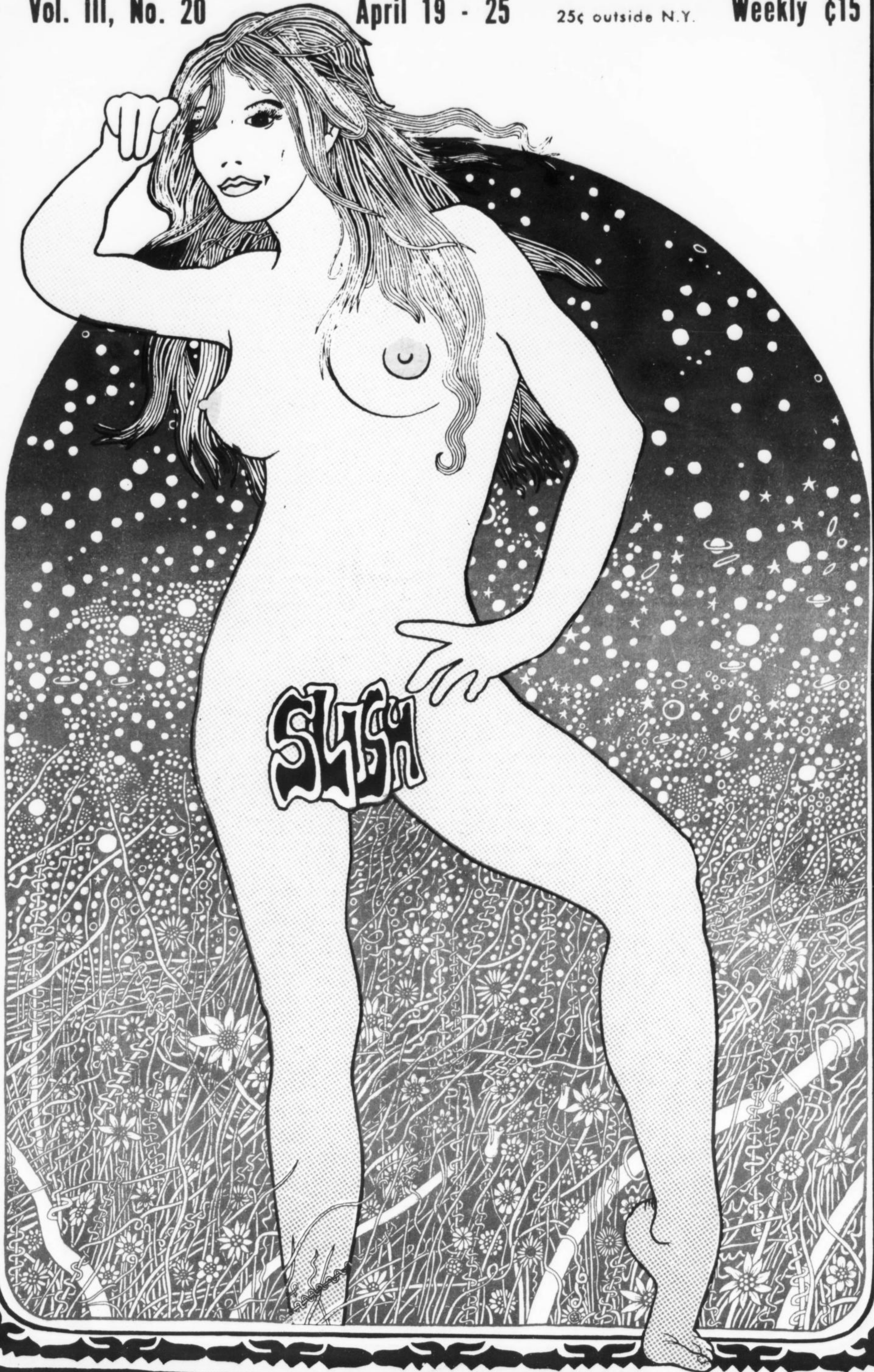


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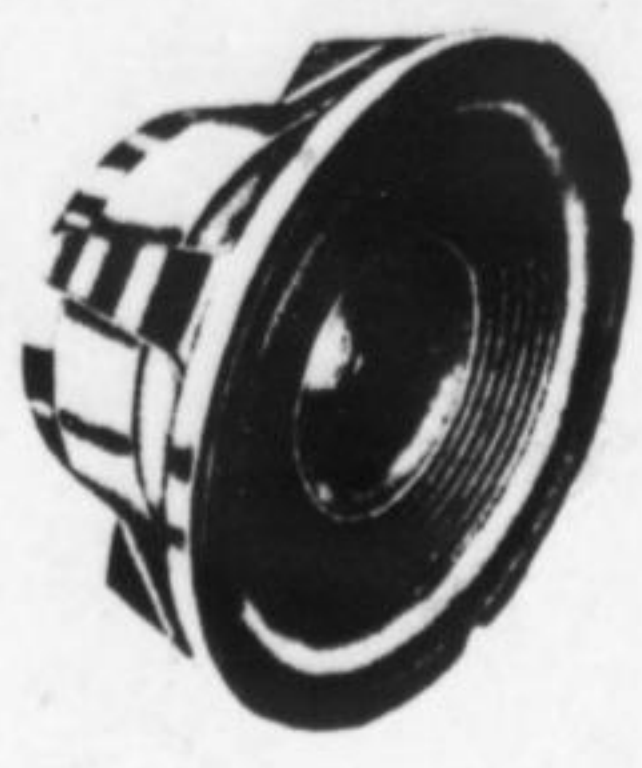
Vol. III, No. 20

April 19 - 25

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FEEDBACK

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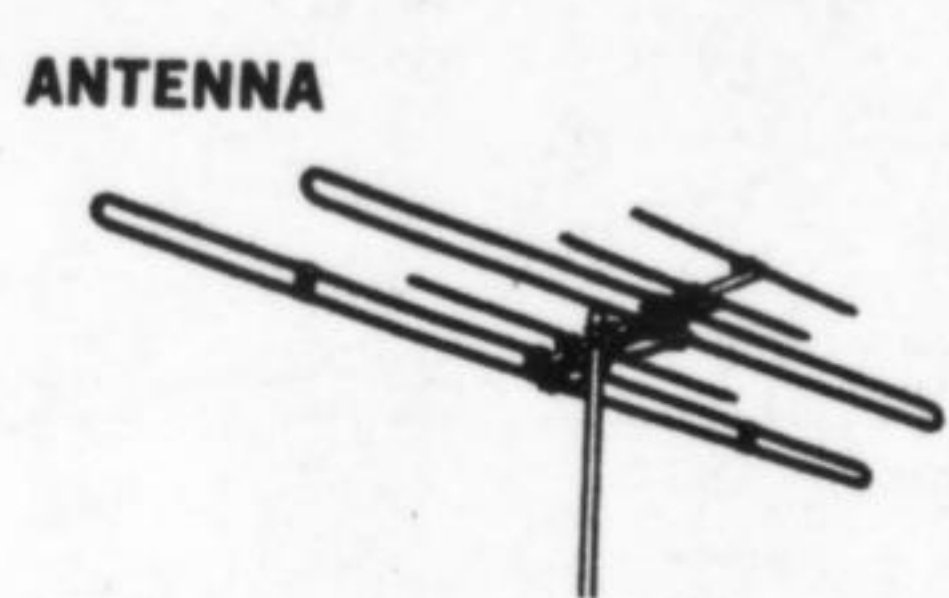
Dear EVO:
 For the second (2nd) time, please cancel (stop, cross out, neglect to send) my subscription to your "paper." If anyone (????) on your staff has a high school education (I realize I am asking a bit too much.), please ask him to look up "cancel" in Webster's dictionary. Once done, please act accordingly on my regretful subscription.
 Thank you,
 In Christ Crucified,
 W. R. Vath



Dear EVO:
 Re: Lil Picard's Article, March 29 (Vol. 3, No. 17) "The Chicken killed by Ortiz or the dead animals used by Hermann Nitsch are only symbols, artistic symbols used for symbolic actions". She would make a good general being able to abstract so well. "The boys throw stones at the frogs in sport, but the frogs do not die in sport, but in earnest."
 Frank Leonardo
 New York



Dear EVO:
 A PAIN IN THE ASS IS JUST HOMOSEXUALITY (Vol. 3, No. 19) and those against it might just as well be against the Negro and Jew. Just as you have no choice against your color or religion at birth, you don't have a clear conscience about sex preference. If you would just let everyone alone to do their own thing, it would be a far better and peaceful world.



Dear EVO:
 I am Father Del Holmes, Catholic Chaplain at the Georgia State Prison. There are approximately 2,800 men in the prison population. Of this number, about 50 are Catholic. If it can be said that man thirsts for the truth, it can be said all the more for these unfortunate brothers of ours.
 For quite a while now, I have been trying to get your address so I could write you. I finally found it in a copy of "Notes From the Underground".
 There are many men here who enjoy underground type literature, and the "Other" has always been the leader. I enjoy it very much myself, although I have only seen one or two copies. I was hoping that you might be able to donate a subscription for the man here, in my care. We have no funds here in the Chaplain's Office for purchasing magazine or book subscriptions.
 Thank you very much for your help.
 Sincerely,
 Father Del Holmes



Dear EVO:
 I read that letter from Neil Stubbs the other day, and it pissed me off so much that I've decided to write you. This Stubbs cat must be a real prick-ass cocksucking motherfucker. I too am from Marquette, but I don't know him. He must be a real tool. I think your newspaper is really tits. It turns me on every-time I read it. I dig the articles and ads all to hell. Stay loose, don't let your meat loaf and all that bullshit, and keep up the good work.
 Sincerely yours,
 Rodney McDonald
 Marquette, Mich.

Dear EVO:
 Altho the authorities long know the murderers anent the peaceful Rev. Dr. King, I doubt seriously if they'll be apprehended and brought to justice.
 But if by some freak alien light breaking thru into Apartheid America the criminals are captured (perhaps, inadvertently in a routine vagrancy search of the Halls?)—I would be the first to cheer when they slap the fucking handcuffs on this congress.
 Yours,
 Donald Dee



Dear EVO:
 Please to let it be known that I am currently under the influence of a half pint of strawberry yogurt (Re: Poor Paranoid, Vol. 3, No. 18). You guys are probably having a good chuckle because it was probably a put-on and it's probably just a psychological effect (the high). So, if it wasn't a put-on, please let me know or something.
 A Probable Fucker
 Southampton, New York



Dear EVO:
 If Yuppies in Chicago should feel the need for a banner which could be raised over the park (or elsewhere) to designate Liberated Territory, they might consider equal bands of red, black and green. Red for the New Left among them, black for the black revolutionists, and green for the back-to-the-land revolution.
 Best,
 Robert Wolf,
 New York

Dear EVO:
 I really don't believe you, if I believe you, if I believe nothing else. I feel as let-down as if you had been a very close friend of mine, whose head was one of few I've grooved with. But man, (Vol. 3, No. 19) Poor Paranoid's put-down of Jim Morrison was just not you, or where I thought you were. I wish you'd tell me you don't really believe what you wrote. "Homo-sexuality is a pain in the ass" is so fuckin establishment that you should really sit down and cry, because man, because the most important part of you is dead—or maybe just never came to life. For all of your avowed "liberations," you thrust several million people under a single label AND THEN, because the label frightens you and because you want to disassociate yourself from them before your fucking public, you condemn them collectively. Aren't you a plum. And the adolescent (?) after "man." Had the cat yelled "I want to eat Mamma Cass," you would have been beside yourself. Well baby, you ARE beside yourself, and you'll no doubt get a good look one day. Preach some more about doing your own thing and you may as well run for president. Or better yet, just run.
 Jim Wakefield with love for that of your head which is still a groove.
 And if you read this as junk mail then just forget the whole thing.

Dear EVO:
 This is a gift subscription for Will Bullard who is presently serving time at Prison Unit 6043 in Carthage, N.C. Will was arrested n August 1965 for possession of pot and peyote, which are identical under N.C. law. He pleaded the 1st Amendment for his defense and took the case all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, which refused to hear it. Will is Primate of the Neo American Church of N.C. When Will first entered prison he was sent to Central Prison in Raleigh where he was allowed to receive mail from immediate family and from his minister. Will appointed a successor to himself as Boo Hoo of Chapel Hill, who gave up the use of drugs for pleasure and religious purpose and became a lover of Meher Baba who is probably God because he has asked us all to love him deeply which means that he believes that we can! But back to Will:

Will works all day tarring the roads around the Hill of Seclusion in Poona, India and is getting in great shapel He is no longer "under the gun" but under the sun, and wears an olive drab uniform now, instead of charcoal gray. Prison Unit 6043 has well trimmed lawns—with daffodils—barbed wire topped fences a clean whitewashed look and of course a guard. Visiting hours are Sunday from 1 to 4 and when we were there we saw two colored guys boxing and some other prisoners pitching a baseball. We spent a very pleasant afternoon sitting on benches - chain - 3 ft. - anchor wire fence - 3 ft. chain - no benches - talking to Will who, while standing there all the time seemed happy to see us. I asked him if Cool Hand Luke had slept there, but he hadn't seen the movie.

Meanwhile back in Central Prison in Raleigh, Baba, who was cut off from his Boo Hoo or minister — priest — rabbi (accept no substitutes) became so lonely in his seclusion that he wrote a letter to HIGHER AUTHORITIES accusing the prison guards of theft, which was true, which resulted in an investigation, which resulted in his being transferred to the prison unit at Carthage, N.C., where the rules are more relaxed and where he can receive mail. (He explains that the guards would rather that you hit them because they can take you into a room and beat the shit out of you but if you write, they don't know what to do about it.) Foxy Baba! Yeah!
 Baba, who loves you more than you can ever know, who rejoices in your happiness, has urged that you not write him until April 21 after which "something will happen that has never happened before."

Will Bullard #11143-OS
 Moore County #6034
 Rt. 2, Box 805
 Carthage, N.C. 28327
 Who is also in seclusion would love to hear from all OTHERS . . . and urges his lovers to sound fairly straight when they write.
 Till April 21, then, Jai Baba!
 Bob Underwood

a recoil from



427
corniness

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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TO MORE THAN

A note on where I think we're at historically and anthropologically, and a direction it might take.

"It will be a revival, in higher form, of the liberty, equality and fraternity of the ancient gentes."

Lewis Henry Morgan

The Tribe

The celebrated Human Be-In in San Francisco January of 1967 was also called "A Gathering of the Tribes." The two posters: one based on a photograph of a Shaivite Saddhu with his long matted hair, ashes, and beard; the other based on an old etching of a plains Indian approaching a pop-wow on his horse — the carbine that had been cradled in his left arm replaced by a guitar. The Indians, and the Indian. The tribes were Berkeley, North Beach, Big Sur, Marin county, Los Angeles, and the host, Haight-Ashbury. Outriders were present from New York, London, and Amsterdam. Out on the polo field that day the splendidly clad ab/originals often fell into clusters, with children, a few even under banners. These were the clans.

Large old houses are rented communally by a group, occupied by couples and singles (or whatever combinations) and their children. In some cases, especially in the rock and roll business and with light-show groups, they are all working together on the same

creative job. They might even be a legal corporation. Some are subsistence farmers out in the country, some are contractors and carpenters in small coast towns. One girl can stay home and look after all the children while the other girls hold jobs. They will all be cooking and eating together and they may well be brown-rice vegetarians. There might not be much alcohol or tobacco around the houses, but there will certainly be a stash of marijuana and probably some LSD. If the group has been together for some time it may be known by some informal name, magical and natural. These households provide centers in the city and also out in the country for loners and rangers; gathering-places for the scattered smaller hip families, and havens for the questing adolescent children of the neighborhood. The clan sachems will sometimes gather to talk about larger issues — police or Sheriff department harassments busts, anti-Vietnam projects, dances and gatherings.

All this is known fact. The number of committed total tribesmen is not so great, but there is a large population of crypto-members who move through many walks of life undetected and only put on their beads and feathers for special occasions. Some are in the academies, others in the legal or psychiatric professions — very useful friends indeed. The number of people who use Marijuana regularly and have experienced LSD is (considering it's all illegal) staggering. The impact of all this on the cultural and imaginative life of the nation — even the politics — is enormous.

And yet, there's nothing very new about it, in spite of young hippies just in from the suburbs for whom the "beat generations" is a kalpa away. For several centuries now Western Man has been ponderously preparing himself for a new look at the inner world and the spiritual realms. Even in the centers of nine-

teenth century materialism there were dedicated seekers — some within Christianity, some in the arts, some within the powerful occult circles. Witness William Butler Yeats. My own opinion is that we are now experiencing a surfacing (in a specifically "American" incarnation) of the Great Subculture which goes back as far perhaps as the late Paleolithic.

This subculture of illuminati has been a powerful under-current in all higher civilizations. In China it manifested as Taoism, not only Lao-tsu but the later Yellow Turban revolt and medieval Taoist secret societies; and the Zen Buddhists up til early Sung. Within Islam the Sufis; in India the various threads converged to produce Tantrism. In the West it has been represented largely by a string of heresies starting with the Gnostics, and on the folk level by "witchcraft."

Buddhist Tantrism, or Vajrayana as it's also known, is probably the finest and most modern statement of this ancient shamanistic-yogic-gnostic-socio-economic View; that mankind's mother is Nature and nature should be tenderly respected; that man's life and destiny is growth and enlightenment in self-disciplined freedom; that the divine has been made flesh and that flesh is divine; that we not only should but do love one another. This view has been harshly suppressed in the past as threatening to both church and state. Today, on the contrary, these values seem almost biologically essential to the survival of humanity.

The Family

Lewis Henry Morgan (d. 1881) was a New York lawyer. He was asked by his club to reorganize it "after the pattern of the Iroquois confederacy." His research converted him into a defender of tribal rights and start-

(Continued on Page 16)

PASSAGE



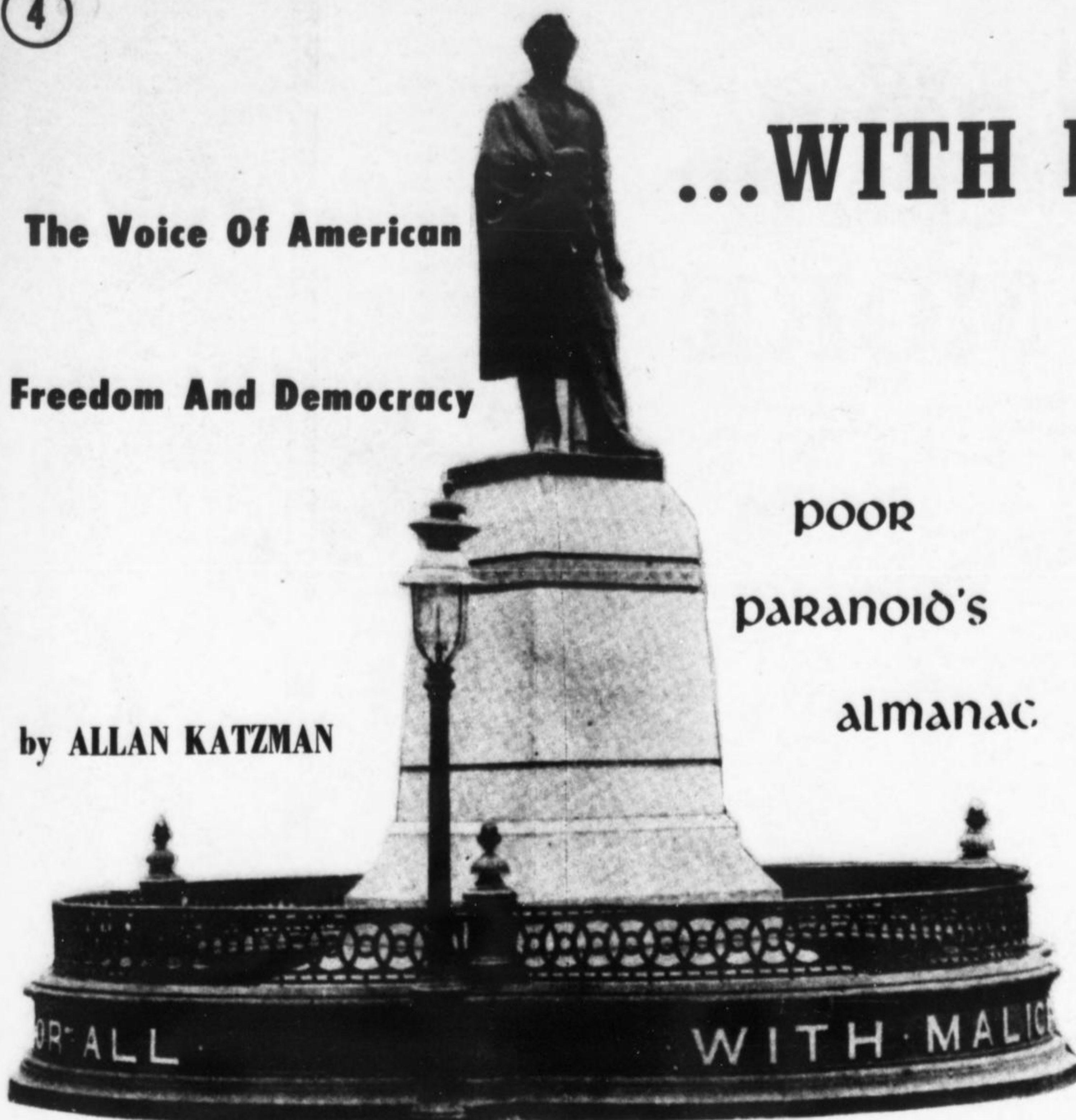
INDIA

by GARY SNYDER

The Voice Of American

Freedom And Democracy

by ALLAN KATZMAN



...WITH MALICE FOR ALL...

POOR
paranoid's
almanac

The BLACKSLASH, which recently developed this time over Martin Luther King's assassination, has still an unpolitical nature about it. The riots that occurred in almost a hundred cities across the nation have all been on a small brag basis: Looting and burning on your own homeground only demonstrates the ludicrousness of calling it a "revolution" when it is all a misdirected rebellion.

It is only in a place like Oakland, California, that one can see the first flowering of a political revolution, not just cultural or physical; guided by an intelligent intent to grab it all from top to bottom, complete with already established political party and troops.

The core of the black revolution (unlike the white middleclass revolution which has never been faced with the prospect of death) has been moded by actual survival. The Black Panther Party was formed in the Negro ghetto of Oakland by its own black citizens to defend themselves physically against the police and other white reactionary forces. The Panther, their symbol for appropriate jungle warfare, are in one sense, militaristic in orientation but not racist in direction. They recently, as of last year in Chicago, joined up with the Peace and Freedom Movement and Party, a predominantly white coalition of peace and civil rights organizations, with a large majority of its leadership going to the blacks.

Police harassment of the Black Panther Party, since the Spring and Summer 1967, has since fallen into definite patterns, indicating a systematic attempt to intimidate and destroy the Party and liquidate or jail its leadership.

During the Spring and Summer, 1967, after a demonstration of Panthers carrying unloaded rifles at the State Legislature in Sacramento during Assembly debate on a bill which would restrict a citizen's right to bear arms, Panthers were repeatedly stopped in cars and on the street; many were arrested; homes were entered illegally by police.

On October 28th, Huey Newton, Black Panther Leader, was wounded and arrested in a shooting incident in Oakland in which an Oakland police officer was killed and another wounded. Newton is still in jail awaiting trial.

Since then the patterns of harassment have been the same: a) Forcible and unlawful entry, without warrants, of Panthers homes. b) Total disregard of the constitutionally protected right

to possess and bear arms where black people, and specifically Black Panthers, are concerned. c) Repeated attempts to threaten the death of Panther leaders and provoke them into defending themselves. This has shown itself in the attempted street executions of Huey Newton, the recent murder of Bobby Hutton and harassment of David Hilliard and Eldridge Cleaver.

On April 6th, 1968, several Panthers in cars in west Oakland on Saturday night, a day after the King assassination, were approached by two policemen and menaced with guns. When the Panthers tried to defend themselves, shooting began, and the Panthers ran into a nearby house. After about 90 minutes of shooting by some 50 members of the Oakland P.D. who set fire to the house and filled it with tear gas, the Panthers were forced to surrender. With floodlights covering the house, Bobby Hutton walked out with his hands up. Someone yelled that he had a gun, and he was shot. He was not armed; no gun was found anywhere near the body. Eldridge Cleaver, author of "Soul of Ice," wounded in the leg, and eyes badly burned by tear gas came out. In total, nine persons were arrested, including Panther National Captain David Hilliard. Two policemen were wounded slightly.

d) Exorbitant bail exacted of Panthers when arrested. e) Interference with the electoral process by police—interfering with the posting of Panther campaign posters and tearing them down.

April 9, 1968 — Two Black Panther women were going about Oakland in a car putting up posters announcing the candidacy of Huey Newton for Congress and Bobby Seale for Assembly on the Peace and Freedom ticket. Twelve policemen with shotguns stopped their car and searched it—without probable cause. Throughout the day, patrol cars circled the Newton-Seale campaign headquarters. Sam Napier and other Panthers were physically stopped by police from putting up campaign posters. Police have been spotted by Oakland residents tearing down Newton-Seale posters.

On April 11th, HARRY EDWARDS, Professor of Sociology at San Jose College, who leaped to national attention recently with his sponsorship of a Black boycott of the Olympics, announced in a press conference in San Francisco that he is applying for membership of the Black Panther and call-

ing upon all Black brothers to do likewise. Edwards recommended, "perpetuation of ties of unity between those individuals living in oppressed Black communities and those who managed to escape the more tangible injustices of oppression." He also called upon, "all Black Student Unions in American colleges to declare conscientious objection to military service. It is our feeling," Edwards concluded, "that until the war against poverty, illiteracy and racism is won here, the only just battles that we can involve ourselves in are those in America."

Also a group of professors in Bay Area colleges formally issued a demand for:

- (1) the immediate release of Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, and other jailed members of the Black Panther Party.
- (2) an immediate investigation by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission of the charges against these men as well as an investigation of the practices of the Oakland Police Department and the Alameda County Court system.
- (3) the California Attorney General to immediately step in to determine which policeman fired the shots that killed Bobby Hutton, and to lodge a murder charge against the appropriate officer.

On Friday, April 12th, a memorial meeting for Bobby Hutton was held in Merritt Park and attended by such people as James Foreman, International Affairs director of SNCC, and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Black Panther Party; Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party; Kathleen Cleaver, Communications Secretary of the Black Panther Party; James Baldwin, author; and Marlon Brando, actor.

Brando, explaining his concern, said, "Responsible white people have to come to Black people because Black people will not come to whites."

Brando also observed that, "there seemed to be a need for the Black Panthers for the achievement of black dignity and self-respect. Huey Newton seems to be more of a prisoner of war than a criminal."

The Black Panther Party in the last couple of months has begun a legitimate revolution in this country, only because the police are breaking the law in Oakland, California. The Panthers have become the center of the Black revolution, and are probably the only real revolutionaries in America. Right

ize the "satellite city" concepts of Buckminster Fuller, and Mr. Fuller has donated \$500 as a kick-off contribution for this project.

Alan Watts, philosopher and Orientalist, will be the speaker on Saturday, April 20, at the final lecture of the Myth and Dream lecture series sponsored by the Foundation for the Arts, Religion and Culture. The lecture is scheduled for 8 p. m., in the First Floor Auditorium of the Carnegie Endowment Building, 345 East 46th Street.

Reserved seats are available by mail. The price is \$3.50. Unreserved seats are \$2.00. Seating is limited to the auditorium capacity of 200.

New York's leading tastemakers will answer the question "Who Are the Tastemakers?" at the 8 O'Clock Art Forum to be held on Thursday, April 25 at 8:00 p. m., at the Emanu-El Midtown YM-YWHA, 344 East 14th Street.

Ivan Karp, Director of the Castelli Gallery, the man most directly responsible for bringing Pop Art to international prominence, and Grace Glueck, art critic of the New York Times will be on the panel.

The other tastemakers will include David Antin, curator of the Institute of contemporary Art Boston, Leon Golub painter, Joe Konzal, sculptor, David Orr, collector, and Michael Freilich, director Roko Gallery will be moderator.

A letter to folk and blues readers:

"I have had the luck and opportunity of having a half hour a week on a young FM radio station for my own folk music program. And this I would like to share. On WLTL I and other local talent which I dig-up from around the Chicago area have folk music and now they are looking for financial contributions for trial costs. Anyone interested send money to BLACK PANTHER DEFENSE FUND or ELDRIDGE CLEAVER DEFENSE FUND, c/o KATHLEEN CLEAVER, 2860 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, California 94705.

His Divine Grace A.C. BHAKTIVEDANTA, who otherwise is known affectionately down in the East Village as "The Swami," returned from San Francisco and Los Angeles on Wednesday, April 17th.

"The Swami," who was recovering from recent illnesses, is best known for bringing to America from India the Mahamantra: HARE KRISHNA CHANT. He will be staying at his headquarters, International Society for Krishna Consciousness, 26 Second Ave., till May 1st when he departs for a lecture tour in the United States.

Groovy, "the leader of the laughs," a hippie who was murdered in the East Village six months ago long with Linda Fitzpatrick, will be given sainthood in the next and up and coming issue of Esquire magazine.

The piece called GROOVY: LIFE AND DEATH OF A HIPPIE is written by Anthony Lukas and bestows such facts on his remembrance as his arrival in the East Village on April 1st, 1967.

April Fools is now the traditional Holy day in the dead religion of Hippiedom.

The Real Great Society is now attempting to establish a permanent camp to be built and operated by and for Ghetto youths. The camp will utilize

(Continued on Page 15)

THE PRINCE WHO HAD ALMOST EVERYTHING



by Dick Preston

a tale from the land of was

The Palace of Prince Bobby the Fertile was in an uproar and its rooms reverberated to the wails, screams, screeches, cries and laughter of children. His children. In order to escape from the overwhelming presence of the fruits of his conspicuous conceptions the Prince had locked himself in his den. Suddenly, from an adjoining room, a toy machine gun rattled out its message of ersatz death.

"Stop that goddam noise," screamed the Prince.

"But we're in training for the long hot summer," came the juvenile reply.

"Then go and train in the armory," the Prince screamed again, wondering where on earth the boy could have got this top secret information.

Prince Bobby was not usually in such an irritable mood. As one of the few men in the Kingdom of Was who had almost everything, he managed to sail through life with a minimum of hassle and a maximum of enthusiasm. But this morning his forelock, which was normally cutely curled, hung limply over his right eye, impeding his view of the chart he was studying. He had been perusing it for an hour now, and whilst it appeared to be quite straightforward and something that any cretin in the Kingdom could follow, he was forced to admit that there must be a flaw in it some where.

The method it detailed was obviously fallible. His wife, the Princess Ethel, was pregnant-again. He tried estimating the number of times it had failed him by counting the number of children who carried his name and coat of arms. His memory, usually impeccable, became very fuzzy. It seemed to him that every time he walked past his wife's bedroom he knocked her up. This seems to be borne out by the fact that female guests of the Princess were forever complaining that there was never any Tampax in the bathrooms, which was quite true because, the aristocracy like the poor, never bought anything they themselves had no use for.

"Fuck rhythm" Prince Bobby hissed vehemently as he tore the chart into confetti and threw the pieces out of the window. As the tiny pieces gently fluttered to the ground the Prince, hardened in his determination to visit the Pope as soon as his affairs would permit and get this pill business straightened out. It had occurred to him in recent years that the Pope was vacillating on this matter — no doubt because he was supposed to be cenbate and thus not personally confronted by the problem.

As the Prince gazed from his window across the vast expanse of lawns and shrubbery he caught sight of a convoy of limousines speeding towards the palace. A liveried slave crept up behind him. "There's a Mr. Garisjohn on the phone, your higness," he murmured. "He wants to know whether you have anything MORE for him," the slave continued as he straightened the

Prince's tie and brushed his hair back into its public curl.

"Tell him to call me later," snapped back the Prince, "and get those damn kids out of the reception room before the Barons arrive."

By the time the Barons had parked their limousines and filed in, the reception room had been cleared of children but not, alas, of their toys. The wall to wall carpet was almost entirely covered with play money which had a remarkable resemblance to the real stuff and everywhere, there lay, as if an army had been routed on the spot, piles of abandoned armaments from bazookas to bows and arrows.

Prince Bobby the Fertile apologized profusely for the disorder and requested the Barons to be seated at the round table.

"Your Higness," began the Education Baron in a rich fruity voice, "we have requested this meeting in order that we may lay our grievances on your table in the hope that you may honor our confidence and accept the position as our leader." He paused and waited for the Prince to display a token of his enthusiasm. But the Prince merely said, "Please continue," being a little bored by the formality and knowing exactly where all this was leading.

"The war with the Cong which King Lyndon insists on expanding is having a very deleterious effect upon our business which is, as you know, the business of Was." The Baron continued "The day is now passed when we can support the ascendancy of minor political Barons to the Kingship. From now on we must see to it that Kings are elected from our own class — that of the financial and industrial aristocracy. As you know, I represent the Education Industry once one of the most important and thriving industries in this great country. Now it faces ruin and catastrophe. The Graduate Schools are to be closed — the brightest of our youth are to be sacrificed as cannon fodder. It will be impossible for us to carry on — we shall become a second rate power. Under these circumstances we can no longer make better and improved mouse traps."

"And candybars," interrupted Baron Hershey.

"And color T.V.'s," shouted Baron Zenith.

One by one the Barons interjected with their own industrial and commercial two penny worth.

The Education Baron continued, "Our stocks are dropping daily, we are losing the support of our friends overseas, our currency is on the verge of devaluation and we are faced with a revolution here in our own country. Ah, the sun is beginning to set on the glory of Was — and on our profits. King Lyndon the Gruesome must not be permitted to run for another term. Your Higness, we know that you and your family are as deeply committed to the principle of perpetual profit

and we know that you will not desert us in our hour of need."

The Prince's depression had lifted, for nothing delights a man more than knowing that the fate of a country lies in his hands. Petty problems, such as finding a name for the newly conceived member of the family vanished into the smoke filled air. His boyish smile returned. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for your support. Rest assured that I shall act in the best interests of us all."

* * *

After the Barons had left and the aroma of contraband Havana cigars had all but disappeared the liveried slave again entered with the message "Mister Garisjohn on the phone your Highness."

Prince Bobby took the call in his personalized oak paneled telephone booth. "Your Higness?"

"Yes Garisjohn?"

"Your Highness — I hope I'm not interrupting anything but, er — do you have anymore goodies?"

"Goodies?"

"You know — hot tips on you know what. Last time we spoke you promised me I could subpoena the King and right now my investigation could really use that sort of a boost."

"Hold back on that. The King himself may have a surprise for us."

"But what about me — I mean you did promise . . ."

"Don't worry Garisjohn, you'll have your day. In the meantime, don't call me I'll call you."

* * *

Now, if there was one thing King Lyndon the Gruesome lived in deadly fear of, it was a telephone call from Prince Bobby the Fertile. This was due in part to the fact that the Prince's voice had a remarkable likeness to that of his late lamented brother King John The Rich And Beautiful and partly to the fact that the Prince had the knack of making "Your majesty," sound like "Boy." It should be added here that there were some rather nasty and vicious stories circulating in Was concerning the King's part in the assassination of King John, his predecessor.

So when his personal slave, (dressed in the livery of a wild west cowboy), brought in the information that the Prince was on the phone he gave a heartfelt groan and poured himself six fingers of Southern Comfort to brace himself for whatever bad news the Prince might have. That it could not be otherwise, was probably why he always referred to the Prince — in conversation with his friends — as "Bad News."

"Your majesty."

(Continued on Page 18)



THE HANGED MAN



by DON KATZMAN

PART II

Looking out on St. Marks Place, one can see the glittering circumstances of rebellion emblazoned upon the manners and morals of the younger people who inhabit its borders. Locked into this area, which spreads into the avenues and sidestreets of what is known as the East Village, is a runaway generation; a microcosm of what is happening in other areas of the world.

The history of this particular place is one mainly of poverty and the pursuit of a better world to live in; of immigrants from far off distances escaping the tyranny and belligerence of other systems and prejudices. It is here they came for refuge. It is here most of them lived, worked and died. It is here that their sons were to climb out of despair and destitution toward a more promising future filled with the personal and real property of success. It is here, years later, that their des-

cendants climbed back, emigrants from America's social, political and religious institutions, searching for spiritual wealth, freedom from hypocrisy and the creativity that comes from day to day existence. To the outside world, it is an area of the failure that they admit to, but do not understand. To the insider, it is the utopia that they naively accept as the truth.

The rebellion that boils within the borders of the lower east side is not unlike the one that spread across the face of America in the 1920's, but its origins are not of the same substance and the ethic of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" is only a part of its turbulence. It is a kinetic and thermal whirlwind moving among stone and filth; among the crowded corridors of junkies and juveniles who play at living in uncertain times; among the rupture of an atomic world overlaid

upon a nation whose instincts still are rooted deep in the primitive mind. It is a flight into future projects that has taken fancy to itself dressed in odd of recognition—a climbing above the death wish.

To pinpoint where all this started, we must go back to 1945 and the ending of World War II. It is of no importance that the war ended (for it never really did), but now. It was terminated with the dropping of two atomic bombs upon the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It terminated with the eradication of hundreds of thousands of people marked for death through the eye of a navigational instrument. From that moment, a new generation came into existence. Where, in 1920, the younger generation was born out of disillusionment, in 1945, they were born out of fear. From the ending of the war through the 1960's, America and the

world moved from one confrontation to another. A cold war philosophy grew between atomic-powered countries. The United Nations, which was created as a forum for peaceful co-existence, found itself engaged in a war with the North Koreans and the Communist Chinese. During the Korean war the United States was swept by an atmosphere of suspicion and rage against the communist infiltration of the higher places of government.

The Red Scare had once clouded the land as it had after World War I. This time it was in the person of Senator Joseph McCarthy. He was later to be censured by a senate committee for falsifying information and official documents.

From the fifties to the sixties, America was led by an ineffectual President whose indecision neither cost nor profited us one way or another. He was there, more as a reminder of the status quo, as an emblem of conservatism and a memory of the Harding-Coolidge prosperity of 1920's. This was an era of elaborate communications, increasing productivity, of astounding advances in science and medicine, of a gradual speeding up of life in general and the beginning of a decay of personal communication between father and son with the family unit.

Awareness stirred in the younger generation of what the comfortable life had deprived them. The Beat generation began its travels between San Francisco and New York expounding a new theory of life and art. Creativity was picked up on the small back roads of civilization and advanced in the crowded avenues of the great metropolis. It was a time of the big city happening. Once again, what America had conceived as its destiny, as its moral make-up, began to be questioned by the youth of America and ridiculed as total hypocrisy.

The early sixties began primarily on a hopeful note. President John F. Kennedy had breathed a life and vigor into the staid halls of bureaucracy. He showed courage, determination, a certain youthful flair. It was a time of spaceships and instant communication, of civil rights and a growing confrontation with Russia, of inter-continental ballistic missiles and ever increasing commitment in Viet-Nam. The presidency of John F. Kennedy was cut short one afternoon in Dallas, Texas, by an assassin's bullet and so was youth's role in government. The reins of office were handed over to a hard-headed political realist by the name of Lyndon B. Johnson who threw off his conservative cloak and dagger for a liberal suit of red, white and blue. He called for harmony and peace among the races and nations of the world and proceeded to enlarge the war in Viet-Nam and create his Great Society on a foundation of promises and compromise. History had come full cycle and with it the stirring of youth.

The hope of youth is that when it finds freedom it will also find itself. In the 1920's, youth found its freedom but it was not based on hope. It was based on the ashes of a morality that could not serve its age as it had served their fathers before them. It was a freedom for the lack of anything better to do. The rebellion of the 1960's is not just the mini-skirt, the vibrations of a rock guitar, the use of psychedelics and marijuana, the adaptations of Hindu and Oriental religious, it is much more than that. It is a desire to change the course of history; to roll up all the hypocrisy, all the hate and disease, all famine and thirst, all the ills of the world into one large ball and toss it out into space and lose it forever. It is a generation that has run away, from what their elders believed to be the natural course of events.

As I look out on St. Marks Place, I no longer see a history, a cause or relationship, but a geography being mapped out in small steps toward the future. It is a rebellion, not for anything better to do, but for so much that has to be done. It is an experiment where all the pieces of the puzzle are being put into place. It is an atomic generation losing its primitive mind. It is a child running away into the land of Canaan.

books

THE GYPSIES — By Jan Yoors

A REVIEW BY W. F. LUCAS

Jan Yoors, a reputable Belgian tapestry and film maker, reveals the ten year experience of his youth. From the age of 12 Yoors' ran away from home and lived among the Gypsies until his early manhood. The myths of Gypsydom or "Kumpania" of the Gypsy world is both an explorative revisitation of their folkways and mores, and a personal lingering romance with the Gypsy spirit. Jan Yoors says that this work was "written as a protest against oblivion."

"The Gypsies, seemingly immune to progress, live in an everlasting Now, in a perpetual, heroic present, as if they recognized only the slow pulse of eternity and were content to live in the margin of history. They are in constant motion, like the waving of branches or the flowing of water. Their social organization is forever fluid, yet has an internal vitality. The inner cohesion and solidarity of the Gypsy community lies in the strong family ties which are their basic and constant unit."

The legendary occult of the Gypsy aura is an European smelling salts revival for present dosage of Hippie-Yippies. "They keep in touch with each other through a web of secret contacts." According to Yoors the Gypsy community has no "Messianic visionary cult nor the consciousness of a great historical past" . . . and "there are no mythical or legendary heroes, no stories about their origin, no need for any justification of their worldwide nomadism." Alas, not a survival kit or revelation for the constantly rebellious in our time, this work is no handbook for further reflective speculation. Gypsies, wherever they are, thoroughly resent the non-Gypsy or outsiders, whom they refer to as "Gaje," which means "peasants" in the lore of The Rom.

"It is true there are a few groups of Gypsies who are sedentary or seminomadic, and who have probably lent themselves more readily to the scrutiny of outsiders: Such are the Gitanos of Spain, the Gypsies of England, the Rudari of Romania, the Musicians of Hungary. Most of these are practically detribalized and well on the way to acculturation, unlike the purely nomadic Rom, who travel extensively, covering entire continents in their wanderings. Members of both the Lowara and the Kalderash tribes can be found anywhere from the U.S.S.R. to the U.S.A., from Oslo to Istanbul, from Malaya to South Africa and Brazil."

The Gypsy archipelago seems to have a primate consciousness of blood being. D. H. Lawrence got the message about English Gypsies and it fictionally suited his purpose in "The Virgin and The Gypsy." From personal knowledge their is a strong in and about Coney Island, who have been under the scrutiny of Weegees Kodak at one time of another.

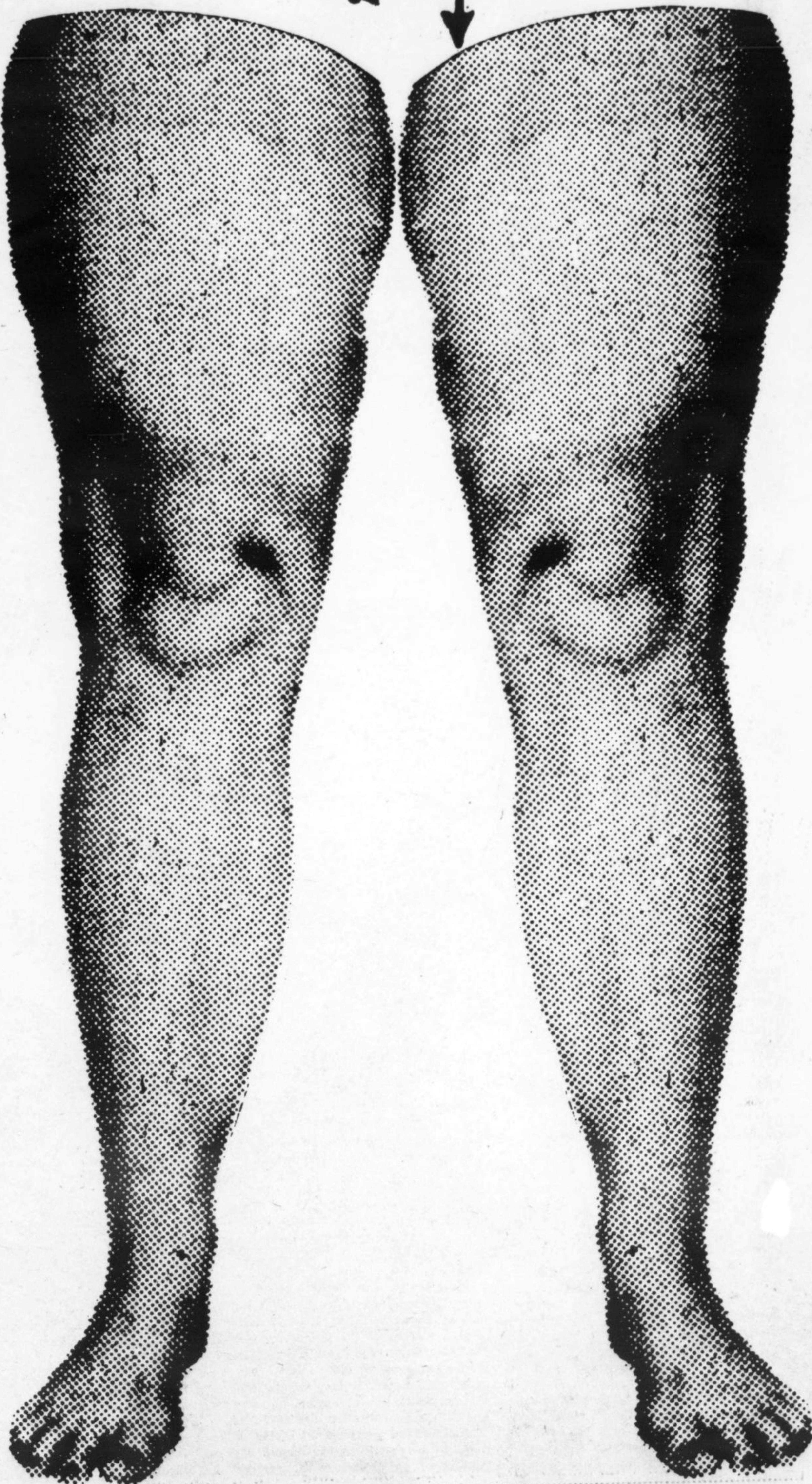
More recently the playwright-author Lofton Mitchell and artist Romare Bearden worked with the Gypsies, "administering public assistance grants to all people of Gypsy origin in the City of New York." Lofton Mitchell states in "Black Drama" (Chapt. 12) "Part of handling Gypsies involved understanding them. Therefore, Bearden and I studied their folkways, more and language. We went to all Gypsy weddings, trials, and funerals. And we got an education."

The inner world of the Gypsies has its own self-determined sense of intra-appeal and secret society doings. The appeal that Bearden and Mitchell sustained in their relative comprehension of Gypsy life is undoubtedly true for two solid reasons. The fact that they are Negroes, secondly and perhaps most importantly they represented free-money. (The marginal socio-economic subscription of both ethnic groups is evident). I dare say that entry by any other group; be they black, swarthy, or chicanerous would be a negation except perhaps over a teacup, a palm, or some silver. (Any old Presidents picture can do!)

"The Rom are a unique exception among those nomadic groups adhering strictly to archaic tribal allegiance, in that their nomadism is on a worldwide scale and is superimposed on Western rural, industrial or urban society." For their self-definition of being "hunters," Yoors affords no moral conviction; fortunately he does explain the concern of his Gypsy experience as an adopted Gaje, rather than a CIA anthropologist.

In print, including this work there are eight books (in English) and two apparently German editions of the Gypsy language. Jan Yoors has evidently researched the whole stream of writings about Gypsies and creditably documents his introductory findings, which serve only as background observations to his excellent narrative. If anything this book is a "non-fiction novel" that informatively glows as personal observation by a sensitive conduit to the invisible Gypsy who may be anywhere.

Bulky muscle tissue and fat on outside of thigh cause fat, ripply, lumpy, ugly swollen ill-fitting and tight appearance here.



SCENARIO

my teeth are rotting, it is cold.
 Pink light and a whiff of Chinese blood
 disturb the landscape. A bombardier,
 high over paddies and the grey mountains,
 pushes buttons under the green light.
 The air is frozen in the silence of speed,
 while (slow-motion still)
 bombs like stone flowers
 float free.
 They never land.

It rains in ropes. Winter
 Under the temple maggots
 bite their way to the altar.
 Everything is drenched.
 A small boy beats his dog
 with a whip of bamboo. Shrieks
 are muffled in the thick enormous green.
 Laughing, lots are cast
 for the dog's boiling blood

In swimming pools on Guam
 our airman-lover bombardier
 sweats beneath his goggles.
 The final dive is death.
 His slow-eyed China doll
 struggles to the surface.
 The sunlight is brilliant.
 Overhead,
 jet planes drone
 into the cotton of cloudless joy

November 1967

1391 7 J. Edgar Hoover

IN ACCT. WITH

DATE	WITHDRAWAL	DEPOSIT	INTEREST	BALANCE	TRANS.
1 OCT13-67		*****1.00		*****1.00	18B
2 OCT13-67		*****15.00		*****16.00	18B
3 OCT18-67		*****10.00		*****26.00	17B
4 OCT19-67		*****6.00		*****20.00	16B
5 OCT20-67		*****7.00		*****13.00	15A
6 OCT27-67		*****9.00		*****4.00	15A
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14 JAN15-68				1.00	17A
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PLEASE INFORM US OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS

DRY BOCK SAVINGS BANK

WHEN LOVES GOES DOWN TO THE VAULTS

When love goes down to the vaults
 and comes up cold,
 I have nothing to remember
 but the mummies touch,
 the wet walls of clay.

Spring is underground
 in the wells of tomorrow.
 To summon it with song
 would drive my city mad

When love goes down to the vaults
 and comes up cold,
 I am lost to the winds of summer;
 ice to ice our hearts
 and freezing faster.

September 1967

EXOTICA

She is the dark daughter
 of a sailor's whim.
 Illegitimate, dumb,
 her eyes black moons,
 her mouth curved for love
 not conversation.

I hang by the jukebox,
 suspended in the slim
 hope of her turning.
 Her breasts are the ruins
 of temples.

Oh, I would
 let her teach me
 treason, rut, fire.
 The faces at the bar
 scream their hot desire.

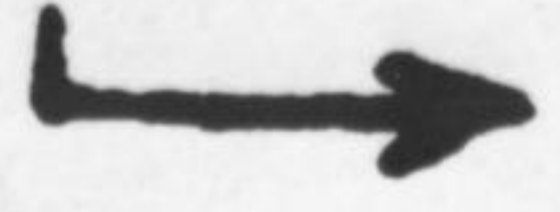
July 1967

AGAINST POETTASTERS

Deliver us a chronicle
 the news is a wish
 for the death of falling
 (as in the movies:
 he has earned the rite.
 Give him the death of the long knives.)
 Dante reports:
 a wrapped nation whistles
 The way of words
 is the pit of vipers.
 We snake round margins
 pushed in a pie
 of another's making.
 All ready on thee!
 Vulger is the night
 and saply is the Queen Loon on her phone.

Matthew Kahn

improper



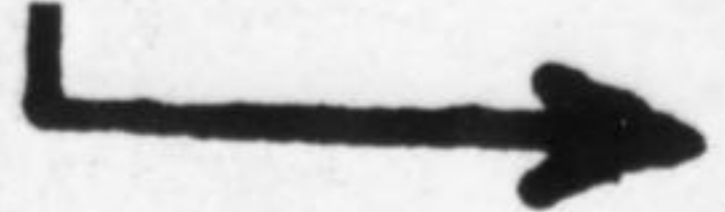
baggy



bony



thin



embarrassing

hollow thighs

shapely



graceful



better rounded



more feminine

PUBLISHING

SUBVERSIVENESS OF THE PRINTED PAGE

by DOUGLAS BLAZEK

In times of war all art is subversive—the more powerful, pro-life, passionate pieces of creative writing prove deadly to the destructive, dictatorial, dogmatic mind. Real humanness is poisonness like sunrays, therefore it becomes a target for those who program our suicide. Poetry is stronger, longer lasting and surer than revolution—poetry is a natural turn-on: the less it bullshits, the more alive it is, the more permanent a turn-on it is—and turn-ons are contagious! The following books and magazines are the most dangerous to our society because of their truth and vision, because they are the antithesis of politics and war and big business—chosen from hundreds of publications over the last four months or so here are the most vital writings upon which our sanity and survival depend.

A great catalyst that explodes the landscape outside our heads thru our nervous systems is Claude Pelieu's WITH REVOLVERS AIMED . . . FINGER BOWLS (Beach Books, Texts and Documents, c/o City Lights, \$1.50). It reads like fluid, a dialogue of circumcision, like Rocket J. Squirrel gone beserk on acid. Clearly Pelieu's mind is anchored in every molecule in the universe and his transmitter drills us thru like laser beams until we're a sieve to all of life's substance!

For all of you who missed getting OLE magazine you now have another chance. Poetry X/Change Press (Box 4073 / Pacific Station / Glendale, Calif. 91202) has just published the OLE ANTHOLOGY (\$2.50) which contains 90 pages of the best poetry from the magazine's 8 issues. This is the magazine that started putting flesh back on the bones of words, the magazine that stomps your eyeballs with the heel of a city while giving you a swift injection of protoplasm in the stomach. Because of OLE, poetry is no longer dead—people can now read it as they would eat a steak. Put this anthology in an orange juice squeezer and you have a tidal wave! Poetry, your egg is broken! Your yoke is drooling down the sides of everywhere!

* * *

Since OLE has now opened up poetry and has created a new audience the magazine has evolved into one called OPEN SKULL (1379 Masonic Ave. / S.F. 94117, \$1.00) which is opening up even more fields of communication, namely letters. Issue #1 has such people as Plymell, Wantling, Bloom, Berardi, Norse, Purdy, Oatman, Kryss, Georgakas, Cauble, etc. nakedly standing as men instead of in the costume of poet. The blood is more natural, the communication is more informal, less pretentious, more real: intense! We know what men can write for publication, now we can see what they write urgently between themselves, the communication that is necessary for their human existence.

Next to OLE and OPEN SKULL in impact is the EN-TRAILS ANTHOLOGY (Olivant Press / Drawer 1409 / Homestead, Fla. 33030, \$2.75) which contains the best from the first 3 issues of the magazine edited by Gene Bloom (who is now in Sing Sing, the reason for no more magazines). Here we find the nitty-grittiest work by Wagner, Bukowski, Brown Miller, Kupferberg, Richmond, Cauble, Blazek, Wantling amongst others. Set this baby on your shelf next to OLE ANTHOLOGY and Don Allen's NEW AMERICAN POETRY!

* * *

For the price and the amount offered nothing can compare to two mimeos that just came out: LUNG SOCKET (Open Skull Press / 1379 Masonic Ave. / S.F. 94117, 69c) and THE WILLIE #2 (Manic Press / c/o above address \$1.00). LUNG SOCKET, edited by Brown Miller, is 58 pages of pure joy and miracle; a radioactive breath of painfully alive wisdom. Willie, Wagner, Lifshn, Kryss, levy, Pinelli, Krech, Blazek, etc. all so beautifully beautifully rich in their language, rich an ejaculation 3 months in the coming! THE WILLIE #2 is edited by a S.F. legend, Willie, the epitome of man's spirit and freedom (who will have an entire issue of OPEN SKULL devoted to his letters). THE WILLIE #1 had the superpower of turning an inveterate catatonic into an ecstatic skydiver, landdancer, countgobbler and this 2nd issue is even better. In addition to most of the names already listed in the above reviews are people like Stanley Fisher, E. R. Baxter, George Montgomery, George Dowden, Ken Kesey, David W. Harris, who all, as Willie puts it, "slip a jack-knife into your sleeping sickness", or any other sickness for that matter. Both death and censors could eat forever, there is so much animation of organic beauty—and it all causes the most fantastic hangover ever!

Of notorious interest is UKANHAVYRFUCKINCITIBAK (c/o Asphodel Book Shop / 306 Superior Ave. W. / Cleveland, Ohio 44113, \$4.00), better know as the d.a. levy anthology. This book is as thick as the 1968 Spring-Summer Sears catalogue, the New York Phone Directory and Jimmy Rushing all put together. I've seen people carrying it around with ice-tongs over their shoulders and in wheel barrows. It is the tribute to a man and his writing, not only a man who has tried to give Cleveland a soul and a conscience but a writer who has tried to do the same with the world. This book has everything important levy has ever written and is without a doubt one of the most essential, devastating books ever compiled. Levy has the inanities and stupidities of the world by their throat—he is not going to let go until they listen to what he has to say—his is the most non-physically violent love protest/embracing poetry in existence. Because of levy all of us must now reckon with what we really are more than what we ever have. would be greatly cheating ourselves if we didn't get a copy of levy's angry fire—but that's o.k., we've fucked up the world enuf for the last million years, to fuck it up a little more surely won't hurt.

(Continued on Page 20)



On top of everything else — I've got to be allergic to New York City in the Spring. My nose is running, my head is all stuffed up, and I ran out of marijuana this weekend. Which is all by way of preface to the simple fact that I really don't feel like writing a column right now.

"But," you say, "what do I care about his fuckin' runny nose? Or even about his column?" Yes, well that is a problem. And we here at EVO (where modern chemistry has already given us the good things better for less) have been discussing precisely that issue for the last several weeks.

General agreement has been reached on the fact that reviews are not only a bore to read, but a bore to write as well. Consequently, a set of alternative plans has been developed for the future. Only a lag in technological expansion of our facilities will prevent EVO from implementing any one or all of these programs:

1. Instead of reading, one could eat the column . . . sit back and relax, listening to one's own music as desired.
2. One could cut the column into ribbons to be scotch-taped together and played through any available tape-recorder.
3. Cutting carefully around the edges, the whole column would have a hole punched through the center and could be played on a phonograph.
4. Lacking the technology for the above, EVO could assign its entire art department to create a weekly rock and roll comic strip — perhaps something like Capt. Marvel and the Marvettes Meet the Avalon Ballroom Monster Mystery Band.

The new Jefferson Airplane single, *Greasy Heart*, by Grace Slick has some interesting lines.

"Don't ever change lady, he likes you that way because he's just had his hair done and he wants to use your wig

He's going off the drug thing cause his veins are getting big

He wants to sell his painting but the market is slow

They're only paying him two grams now for a one-man abstract show..."

Oh Dylan, Dylan . . . what hath thou wrought? Anyway, the Airplane's flying out to the Westbury Music Fair somewhere in the middle of Long Island this Sunday. The Doors play Westbury Friday. The promo release reads: "Step right up and watch Jim Morrison get busted on stage, Grace Slick freak out." Honest?

* * *

I remember Sun Ra from when I was a kid hanging around the old "beat" scene in Chicago. He played for maybe a month in some run down bar on north State street and sometimes I'd go there to dig these weird cats playing all that freaky music. Well, Sun Ra was playing pretty much the same kind of music last weekend in Carnegie Hall and I'd like to be able to say that the world is finally catching up with him.

But I can't: less than a thousand people in all turned out to watch a light show, film, dances . . . listen to poetry and, above all, experience the "Space Music" of Sun Ra as performed by twenty musicians and two vocalists. I'm not going to rap about the music now; another review of the concert would be irrelevant. If you haven't

heard Sun Ra, nothing I can say is going to make you get up and buy an LP or go to see him Monday nights at Slugs.

In the end, these paragraphs are nothing more than homage to a terribly important and terribly neglected figure in modern jazz. Sun Ra has spent the last twelve years developing and clarifying his music. If much of what the younger jazz avant guardists are doing sounds at times similar to his work, than dig it: Sun Ra was there first.

* * *

The contrast the following night watching an audience of kids groove on Charles Lloyd's music was too much. Lloyd plays jazz and the kids listen; Sun Ra plays it and they don't even show up. "Ah," you say, "but Llayd made it at Fillmore West before coming to New York." And that's a point — preceded by that reputation, the kids here came to the Fillmore East with open heads . . . willing to listen.

If Lloyd plays a little more self-consciously lyrical, wears bell bottoms and beads and relates to his audience better than most NY jazz groups . . . well, more power, baby. But Cecil Taylor is on his way to play the Fillmore West, and Albert Ayler is still talking about moving to the coast after his concert on the 28th. I have a feeling that the kids out there are going to find themselves grooving to some sounds they didn't even know existed before.

* * *

The Butterfield Blues Band headlined the bill with Lloyd last weekend at the Fillmore. The band went through sever-

al songs from their new LP, *The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw* (Elektra/EKS 74015) and some oldies like *Born In Chicago*. Mark Naftalin, organists, has left the band and Elvin Bishop is apparently leaving next. In any case, the band sounds fine, looks incredibly funky and will always make it.

Otis Spann in last month's *Jazz & Pop* said of Butterfield: "He's very great, a good man with the blues. As a matter of fact, he came up just like we did and that's important." Spann, for fifteen years Muddy Waters pianist, knows what he's talking about. Butterfield's was the first of the white Chicago blue bands and always seems to remain one of the best.

Live, the group featured some fine horn work throughout . . . using the brass to fill in on what would have been organ/piano passages. Fantastic guitar solos by Bishop and John (?) Marsh (their next guitar?) sparked the show, along with harp-drums duets between Butterfield and Wilson, bassist Buggsy Maugh singing some "blue-eyed-soul" and Butterfield ending a set while off-stage screaming out the lyrics without a mike.

* * *

Al Kooper (whose own group — *Blood, Sweat & Tears* — can be heard at the Garrick Theatre, upstairs of the Au Go Go) turned me on to Sly and the Family Stone. Their new LP on Epic, *Dance to the Music* (BN 26371) is doing well and I understand their new single is climbing all over the pop and soul charts.

Sly Stone is an ex SF dee-jay who had produced some records and then decided to put his own group together and do it himself. Trumpet, tenor sax,

(Continued on Page 15)

After slender
attain
muscle
firm
hips
feminine
and a
line
ing a
entire
quire
grace



THEATRE?

by LITA ELISCU

Theatre Genesis ran two plays the weekend before last—Ferlinghetti's "The Alligation" and "Fur" by Annabelle Johnson. Known/Unknown in quantities, but both high, if different, qualities. "The Alligation" is an early 1960's comment on the race situation in America. Back in the early 1960's when the play was written there was still a situation and there was even comedy; now the play stands as more of a mood-vignette than as shock. A woman with a deep southern accent keeps an alligator for a pet — high-sexed alligator who would rather be free and stand on his two hind feet. There is also a stone-blind genuine American Indian who tries to rescue his fellow oppressed, but fails . . .

"Fur" has again three characters — a boy (Joe) and a girl (Lyn) who live together, as they say, and Dracula (Dracula). Just as it is important to name the girl and boy and not make them abstract symbols, Dracula also turns out to have his very own identity, "separate from that of Bela Lugosi" as he points out. His own sexual character may not be so exotic as the alligator, but it runs a parallel. Annabelle Johnson is a good playwright and most of the short play is good until it, and she, get serious and forget that one must be Fanny Hill's grandmother to have any perspective on love affairs, as one's mid-20's are still a little close to the subject . . .

The next Genesis production will be Murry Mednick's "Willy The Worm" opening May 3 . . . Murry is also off-Broadway with "The Hawk," which McGraw-Hill is doing a fantastic typeset job on, sort of EVO-collage ideas backed by lots of money. It just goes to show you don't have to starve to keep your underground passkey; you can know how to do "Oklahoma" better than anyone else, and probably give it some relevant meaning besides. And Tom O'Horgan of La Mama is doing "Hair" . . . and there's even a play called "Your Own Thing."

While at Genesis, I was told Ferlinghetti was there in person. So I asked the director of his play to introduce me . . . "OK, but after the play." After the play, I asked again: "OK, but how about after the other play." Problem: Where the hell, who the hell was he . . . I walked over, knowing That One had to be Ferlinghetti . . . Call-me-Lawrence-please sort of spaces-out in between takes. We all said hi, including Marshall Ephron, who was with him. Marshall is perhaps best known for his part in the WBAI Friday Night Satirical News Sessions, but he also worked at City Lights for Larry . . .

L.F.: I wrote this play, "The Alligation," in . . . 1963 No, maybe it was 1960. Or 1961. It's about a woman who keeps a negro, as a pet, of course. That's the only reason I let the play go on tonight (in memomiam of/to Martin Luther King)—because of the theme . . . I didn't like this production so much. I mean, the girl was good, and the alligator was (shrug, shrug) all right. It was an alligator, I mean. But the Indian . . . out on the Coast they did a production. And the Indian was straight, very solemn, and he spoke his lines slowly. Here he was . . . (Continued on Page 21)

Catch any man's stretched muscle with a lumpy knee and mold into the truly feminine

contours you want so badly



Bejesuschrist the cops did not crucify anyone at the Central Park Yip-Out Easter Sunday.

There was no repeat of last month's mini slaughter in the Grand Central ring which ushered in more blood and bad feeling into the yiptivities of the turned on.

It could have turned nasty at Sheep Meadow, but the cops, inspite of some unnecessary meanness on their part, did not push, did not attack, and therefore averted another senseless bloodletting.

Young & old had a good time in ageless ecstasy in the meadow where no sheep graze today. A lot of it might have been hard to distinguish from the regular establishment Easter Parade past St. Patrick's Church, but the yip-out tho restrained, was more orgiastic in a pleasant way, everybody doing his thing from Saturday night to Sunday morning all day to late Sunday night around the fires singing harmonicas sweetly about 15,000 altogether, some veterans of Grand Central still involved in bringing brutality charges against the fuzz.

There was a meagre presence of cops; but all day long people with experience said I smell them, I know they are around, but it helps not to be able to see them afraid they would charge & pick fights & have New York's energetic but tired Mayor say next day, these are my cops godamnit & this public servant stands behind them, better known as political sodomy.

At 7 or 8 or 9 (with most of the teenyboppers & weekend alienated gone) the meadow was dotted with fires, 12 counted at one time, and there were about one hundred people around one big blaze in a kind of ritual worship of flames.

How did it start? Someone (with the psychic energy penetrating everywhere) started a fire to burn trash, ostensibly; and the feeling spread, fires were everywhere, on the hill, below the hill, as soon as darkness set in, all around, people seated around the fires praying, singing, tending their flames, getting rid of trash and securing some warmth. And, about 6:30 a lone brave enterprising firetruck arrived to put out the harmless fires near the Sheep Meadow Garbage Cans Symphony Orchestra; and, naturally, the truck was surrounded everytime it stopped near a fire, the firemen didn't know what to do, and left swearing at you bitches. And the victory shout went up. Then the cops came.

Four policemen & sergeant beating out the fires with their nightsticks, laughing slowly, they leave for another and the fire is lit again; they return they leave the fire again, next time the same. Sometimes the crowd help them put

the same. Sometimes the crowd help them put

the fire out but start it again as soon as they leave.

These kids, alienated from their runaway parents, were symbolically looting & burning, but it was garbage.

"BURN, BABY, BURN," was the enthusiastic chant at one time around the biggest bonfire, "BURN, BABY, URN," as the cops moved in to beat out floating paper and scatter ashes, some doing it vigorously enough to shower bystanders, all in the name of the game, because there ain't nothing like a real thing, baby.

It could have turned out nasty because the cops could have put out the fires and whipped everyone in the screeching darkness.

But (another but) it did not happen. Except the cops went around breaking bottles. Someone said they were leaving splinters in the grass, not to be believed. Then I saw a cop going about methodically breaking bottles.

"You're going to fuck people's feet up," someone screamed at him.

"Well, leave if you don't want your feet fucked up," he said.

Then I saw a sergeant and four cops breaking bottles, supposedly doing so because they didn't want anyone lobbing bottles at them. But everyone felt the cops were being copy, mean & nasty attacking your feet when they can't your head, and it didn't make any sense risking your head to take badge numbers, because everyone was doing it: and the splinters are still there for the Fifth Avenue kids.

But the cops couldn't stop the flip-outs at the yip-out. Naturally, people were smoking in the spirit of Christianity & bullshit: all day long the incense of high: joints passed around, given away: STP on some faces.

The flip prize went to one chick who started stripping as she fled past the Taverne at six, and was naked (except for the defiant bristles on her vagina) when she hit Central Park West up & down the eyes of people with her psychic sounds, her ass tumultously weaving its way thru the fear of bystanders. Then a cop did a kind of raleigh and covered her into the lobby of one of those lowrise apartment buildings.

And at 8 (while the tribes sat around the fires or tried to protect them) five cops were tending to a young man who had been lying on the grass for hours. Nobody knew whether he had flipped out silently or just plain passed out. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation did not help. The cops sent for an ambulance. People were thanking the cops for being so gentle. A pen was placed in his mouth to protect the tongue. He bit on it. And started snoring as the ambulance approached the fires.

To crucify is to deify.



the same. Sometimes the crowd help them put

REVIEW: R. CRUMB'S ZAP COMIX
by Joel Deutsch

What? Reviewing a comic book? What's going on around here? I'll tell you: In a time when, more than ever, we have need of genius, the wise man turns every stone, even, for christ's sake, those not engraved with a seal of approval from the President's Committee on Arts & Letters: THIS ARTIST & HIS CHOSEN MEDIUM APPROVED FOR USE ON COFFEE-TABLES AND GALLERY WALLS . . .

What Dylan did for rock, Crumb is doing for comics. Look out, Superman-Mr. Natural is going to blow your mind!

Mr. Natural, Flakey Foont, Schuman the Human, they are the residing spirits of Zap who leave inky footprints in the entrance-halls of the brain. Each of them is someone you know, maybe even yourself. Then again, maybe not — I mean, Mr. Natural has been called a zen master by those who didn't know better . . .

The several features in Zap #1 are quite different from each other because Crumb has chosen to gather in one small book a goody from each of his bags. For example, there is "Whiteman," the hilarious and sadly-accurate depiction of a "typical" business executive going through some heavy changes. If Whiteman just happens to remind you painfully of your father or uncle or somebody like that, don't say you weren't warned. But after all, this is only a comic strip and Crumb has mercifully arranged for you to laugh throughout the trip. The attention to detail in the background of many panels makes for a brilliant satire of that strange and loveable phenomenon called Americana. Crumb gets it all down perfectly, in dialogue and in pictures. He really knows what Brooklyn housewives say when they plant their elbows on the windowsills and kibbutz across the air-shaft where the laundry is hanging. He remembers refrigerator doors and he remembers the back of television sets. He even remembers what you ate for supper some evening back in 1953 — It was fishsticks, wasn't it?

In contrast to the social-awareness level of "Whiteman," there is the whole mind-game scene played here to good advantage in "Mr. Natural Visits the City," one of a long series of strips about the crafty old guru which have appeared for several months in papers like EVO, THE LAST TIMES, THE UNDERGROUND DIGEST and YARROWSTALKS. In one blast from his sawed-off rapidograph pen, Crumb riddles us with a whole spectrum of head-things, from acid to vanity to sexual paranoia, all worked into a funny-as-hell dialogue between the lovable, charlatanesque Mr. Natural and his young, earnest soul-searching friend, Flakey Foont. On top of it all, the whole strip is a kindly spoof on the hopeful exodus of hordes of Haight-Ashbury hippies to the surrounding California countryside.

Other features include: Schuman the Human & his appointment with God; Just us Kids; Keep on Truckin'; I'm a Ding Dong Daddy; Abstract Expressionist Ultra Super Modernistic Comics and, believe it or not, two pages of Kitchen Kut-Outs! Not to mention a really insane introduction plus an ad on the back page for you-know-what which perfectly imitates the old before&after Learn to Play Accordion & Be the Hit of the Party ads.

Crumb has definitely shown us that true art, poetry if you will, can show up in the strangest places, & even Charles Bukowski has said of him: ". . . puts the writers to shame." The search for a new & appropriate medium yields here a satisfying experience. A larger, more complete collection of Crumb's work is due for publication in August, 1968 by Viking Press.

As the by-line on the cover of ZAP proclaims, ZAP COMICS ARE SQUINCY COMICS!!!

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MR. NATURAL VISITS THE CITY

(Continued from Page 10)

pop, rock

drums, electric piano, guitar, bass and Sly Stone on organ, harp, sax . . . everything . . . even doing the hand-jive. Too much: everyone sings . . . plays . . . dances. The trumpet player is a chick, the beautiful chick on piano is Sly's sister and the whole band is into some awfully heavy psychedelic-rock-soul-blues bag. They're at Generation now and, yeah, if you can afford it, go down there and catch them. They're very tight and very crisp and very jive in a nice way and — oh, wow, too much — they oughta play the Apollo.

Richie Havens played a beautiful first set at Generation Tuesday with Paul Williams on guitar and Joseph Rice on tabla. Jessie Collin Young and the Youngbloods were scheduled but Jessie's voice was gone and they begged off till the weekend. It should be good to hear them again after their big move to the coast. Earthmusic, their last LP has some interesting stuff on it . . . much more relaxed than their NY sound.

Unfortunately, I missed Jerry Jeff Walker in concert last Monday at the Folklore Center, but I'm told that he's been extended at the Bitter End and will be playing there as the warm up for the Critters through the 22nd. Jerry and Dave Bromberg have done five or six tapes for WBAI of a song Jerry wrote in 1966 called Mr. Bojangles. I first heard it on Bob Fass' show and if you haven't heard it yet, call up and request it, then go to the Bitter End and see him. Hopefully, in another few months you'll be able to hear him on record.

Caught two groups live at the Yip-Out/Be-In last Sunday in Central Park and I want to briefly talk about them. Jerry Moore brought his Children of God down to do some strong boogaloo-rock-blues. Fass also has got a tape of this group and they are something else. They're playing around, up near Woodstock this weekend, at the Village Gate a few weeks back. Having knocked everyone out at Central Park, I think it's time to hear them in some of the clubs in town.

I have a feeling that the whole NY sound is going to get very hot now. All the SF groups have been recorded, the Boston things is already over, and the Chicago blues sound is going through its own changes. Another local group that blew everyone's mind at the Be-In was the Silver Apples. Just two guys: Danny Taylor playing twelve tuned drums while Simeon shakes his head and plays with a table full of jerry-built oscillators, mixing consoles, wah-wah pedals and other assorted junk.

The group evolved out of a regular teen-age rock band playing around the area. After Simeon got his first oscillator, the lead guitar quit, he got another oscillator to cover up and soon the rest of the band was gone. The amazing thing is that they make absolutely mind shattering music with all this junky equipment. Anyway, Kapp has signed them and there should be a record out this summer. More on them later.

John Fahey is playing at the Au Go Go through the 21st. Buddy Guy is coming back to NY and will open a two week stand at Generation on the 23rd. Frank Zappa brings his ever loving Mothers of Invention into the Fillmore this weekend along with the James Cotton Blues Band. And uptown, Howlin Wolf is playing at Steve Paul's Scene through the 25th.

Terry Rilly will bring Poppy No Good's Phantom Band into Steinway

Hall on the 25th and 26th. And on the 28th, Albert Ayler will present a Universal Message/Rainbow of Love concert at the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat on west 43rd street. Ayler is one of the most interesting of the NY jazz avant guardists. He will bring a sextet featuring his brother Donald on trumpet into the hall for two concerts — the first at 6:30 p.m. and the second at 10 p.m. Tickets start at one dollar, baby, and you can pick 'em up the Gramophone on St. Mark's place and the Record Center on West 8th Street.



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pp's (Continued from Page 4)

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Peace and Best Wishes,
RICH SARA.

MESSENGER OUT OF THE EAST, a full length feature film about Ravi Shankar, is now in the production stage. The film documents the brilliant Indian Classical musician's journey from his birthplace of Benares to the meaning of Shankar, a meaning locked deep within the culture and traditions of Indian music, art, philosophy, religion and life.

The film will follow Ravi Shankar on a personal pilgrimage: to meet his Guru, Ustad Allaudin Khan, 'Baba', a man revered and honored for his dedication and musical knowledge throughout India. More than any one human being, he has been responsible for the genius of Shankar today. The film will recapture the timeless moment as a quarter of a century later Ravi Shankar comes in humility to kneel at the feet of his master to offer homage to his source of inspiration in music.

The film should be of interest to those who want to know what makes the soul of an artist in a world run by the artless.

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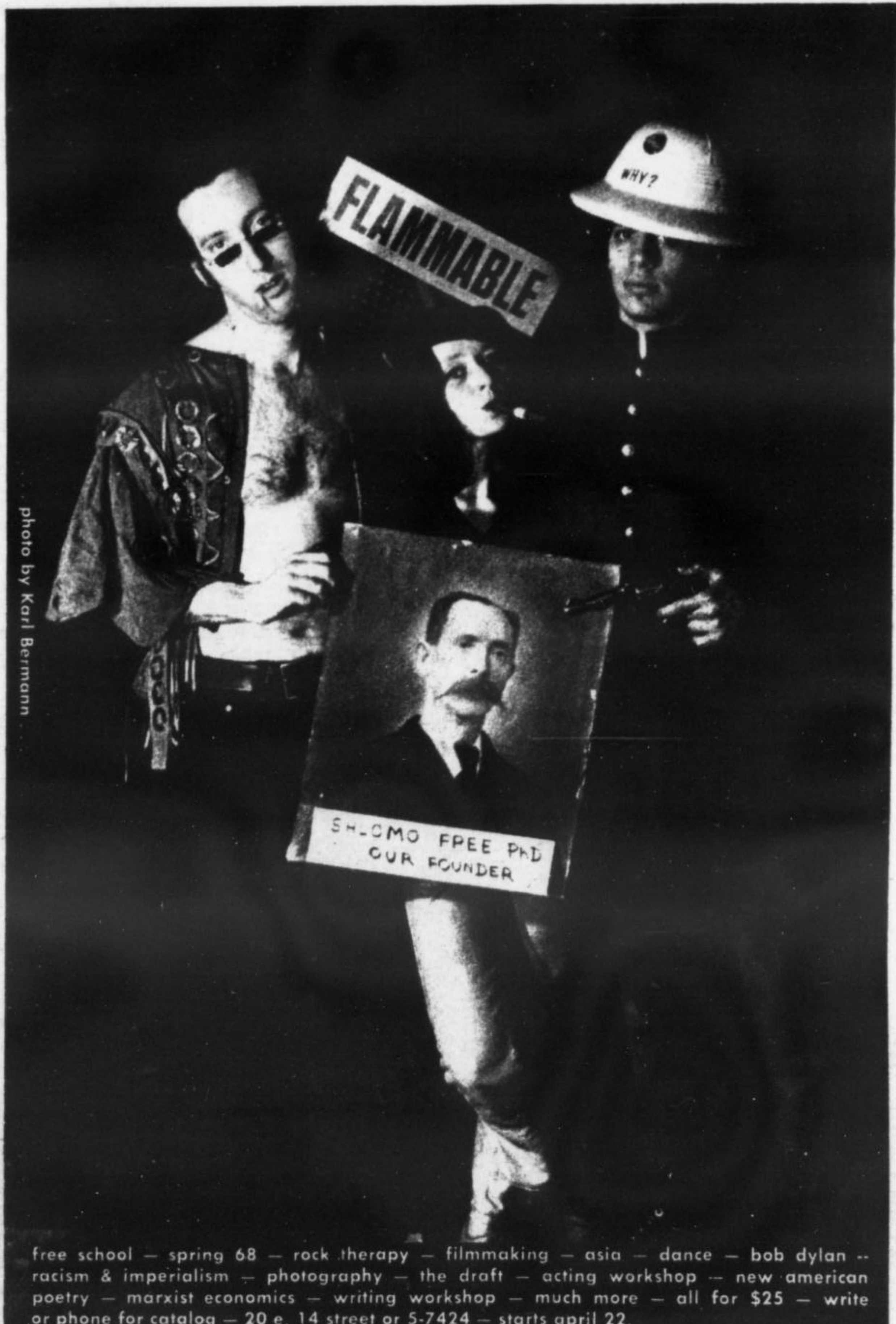


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passage

ed him on his career as an amateur anthropologist. His major contribution was a broad theory of social evolution which is still useful. Morgan's *Ancient Society* inspired Engels to write *Origins of the Family, Private Property, and the State* (1884, and still in print in both Russia and China) in which the relations between the rights of women, sexuality, the family; and attitudes toward property and power are tentatively explored. The pivot is the revolutionary implications of the custom of matrilineal descent; which Engels learned from Morgan; the Iroquois are matrilineal.

A schematic history of the family:

hunters and gatherers — a loose monogamy within communal clans usually reckoning descent in the female line, i.e. matrilineal.

early agriculturalists — a tendency toward group and polyandrous marriage, continued matrilineal descent, and smaller-size clans.

pastoral nomads — a tendency toward stricter monogamy and patrilineal descent; but much premarital sexual freedom.

iron-age agriculture — property begins to accumulate, and the family system changes to monogamy or polygyny with patrilineal descent. Concern with the legitimacy of heirs.

Civilization so far has implied a patriarchal patrilineal family. Any other system allows too much creative sexual energy to be released into channels which are "unproductive." In the west the clan, or gens, disappeared gradually, and social organization was ultimately replaced by political organization, within which separate male-oriented families compete: the modern state.

Engels' Marxian classic implies that the Revolution cannot be completely achieved in merely political terms. Monogamy and patrilineal descent may well be great obstructions to the inner changes required for a people to truly live by "communism." Marxists after Engels let these questions lie. Russia and China today are among the world's staunchest supporters of monogamous sexually turned-off families. Yet Engels' insights were not entirely ignored. The Anarcho-syndicalists showed a sense for experimental social reorganization. American anarchists and the I.W.W. lived a kind of communalism, with some lovely stories handed down of free love — their slogan was more than just words: "Forming the new society within the shell attending meetings of the 'Anarchist Circle' — old Italians and Finns — in the nineteen forties.

The Redskins

In many American Indian cultures it is obligatory for every member to get out of the society, out of the human nexus, and "out of his head" at least once in his life. He returns from his solitary vision quest with a secret name, a protective animal spirit, a secret song. It is his "power." The culture honors the man who has visited other realms.

Peyote, the mushroom, morning-glory seeds, and Jimson-weed are some of the best-known herbal aids used by Indian cultures to assist in the quest. Most tribes apparently achieved these results simply through yogic-type disciplines: including sweat-baths, hours of dancing, fasting, and total isolation. After the decline of the apocalyptic fervor of Wovoka's

Ghost Dance religion (—a pan-Indian movement of the 1880's and 90's which believed that if all the Indians would dance the Ghost dance with their Ghost shirts on, the Buffalo would rise from the ground, trample the white men to death in their dreams, and all the dead game would return; America would be restored to the Indians)— the peyote cult spread and established itself in most of western American tribes. Although the peyote religion conflicts with pre-existing tribal religions in a few cases (notably with the Pueblo), there is no doubt that the cult has been a positive force, helping the Indians maintain a reverence for their traditions and land, through their period of greatest weakness — which is now over. European scholars were investigating peyote in the twenties. It is even rumored that Dr. Carl Jung was experimenting with peyote then. A small band of white peyote users emerged, and peyote was easily available in San Francisco by the late nineteen-forties. In Europe some researchers on these alkaloid compounds were beginning to synthesize. There is a karmic connection between the Peyote cult of the Indians and the discovery of Lysergic acid in Switzerland.

Peyote and acid have a curious way of tuning some people in to the local soil. The strains and stresses deep beneath one in the rock, the flow and fabric of wildlife around, the human history of Indians on this continent. Older powers become evident: west of the Rockies the ancient creator-trickster, Coyote. Jaime de Angulo, a now-legendary departed Spanish shaman and anthropologist, was an authentic Coyote-medium. One of the most relevant poetry magazines is called *Coyote's Journal*. For many, the invisible presence of the Indian, and the heartbreaking beauty of America, work without fasting or herbs. We make these contacts simply by walking the Sierra or Mohave, learning the old edibles, singing and watching.

The Jewel in the Lotus

At the congress of world religions in Chicago in the 1890's two of the most striking figures were Swami Vivekananda (Shri Ramakrishna's disciple) and Shaku Soyen, the Zen Master an Abbot of Engaku-ji, representing Japanese Rinzaï Zen. Shaku Soyen's interpreter was a college student named Teitaro Suzuki. The Ramakrishna-Vivekananda line produced scores of books and established Vedanta centers all through the western world. A small band of Zen monks under Shaku Sokatsu (disciple of Shaku Soyen) was raising strawberries in Hayward California in 1907. Shigetsu Sasaki, later to be known as the Zen Master Sokei-an, was roaming the timberlands of the Pacific Northwest just before the first world war, and living on a Puget Sound island with Indians for neighbors. D. T. Suzuki's books are to be found today in the libraries of biochemists and on stone ledges under laurel trees in the open-air camps of Big Sur gypsies.

A Californian named Walter Y. Evans-Wentz who sensed that the mountains on his family's vast grazing lands really did have spirits in them went to Oxford to study the Celtic belief in fairies and then to Sikkim to study Vajrayana under a lama. His best known book is *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*

Those who do not have the money or time to go to India or Japan, but who think a great

deal about the wisdom traditions, have remarkable results when they take LSD. The Bhagavad-Gita, the Hindu mythologies, The Serpent Power, the Lankavatara sutra, the Upanishads, the Hevajra-tantra, the Mahanirvanatantra — to name a few texts — become, they say, finally clear to them. They often feel they must radically reorganize their lives to harmonize with such insights.

In several American cities tradition meditation halls of both Rinzaï and Soto Zen are flourishing. Many of the newcomers turned to traditional meditation after initial acid experience. The two types of experience seem to inform each other.

The Heretics

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

The memories of a Golden Age — the Garden of Eden — the Age of the Yellow Ancestor — were genuine expressions of civilization and its discontents. Harking back to societies where women and men were more free with each other; where there was more singing and dancing; where there were no serfs and priests and kings.

Projected into future time in Christian culture, this dream of the Millenium became the soil of many heresies. It is a dream handed down right to our own time — of ecological balance, classless society, social and economic freedom. It is actually one of the possible futures open to us. To those who stubbornly argue "it's against human nature" we can only patiently reply that you must know your own nature before you can say this. Those who have gone into their own natures deeply have, for several thousands years now, been reporting that we have nothing to fear if we are willing to train ourselves, to open up, explore, and grow. And mankind, like everything else, is changing; evolving; in the biologically right direction, where else?

One of the most significant medieval heresies was the Brotherhood of the Free Spirit, of which Hieronymus Bosch was probably a member. The Brotherhood believed that God was immanent in everything, and that once one had experienced this God-presence in himself he became a Free Spirit; he was again living in the Garden of Eden. The brothers and sisters held their meetings naked, and practised much sharing. They "confounded clerics with the subtlety of their arguments." It was complained that "they have no uniform . . . sometimes they dress in a costly and dissolute fashion, sometimes most miserably, all according to time and place." The Free Spirits had communal houses in secret all through Germany and the lowlands, and wandered freely among them. Their main supporters were the well-organized and affluent weavers.

When brought before the inquisition they were not charged with witchcraft, but with believing that man was divine, and with making love too freely, with orgies. Thousands were burned. There are some who have as much hostility to the brothers and sisters, the adepts, of the hippy world today. In their robes and beads. The hostility may not be caused so much by the outlandish clothes and dope as for the presumed sexual freedom. That's

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where the real resentment lies. The orgy, which is what the "Garden of Eden" is really all about.

White Indians

The modern American family is the smallest and most barren family that has ever existed. Each newly-married couple moves to a new house or apartment — no uncles or grandmothers come to live with them. There are seldom more than two or three children. The children live with their peers, and leave home early. Many have never had the least sense of family.

I remember sitting down to Christmas dinner eighteen years ago in a communal house in Portland Oregon, with about twelve others my own age, all of whom had no place they wished to go home to. That house was my first discovery of harmony and community with fellow-beings. This has been the experience of hundreds of thousands of men and women all over America since the end of World War II. Hence, the talk about the growth of a "new society." But more; these gatherings have been people spending time with each other — talking, delving, making love. Because of the sheer amount of time "wasted" together (without TV.) they know each other better than most Americans know their own family. Add to this the mind-opening and personality revealing effects of grass and acid, and it becomes possible to predict the emergence of groups who live by mutual illumination — have seen themselves as of one mind and one flesh — the "single eye" of the heretical English Ranters; the meaning of sahajiya, "born together" — name of the latest flower of the Tantric community tradition in Bengal.

Industrial society indeed appears to be finished. Many of us are, again, hunters and gatherers. Poets, musicians, nomadic engineers and scholars; fact-diggers, searchers and re-searchers scoring in rich foundation territory. Horse-traders in lore and magic. The super hunting-bands of mercenaries like Rand or C.I.A. may in some ways belong to the future if they can be transformed by the ecological conscience, or acid, to which they are very vulnerable. A few of us are literally hunters and gatherers, playfully studying the old techniques of acorn flour, seaweed-gathering, yucca-fiber, rabbit snaring, and bow hunting. The densest Indian population in pre-Columbian America north of Mexico was in Marin, Sonoma, and Napa countries, California.

And finally, to go back to Morgan and Engels, sexual mores and the family are changing in the same direction. Rather than the "breakdown of the family" we should see this as the transition to a new form of family. In the near future, I think it likely that the freedom of women and the tribal spirit will make it possible for us to formalize our marriage relationship in any way we please — as groups, or polygynously or polyandrously, as well as monogamously. I use the word "formalize" only in the sense of make public and open, the relationships; and to sacramentalize them; to see family as part of the divine ecology. Because it is simpler, more natural, and breaks up tendencies toward property-accumulation by individual families, matrilineal descent seems ultimately indicated. Such families already exist. Their children are different in personality-structure and out-look from anybody in the history of western culture since the destruction of Knossos.

The American Indian is the vengeful ghost lurking in the back of the troubled American mind. Which is why they lash out with such ferocity and passion, so muddled a heart, at the black-haired young peasants and soldiers who are the "Viet Cong." That ghost will claim the next generation as its own. When this has happened, citizens of the U.S.A. will at last begin to be Americans, truly at home on the continent, in love with their land. The chorus of a Cheyenne Indian Ghost dance song — "hi'niswa' vita'ki'ni" "We shall live again."


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prince

(Continued from Page 5)

The King winced.

"I would appreciate an audience with you at the earliest opportunity . . ."

The King's mind tried to find plausible excuses for not being able to accommodate the Prince's request, but he could think of nothing except declaring war against either King Kosygin the Pink or King Mao the Red and his advisers had warned him against ever doing either.

" . . . like this afternoon."

The Prince's last words struck him in the heart like a dagger.

"Wal son, this is kinda short notice." (Burp) "As ah remember," said the King desperately fighting for time. "Ah have an appointment with — with — er — er — the Minister of War this afternoon." (Fart)

"That's very odd, your Majesty. I understand the Minister left for the war zone this morning."

"Wah — sho he did — I guess there must be some error in ma datebook."

His own defences completely shattered he continued, grimly, "Wal lookee here, wha don't you all come right on down. (Burp) Us all here will show be glad to see ya." (Fart)

* * *

The Prince arrived at the Great White Palace somewhat later than he anticipated, owing to a sharp eyed flight engineer spotting a time bomb in the Prince's flight toilet. Its defusing had taken longer than expected, as its mechanism had been cunningly wired to the flush mechanism.

His delay had thrown the King into such a state of apprehension that he had had another six fingers of Southern Comfort to calm his nerves, and then another six with the inevitable result that when the Prince arrived he was slouched in his throne snoring in a drunken stupor and surrounded by pools of his own regal vomit.

The Prince was therefore received by Queen Bird who, having contracted the royal anxiety from the King, had forgotten to remove her diamond studded hair curlers and to replace her false teeth. Prince Bobby, a natural born aristocrat kept his revulsion for these

plebian upstarts well under control, and greeted the Queen cordially.

"Your highness looks ravishing as always."

The Queen giggled and smoothed her dress over her foundation garment before taking the Prince's hand.

"Yew are so kind, but ahm afraid ah have some bad news for yew. Yew see the King, mah husband, has bin took suddenly sick. Yew have no idea how sorry ah am that yew have come all this way for nothing."

The Prince pocketed his anger with his revulsion. The Queen led him into a room adjoining the Throne Room through the walls of which came the strident sound of a buzz saw snore. Sitting on a chaise longue by the Queen's side the Prince quickly formulated a new plan.

"Don't be too upset your Highness, Kings are human just like the rest of us. Perhaps his er — indisposition was God's way of bringing us closer together."

Prince Bobby placed his hand upon the Queen's knee, inwardly shuddering at the contact. Queen Bird froze for a second and then gently lowered her head so that it rested on the Prince's shoulder, catching his ear in a hair curler as she did so.

"Oh Bobby," she moaned softly.

"Sweetie," murmured the Prince back, "Now that I'm here I wonder if you would do me a favor?"

"Oh anything," replied the Queen running her tongue round her naked gums.

"Well it's like this," the Prince began, "Many of the Princes and Barons have been complaining to me that in his Majesty's zeal to win the war with the Cong he is rapidly losing the confidence of the aristocracy and the slaves both here and overseas. The stock market is falling — the best brains of our country are occupied in working on top secret military problems instead of profitable commercial ventures and the slaves — particularly the black ones — are day by day becoming more restless."

As the Prince paused for breath he felt the Queen's hand snaking up to undo his shirt buttons, pulling up his t-shirt and gently caressing his chest.

"Poor Lyndon," she said. "Ah knows that everything he does is in the best interests of our country. Though ah have to admit that sometimes he sho can be awful pig headed."

The Prince, his arm around the Queen's shoulder

nervously caressed an armour plated breast.

"Yes — he certainly can," said the Prince with genuine conviction and continued, "that's why I think you may be the one person who can convince him that it is in the best interest of our country that he not run for re-election this year."

The Prince steeled himself and gave her breast an extra loving squeeze.

"Ah don't know if ah could do that," said the Queen pushing the Prince over on to his back. "Ah'm afraid he has set his heart on being King for another four years."

Queen Bird, now sitting astride his prostrate body brought her beak close to his face.

"But if you were extra nice to me — maybe ah could TRY and convince him."

Never before had the Prince found himself in such a sordid and undignified position. The only thing he found in his favor was that the obligato of the King's snores and snorts provided some assurance that there would be no interruption. He looked at the map of unhappiness that a close-up of the Queen's wrinkled face presented, closed his eyes and then kissed her gently on the lips.

As she slid slowly down his body the Prince added, "and if he really is stubborn — you might mention that I have additional and final information concerning the assassination of my brother."

If the Queen heard him she gave no sign of having done so — her mind was now as far from politics as her gums were from her dentures.

* * *

Some hours after the Prince had left, King Lyndon staggered from the throne room to the royal bedroom where he found Queen Bird divesting herself of her foundation garment. He looked dreadful, and his head felt like it had been kicked around by a battalion of Black Panthers in steel tipped boots. And the sight of the Queen's sagging pink body and the patchwork of red welts which the bones of the foundation garment had imprinted on it did nothing to ease his pain.

"(Burp) Fer chrissake woman, cover yore nakedness," he bellowed, coming on like a southern preacher.

Slipping a black nylon nightgown over her head, the Queen hummed confidently to herself.

"It wasn't very nice of yew to get drunk and leave



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me to entertain the Prince," she said without feeling too hypocritical.

"Whatdiddee he have to say?"
"Wal, to put it in a nutshell, he said that yew had made a rotten job of being King and that they were very disappointed in yew and that they didn't want yew to run again."

There was a long silence and then the King cleared his throat and threw a heavy gob in the general direction of the Royal Spitoon. Unhappily he wasn't in form and it fell short of its mark and landed in one of his carpet slippers.

"Fuck the Prince — fuck them all — who the hell do they think they are anyway. I'm going to be King fer just as long as ah feel like it."

"Now see here Lyndon," said the Queen sitting up in bed, "ah'm tired of plantin trees and talkin about bootification programs and goin to woman's luncheons and shakin hands with them African diplomats and being insulted ba our own niggers. The things that Miss watch-a-ma-callit said to me were terrible — jest terrible. An in front of all them other women an them dreadful newspaper men who printed every word of it. Wha you know ah cried and cried for days after. Ah don't know why she had to say those awful things cause ah've always bin very kind to mah colored maids and if we ever had any trouble it was because yew interfered with them. Now, don't yew deny it cause ah knows what goes on in that dreadful mind of yours. Sometimes ah think you're just white trash. Lookee here Lyndon yew may not be tired of being King but ah sure am fed to the teeth with being Queen."

The King curled up in bed and covered his head with a pillow.

"Ah think they'ye right too," the Queen continued. "Thar ain't been nothin but a heap of trouble and violence and murder ever since you've bin King. One thing more. The Prince said he now had the final information on his bruther's assination — whatever that may mean."

Whether this meant anything to the King either is not recorded. It is known however, that when the slaves changed the bed linen on the following morning they found evidence that during the previous night, the King had suffered a chronic attack of diarrhea.

As the King sat in his chair facing the make-up mirror, the people of Was, were, almost to a man, shuffling round their kitchens and checking their supplies of soda and pototoes chips in preparation for the King's telecas. It was to contain, they had been told,

a message of the utmost importance.

But it was also rumoured that one day, whilst he was on camera, the King was going to flip out and this was, perhaps, the real reason for their voyeuristic evening at home. Since they had already seen one real live murder on TV they now lived in the hope that if they watched their sets long enough they would be witness to another equally bizarre act.

The make-up artist took a professional look at he King face. "God," he thought, "it's the ugliest thing I've ever seen. He'd look better in a Frankenstein mask than what he's wearing now." The image maker who had briefed him on the operation had said "We've decided on the Judge Hardy look for 1968 — see what you can do."

Since he had never heard of Judge Hardy the make-up artist decided that the best thing he could do would be to plaster up a few of the more devastating cracks, tape back the ears, silver the hair and paste on a couple of quiffs. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

"Charming weather for the time of the year, your Majesty" he said laying on the first layer of pancake makeup with a small trowel.

"Ma fellow Wasians" King Lyndon replied looking straight past him and into the mirror. And than he giggled.

The make-up artist was so taken aback that he dropped a dollop of make-up right onto the King's fly. "Oops," he said apologetically.

"Clean it off good, son," the King commandded, tonelessly. Taking a clean sponge the make-up artist obeyed the Royal command and commenced the mopping up operation. But the stain was persistant and so he had to rub it again — and again — and again.

The King closed his eyes and eased himself down in the chair. It was the nicest thing that had happened to him since he had fired poor Walter.

"Ma fellow Wasians" the King began and millions of people halted heir chewing to gaze in astonishment at the apparition in the tube before them.

The Judge Hardy image hadn't quite worked out and what they saw bore more resemblance to a rare blending of an aging and petulant 42nd Street queen and the Marquis de Sade during his las years in prison. The only giveaway was his voice with its unmistakable dialect and its unpolished platitudes.

Every now and then the King would give a spastic twitch which could have been either the pancake make-up drying out and cracking under the harsh studio lights or the shuffled beginnings of an insane laugh.

As time passed it appeared that the only people who

would profit from this speach would be the potato chip manufactures.

And than the King said something about "a limited halt to he bombing" and millions of people nodded to the person next to them as if to say "Ah ha — so he's going to play the peace game now." The people of Was may not have loved their monarch, but they knew him, intimately.

After what seemed hours of endless and empty phrases the King started pulling the old line about how he had "always put the interests of ma country before ma own," and millions of hands reached out for their TV Guides to see what they should absorbe next and jus at that moment — ZONK — everyone thought they heard him say "and ah will not be a candidate at the next election."

While everyone was saying "Hey — did you hear that! — was I dreaming?", Prince Bobby the Fertile breathed a sigh of relief, turned off his TV and went quietly to bed.

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publishing

* * (Continued from Page 9)

One of the most no-nonsense mags recently out that really fights hard against our tragedies by building rafts of phosphorous insight is **LITMUS** (#8, Box 385 / Berkeley, Calif. 94701, \$1.00), edited by Chief Smiling Bear Potts. Only poems that **absolutely had to be written** is what our revolutionary editor wants. No mobiles to hang from the ceiling to charm us, but something a cop would shoot at, something that helps a man struggle with what he is, something that melts all the wax and sweeps all the garbage out of our heads so we can really know what we are and live unmolested by the cowardly creeps that want to force their hallucinations into our reality. Due out any day now after 3 years is Bukowski's **POEMS WRITTEN BEFORE JUMPING OUT OF AN 8 STORY WINDOW**, \$1.00 from **LITMUS**.

Oblivious to causes, movements, and headlines is Joel Deutsch's **GIVE ME ALL YOUR ACES** (Lone Ranger Biology Press / 206 Frederick / S.F. 94117, 50c). There is no dictionary on a pair of dice here, no pantomime of the gorgo mutants that rule this planet—just an articulation of an exceptional care and an intrinsic knowing of the daily life we live, the life that really offers the most exacting challenge to all men. There aren't many men who could love a frying pan as much as they love a woman but Joel is one and he proves it with every poem in this book.

A beautiful magazine one-shot that came out a few months ago is **THE GREAT SOCIETY** (Box 222 / Knicker-Station / NYC 10002, \$2.00) which includes work by Paul Bowles (the Tangier man of Hash 'n Wizardry), Bremser, Wieners, Norse, Burroughs, Matson, Perkins, Heliczer, Lebel, etc. I cannot dissect this mystical flower for fear my brain will turn into a holocaust of fetor—dissection always kills the specimen and this one we must keep alive—do not touch with scalped or Dr. Benway hacksaw—absorb, absorb, and let the drool drip down your chin, yaaaaaa.

POEMS OF AN ACROPHOBIC STEEPLEJACK by Eugene Lesser (Magdalene Syndrome Gazette Press / 2111 1/2 8th / Berkeley, Calif., \$1.00) is close to Deutsch's work. Lesser doesn't use flints to light a fire as so many S.F. panses do—he is more a blowtorch man, never content with writing a poem, he wants to write the poem—not that any of us ever succeed but at least he has the guts to try and lay out all that he can, to try and say things people are always ducking (his Lenny Bruce poem for example)—but no matter how strong or wild he may come on, he always takes you somewhere, a journey, out where you're alone with just his words and he puts on this show without interference, his mouth all warm caring fireworks and your mind is answering every rocket before the fuse is lit.

Three men who have the world by the nuts and are twisting and twisting it with monkey wrenches, ratchets and tournquets, who have language bubbling like a cauldron of benzedrine, who synchronize their heart beats and brain waves with the madness of our life then take the Beat to a higher, faster plateau where everyone is in a vortex and they just calmly stand there dangling their stuffings before us like white buffaloes of Mars are Wm. Burroughs, Claude Pelieu, and Carl Weissner in a book called **SO WHO OWNS DEATH TV?** (Beach Texts, Books and Documents / c/ City Lights, 50c).

While that 3 ring circus is going on George Dowden in **LETTERS TO ENGLISH POETS** (3 Sudeley Terrace / Brighton 7, Sussex / England, \$1.00) is teaching us to perceive the systematic river of asphalt and flesh energy more astutely. George knows that what will save poetry from its being sissy tomfoolery is the writing of great poems, poems that will keep the dawn squirted alive like pussy-jelly on the flats of our arms, poems that will trap us in personal, private revolution forever, poems that will be more than poems, poems that will help teach us how to live life! This book, despite its academic title, is conversation explaining how all of this can be done.

The last book I will mention is proof that what George Dowden is working for is right now being accomplished: **THE CASE OF ISRAEL AND THE BLEEDING FOETUS** by Jeff Nuttall (Beach Texts, etc., \$1.50). veritable spurts from the mind gonads! A shotgun of orgasm! Whatever has happened in history is happening right here in **ISABEL** all at one time in vaginal-color—trapped forever n our human stink alive alive **ALIVE!** Code red! **THIS IS HIGHLY SUBVERSIVE! WARNING! WARNING!**

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THEATRE? (Continued from Page 11)

EVO: I thought it was a burlesque Indian at first.

LF: Yeah, yeah . . . Mmm.

EVO: What are you doing now?

LF: Huff? Ohhh . . . I'm up here for poetry readings —

EVO: No, I mean what are you doing now.

LF: I've got a play coming out in August. It's about future assassinations . . . with all that's been going on . . . It's called Uncle (Sam) (Captain) Ahab, about a man who voyages continually abroad looking for monsters to slay. He finally loses his life in the China Sea.

EVO: Where is this going to be?

LF: At the American Playground Theatre, in Washington, D.C. It'll be on sometime in August.

MARSHALL: I'm doing a play at American Place (Theater). It's by Robert Lowell, called "Endicott and the Red Cross."

LF: He's such a boring poet . . . I can't imagine him doing anything but a boring play . . .

MARSHALL: Yeah. It's a—nice—play.

EVO: Have either of you seen Ed Bullins' play "The Electronic Nigger"?

LF: Ed Bullins? I remember Ed. He used to come into the bookstore, right, Marshall? Yeah, he's come in with some sheets of paper in hand and we'd say —

MARSHALL: — what's on that paper, Ed? . . . Ohhh. A play . . .

EVO: I can't believe you put Ed Bullins down. He's really full of himself, really up on it all.

(Marshall and Ferlinghetti laugh).

LF: Yeah, we put him down . . . Where's it playing, maybe we'll go.

EVO: At the Martinique Theater — it's really good — there are three short plays, and they're good. Might help a lit of whites discover where the yare.

EVO: . . . New York was crazy on Friday night. No one on the street, even in Teeniebopperland around Bleeker Street.

LF: (Looking off, speaking really slowly—even for him). I was down in Washington, D.C. There was nothing on the streets. It was an occupied city . . . nothing but armed guards. Everybody has been playing at Revolution, like it's a game . . . Now they know what it can be like, because it happened there. And you couldn't get away from it. People play and make-believe, but it happened there. I was out at Carnegie Tech, and these two old professors came to interview me. One sort of wheezed at me, "What do you think is the proper function of the poet in modern society?" And I said, "Fuck for peace." There was a dead silence, and then they left sort of quickly.

EVO: Maybe to put into practice his new preaching . . . hey, have you seen "La Chinoise"?

LF: Godard's new movie? Yeah, I did. I get really tired of all that French overblown pretentiousness. But I saw a Swedish movie, called "I Am Curious" that was the best thing I've ever seen. It was produced by Bergman, but he didn't direct it. Grove Press will release it here — they are fantastic for the publicity scene, over at Grove. They showed it to some people in the Treasure Department, and they're going to have to go to trial over it in order to be allowed to show it here. It's got the most explicit sex scenes I've ever seen, and the movie is construed to that you can't cut the fucking without destroying the whole movie. It's about this girl who believes in non-violence, and is against the war — she works for one of the TV stations, and she interviews people — and that's her public life. But in private life, she's always having these violent love scenes. She and the man she lives with tear up the whole house — and she finally realizes that she does NOT believe in non-violence. Because in her personal life, there is so much.

EVO: Wow . . . like Andy Warhol multiplied by the Newsreel people . . .

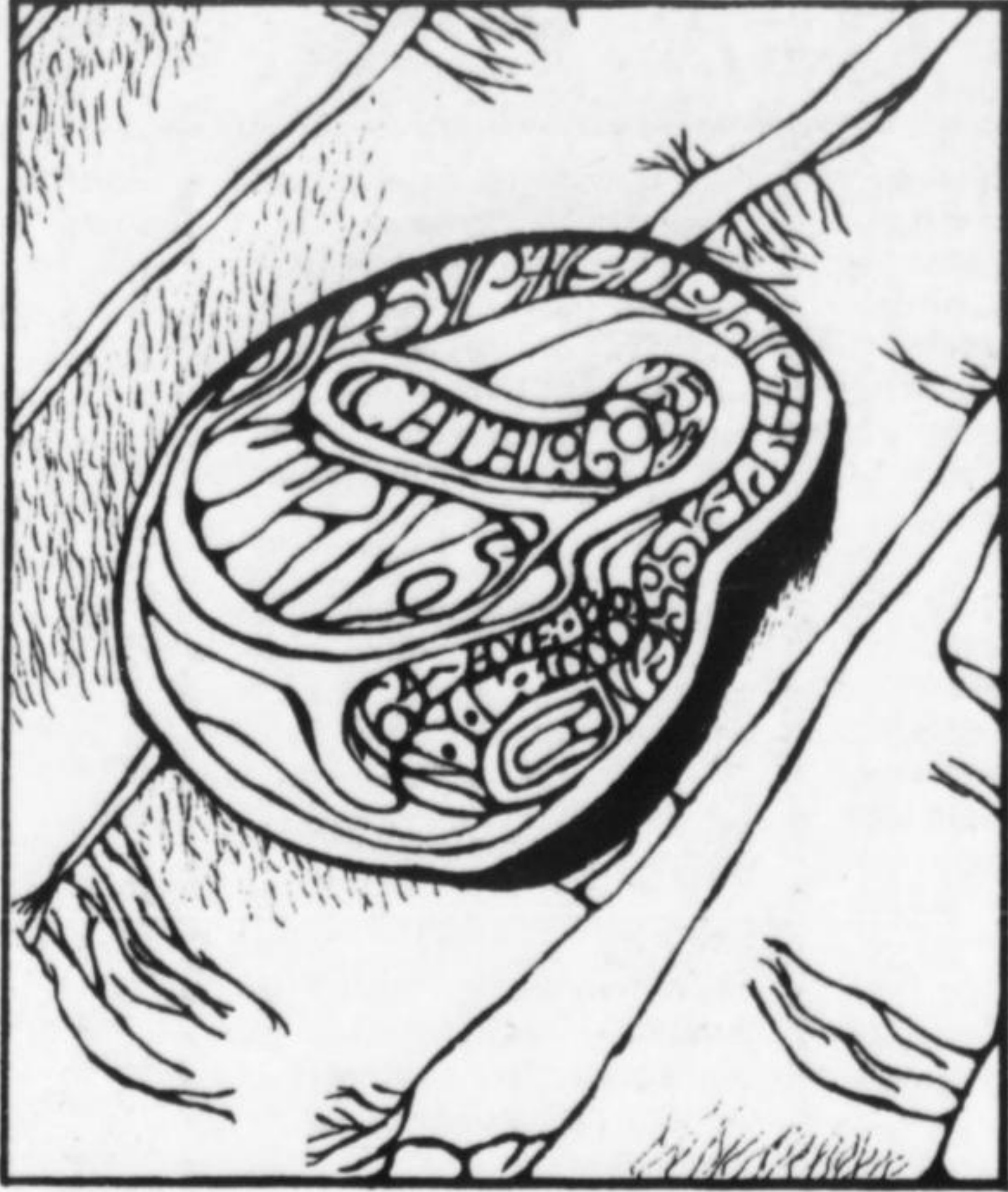
LF: I'd like to do a film. My poetry is so visual anyway. I tried once, with Bob Branneman but we had very different visions. It came out about 15 minutes long, still very rough, called "Gold-mouth."

EVO: You're getting really interested in Oriental philosophy?

LF: Yeah, especiall the Tibetan . . . you know, Zen Buddhism is like the square Protestantism of Buddhism. I like the Tibetan better — it came much earlier. I just started reading stuff late last year — I'm no expert . . . but I do like it. I really like the music. I can see why kids like it — it appeals to all kids—under the age of . . . 50!

EVO: . . . Oriental culture has such a diametrically opposite view of the whole structure and framework . . .

LF: Have you heard Yehudi Menuhin playing with Ravi Shankar in that concert? Well, that's it right there. The whole difference between East and West. The violin sounded like a busy bee buzzing around trying to get in on the scene. It is so — nervous — compared to the sitar. I hardly listen to Western classical music anymore. It sounds so uptight, so nervous. I used to love Bach . . . and now (shrug) . . .



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GOOD-LOOKING well-built athletic guy, 23, getting enough from broads, would like to explore other currents with groovy young guy who digs balling with chicks, couples, and other guys. Have personality, pad, pennies, and wheels to travel. Don't dig the gay scene or its captives. Discreet. Include phone, photo if possible. P.O. Box 1318, New York City, N.Y. 10008.

FEMALE, aspiring fashion model, over 21, scared of the Big City, needs private room with cooking privileges in house with group of friendly, liberal people by May 15th. Please write, giving location, rent, etc. to: Sherry Pinney, 2026A Parker, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

ATTRACTIVE man 36 wants woman 20-35, 5'4" or better to live with him week, month, possible marriage. Gives much, asks little. Call David 496-9396 mornings.

SINGLE, good-looking male, middle twenties seeks the affections of a gentle thoughtful and attractive woman any age. If you're that woman call 473-5339 between 9 and 11 p.m.

BORED? Tired of creeps who only seek their own pleasure? If you are age 19-38, neat, feminine and believe in friendship, and sex as more than animal instinct, a man 31, considered handsome, wants you. A Marcel, P.O. Box 971, Wall St. Sta., New York 10005.

YOUNG MAN wishes to share luxury apt. looking for young attractive and liberal minded girl to share rent, expense and mutual experiences. Possible marriage. Weekdays 956-4115.

SHIRLEY A. G. Call home at once. Must get in touch with you. Important. Sharon, Mama and Daddy.

GAY MEN. Very attractive, educated, intelligent woman age 36, enjoys company of gay men because they are gentlemen. I am willing to act as companion for any social functions when it is necessary for a gay man to act straight. I enjoy art, music, theatre, ballet, parties, you name it and we can enjoy it together. "GI-GI" c/o EVO, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York City 10009.

I AM VERY attractive young free lance model looking for work from serious minded people only. Will do fashion, figure, photographic work. Call Mr. Lean, 9-6 p.m. 582-4757.

FAIR-HAIRED guy (29), good looking, occasional model, ski addict, digs well-hung men (or teenagers) interested in exploring the ultimate in sexual communication. If you're insatiable and want a workout, try me. Call anytime after 11 p.m. UN 1-3899. Christian.

LOOKING for 2 or 3 girls with sense of humor to spend several summer weeks seeing the USA with respectable male who will supply car, gas, and travel experience. Write Richard Ashley, Box 51, Green Lane, Pa. 18054.

NOCTURNAL NEGRESS, 20 wants to share unfurn, 3 1/2 rm. apt. (West 40's) with disturbingly handsome, intriguing male animal or couple who feel three can be a beautiful crowd. Phone evs between 6 & 7 p.m. My name is Venus. 265-1649.

"**LUVS YA**, Sue . . . Need you back . . . Just 'phone . . . Mom, Dad, Graham, Betsy, Debbie, Bill."

UNINHIBITED young woman desires to meet friends of both sexes, any race, with erotic interests — call Barbara after 10 p.m. 343-4896; 324 Leonia, apt. 4A, Bogota.

BILL WALSH

I am at Pilgrim State Hospital, Brentwood, L.I. Please come visit. Love, Carol.

MALE, late 20's, wants well-paid employment, evenings only. Widely experienced, fairly attractive, personable. Will consider anything profitable except lonely women. Erik, 6-8 p.m., 355-7325.

MALE artist, age 30, wants to meet handsome young studs. I can take care of individuals or groups. Call SEX-2382.

TALENTED pen for writing, quick mind with ideas for marketing and display media. Possible partnership for the right person. Contact P.O. Box 773, Dept. VO, Ansonia Station, N.Y. 10023.

TALL good looking bachelor will submit to well endowed and very strong supergals irrespective of race. Big gay butch girls welcome. No men. Phone: AT 7-2440.

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

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

INTELLECTUAL MALE (Caucasian, 25) wants to share West Village apt with attractive compatible female. Interests include: serious music, opera, arts. Gene, 242-1975 evs.

GOOD looking "hip" businessman seeks meeting with sincere uninhibited female for meaningful relationship. Write: Box 554, Bronx, 10453.

YOUNG swinging couple wishes to exchange personal photos with other couples. Husband is amateur photographer seeking examples of human behavior for own use. Non-commercial only. Not for publication. G.P.D., P.O. Box 7, Riverdale, N.Y. 10471.

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

ARE you a **WELL-BUILT** slave? (Muscular, bodybuilder, wrestler or heavy type). If you are seeking an exciting master, dial **YAWY-ARC** and ask for Stan.

ATTRACTIVE female wanted for all type of publicity and promotion work, good opportunity. Also, an attractive female with good business sense. Good opportunity for right person. Call Mrs. Abner 9-6, 757-3995.

SEEKING attractive female swinger to share excitement of traveling thru Caribbean and/or Spain on cycle and private plane. Uninhibited only need apply. George Williams Avenida, Pasteur #37A, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, c/o Dona Luz Cabrera Vda. de Vasquez.

TWO swinging girls to accompany two bachelor on Bahama Island hopping trip in private plane last week in May. Write: Dan, Box 261, Syosset, N.Y.

MALE good looking married—bored frustrated seeks females any age to take advantage of my docile nature. I will fulfill any desire demanded available all day (some nites). Very sincere. Absolute discretion assured. Please leave number at: AX 7 1900 ask for Bob Rice.

HAVE 2 1/2 room apt in uptown hotel, am looking for female companionship a few days a week. I would like to help out those who really need it. Perhaps you are going to school and need a few or perhaps your running away from home and need help. Why not write to me. I'm a nice guy very quiet and peaceful. I'm 33, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'9" and 150 lbs. single and wish to get married. I'll answer all. John McBrady, 51 W 81 St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

MARRIED man desires to meet discreet well equipped bisexual aggressive male 18-26 up to 5'8" to guide shy wife to swing. George Palmer, 110 W. 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, 6th Floor.

SCHWIN PEOPLE . . . **WEED** UP TIME TO BREAK OUT THE BREW AND THE WEEDS LIBERATION ARMY? BLOW THE BOWL, WHAT ABOUT THAT SMOKEY THAT DIDN'T EVEN SMOLDER . . . ZOD

HIP BOY, into good scene in East Village, has groovy pad and friends, seeks turned on girl to share it all. 477-9051. No men please.

SWINGING couple interested in meeting other swinging couples and singles—Call MU 8-0193.

YOUNG handsome Indian Guru seeks to introduce attractive females to the many secrets of Hindu Love and sex techniques. Call 533-5095, 7:00-11:30 p.m.

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

"**HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL** MOVIE PRODUCER (ABOVE GROUND FILMS). SINGLE, YOUNG (26), HANDSOME, AND GROOVY WITH VARIOUS INTERESTS. HAS HAD HIS FILL OF SHOW-BUSINESS PHONIES. WANTS TO MEET SINCERE INNOCENT GIRL WHO IS UNINHIBITED TO SHARE HIS SUCCESS. AGE OR RACE UNIMPORTANT LOVES THE UNUSUAL AND DIFFERENT. POSSIBLE TO WORK CLOSELY WITH ME ON MY NEXT FILM IF YOU ARE AN ACTRESS OR MODEL OR WANT TO BECOME ONE. PHONE: RO 5-3432 (N.Y.C.) 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

YOUNG GIRL who doesn't know how to spent Sat. & Sun. Young man with quiet apartment wishes to take care of you. Photo and letters to: Box 4C, 22 West 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

SHY ATTRACTIVE woman 33, seeks friendship of affectionate aggressive gay woman, responsible, refined and sincere. No alcoholics or weirdos need reply. 392-4744 ask for Gloria.

ARE you 23 or under and desire occasional love? An intelligent male, aged 22, with small Village pad shares your desires. I enjoy music, conversation, and sex. For a meeting of mind and body call Kein at 473-7345 anytime. No perverts.

GIRLS tired of jokers? Young man wants to ball white female who wishes an honest emotional and physical relationship. Lyons, Box 226, Times Square Station, N.Y.C. 10036.

EMPLOYMENT

TV producer wants well built Negro **MALE**, 16-25. Must be well hung for possible stud work on side. For tryout call 269-3652 during day.

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

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

MEXICAN HOUSEBOYS AND MAIDS, young live-in-type. Only \$24 a month. Direct from Mexico to meet your requirements. For details send \$1 to Almo, Box 65982, Los Angeles, Calif. 90065.

ROCK groups wanted for club opening next month in Monroe, N.Y. 50 miles north of N.Y.C. Call 242-5780 or write Bill Hennessy, #3 Milligan Place, Man.

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

GIRLS need bread? Sarn up to \$100 a day. No experience necessary doing fashion, semi-nude and nude modeling for legitimate photographers. Call Brion at 628-5476.

PROFESSIONAL Photographer needs female nude, semi-nude, and fashion models. \$10.00-\$25.00, an hour. Age 15-30. Call Brion at 628-5476.

HIP entertainment publication seeks part-time ad salesman/saleswoman. No experience necessary. Set your own hours. HIP entertainment publication seeks part-time ad salesman/saleswoman. No experience necessary. Set your own hours. High commissions. 989-4140.

WANTED bright attractive young lady—some typing—to work as assistant to producer. Work couple hours a day. Rest of the time is your own. Share beautiful apartment and food. Plus \$50 per week. Phone 247-5812 and let's talk.

19-YEAR-OLD college student seeks summer employment. Interested in all the arts—consider anything and relocate anywhere. John Shehan, 37 Harris Pl., Brattleboro, Vermont.

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

YOUNG independent record producer needs male and female singers and groups for recording—major labels. Chi-ron Prod., 586-9669; 1697 Broadway, Suite 804; N.Y.C.

WANTED Chick who knows where it's at. To play in office. Make own hours—can fall in any time. Must be able to turn on square clients. Low pay—much fun. Part time okay. Call WI 7-8050.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

ARTIST: Accomplished doing copies of animals; dogs, cats, horses, in oils from photos. Write R. Thompson, Pet Portraits, 620 Bangs Avenue, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

AMATEUR Photographers would like to shoot a beautiful girl or young male or both in the finest studio in town or at your home. We have equipment to rent and special group and private sessions. If you would like to meet our models call Kim at 628-5871 1 to 9 Andre Figure Model Studio Inc.

YOUNG, attractive negro male seeks modeling job. EN 2-4733.

YOUNG intelligent artist looking for attractive female to participate in rubber cement orgy. Call 228-8640.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

AUSTRALIA WANTS AND LOVES YOU!

Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government information and forms, \$1.00. Austco, Box 3623 Long Beach, California, 90803., KK.

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

"THE ROMANTIC LIVES—Rod McKuen sings at Philharmonic Hall, Sunday afternoon April 21st at 2:30. Tickets at box office now."

HOUSE to share-Ocean Beach Fire Island. Co-ed. 1/2 share \$225.00. Full \$450.00. 3 bedrooms. Any age. MU 5-6893. 737-5849.

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

RIDE to Reno, Nevada June 15 - July 1. Share expenses. Contact Walt Bredel c/o EVO.

GROUP 212 SUMMER 1968 INTER - ARTS WORKSHOP. Painting, sculpture, film-making, graphics, inter-media, expanded theater, dance, poetry, electronic music, goju karate etc. Write P.O. 96, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

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

PUBLICATIONS

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

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

LOVE SCENE Newsletter of the Sexual Freedom League, describes activities. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034, San Francisco, California 94114.

STOP WASTING MONEY GUIDE '69 has been specially prepared for adults wishing to obtain the very best photos, magazines, slides, movies etc. at realistic prices directly from their original sources. 3 brings your copy. John Alfred, GPO Box 2834, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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

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

TABOO mysteries of human sex, reproduction, contraceptions, etc., fully explained succinctly in new copyrighted illustrated book, privately published. It tells openly what others don't dare mention. \$2. B's way, 781 Fairview Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022.

GIRLS, men, couples, models, AC-DC's. French, Greek, Oriental specialists. More! All in "RESPONSE" Magazine's 36 pages of personal ads, photos. Only \$2 to adults 21 or over. Give age. (Mail order only). REMSON, 116 W. 87 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024.

PERMANENT brain damage—10c. The Mad Peck, Dept. A. Box 2307, Providence, R.I., 02906.

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

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

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YOUR THING. If your thing includes fulfilling your desires for fun in the flesh, find your swinging counterpart(s) in the Kindred Spirits Club. Write for free info. K.S., P.O. Box 3806, Mdse Mt. Sta., Chicago, Ill. 60654.

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

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

FERRY BOAT PILGRIMAGE to Staten Island's Artist's Bazaar. The New Rebirth is worshipped through the medium of fantastic and beautiful art forms. Handmade jewelry, sandals, and handbags, embroidered garments, paintings, sculpture, antiques, fine art fashions. SAADIA IS THE WAY. 1090 CASTLETON AVE., Staten Island. Telephone 4479519. Take the number 3 bus from the Ferry.

CHARTER nudist flight to Europe. Males, females, couples and families. Join our nudist club and fly with us to European nudist camps this summer. Date and address of our next meeting and information on our European charter will be sent on receipt of \$5.00. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City. Over 50 members. Date and address of our next meeting will be sent on receipt of \$5.00 along with our newsletter. State age. Sent to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10023.

PROFESSIONAL Photographers we have male and female nude models available at low rates. Call Mike at 628-5476 for information.

CLUB ANDREA is the name of the New Swingers club and publication for modern gal's, guys and couples offering the opportunity to meet swinging people at our own private parties. Send \$5.00 for your copy and the date and addresses of our next party to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

N.Y.C. - Small Tri-State Groups Forming: Educated couples, gals, versatile guy 25/50. Object: Play, travel together. No bullshitters, cheapskates or disciplinarians. Pre-requisite — HONESTY, address, photo. Mrs. Kaye c/o Box 175, N.Y.C. 10009.

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

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

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

L & R MOVERS, UNLTD. Two men, giant walk-in van. Very low flat rates - anytime - anywhere. Call day or night. 666-8599. 249-9271.

ALL YOU MOTHERS and Dance Lovers, Mother's Day May 12, witness THE SPACE, THE SOUND, THE SOUL AND THE SCENE choreographed by James Clouser. YMHA, 1395 Lexington Ave. 8:30 p.m. \$2.50. (FI 8-1500).

TALENTED pen for writing quick mind with ideas for marketing and display media. Possible partnership for the right person. Contact P.O. Box 773, Dept. VO, Ansonia Station, N.Y. 10023.

CLUB LOLITA (Hunberts only). Write for information, giving brief outline regarding qualifications, etc. Discreet and confidential. Boxholder, P.O. Box 12, Greendale Sta., Worcester, Mass. 01606.

ATTENTION Art Photo Collectors. Never find quite what you're looking for? If you lack the resources and skill to take your own pictures we have expert photographers, beautiful models and the best equipment all awaiting your instructions. Adults over 21 mail \$1 handling charge to-day for full details of our services. John Alfred GPO Box 2834, New York, N.Y. 10001.

RECORDS MADE FROM YOUR TAPES. Great for demos. Hi-Fi, commercial quality, extended play. 2-SIDES FOR \$3.00, write for free brochure. CARROUSEL RECORDING CO., Box K, Flatbush Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226.

MALE palmist dredges love affairs, other traits out of guests' hands at your next party. I'll look before you leap. Free! 288-9631, before 11 please.

BUY & SELL

"MEN! CUSTOM MADE Pasing straps. Black Leather \$5.95. Nylon \$2.95. White, Black, Red, Blue, Turquoise. Nylon bikini brefs, same colors \$2.95. Add tax and 50c. postage with waist, hip, thigh measurements to Norman Knight, Box 97E, Murray Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10016."

MALE/MALE films for sale. 8mm. 200 ft., black/white \$15, color, \$25.00. State age. Color sample and titles of films, \$5. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C., 10023.

MALE or female photos for sale—I have photos of good looking young well built males and young luscious girls posed in fascinating positions specially selected for their appeal. Set of 8, 4x5 prints \$5, for samples and catalog \$2.00. State age—Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

STAG films for sale. 8mm., 100 ft., black/white or color. I have female, male, and male/female films for sale. You pick the subject. State age. Send \$8.00 for black/white film, \$15.00 color, or \$3.00 for samples and titles of films to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

"J.F.K. is alive and well in R.F.K." Buy this and 200 other buttons. Also 12 Peanut buttons, NAMEBUTTONS, BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, posters. Free catalog. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036, 581-4199.

HIPPIE LIPSTICK. LATEST HIPPIE SENSATION. A NAUGHTY NOVELTY. ADULTS ONLY. \$1.00 each. \$10.00 dozen - POSTPAID. VALCO TRADING, POST OFFICE BOX 151, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY 07055.

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DEATH, the price of war. Do your thing in the peace marches, be beautiful, wear an Armband that says "PEACE NOW!" or "FREEDOM NOW!" Send \$1.00 to. Zolkos, 24-15 82nd Street, Queens, N.Y. 11370 NOW!

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

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

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

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

COLLECTOR'S Deck 5x7 full-color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231. HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

IF YOU LIKED the Men of the Green Beret, you'll love the Men of the Purple Feather. LEONARD and COOK'S feature length burley-Q flick, "OLD SARGE'S BIRTHDAY BOMB." April 25 only at 8 and 10, Wollman Theater, 115 and Bway.

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

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

WIREMAN EARRINGS, \$2.00 postpaid. TIMMY KOHN, Box TK, c/o EVO, Box 571 Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C.

Russians Dig Sexy Movies

Moscow, April 17 (UPI) — "Our spiritual world would be Sexy, silly foreign movies are much poorer without such movies

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

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VALUE: \$150,000.00
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ONLY NON-PROFIT FOUNDATIONS
NEED APPLY**

I once said that I opened The Scene to create my own world within the world of reality. That was true four years ago. Since then, The Scene has become quite well known through full page coverage in Newsweek, the cover of the Saturday Evening Post and a television show syndicated nationally by David Wolper. But, more important, as child is father to the man, the scene is father to the Scene.

Profit, power and a scene that has to capitalize on itself and capitalize its very self does not have to exist, even a nightclub. Especially a nightclub that lives and breathes with a nature so human that it even has a soul.

I doubt if I originally meant it to be that way. Ego and money are hard to deny, especially at the beginning. But sometimes along the way, more important and meaningful values find the need and courage to intercede. For whatever reason, The Scene became a pretty rewarding scene. Not financially, for it is quite in debt. But creatively and spiritually, it is rich and prosperous.

These are very strong sentiments for a nightclub. And hard to communicate to one who has not been present over the past four years. Creatively, we can point to such top musicians as **The DOORS, TIM HARDIN, MUDDY WATERS, The RASCALS** and **JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE**, who have developed and performed their craft here. And to many unknown groups who received substantial assistance to their growth here. And to **TINY TIM**, who was born a universe and is becoming a star. And to jam sessions that have informally brought together such charismatic combinations as **RICHIE HAVENS** and **ODETTA, JIM MORRISON** and **JIMI HENDRIX**, and **ERIC CLAPTON** joined by **MIKE BLOOMFIELD** and **DANNY KALB**. This in our recent pop phase. Which was preceded by a failure phase. Which was preceded by being internationally known as New York's most "in" club where stars like Sammy Davis and Liza Minelli would do guest sets along with the show business hopefuls who were hoping. Whatever

the phase, it was and always will be the creativity and energy of youth that is responsible. Not only for the talent, but for the spirit and soul that is the scene.

As we once found our way two years ago, we are finding a different way now. Before, it was all that is young in show business. Now it is all that is young in pop music. And young is what is good. Come before April 25 and see **HOWLIN WOLF**, a youth in his 50's, show you what is real. **CHARLES LLOYD** (April 25-28), **TRAFFIC** (April 29-May 1), and **GARY BURTON** Quartet (May 20-June 2) will follow along with ? as further examples of contemporary music in its presentation at the scene.

The nightly jam sessions of the struggling musicians and established pop stars who are the regulars at the scene, transform stars into people and great music into reality. This great music and pop-in-ness is the subject of an in-depth article in the forthcoming issue of a major national magazine. Yes, we're alive and kicking and about to become big again. But we're also for sale.

I've just found a house in the country. Not near enough to the city to own The Scene. But near enough to work for the scene. I'll take the organic fulfillment of creativity. They can have the glory of ego back. I'll take the power of peace of mind. They can take the power of power back.

Somewhere there must be a foundation that wants to involve itself in a non-profit scene of the above nature. To help us both get started on our respective paths I will give this foundation The Scene for nothing. Absolutely nothing. The foundation will assume the liabilities, which are considerable but self-liquidating, based on current operating income. The foundation will assume the assets (they tell me The Scene is worth between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.) Amazing what the license to liquor and to be The Scene is worth. And isn't. Your foundation can have all this for nothing. And me, too. For a reasonable salary. If your foundation will let the scene profit not, but gain its soul.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:

Steve Paul, scene, 301 west 46th street, new york • JU 2-5760, 3 to 6 p.m.

