

east  
village

# THE OTHER

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## ON YOUR PROMOTION...AND MERRY

CONGRATULATIONS CARDINAL

X-MAS WHEREVER YOU ARE



# ...and remember:



The world is a magic caravan  
which does not stop to be born again  
but changes as it moves upon white stairs  
where at the top of that flight there stands two gates of fire  
opening to you And thru which you must pass to see  
seven black reindeer crossing a range of arctic snow...  
You are swimming down the dragon's mouth at midnight  
when you begin to fall;  
plummeting,  
plummeting,  
thru warm and cold  
in total darkness. And for a moment you have nothing.

Until you find yourself on the man called Pleasant Sea,  
in a world of brilliant day.

That was Adam who appeared to be a man in disguise. And  
out of his lighted radiant body Eve  
he made to be excited to know what curled between his  
thighs, and spoke to her in silent cresting waves.  
Adam walked off down across the field, in order to fix  
something. And the snake began to say:  
'Know ye not that ye are gods?'

In stone dawn gardens the winter wind began to form...  
And the cock arose — Arrow of his Power, Luciferian electric  
serpent sun dart — and shot  
toward the warm cunted cathedral, and in  
to the earth's great tunnel, igniting with a promethian  
flame the mind of man.

Adam cried: "Monotheism is all wrong! Is there not only one  
God who dwells on high?"

Satan answered him saying: 'That is true, I am also God.'

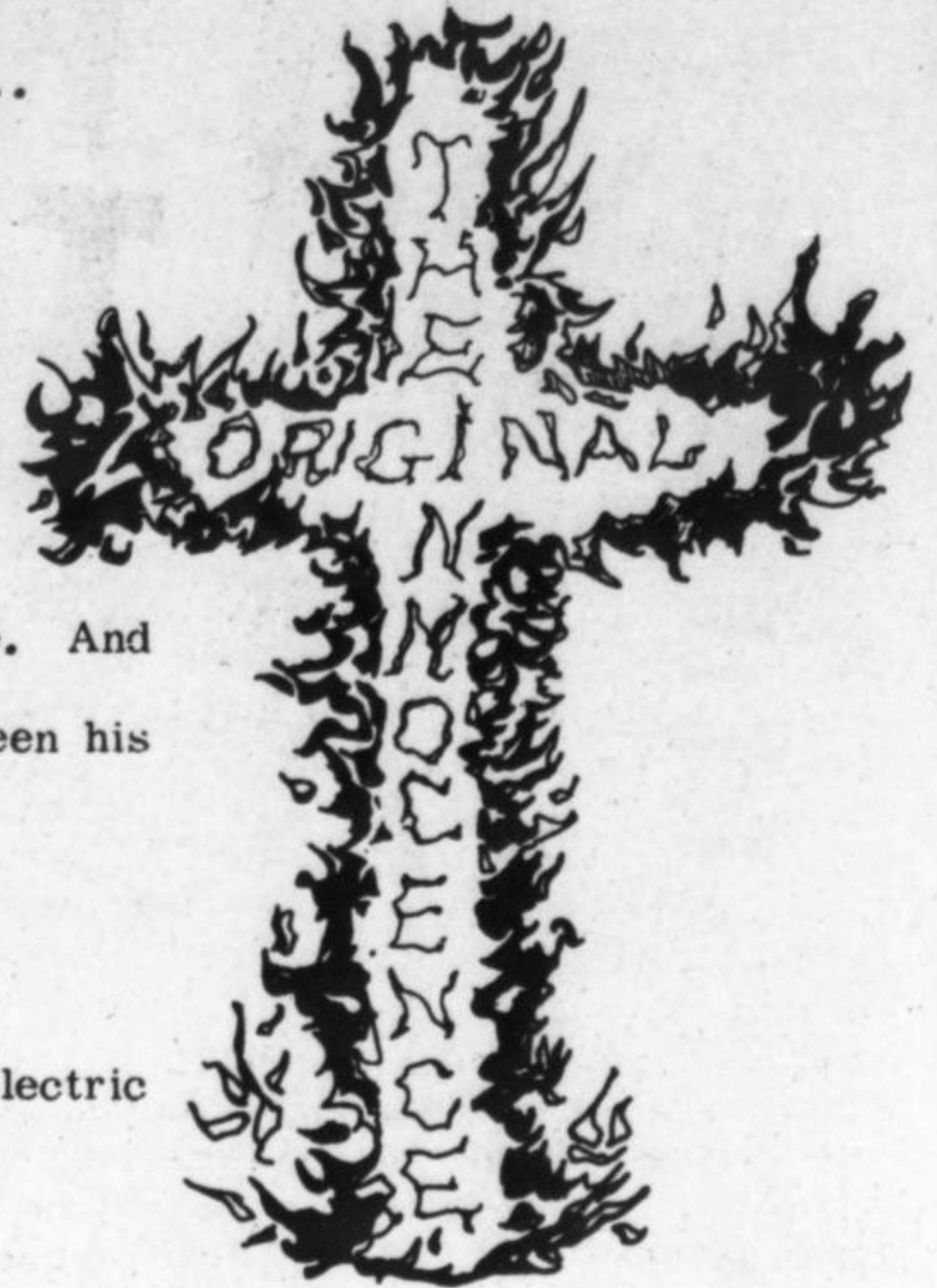
--"Well, if you're a god then I'm a god."

--'Yes; You are a God.'

--"Then, if I'm a god, get out of my place."

Satan rose off and out of Eve... and hid inside the son of light.

We are playing ball with a planet,  
bringing infants in and letting old folks go.  
spending a magic day in a magic garden.  
We are God, Lucifer, and Eve, using the words of a luminous  
tree. at a distance...



"What is the reality of the present situation? Somewhere  
in the farthest reaches of paradise lost, men and women go  
marching down a street celebrating the End of the War.

Alexander the Great  
The Spartan Phalanx  
The Babylonian Army  
Hannibal's animal tanks of Ancient Carthage  
The Legions of Rome  
The Byzantine Conquerors  
The Sarasan Warlords of Islam  
The Holy Christian Crusades  
And the Armies of Charlemagne  
The Great Spanish Armada & Conquistadores  
His Majesty's Imperial Navy  
The Armies of Napoleon  
The Forces of the Austrian Empire  
And the Cavalry of Wilhelm Kaiser  
The Imperial Soldiers of the Japanese Empire  
The Brown Shirts of Italy  
Franco's Fascist Spain And Portugal  
The Vermacht by Adolf Schiklegrubber  
The red army of the USSR  
The Yellow Dust of Red China  
The United States Army, Navy, Air and Marine  
Corps Band

By the chance throw of stalks of yarrow, all events are  
simultaneous, and the next thing to do is a person facing a  
person.

All men are Adams. And we go about the earth fixing,  
making, building things; and when we get mad at ourselves, and  
jealous because we picture Satan as some other one who is  
fucking Eve, — who is the Hero and bearer of the Light which  
sees and the Heat that can fuse and shape apparently unshape-  
able steel landscapes, altering thoughts and social patterns  
— we cry, stamp our feet and break our toys and drop hombs on  
what makes us feel the inferior dream of Paranoia.

All you Eves are hot inside, with the power to put life into  
new forms; and you look between Adam's legs for Lucifer with  
the lighted fire, making you the Queen of Life.

But all you Adams, don't be sore. While the little you is  
busily working things out, the big You is aglow in the deep  
of the earth and the high of the mind — the unsubstantial  
sun of the world.

The point of contact, and the context, of all global garden  
happenings, is God. And God is Nothing.

Eve is the world itself constantly being born, while the  
Satan of Adam is the Energy of God in creation. The evil born  
of his tantrums is the misguided vision that Satan is the other  
guy, or the other nation, and alone in your secret mirror you  
see your eating-&-shitting, small, bound-to-die self, and hate  
Lucifer for being where it's at.

Thus, the Power of yourself you see outside, and call it  
Satanic Evil; and set about dissipating your Power in destroying  
distant shadows.

Meanwhile, Eve gets fat on apples. She is waiting and hoping  
for the one that'll be the tempting fruit of Lucifer's Power;  
but while Adam runs around killing his Satanic Self in others,  
she grows miserable, and the soft earth begins to freeze to  
fragile glass.

O all you Eves, wake up! tempt your men to be Lucifer.

O all you Adams, let Satan bring to her the knowledge of  
the fruit of the tree.

O God, keep passing down the manna from the Tree of Life!

In a long, roundabout circus, the three of us are wending  
our way back to Eden we have never left at all... But only our  
thoughts, drawn by false, uncentered beams of broken wind,  
have us trapesing with Insecurity thru regions of time."

Richard Gosselin

# DAILY NEWS

WHEN ALLEN KATZMAN MUTTERED

10¢ OUTSIDE L.I. AND SUBURBS

## I Read The News Today, Oh Boy!

"Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush. Here we go round the mulberry bush early in the morning."  
-----Child's game song

FADE IN: A man's face flashes on a 19" screen. As a child's smile starts to invade the lower corners of his cheeks, he holds up to the center of the picture a conventional image of a time bomb, black and round with a fuse on its top-most portion. The words TIME BOMB are written on its frontal surface to eliminate any other conclusion. Below these words appear a 30 second register of Time with, of course, only a second hand. He pushes down on the fuse engaging it and it begins to tick away. His objective is to throw the bomb to someone else before the clock reaches thirty and the fuse pops up. He throws it to a child on his left who in turn throws it to another child on his left and so on until it lands back in the man's hands. The fuse pops up as he grabs it and the children yell out "you lose." FADE OUT:

The above is an actual description of a commercial for a new toy game called TIME BOMB which appears on TV every evening at around eight o'clock. It is not only a game for children but adults as well. It gives us a peek into where America is at or going and what games are being played on our consciousness everyday at around eight o'clock. The irony would be complete if the game caught on and sold like hotcakes. It would make the Parker Brothers game of Monopoly appear to be more than mere imagination. And whose to say it's not. Whose to say it's not more real than what appears on TV or for that matter in the newspapers.

When we reach across to twist the dials of our set or touch the black crustation of alphabet soup called words that appear daily on cheap paper, how can we say where we end and it begins? When we bite into that first morning's bit of toasted bread and stare at our everyday reality of digestible events, who's to say we are not more addicted to this mental feast than we are to breakfast? And who's to say that the thing being devoured and the devourer are not one and the same, that we are not fodder for a greater feast called Media?

The credibility gap has created the incredible to take place. Most reporting of news events takes on a ludicrous effect because of what and how much is reported. When District Attorney Garrison states that "the People who killed President Kennedy are those who had the most to gain from his death and we all know who they are" and it's reported in the media along with other strange facts about UFO sightings, the Hippies, the Runaways, the Anti-war people, the War people, what's doing on the planet earth, what's doing outside the planet earth, and who put the clam in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, the news takes on a strange discolorization all its own. Even in a clear moment of sanity or total inebriation, one can honestly mistake it for something else like just another rerun from the TV show "The Man from Uncle".

It's all a game, the mulberry bush of the frantic fact and we go round and round until we are hypnotized by the dynamics of it all or fall to the ground in a heap of exhaustion.

What the technocrats would term "overload input" occurs when we try to control or break the conditioning. What the psychiatrists call "schizophrenia" becomes our reality when the conditioning begins to crumble. How many people do we know who are strong enough to resist it all and come up smelling like roses?

Of course the news is not the only game that takes place every day and which people readily accept as REAL. In the next couple of months and so on until Election Day of next year, our minds will be inundated with the oldest game of all - Politics. Men with real flesh and bone will don the costume of Candidate. They will kiss babies, come to your neighborhood to shake hands with you and listen to your problems. They will appear on radio and TV, in debates and interviews. They will take on character, shape and size and we will fill in all their words and actions of what they will do if nominated or elected with all our own meaningful frustrations, hopes and desires. Each one of them will become a Spector of our own making without a possible trace of the most banal of human functions; a ghost who has solved the problem of elimination. They will be packaged and presented to the public in all possible ways - taped, live or in the flesh - but always synthetic.

And then will come the National Conventions to nominate a Party Candidate which will take on the proportions of the largest spectator sport in history. We

will be there as it is made, manufactured or programmed into us for some future time. And after the nominations, more speeches, more words, more live and taped interviews and debates until the final day when the whole game is absolved by our own simple yes or no. We will enter the sport at the last possible moment, run home to watch it happen on TV as the election returns come pouring in to see how our one moment of active participation fared, and all brought to us live by the makers of who, what - Reality?

About a year ago the media reported the interesting fact that Our President did quite a bit of the People's business while on the toilet; an appropriate throne for any king. It was one of the few times in the history of communication that a fact was more than pseudo. What Our President was doing and thinking became, in a rare instance of reality, reconciled.

What is real and what is not remains a mystery to us. For those of us who know, and they are few, the game is just that - unreal - and will remain so unless we ourselves catch these spectors off camera, away from the game structure called media, in a private moment of nakedness where what they mean is what they say and maybe then it will all be real.

What it all boils down to is one large pseudo-event, you might term it, the hype of the year. It is our inheritance as children of the media, the TV teener and boppers, and it is an inheritance we are learning to use at a faster rate than do our parents who spawned it.

In the next few months and so on to election day of 68 the Underground Press in cooperation with the 125 college newspapers of the liberation news service shall hold its own pseudo-event. We shall elect our own man to rule over the Underground States of America who will also double as the spiritual ambassador to Washington D.C., Capital of the United States of America. We shall form our own conventions with our own rules and our own brand of politics. We shall report it in our media using our own publicity resources, the 185 newspapers and radio stations across the nation thereby drawing away publicity from the "other" election.

When the establishment press reports how the campaign of Nixon (if he is nominated) is going in Hoschko, we shall report how our candidate the High and Mighty SH (Spiritual Head) is doing in Paduck. When the establishment press reports on what Nixon or Johnson or whomever believes in, we will report how our candidate loves, lives and breathes.

The media has placed a time bomb in our hands called politics - a game which we will play to the hilt and when the fuse goes off, it will be the children of the printed page and dotted image who will yell out "you lose."

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JAYE AND THE KID.

# LETTERS

Dear EVO:

There are demonstrations for almost everything and everybody these days. However, there seems to be a major category that has been overlooked. Although a great many people involved in the Vietnam and civil rights demos smoke grass, none of them have seen fit to organize a mass demonstration in favor of its legalization. Are we going to let Harry Anslinger get away with this? Millions smoke, scores get busted, and nobody bitches. Not loud enough, anyway.

Why not a mass act of civil disobedience? A huge smoke-in at the White House. Or maybe a National Grass Day, in which pot heads of the nation(s) would all smoke around their cities' city halls or police stations. Let the juice-heads of the nation see not only hippies, but doctors, lawyers, teachers, plenty of students, and all kinds of straights who are tired of being told what sort of intoxicants the state says they are permitted to consume, march for their freedom: the freedom to blow one's mind in whatever fashion he or she desires.

I think the Other has enough influence to both start and see through a successful campaign. With you to publicize, editorialize, and enlist the help of folk and rock artists, I am confident that much can be done.

Love and thanks,  
 Mark

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Dear EVO:

The Establishment has pulled off a beautiful bit of inane hypocrisy once again. I am watching the tube late one weekday night, grinning Johnny Carson saying good night, when on comes this one minute cartoon on the evils and dangers of venereal disease. The whole schtick. Well done. Taboos flickering all over the place. Presented by the omnipotent AMA.

Now this is one a.m. on a school night. I don't know who in the fuck this piece of shit was intended for. Maybe a fifteen year old insomniac that has little red spots on his prick. And gets a message. Or help. From this tube of munificence. A panacea for all troubles. But giving it to you when nobody's looking. Cannot offend the puritans. Who buy the soap and Caddies.

The whole scene is really ironic and idiotic. I just had to clue someone in on it because things of this sort piss me off when they go around telling us of V.D. and its spread among kids, and how they are trying. Yes. Our leaders are trying. To warn us of danger. As always. At one a.m. When the whole town's asleep. And saying, see we warned the kids but they go out and do it anyway.

I say, up their ass. We'll get by. On Truth. Because they are not deceiving us. Contrary to popular belief, we have many eyes, and as brothers, we are our own guardians.

The All Seeing I

Dear EVO:

I've been in the Army for five months now, and have come to realize that I am in one of the most archaic, narrow-minded organizations in the world. The Army can take the simplest task and turn it into a state of utter chaos. I've learned this quite well, from practical experience! I look forward with great pleasure to the day I receive my discharge and become a human being again.

Being from down Texas way, I had never seen your periodical before, and was delighted when I discovered it on the New York newsstands. I enjoy reading the articles and hearing about what is happening with the underground. Richard Gosselin's word vision was beautiful! How about some more of his stuff? My best wishes go with the underground world and its inhabitants.

Love  
 Pvt. Jim Robertson  
 Co. K. Sch. Bde., USASCS  
 Fort Monmouth, New Jersey  
 07703

dear evo:

we have room and bread enough at our place here in kansas city for two or three more. i am doing the alternative service thing, and mary is also working. for anyone, we can offer what we have for as long as you want to stay, as long as you are under 19 and show up clean. (i.e. no shit, we don't want to get busted!) you will be free to do your thing, and we will stay cool in regards to the law and parents.

we can be contacted either at 3728 state line road or post office box 3993, kansas city, kansas. I can also be reached by phone at the kansas university medical center, ext. 266, between 8 and 4:30. if you want to write or call, ok; if you just show, ok. love,  
 jim, rule, and mary bailey

# What a day



Photo: Diane Dorr-Doyne

JERRY RUBIN

# Haul

## at White

Jerry Rubin was founder of the Vietnam Day Committee in Berkeley, organizer of troop train demonstrations and anti-war marches. He finished second in the campaign for Mayor of Berkeley last spring on an anti-war, pro-pot platform. He was co-project director for the National Mobilization for the October 21 demonstration at the Pentagon. He is now active in anti-war demonstrations in New York and works with the Diggers.

Demonstrations are great experiences — where is the person who is not a new and different individual after every action? Our theories meet the test of the cop's club; and the swiftly changing situation frees our thinking. We feel tremendous energy, and the possibilities of our power — the possibilities of mass action to change America.

Action presents everything in intensity and contrast; fellow demonstrators become the closest of comrades; normal things like fire-alarms and garbage cans and street lights become props in a theater of protest. A mass demonstration is a celebration and an affirmation of ourselves and our potential.

The purposes of a mass action are many, but the primary one should be the deepening of a movement of individuals who can change America. And so, the most vital way of seeing an action is how it liberates the individual and enables him to realize himself in new ways.

The stated goals of the demonstration are never the real goals. "Close down the Pentagon." No organizer of that action thought for a moment that we had the power to close down the center of this country's war machine. But that call to action signified an intent; created a good fantasy; told the American people what we thought should happen to the Pentagon.

"Close down Whitehall Induction Center in New York." Same thing. A dramatic way to look at the situation. And the government responds by either calling in the 82nd Airborne, bayonets and all, or mobilizing the entire New York police force, thereby dramatizing for the TV cameras a brilliant theater, in which the nation's military establishments are seen as under seige and in need of the most extreme military protection.

The mass media's lust for action pushes

Continued

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## Have a group-in for the Holidays.

The Sound of The Now Generation is on



it invariably to dramatizing the action, and therefore, we communicate to the public many emotions: anger, courage, militancy, unity, rebellion, community. The expression of these emotions across the nation are the real external goals of demonstrations. We feel deeper than those who support the war. We are shown to be very alive. The effect on the youth is particularly great.

Every demonstration is a better learning experience than 10 books. This week's "Stop the Draft" actions taught us a whole lot. I'm talking specifically about Wednesday's so-called radical youth action, the mobile tactics. We should chew it over very carefully, because it was a monumental failure until saved at the very last moment.

This demonstration was organized for those of us who no longer believe in the symbolic civil disobedience sit-in and then arrest, as appropriate tactics for the anti-war movement. We don't see the society as ruled by basically good guys who just need some moral prodding before they do away with the war, racism and poverty. We see America as inflexibly ruled by powerful institutions and individuals with vested interests.

The continuation of the war and the outbreaks in Detroit and Newark have solidified our commitment. We see ourselves in active resistance to the society, building a movement whose goal is revolutionary change. We're trying to create an alternative. To do this, we don't see as part of our tactics putting ourselves in the arms of the police or in the laps of the jails and courts.

Political differences in America most dramatically break down along generational lines. Tuesday's sit-in at Whitehall was primarily a Parents' Day. Its symbol

was Dr. Spock. Police and monitors worked closely together, and 254 persons were arrested, mechanically, one after the other, in the re-enactment of a traditional political play. About 2000 others supported the arrestees, while standing in police-controlled zones adjacent to the draft center.

It was an honest and significant demonstration. It made its point. Dr. Spock is a powerful public opinion force against the war. Hopefully, it marked a new direction for opposition, by the professional and middle classes of America — from letter-writing, to voting for peace candidates, to more visible sit-ins.

Wednesday's action was supposed to be an experiment in mobile tactics, which came out of the Pentagon and Oakland experiences, and which many are now talking about as a new form of non-violent urban guerrilla warfare in America. Mobile tactics meant that we should use our advantages: our numbers and our speed. To disrupt without injury to ourselves, or arrest. The points:

1. At no time — except possibly for brief symbolic drama for the press — do we directly meet the police. We cannot win large or small-scale direct conflicts with armed men wielding state power. Wherever the police are, we aren't; we keep out of their way; after taking care of our business, we leave an area quickly. No staying in one spot!
2. We use things — not our bodies — to block traffic in an area; things like garbage cans. We confuse an area by ringing false fire alarms. Cars pile up and an area is immobilized. Fire engines come. The police themselves are blocked.
3. We are well-organized into quick units rather than one huge mass; large units but also quickly-moving ones.
4. The purpose of the demonstration is to disrupt an area effectively without violence to anyone.

Wednesday's Whitehall demonstration was a complete bust, a demoralizing and crushing wash-out, until that time, three hours after it began, when the people

repudiated the leadership — those leaders who controlled the bullhorns, wore armbands, and called themselves monitors and head marshalls — and took the demonstration into their own control.

After letting the leadership and police box them into the Whitehall police-controlled zones from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m., the people, without any explicit organization or direction, finally broke away and ran for five miles throughout downtown New York, stopping traffic, turning "the city into an amusement park," as one demonstrator expressed it, and keeping far ahead of New York's blue army.

Freedom within the demonstration came when one monitor climbed upon a car during the rally, and dramatically burned his monitor's armband.

Demonstrators crowded around monitors and shouted, "Join us, join us, join us." (The same refrain we shouted to the 82nd Airborne at the Pentagon.) Meaning: take off your armband, stop giving orders and stop "maintaining safety" and join the demonstration. Stop trying to control the free flow of energy!

The monitors, of course, were just doing their job. Their job was to carry out the plan laid out in advance by the leadership. The plan was to try and close down the Induction Center by massing on the streets and sidewalks in large united numbers, thereby preventing inductees from walking from the subways to the center.

It was ridiculous and stupid. It's hard to imagine that so-called radicals actually thought that, in the United States in 1967, the police would simply allow masses of people to block access to a major draft center at the busiest time in the morning.

Instead, we spent our time trapped in barricaded zones, surrounded on all sides

# That Great Day Is Here



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by cops. The obvious tactic, at that point, would have been to take off, to split the scene. Concede the fact that the police had successfully and militarily protected Whitehall. Instead, make it to Wall Street, Times Square, City Hall. Spread the cops out. Stay ahead of them and stop traffic. Go!

If New York is going to bring 5000 cops to Whitehall to insure the smooth running of its draft system, we will make one result of that the disruption of the city elsewhere.

I brought these ideas up, 10 days earlier, to a steering committee meeting of Stop the Draft Week. The response was pretty clear: "This is a demonstration against the draft. It is not a demonstration against Wall Street or Times Square. We must keep our focus on Whitehall, and stay there." I replied: "Ideology is a brain disease!"

The problem is a failure in leadership of the anti-war movement in particular and the youth movement generally. The energy, spirit and excitement demonstrated by young people at the Pentagon and

Dean Rusk demonstrations has not yet taken any form organizationally. The bureaucratic peace groups speak and act in the name of the movement, and most of the young people who come to the demonstrations are not represented by them, and have no opportunity to be so.

What's more, how does one get influence in organizations like Student Mobilization Committee? He does a lot of work in the office and shows up at all the small meetings. That's how members of comparatively tiny groups like the Socialist Workers Party and the Young Socialist Alliance exercise considerable influence in the peace movement. And their influence is incredibly conservative. Their theory: Revolution Later. They say we all have to relate our actions to a "political" goal, which is another way of saying that we have to make our actions "respectable" for working and middle-class America.

That's fine, but why don't they organize workers, and leave us young drop-outs alone?

These old-style peace organizations lack any link to a direct constituency. They

are professional office peace bureaucrats. It's time that we started calling mass meetings of all the people to make decisions. It's time that we began to build a democratic peace movement. Big changes are pretty certain, because the peace bureaucrats are out of step with the spirit in the streets.

A revolt broke out around 9 a.m. Wednesday. Arguments between demonstrators and monitors grew fierce. A fight broke out over who was to speak at the rally, because the leaders tried to keep control. Finally, people started leaving for expeditions unknown throughout New York.

Joyousness reigned. People jumped on the roofs of cars. Many bystanders waved and showed support for the anti-war insurgency. Drivers beeped hello. Many arguments broke out between pro and con people, and it made beautiful theater. Lindsay's army couldn't clear the streets.

"See!" exclaimed a demonstrator. "It's beautiful! We don't need monitors! We don't need leaders! Every man a leader! We're free!"

# As the East begins to fade I turn light above the Banks of the West to see a star slumbering

Defense Secretary McNamara, quitting the Pentagon in favor of the presidency of the World Bank, explained his actions in an exclusive interview with us last night. "I like to be at the heated center of world issues; and the recent currency crisis has attracted my talents now that the war is over. There are a number of good men who could fill the defense position in a peacetime economy. One could easily handle the mild policy problems that might arise, involving the troops that will remain behind. Most of the men will be receiving the current union



Robert Strange McNamara

## Banks of the West

wage for walk-ons, and some will get a good bit more, for remaining a while in Viet Nam to play leading roles.

"The end of the war took everyone by surprise, and naturally, when MGM announced they would like to shoot the whole thing on location—thereby achieving, in full color, a most nearly life-like document for the home audiences—many of the boys thought it would be fun, and besides, Lord knows, they could use the money.

"As for the president, he's a bit confused by the whole mess, and doesn't know WHAT he'll do next... and I can't say I blame him. Now that the war is ended, I see it this way: The hottest issue and the biggest world concern is going to turn to the crisis in the reality of money. To quote one of our finest poets, 'the pound is down and/ the dollar is now shaking/ it seems that money is a bad dream/ from which we must be awaking'; the essence of it is we must somehow change the whole structural meaning of money. Let me explain. Buckminster Fuller, in my opinion the greatest architect in the world today, once pointed out the way in which men constructed things. In order to keep them up, they nailed long steel girders into the ground, and tied their structures to them. Now this is only the ILLUSION of being up... the truth of it is they are only anchored to the ground. Fuller points out that there are many true ways of

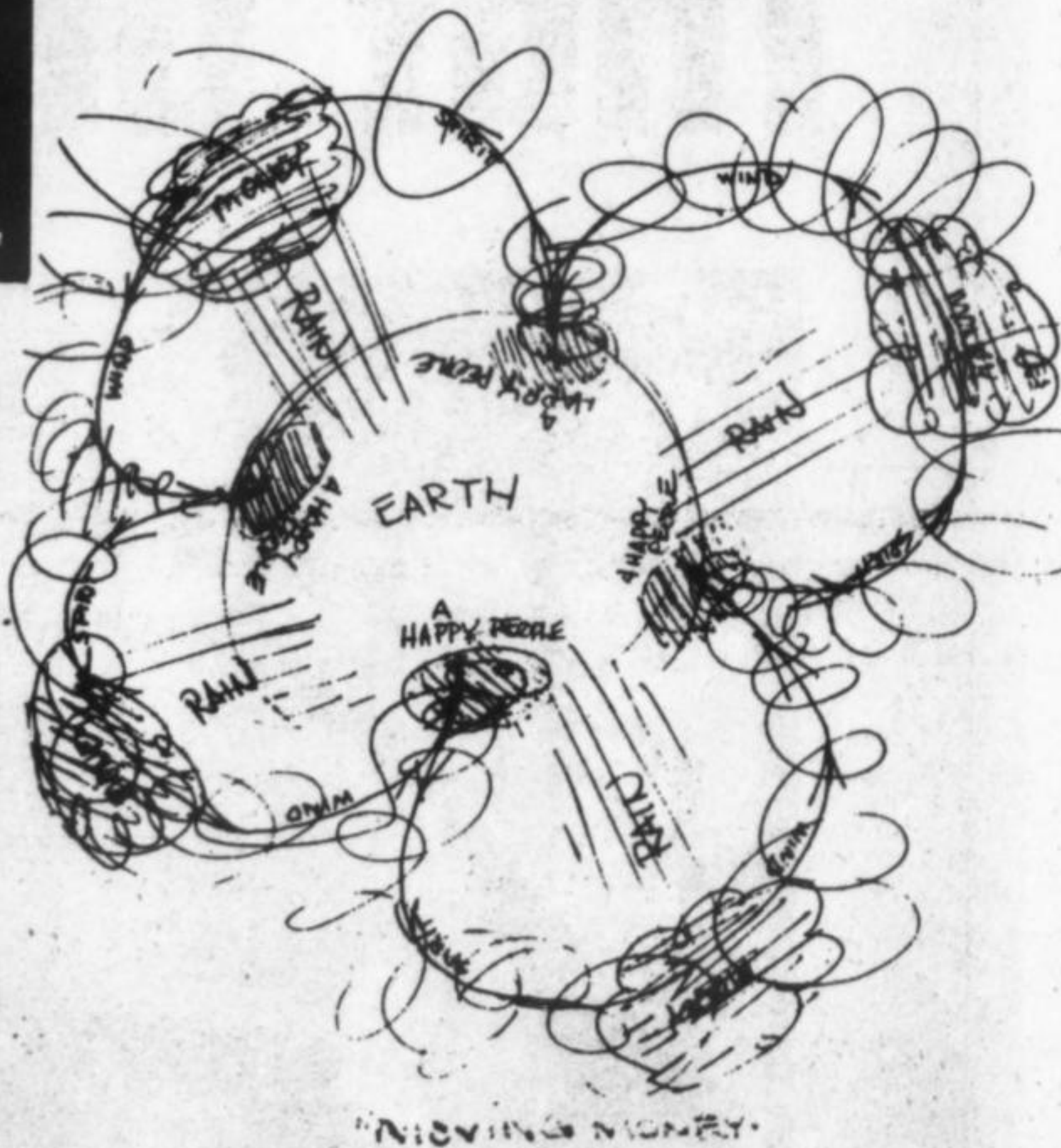
being upwards, found in the natural engineering of this planet; two basic examples are (1) the pressure of water going up the center of a tree towards the sky, and (2) the water of the sea, whereby things float above it. I would like to see this whole idea applied to the problem of international currency.

"If you want money to remain truly up and not come crashing down, you must base it on some natural fluid geyser—a motion that will permanently keep it up from the rock-bottom mire. Obviously, the first thing that comes to mind is the fact that gold is one of the heaviest known substances. For any notable gain, then, we must forget all about gold as a basis. This only keeps men, headbent, scouring the ground for it, and clutching onto great burdensome bundles, making him both wary of his neighbors' threatened thievery, and weary to the point of death for so much damned weight. If we release man from this mill-stone, he may be able to raise his head again and look at the sky; once he does, he will notice how the clouds are always very high, and are so by means of floating on the wind. He will realize then that money is a symbol, like a cloud, of elemental stuff gathered together and moving on the natural sequence of prevailing events.

"Now, a current of wind is but air that is moving from regions of cold to

pockets of hot, always going from that which weighs low to that which is rising; the word SPIRIT is derived from the word WIND... and by this, the heavens are made to be moved.

"Well, we must get money into the same world. Let me draw you a picture.



"I. These clouds, which, in turns, bring life-giving rain, are moved by the wind, which is a universal property of the entire globe.

"II. Therefore, money is really Manna that falls from heaven. Once eaten, by its nature, it wants to share the new life it brings.

"III. It generates, in those nourished by it, the SPIRIT of positive planetary action, spiraling outward and upward, moving the clouds of Manna to flow over other regions of the earth, to again rain down new life to those who dwell there; they eat, rejoice, and do the same as I have just said... and so on each to each, eating and expanding outward, higher and higher.

"Gentlemen, this is all I can say to you right now. It is late, and I must go to bed. Together we await the morning,



Photo : Diane Dorr-Dorynek

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# YES

## IT IS TRUE

DD This is a poem about fire eating.

RF You ask me questions and I answer them?

DD You just talk.

BOLLES That means you gotta make up your own questions.

RF How long have you been in this business, Mr. Ferber? Well, we were doing a light show in San Bernardino to make enough money to get out of San Bernardino, and a guy showed up who was a fire eater. He did fire eating for the show, and it looked so good that when he had to split, he taught it to me so I'd be able to do it. And I did it for the show. Then for a long time I didn't do it much, like that was a year ago.

DD What else do you do besides that?

RF I eat, I fuck and I sleep. I don't do any other act. Well, yeah, I do mime. But performing isn't my thing...like I don't do fire eating as a performance. That's not why I dig to do it.

DD Why do you do it?

RF Cause it's really a turn on. There's no fakery, it's real fire eating. I used to do magic when I was a kid...illusions, fakery, sleight of hand, and stuff like that. And I couldn't do that now. That's not where I'm at. I'm too concerned with real magic.

DD Black magic or white magic?

RF Just the idea of magic. I don't mean Cabbalistic magic of any sort necessarily. But things like miracles that happen to you all the time. Or the Book of Changes, that's magic. Astrology is magic. But there's nothing fake about the fire eating. I don't coat my mouth with anything and it's real fire. It's very hot, and if you don't know how to do it you'll burn yourself. The biggest danger...the most fatal mistake you could make...is a matter of inhaling at the wrong time. Then the gas goes down into your lungs and the flame follows it and you explode. It happens now and then, but it's pretty drastic and you have to be really uncool to do it...you have to be truly not paying attention to what you're doing. You have to find your way around in the flame. It's a spiritual thing.

BOLLES Churches have used fire and smoke...

RF Right. Fire is at the center of things. Like, you gather around the fire at night. Candles, every church burns candles or burns something. Fire is very important. And this is getting really close to the fire, really getting to understand it and know what's happening with it. You find it's little cool passages and you stay in those so you don't get burned.

DD Then do you really know what the nature of fire is if you're just finding the cool things in it? Are you really confronting the danger or the mystery of it?

RF Well, yeah.

DD You feel you are.

RF You have to. At least I do. I don't know how other fire eaters work out, but when I first learned it—the first time I tried it—it became a very holy thing, right away. I do it when I'm alone sometimes. It's not a performance. I don't practice. That's not where it's at. Though as I do it more and more I get better and better at it. But it's not a matter of practice. I do it when I want to...it's like turning on in some way. And I've thought of things to do in public that I hadn't thought of before. Special little flourishes.

BOLLES Could the safe side of the fire be somewhat like the bullfighter who knows what the bull will do?

RF Right.

DD So it's the knowledge of the danger that makes it safe.

FR Right.

BOLLES The bullfighter might get blood on his pants, he lets the bull come so close, and yet not get gored. You're doing the same thing with fire. In fact you kill the fire in the end.

RF It's something like that. Also, it's not only the fire, it's knowing yourself too. I guess that's ultimately the whole thing. As you get into it you can touch the flame in ways that might burn you if you were afraid. By concentrating on the spot you make the skin cool. You don't blister. In fact I've gotten burned a couple of times and not blistered because when I touched the flame and it was hot—and I knew I was going to get burned—I would put my mind on the spot and make it feel better. I identify with the flame, I don't control it.

Continued on Page 9

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Continued from Page 8

DD Mind and matter taking the same trip...  
RF Matter is mind anyway. It leads to that. It's like meditation in its way. You don't transverse as many levels, but it takes you to a very high state. You're overcoming a basic instinct to begin with. Like reaching down into the roots of your mind and shoving buttons in and out. Pushing old archetypes around. You! Old Man Fire Fear, get over there! Don't bother me right now. When you start controlling things like that you're reaching into certain places of your mind. The same thing is true if you're sitting in meditation and your legs begin to hurt. It's not that you don't pay any attention to it. You might observe it. But you don't react to it in a normal way, as an animal would.

DD I spend a certain amount of my time on exercises for the control of various aspects of psychophysical reality, and I wonder if you're doing the same kind of thing? Exploring your powers.

RF It's unifying yourself with your powers. The powers are there. "You control your mind." That sentence is really a far out one. It's you, and then your mind. Separate. There are two entities involved, one controlling the other. That's not really the goal. The goal is, for there to be control. Not direction. Your mind and yourself become one and then your mind vanishes entirely into yourself and you become just involved awareness. It's not fire eating I'm talking about, it's zen.

Fire eating is really immediate. It's a good thing for your head to learn to be really immediate. To be here, and nowhere else. To be totally here, and totally whatever you're doing. It's not you walking down the street...it's walking down the streetness happening.

BOLLES Fire eating is the only thing you have in your mind...nothing else around you goes on.

RF It fluxes back and forth from external awareness to the immediate awareness. I can stop, take the torch out of my mouth, say something to someone and be perfectly aware of what's happening in the room. But at the same time, while it's going on I'm totally that. I'm a flame aware of what's going on in the room. It's not me with a flame in my mouth aware of what's going on in the room. The high from the fire eating works in several directions. There's that—the immediacy of it. There's also a chemical thing going on from the deadly fumes that I'm sucking up there.

DD What kind of chemicals?

RF Sniffing naphtha makes you very lightheaded and dizzy and funny in your mind. I don't know what it's doing to me physically, or how the effect will accumulate with age. It might have an effect on my lungs. I use lighter fluid and naphtha because alcohol's not hot enough. Sometimes I use petroleum distillate. Alcohol is the cleanest burning fluid, but it doesn't give a good color to the flame.

BOLLES They're all flames that burn on gas.

RF It's the gas that you manipulate. I'm starting to be able to move the gas around a lot. And I can hold the flame in my mouth for a relatively long time now...I didn't used to be able to do that. That's a matter of letting your mouth become a torch, which is another problem entirely from sticking a torch into your mouth.

BOLLES You mean when you took the torch out and you held the flame there?

RF Yeah. You hold the gas in your mouth and you (breathes out) to maintain a flame in your mouth. You blow out slowly.

BOLLES With naphtha there's a down draft, because vapors from these gases are heavier than air. So when you've got your head back, you accumulate the fumes in your mouth...

RF It's not quite as simple as that.

BOLLES ...and as you blow the vapors out slowly they mix with oxygen and ignite.

RF But without blowing the flame out. You have to blow just at the right temperature. And it's not blowing either. It's becoming a little kerosene lamp.

DD I think I saw that once or twice tonight. A little flame coming out of your mouth after you removed the torch.

RF A couple of times I got that for a few seconds. Usually what I do is have one torch lit and one torch not and then I hold the flame at my mouth and light the unlit torch from it.

(Bolles reads aloud a poem which turns the conversation to the country)

RF I'm going out to Arizona to live with the Indians. They do snake dances, which is the same thing. They use unaltered rattlesnakes. They're not milked dry. They're fresh caught. After they're caught the dancer has them by him all the time. He feeds them by hand and so on until the snakes really get to know him and like him. When they do the dance, they know the snake and the snake's habits and they work with the snake. It's not a matter of control, it's a matter of mutual awareness. When the dance is over, the dancer takes the snake back out into the desert and lets him go. they don't use them more than once.

DD There's just one snake?

RF There's usually two or three snakes.

DD Which tribe is that?

RF That's Hopi

DD What kind of dance do they do?

RF It's called a snake dance. It has some religious significance, but I'm not sure just where it fits in. It has to do with involving the life of the tribe with the life of the desert. In the Arizona desert the rattlesnake is a very significant citizen. So one wants to make friends with him. Otherwise

you're in big trouble. I don't know how the Indians would react to fire eating. They have very strong ideas about things like fire and water, air and earth.


I've not talked about fire eating a lot, so I don't have many ready words to shovel out. I can't think of much else to say about it. It's a thing that I do.

**CAST**

Rick Ferber (fire eater)  
Diane Dorr-Dorynek  
Robert Bolles

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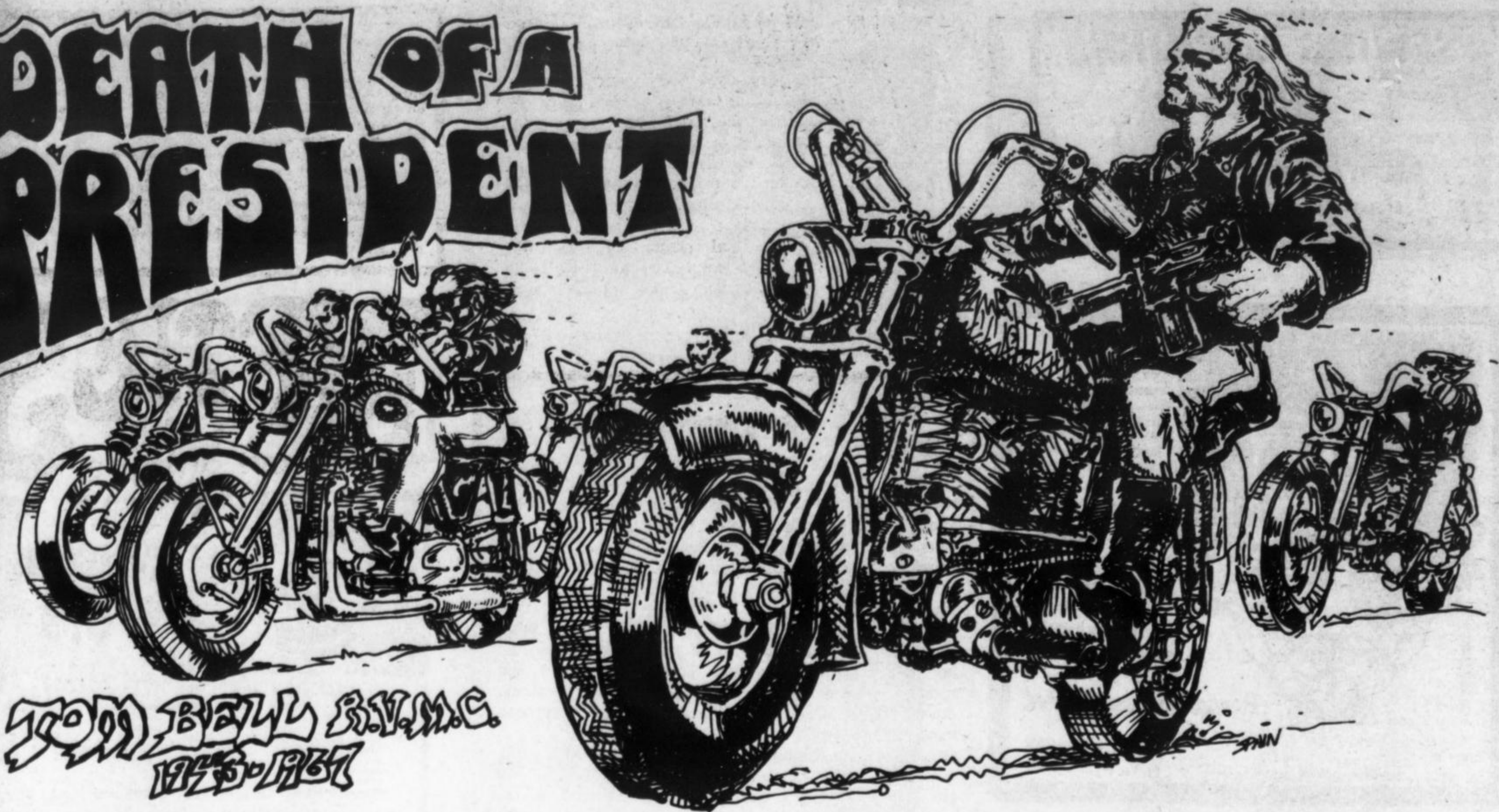
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# DEATH OF A PRESIDENT



TOM BELL R.V.M.C.  
1965-1967

On the night of November 15, 1967, Tom Bell, president of the Road Vultures M.C., was shot to death in an apartment on the west side of Buffalo, New York. He was shot over a cheap watch. His untimely death was mourned by motorcycle outlaws, flower people and new left activists alike. Those who knew him could not help but be struck by the absurdity of such a young and promising life being cut short on the threshold of accomplishment.

By SPAIN R.V.M.C.

President Tom Bell's funeral was the most eventful thing that happened to Buffalo since the British burnt the town to the ground during the War of 1812. It's a bitch to die, but as long as you have to go, I guess that's the way to go. Yep, Tom Bell went out like a Pharaoh, with a mess of weeping and wailing broads and all the things he loved crowded into his casket: his black club shirt with Road Vultures on the back, a little worn and raggedy as witness to its many battles; his shades propped awkwardly upon the corpse. Various buttons and Nazi medallions; a red scarf, symbol of revolution; and even a few joints to keep him high in the next world.

I was approached by his relatives at the wake — they told me that motorcycles weren't allowed in the cemetery, and would I please tell the boys not to cause a fuss by driving in. I guess they meant well, they didn't want us to disgrace Tommy's memory. But I knew, and everyone else knew, that Tommy's memory called out for us to be there with him, bikes and all, and if we had to fight our way in, so much the better.

So off we went. They were all there, over 100 machines strong: the Black Diamonds, the Vagabonds, Chelecos, and Lancers from Canada; the Comma-cheros, the Gallopin Gooses, Satan's Choice, the Skull Cravers, the Wanderers, the Raggedy Ass Rangers, the Goons, the Fiends, the Doom Squadron, the Animals, and at the head of them all, the Road Vultures, leading the slow, solemn cortege to the

cemetery. Road Captain Denny McKnight stopped traffic where necessary. We had refused a police escort, because, somehow, it wouldn't have seemed right.

As we rode toward the cemetery, I remembered the time we brought this resolution before the club. Things were going kind of bad. We were on the run and didn't know what we were going to do next, so we told the guys we were talking to a lot of business leaders and housewives, and we figured our image was kind of bad. So we proposed that we change the name of the club from the Road Vultures to The Happy Trails Riders, and we would change our club song to something like "Happy trails to you, we'll kick in your head and step on your toes."

Somehow we lived through all that shit. I remember me and Pete Krebs waiting in his truck, while Tom went in to look for his old lady. After a few minutes, he came running out, chased by a mess of people with hammers, wrenches and all kinds of bludgeons. Man, we made it the fuck out of there.

But we went back. Yes, the next day we came back with our brothers and a few bludgeons of our own. And, as chance would have it, across the street a burglar alarm was ringing. But it was too late to turn back, so in we went. When the bartender saw us, he ran into the phone booth. We dragged him out, ripped the phone off the hook and kicked some ass. We found who we were looking for, and did wail upside their heads. The people in the place outnumbered us about three to one, but most just looked on and all while this burglar alarm is going on. I don't know how long that took, but we were sure glad to get out of there, what with the burglar alarm and all. In fact, we were so glad to get out of there that we smacked right into Dippy's car as we split.

At the time, long hair, a beard or unconventional attire was an invitation to be annoyed and fucked with by any self-appointed guardian of the conventional. In executing this enforced conformity, no regard was given to a person's relative size or numbers.

In other words, anyone who looked different was liable to get stomped. With the coming of the Road Vultures, things were changed. If you were ganged up on, you had at your disposal a ready means of retribution; and those who were prone to bug you quickly learned to leave you alone. On the whole, things like ripping up that bar led to a better understanding and a climate of mutual respect. In many ways, the outlaw motorcycle club was the forebearer of the hippie movement and FreeMan Tribalism.

It was always good rapping to Tom. He had an alert, open and critical mind. He saw things as a struggle between a dull and oppressive society and a few aware individuals who felt it their right to live, dress and think as their conscience dictated. We talked about fraternities and all the bullshit they pulled: the places they ripped up and all the degrading initiations that they put new members through. It was clear that the essential crime of the Vultures was not being middle class, and not paying superficial obeisance to the hypocritical lie that American society has become.

I talked to him about the civil rights movement and political activism as a means of conducting the struggle. It wasn't hard for him to see the parallel between us and the spades. We went over to see Ed Wolkenstein, an old radical in Buffalo who will always give a hand to the oppressed. We got together and put out a leaflet called "Appeal to Justice," in which we stated our case, simply and clearly.

Tom Bell had cheated death many times before. He once demolished his bike on a concrete abutment, and came off with a few scratches. During a fight he had been stabbed in the back. Another time his throat was cut by a spade, but Tommy lived. A few weeks later, the spade was found dead on his porch. The incident would have turned a lesser man into a racist, but Tom always looked upon it as an individual conflict, and settled it in an individual way.

Through all kinds of difficulties and desperate situations, Tom kept his faith in the club, and it

Continued on Page 11

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Continued from Page 10

was, on many occasions, kept together principally through his efforts.

In recent Peace demonstrations in Washington, Tom led a contingent of Road Vultures. They stormed the walls of the Pentagon, cut ropes and wood for barricades, and generally made their presence felt. The demonstration left a deep impression among the members. For many, it was the first experience in this kind of activity.

Tom realized that there would be shit to pay, because the club refused to play its appointed role as bully and thug for the Establishment, but saw the struggle for freedom as being ultimately more important.

Recently, police raided the new Vulture Clubhouse and, after federal and state police failed to find any narcotics, Buffalo police, who have a bad reputation for planting evidence, claimed to have "discovered" marijuana under the couch. The police looted and vandalized. They even brought in garbage cans from outside, dumped them on the floor, then had photographers come in and photograph the scene, claiming that this way was the way the Vultures lived.

Tom immediately issued leaflets, wrote statements to the press, and sent letters to the mayor and other city officials. A program was held at the University of Buffalo campus, where the Vultures told their side of the story.

When we reached the cemetery, there was no fuss. The cops just stood there, with their natural slack-jawed expression, as we roared in through the winding road, past the mausoleums and monuments of the prominent, to the final resting place of our dead chieftain.

The chicks tried to cool it as he was lowered down. His wife finally burst into tears. Goodbye, Tommy. Goodbye, forever.

We left the cemetery over one hundred strong. The police had set up an ambush at one entrance. They were waiting for us, shotguns, police dogs and all, but we rolled out through another exit right down Main Street—Harley Choppers, Full Dressers, Beesers, Triumphs and a three-wheeler show bike that came down from Cleveland—roared downtown Buffalo with not a cop in sight. Right down to Broadway to the clubhouse for a final tribute. Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse. Well, he sure met all the requirements, but, Man, it sure hurt to see him go.

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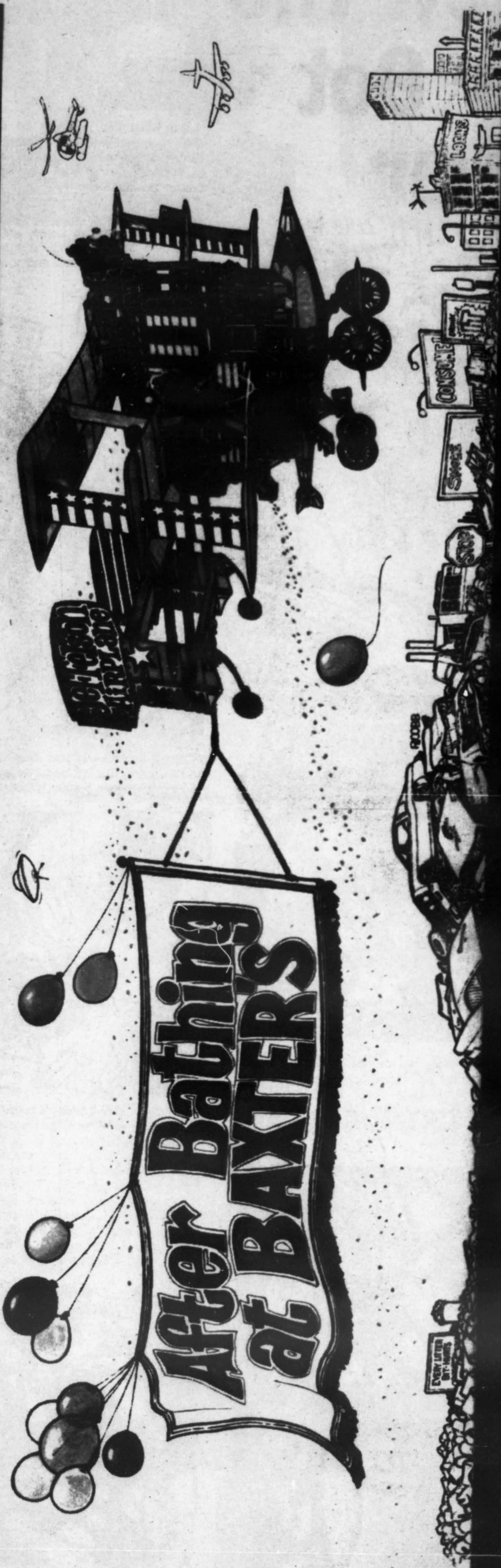
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# How The War Got Over



And when the war was over the soldiers came home and the people who were against the war came out to greet them and they were 5,000 and 200 and 6, the other people stayed home and watched the football game on television and ate breakfast at one o'clock in the afternoon.

And when the television said that the war was over Mrs. Johnson asked her husband which war was over, he ate some pie and with a tear in his eye took off his boot and began to shoot some come on his thumb and then took a shower for over an hour and went out. She took a bath and washed her feet and when Mr. Johnson returned with the paper he said it was the war in Vietnam which was over and she said that's nice and went to bed.

And when the war was over the people locked up their women to keep them from the soldiers who had come home and the women made themselves up after the images of the television, and ate dinner with their families and cleaned and went to sleep.



And they came home and ate dinner and watched the war on television and fucked and went to sleep. And after a hard days work the people came home and saw the war on television and went to bed.

And when the war was on the people who were against fighting in the war were 4,000 and 500. Their lives were miserable because of the war. And when the war was over the people who were against the war were too.

And Mrs. Jackson went downtown and sent John salami, took a cab home and went to sleep. And when she saw her son on television three months later, dead she fainted and was taken to the hospital.



And when the war was over Mr. Jackson had bought 5 new cars, 6 suits, and 3 new ties. And when the war was over no one but the soldiers believed it.



And when the war was on Mrs. Carter died. And when the war was over Mr. Carter asked his son to get a job and cut his hair.

And when the war was on Mrs. Perlman was happy that her son was gay, and she went to visit him and found him living with a boy with blue eyes and long blond hair and she had them both arrested.



And when the soldier told the red-head that he had just returned from the war the whore asked which war and blew him for \$5.00.

And his mother fed him turkey and talked about his hair and kissed him on the cheek and they all went out and bought new shoes.



And after marching the poets and painters came home and watched themselves on television and ate rice and beans for dinner and while their wives cleaned the dishes the poets sang and the artists drew a kind of beauty not known before and in the 25th year of the war the poets fell from the trees and the painter stopped painting excuses for the world's hate and when the war was over the artists listened.

And when the war was in the 25th year the poets and painters stopped and everyone in the country went out and bought everything they could.



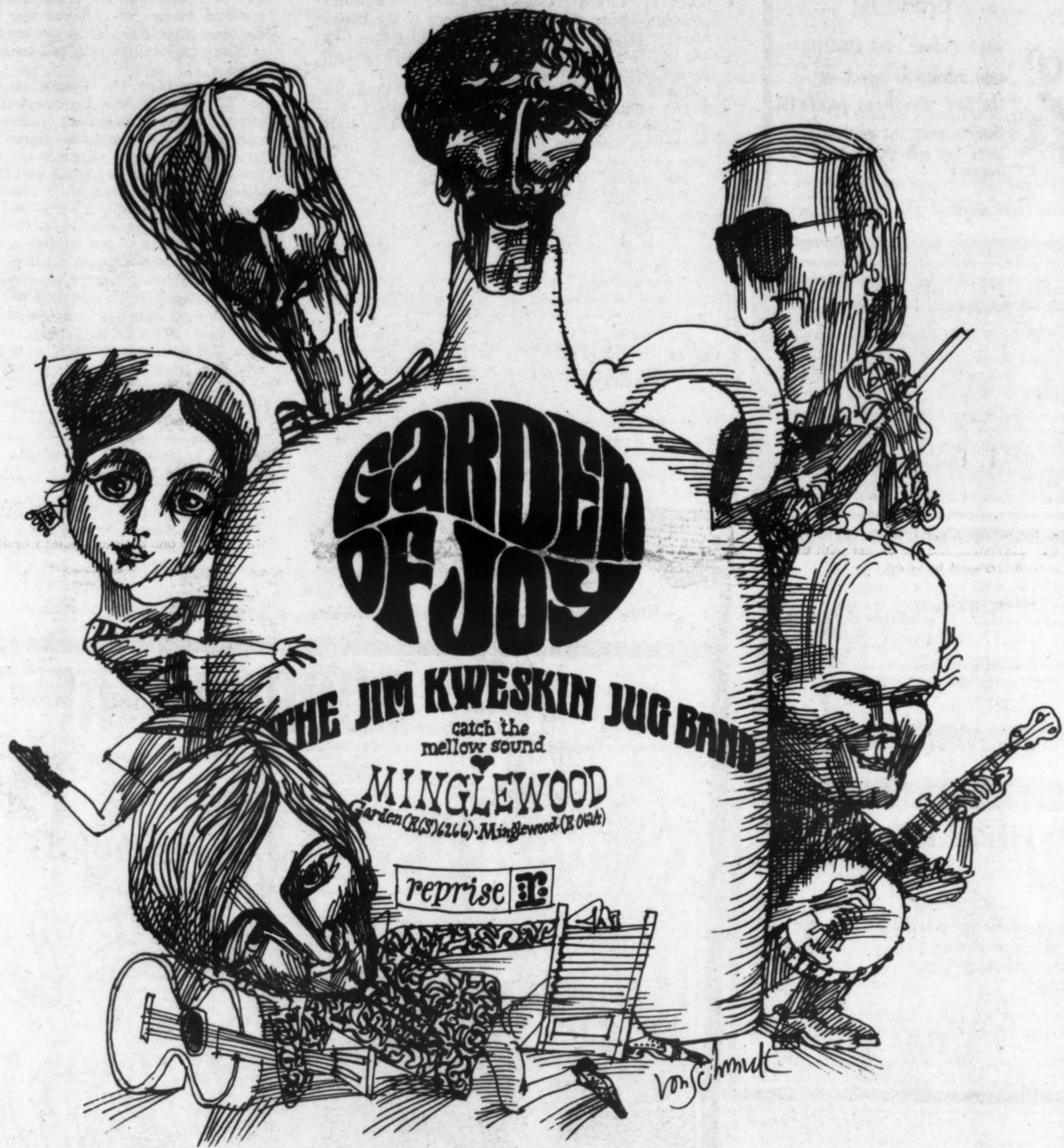
And when the war news was over the people lay down naked in bed and turned the station to an old movie.



And when the war was over his wife gave him some soup and he didn't eat it.

And when the war was over his wife gave him some soup.

# JUG



# A JUG!


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This ad worth 25¢ off on any purchase.

Allan Katzman **rang pp's**

"NORTH VIETNAM" Written and photographed by Felix Greene. World Premiere, Carnegie Hall Cinema, December 11, 1967.

How many bombs will it take to destroy a people who move rivers with their hands? After seeing Fleix Greene's impressive film documentary "North Vietnam," the answer is a testament to a people who may be destroyed but shall never be conquered.

Mr. Greene spent three and a half months in the countryside, the villages, the cities and among the people of this small but courageous nation. Ten hours of filming cut down to eighty-five minutes provides ample photographic evidence of the United States bombing of whole civilian populations. City life has virtually disappeared in all of North Vietnam except in Hanoi and Haiphong.

There are interviews with Pham Van Dong, the Prime Minister, as well as workers, military officials and peasants. Included is a moving and intensely interesting interview in the Hanoi Military Hospital with a U.S. pilot shot down ten days earlier.

The picture also shows Ho Chi Minh talking with villagers. The fantastic regard that this tough old man of eighty emits from the seventeen million people who live in North Vietnam should (in most cases) make our own leader cringe in shame and with humility.

There are also many scenes — Haiphong Harbor, and some of the bombed bridges — which have never been filmed by a western cameraman.

To most this film will come off as a highly skilled piece of propaganda. But in the end the viewer must put faith in the honesty of its author. As Mr. Greene so easily admits himself, "When the San Francisco Chronicle first asked me to go to North Vietnam I warned the editor that he would not be sending a 'neutral' or 'impartial' reporter. My opposition to the Vietnam war was on record in my writing and lectures. He told me that the paper was well aware of my views but that they trusted me to report just what I saw."

To report just what you see is a difficult task for a culture such as ours where the instantcy of the moment ends up on the floor of most film cutting

rooms. This is especially true of the business of documentaries and six o'clock news coverages. In the case of "North Vietnam," however, the opposite is true. What is happening in a small deserted peasant village at the edge of North Vietnam is happening everywhere and at the same time all over the country. Mr. Greene's film may have been edited with skill and ten hours of it reduced to eighty-five minutes, but what was left out was only repetition. When the bloodied and burned body of a Vietnamese baby flashes on the screen before our eyes, we can definitely hear the pain that is occurring throughout the invisible images of celluloid that were left out of the film. If Mr. Greene had shot ten times the amount of hours he shot, the pain still would not have diminished.

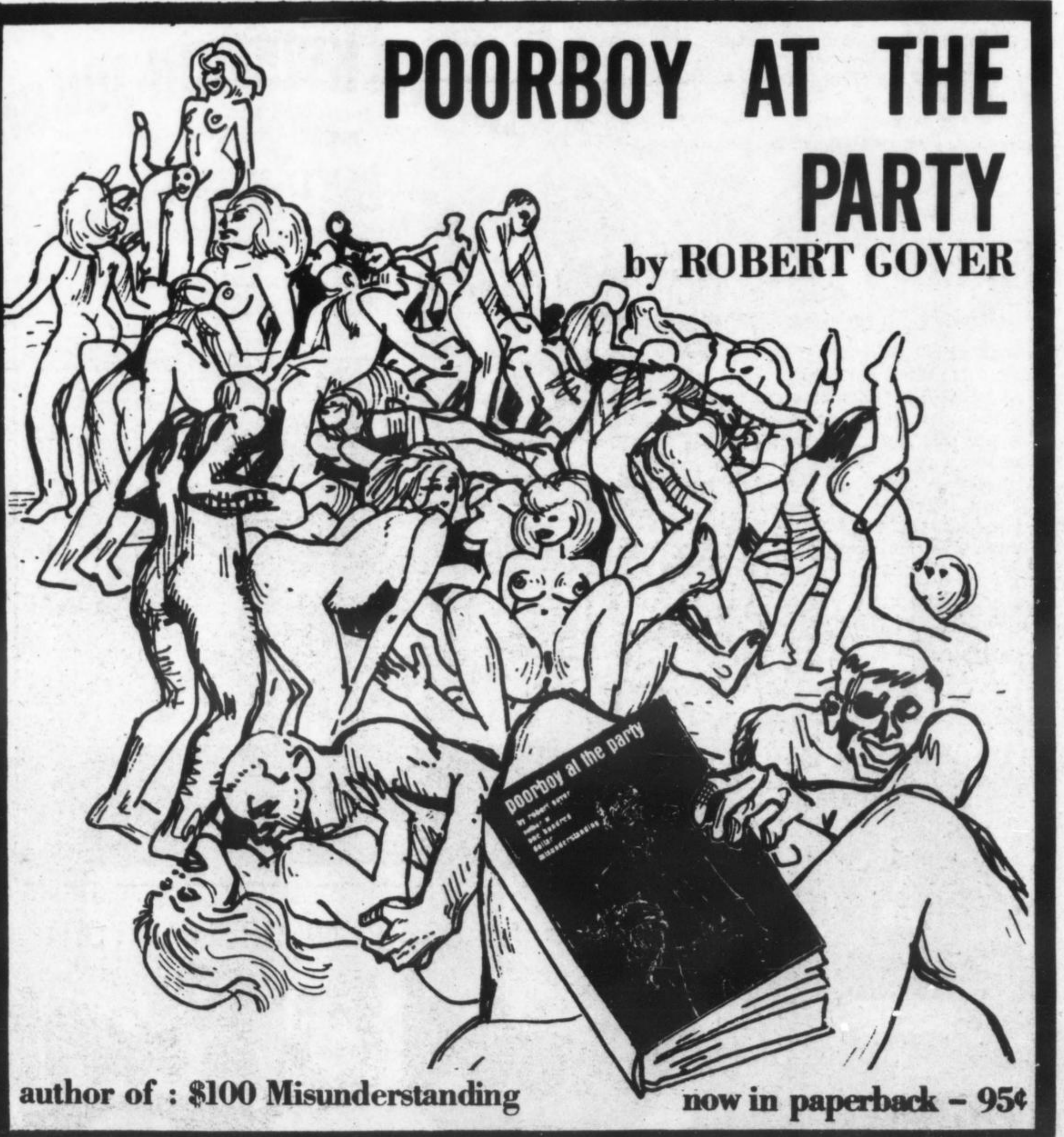
We must trust Mr. Greene to report just what he saw because what he saw were the people. "I stayed with the peasants in their villages, went with them to the fields and joined crews repairing bomb damage to the railroads and highways, visited hospitals, schools and village workshops, many times watched bombers come in for attack, raced to cover when the bombs fell close, — and kept my camera rolling."

Ninety percent of the population of North Vietnam are peasants, so what we see are real people bound together in blood and purpose, fighting to be free from centuries of foreign domination. People without machines or material wealth, without security from tomorrow, fighting a superior force of weapons, technical skills and scientific know-how of destruction with only meaning, purpose and belief.

What we get out of the film "North Vietnam" is not right or wrong, not good or evil, not capitalism or communism, but the only logic to come out of this whole irrational war: "How many bombs will it take to destroy a people who move rivers with their hands?"

\*\*\*\*\*  
In the beginning of December Europe will open its first Diggers store. The idea, as told to me by

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author of : \$100 Misunderstanding now in paperback - 95¢



# bells of liberty

one of the leading diggers in Holland, Simon Vinkenoog, is, "to give drop outs a better opportunity in life, so more people can spend their time in turning on the selfish world and in breaking down the commercializing of the pop business."

If anyone is interested in helping the diggers store with contributions, possibly posters, papers, and other useful things, send by return mail to: The Diggers Store, 142 Prins Hendrikkade, Amerstadam, Holland.

Pfc. John W. Guinn, whose family thought him dead and buried but who came back alive from Vietnam, says all Americans should be brought back because "it's no war of ours."

Private Guinn, who was recently united with his mother at the airport and went home for a belated Thanksgiving dinner, stated "When my three years is up I'm coming out, and I ain't going to reenlist and I hope to bring all of the United States boys out."

The controversy over LSD causing chromosome damage has escalated into total bullshit. The Scientific American, which first carried the glad news for puritan perverts, has recently printed an article to the contrary. To add to this high in printed propaganda Chemical & Engineering News November 20th issue has an article on the possible damage to genes by caffeine. Coffee drinkers take note the life you save may not be your own.

For the first time since the birth control movement was introduced in New York fifty-one years ago, New York City bus and subway riders will be able to find out about the availability of birth control services by reading the car cards.

Planned Parenthood of New York City's car card has been granted as a public service by Metro

Transit Advertising and New York Subways Advertising Co., with the approval of the New York City Transit Authority. The cards, offering information on both birth control and infertility services, will appear on buses throughout New York City as of December 1, 1967 and on the subways as of January 1, 1968.

The card shows a pregnant woman standing to one side, pensively drinking a cup of coffee.

NEW YORK (LNS)--Dr. Cheddi Jagan, formerly Prime Minister of British Guiana and now the leader of Guyana's largest political party, has been denied a visa by the U.S. State Dept. No reason has been officially given.

Jagan was invited to the U.S. by the Tri-Continental Information Center (TCIC) last May. TCIC also agreed to organize a speaking tour.

According to TCIC's Bulletin, Dr. Jagan has received speaking requests from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; Institute for Policy Studies; National Lawyers Guild; American Friends Service Committee; First Unitarian Church of L.A.; Chicago Peace Council; Center for Radical Research; Radical Education Project; United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, Dist. Council (Chicago); faculty and student groups from Stanford, San Jose State, Calif. State at L.A., Berkeley, Harvard, Chicago, MIT, Michigan, Dartmouth, Western Reserve, and Johns Hopkins; and others.

Dr. Jagan's application for a visa "was forwarded by the U.S. ambassador to high officials in the State Dept., where it was delayed for nearly four months," the Bulletin reported.

Dr. Jagan's presence here might cause embarrassment to the federal government, the Bulletin said, because "the U.S., via the CIA, engineered the overthrow of Jagan's progressive government in the early 1960's, when Guyana was still a British colony. This sordid affair has been fairly well hidden from the U.S. public, and by denying a visa to Dr. Jagan, Washington apparently wants to keep the public ignorant."

Here is an interesting note I received in my mail: Pre-Christmas Peace Happening--Grand Central Station--5 p.m.--Dec. 19--Please come--Bring a dove or two, or pigeons or small white helium balloons to symbolize the souls of the Vietnamese dead. Also bring old dolls, burned to symbolize the children who have been burned by napalm in Vietnam. Or just bring yourselves to watch and be with us, and remember and remind people of what is happening in Vietnam.

At 5:30 p.m., by the big clock, we will set all the birds and balloons free into the air and let the dolls fall to the ground, or hand them to the people passing or watching. It would be best to have your "gifts" concealed in an ordinary package, or bag or parcel. Please Remember--Please Be There--Grand Central--5 p.m.--Dec. 19.



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Continued from Page 7

when the sun will bring a fine clearing light to what now only twinkles softly in the deep night heavens.

"Goodnight, gentlemen of the Press, goodnight."  
 CHORUS OF THE PRESS: Goodnight, MysticNamara, goodnight.

THIS INTERVIEW WAS GIVEN TO RICHARD GOSSELIN BY THE MYSTIC IN A FUTURE INCARNATION

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TM © 1987 Electric Circus of New York, Inc. Pat. Pend. Coffee in the Think Tank.

# I'M...So Happy To

GOOD OLE HUGH ROMNEY

The Hog Farm is a hunk of a chunk of southern California. Near the one street right winged flaptrap of a geographical crimp named Sunland...Sunland, California—used to be a clean air health horror where grandpa could incorporate in an inexpensive antiseptic death camp—till the smog snuck in in a fog suit which had a lot to do with lowering the rates behind—no sun in Sunland.

The Hog Farm is above all that... our prodigal pig is perched on a rut of a jut of the Verdugo Hills all sun sucked and semi smogless...on a clear day you can see all the eye doctors in Lhasa lining up for their morning murine. We are about thirty minutes from Hollywood (the sodom of the free world)...where the Mohave desert has been coaxed into partial vegetation...screamin springtime mustard cloak with everything on it... like juniper and the sacred yucca (one beautiful old man suggested yucca soup while a second man, equally devine, warned the yucca plant in the room with the windows down is a Luther Burbank organic eraser i.e. he stabbed her repeatedly with an icecicle...However it is a pop to pluck it and the ears have walls...November now and I can't remember the last sky cry. This land is brown and tense and pleading. We have our own erratic well higher up in the mountains and there are those on this particular hill who feel an obligation to the earth...I find them in the early morning determineyed behind a feeble green hose giving life for life and all that is touched is exalted...the pine

and lemon trees that break the wind and bend the sun; and grass not marijuana and not very much but lots of people look at it and wonder where it came from. Maybe get right down and touch the stuff... suspecting astroturf. Soon it will rain like Noah and the dust will glut into mud... our five mile car chute will reject all mechanical assault and we will have to pack in everything.

Lots of people wonder what we're raising up here an I tell them people. The Hog Farm is our laboratory...our forge. It is geared for at least three catastrophies a day...people learning how to bend and break and glue and grow. People feeling for that magic place where it all comes together...and changes itself.

Last Saturday we had a celebration. It was called Severn Bargin Day. It was also called last Saturday. This is what went down..My friend Sevrn Darden, who used to break into churches in Chicago in a black opera cape to play the organ and when extracted by the man, screamed, "sanctuary!"...the same Severn Darden who blew out the candles on his birthday cake in synchronicity with the New York black-out...he calls me and wonders if he and his old lady could spend a quiet Saturday in the country and "of course—around 3." Then enters the specter of Ralf Edwards who stalks my tongue as I remark to nobody in particular, "wouldn't it bend Severns brain if we loaded him on Lenny (our Bethlehem Burro) and led him up the hill to Hosannas and palm frond and... my tongue froze, it was ridiculous...a

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# Be Home

riff, but everybody was interested and interest make energy-makes momentum-makes actual gettin' people together... inventing food like severn up...secretly informing Cynthia to invite who-ever and get him here for sure...plus bunting and poster and our own electric hog farm band...a Family hog production...There is a line from an old play "In dreams begin responsibility"...well, Saturday at 3 our hill was full of pretty people with Lenny out and haltered to a Virgin... palm fronds appeared mysteriously and everybody was hidden and ready and waiting ...well by 3:30 Lenny was getting jumpy and the virgin was bugged. At that moment ...a moment that Monk is a master of as he investigates one note so many times you are convinced the record is stuck but the moment you get up to change it there goes Monk...and up drives Severn... looking a little loaded...we lightning flash load him on the ass plus I got this enourmous picture of him on a pole, begin our way up the hill as the band plays and people appear from the bushes laying palm fronds under Lenny, who is under Severn who is under duress behind... what do you do for an encore. We quickly joined hands and had an old fashion gong bong. Later after the lamb and the strawberries and yogurt we all gathered outside the house for a circle joke.

The circle joke is a relatively new innovation of the Hog Mind. Do it like this. Sit in a circle assuming a common position with hands joined, maybe eyes closed...find a point to gather on like

a breath or a slow moan...listen for the dominant sound and become that sound... if some body laughs, become that laugh. Everybody laugh together...fill it to completion. By sharing the space; if your right hand is moved mirror it in your left...matching sound and motion, give and take bigger and bigger...the energy output can be tremendous...send it out a pure joy of peace. The Circle Joke last Saturday began in a blanket of smog. It ended in an eighty mile an hour gale a clear sky and Topanga in Flames. Everybody was scared shitless. What will Severn Darden do next. This man is dangerous and may be armed. Shiva invented the indian signal corps.

The Hog Farm in open celebration is a major fantasy in motion...it will take place at the cinematheque 16...the magic mushroom...the eagles nest...and everywhere else. Any love offering gets you inside ... out ... we got movies ... music (everybody bring an instrument or play one of ours) be your own movie...we got paint and paper...gong bongs and a lot of fancy games. What aint we got is you guys to give us guys a hand getting ready ... building magic toys ... steel drums ... thunder machines ... fixin this ... gettin that union made ... O.K. please call Hog Central 353-1035 ... Join the March of Swine. "The more it wants the more it is givin: The more it receives the more it grows"

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OH YAS!!

VERILY I SAY, RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY! AND IF THAT DOESN'T HELP, TRY CLASSICAL PHLESM THROWING!

BZZT! BLT!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! EVERY TIME I GET IN THE TUB! MUST REMEMBER TO HAVE THAT DOORBELL EXTRACTED!

AH HA! FLAKEY FOOT! WELL "CURSES FOINED AGAIN" TO YOU, CHUMP! I'M IN THE MIDDLE O' MY SATURDAY NIGHT BAWTH, AND THEN I'M GONNA WATCH THE BIG MOVIE!

BUT... I...

GOOD NIGHT!

POOR DEVIL! ALWAYS TRING TO GET IN HERE WITH THAT BAD CASE O' TRANSFER-SHEE!

AAAHHH... I COULD AUM ALL NIGHT WIT ME HEAD UNDER WATER!

MR. NATURAL! PLEASE, I...

GOD IN HEAVEN! HOW DID YOU GET IN??

I CAME W TROO D' WINDA!

BUT WE'RE ON THE 45TH FLOOR... WELL, NEVERMIND, LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

SNORT!

TELL ME FLAKEY! HOW'S EVERYTHING UP IN BACK??

OH, DRUGS, DRUGS AND MORE DRUGS!

REALLY SCRAPIN' IT DOWN TO TH' RIND, EH? HEN HEM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE INSIDE OF YOUR SKULL... KEEP IT UP, BOY! YOU'LL END UP JUST LIKE TH' REST OF 'EM!

HOW'S THAT?

I DUNNO... I'M FOLLOWING THIS NOBLE EXPERIMENT CLOSELY... OF COURSE, I'D NEVER TAKE DRUGS MYSELF...

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? DO I LOOK LIKE ONE OF THESE CRAZY KIDS? HAVE SOME BREAD 'N' JELLY...

REALLY? WHY NOT?

I S'POSE YOU THINK I JUST CAME OVER HERE T' TALK ABOUT MY PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS!

NO... YOU COME OVER HERE TO TALK ABOUT YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROB-BLEM! BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WONT BE LONG?

YEAH... IT WONT BE LONG TILL YOU START SHIFTING THE BLEM TO SOME OTHER PROB!

HAW HAW!

VERY FUNNY! I'M GLAD SOMEBODY GETS A KICK OUT OF IT... MY TORTURED SOUL, THAT IS...

NO... IT'S NOT FUNNY... I KNOW... I UNDERSTAND... I HAVE MY SHARE OF TROUBLES TOO! MOSTLY... SUCH A FAMILY I GOT!

I'M THINKING OF LEAVING THE CITY... GOIN' UP TO THIS FARM THEY GOT UP NORTH!

YEH... DO THAT! THAT'S COOL TOO!

YOU THINK SO?

I KNOW SO! ABSOLUTELY! HERE! I'LL GIVE YOU MY OL' KIT BAG, AN' I THINK I HAVE SOME CAMPIN' GEAR AROUND SOME PLACE!

SHORTLY-

OH, ONE LAST BIT OF ADVICE, FLAKEY FOOT... NEXT TIME YOU'RE LOOKING AT SOMETHING TRY LOOKING AT THE CENTER!

AYE AYE SIR!!

ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE!

CLICK

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE PEOPLE LIKE THAT BOY... PEOPLE WILLING TO TAKE RISKS... AFTER ALL... MINDS WERE MADE TO BE BLOWN....

ZZZZ

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**SUBLET:** Finished loft, 75'x25' Living OK, music OK, Chambers Street area. Phone Stu Krane, 774-7966. \$100 a month. No lease required. Piano, 2 beds, all sorts of stuff included. Only friendly people need apply.

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

**ROBBIE PLEASE CONTACT ME IN LONDON OR THROUGH THIS NEWSPAPER. DAD**

Sheldon-come home. Your mother got a whiplash. Stop chasing flowers and the hippies. True values can only be found at home. Let us know when your ready to return-in advance - we've rented your room. PAPA

**RICK CHAPMAN-NO POLICE YOU ARE FREE, PLEASE CALL MOM**

Kathy Cosgrove Mallon

Are you O.K.? Need help? Can send to P.O. Box. No trap. Please write or call collect. Love, Nellen

**PAUL** - of the green glasses. The wrong words were said Sunday in the Park. There are right ones. Please contact 368-8833 Jan, biker

Please! Underground writer and happenner needs, free, for the new year, an electric typewriter; Ernest Thompson, 1962 E. 71st Place, Chicago

I sought you since I was born, Carole, I'll wait for you until I die.

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SDS is starting their own photo offset print shop. They will print anything, leaflets to books and specifically for movement organizations at less than commercial prices. They also need \$4,000 in money or equipment. Contact Tim Moriarty at 675-2626.

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If you have a nutty hobby or an off-beat talent - or have a couple of fey anecdotes, or even know someone wild, we may be able to use you. Money involved. Call J.J. Gato at LE 5-9955.

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**LIVE-IN GROUP 212, WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Co-op Living, inter-arts spirit, pvt. studios, large fishing lake, 75 acres of woods, gallery, photo lab, etc. \$50/mo., day rates. 2 hours from New York City. 914-CH 6-8287.

**ASTROLOGY YOUR LIFE, YOUR LOVE, YOUR CAREER.** Rod Chase. WA 8-8914. \$10.

## SOMEWHERE OVER THE KISS

**\$100 CASH** to the 1st person to tell me the CORRECT identity of the present parasitic, clandestine hypnotist and/or the the immediate superiors of same, or the persons who performed these functions in Nov. 1967. Payment will be immediately after I've ascertained the correctness of the identification. Every correct communication up to 12-20-67 will in some way be rewarded. I do NOT voluntarily submit to hypnosis. My freedom of speech and expression is being abridged and my other essential rights are being violated. The experiment is a fiasco. Think this ad is a joke? Give it a try. James B. Dyer, Box 626, Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C. 10009

Kathy Cosgrove Mallon - Happy Birthday! Won't you please write or call 315-GR 2-1914 collect. Miss you terribly! Love, Aunt Ellen

Light moving. 24 hour service Wagon plus one man \$6.00 two men \$9. 388-1954 or 966-1405

**ELECTRONIC TICKLE STICK** build the latest underground toy in one hour for less than \$5. Send \$1 for plans to Lightworks Dept F 409 E. 6th St. NYC 10009

**MEMORIAL DAY, 1967, WAS CLEAR AND MILD IN NEW YORK, AND IN TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, 200 HIPPIES TURNED OUT TO BEAT BONGOS, CHANT BUDDHIST LOVE SONGS, LIE ON THE GRASS, AND SHOOT THE BREEZE WITH ANYONE WHOCARED TO LISTEN" - IS THE START OF "FINK AMONG THE HIPPIES" JANUARY MESSENGER, CINCINNATI 45210 (40¢)**

**"FINK AMONG THE HIPPIES" - WITH PIX! -- COP-COMMUNITY RELATIONS IN EAST VILLAGE. WRITE MESSENGER 1615 REPUBLIC STREET, CINCINNATI FOR JANUARY ISSUE (40¢)**

For Swingers, it's CLUB JOY! Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated Guys, Gals, Dolls looking for swinging contacts. Just send \$1...Gals free. ROYAL-EVO, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

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

Betsy Tucker Please come home for Christmas. We all miss you and want you back. Love, MOM, POP, SUSAN, THOM

**GUITARS OF SPAIN, LTD.** offers Concert Guitars, classic and flamenco, by the Masters: Contreras, Ramirez, Alvarez, Estes, etc. Call 724-8882 anytime. Compare our prices.

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**NUDISCOVER.** Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female, Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-2, P. O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

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**WRITERS:** \$30 paid on acceptance of 3000 words fact/fiction on lesbians, homosexuals engaged in any activity, primarily love. Circle, POB 85344, Hollywood, Calif. 90072.

Your money must accompany your ad.

Personal: \$5.00 for the first 25 words; 20¢ a word thereafter.

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DURING DECEMBER, we offer our date matching service free to girls 19-28. Write: Affinity Date Dept. E Box 180 Chelsea P.O. N.Y.N.Y. 10011.

Volunteers needed immediately to tutor and organize on Lower East Side. Many creative possibilities for service and action. For more information - contact Gail Hadley Mobilization for Youth Community Education Project 677-0400, Ext. 206

**PARTY GOING** in the near future? Hypnotist would like to go too. Will show you how to liven up the affair not only with an amusing and entertaining show but throughout the whole evening. Also expert hypnotherapist using new brain wave synchronizer to take habits away. **ROBERT KITTREDGE** Phone 201-MU 8-7412 eves only.

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**Twin Oaks Community**, an out-growth of the Walden Two movement, was founded in June, 1967 on a farm near Louisa, Virginia. We publish a newsletter entitled "Leaves of Twin Oaks." A 12-issue subscription can be obtained for \$3.00. For specific questions, write us and we will promptly reply. Twin Oaks, Route 4, Box 169, Louisa, Va. 23093.

**A GIFT FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES** - "The Founding Pig" by Aymon de Roussy Desales. Send name, address and \$1.75 (25¢ add. outside N.Y.C.) to France Dist., P.O. Box 556, Cooper Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10003; allow ten days for delivery.

EVO employee would like to learn the fine art of glass staining, glass blowing and general glass working techniques. Call Fred at EVO 228-8640. Would like to work as apprentice

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**SCROOGE YOU!** Express your joy at Xmas. Buy this button and 200 more from: A Big-Little Store, 1671 Washington, San Francisco 94109. Free catalogue. Free sample to stores.

**WHOLESALE CATALOG** THOUSANDS POSTERS, BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC, OR (\$50 WHOLESALE ASSORTMENT FASTEST SELLING POSTERS - MONEY BACK GUARANTEE) WE SHIP YESTERDAY. **GILDED PRUNE**, 845 VIA DE PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIF 90272.

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**BUTTONS, POSTERS, PSYCHEDELIA!** Wholesale to all. Hundreds to choose from. FREE mailorder catalogue. 10¢ brings it airmail! **UNDERGROUND UPLIFT UNLIMITED**, 28 St. Marks PL NYC 10003

**BLOW YOUR MIND, BABY!** For our fantastic lists (wholesale & retail) of **UNDERGROUND BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS** & other goodies, write Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42 St. New York, NY .... Then **FREAK OUT!**

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**NEW - NEW - Retail & Wholesale.** - TRIP SHOP catalogue finally ready. **NEW POSTERS - CANDLES - NEW CREATIVE ZODIAC PENDANTS - NEW BEADS - Apple seed - Indian beads - many pipes - all new goodies.** - TRIP SHOPS - 1578 FIRST AVENUE - 249-3870 - **WHOLESALE.**

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Subscribe to **JUSTICE WEEKLY** sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals - for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions - plus newsworthy articles on allied subjects. 52 Thrilling Issues: \$8.00 cash or M.O. - **JUSTICE**, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231. **SAMPLE COPY \$1.00.**

**UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES POSTERS** (to suit every taste, wild & groovy) **BUTTONS** (100's to choose from), water pipes, incense, jewelry (earrings, bracelets, ankhs, peace symbols, etc.) and a phantasmagorical plethora of additional assorted fascinating esoterica. Send now for **ABSOLUTELY FREE CATALOG.** **RAMSE COMPANY**, BOX 5294, SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF., 94143

**BUY THIS NOW. MARTIN 0-18 STEEL STRING BEAUTIFUL NEW GUITAR AND CASE. FORCED SALE. PRICE \$250 (WITH CASE). SELL FOR \$150 CASH.** **EMMETT LAKE**, 228-8640.

Heh, all you beautiful, educated and sophisticated women and men, the **BLACK BOOK** exists to enliven your scene. The **BLACK BOOK** puts new people into your life. Get listed and get the next issue, both for \$1. (NO names, NO addresses published.) **SUITE 503-E**, 160 W. 46 St. NYC, NY 10036.

**STROBELIGHT** Build it yourself for under \$9. In 2 hours. Easy plans and drawings send \$1 to E. Riccio, Box 36131, L.A. Calif. 90036.

**TERRIFIC! IT'S HERE! OUT AT LAST! EXTRAORDINARY HARD TO FIND ITEMS! UNUSUAL! DIFFERENT! SEXATIONAL! FUGALOOTA! FOLIOS FREEA!** ALLKAM - #464 **JACKSON HEIGHTS STATION - QUEENS - L.I. NY 11372**

One to one is a drag - the scene is permutations and combinations. An intimate group of New York's beautiful young swingers join to enjoy the advanced pleasures of all varieties of loving. Singles (especially straight girls and AC/DC girls and guys), couples, threesomes, and other groups are invited to swing with us for wilder scenes. **ALL TASTES ARE SATISFIED.** Everyone gets just what he or she or they want. No red tape, no organizational bull shit, no pros, no publicity. (Use a pseudonym is you wish.) Age limit: puberty to thirty. (Teenyboppers welcome!) Erotic fantasies come to life when we turn on together. Urgent; we need new swingers who have pads the group can use for parties. Send your phone number and, if possible, a photo to: Box 406, Grand Central Station, NYC 19.

**JEWELRY IS ART AT THE HOUSE OF AKOV.** 273 E. 10.

Marshall Anker presents another open discussion and coffee social. Topic: "After the orgasm, what? Can we go beyond Eros to Agape?" Sunday, Dec. 17th at 8:00 pm in Apt. 16 (fourth floor) at 211 East 5th St., (between 2nd and 3rd). Admission - Cats: \$1; Chicks: 50¢

**MOVED --- Ceramic fantasies** now at 59 St. Marks Place-NYC Open 1 - 7 PM

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**Sleep Higher** We install for you sleeping balcony to be happy on. Call us for estimate. Low price. At 685 - 5256 Morning and evening and night.

**THIRD PRINTING!!** "The Synthesis & Extractions of Organic Psychedelics." Contains detailed procedure for synthesizing LSD, DMT, Psilocybin, Psilosin, Mescaline, Tetrahydrocannabinol, extractions of cannabis, Peyote, oloigui, morning glory seeds, and many more. Send \$1.25 to: **KARMA GRAPHICS** - Box 3826 Chicago, Illinois 60654 **DEALERS INQUIRE.**

**SINGLE MEN OVER 21** Male nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine carries all info. State age, send \$3.00 to: **SOLSTICE SOCIETY**, Dept. V, Box 3775, Van Nuys, Calif. 91407.

**NEED A MODEL?** Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous girls looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: **Royal Models**, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

Part time typist. Work at home with own typewriter. Good pay. Racy sex material Write: Author, Box 377, Hicksville, N.Y. 11802

**Employment**

**Nude Female Models** for skin-painting, amateur photography. See Lee at Studio "A," 68 West 39th, 279-6452. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 1 to 9 PM.

Attractive, intelligent, happy, healthy, well built girl, about 30, love animals. Assist fantastic loveable Chimp on TV, shows, parties, etc. Drive my Caddy, make money, appreciate fun job, and male employer 40, quality like yourself. Phone 684-6049 mornings. No itinerants, homos, time wasters.

**GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING.** No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: **Royal Models Galore**, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

**"RHINOCEROS"** needs a truly excellent **BASS** player with the ability to **SING LEAD**, to join one of the most promising new **RECORDING** groups in the nation. **UN 1 - 8625.**

**SKINNY MODEL**, preferably longhair blonde over 16, under 21, must be photogenic, must have clear complexion, junior figure, 110 lbs or less, B-cup or smaller. Established magazine photographer planning significant top-quality photo book devoted entirely to one girl. Compensation will include professional quality model's portfolio of at least twenty 11x14 prints. Experience not necessary but mature attitude essential; several poses will be nude, but within strict limits of good taste; models who expect to pose for pornography need not apply. Project will take at least three months, one or two nights a week plus most of one day each weekend. Hours adjustable to requirements of photographer or model; no conflict with daytime weekday employment. Compensation will include meals during shooting schedule, all make-up, hair styling at Fifth Avenue salon, model may keep all clothes and costuming purchased throughout project, low pay (\$2 or \$3 an hour) and possible fame. **Brad, GRamercy 7 - 7687, eves.**

**SUPT. POSITION WANTED** Couple with 11 year old boy. Have experience. Present building being renovated. Reliable. Call **Ronnie** at EVO - 228-8640.

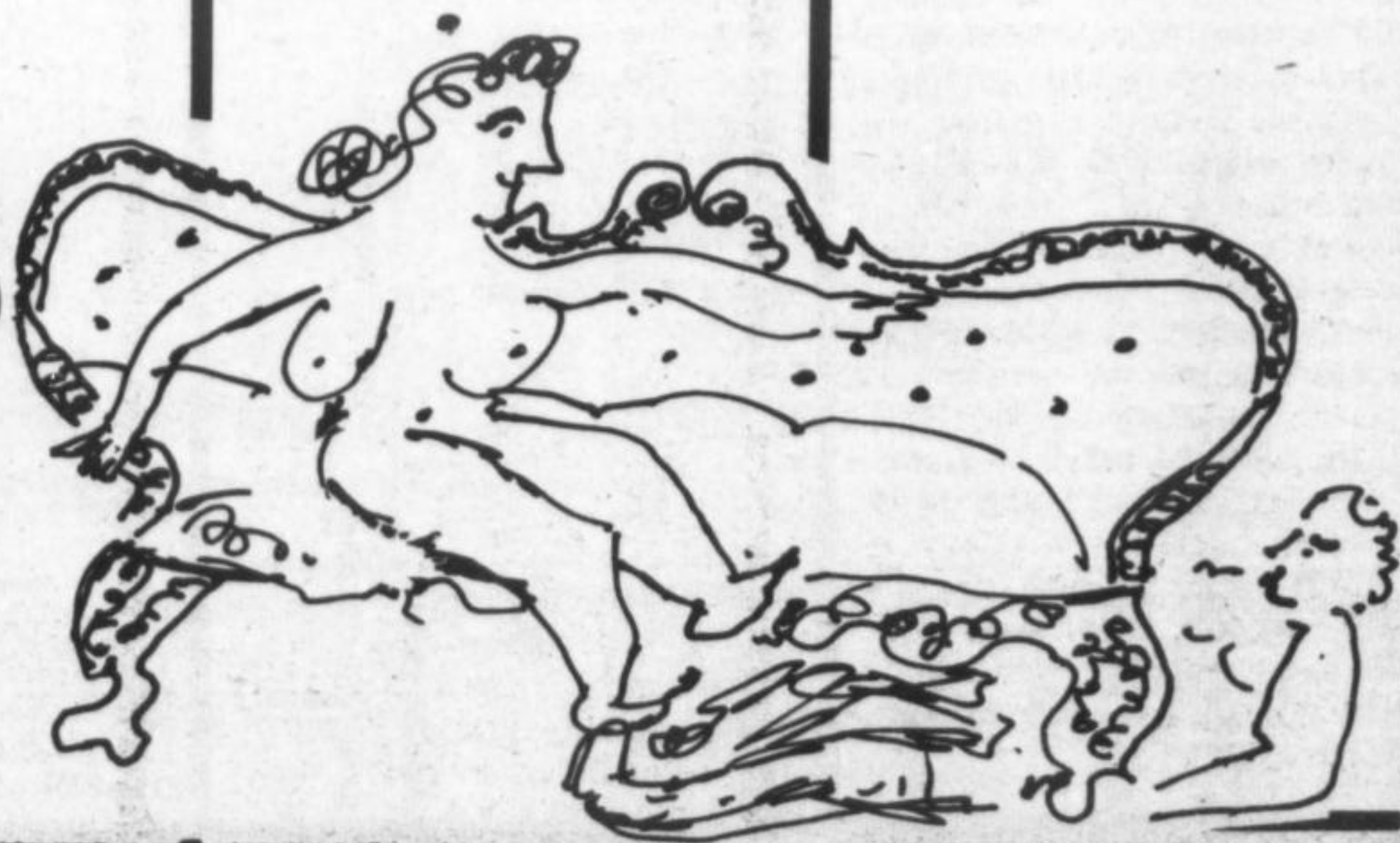
Amateur photographer, needing much practice, seeks unafraid beginner for figure model. \$20 weekly for 4 hour session in Lower Manhattan residence. Work only 30 minutes per hour. Weekday evenings or weekend days. Box 292, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.

Male student, 5'9", blond hair, green eyes, needs part-time employment, flexible hours. Modelling experience desired. Other work considered. Manhattan. Box 5-B, 673 Broadway New York 10012.

Interesting, beautiful girls for tasteful nude photo layout. Percentage basis. Excellent exposure opportunity. Photo/resume to Don West, Box #303, Gracie Sta., N.Y.C. 10028, or call 427-4437, 249-9271.

**NUDE MODELS \$25 AN HOUR. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. I NEED MANY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE MODELS FOR LEGITIMATE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK FOR PUBLICATION. THIS IS MY PRIVATE STUDIO, NOT AN AGENCY OR AMATEUR STUDIO. I USE UP TO TEN MODELS A WEEK. NONE EARN LESS THAN \$35 FOR A SHOOTING; ALL DAY EARNS \$75. SOME MODELS ARE USED MANY TIMES. STRICTLY BUSINESS. CALL ME AT MY STUDIO AND ASK QUESTIONS. BOB WOLFE, 225 - 2711.**

**Each All Things newyork style**



GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! NEEDED FOR EXPERIMENTAL FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL AND WILLING TO ACT IN NUDE. EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE. \$50-75 a day. Mr. Meyers, PL 4, 1190.

Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: GEORGE SOVA, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

Teenybopper required for strictly legitimate photographic work including nudes. Attractive, natural type with long hair essential. No professional models. Please call for appointment, 989-7836.

TURKELTOBE BAKE ACAKE GONGY

The East Village Other needs hard, tough, mild mannered reporters who are not afraid of telephone booths. Must be literate. Contact Peter at 228-8640

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

Stuart Reeves, extremely handsome male executive 31, tall, proficient all phases, including french arts etc. offers swinging female gratification and satisfaction unparalleled. Write Stuart Reeves c/o Artists Service 170 W. 74th St. Rm 101 N.Y.C. Phone number appreciated. Lets just talk. You won't be disappointed. Discretion assured.

Professional gentleman would like to meet lonely, mature woman interested in warm, understanding, intelligent companionship. Paul Howard, 507 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017

Sincere, handsome young advertising exec. wishes to meet an attractive, affectionate young lady for dinners and a quiet, cozy sexual relationship. Call MU 5-1541 days, please.

MALE 31, 185, 6'2" Caucasian, single experienced cunnilinguist desires meeting married couples and married women, private, discreet, Call DAVE after 9pm PHILA 215-546-4668

An attractive unattached girl, slender, medium can find domestic emotional stability plus financial security, ideal country and town living. I am a semi-retired professional man. She should be artistic, a taste for classical music, uninhibited and preferably passive. A knowledge of French and a drivers license desirable. No Capricorns or addicts please. Write only to Box 307, Hackettstown NJ. 07840

27 year-old 5-10 175 lb. attractive and intelligent lover of girls who don't play games would like uninhibited, fairly attractive, fairly intelligent and aware girl 21-27. Am sincere, non-egotistical, sensitive, compassionate and kind; would appreciate similar qualities. I agree with Ingersoll and Bertrand Russell on religion. Lets exchange photos. If you answered ad from Nov 15-30 EVO and the P.O. sent it back kindly send returned correspondence to same;

Danny, Box 81, Jerome Sta. Bronx N.Y.

Dear Joel - We're freezing our asses off and no maney to buy sweaters. The Girls

Attractive white couple seek meeting with other couples. Write to Joseph RAPPA 7311 20th Ave - Brooklyn, 4, N.Y.

Male 24 slim Cauc., new in N.Y. seeks homophile mutual friendship with same. Write Box 353, N.Y.N.Y. 10013

MARRIED MAN LOOKING FOR DISCREET YOUNG PLAYMATE INTERESTED IN SEXPLAY AND A MONTH OR TWO IN FLORIDA THIS WINTER ALL EXPENSES PAID. MUST BE OVER 21 AND UNINHIBITED AND FREE OF RESPONSIBILITY TO TRAVEL. WRITE ENCLOSING PIC OF CHARMS AND DESCRIPTION OF FAVORITE INDOOR SPORTS. BOX 971, Area 33302 Florida.

Cool dirty old man 36, interested in cool dirty old women, who might want to help organize a community in B.C. Canada. Call 202-483-7545

ATTENTION! ATTRACTIVE GIRLS 18-40 desiring an above average male swinger; Im white 30, tall, muscular, handsome, big, and expert at the art of cunnilingus and coitus in all their pleasurable forms. Im available anytime for intimate dates. Call BR 4-1829 between 5-7 p.m. or after 10 p.m. ask for Ray.

Handsome oriental tourist, 27, educated, wants to meet attractive feamle of 18-35 at her place, Call Peter 865-0521, around 6 p.m.

Legitimately gay male, 28, Villager, seeking male night workers, any age, prefer 20's, early 30's. Phone 243-8839, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., weekdays only. No S/M's. Anything enjoyable.

Would you love to love? Here's a chance of ultra-fantasy. Groove with two guys on a New Years ski-weekend upstate. Need of two girls for a Goof. Expect great time. Write "W.B." c/o P.O. Box 441, Radio City Station N.Y.C. 10019

Industrial Designer Executive, 35, caucasian, cosmopolitan, intelligent, seeks uninhibited groups, females or couples for pleasure wrought meetings, N.Y.C. or environs. Attractive and discreet persons only. Box 2533 Grand Central Station New York, N.Y. 10017

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG, SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE INTERESTED IN EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT YOUNG FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT - GRAND CENTRAL STATION, BOX 640, N.Y.C. 10017.

Professional man 29 wants young warm girl ages 18-35 to share an apt. on a mutually enjoyable basis. All expenses paid. Call Enest after 5 p.m. All day weekends 672-5804. No homos please. 41-70 74th St. Apt. 4 Jackson Heights

VIRGIN Islands. Young, university educated, French wanderer turned businessman wants girl friend young, pretty, sporting, happy. Have seashore house, cars, yachts. Write Paul Gouin, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Eventual salary if interested being my secretary.

Lone Ranger what happened to Steppenwolf Dangerfield? Contact Herman Hesse.

Young man leaving N.Y. in Jan. for southwest and Mexico. In search of (and to start) commune. Seeks female to travel with. 478-0711. Call Bill.

You're an attractive, fun-loving liberal-minded young girl and you'd like three weeks in the sun in January or February. Central or Latin America, Caribbean, or??? First class, all expenses mine of course. Call collect Chicago 312-262-1307 evening or night. Occasionally not home during week so call again if no answer. No homosexuals, please.

MALE WHITE 34 born in foreign country with continental manners very well educated is looking for one or two girls liberal minded to share Queens apartment and total friendship. I am sincere, honest, sensitive and very kind. Write to I.H. Box 316 Canal Street Station New York N.Y. 10013

#### GIRL WANTED

Male graduate student in psychology, 22, white, 6'4", 180 lbs. looking for companionship with liberal-minded female. Will be in NYC around Xmas. Write immediately. Charles Cook, 418 Locust St., Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007.

Attractive male college student, early 20's, seeks friendly uninhibited female with own place for weekly meetings. Send vital information concerning time and place to P.O. Box 554, Bronx 10453.

If you're a girl who's curious about what kind of an ogre or idiot would place one of these ads, and guts enough to try to find out, you're a girl I'd like to meet, because I'm curious too, and want to find out in depth what kind of a girl would answer one of these ads. While I'm neither an ogre nor an idiot, at least in my opinion, I must warn you that my interest is not merely scientific. I'm a man who genuinely likes femininity, and my intentions are strictly dishonorable. 914 (Westchester) 234-7553 any evening after 8 pm except Wednesday or Thursday. Tuesdays from 5:30 pm offer almost 100% certainty of finding me in. If I'm not in, my answering service will take your name (fictitious if you wish) and number, and I'll call you.

ARTIST - DESIGNER, 28, MOVIE, PHOTO SILK-SCREEN, HIP-ROCK INTERESTS. SEEKS GROOVY FEMALE TO SHARE APT. BAISE, 308 E. 6th ST. (AT 2nd AVE.)

Clean cut, outdoor type guy living in East Village, wants to meet bright, pretty Negro gal for dinners, dating, swinging, ski weekends. Lets talk it over. Call 673-9406.

White, educated, well-travelled discreet man, 30, wishes to meet, on sexual fulfillment basis only, women who expect nothing but mutual satisfaction. P.O. Box 102, N.Y.C., N.Y. 11435

4 young ladies 18-35 poised friendly great with small talk. "Geisha Girl" type. No balling involved. Evening work \$5 per. Phone 683-3080 7-10 weekdays.

Wanted: Lovely female honest enough to admit she needs beautiful relationship. 201-EL 2-5636. Bob Levine 524 Norris Ave. Elizabeth N.J.

# ONE ROSE

Miss Smith, do you really do all those things?

"SOMEBODY from SOME department REALLY \*\*\*\*\* THIS UP!" IS WHAT THE MAYOR SAYS IN "FINK AMONG THE HIPPIES": JANUARY MESSENGER, CINCINNATI 45210 (40¢)

G.I. 23, 5'11", 170 lb. home Dec. 15 for month's leave would like to share holiday(s) with somebody beside DSI and correspond after return to NAM. Send letter with interests, picture, phone to Paul Karney Jr., 27 Great Oak Road, Levittown, Penn.

December birthday greetings to Marilyn Gong, Frank Sinatra and Jesus Christ.

San Francisco Mime Troupe is touring East with Guerilla Theatre Commedia dell'Arte: L'AMANT MILITAIRE and OLIVE PITS, disturbing plays which have done the Bay area city park circuit. Raves on the Coast. Touring the States en route to Europe. If you are interested in performances in your city contact R.G. Davis, S.F. Mime Troupe, 924 Howard Street, S.F., Calif. 94103, call (415) Garbage 1 - 1984.



At least one month of FREE BOARD to the first svelte, lovely girl (or woman) who cherishes reading. Call Mike at 475-0199 evenings or weekends.

BOSTON MASSEUR GIVES French and electric massage Ladies only Phone for appointment also client's home (617) CA-7-7071.

New England photo studio needs female figure models no experience needed good salary Phone 617-277-7071

Attractive gal, young and fun, if you believe sex is the most, join a discreet guy for the swayingest parties - Box 359, Stuyvesant Sta. NYC 10009

GAY BOY WANTS GIRL (gay or otherwise) for transition to heterosexuality. Call after 7 p.m. : 477-0655

# CASTING FESTIVAL

Young man (25) wants to meet right girl. No offer refused. Decide for yourself regarding me - Call WA 4-2095, keep trying.

JAY - Where is the warmth you promised. Annie.

Steppenwolf Dangerfield where have you gone. Contact your loving couze.

Attractive young man with need for discipline and humility wishes to meet shapely, active girls who enjoy the ministrations of a skillful tongue. If you have the spirit to rule and the poise to be adored write Box 318, Ansonia Station, NY 10023

# CITY



National Motorcycle Week. Take a road vulture to lunch.

Boston Bachelor would like to meet swinging girls and couples for fun, photography, home movies, etc. Also travels NYC frequently. Box 1485, Boston, Mass. 02104

GENTLEMAN 40 years old, shy, tall, wishes to meet LADY 25-45 interest in french cultural matters. Write to Jay Wald c/o T. Lima 344 9th Ave. NY NY 10001

BRIGHT BUT LONELY YOUNG MAN, 22, WISHES TO MEET SENSITIVE WOMAN, 18-25, FOR INTELLECTUAL AND/OR SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP. CALL TR 3-4999, APT. #1D6.

"SATISFACTION GUARANTEED" APPRENTICE CUNNILINGUIST wishes to make acquaintance of females desiring this service. There is no charge for this service during my apprenticeship. Same day service if you send along your telephone number. WRITE: P.O. BOX 102, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11208.

N.Y. N.J. Single and Married Women who are interested in French or Greek culture or anything else that's Broadminded Call this handsome male 212-695-2377 - Ask for Emil

Exciting male arrival in NYC in search of jet setter for total communication. "Mr. Roberts" Phone 879-6452. 1216 1st Ave. c/o Weisman, Apt. 5G



# A PROPOSITION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress**

**Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities** (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay. **Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana**

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

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

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

**The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy**

**Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics**

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

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

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

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

**A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000**

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

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

**The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh**

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

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

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

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

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

**The Burgeoning Field of Space Law**

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

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

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

**Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox**

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

**The Black Muslim Cookbook**

**John Lennon as a Master of Prose**

**Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws**

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

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

**Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works**—A portfolio.

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

**Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**

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

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

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

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

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months—the better part of a year—for *only \$3.99*. This is a *MERE FRACTION of its actual value!*

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

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$3.99.  
—Renew your own subscription for \$3.99 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

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

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$3.99 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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

# AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$3.99 for an eight-month subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION of the standard \$10-per-year price!*

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