

quite he experiences it as his own inadequacy. He finds it increasingly impossible to relate to the female who is also changing before his eyes. He feels more and more uncomfortable in female society and looks to his own sex for solace and companionship. This in itself is nothing new. Men for many purposes have preferred the company of other men to that of the "inferior" woman. Yet it is the tone of the male congregation that is changing. It is no longer an assembly of rulers and heroes, secure in the knowledge of their importance, but of men whose basic insecurity is breaking to the surface. They tend to display the same weepy emotional instability formerly attributed to infants and women. The male becomes prone to looking for emotional support from other men. There is nothing wrong with the practice. Women have traditionally cried on each other's shoulders and neither themselves nor others have interpreted this act as more than two people giving each other emotional support. For the male the discovery of the same inclination or even practice assumes frightful proportions. His basic fear for his masculinity which made him look for emotional support in the first place becomes fully realized in what he believes to be an obvious feminine act. This discovery together with the memory of early childhood enamourment and the adoration of older boys and men, including his own father, which are part of any boy's experience, tend to lead the struggling male to conclude that he is in fact in love with his own sex.

Off hand there is no reason to believe that the male will not in time deal creatively with his identity crisis and emerge as an enriched, stable and tolerant human being. He should become less prone to prejudging and dividing arbitrarily the weaknesses and strengths that are common to all human beings according to sex, color or creed and to reserving that which appears momentarily best for himself. In his current agonizing self-appraisal the male might well find the inner stability and certainty of which the outside world is so much in need.

In the meantime the masculinity crisis is going to grow worse before it grows better. It is doubtful that even after this identity crisis has been resolved society will be able to return to the simple pattern where the family is the nucleus and main support of the entire society and its organizational superstructure.

Because the crisis of the male as armed warrior and daring pioneer is real and crucial it is in the field of the male as the sole provider for the family that there exists an immediate and acknowledged problem. It is one of those fields in which there is no escape into daydreams that, once briefly interrupted by an uncomfortable reality, can be resumed later.

Myron Brenton in his new and recommendable book "The American Male" finds that the American male has put all his eggs into one basket. He has made his masculinity dependent upon his role as the sole provider for wife and



"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LOUSTAUNAU.

the values and notions of the armed male and all his assumed glory and heroism. It demonstrates unmistakably that mankind has not only accepted the male as top dog, but a particular brand of male at that. It is a definition of human value and virtue which is unthinkingly handed down and embellished by each successive generation until today it has become totally out of touch with reality and exists as a caricature of its original self.

The ancient and outdated definitions of masculinity and manhood have been clung to and emulated to such an extent that today they have become a stone around the neck of the entire male sex. Currently we are witnessing a genuine identity crisis caused by the vain attempt of the male to live up to a concept of masculinity that can be traced to a time when conditions were favorable to the dominance of a certain male type.

While on the surface the old prerogatives and values of the armed primitive

has constructed for himself such rigid definitions of masculinity that he cannot make a move without his whole fabric of masculinity breaking down.

The male with a very rigid concept of masculinity will, once his self image begins to crack, tend to think in the only other category he knows -- femininity. He is liable to conclude: If I am not male then I must be female. This is supported by the fact that under his cracking masculine shell exists a strong element of compassion, tenderness, passivity and the nurturing instinct. He has always vaguely known them to be there but suppressed them as being unmanly and inferior male qualities.

Furthermore many men have never experienced in a profound self-confrontation the nature of their innermost being. Instead they have conformed to a notion, a pattern, a concept of masculinity. The individual male has adopted these notions and concepts as his reality and now that they are proving themselves to be inade-

Make Love Not War

In 1911 Olive Schreiner, veteran feminist, socialist, anti-slavery campaigner, and peace worker, wrote in her book *Woman and Labor* "We have always borne part of the weight of war, and the major part...Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords, or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed...There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply, than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay for first cost of all human life."

Olive Schreiner followed her assessment with a prophecy. "That day when the woman takes her place beside the man in the governance and arrangement of the external affairs of her race, will also be the day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences."

Throughout the struggle for woman's equality has been the recognition that women as such have a new dimension, a new set of values which they could interject into society, that women have a particular role to play in bringing peace to the world.

Olive Schreiner's words were heard by a minority. In 1915 a Dutch woman, Dr. Aletta Jacobs, summoned an international gathering of women to Holland, then a neutral country, to discuss how women might hasten the return of peace. Women from twelve countries came to the Hague. Forty women from the U.S. crossed the mine-strewn Atlantic. One hundred and eighty British women were unable to attend when the British government closed the North Sea to them. The French government issued a similar prohibition, but a thousand women did manage to join the conference. From this meeting was born the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, with Jane Addams as its first International President.

Along with the WILRF many other women's organizations entered the peace field, including the International Council of Women, the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, the All-India Women's Conference, and more recently Women's Strike for Peace.

But, since 1911, women have been called upon to play a key role in their respective governments' war efforts during two world wars, and the overwhelming majority of women have responded. They have sent their husbands and sons off to the battlefields, they have run the munitions factories on the homefront, and they have themselves become targets as weapons have grown too big to discriminate between combatant and non-combatant populations.

Vera Brittain, herself an active peace-worker in Britain, has assessed the women's peace efforts in her book "Lay Into Woman." She asserts that while the influence of women's groups has been valuable and extensive, there is a limit to the work which women's organizations can do, and women's peace campaigns as such usually have been failures. Mrs. Brittain concludes that the time is past when women have to prove their ability to work politically by organizing themselves into separate groups. Women must pursue peace on mixed bodies, in cooperation with men.

This must be based on the successful achievement of equal and friendly cooperation between the sexes. Since early prehistory the family and the institution of marriage have been the expressions

of and focal points for male-female cooperation for the purposes of reproduction, production and companionship.

Socialization, love, spontaneity, flexibility and concern for welfare, the so-called feminine traits, have over the greater part of human history been found in the family. The woman has been the center of the prehistoric family, as opposed to less permanent social unions. The family was held together by the strong instinctive ties between wife and husband and between mother and child, in the face of comparatively weak or irregular ties between father and child. In this sense only then is it reasonable to identify the feminine traits with women alone for they appear in both parties to the family. They appear in the man as culturally encouraged and developed if not biologically profuse.



Whether a given society places the woman in a relatively high or low status to the man, the woman generally remains the focal point of the family, and the family remains the conveyor of the feminine traits from one generation to the next.

With the disappearance of economic dependence, women's anxiety about their own livelihood and even more about the future of their children, disappeared. The equality of women assured the end of the dominance of the man in the marriage and of the indissolubility of marriage.

The industrial revolution has not only destroyed the economic basis of patriarchal authority and freed women from that authority; it has stripped away many of the functions performed by the family in all previous human history. The place and function of the family in contemporary society has been critically changed.

The home has been radically altered by technological advance. Commodities previously made in the home are now mass produced outside and brought into the home ready-made. Technology has mechanized and automated housework.

Government, private and voluntary social agencies have taken over many of

the functions previously performed by the family. Various agencies aid the modern family to deliver and develop its children. Public education, the maternity hospital, and modern organized "baby sitting" agencies are but a few of the new institutions performing jobs previously performed by family members. Modern hygiene, sanitation and preventive medicine have had similar effects.

Public aid and private insurance have replaced family support by providing mothers' pensions, widows' pensions, old age security, medicare, unemployment benefits and disability benefits.

These trends have made the nuclear family -- husband, wife and children -- independent of the larger extended family which included grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins.

The decreasing rate of procreation and the decreasing death rate have shortened the number of years that a woman spends raising children both absolutely and relative to her increasing lifespan. These decreases are especially linked to the decrease in infant mortality, so that only 2.5 births per family are required today to maintain current population levels.

The widespread use of contraceptives has brought procreation under the conscious control of the family. Contraceptives have also made it possible for the sexual needs of both men and women to be met without entering permanent unions.

All these developments together have, on the one hand, reduced the expenditure of time and energy by members of the family in the sheer task of maintenance. The resulting social economy means the liberation of the family, especially the wives and mothers, for other activities. On the other hand, it has cut many activities away from the family and has made life totally outside the family, for those who desire it, more possible and satisfying.

In this process the family has been gradually reduced to its bare essentials of a voluntary association of man and woman for the purpose of companionship and procreation. As such these changes have been part of a growing complexity in human social organization.

They have for the first time freed the woman of male-imposed definitions of her femininity and have left her to comprehend her situation and define her self-image.

The modern woman has come a long way. She owns more than half the personal wealth in Western societies. She is less bound to the house. She can control the number and arrival of her children. She has immense influence on education at both lower and higher levels. She has the voting right. Her life expectancy is longer than that of the man. And, women outnumber men.

The question arises if in this development the world has moved any closer to the realization of world peace prophesied by Olive Schreiner? Does the woman now exert her new gained influence to keep her husband and sons from turning to war? Or can we expect her to do so in the near future?

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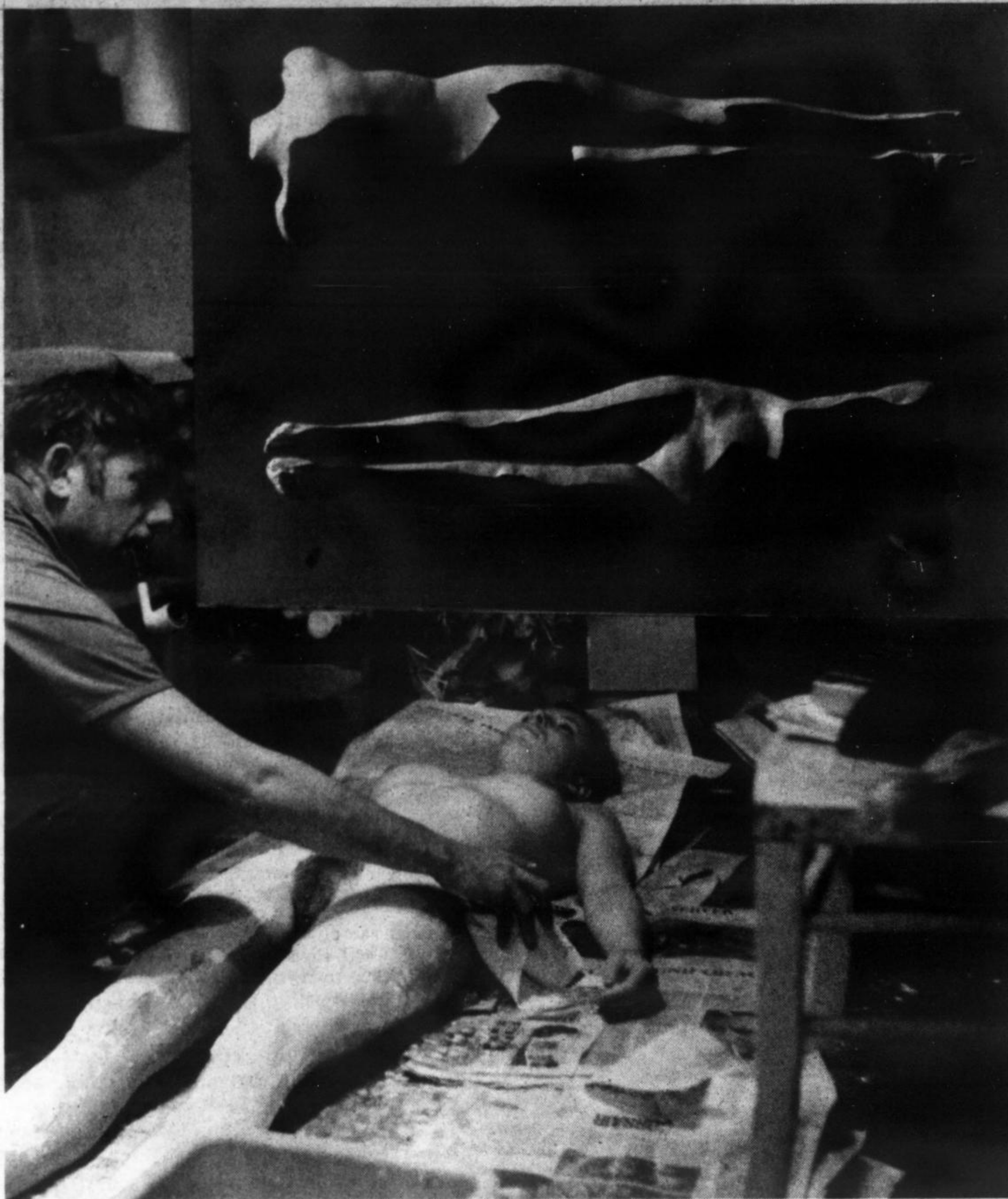
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VOYEU

by Lil Picard



RAMA



James Rosenquist makes the picture pages wearing a tan custom-made papersuit, very elegantly. Ethel Scull, Robert Scull's Art-adventurous wife, advances from plaster-cast queen to paper dress doll. We have also -- more than ever before -- an avalanche of art books in the \$25 bracket.

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So stated KASIMIR MALEVICH 50 years ago. We can read this statement in a new Plastic Box Gem of an art book written and edited by Willoughby Sharp, 2,000 copies printed.

It contains clear descriptions in beautiful print of the work of German sculptor Guenther Uecker, who does white nail constructions. The book is number one in a series on "Kineticism," an Art style Sharp devotes his life to. He also coined the word.

Kasimir Malevich is quoted 14 times with his very up-to-date notes on art in this book, which not only shows the work of Uecker in black and white photos, but also includes an original art work, made by the sculptor, a rectangular trowel shape with one single nail resting in the middle. Nails are Uecker's medium and movement is his philosophy.

ASSEMBLAGES, ENVIRONMENTS, HAPPENINGS by Allan Kaprow (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., \$25). The book tells the story and the philosophy of the "New ART" -- the Art which broke the boundaries, the "painting-is-dead" Art.

"Step right in," begs bearded Kaprow, charmingly offering his "Magic Theater" of wonder works by artists Whitman, Dine, Red Grooms, Oldenburg, himself, Dewey, George Brecht, Wolf Vostell, Ferro, Kudo, Jean Jaques Lebel, the Japanese Gutai Group, Milan Knizak (Prague) all Happeners, and he also presents assemblagist Jean Follet, Gloria Graves, Martha Edelheit, Renee Miller, Kusama, and painters Jackson Pollock and Robert Rauschenberg. They are all innovators and since the end of the fifties have worked in the unlimited boundaries of a free Art, which makes Life and Art one. Along with beautiful photos the book gives a history of the Happening-world, which includes everything of life: nature, food, plastics, chemicals, machines, destruction, construction, things of fleeting perishable quality gone after the Happening is over, "when the wind and the rain have things washed away." When all is gone, photos are left as documentation

BICI HENDRICKS' LANGUAGE BOOK (Black Thumb Press). Language is a fascination for openminded word collectors. A language box book can serve as a game thing. It reminds one of old time card games. Any number can play; little white cards do the trick. Take out "Biped," mix it with "Comfort" and turn the cards. Each one has one single word printed on both sides. There appears "Vacuum" and a little later you strike "Hatchery," "Poet," "Searing." So you learn to write a poem, learn to use words the chance way, discover their secret combinations. You become a word composer, just by picking words out of Bici's \$3.50 language box available through Eighth Street Book Store and Douglas College Bookshop, N. Brunswick, N.J. More box books to follow by Watts, Alison Knowles & Ono. WORDS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPONS. USE THEM AND THROW AWAY THE ARMS.

Art in the Mirror, a Metaphor, is the title of a new group show in the Museum of Modern Art. G.R. Swenson wrote the essay in the catalogue. He says, "Art, in at least one of its traditions,

is a mirror reflecting current attitudes, interests and fashions, the spirit of the times." A very interesting small show. See it.

In the hectic pace of constantly changing shows a few are worthwhile seeing. Walter de Maria at Cordier & Ekstrom, white light and silvery steel creating a surreal pure atmosphere, paintings and sculptures.

James Seawright, eight electronic sculptures at the Stable Gallery, technology as Art, or Art as technological wizardry, a most interesting, alive new look is created.

Marcia Marcus, James Graham, portraits of Artists (very good: Lucas Samaras and a collage group with Art Nouveau patterned backgrounds. A self-portrait in a reduced flat style.

Byron Gallery, Brian O'Doherty, excellent kaleidoscopic peep-hole boxes, with optical mystical surrealistic effects.

A new gallery on 57th Street, Bykert, Brice Marden, gray horizontal paintings in wax media and oil, a gray symphony of smooth modern melancholy, at the Dwan Gallery a gray-silvery sculpture show of monumental impact by Michael Steiner.

Coming show at the A.M. Sachs Gallery, Roy Adzak, English artist working in Paris. First one-man show in USA. In Paris with Iris Clert, who discovered Yves Klein. Adzak does Negative Objects, Nudes, Bottles, Venuses. Working in India and Afghanistan on archaeological excavation projects he got intrigued with the imprints of objects in sand, and the effects of sunlight producing shadows. He started with the imprint making three years ago in Paris transferring the negative cast of objects to canvas. Now he also uses wood columns and creates optical effects with a mysterious play of light and shadow. Show starts December 6 to December 24.

Photo No. 1 -- Adzak making plaster cast of nude Parisian girl.

Photo No. 2 -- Nude transferred to canvas, life size. Canvas measures 5 to 6 feet.

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Larry Fink/Photo

SUNDAY AT CHURCH...SUN RA AT SLUGS

Now, in the time of the prophets, men of the spheres appear.

If you want to watch a master work, go to Slugs on 3rd Street and see the old pharaoh and his nine men blow the history of jazz past and future. These wise-men Americans are blowing the new space time awareness recorded on E.S.P.

If Sun Ra, dressed in the high priest's gold, riding through the Tao on his Intergalactic piano, is indicative of the zeitgeist, the scientists ought to be coming up with a time machine pretty soon now.

Ra calls the meeting to order by tinkling a sun gong. You suddenly realize you've come to a church. "If you're tired of the earth, join Outer Spaceways corporation", the band sings.

Describing music in words is absurd. Imagine: one behemoth sax growing out of the band grunting

and squeaking seeing how high he can fly. He crescendos up and up, takes a peek, then grunts and groans sinking back to earth in a poetry describing a turned on man's life in the city.

"Honk! Honk! The sax wails while a piccolo plays an absurd tune as yet another behemoth sax grows out of the pavement of the band to wail and sing.

Sun Ra's group is what happens when Astrology meets Technology in the 21st Century. They take the train from blues to supersonic-ion-rocket, blowing sometimes, their sequential concepts in lampoon over the linear base of the thirties big band honk.

The misfortune is that everyone who listens to Jazz doesn't drink and so the musicians have to take up the bread at the door.

Sun Ra should be on the N.Y. Philharmonic. "Next stop--Jupiter."

Chug, chug, chug.
Choo, choo, choo.
Woo, woo, woo.

WILD THINGS

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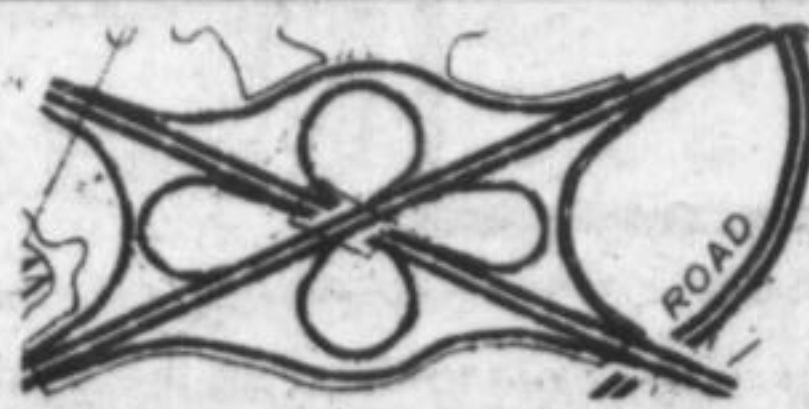


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SEX UBER ALLES

continued from page 10

children. As a result the man who loses his job, albeit through circumstances beyond his control, experiences the loss as a direct blow to his manhood. In extreme and quite frequent cases the jobless man undergoes personality changes similar to those men under shell shock. Myron Brenton emphasizes the relationship between masculinity and work (i.e. activity) for the contemporary American male "...because activity is a paradox. It's a way of accomplishing something, of reaching a goal. It may also be an artful way of running away from other, more fundamental involvements."

There is sufficient evidence to indicate that primitive notions regarding the role of the male and masculinity usually go together with backward notions in the economic and political field.

In 1921 the German psychoanalyst, philosopher and writer Hans Blueher published a book titled "The Role of Eroticism in the Male Society" which because of its unusual hypothesis created quite a stir. Blueher holds that there exists on the opposite pole to the family another social component composed essentially and exclusively of men. The natural function of these fundamentally male-oriented men is to fulfill those organizational needs for which the family has neither the aptitude nor inclination. Drawing a parallel to the animal and insect world Blueher believes that in those cases where there exists a higher form of social organization, such as ants and bees, nature favors mutations that meet its organizational needs. Blueher says that in the insect world nature has created beings that are recognizably different from the male and female in order to facilitate her design for higher organization. In the human society this phenomenon also exists. These individuals, however, can only be recognized by their specific organizational role. He describes them as "typus inversus."

Blueher was led to his hypothesis through his own experience in the German youth movement, in his practice as psychoanalyst and his consequent analysis of a wide variety of male organizations, clubs and fraternities. Especially in those decidedly and exclusively male institutions such as the cadets, sports clubs, military academies, the officer corps, religious seminaries and boys schools, Blueher discovered the "typus inversus," as the prime mover, organizer and supporter. The fact that many of these organizations have often strong and even fanatically moralistic overtones does not, Blueher holds, contradict his position. On the contrary, it supports it. Social pressures and taboos too often cause a neurosis in the male who is in love with his own kind and instead of acting his natural inclination out he persecutes himself and others under the guise of morality.

From the start Blueher makes clear that the male-oriented male, the "typus inversus," does not fall into the category of that which is commonly understood as homosexual. He is not effeminate. He does not form as marriage-like permanent relationship with clearly defined roles. Blueher holds that that which is commonly understood as a homosexual relationship is of no social significance because it aims to imitate the family and its immobility. The "typus inversus" never relinquishes his aggressiveness. He is constantly on the move busy establishing male societies and a band of followers and admirers. Blueher finds him often of strong and striking personality whose personal magnetism even the

greatest admirer of women and most dedicated family man finds hard to resist.

Blueher sees no clear-cut division but rather a number of stages separating the perfect family man from the "typus inversus." He defines the family man as one who has an unconditional love for the female with whom he finds both physical and mental satisfaction. On the next stage the male will retain a scepticism toward the woman and although he marries he retains a strong need for male friends. A little further along the line a distressed relationship to the female becomes evident. Although the man still requires the woman for his sexual satisfaction he believes men to be more beautiful. He is inclined to visit bordellos and will turn after his physical satisfaction to the male to meet his emotional needs. The next step leads into male society. The male will court other men. There is a glorification of friendship. The sexual response toward the female is minimal. For many the female retains some sexual attraction but there is no love play. Their behavior toward women becomes terribly uncouth. Among men these males are like fish in the water and experience immense satisfaction. If not seduced by a woman they will not have intercourse. In the final stage the "typus inversus" has unconditional rule. He relates to the woman in the same manner that the male who loves women relates to men. The woman has for him not the slightest sexual authority. His relationship to her is easy and unstrained. It would never enter his mind that one could love this sex if he did not observe it among his comrades.

Blueher insists that much damage is done by the attempt to redeem the "typus inversus" for a society which is only able to see itself as family based and totally ignorant of at least one other legitimate and necessary component of human organization -- the male society. The common assumption that the male-oriented male is effeminate is wrong. On the contrary as already shown in Greek and Roman cultures the male-loving male is often in appearance and conduct the prototype of what is commonly described as manliness and masculinity. The male-oriented male is not primarily to be found in those areas of human activity and organization that are associated with the more gentle and feminine virtues such as the arts, literature, music, dancing, the theater and dress designing. The "typus inversus" the way Blueher describes him is much more at home in exclusively male organizations such as sports clubs, military academies, the officer corps, the religious orders and a wide range of other fraternities.

These facts make the current identity crisis of the male even more profound. There is virtually no field of activity or any organization that can tell him by his mere membership what his basic orientation is, what his function in life is and how he can best express himself.

This in itself is valuable proof that the old stereotypes of the aggressive competitive male have become untenable in a world that requires more and more of the so-called female virtues of cooperation and socialization.

The task of reorientation is made more difficult for the modern male because each age has created its own stereotypes for proper male-female relationships. He has become heir to a vast array of conflicting notions, none of which have been

Drop charges-- Sherbell

"First of all the police were called into this altercation by an unknown third party. Secondly, I returned to the theatre and was attacked by a person, not Mr. Jones, who attacked my wife and myself getting into a car. There was a police sergeant in front of the theatre.

"The next day I was willing to drop charges having realized that Leroi's accomplice had acted on his own. To date I have not been allowed to drop charges.

"I think the state believes it now has ample grounds to take Leroi out of circulation for a while. I resent being used towards this end."

properly resolved, but merely heaped one on the other adding to the confusion. For example, the Judeo-Christian ethic supports the notion of male superiority and holds that the female is a temptress and morally inferior. From the Victorian age on the other hand comes the myth of innate feminine goodness and moral superiority as part of a trend that idealized the woman. Consequently we very often find a string of associations in the man's mind that links the female with temptation, weakness, passivity, peacefulness, serenity and moral superiority. The male defines himself in contrast as strong, steadfast, virile, aggressive and destructive. Without second thought the male who holds that the female has never created anything of significance sees too often the highest affirmation of his masculinity, not in the process of creation but in aggression and destruction. He can believe that goodness is feminine and morally superior but at the same time a weakness. He feels that he has to resist the temptation of being good and peaceful, that these qualities are feminine guiles to put him off his guard and to deliver him into the hands of his enemies.

The unfortunate view of the female as both temptress and at the same time guardian of goodness and gentleness is a strong psychological barrier for the male who needs to correct his notions about proper male-female relationships. It is also a barrier in the quest for peace. While the situation demands that man disarm and work for peace his psychological orientation demands that he be on guard against the temptations of peace and goodness. Furthermore, having usurped the virtues of courage and fearlessness the male finds it impossible to be honestly afraid for fear of losing his masculinity. He has learned of brash aggressiveness which too often becomes abusive and oppressive. It is this frame of mind which enables him to call those who make public admission of the imminent threat of total annihilation cowards.

It is questionable whether or not the majority of the older generation, steeped in the old male concepts, can resolve the contradictions of their conflicting notions and reality. Myron Brenton believes with Margaret Mead, the well-known anthropologist, that "Children today, growing up in a world able to destroy itself, do not have to pretend that they are not afraid of modern warfare. Nor do they have to feel that it is unmanly to work for peace. Their heroes need not be daredevils, but men who can soberly assess just how dangerous the new projects are that mankind must undertake -- projects that admittedly may not work out, that are subject to disastrous accidents. The children whose birthright is this new age will be saved from psychological disaster if they see around them men and women who estimate danger carefully and accurately, who work soberly to prevent war and who invent safer ways of keeping the peace."

OTHERSEENS



First truly integrated strip is Wee Pals by Negro cartoonist Morrie Turner (opposite page, right). Says Turner about his work: "The main thing is, I want to be funny. If they (readers) can get a little brotherhood out of it, fine." Strip is gag-a-day type, featuring moppets at play and spoofing adults, sometimes touching on race relations.

Why on earth did the students at Harvard feel obliged to apologize to Defoliation Secretary McNamara? Are "good manners" really an issue when you are demonstrating to a professional murderer that you don't like what he's doing...The excitement of being able to eat a Playboy Bunny, even a candy one, has apparently zoomed the new Bunny Chocolate into 29th place on the American candy hit parade, according to a survey by the Candy Marketeer, one of the industry's trade journals. National dis-



tribution of the somewhat bland candy bar begins next month...William Buckley points out that by next March NY's Wo/Jo/Trib will be in contract trouble again with Bertram Powers, boss of the Typographical Union, making bigger demands than ever "with the weaker papers now out of the way." Obviously, Powers' major interests were not in protecting the mass membership of his union but in cutting down the number of employees for which he was responsible so that he could better conditions for the remainder... The casual way of living in California sometimes carries over in the casual way of doing business and a recent issue of California Apparel News carried a warning article by a CPA, a traditionally cautious breed. "A businessman who does not believe in record-keeping is like the motorist venturing into the desert without map or compass," he writes. "Both are inviting disaster"...Ebony magazine carries a piece entitled, "What's Not So Funny About the Funnies," the point being that most cartoonists are scared gutless to include Negroes in their strips for fear of losing some of their precious syndication. The article points out that when complaints were made by integrationist organizations about the low-class, bumbling Negro stereotype, the cartoonists got out from under by just removing Negroes from their strips completely. One exception, of course, is Morrie Turner's "Wee Pals," a cartoon comprised of racially mixed kids. Nine U.S. papers carry it -- 100 others have turned it down...An exact replica of Maxim's of Paris has opened on the ground floor of the Sony building in Tokyo.

Several hundred postcards have gone out to the friends of English painter Robin Page:

At 3 p.m., Christmas Day (December 25), Robin Page will lie on his back, naked, and receive the gifts sent to him. Please send something to dump on top of the Artist.

Dependable assistants will stand over the Artist and open and deliver your gifts in the order they were received. (They will also carry out any specific in-

structions for delivery.) The Artist will, if possible, say "Thank You" after each delivery.

A signed photo of the completed work plus a documentation of gifts will be sent to each contributor.

Gifts marked "Merry Christmas -- '66" with your name and address to Robin Page, Ridge House, 60 Ridge Road, Leeds 7, Yorks., England.

Mrs. Marion Boyars, a director of the London publishing firm which has just offered "Last Exit to Brooklyn" to British readers, was defending herself in court last week. Members of Parliament have declared the book obscene and, with great paucity of imagination, the prosecutor has suggested that "(she) has published this book because (she) believes it will make money." The same idiotic, irrelevant charges that were flung at Ralph Ginzburg, in fact. It is all right, apparently, to make money out of sex so long as you are not offering something for the mind. It would be just as relevant for Mrs. Boyars to suggest that the prosecutor was doing HIS job to make money...When war breaks out between Russia and China -- a growing probability -- it will almost certainly be in the form of border skirmishes along the 6,500-mile frontier between the two countries, on the edges of the Mongolian desert. There have been vastly increased troop build-ups on both sides and at least 10,000 charges of "border violations" by one side or the other since 1960... What a pompous, old idiot Max Lerner is...Charity ball organizers invariably siphon off more than half the take for "expenses." The recent "April in Paris" ball raised \$200,000; charities will get only \$80,000 of it...San Francisco has a new twice-monthly tabloid, the Bay Guardian (25¢ from 432 Natoma Street, SF),

modeled after its Manchester namesake. In issue #1 executive ed. Steve Pellegrini compares The Fugs to muezzins -- "all-gone prophets, men of the desert, marabouts. They represent that psychological type which the Westerner finds most difficult to understand: the Arab"...

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and
THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

152 BLEEKER ST.

Tripstrips will be a regular feature for our loyal readers. The object is to print fantasy and fact and let the truth decide for itself. We welcome all comers and especially those people who are willing to do it in public.

By Allan Schoener

Whenever we think about world citizenship, we seldom realize that it exists. Industrial mass-production has created a world-wide consumer culture with availability of consumer goods as the common denominator. Although there are apparent differences between governments and economies, there is international citizenship for consumers. No matter what citizens of the United States and the Soviet Union think about their ideological differences, they are united as members of the international brotherhood of consumers. Everyone in both countries -- farmers, doctors, merchants, teachers, truck drivers and factory workers -- is a CITIZEN-CONSUMER; comparable similarities are apparent in all highly industrialized, semi-industrialized, and non-industrialized nations.

Industrial mass-production has generated an extensive range of consumer goods which vary in use and scale. The PRODUCTION-DISTRIBUTION-CONSUMPTION cycle is the universal measure of excellence. Relative achievement within all strata is determined by the quantities of manufactured goods which are produced, distributed and consumed. The nation with the greatest production of goods has the largest distribution system and the greatest number of consumers; therefore, it is the leader. Quality is synonymous with quantity and novelty becomes the criterion of quality. As the wonders of the imagination become realities, thousands of new and different products appear. They make life more exciting, less complicated, more exasperating, less expensive, more enjoyable, less hazardous and more dangerous.

Human progress, general benefaction and individual satisfaction are determined by the PRODUCTION-DISTRIBUTION-CONSUMPTION cycle. As the number and variety of consumer products increase, more people are employed to manufacture, distribute and sell them, and more people consume them. Upward progression of the PRODUCTION-DISTRIBUTION-CONSUMPTION cycle should bring satisfaction and rewards to everyone. Accordingly, bigger means better, more means better; therefore, the biggest and the most should guarantee the best. Until 1945, this axiom made sense. Then we made the bomb -- the biggest, most complicated and most expensive product manufactured in our industrialized society. It is the ultimate consumer product. The bomb cannot be produced by one person, one factory or one corporation. The resources of an

entire nation with a highly sophisticated production system are required to plan, develop, finance, manufacture and distribute the bomb. If we equate the bomb with other manufactured products, we encounter a problem. It is assumed that increases in the PRODUCTION-DISTRIBUTION-CONSUMPTION cycle bring positive benefits. When we try to measure the ultimate satisfaction created by the bomb, we end up with nothing. If we choose to consume the bomb, as we consume other manufactured products, the bomb will consume us. It will bring death and destruction to hundreds of millions; our physical environment,



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which represents the sum total of the energies of thousands of generations of human beings, will be obliterated. If we accept the contradiction between bomb production and bomb consumption, we acknowledge the paradox of our generation. How can we continue to obtain satisfaction from increased consumer production and avoid consuming the bomb?

Whether we like it or not, bomb consumption mechanisms exist. Five countries: the United States, Great Britain, France, China and the Soviet Union, are bomb producers. They often speculate on the

total number of bombs each has stored in his warehouses. Without too much accounting, it is obvious that there is sufficient stock on hand to blow up the world. Each of the bomb producing nations possesses a bomb distribution system; this consists of its politician-salesmen and its military-deliverymen. Politician-salesmen, like many of their commercial equivalents, know little about the quality of products and generally care less. Their chief satisfaction is derived from watching the sales graph rise. Every good salesman is anxious to see his product used as often as possible; his job is to encourage consumption. When we hear Russian and American politician-salesmen threaten each other with atomic annihilation, we must realize that these remarks express the salesman's desire to gain consumer acceptance for his product. By the nature of his position, a salesman is committed to get unsold merchandise out of the warehouse and into the market. Should a salesman fail to dispose of his inventory, he is out of a job. To encourage consumption, salesmen must guarantee delivery. The military-deliverymen are ready and waiting to assist the politician-salesmen. Among their armies, navies and air forces, they have developed specialized techniques which guarantee ability to deliver the bomb to any corner of the world in a matter of minutes. These military-deliverymen are perfectionists; they are never satisfied with existing techniques and always want to offer improved service. To promise the politician-salesmen prompt and expeditious delivery, the military-deliverymen request continued opportunities to test the bomb. These tests provide market research for the politician-salesmen. When consumers have been given an opportunity to become familiar with products, they purchase them more readily. To acquaint us with the bomb and encourage consumption, we are given free samples in the form of radio-active fall-out.

No one will manufacture a product unless he believes that salesmen will sell it, distributors will deliver it, and finally that consumers will buy it. Should consumers refuse to buy a product, there is no reason to make it. Consumer resistance can strike at the heart of the PRODUCTION-DISTRIBUTION-CONSUMPTION cycle. Few consumers recognize their importance as individuals in our industrialized mass-production society. The bomb is the ultimate consumer product and every living person is a potential customer.

Wanted: 20,000 people to help end the war in Vietnam.

Our leaders don't intend to end the Vietnamese war short of "victory". Whatever that entails. And, sadly, most of those in congress and elsewhere who are opposed are not speaking out. They are afraid of the political consequences.

So that leaves you.

Come to the peace rally at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 8. Our intention is to work for a cease-fire now. There are 20,000 seats. Just filling one of them is an important job you can do. The president is very good at counting.

But maybe you'll want to do a lot more than that. After you've heard Erich Fromm, Gunnar Myrdal, Dr. Spock, and others. (Pete Seeger, Jules Feiffer and Ossie Davis will try to make the evening not unpleasant.)

Come. You mustn't leave this job to some one else.

There is no one else.

SANE 124 E. 40th St., N.Y. 10016 E O

Enclosed please find my check for \$ _____ for

_____ tickets at \$7.50;

_____ tickets at \$5; _____ tickets at \$3;

_____ tickets at \$4; _____ tickets at \$1.

Since I can't attend the rally, here's my contribution. \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

Come to Madison Square Garden 7 PM, Dec. 8.



MILLENIUM IS HERE

Believe it or not, the Millennium is here. It's in the courthouse on the corner of Second Avenue and Second Street.

Go through the iron doors, through the detention room, past the judges' bathroom and down to the cells. In a room adjacent to the cells is the office of Ken Jacobs, administrator of the millennium film workshop. Behind him sits the ghosts of a covey of judges and police sergeants, all weeping their bloody eyes out at the thought of all the dreadful freedom that is beginning to emerge from their hallowed preserves.

The object of the Film Workshop is to provide film-makers who have a surplus of imagination and a shortage of bread with the equipment and space to work out their potential. The workshop also provides classes for beginners and courses in lighting and editing. The money comes from the Dept. of H. E. and W. and arrives at the Millennium via the New School and St. Marks in Bowlerie.

The decision that this money should go to film-makers is quite historic. For decades now, film-makers have been battling not only for their own recognition as artists but also for the recognition of film as an art-form. This is a status that has been denied them since there is no PROFIT in creative film-making. To date it has always been much safer to invest in a product than in a talent. The industry is a monster which perverts all the talent it lays its claws on and hitherto it has been most difficult for people to obtain basic technical training without selling their souls to the devil in the process. The Millennium Film Workshop should do a lot to rectify this. The courses are free and so is the loan of necessary equipment.

(Anyone who has equipment sitting around which they are not using could help by donating it to the Workshop. Also film -- unexposed and exposed, magnetic track, tapes etc. would also be gratefully accepted.)



The choice of Ken Jacobs as administrator is an admirable one. Ken is an excellent film-maker who also has the understanding that comes from years of persistent activity in creative film-making. Under his guidance there is every hope that the aesthetic and technical standards of film-making will get a much needed shot in the cortex.

Cinema 16 has just been absorbed into the "underground" empire of Grove Press, Inc. "And the moral of that is," said the Duchess, "that there's a fortune to be made out of alienation."

On November 30th at the Village Theatre, the Film Makers Distribution Centre will put on a program of documentaries called "America Today." Among the films included is Peter Gestner's "The Time of the Locust," a horrifying view of the Vietnam war. The program will be a benefit for the Newark Community Union Project.

AMSTER DAM

Simon Vinkenoog

The Living Theatre is on the way here to spend six weeks in the Netherlands, and as eager as anybody to welcome his longtime friends is George Andrews, 40, poetic traveler of inner reality who left the States in 1943 and has been a wanderer ever since: France, Spain, Morocco, England.

George's first book of poems, BURNING JOY, has just been published by Trigram Press (Asa Benveniste, 148 Kings Cross Road, London-W.C.1) and it is absolutely one of the most beautifully produced books of poetry I've seen lately, whereas the contents are - as every precious word of this shy, non-word-addicted poet of small output - superb.

We have been working together, during 4 years of correspondence and personal collaboration during George's first visit to this low country, on the high table of contents of BOOK OF GRASS, to be published by Peter Owen (in the States by October Press) who has insisted on cutting the book down to about 250 pages. This is quantitatively less than we wanted to run, but both tempered and strengthened our arguments for the holy weed which is still so ruthlessly prosecuted, for reasons known only to God.

during our search, we found beautiful, unpublished material from Poland, France and other countries, some dating back half a century. The Book of Grass consists of six parts: 1) Traces in history; 2) Some high voices since the turn of the century; 3) The scene today; 4) Medical opinions; 5) Potentialities for increasing consciousness; and 6) The law.

what's your opinion about world peace?--I asked George one day.

"I feel that we're still caught between two camps, Communism which won't allow free expression of thought, and Capitalism, which has become a police-and-army state, indistinguishable from Fascism. The founders of our country and the heroes of our Revolution must be spinning in their graves in horror at the way their ideal is now being perverted. Those of us who still believe in liberty and equality are scattered all over the world, there are a few of us in every country and it is time for us to make a showdown, a real fight for our survival - otherwise, we're headed for the extermination camps. The only way to attain world peace is for each of us to explain as clearly as possible what he sees from his angle of the situation, and to communicate it to the rest of the network as it is forming all over the world." (We both think of Professor Oliver Reiser's great book, THE INTEGRATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, Porter Sargeant, Boston, 1958).

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From Millbrook"

Peter Gessner: "Time of the Locust"

Robert Fiore: "Now do you see how we play?"

Robert Machover and Norman Frucher: "Troublemakers"

Bruce Baillie: "Mass" Dec 1st - 13th

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Ladybird, a genus of coleopterous insects (*Coccinella*) of the section *Trimera*, containing a great number of species very similar to each other. They are very pretty little beetles, well known to every one, generally of a brilliant red or yellow color, with black, red, white, or yellow spots, the number and distribution of which is one of the characteristic marks of the different species. The form is nearly hemispherical, the under-surface being very flat, the thorax and head small; the antennae are short, and terminate in a triangular club; the legs are short.



Lady-beetle, (*Coccinella*.)

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PROTEST

Protest against Sam W. Liske's being illegally denied his legal right 8 November 1966 to vote for Ida Liske, a write-in candidate for every public office in every state election district. Sam W. Liske, campaign manager for Ida Liske, GPO Box 332, NYC, NY 10001.

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GIRLS! If you are pretty, intelligent and broadminded, I have great pad in new house in Village to share with you. Just keep it clean and do a little cooking! I just moved back to NY and hate living and eating alone. Call 691-2491 after 7 p.m.

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PROFESSIONAL WRITER Playboy, Village Voice, New York Times, Downbeat, Metro, etc. complete copyright. Script & 3-act play versions of original yin-yang fun producer types contact Bob Perlongo, 14 Joy Street, Boston, MA 02114. Actors, technicians, etc. are requested NOT to reply at this time. (First things first.)



Moving & Trucking 24-hour service. No charge from garage. \$5 - man & van; \$8 - 2 men & van. Experienced movers. OX 1-5424.

Editors of "Entrails" suffering from writer's cramp. In desperate need of chick to type, do correspondence and various graffiti duties. No pay. Plenty fun. Meet strangers. Attend Grooving not necessary but open invite. Last function will be to wave good-bye to weeping editor as he leaves for jail to subvert prison media. Apply: Entrails Mag., Gene Bloom, 112 p.m., 473-0708.

WANTED: female figure models for second book. Reputable publisher. Release required. Call "Model" Su 7-5400. Leave name and phone number.

ART STUDENT -- finish hard-edge semi-abstract paintings of now invalid artist. Some cash to do work you respect and enjoy. Call Mr. Cohen, Mu 7-3440.

Female models for sculptor -- \$2.50 per hour. No experience necessary. Thin types preferred. T. Morton, 97 St. Marks Place

LOST & FOUND German shepherd puppy, four months old, black with tan legs and half chest. Hair collar just under throat. Reward. Baton Rouge, La. vicinity. Wish to create total theatre group. Interested contact Box 9823, Baton Rouge, La. 70813.

SEX IS OBSOLETE Now there's a project -- the date matching writers applied. EVO, Dept. E, 485 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

AND EMPLOYMENT

Two filmmakers driving to West Coast having fun making 42nd Street type film en route. Seek star hip (over 21) chicks to share and share in profits. Expenses paid. Call 582-4740. Keep trying or leave message.

Educational film producers need turned on chick to drive car and do typing. Yellow Submarine Productions Ba 4-0714.

DAY CARE -- children's atelier of play and crayon, watercolor, sympathy, the ground-up pocket voyage Monday through Friday, 3-5 year olds, \$25 weekly. Apply 13 St. Marks Place, Apt. 5-R, 228-5478.

Young 42 year old disillusioned, psychological dropout -- seeks aficionados for a Kerista-type shop, in Mexico, or other suitable locale. Jack Course, Route 2, Box 93-A, Okeechobee, Florida.

Cultured young man wants to meet same, young lady, beautiful or very pretty, 20-25, for drinks, conversation. Write Box 50, EVO.

Good-looking young man wishes to share the good things of life with a curvaceous charmer. Reply to Write Box #2, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.

I would like to enjoy sex with a shapely, pretty female, especially like girls who don't let their brains interfere with their warmth. Also, honesty is nice. Michael 989-7232.

Unwed father needs help caring for two young boys near Boston. Creative woman preferred. Write Box 7, Nahant, Mass. Photo, phone helpful.

WEIRD CAT (feline-type) has similar kittens, now five weeks old; tired of living in this drawer. To adopt one -- or several -- call 989-1677 or six. (No crazies please.) I got troubles enough.

SILK SCREEN CLASSES for artists and others. 15-week course. Opportunity for good workers. Training and work experience. Ph.D., attractive and successful, seeks intelligent liberal young woman. Box HO, EVO.

Man, 5'11", 175 lbs., good looking, 32 years old, city employee would like to enjoy sex with an experienced female between the ages of 18-40. Possibility of marriage. Please call Tr7-7400 (Ext. 423).

Docile swinger seeks dominant, exotic chick who enjoys wearing fetish fashions. Mutual relationship based on art and music. Bachelor apartment. Call evenings 884-2322.

Male executive 33 wishes to meet liberal-minded young woman with recorder and sterec-TV-tape prudes or homos please. H Vo 1-6843 after 8 p.m.

Man wants woman 16-60 years old, five foot to six foot tall, 100 to 500 pounds. Pregnant OK. Trace white, 5'8", tall, brown hair, blue eyes and lonely. A31 Mesage Center, 74 Grove St., Sheridan Square, NYC 10014.

Athletic, 35 year old college prof seeks buxom, intellectual female. Terrific relationship guaranteed. Box E2, EVO.

I am a personable, sincere young bachelor with many interests and I want you to call me if you are intelligent, attractive, like-minded chick. Let's meet and see what happens!! Call me before 11 p.m. at 581-3412. George.

Am searching for a warm, personable, dynamic, attractive and affectionate girl who would like to share my creative enterprises. Aside from my creative interests in girls with the above qualities, I'm a free-lance writer and social critic-shop, prose and poetry readings, new literary agency, and prof-making parties, and prefer a girl with a good sense of humor. If you're enthusiastic about my offer, please phone about it at 473-5605. Name is Herb Vernon.

WANTED: beautiful, intelligent young lady with nice, private secretary who do by handwrit your most exclusive East Side apartment. Giraffe, 799 Broadway, after 6 for

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Handsome young man with luxury pad has room for young chick. Household duties. Call 586-3727 before 11 a.m. or anytime weekends.

Successful but sex-starved executive seeks soul mate to share modern Fifth Avenue bachelor pad. Minimal housekeeping but right chick must know what to do when fuse blows. This is someone's chance of a lifetime. Write Box 4Q with resume and unretouched photo.

College graduate shares his Village apartment with doll week-end. Friendly mature male (late 30's) sadly lacking in pleasures of sex. Wants to meet shapely, intelligent, affectionate female who enjoys helping him catch up. Have great place near Catkills, high on hill among pines. City constantly. Drive into Box L, EVO. Call collect 888-1175 after 5:30 or write.

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