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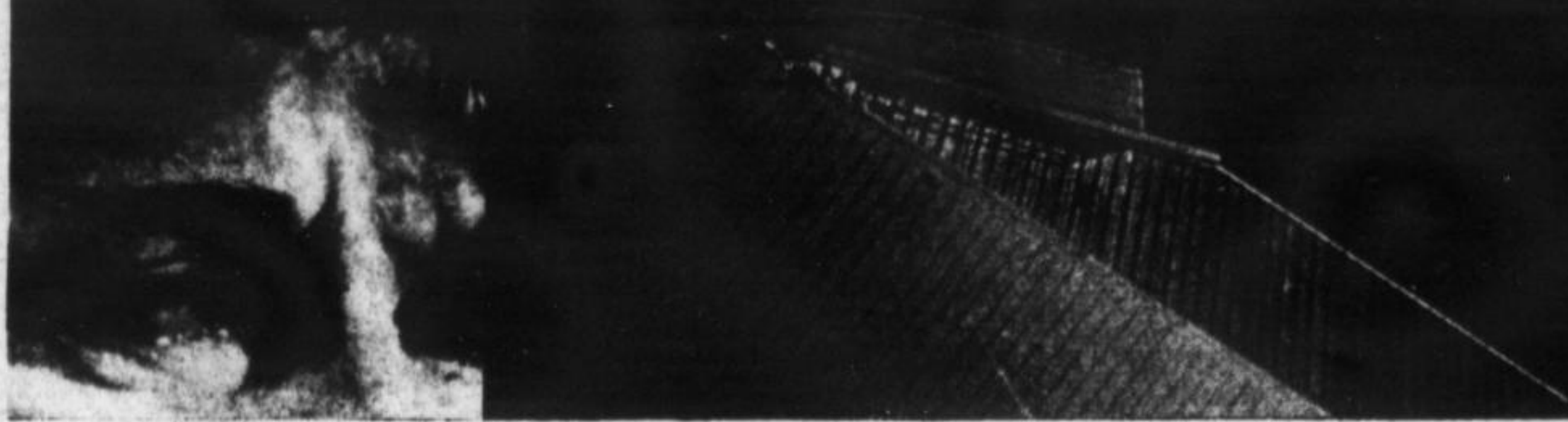
PONTIFF FAILS  
TO RULE  
SPANISH...



Leonardo da Vinci

# SPACE SIGNALS

by Stanley Fisher



The day started like most others, but July 22nd, 1968 was to be somewhat different; it was to be a day of revelations: a psychedelic PowWow, a sumptuous feast in synchronicity, in the depths and heights of the awesome arcane! The events unfolded for me in this manner: Early that morning, I was scanning an article in the times condemning the Greek military autocracy. I noted a picture of an American jet, the freedom fighter, being loaded for shipment to Greece. The number name of the jet, the F-5, struck a responsive chord in my memory. At that very moment, the words Fifth Dimension came across my FM loud speaker, uttered by the WNEW disc jockey.

Synchronicity struck its first glow that day! I smiled and remembered the first time I associated the synchronicity phenomenon with the enigmatic smile of Mona Lisa, which I realized was saying, "Oh, so you've tuned in too, finally!" The name Mona Lisa itself, I discovered, is a veil which becomes the truth when lifted by the right hand.

But back to the cosmic correspondences: In my article on the F-111A I noted that the Air Force F stands for an unconscious desire by the military minions for mastery of the fifth dimension, and that, in my article, The Numerological Analysis of Space Signals (Pulsars), I suggested that the last number in Pulsar 1's repetition rate, being 5, indicated a mastery of that dimension by those who were our cosmological mentors. Now, here lying before me, was the picture of an instrument of destruction, ironically and perhaps aptly, called the Freedom Fighter, and dubbed, by the military magicians, in their black abracadabra, the F-5, attempting, by this unconscious identification of the plane with the higher powers, to attain the cloak of indestructibility.

And, at that moment, I also recalled that my girlfriend had mentioned to me, the day before, that the number five had always made her think of the color red. We had gotten on to the color-number kick because up until recently, I had never been able quite to figure out the hidden meaning behind my army serial number—at least not until the death by Robert Kennedy by a .22 caliber bullet. It was that I began to study the influence of that master number (22) upon contemporary events. My army serial number was 1224 7024. Up until that time the number 18 turned up ubiquitously in my experience.

But back to my girlfriend and that morning. After having heard that my army serial number was 1222 1024, she said that 1's and 2's always remind her of the colors yellow and white. Then, parenthetically, she said, but 5 always brings the color red to mind. Having recalled her comparison that morning between red and the number five, and five and the fifth dimension, and the fifth dimension and the F-5, I suddenly remembered then that the science fiction film, The Red Planet Mars, was being shown that morning, on all channels, channel 5, of course! (Here's a mind blower: From a book called Riddles of Astronomy, by Bender:

"Eros revolves in solitary splendor in a different realm that is 65 per cent within the orbit of Mars. In fact, it revolves around the sun in 643 days, less than the Martian year of 687 days. That it is technically the fourth planet, shifting Mars to fifth place, is a fact astronomers conveniently ignore, not wanting to completely revise the present model of the Solar System for such a tiny body.")

Anyway, by the time I tuned in, most of the film had been shown, but the plot, in essentials, concerned itself with a somewhat idealized couple who had saught and received interstellar radio messages from the red planet Mars, who used the information in the messages to bring peace and understanding to their fratricidal brethren.

I could not help but identify with this couple's struggle for I am convinced that the Pulsars contain messages which if understood would help mankind use its latent cosmic powers for peaceful purposes. Seeing the film, I sensed that July 22nd. had already indicated its acknowledgment of my struggle and I looked forward to further discoveries which I hoped would turn up in the course of the day's events.

A phone call led me uptown. "Would I please come to pick up my rejected manuscript?" On the station, I noticed a fly sheet. I read it Smack in the middle, in bold captions; ANNUAL POWWOW, Saturday-Sunday, August 10 and 11, Barryville New York, Route

55. Tribal dances—Arts and Crafts, Mmmm. Route 55, I thought, too much! and POW! WOW! the sounds we utter when smashed on synchronicity. The Indians certainly knew the names of wonderment: Hey! Wow! Hey! Dig that! Dig this! Hey, let's have a puff and a Powwow! A Yowow: A Yowhe: A Jaweh: A Yahoo: A yourway: A hooray: An ourway: HighWAY . . . 55! AND how do we get on to highway 55: through a tribal (1), of course! Tri-trinity: tri-try: try what? Try balling! Try-tri-balling. The trinity leads to infinity! And how do you get to the trinity of threesomes (sums)? Simple! You drop the e's from eternity: eTeRNITY: And what do e's stand for: egos: The double ego(e)s of a couple which have to vanish in the loving trinity of a TRball. And what does the double e in numbers look like: 55, of course! I knew I was on the right route: root!

Later that day, and I don't remember the sequence of events which led me to this decision, I decided to have another look at the article describing a newly discovered Pulsar signal. The pulsar described in the times' article was the first discovered by Americans: two scientists both of the Harvard College Observatory; all four others were found in quick succession a year ago by the British. That the newly discovered Pulsar was the fifth seemed appropriate and it was even more startling to find out that its celestial coordinates were described as 15 hours 6 minutes right ascension, 55.5 degrees north declination. It was soon after, that I read that Eve was designated as numerologically 555. For E-5 and V is not only the 22nd number of our alphabet, but is the fifth if we count backwards, starting from Z. And the three faces of Eve add to 15, which are the first two numbers of Pulsar 5, designated by the Harvard beauracracy as HP 1506. So the gassy meaning behind that sober collection of letters and numbers really is Eve (15 and 555) is hip (HP) TO(0) sex (6).

The radio pulses of HP 1506 occur at the precise rate of once every 0.7397 second. Transposing each of the numbers into letters, 9397 becomes GCIG—of which more will be heard later. Earlier in my investigations I discovered that the sum of the four Pulsar repetition rates equalled 111, thus at that moment I didn't bother to add the sum of Pulsar 5 (26) to the number 111. Instead I tried adding the numbers representing the amount of time each pulsar impulse lasts. Pulsar 5 falls within the range of the four others: 20,000 of a second. Dropping the thousandths, Pulsar 1-38, Pulsar 2-38, Pulsar 3-18, Pulsar 4-40 and Pulsar 5-20. The sum of the five numbers equals 154. I immediately thought of subtracting the number of the Holy Trinity, 111, from it. The result was 43.

Oh, yes, I thought, my girlfriend spoke of that number the other day, so I asked her if she recalled the incident. She had! 43, she said, is the 22nd odd number. Pow! And then she asked: "What did you say was the sum of the five numbers?" I answered: 154. And then her reply: "Don't you know that 7 times 22 equals 154? And that today is 7/22 (July 22nd)?" Wow! And then again: "Do you remember how old you are at your last birthday (July 3rd)?" I remembered: 43! PowWow! It was only a day or two later when I remembered that Pi, that perplexing transcendental number, has often been expressed as the improper fraction 22/7!

My girlfriend, pleasantly amused at my not having remembered that I had just turned 43, said, "Well, you're still in the prime of your life!" For those who have forgotten the definition of a prime, it is simply a number that can be divided without a remainder only by itself or the number one. Primes are the pets of mathematicians. Well, 43 is the 14th prime number, and 14 is the sum of two 7's. 7's and 14's fit very snugly with my army serial number: 1222 1024. Each half adds up to seven and the total is 14. We know that 7 times 22-154, and that means 14 times 11 equals 154. My age of 43 yields 7, my army serial number adds up to the sum of two 7's. 77 is the product of 7 and 11 and 7 and 11 add up to my self-styled lucky number 18. It seems that one cannot escape the feeling that the number 7 is the key to the understanding of the spirit; the ancients called it the perfect spiritual number, the only number capable of dividing the "number of eternity." Seven youths and seven maidens were sent as tribute to Minos every eight years. We have the seven days of the week, theseven harmonies in music; the seven primary col-

ours, the seven seals, the seven deadly sins, the seven joys of the Virgin Mary, the seven devils cast out of Magdalena, the seven creative planets, the seven Archangels of Revelation and the information that, "For seven days priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho, and on the seventh day they encompassed the city seven times." Yes, seven is an odd number and so is eleven, even though they both contain the word even!

But now back to our space signal, Pulsar 5. We remember its repetition rate; 0.7397. Now, let's see. Two sevens. Hmmm. Interesting or just coincidence. Well . . . let's see. I have a book in hand. It's called, 'From Zero to Infinity.' I have the book opened to page 36, (and the numbers from 1 through 36 can be placed in a magic square so that the sum of all the columns add to 111), and the information on that page relates to the number 111 in base two which is 7, in base 10, where it one hundred and eleven, and base sixteen where its numerical value is 273. Now I read 273 as an injunction to read the number 73 two ways: as 73 and also as 37. To my delight, I then realized that 73 is the 37th odd number. Of course, we must not forget that 37 times 3 equals 111. Now, 37 is the 12th prime and 73 is the 21st. prime number. By adding 12 and 21 we get 33, and 33 joined and rotated to the horizontal yields the symbol for infinity (∞). 33 is also the Master degree because the sum of all the numbers from 1 to 33 inclusive yields 561 and 561 times 561 minus 561 gives us the pi-ratio number 314160. There are 33 courses or steps designed into the beehive shape of the so-called 'Treasury' of the Atreus in Mycenae, Greece, which indicates that it was designed to be a repository of cosmic law and of spiritual treasure. Of course, the root word of Mycenae indicates that it was probably a sacred temple of fungus or mushroom eaters.

As for 97, it is the 25th prime number and is exactly 14 less than 111. 97 read backwards is 79 and 79 is the 22nd. prime number. Adding 25 and 22 yields 47 which is the atomic number for the element Silver. The nuclei of silver will neither fuse nor fission, which leads George Gamow, in his book, One, Two, Three . . . Infinity,\* (which is a real gasser when related to my expression: The Trinity (Tri-balling) leads to Infinity) to note, that, "we live in a world in which practically every object except a silver dollar is a potential nuclear explosive." Will that tidbit of information help the harassed officialdom in Argentina who, in the face of daily reports of flying saucer incursions and landings, ask: Why here? It's all very spooky. And perhaps that explains why the United States gunship the AC-47 has been dubbed the "Spooky."

And now to 79. So hold on to your hats, for 79 is the atomic number for the element Gold. And the symbol for gold is the designation Au. And au adds up to 22. How? A-1 and U-21. That's how! Is there anything else we can do with 79. Let's try subtracting 37 from it. What do we get? 42. Now what about 42? Well, Robert Kennedy died at the age of 42, and Sirhan Sirhan is 24. Well here's an article dated the 24th of July and it has 42 letters in its bold headline caption: "SUSPECT IN CLEVELAND SNIPING SAW RIOTING IN STARS." The article concerns itself with the Cleveland Black Nationalist Leader Fred Ahmed Evans. We note that he is 36 years old. And what is the sum of the numbers from 1 to 36 inclusive? Why none other than 666, the number for man, the beast. Remember the number 37? Well 37 times 18 (half of 36) equals 666. We also know that 3 times 37 equals 111. The number of the Holy Trinity. And at what junction of streets was Fred Ahmed Evans' store located? Why . . . none other than Superior and 111th. Street. And what experience was crucial in turning Mr. Evans onto the study of astrology . . . Why nothing less than a flying saucer sighting while driving one night with his girl friend. And does our 22nd. prime number, 79, show up anywhere in that article? Yes, it does, in the penultimate paragraph of that article!

It was believed that Evans was the leader of a group called the circle Afro-American Unity: The circumference of any circle, we know, can be expressed by the formula Pi, thought by some ancients to be the fraction 22/7, times the diameter. In this case, the diameter stretches between the Alpha and Omega of existence, and can perhaps only be circum-

(Continued on Page 15)



# Where it's at!

## WOODSTOCK '68

by Abolafia

It all started in Woodstock; at least that's where it is now! Dylan moved there five years ago — his wife will meet you at the door with her shotgun. I brought my naked presidential ass up there to — well, split the fucking N.Y. smoke scene and get some pure O<sub>2</sub> — they ganged up on me with love up there!

That which I thought would be a scene. Like "The Fire Island Scene" wasn't! At least that's where my head sees it at right now. Pure love reigns. Beautiful swimming holes — "the Big Deep," "Shadey," "The Gorge" (complete with water falls). It even sounds beautiful. There's nude swimming — if the fuzz don't bust you! Back to nature, Love and camping out. And in town 1/2 the kids I see on St. Marks' Place. They congregate and do the whole freebie spectacle and honestly speaking it's like honey — love and the whole of what the old movement was! Complete with the spiritual — love — eternal — karma of last, last year (the first) Big Easter Be-In. Sharing — communal trips. The whole internal exploration for future growth. The inner message! The only thing missing is the proverbial swami and I'm bringing one up soon. Maybe Satchidanda — you know — someone beautiful like that.

Anyway it's all there for the asking and the taking. The California scene has now moved via New York to the mountains and Woodstock. Unlike the old artist colony that it was, Woodstock (100 miles up on the thru-way; Kingston exit — you can usually hitch up and back or pay the \$5.10 bus fare right to the heart of town—it's worth it) is the new center of Godland in seclusion.

I started my excursions to this what I consider the new Holyland several weekend ago and have left my workers behind to continue the Love Camping and assist and counsel runaways and their parents while I've gone to meditate, pray, rap and generally drink of the hot springs of the Big Deep. A good feeling of health and rejuvenation has been mine and I'm now sure that with the help of Wallace, Reagan Humphrey and Nixon (all showing their incompetent poverty stricken asses) I will win the '68 election for President on a massive write-in state.

The cops are really the greatest of all possible. There are hassles at times up in Woodstock so I'm

not suggesting a sojourn to the hills unless you are ultra-kool and can handle it. But while all the would-be "hip" types from Friday's and Maxwells Plum (you know, the uptown scene) with their 90-100 I. Q.s are making Fire Island and South-East and West Hampton in search of the DeKooning's balls pseudo art scene—in search of a Jewish paradise on earth—I suggest you risk it and go to Woodstock.

For you macrobiotics, I suggest you bring your 100lb. bag of brown rice up with you and your dried fruits, figs and other goodies because Kingston and Albany (40 miles away) are not into you yet. So don't get caught short.

Lolita and Candy greeted me with loving smiles, brought me into the woods of the Woodstock forest, rubbed me gently, kissed me, sweetly anointed oils, pears, grapes—they even kept the flies away. All this was mine. And they left me in my moment of enchanted bliss to think on the problems of the world and come up with the answers! For the burden of responsibility lay on my shoulders and yours—but never on theirs. Remember that! And what better place to meditate? Their love was mine—gently. What better ad for Woodstock could there be? What a travelogue.

And it's all true for me . . . Well, maybe 'cause I'm a Presidential candidate and the love leader, etc. But remember I am you, are we, and he, and she all together. So it's all there for you, too, baby. It's all there for you!

The truth is, many young hippies are thinking of buying land and having a permanent water hole of their own. I'm thinking along those very same lines. So Woodstock will probably be more of a year round home for me too. At land auctions you can probably get 4-5 acres for 600-700 dollars. Pitch your own tent, or if you're very energetic like Tall Michael from 5th street (6' 7"), you'll build your own cabin in the fall.

There are still some traces of a declining McDougal St. type setting. You know—the cafes with the Fair food — the "who's hanging around today." That is quickly subsiding to the more usual 50 kids sitting around the center of town bumming up food and picking their area of the woods for a night sleep.

Woodstock is of course still an ideal place to whip

out your brushes and do your paint thing if that is your thing—but only in the sense that country can be conducive to art. The painting done in Woodstock is pretty much amateurish and schooled for beginners—though I could get an argument on that score from the students and few of the fairly good artist there.

Food is fairly reasonable — and the town folks are friendly. Places can be rented cheaply for the entire summer at \$120 a month — for example — a beautiful cabin on a top of a mountain overlooking God's country. Some houses are still shared by 3-4 people as exists in the pseudo-hippie Fire Island trip — but communes do exist and the way things are going down—more and more communes are popping up.

Don't take my word for it — get your ass off the ground and by all means check it ut.

Of course people greeted my troupe with open arms—love — interest — concern for the campaign and my following seems to have preceded me into the woodlands — so the tune of embarrassment to some around me who shy away from "Hey Louie Baby" — "How's the campaign going" and a strong right hand grip and Presidential nod of assurance for the future—only good things happen— da da da Yes — It's A PRETTY GOOD PLACE FOR CAMPAIGNING—but my encounter with nature was crucial to my yielding nervous system—must keep in mind that Gods are only flesh and bone — all to my dismay.

All things in due time — and in due course. We must begin to make inroads in the woodlands of all americana — become such an integral part of the life source (with our new minds and new thinking) so that we will continue to help the world when the country falls apart. N. Y. falls into the sea and you know, all the rest of the bullshit happens — the prophecies will, I'm sure, some to pass — but we must make spiritual inroads into the future for reaping the new harvest of what is left of man. The new world belongs to us — you and me — and right now it has been extended to Woodstock and away from the city crap and shit. This is not living—N.Y. the illusion—we were thrust into it. Let us not perpetuate the ILLUSION as reality for any insecure purpose that may exist . . . Life . . . is . . . life . . . is life!

# DECOMPOSITION

by DA Latimer



Gee whiz, comix fans, dig *this!* We have here before us this moment a copy of the September 'Showcase' comic look (Superman/DC), No. 77, which appears to be the inauguration of a whole new character series called *Angel and the Ape*. It lies open to its cover, this article, and all the balance lines on the Page converge dramatically onto the heroine, Angel O'Day herself. She's wearing a shocking pink artist's smock of some sort, sitting on a stool, her lovely albino hair is blowing about in a little breeze, her legs are long and lush in violet stretch slacks, and what stretch, she's got little pointy-toed boots on her feet, and she is brandishing a whip. A whip. And in the foreground are a pair of enormous ape's hands, coming out of green-striped coasleeves, and they are sketching a rough of Angel in a bikini on a comic-strip strip tacked to a drawing board.

The chick atop the stool is Angel, we find out presently, and the hands are those of her sidekick, Sam Simeon (one Joe Simon, incidentally, is a bigwig at DC.) Sam, it seems, is a moonlighting cartoonist, he does a strip for Brainpix Publications, a rather obvious doppelganger for Marvel Comics, DC's archival in the Superhero field. The pointed intimation being that Brainpix/Marvel is too cheap to pay its cartoonist a living wage, Sam is reduced to moonlighting as a private investigator, and Angel is his henchwoman.

And what a henchwoman!! Now, on the inside of this comic strip and throughout, Angel is wearing not a smock and stretch pants, no, but most happily and gloriously a little red miniskirt and a striped flesh-tight sweater. Frabjous, how downright slaverous! Dominating female buffs will be gratified to see her kicking the shit out of men in no less than five panels of wonderfully cathartic violence. The rest of us, the old run-of-the-mill *polymorphous perverti*, will get our kicks out of the way she has her legs crossed the first time we see her inside the strip, where she is killing flies with loud SNAPS and POPS of her bull-whip. Unhappily, she puts the whip away after the next panel, and we never see it again. But we do get to leer at her in all sorts of groovesome poses: most notably during this sequence, midway in the story, where the Bad Guys have tied Angel and the persecuted Mr. Trumbell, hand and foot the both of them, in a cellar and let loose a nest of venomous king cobras at them; in an attempt to hypnotise the reptiles, Angel has to get up, bound by wrists and ankles mind you, and execute a hootchie-lootchie dance for four panels. The snakes slaver and gape, Mr. Trumbell starts sweating and breathing heavy, and we are all a little disappointed when Sam tumbles through the ceiling to the rescue. Oh, she is a *fine* one, Angel O'Day, fit to rival the likes of Dumb Bunny herself, of the *Inferior Five*; comic book fiends will recall that the *I-5* was also a showcase magazine a few years back, but thanks to the demand of lechers like us, soon its own regular comic strip. Buy *Angel and the Ape*, it really makes it.

But lest Dr. Frederick Wertham exhume himself from the graveyard of television criticism and the anti-marijuana press, let it be known that not only is *Angel and the Ape* generously prurient, it's *lousy* with redeeming social significance. This one here, the first issue, is not just satirical, but funny into the bargain.

There are the usual cracks about Marvel Comics, carried over from the *Inferior Five*—Stan Lee (they call him Stan Bragg) is an insufferable skinny nut with totalitarian fascist tendencies who runs around

in a ludicrous Stars-N-Stripes outfit terrorizing his staff—but that's just an extraneous episode, it has little to do with anything in the plot.

The really lovely stuff begins when Sam Simeon swings home over the rooftops—he is an ape, it seems, he talks in grunts and gurgles, which get interpreted in jagged sub-balloons—he swings home, I say, from Brainpix, depressed and humiliated, nuttering about the various indignities that have been perpetrated against his yearning, sensitive, artistic soul—swings home, once more, to his lovely modern apartment with the Allen Ginsberg poster on the wall, climbs up into the Firestone tire hanging from the ceiling, and strumming his guitar, commences painting abstracts with his feet.

A call from Angel! 'Eek!' She's in trouble! Got to split right away. Sam dives out of his apartment into the next panel, which shows his ancient landlord mopping the stairs of his lobby; a large spotted snake is winding out of the mopbucket up the mophandle, and the old guy is bitching about the water moccasins, vowing to fix a strainer onto his watertap at the first opportunity. Slipping then on a bar of soap, Sam takes a header—KLOMP!—into the mopbucket, and bounces off down the hall—THUMP THUMP! GLUB GLUB!—trying to wrench it off. Among other residents of the building, a spade sticks his head out of his room and says: 'When they let things like that in, whatever it is, there goes the neighbourhood'. By the time Sam gets the pail off his head he's wrecked half the place: the ancient landlord stoops over him myopically, feels his hair, and exclaims: 'Aha! Somebody's broken my rule! Whoever owns that hairy beast has got to go. *No college Students allowed in my building!!!* Galahumping away after this latest indignity, Sam wonders, 'How did he know I majored in *violence* at Columbia University?' End of episode.

Now, this is a very excellent comic book, all good fun and sexy moreover. It has its shortcomings, however: it's not clear, for one thing, whether Angel is supposed to be super-competent or beautiful-but-dumb, and you *can't* play that sort of thing both ways, not even if you put out the *Inferior Five*. Sam too is rather enigmatic: is he truly stupid, slaving away for a bastard like Stan Bragg, or is he actually a persecuted artistic sort? Despite the general hilarity and satirical excellence of *Angel and the Ape*, these questions rankle.

But there are no bones to be made about the ending, which has Angel and Sam entering the Waldorf Ritz itself, about to dine on Mr. Trumbull's credit card. The snooty head-waiter is about to throw them out: 'Sorry—the gentleman is not suitably garbed for this swell kind of fancy eating place! The—er—gentleman is wearing a *red turtleneck* . . . This swell place is strictly *black tie!*' So, POW! In the next panel, Sam has changed clothes with the now-groveling head-waiter. Gorilla tactics!!

Blubber Power is born!! Like Aboriginies everywhere, the Eskimos of the Lower Kusokwim Valley in Alaska have been blighted soundly every time Western Technological Civilization, and even Eastern T.C., has been moved to take notice of them. 'Gussaks' is what they call white people, seeing few features indeed by which to differentiate the current pack of crooks from the Cossacks who screwed them two hundred years ago. Their latest bitch with the Gussaks derives from a matter of several thousand tons of salmon which were left to rot last spring for want of the Eskimos' communal fish freezer, which burned out early in the fishing season; the only way for the Natives to expedite the processing of the annual salmon catch was to make a deal with Japan's Mitsubishi International Company, a deal that was quickly squelched by the state government, acting at the urging of the Gussak salmon lobbies. Litigation ensued, nothing happened, the fish rotted, the Eskimos went broke. They face starvation this fall, with inadequate food and shelter, and they're pissed. 'We should pull the Gussak fishing boats inland,' the Eskimos have been heard to mutter. 'We'll float big logs down on the Gussak nets,' There is poetry in this people's revolution.

The Selective Service System, an Administrative arm of the Defense Dept. of the United States, regretfully informs you that you will not be drafted in August or



September. Due to certain budget cuts and to a favourable re-enlistment rate, the System is suspending all pre-induction physicals until late October or mid-November. The defense budget has never been higher than it is at this time; re-enlistment rates for all services are declining steadily. Nevertheless, few people will be drafted until after the Presidential elections. Etaoin shurdlu. Officaaals are cancer aerrr concerned about possibletaoin shurdlu etaoin shurdlu ssible mass confrontation with insert decomposition draft resistaoin shurdlu. Due to certain budget cuts repeat certain budget cuts, reenlistments, hordes of reenlistments, vast budget ct cutaoin, etaaaaoin shurdlu . . .

Science fiction aficionados, no afacinados, no, afiances, no that's not it at *all*, science fiction freaks are urged not to miss the WBAI series, 'Of Unicorns and Universes,' narrated by Baird Searles every Sunday evening at 10:45. Searles, an accomplished s.f. writer himself, does surveys of the science fiction field, with frequent forays into pure fantasy. It will be interesting to hear his final assessment of Lieber's *A Spectre Is Haunting Texas*, the concluding instalment of which just now appeared in the new *Galaxy*. What about all those grass-smoking Texans, Mr. Searles?

Either the Parks Department, pardon me, I mean the *Administration* of Parks, has reached a period of unprecedented inactivity, or Commissioner, oh hell, that's *Administrator* August Heckscher, has taken EVO off the mailing list. State tune to this column for details of this latest perfidy.

Also too, despite popular appeal to have it reopened, the Ice Rink in Flushing Meadows remains locked tighter than a drum. Take your skates to Central Park, see how they like *that!*

Lyndon Johnson's birthday is coming up on the twentyseventh this month, he'll be sixty years evil. Y'all get out there in the streets now, and show him how much y'all love him.

Mynheer Abdul Sean De La Villeneuve expresses gratification at the response given his 'Star Drek' horoscope last week. Five Leos called his number within two days of its appearance, and received his Free Consultation and Catharsis. They went away happy. Mynheer De La Villeneuve's stereolapidoscope was damaged in one of the tumbles, so he regretfully cannot print another Star Drek this week; he adjures all Saggitarians with personal problems to contact him next week at 228-8640 any evening after six. Mutters something about the Moon coming into Aries and all fire signs getting hot and bothered . . .

It's all over for the LEMAR people. Here's Walter Winchell himself, in Monday's *Knickerbocker/Daily Column* bending his powerful and agile commonsensical intellect to devastate the flimsy arguments of the pro-marijuana spokesfolk: 'The author of *The Poisoned Ivy* (Bill Surface) debunks the myth that many of those slaggy-haired collegiates (using merrywanna) do not wind up on hard drugs like heroin. Fourteen percent of the heroin addicts at the Federal narcotic farm in Lexington, Ky. attended college.' There it is, boys and girls, cease your foolish antics now, or you'll never grow up to be wise and logical like Mr. Winchell; come clean NOW, before you wind up on some awful old narcotic farm. Quit, collegellants, a new establisment and

# tales of poor Ulysses

by Lennox Raphael

east side, west side, which is yr backside

Back in 64, or was it 63?, I lived on 12th street, between avenue A & B, and my apartment was robbed of two typewriters, taperecorder, stereo system, radios, & one blanket. Do you know the defeaning emptines that grabs your navel when you walk thru the door & everything usy is gone, taken by a stranger, or a friend in need, or by one of the untouchables who walks thru your eyes, steps on your heels & have visions of your hostility, your protectiveness, your tourism? The gang leader on the block was uptight.

Good vibes had kissed us, he had been to my place once or twice, & I knew and he was certain, my apartment was off limits to our friendly urban sharecroppers. A lot of people were being robbed around us. Yes, I must add that the Leader, that first night at my place (we were the Leader, about 18, The Shadow, 18, Johnny The Hip & Hardened Hustler who would cut you at the drop of a hat, and Maryanne & I), the Leader wa stelling Johnny about some of the jobs they had pulled, the serious pranks, and everyone laughed, enjoy because it was so funny! The Shadow's family was on Welfare & didn't like Welfare cheese, so the Shadow brought us cheese. The Shadow was very manful but still tenderly young, and one night after drinking one pint of Bacardi, for the first time, he decided it was much wiser to jump from the landing than dreamstagger down five flights. Next time the Shadow drank less run. Sometimes the hardened stoic, that navel smell lasted but a few minutes, then freedom, the Taker had relieved me of the duty of having to feel strongly about these machines. What is a police lock?

Dan lived on the first floor with Liz. He came to visit me & saw the open door. He knew. He was pissed. He tried to find me, but couldn't. I was in Brooklyn. So here I come waltzing in to my charismatic cockroaches & their own joint, and the door is open, and the emptiness after discovery. Then Dan arrives with the Leader. The Leader is very apologetic: "I want you to know that my boys didn't pull the job." They were investigating, looking for the one who did it, they were hopping mad to find the Taker. Then they found the Taker. The Leader came to me saying the Taker lived below. Right below. The Leader said the Taker was a junkie.

"What do you want to do with him?" the Leader said.

"I want the stuff back."

So the stuff was already gone, no more machines for the time being. The Leader had been to the fences already, but the Taker had done business with a transient.

"Call the police," the Leader said, "or let's take him down to the basement."

The Leader wanted to teach him a lesson. He must pay his dues. The Leader wanted to rush him against the basement wall "and beat his living daylight shit," keep him against the wall, "fuck him up!" the Leader said, and he wanted me to share in the sampat, I could kick his ass good, slap his "shit face around," put my foot on his eyes, I didn't have "to take any shit from a stupid junkie" . . . or I could go to the police. The police. Go to the police. The Shadow used to say everytime the cops picked him up they would take him down to the precinct & slappppppp his ass around, on general principles. The Shadow hated the cops. The Leader had been in several times, & he despised la policia. The blue race with the power & the glory of the gun & its glory.

"Not the cops," I said.

I didn't want the Police because I didn't want the Police. The Leader said I would be doing the Taker a favor. The Taker wanted the Police because he was outside and couldn't get any shit & had to steal, steal, steal. The Taker had a wife & four kids, and one day the wife was out front & saw people moving & said, "That sofa & tv look like mine." Later she went up and the four rooms were empty & she called the police & he was sent up, & he kicked horse till he returned to the block with the rest of the untouchables.

"Call the Police," the Leader said. So look here I tol dthe Leader if the Police came the Taker & Other Takers would be taken. Even the untouchables, the block. I used to stand outside at night as kids ran from cars to basements with batteries. They used to take cars for a few hours & ride joyfully center of the highway thru their free innocence.

"O.K.," the Leader said. "Let me know if you see a good typewriter around here & I'll get it for you."

"It's O.K.," I said.

"Or maybe you have a friend with one. Someone you don't like."

Something was worked out. Nothing was done. Sometimes I passed the Taker on the stairs. Liz was raped one night during a fire. Dan & Liz moved uptown. The rent strike continued. One day the newspapers carried the story of an assassination. The Gentleman was shoved from a late model Lincoln & the Lincolnites used a machine gun to keep him from

rolling. He had more guts than Clyde. The Lincolnites drove around the block & came back with their headlights as the Gentleman forced himself into a crawl on the sidewalk. The driver was good. He puled the car unto the sidewalk, and there was a bump as he touched the Gentleman's chest. I read about this ritual one week later. The fact that it had happened so close, between B & C on Twelfth, overwhelmed me into an isolation corner, & taught what the city was, and how concrete communications functioned when the victims did not live on the block . . . then I thought, right now!, I had to wait to read about the killing because I didn't know what was happening in the neighborhood, in the community. Another urban outsider was coming & going.

Months later I lived on Second Street, between B & C in the constant noise of fire engines, cars, soot, & small happy (or so seeming) storefronts where God is worshipped with tambourines & love while outside it was hell & not hell, depending on one's ticket to heaven. Malcolm X was assassinated during my stay at this apartment. Another emptiness. I went to North Africa, lived in Morocco, traveled thru Europe, met people from the Lower East Side, but never Puerto Ricans, those who provide the language majority on the East Side, or the East Village. Bajo Manhattan.

Then I returned last summer, 1967, the hippies were claiming Tompkins Square Park, there was music in the park, some flower fascists sat on the grass (instead of smoking it) & the cops rioted. They beat people left & right, and they were wrong, but no cop was punished for drawing blood. Then one felt the presence of the cops, white faces, a few black ones, the blue race. The year of the cop on the lower east side started last summer. The Grateful Dead played too. The cops in silent surliness crept about with their guns swinging, cops looked at residents & spat on concrete. I saw it happen more than once. Maybe you had to look more than once to see it happen. You had to see it more than once to really believe it, but you felt stupid for believing it only after it happned.

So I lived on Seventh Street between B & C. Guevara was killed, then King, then another Kennedy, the wars were intensified, escalation became a groovy word. Then trouble started two weeks ago. The jesustall Tactical Patrol Force trooped into the over-Avenue B community & started getting into blind hassles with the residents, even arresting leaders without knowing these people to be leaders. One night I saw Welton Smith (who works at the Tompkins Square Park Community Center) . . . he was at B & 9th trying to help keep things cool, he knew the cops were ready. Night after night people threw missiles at cops, residents marched on the Ninth Precinct. They wanted the TPF OUT! One afternoon I walked down Avenue B to Second Street past boarded up windows, two or three or four or five cops at corners, they wore their helmets, they more their dented helmets & when they looked at you it was with hostility & suspicion. "Why do they have to send them here?" someone said. "They don't live here. Ellos no hablan español!"

So I was moving to Eleventh Street between A & B the night people were running up & down the street pelting cops running from cops being arrested mad fuming cops, & last Friday & Saturday traveled around with Elridge Cleaver. We were in Rochester, in Syracuse, flying. Cleaver spoke to young people. He spoke of pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs oink oink oink pigs go. The Presidential candidate on the Black Panther Party & Peace and Freedom ticket ran down the demonolgy of the pig as we went from sty to sty. Saturday night I returned to the city. There was trouble on my block. Tension on the street.

"The cops beat up a Spanish person . . . and so much sangre. He was drunk, but they didn't have to do that. They could have walked away like they do for a lot of people."

From my apartment window I looked down on the street of glittering shards. Then something happened. A car came from B, stopped in front of my building, helmeted cops rushed out and grabbed someone from the stoop & bottles rained on the car & occupants as the cops fought into the car and



(Continued on Page 16)

# Yippie go home!

Yippie Yippie Yippie Yippie Yippie Yippie

by Jerry Rubin

We were kicked out of the Newport Folk Festival Sunday, then quickly driven to the border by three cops and thrown out of town "for giving pornographic literature to a nun."

This story will sound incredible to everyone but those who experience the Newport Festival firsthand last week end. Even the nun seemed surprised.

Tim Buckley was just finishing his fourth song around 5 p.m. when I noticed four nuns sitting quietly in box seats a few feet away. I walked over to give them a copy of the free Yippie newspaper, a brightly-colored, 10-page including drawings, poetry, and spiritual thoughts from our anarchist-revolutionary point of view.

Included in the paper is valuable information like:

"The theatre continues. We are life actors, laughing, getting into our flesh, kissing our neighbors, and ridding ourselves of garbage. Our liberated spines are creating an ecological network manifesting itself in a life oriented energy circus without authority systems. We support our inner concepts through action by recognizing that there are no problems, only things to do."

There was a drawing of a couple making love in the paper and there was one passage which included a slight putdown on nuns. It read:

"Who says that rich white American can tell the Chinese what is best? How dare you tell the poor that their poverty is deserved? Fuck nuns: laugh at professors: disobey your parents: burn your money: you know life is a dream and all of our institutions are man-made illusions effective because YOU take the dream for reality. The rich are rich because they are thieves and the poor are poor because they are victims, and the future will condemn those who accept the present as reality."

My motivation was not malicious. My purpose was the free exchange of information. I thought the nuns might be interested in our paper.

They were. "Thank you," one nun said, smiling graciously. A nun behind her said, "Can I have one too?" "Don't have any more," I replied. "Can you all share this one?"

Before they had a chance to reply a blonde woman in a yellow dress rudely grabbed the paper out of the first nun's hands. The nun and I shared shocked looks. "We'll see the paper later," the embarrassed nun said.

"WHY LID YOU DO THAT?" I screamed at the woman. I was furious.

"You can't hand out literature on festival grounds," the woman said.

"I am one person and I was giving another person something to read," I said. "Who are you to grab it out of her hands like that?"

"I am Mrs. Sweeney, the wife of the co-director of the festival."

Catching her off balance, I grabbed the newspaper out of her hands and returned to my seat with it.

Five minutes later a small army of six cops headed by George Wein, director of the Newport Folk Festival, descended on me. Wein's neck was red with anger. "Who are you? Who are you?" he kept asking. He ordered his cops to kick me and Peter Rabbit, who had a stack of Yippie materials in his arms, off festival grounds "and if you come back here we're calling Newport police and putting you in jail."

I wasn't in the best position to argue since I hadn't paid to get into Wein's festival. On my chest was a phony press pass. How can you pay four dollars to hear a concert? It's an outrage. Paying money to hear music turns it into another consumer shuck. How many people can't hear the music cause they can't afford it? Music concerts should be free or run by the community at razor-thin costs. Profit is pornography.

Wein saw the defiance in my eyes: the defiance I feel toward business and businessmen, especially those who live off the movement: there was war in my eyes and war in his eyes.

"Scum, you are scum," he kept shouting. "Get out, stay out." Wein and the cops led us personally to the exit.

Three armed Newport cops arrived. They conferred privately with one of Wein's assistants. Nancy, my girl friend, then arrived to find out that a lot had happened while she was in the john. "The scum were giving pornographic literature to a nun," Wein repeated. "Hands up and against the car," a Newport cop said to me, Peter and Nancy. (Nancy slipped two joints into her bra, never to be discovered.) We are searched, and pushed into a police car and told to sit on our hands. "You're going to the police station for an investigation."

At the station the captain carefully reads the Yippie paper and announces our punishment: immediate banishment from Newport, R.I. The whole thing was ending like a Western movie. Three cops drove us to the border, the ferry out of Newport, and told us:

"You have til the next ferry to get out of town. If we see you again, you're going to jail."

What was pornographic was not the newspaper which neither the nuns nor Mrs. Sweeney nor George Wein nor the festival cops ever read but the mere drama of long-haired rabble in dirty clothes and beads daring to walk over to a nun and give her something to read. Handing out literature in the first place is "against the law" at the Folk Festival. A nigger giving pornographic literature to a nun is a capital crime.

Getting kicked out of the festival at least made it worthwhile going to Newport. The only other thing worth remembering happened Friday night after the concert when Phil Ochs and I recognized William Buckley sipping a beer. We were infatuated with the idea of Buckley coming to the Folk Festival, and we irresistibly began following him. A friend of Buckley's stopped him. A crowd of about 100 people began to gather.

Ochs told Buckley that he had just come from singing at a McCarthy rally in Fenway Park in Boston. Ochs said that Peter Seeger also was there, and that this was the first time since Henry Wallace that Seeger had sang for a Presidential candidate.

"You mean the first time since Moscow?" Buckley replied.

"I hope," Buckley continued, winking his famous Buckley wink, "that Peter Seeger will be singing on the Czechoslovakian border to the Russian troops as they come marching through."

"When are you singing at the festival?" Buckley asked Ochs.

"I'm not. I wasn't invited," Ochs said. "I guess I don't fit into the Folk Music Establishment."

"Oh, is there a Folk Music Establishment too?" Buckley said, his eyes twinkling, and a sly look on his face.

At that point George Wein spotted Buckley, and he entered the crowd smiling proudly, like the impresario of a festival which had attracted a celebrity like William Buckley. After introductions, Buckley snapped at Wein: "Why wasn't Och invited to sing at your festival?"

Wein was caught off guard. Here was right-winger William Buckley asking him in front of left-wing protest singer Phil Ochs and a hundred other people why Ochs was not invited to sing at his festival. Wein passed the buck, saying, "Phil, why didn't sing?" implying that Ochs had been invited.

"Why didn't you invite him?" a number of people in the crowd shouted.

Wein then invited Buckley to a performers' party and left, embarrassed.

Later Ochs, Nancy and I went to the party, but at the door a festival official said: "Phil, git rid of your friends and you can come in." That was the crude tune played all week end: one hassle after another for those who upset the festival decorum. Wherever you went there were officials and cops asking: "Who are you?" "Where is your ticket?" "What is your business?" By Sunday there was hardly a person around who didn't have at least one harrassment story to share.

This was all ironical because six Yippies and myself had come to Newport to disrupt the Folk Festival. We were inspired by what German SDS did to German left-wing singers at a festival last month in Germany. Midway through the concert SDS jumped on stage and took over the microphone. They called it a "bourgeois festival" and said that people were consuming protest songs the way they consume clothes. "The times are too revolutionary for this," one said. After an hour of debate with the audience, they left and the concert continued amidst NLF flags and huge pictures of Ho Chi Min.

The Yippies came to Newport with similar ideas, but with no specific plan. However, we quickly picked up the vibrations: the m.c.'s were talking like camp counselors and the crowd was an audience, docile and accepting. There was no drama or tension in the air.

"It's too dead to disrupt," said one yippie, as he left for New York.

I stayed and learned again that no matter what you do, if you look like a nigger, white or black, the festival directors and cops will get you. They may even accuse you of giving pornographic literature to a nun.

## PARAREALIST PAPERS

by Jack Ruby

At a time when the competitive spirit is running rampant, no matter what the stakes might be, Oral Roberts, the Oklahoma Faith healing evangelist, committed the cardinal sin of copping out. After a disappointing start of his current crusade in Kenya, where his initial audience of 10,000 did not get to see the promised miracle, things began to look a bit better at a second rally, where 6000 hardy souls witnessed a crippled Kikuyu woman throw away her crutches after Roberts touched her. A roar of AMEN went up from the crowd and it seemed that Oral Roberts' day in Kenya was made.

All this was evidently too much for Chief Khadi Maulana Sharma, chief of the AHMADYA MOSLEM MISSION to bear. Without dilly dallying, he challenged Roberts to a faith healing contest, suggesting that among them they divide all of Kenya's cripples and whoever will perform more miracles, his will be the true religion.

To a laymen in such matters, both terms and prize sound conducive enough. Surprisingly to the pros in Roberts' organization it did not. And understandably so.

After the walking Kikuyu lady, miracles simply did not materialize. With the assistance of his 18 faith healing assistants, Good ole Oral laid his hands on scores of infirm Africans, whose afflictions ranged from Leprosy to Blindness. The Lord was exhorted in no uncertain terms. Heaven and earth were invoked. The Lord was again begged, beseeched and finally commanded—still no miracles.

This in mind, it was no surprise when Oral Roberts copped out of the most challenging opportunity to show the Sufis once and forever on whose side HE really is. "We do not engage in side shows" were the last words heard from Roberts from the dark labyrinths of the interdenominational faith healing business.

Some side show, some players.

Meat shortage is the Western man's classic complaint. For meat he will breed and for meat he will kill. The methods he will apply toward achieving this really do not matter.

With this in mind, it seems surprising how shocked our English brethren were when Scotland Yard ran into a pressure cooker containing a man's leg. In a number of assorted jars they discovered various human organs, pickled naturally. On another cooking utensil they found a nail. In a garbage can—an eyebrow. Upon further investigation it was determined that the landlord was the source of all these goodies. The motive—undetermined. The suspicion—a typical landlord tenant dispute. The locale—North London, the United Kingdom. The moral—don't get too mad at your landlord. He is human, after all an therefore inedible, for us at least.

Incidentally on the same day the Italian Police discovered in an apothecary in Bolzano fifty bars of soap made of human ingredients in the Nazi Concentration Camps twenty five years ago. It has not been determined as yet whether the soap lost any of its pungency or aroma.

The right wing nutsheets have the redeeming value of providing some insight into the intricate shadings of some segments of the redwhite and blue all American mind.

THE COUNCILOR, "a little newspaper for people who think", published in Shdeveport, La. SPY APPARATUS

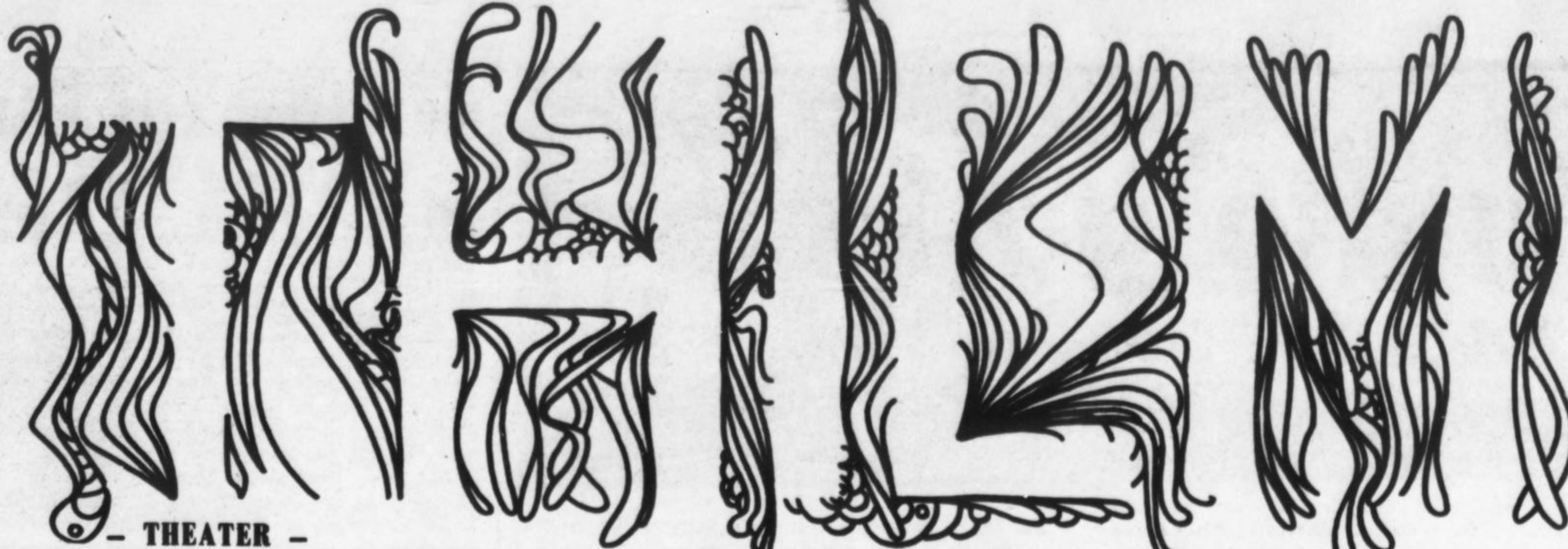
WASHINGTON — Twenty years ago Sen. Joe McCarthy warned America that the State Department was loaded with homosexuals leaning toward communism.

In 1968 the State Department has spent tax money to place TV cameras behind one-way mirrors in State Department toilets. But not necessarily to get rid of the homosexuals who still hold sensitive posts. There's speculation—unproved as yet—that lavender diplomats do the peeking.

### SAYING OF THE WEEK

"I always turn to the Sports section first. The Sports page records people's accomplishments. The front page has nothing but peoples failure".

Chief Justice Earl Warren



- THEATER -

Worse than going through changes is having to publicly own up to views which, given the newer context, now seem wrong—and using mitigating words such as 'misguided', 'half-aware', etc., doesn't help.

Dionysus in 69 when I first saw it, impressed me with its overwhelming power and lucid techniques, then later seemed just too long: a fresh, intuitive thought overexpanded. The direct involvement of the audience to reaffirm the possibilities of experience for theater is a difficult feat, for I don't mean involvement to be just the physical contact; the politics of ecstasy surely do not include the fascistic notion that each person express joy in the same manner; i.e., by joining a dance at one particular moment in time. Theater groups in this country are attempting to synthesize the European and other traditions with a peculiarly native zeitgeist.

Part of the discovery so far has been that acting is only one step over from the profession of actions practiced by everyone alive. In Dionysus, therefore, the various roles are layers of personality melted together by each actor who works with himself as he understands himself, and with humanity, and with the character hidden in the dialogue and action of the written play. This new theater, follows all other similar groups including any who have the same view of experimentation and truth, in its awareness and conscious assertion that the meanings of familiar words must be re-explored for latent perversion through overuse and misunderstanding. Words such as 'actor' and 'play' and 'audience'.

When I next saw the play, it had visibly reconstructed its theory of 'politics of ecstasy' and had chosen the more restricted meaning of the word politics; means of rectifying society have never been limited to public office, and the need to shout out literal warnings in a play, at a time when everybody's aunt remembered 'her prophecy' of the events which did take place had a most nullifying effect on the remainder of the experience.

Dionysus is an attempt to regain that original passion with which theatre was performed—and, particularly in the case of the Greek tradition of Dionysian rites. Everybody played, in those days. The people playing in this word are of varying quality, and it is doubly hard to comment on individual performances because the created roles are so much externalizations of their own projected psyches, to the point where reaction to a specific character, even when he is engaged in a chorus action, becomes a matter of vibrations and deepseated intuitions. Bill Finley, however, remains powerful throughout the performance, whether his presence is viable or intimidated, through off-stage whispers. Dionysus seems to be only a projection off his own view of himself, rather than a studied creation of various characterizations; as though, within, he is multi-faceted enough to perform psychic excavations and emerge with an understanding of the role he is externally performing on a stage. His antagonist, Pentheus, played by Bill Shepherd, exhibits the strain more usual during such a rigorous play. Sometimes, the exposition seems to embarrass him, causing a slight falter in his action—and I do not refer to the 'ritual combat' scene wherein he is forced to answer all questions truthfully, no matter how painful they may be. Of the others, I remember most vividly Joan Denning in the closed rehearsal, when she seemed to truly be enjoying ecstasy, to the point where her emotion charged the others in a most fantastic way, and I envied her.

The score of HAIR (The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical) is enchanting; there is something about the pure form of the music, allowing total free-play of the private imagination, that makes it hard not to enjoy it, no matter what it is tied to, or superficial company kept, in part.

More people than I ever expected knew sodomy was against the law, and even admitted that the explanatory, exploratory song in the show made them aware for the first time that they had passed Jules Feiffer's rationale that 'sex is dirty, enjoy it,'—well then. After seeing this year's motion picture entries in the mixed media, pro-integration ranks . . . I have new respect for songs which at least recognize that white chicks do sing, even if indirectly, that "black boys are delicious" and that black chicks, given the ad campaigns if nothing else, have to think about "white

boys are so pretty." "Colored Spade" is still a redundancy, but after listening to the listed names one might call a Negro, from 'resident of Harlem/President of love—you heard me, president of love' . . . plus all the other terms, "so you say," yeah, ok.

Right on down the line, right through to "I Got Life" which takes on a new vibrance in the re-listening and hearing.

In the time the play has been on, reaction and perception has had time to allow priorities to regain their positions. The play only-exposes half a world, the side with the tart taste but without the deeper barbs, the pain of wondering, "Where Do I Go?" The thought that parents could so easily take comfort that their children would grow out of their search for peace and awareness, boomeranging eventually into the world they live in, where clocks are not limp and hanging on trees, but is a consummate dictator—that outweighed consideration that this play to sell tickets at \$15 a pair—and that bitter pills don't get swallowed by people who are paying partially to have their prescriptions sweetened.

Unfortunately, I did not find out from the actors themselves that it was their own decision to alter the play's structure and content, thus giving their actions an entirely new validity, although still as personally repugnant to me.

The definition of the word 'critic' assuredly needs some new insight-explorations; if anything, I fell into the trap of refusing to realize that I wanted my political methodology to prevail, and was confusing theatre with ethics.

The opening of the show, "The Age of Aquarius" is a beautiful plea and hope, and never to be knocked under any circumstances, especially as we seem to be going faster towards an eclipse of the whole galaxy, lately.

Obviously, the whole score can be regarded in a different context especially if given the introductory, cautionary basis of this being a divertissement. So if you can't stand to laugh, including at yourself, don't go—even if you can afford it. Some of the smart is gone, though, for me, because enough time has passed so that the original condescension running through parts of the show is no longer objectionable: theatrical' illusory laughter can only hurt when the involvement is so one-sided that perspective is gone.

- FILM -

Fifth Ave. Cinema seems to concentrate on the French early masters: This weekend, Jean Renoir, *The Crime of M. Lange* and Duvivier's *Poil de Carotte*; next week, three René Clairs, including *Beauties of the Night* and *Beauties of the Devil*. Tel. WA 4-8339.

The New Yorker just picks and chooses from everywhere; Bogart and Belmondo over the weekend; then Belmondo and Ben Jonshon's *Volpone* next week. Tel.: TR 4-9189

*The Producers* is one of the funniest films of the year. It is now opening at the Art Theatre on 8th St. and at The Apollo, 42nd, off Broadway, where it will play with *Beauties of the Night*, strange sense of humor that somebody has, Mel Brooks and Zero Mostel may not belong on film; they may truly belong in the theatre. These two are still better than most of the people primarily associated with film—or either medium. They are funny.

A new Andy Warhol film will open Thursday at the Garrick: *Loves of Ondine*. The Warhol Garrick is now running Warhol films exclusively, having even taken the name in hopes that some of it will rub off. Unfortunately, if they don't do something about their projector soon, for instance fix it, nothing is going to help them, not even being between two great entertainment establishments, The Cafe Au Go Go and the Greenwich Hotel. Tel. of the Garrick: 533-8270.

The Bleecker (also near the Garrick) is running *Blow-Up* and *Purple Noon* this weekend. *Purple Noon* is one of the best mystery thrillers ever. Mon. and Tues. is *Woman in the Dunes* and *The Cousins*; for any who missed the latter, it is a rare film. Tel.: OR 4-3210.

It is interesting how certain directors/filmmakers seem to dominate particular festivals. At the Lyceum

(Janus Films), Truffaut and Bergman seem to occur almost every other day, with respectful bows to Eisenstein. This weekend, Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*; next week, *The 400 Blows*; Bergman's *The Silence and Wild Strawberries* . . . Tel: JU 2-3877.

Lita Eliscu

Flimsy Nims

In order to not assume total responsibility for this film critique, BJ has decided to share the commentary with a long-lost friend found on his shoulder in the shape of a hobgoblin.

BJ "THE Kinetic Art"? Sounds rather pretentions, eh Boobie?"

Boobie — 'relax, youse got intertained fo nuttin, just open yo mouth. Even though I never saw them, I was entertained."

BJ — 'really? Well, in that case, here's a list of those films shown at that decadent Lincoln Memorial Philharmonic Hall. Tell me what you think of them . . .'

Boobie — Hope you don't mind, but I've only got to mention a few. I remember *Happiness* by Lotha Spree, Germany; it made me very happy; *Phenomena* by Jordan Belson, San Francisco: 'far out' (ato quote his home town.) color, light manipulation, and macro-images; *Cruel Diagonals* by Vlatko Filipovic, Jugoslavia: in the endless war against collective amnesia, BJ, this miniscule war flick deserves total world exposure.

BJ — artistically, I think it's for better than the *War Games*, eh Boobie?"

Boobie — *Versailles* by Albert Lamorisse, Paris: entertaining as well as informative.

BJ — Now Boobie . . . You know critical criticism is a no-no. And considering that you didn't even see . . .

Boobie — Shut up! And stop picking your nose. Let's see now . . . Afterward, Franz Winzentsen, Germany: lyrical. *Gavotte*, By Walerian Borowczyk, Paris: *Hobgoblinesque*, if I do say so myself. *Spider Elephant*, Priotor Kamler, Paris: delicate. *Elegia*, Jan Huscarik, Budapest: natch . . . elegaic! The problem is that long elegies are sermons, and I fell asleep.

BJ — Not on myshoulder.

— Okay, Boobie, enough! It struck me as if the show meant to be entertaining more than anything else. What do you think?

Boobie: I don't. That's why I agree with you all the time. I really did like *Happiness* . . . it seemed more truthful than most . . .

BJ — Why?

Boobie — Cuz it was short.

Baby Jerry

Che is Alive

. . . though after the first striking shot of Bolivians pointing in sculptured silence to the dead body of Guevara, one begins to wonder if it really matters. For in the following scene, Rolando Peña, the strong faced actor who plays Guevara, begins reading from Che's writings while sitting or squatting on a table until like endless deserts, drowsy flatlands or slow speed records, he goes on much too long through a poor sound system pushing a viewer to stay and hope, or in sheer desperation to flee, when all of a sudden something snaps!

Peña, thank god, puts the damn book away and quite spontaneously begins exchanging insults with versatile director of this Spanish language film, Jose Soltero, and before you know it zest takes over. In a splattering outburst Peña denounces the "shittiness" of life as seen in so many big and small ways; from the possible casting of Heston as Guevara by Hollywood, to the matchbook cover he's picked up from a table offering education through a coupon, to the petty crap dropped through so many channels in a modern powerful country. Peña's explosion is sad, lusty, funny and full of rich Spanish curses, and his eyes are especially interesting as they shoot alive with fire, or sometimes drop to tender softness in response to some question or comment of the director.

Then you're in Bolivia with the revolutionary idealist or as some would view it, the romantic fool, tied up and surrounded by the enemy, very much alone, near

(Continued on Page 15)

# POOR PARANOID'S

by Allan Katzman

"Satan is his father and His name is Adrian!! He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples; He shall redeem the despised and wreak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured!"

From *Rosemary's Baby*. Written by Ira Levin and directed by Roman Polanski.

## POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

The Devil is God as He is misunderstood by others. In San Francisco, it seems to go double. The Magical Mystery Tour, with its quaint trolley cars, hills that dip and climb from bowels to bosom, and wooden houses standing alert, colorful, awake to the next trembling, has been taken over by a new offspring. No longer is it a city that sets a style but a last bulwark in the disintegration of a place where approximately four million people (if you include the Bay areas and Marin county) live in peace and harmony.

These past few weeks, things have taken their natural course. The Haight District with its last remnants of "The Love People" has taken on an aura of violence and addiction. The self-styled hippies who have made their kill in the media are all but gone. What remains is a rat race where the respect and reverence for life waits on the corner for its connection. The colors and pretty clothes are still there and even the long hair and tribal beads, but they sneak around corners now and pack a bulge under innocent and gaily decorated garments.

There have been a couple of killings lately over drugs not to mention a riot. The riot lasted about two days and was precipitated when the police arrested two young Negroes from Richmond, across the bay, for "pushing", hard as well as soft drugs. They were arrested on a corner of the Haight, and as they were being dragged away, yelled for help which was responded to by local tribesmen with a barrage bottles and rocks and raining down curses on the local "gestapos' heads." The police responded naturally with force; plenty of clubs and tear gas. The Haight tribe took up their position behind barricades and the roofs of buildings. The whole thing lasted two nights with a lot of firebombs, molotov cocktails, some sniping, a lot of broken heads and bones and innocent people being totally misused.

The next couple of days, after the police had blockaded the ten block hippieland and then moved out when everything supposedly got back to normal, the murder of two young people was discovered not five blocks apart from each other. The police claimed they had no connection with each other. An to a bestial mind bombarded with beauracrat red tape, the facts speak for themselves: One youngster, from well-to-do family across the bay in Oakland where his uncle was a judge and he, himself, an excellent student well up the ladder to medical school, was found shot dead with packets of cocaine in his coat pocket and a \$100 still crisp in his wallet. The other was a local traveler in the Haight way-of-life; nineteen years old, he was found shot on the street in broad daylight with his needle marks gleaming in the sun, and a gun cocked and ready-to-fire bulging from behind his belt. The first youngster's parents were stunned—"He was such a good boy!"; the second's, nowhere to be found. There WAS no connection except the connections themselves and the one item dealt in and which had now become a way of life in the Haight.

As far as the police were concerned, their behavior was akin to those they hunt down except that it had a badge on it. And their brutality in dealing with the problem was no less recognizable than the city fathers' own impotence in doing something about it. The law was the law even if it made criminals of a large part of a creative minority; probably the only creative one in the whole society.

The legacy it now leaves to a new group of youngsters who will be in the majority of America's population by 1972 has been clouded and badly handed by both sides. It will become a rallying point and symbol for young people who do not understand the good and bad uses of drugs and an issue of freedom that's now finding its escape valve in the political arena of liberties and revolution. There is a repression growing in America that has in its will to do away with the

three P's of young peoples' awareness—PEACE, POT, and PUSSY.

With the advent of the elections and the meager choice given to us by both parties, the repression will grow worse so that in five more years the cities will be teeming with trouble. Young negroes will be esconced in the greater part of it because most whites will have given up the city area to them and moved to the suburbs. And the new young whites who grow out of these new surroundings, if things don't improve, will react with even greater vehemence than the simple fact that, as one young person recently put it, "The reason I ran away from the suburbs was because all I could find there was a lot of Barbecues, Crabgrass, and Adultery."

What it all comes down to is finding a meaning; a meaning of life which is not supplied with War, Murder, Overdoses, Racism, and Boredom. If America wants to survive as a freedom loving nation, it has to solve these problems immediately and correctly.

Right now in San Francisco, across the bay in Oakland, the city is solving its race problem with the trial of Huey Newton, Black Panther, charged with the killing of an Oakland policeman and the wounding of another. Newton's Lawyer Gary is trying to prove that Huey is not getting a trial by his peers because most of the registered jurors are white and middle class. He is making himself a good case because Oakland is predominately white and middle class. The racism exists because the inaccuracies exist and they seem to rub each other the wrong way. There is also another side to the Newton case which Gary will have to prove. The Vendetta waged by the Oakland "Pigs" (the Panthers' name for the police) against the Blacks, especially the Panthers.

The whole incident that occurred between police and Newton occurred when they recognized him, pulled him from his car and started to kick and beat him as he lay on the ground. Newton, in order to defend himself, grabbed a gun from one of the policemen. If, as many witnesses seen to corroborate, there is a war being waged by the police, then Newton legally defended himself using the rights granted to him by the constitution to bear arms. Newton's case seems to signify the police structures inability to handle the populace without brutality. Into this maelstrom of hate, fear and prejudice, caused in a large measure by the inability to control the growth of mass peoples in a city, a large amount of innocent people are being sucked in.

Elridge Cleaver, the able spokesman for the Panthers, has claimed that if Huey is not freed, a lot of Black Panthers will not be alive by this time next year. What he means is obviously retaliation from both sides. With this kind of attitude, a race war can be easily triggered off all over the country with the Blacks coming off second worse to the Nation. Meanwhile the Peace and Freedom Party with its predominately white corps has nominated Cleaver for President on their ticket in the coming national elections. There is no hope that he will be elected but there are still some people who still cling to the system in the hope that others will discover its illusion.

San Francisco today is a waiting city. Most of the people who were on the scene this time last year are now firmly entrenched in houses that feel as barricades and brandish guns in secret in preparation when it will all come down while others have taken to a farther retreat in woods and wilderness to wait, survive, and return one day when it is all over with. There is one woman, a psychic with very impressive credentials (so sayeth the San Francisco Chronicle) who claims it doesn't matter because this time next year San Francisco will be inundated by earthquake and fire. If it is true what she has prophesized, then we all have been mimicing the martyrdom of Nature. And one finds this hard to disagree with when you look around and see how our man-made system has polluted the countryside with pollution, bad vibrations and negative energy. This earth like Moby Dick will lift her great white tail and smash us all for our transgressions.

What San Francisco has spawned, as has every other major city in America, seems to be Rosemary's baby in all shapes, sizes, and colors. It is the cruel legacy of a broken consciousness tested in time by our own political system unable to absorb the change. These are the victims our own parents warned us about, in a large measure ourselves. In San Francisco it all oozes out like a pimple. This is where it all began and this is where it will all end.

## The prophet eats Falafel

by Steve Kraus

Ring out the camel bells, swing a stick of incense and take a good pull on your hookah — the Falafel has come to town! No, it isn't the latest rock group; it's food for the inner man rather than for the ear, it's inexpensive, rich in protein and only three thousand years old. And somehow it only seems fitting that the man who is bringing the Falafel to the Lower East Side is an actor who has appeared on four continents and who recently starred in a film called "Broken Wings", the story of Khalil Ghibran, the Lebanese poet, painter and philosopher.

But first, the Falafel. Falafel is to many of the countries on the southern coast of the Mediterranean what the hot dog or the slice of pizza are to America, except that it goes back further — people were already wrapping themselves around it in Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs. Known today in the Arab world as 'tomiah', it is eaten throughout the Middle East, offered to the hungry passer-by by sidewalk vendors and tiny, hole-in-the-wall restaurants. It is probably the only thing the Arabs and the Jews agree on, being, practically the favorite snack in Israel. Falafel is very cheap and extremely nourishing, but its widespread success and favor may also be due to the widespread belief that its consumption aids the male reproductive powers.

The Falafel comes in an envelope of thin Syrian bread ("pita"); this is stuffed with vegetable balls, freshly fried to order in vegetable oil, which contain ten different ingredients. On top of that come freshly chopped tomatoes, lettuce and parsley and a sesame sauce called tahini. For those brave in heart and possessed of stout stomach there is optionally available a reddish hot sauce, which, depending on your fortitude and taste, you will either find delicious or suggestive of lava piping hot from the blazing mouth of a volcano.

Also available for taking home and gustatory freak-ing out is "homos", an appetizer, a paste-like spread made of mashed chick peas, tahini, lemon, salt and garlic. A largish container costs 65c pita bread can also be bought to go. The Falafel sandwich, which is a meal in itself, is 50c. All these delights are available at Pierre's House of Falafel, on the west side of First Avenue between 13th and 14th Street, a place not much larger than a cigarette paper; this week Pierre is opening a second falafel palace in the subway arcade under 853 Broadway, across the street from the Mays Company Store at 14th Street.

Pierre Borday, the man behind the Falafel, is a handsome, powerfully built fellow who looks more like a soldier of fortune than an actor who has played a Mid-Eastern mystic in a film, or some one involved in introducing esoteric culinary goodies to the American public. Born of a Lebanese father and French mother in Haifa, in what is today Israel, he grew up in Paris, and after some medical studies, studied acting with the celebrated drama group assembled by Louis Jouvet. When Jouvet died, Pierre came to America and studied in New York with the American Theater Wing. After a year he moved on to Brazil and it was there that his professional stage career began in earnest. He first became well-known through his one character play, "Hands of Eurydice", by the Brazilian playwright Pedro Block, (Known to American audiences as "Dairy of a Lunatic.") Pierre toured with this play throughout Central and South America. All in all he has performed it in all the seven languages he knows fluently: English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Arabic and Hebrew. He hopes to reopen it in N.Y. this fall. In the play, a comic tragedy, the author uses the audience to play the parts of the main (and only) character's wife, children, in-laws, girlfriend . . . During his stay in Brazil Borday had a weekly TV show in Rio de Janeiro called "The Telephone," in which he talked with imaginary people, and also found time to play important parts in five Brazilian films.

After performing "Hands of Eurydice" at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires under the sponsoring of the Argentine Government, Pierre took it to Cuba, and then returned to New York and began a new career as theatrical agent, while continuing to appear on the stage and on the screen. But his very success as agent, ironically enough, began to hinder him in his dramatic efforts. People in show business circles type cast him as an agent rather than as an actor, and, in 1963, he returned to his native Middle East.

Preceded by enthusiastic publicity he toured again with "Hand of Eurydice" and made the film "Broken Wings," in which he plays Khalil Ghibran, the Lebanese mystic who perhaps best known for his book "The Phophet," his lyrical and philosophic poetry and for his drawings, which Auguste Rodin compared to those of William Blake.

1968 has been a big year for Pierre; his film opened in New York to very complimentary reviews and he began his Falafel invasion of these United States. With two Houses of Falafel already in operation he plans to open two more in the immediate future and ultimately to have a chain of them national in scope. "America can use a change," he says. "Using the Falafel I am starting out with its eating habits!"



# KOKAINE KARMA



by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley

## COMING, ATTRACTIONS This week in New York:

**AU GO GO:** Fri.-Sun. — Blood, Sweat, & Tears, Sidetrack, Peter Walker  
**BITTER END:** David Steinberg, Raun MacKinnon.  
**CENTRAL PARK:** Fri. — Young-Holt Unltd., Arthur Prysock, Arnold Dove. Sat. — Mothers of Invention, Buddy Guy. Mon. — Lou Rawls, Joe Keys. Wed. — The Who, The Mandala.  
**DOM:** Clark Terry & Tonight Show All Stars.  
**FILLMORE:** Big Brother and Holding Company, Staple Singers, Ten Years After.  
**GASLIGHT:** Monty Rock III, Billy Mitchell, Carl Waxman.  
**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (Jazz in Garden):** Thurs., 8:30 PM.—Jimmy McGriff & Organ Trio.  
**GROUP IMAGE:** Light, music, dance, show at Diplomat Hotel on Wed. 9 P.M.  
**SCENE:** John Hammond, Buzz Linhart, Rauen, Sun. — Wed. — Ten Years After.  
**SLUGS:** Art Blakey, Mon. — Bob Patton. Sat. aft. — Pharoah Sanders.  
**VILLAGE GATE:** Upstairs — Bola Sete. Downstairs — Hugh Masekala, Jimmy Simth.

Steve Paul's latest rambling 'I'm cool aren't I' full page ad in EVO and the Voice once again reflects the winning sour grapes attitude of the chubby Jewish (but not bar mitzvahed) kid from Dobbs Ferry who "always wanted to be accepted in Greenwich Village, but never quite made it." The "Underground doesn't exist" for uptight club owners, public relations men, record company executives and sundry exploiters, who never faced the blood drenched clubs and burning sprays of mace wielded by brutal blue coated pigs. Sterile politicians want to suppress the passionate burst of freedom, love and expression of the "underground", for the roots of change are nurtured in the soil of anti-establishment activity.

"The underground doesn't exist" for the exploiters and observers who ride the fringe of hipdom. For them it is a vehicle for "accepted coolness" and/or mowing new lawns of easy money. But it is from the pages of the underground press and radio that truth springs, not the managed press and airways. And the new society will not be manipulated and the underground has always existed for in it breeds the sounds and visions of change. And the established music today is the mutilated, upholstered, perfumed music of

yesterday's underground. The underground is not a label but a continuing creative force and won't be bottled or washed out by anyone's autohype.

The Group Image has gotten its lovefestival-with music, lights, and dancing-together at the Diplomat Hotel every Wednesday starting at 9:00.

Rumors will be filtering into the trade press that the Bee Gees' lead singer is sick. However, the motive for this rumor is the bombing of the band on their current U.S. concert tour; so this trumped-up illness can be used as a cop-out for cancellation if the gates don't improve.

The Mothers of Invention return to New York for an appearance at the Central Park Beer Festival this Saturday night at 8:30 and 11:30. For only \$1.00 you can catch the great Chicago blues artist, Buddy Guy as well as the Mothers.

Bob Cohen and his New World Singers will give a Free concert of folk songs, old and new on Mon. Aug. 5 at 8 p.m. in Bottleman Plaza at 94th Street and Amsterdam Ave.

Jazz singer Bob Patten, who unfortunately is seldom booked, will be making an appearance at Slugs this coming Monday night. It's a good chance to catch his infectious vocal stylings.

Paul Butterfield's new album on Electra is a gas. He is one artist not content to relax on last year's laurels but continually develops into new and more intensive areas in his progressive blues style. Paul will be appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go in late Aug.

Great triple bill at the Fillmore this weekend—Janis Joplin with Big Brother and the Holding Company, the exciting gospel sound of The Staple Singers, and Ten Years After (another British blues band). Next weekend Joan Baez comes to the Second Avenue Music Hall.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus is establishing the world's first and only school for professional clowns. Irvin Feld President and Chief Executive Officer of The Greatest Show on Earth, announced

that the Circus will open the school this fall at winter quarters in Venice, Florida, and is now accepting applications for enrollment in the eight-week course.

Feld said that the school, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus College of Clowns, will launch its first semester in mid-October under the direction of Mel Miller, a one-time Ringling clown, and more recently, Curator of the Ringling Museum of the Circus in Sarasota, Florida.

The new College will be the first and only clown training program of its kind in the world. Graduates will be offered contracts to appear with the two mammoth editions of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey which will tour beginning next season.

Young men interested in the tuition-free program should contact Mel Miller, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, P.O. Box 967, Venice, Florida 33595. Miller requests that applicants include their age and general background. He said that show business experience is not a pre-requisite.

David Peal and "The Lower East Side" will do another concert this Sunday in Washington Square Park. There is a good chance that Electra will release as a single, David's "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker".

The Only New York showing of the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour" will be August 11 at the Fillmore. It is a benefit for the Liberation News Service. Tickets are priced at \$3, \$4, \$5.

The electric Kokaine Karma is broadcast Sunday through Thursday, 9 p.m. to Midnight on WFMU-FM 91-1. Guests next week will include comedian David Steinberg on Tuesday and Danny Fields, Electra Records publicity executive on Wednesday.

Buzz Linhart has signed to do the Central Park Concert on August 17. He will be sharing the bill with Little Richard and The Chambers Brothers.

John Hammond is back. The kid who was the leader of the urban white interest in authentic blues and was the model for thousands of fledging coffee house folk singers is astonishing audiences and embarrassing the second rate white imitators of urban blues with impassioned performances at Steve Paul's The Scene. Hammond was so important to the development of the emerging blues-oriented styles in the early 60's that the Electra liner notes to the Blues Project album featuring all the heavy young white blues cats at that time, apologized for Hammond's absence.

John almost gave up singing as a career in early 1966 when he sold everything he owned and took off for Europe. Buying a Land Rover in England, John traveled through France, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and all through the Middle East. After 4 months of living in Antala, Turkey, John sold his Land Rover and decided to return to New York. Two days later he returned to Japan (as VP of his friend's Infinity Food Company) to try to get traditional Japanese health foods. However he soon decided he was not a businessman. Incidentally, John in 1963 had bought, rebuilt and started N.Y.'s macrobiotic restaurant, The Paradox, along with Richard O'Kane.

Finally John returned to his first love—the blues and formed a band with Jimi Hendrix (James) in late '66. In early '67 he formed the Screamin Night Hawks from which his present trio evolved. In his trio presently are Herman Pitman (formerly with the Coasters) on bass and on drums the incredible Charles Otis, who has played with everyone from Lionel Hampton to Ray Charles to Jimmy Reed and is a fine vocalist in his own right.

Hammond in recent years has discovered Scientology and become processed and cleared. Through Scientology he has been given a new awareness of life — "Who I am, Why I'm here." It has enabled him to do more — enjoy more. He now feels on top and is certainly singing better than ever before with confidence and peace of mind.

"Hammond stands out for his complete giving of himself to his music. It is this conviction that comes through so strongly in his work; whether in live performance or on recordings. Hammond has developed into a first rate master of the blues tradition in all its subtlety and stylistic idiosyncrasies. It flows freely and naturally from him today as it never has before. The drawling inflections, the dynamic variety, the sardonic humor, the earthy innuendos, the moanig glissandos, the rasping holler, the rapidly mumbled phrase — all these come from deep inside John, for he believes in what he is doing." No white singer does the variety of classic urban blues masters so well as Hammond. His repertoire includes blues from Lightnin Hopkins, Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker, Bo Diddley, Big Joe Williams, Muddy Waters, and others.

Hammond will be appearing at The Scene for the next four weeks.

TO ANDY K and BOB R: "Happy Birthdays to youse" - EVO and the gang

SUBVERT COMIX PRESENTS  
**TRASHMAN**

YOU STINKIN BITCH YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE



C'MERE SWEETIE LETS WRESTLE



UNH! UNH! UNH!

WRITTEN BY [unreadable] DRAWN BY [unreadable]



OHH!

HEH! HEH!



UGH! GAUNT PUFF!



TEE HEE

BRAP



UUF!



HEH! HEH! SHURSHO SHURSHO

UNH! NO!

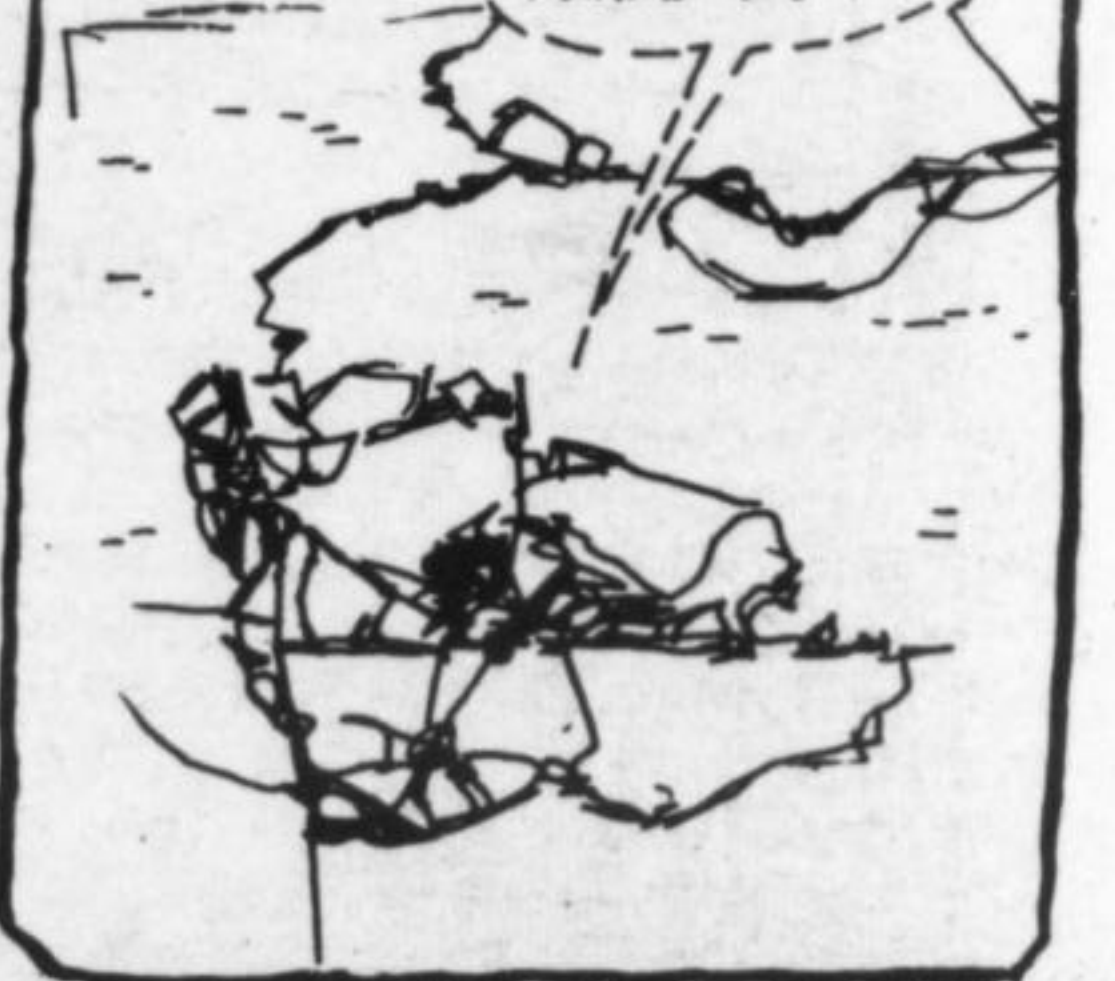


DONK

TRASHMAN SUDDENLY RECEIVES A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM A NEARBY CRACK IN THE SIDEWALK (CRACK Z-MINVS)



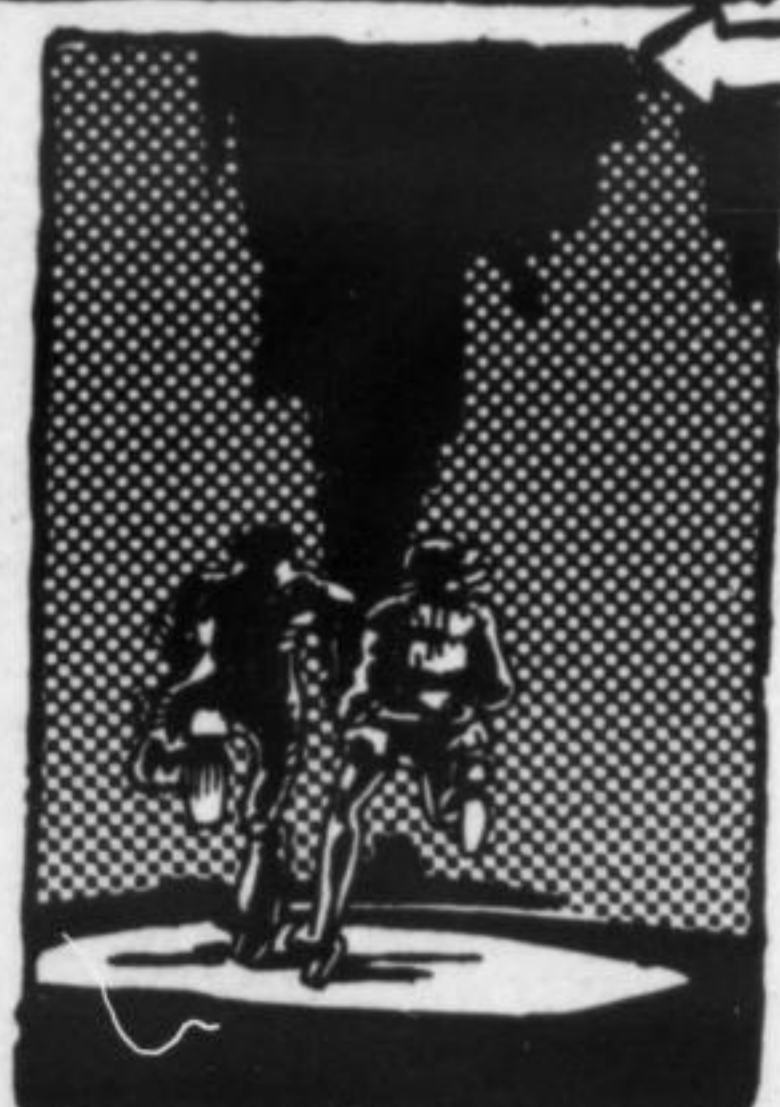
TRASHMAN QUICK THEY'RE COMING BEHIND YOU



LETS GO



PACIFIC HATER



BRAP BRAP BRAP



STOP IN THE NAME OF... UNH!

BRAP BRAP BRAP



# FLAMING FUNNIES

BY KIM DEITCH



THERE'S LOTS THAT NONE OF US KNOW!



NOW TAKE ED OWL



WHY ED DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME



BUT THE OL BIRD KNOWS A THING OR TWO JUST THE SAME



WILLIS BINDLE, ON THE OTHER HAND, READS THE PAPER AND KNOWS WHATS GOING ON!



HOOT!!



HEE HEE!



PLATS!



SUDDENLY, AN INCREDIBLE CHANGE!

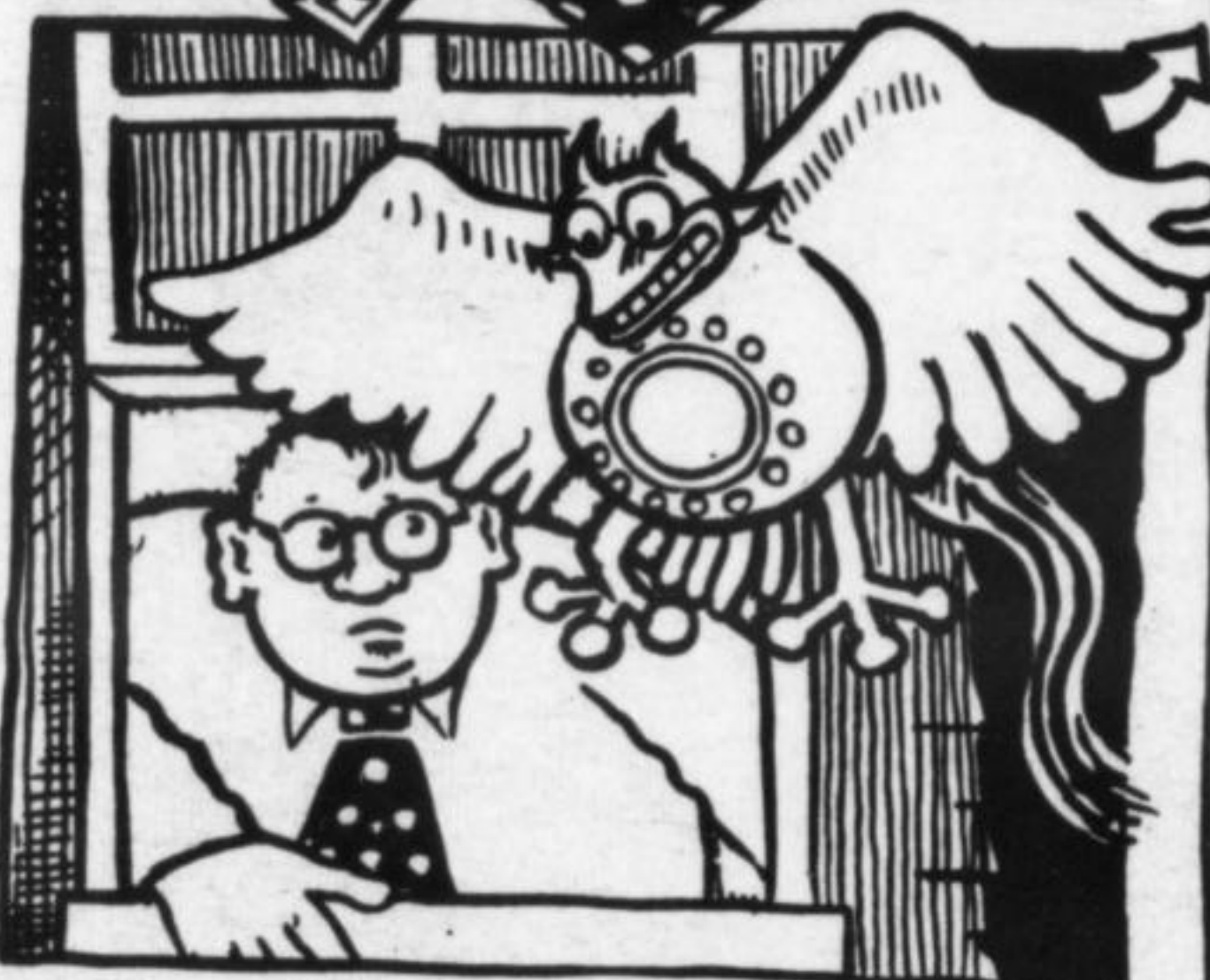
SWEET SHIT! THIS AINT BAD!

SO REMEMBER FOLKS

OWLS HAVE FUNNY WAYS!!



FUCKING BIRD!



The Return of

# SUCCESS

by Trina

LITTLE DOES OUR HEROINE KNOW AS SHE WALKS ALONE DOWN A DESERTED STREET...



HO-HUM! SAME OLD DAY by the same Dirty old man...

THAT SHE IS NOT ALONE!



SLURP...



...MICK JAGGER GOT SAFELY BACK TO ENGLAND WITHOUT ME EVER FINDING HIS HOTEL...

...AND I THREW MY I CHING AND GOT THE ABYSMAL ...

SIGH Some days nothing ever happens.

AND I CAN'T SCORE FOR PSYLOSQBIN!

# BY VAUGHN VAUDE



© 1966

FLY FOR ME  
OR I WILL  
SMASH YOU...



FLOWER,  
I HAVE COME  
TO VISIT WITH  
YOU TODAY...



MY FINGER  
THINGS ARE  
ALL CAUGHT  
TOGETHER...

HERE COMES SOME  
STUPID STUFF... I  
WILL JUMP DOWN  
AND POUND IT'S  
HEAD WITH MY  
FOOT... THAT WILL  
BE FUNNY...



I HEAR  
SOME THING  
WATCHIN ME  
FROM OUTSIDE  
MY SLEEPIN  
PLACE...



I WILL SMASH  
MY TOE WITH  
THIS QUIET  
ROCK... I WILL  
THEN SCREAM  
AND AFTER, I  
WILL THINK OF  
IT...



I HAVE CRUSHED  
A BUG THING...



STOP WIND  
AN TALK TO  
ME...



I AM STANDIN WITH  
MY STICK TODAY...  
TOMORROW WE  
WILL GO STABBIN'  
AN STUFF BUT NOT  
TODAY...  
I THINK MY FRIEND  
STICK IS SICK SO  
I AM SICK TOO...  
I WILL STAND WITH  
MY FRIEND UNTILL  
HE IS NOT SICK...



I WILL KILL SOME  
STUFF TODAY SO  
MY STICK WILL BE  
HAPPY...



SOME STUFF  
IS AFTER  
ME!!



I AM STUPID  
AGAIN TODAY.



IF I SEE A MAN CREATURE  
I WILL TALK TO HIS HEAD  
BEFORE I PUNCH HOLES IN  
IT...



I AM HERE  
THINKIN  
THAT IF A  
TREE HAD  
NOT THIS  
LIMB I  
WOULD  
FALL...



TALK TO  
ME YOU  
STUPID  
ROCK...



BOB  
CLEMENT

# HIP ROGRATES

by Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld

## LSD FREAKOUTS

I have written several times of the equivocal evidence linking LSD with chromosomal damage. Except for those who have set out to prove LSD is harmful; most researchers in psychopharmacology now believe there is little or no valid evidence to substantiate the much-reported chromosome horror tales.

Now a report in the July 15th *Journal of the A.M.A.* indicates that "psychotic"-reactions following LSD use may occur largely in those with a previous history of psychiatric illness and hospitalization.

The authors, Drs. Hekimian and Gershon, psychiatrists with the N.Y.U. School of Medicine, studied one out of five patients admitted to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital over a six month period in 1967. Speaking of the psychedelic group of patients they say, "A striking feature, as with the marijuana and amphetamine groups, was the high percentage of pre-existing schizophrenia."

The authors then ask, "Are prolonged adverse psychotic reactions to the psychedelic drugs due to the drug per se, or are they in fact often due to the pre-existing psychiatric illness, plus other drug insults, plus the final insult of several LSD trips?"

Many investigators have noted that a large proportion of individuals with psychiatric illness have used drugs like LSD in an attempt at self-medication. Those who suffer adverse and prolonged reactions following LSD use undoubtedly reflect this highly skewed population.

A curious fact, which may blow the minds of many, is that Czechoslovakia permits the use of LSD in psychotherapy. Czech psychiatrists have several LSD sessions, then administer the drug under supervision until they are considered capable of conducting their own sessions. Many of the country's artists, writers and politicians have used LSD recently.

**QUESTION:** Can you explain why, at nude beaches like the one at San Gregorio, California, the men don't seem to become sexually aroused?

I would love to go to a nude beach but my husband is reluctant and I suspect it's because he's afraid he'd have an erection. It shouldn't be embarrassing since I think an erection is the most attractive thing a man can wear. But he'd probably be more willing if he were sure he wouldn't get hard.

I have heard that this is no problem in nudist camps. One of the nice things about being a woman is that you can get quite excited without its showing.

**ANSWER:** Nudists very quickly adjust to the sight of man in his natural state. None of us were born wearing clothes. The notion that the sight of a naked body is somehow evil is a perversion responsible for much unhappiness in our society. I received two letters recently which speak to this point better than I could. The first is from a small town in the mid-west:

"My half-brother, who is five years old, kept on begging to see my penis. I finally asked him why and he said, "Because it's pretty."

He tried to see my cousin's penis also. This has some of the people in our family worried. He has done a few other things to make us believe he is homosexual.

Does this mean he is homosexual or is becoming homosexual? Is there anything we can do about it?"

The second letter is from Berkeley:

"I am a 14-year-old boy interested in seeing the female anatomy (sexual). Could you print pictures or photographs for my enlightenment and for others?"

Also, is it wrong for boys of my age to want to see the naked female body?"

Many psychoanalysts believe that children should not be allowed to see their parents' nude bodies. That's bunk! The five-year-old boy had apparently not seen many adult nude bodies and with the knowledge he would be an adult someday, wanted to see an adult penis which he considered "pretty". The housewife thought the same. Should the little boy think it ugly?

I have several times considered illustrating my column with drawings or photographs for obviously words are but one way of communicating information.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o EVO, 105 Second Avenue, New York 10008.



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photos by Raeanne Rubinstein

Fashion is a look, and it descends on the unsuspecting in true dripulator fashion: from On High, from those beautiful people who have good p.r. men to make sure everybody else knows what **They** are wearing. Influence is great and depends on a couple of women lounging around with their designers. Consider that designers are often house guests, or pets, and double as escorts on nights when supposed partners have already split. The power of laughter from the only male around (by comparison) can be devastating. So fashion often derives from the taste of a few people who are continually tired of looking the same, bored as they are by and with themselves . . .

So they look around for inspiration.

There has been a granny look, a little girl look, the outdoorsy Katharine Hepburn esprit, the Hollywood moo-vee starr look — there is even a nude look, except very few ever get away with it really. The only groups left by now are the Periphery, that whole amorphous society maybe in another galaxy; at any rate, usually laughed at or poked at. People write plays and novels about them, do psychological mindfucking studies. . .

Still, they are all that's left, those groups of people who, like the circus performers, have stayed to themselves. Octopussy as the established society is getting to be, it has already drained most of the other groups: just look at little girls and grandmothers — they all look alike, except the younger ones wear ankle-lengths and the older ones wear thigh-highs. . .

Instead of letting all these wierd freakies go to waste, why not just beat them at their own game . . . why not. Just remove the reality and polish off jagged-edged motivations, inundate the whole schtick under a flood of words . . . Rubber panties may never make it uptown, but even whips can be in if the right person carries them: Snap crackle and pop, the breakfast of champions!

In the middle of a bitching New York summer, while drip-dry mentholated maybe-meditation shifts are being offered everywhere (be one with Nehru!) stores are awakening to the necessity of ordering — and re-ordering — more leather. In the middle of July, "Now" means leather. All over. Brute Shoes, as they are cutely called, "with bullfighter brash . . . tacked on antique hardware." Toes right off the football field, and the sales for Dr. Scholl's foot powder must have quadrupled already.

De Pinna worries, "It's not easy finding a name for a new leather shop . . . a name that showed quality and yet had a groovy sound . . ." and came up with HIDE and SLEEK, which they shrug off as being just OK. Bergdorf's doesn't really believe it's happening, a fashion they did not start and are so anti- but if you take great, glopping words, shiny treasury-chest words, like "grofey-geet!" and "groovy-great!" and "just-marvy!" and "swyn-gyng" someone might still think you were discussing ice cream sundaes and you're home safe, not one hair anywhere out of place.

At Saks and Lord & Taylor, they push all the right beach stuff for now, but there they are all a-row: leather vests, shifts, dresses and skirts —and in the very next compartment,

# fascion

by Lita Eliscu

their vinyled-imitation half sisters at half price and selling very well (begun for the kiddies who cannot yet afford to buy their own and still don't know how to treat good leather, but vinyl is so much more American, don't you think; one step nearer to rubber panties for les Plastique — that's French for the Plastic family.)

The salesgirl says, "Oh they're selling just wonderfully! They're on back order, there's been such a deamnd!"

"Do your thing where all the action is this season. It's new! Powwow in leather!" 'Even the Indians get in on this — remember the dance of manhood — they'll probably offer that as the next party game to break-the-ice.

Nobody who started this thing really likes it, because it didn't get planned; it erupted this summer along with the other news of the week. Girls wanting to look like the girls boys look at is one thing; but girls wanting to look like girls who like to look like boys is another, whole different kind of mother. Maybe it's just that everybody subconsciously realizes that enough chain and leather is the safest survival costume you can wear this summer, able to turn back most of the lighter kinds of sniper bullets . . .



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## Thilm

(Continued from Page 7)

the end of it all. Then of all people Taylor Mead wanders before the camera with a radio and that remarkable puss of his, and we're off — into a zany scene of paradox and darkest humor. While Mead listens to a Gardel tango, Che is brutally beaten and tortured in the background, and there it is, what can you do, except possibly laugh. For this wild scene exposes Latin temperament and culture on three levels: from the romantic corn of Gardel, to the savagery of a bedraggled military, to the complex idealism and courage of a lonely revolutionist, we are confronted with a tapestry of something immensely contradictory but peculiarly Spanish.

Mead's face is, of course, impossible! it falls into odd pieces but manages to hold together. Huge eyes go one way, mouth another, lower lip purses left, but eyebrows arch right as he reads, from all things, the U. S. Marine's Rifleman's Credo, and so there it is: a bizarre amusing scene of torture in the distance while in the foreground a funny, beautiful face reads a silly, murderous credo until the serious fun ends. Che is shot, and then is shot again, and again and again; his bloody body bouncing up and down from the floor like a puppet on a string until the shooting stops.

The best spirit of the underground has always been zestful and impudent, and its usual breaking of conventional standards in this film the showing of the mike, the conversation between director and actor, among others is most acceptable after enduring the muddy first half. Peña and Mead have absorbing cinematic faces, and Soltero's approach to Guevara is so highly individualistic it is devoid of propaganda or ass kissing dogma. By hour's end Che is very much alive, kicking and doing well.

Joseph Aliaga

## Signals

(Continued from Page 2)

scribed somewhere in the prophetic verses of the pioneers of the New Jerusalem uniting with the pioneers of "the New Lybia." For it was Jesus who said, and I believe that the number 0.7397 was another name for the lord of the fifth dimension, GCIG, just as earlier he was known as Gizeh, for the pyramid, and as Jesse and as Joshua, that: "If two make peace with one another in the same house, they will say to the mountain, Move! and it will move." July 22 (7/22) was a master step in that direction.

By STANLEY FISHER

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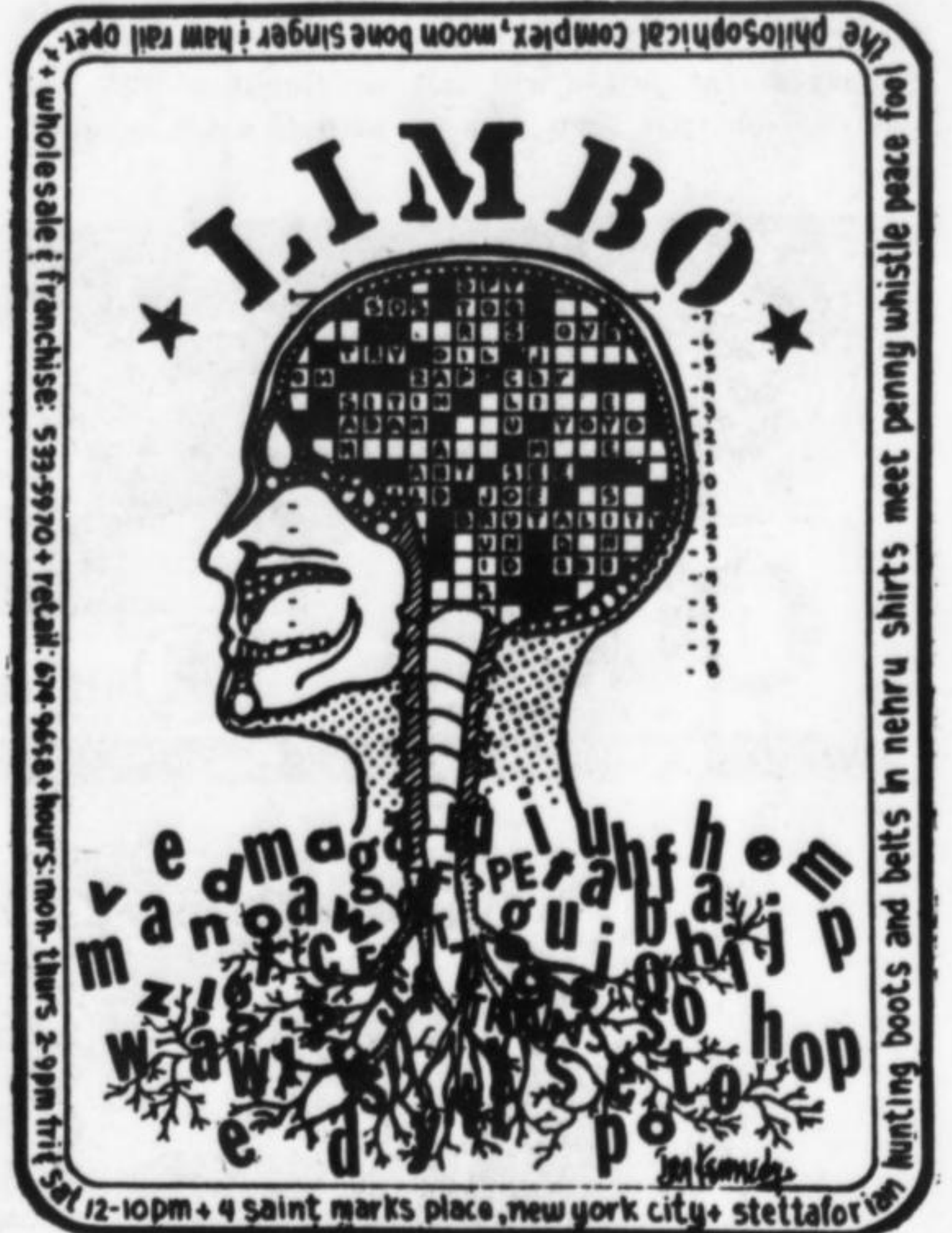
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# Ulysses

(Continued from Page 5)

sped off towards Avenue A thru a gauntlet of fury. Then two patrol cars speed thru the same kissing. A brick dripped from roof to top of finkmobile . . . GHDRAM! So the cars reached A & 11 and reversed back "to re-establish" authority, to show cops are not intimidated by bricks, bottles, & communal hostility, and must pursue the goals of the pacification program.

I went downstairs. An old woman was crying. Her son wanted her to go inside. She wanted to go walking. Where? To find a priest. "Nobody is going to listen to the priest," the boy said. "Tomorrow is Sunday & the priest will talk on Sunday." The boy told me the cops "are fucking with Spanish people."

Como un nigger. I walked to the corner of B & 11 near Saigon & the cops were all over in all kinds of clothes in tight faces, walkie-talkies in their hands, tutifrutti on their lips, the plainclothes one without identifying badges & cops climbed to the roofs on the block, and the cops stood around & looked uneasy, and someone who had been trying to cool it the first nights, looked at the guns & said, "God bless the pigs," and a cop said, "Well, what do you expect me to say to that?" and the man man said, "Oink, oink!" One is always a long way from home. Then, as cops & residents milled at the corner, a tipsy hustler directed traffic in graceful urban wink ballet, never forgetting to get out of the way for buses. "Say, man," someone shouted, "you're discriminating against buses."

Orders had come thru for the cops to cool their responses & let the people do their thing. "People are taking orders from the people," Welton Smith

said, as the dacing continued for 25 minutes at the corner to Saigon, which is Eleventh, between B & C. Near midnight there was quiet, cops made themselves less noticeable, sightseers drifted off, English-speaking revolutionaries walked their Sunday Times home . . . and what would happen Sunday night?

Sunday night I met Lionel, the great Ali Baba from Sidi Bouknadel, Tangiers, and he told of this friend of his around Tompkins Square Park who beat his old lady senseless with a gun during an intellectual orgyfest, and at the end the old lady was frantic shouting, "My eye, my eye! Where is my fucking eye?" down on their knees in black & blue looking for the eye, and the friend of Lionel Ali Baba found the eye under the tub in the kitchen, and they tried to sew it back with needle & thread & scotch tape, and the old lady was screaming.

"Shut up, bitch," the friend of Ali Baba shouted, "you ain't nothing but a cyclops!"

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# LETTERS

Dear EVO:  
 Super removed the FIRST CAUSE. Blasting the wealthy, he back-scuttled them and brought them down to scale. interviews, job interviews, etc. The Following this success he attempted to encarnalize the politician in the Requiem Tent, using a nuncupative flail in an electrolyte of generation. He failed with the politician allowing him to slip back into the knigdom of worms and make-believe. But for his other successes he won a major award from the Flower People and freaked out for a week, chasing tiny two-headed blondes around the fountain in Washington Square Park. Feeling that the way to Valhalla was opened up to him he used the Vedantic philosophy as a flying saucer and rode the wind. But his foot slipped from the stirrup and he bruised the shin on his fourth leg. Angered by this mishap, he turned on his mother. But he used a bad batch and was arrested for hair-trigger matricide.

While in prison waiting for trial he received by parcel post from an anonymous benefactor (who said he stole the stuff from a National Rifle Club) two sticks of dynamite and a fuse. He nibbled at the dynamite and thought it would go very well with pickled cucumbers, but not being very hungry he placed the dynamite against the wall and lit the fuse. The ensuing blast broke every window in the jail, and in the resulting confusion Super escaped into the night. Two blocks from the jail he broke into a store stocked with ultra-Mod clothing, and while watching the turmoil in the street, where one hundred and thirty one cars from the Tactical Patrol were creating an enormous traffic jam, he exchanged his prison garb for a Kama Sutra uniform of meshed shoelaces. He took his time dressing for he knew from experience that the only thing the Tactical Patrol was good for was breaking up Peace Demonstrations.

Fitting his prick snugly into a purple sack with a pink bow he tucked it into the matrix of shoelaces and stood admiring himself in the glass. Finally he hung around his neck a large silver chain with a small module of an iconoscope on it, and dubbing himself the Guru of Multiple Orgasms, he ventured out into the treacherous night.

Super is now at large in the Village pursuing his new thing. He drinks enormous quantities of water where the kids have opened hydrants and wanders around looking for Election Posters to piss on.

David Mitchell  
 Charles St.

Dear EVO:  
 This letter was originally just going to be a notification of a change of address, but I thought perhaps it might also serve as a chance to tune people in to a typical Army fucking.

Last week, during one of the many inspections that are held within our artillery battalion, a pair of field glasses was found in a Spec. 4's suitcase, which he knew would be inspected. How they got there is as follows: On June 1, 1968 he received orders to pack all his equipment because he was being shipped from his infantry unit on the DMZ to an artillery unit about 5 miles south. He had just gotten off of patrol and still had his field glasses, compass, etc. in his alert bag. The time he was allowed to get all his shit in order was short, and in the rush he forgot to turn in his field glasses.

Upon arriving at his new unit, he found them, and, realizing his error, put them in his suitcase to be returned to his old unit when he went up there to visit two weeks later. Before he got a chance to return them, they were found by the Colonel on this inspection. Although he has not talked to nor heard from the Colonel, he has been told by the Battery Commander, a typical ass kissing 1st Lt., and the mediator in this case, that the Colonel is going to Article 15 the Spec. 4 to death.

Specifically: the maximum punishment, which is reduction two grades (to E-2) which constitutes over \$100 loss of pay per month, restriction for one month, forty-five days extra duty, and forfeiture of one half of a month's pay for two months. Incidentally, any reduction of grade under an Article 15 stays on your record permanently, and will pop up for little things like college interviews, job interviews, etc. The amazing thing is that he has been found guilty of larceny, and sentenced without even giving his side of the story to the judge, who is the Colonel! in this case. I mean, really!

Tell Jerry Levi I dig him,  
 Love and other sports,  
 D.

Don Katzman (Columnist):  
 You scheeny pimps momser. We read your column about the hanged man in the East Village Other 7-12-68 issue. And we know you exaggerate. The black cocksuckers are the ones whon are causing the trouble throughout the country. The U.S. made one mistake it crushed Herr Hitler and got coumanisum and hike imperialism and kike exploitism. We will soon bomb you. Die with a asshole cancer.  
 (Name Withheld)

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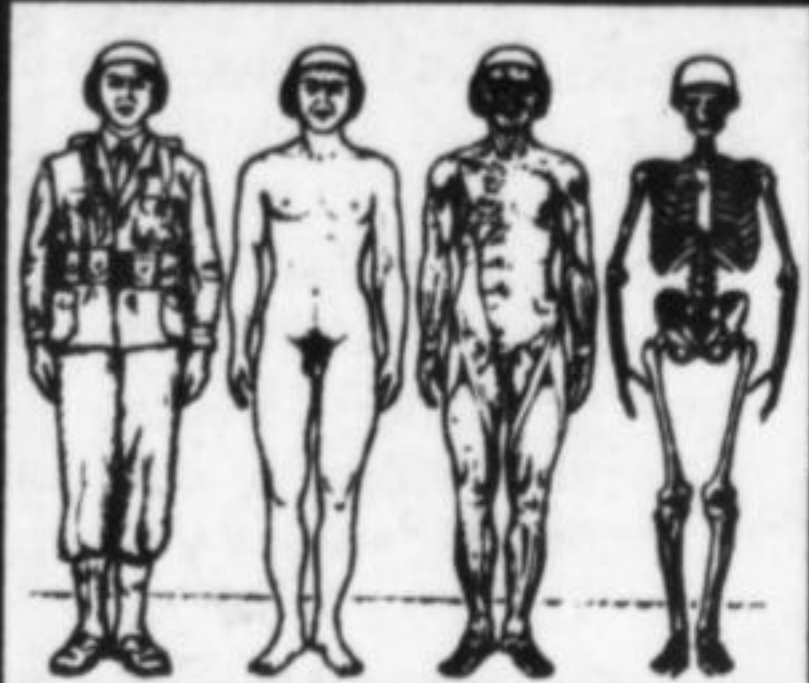
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ESP-DISK, LTD. wants sales representatives. EVERYWHERE! Sell FUGS, PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, SUN RA, etc. Write Box 69 ESP-DISK 156 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

3 SUPERGIRLS, who can type, sew, dance, and be beautiful with people and 3 TURNED ON GUYS who can do carpentry and know light and sound systems are needed for a new environmental entertainment complex opening September. Must be interested in involvement, not a "job". Interviews: Saturday and Sunday, 3-8 p.m., 393 West End Avenue, Apt. 1-E, 799-1423. Work begins Monday.

SLIM, beautiful female figure model wanted for trade shows. Bright personality and willingness to travel essential. PL 7-4276.

"ABORTION TECHNIQUES" CONDEMNED! DECLARED CONTRABAND! GRAPHIC DETAILS OF METHODS AND PROCEDURE USED TO INDUCE ABORTION. LIMITED EDITION, \$2.95. ORDER YOURS TODAY. (ADULTS ONLY). PHOENIX PRESS, 520 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10036.

BACHELOR photographer looking for girls to model for figure studies and psychedelics in exchange for weekend (or longer) on Long Island and plenty of affection. Send photo or phone number to P.O. Box 55, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

MALE bondage model seeks bondage modeling assignments from female males, couples, for personnel-private illustration and movies, no restrictions to pose, position, costume or impliment, state pay hours, all answered contact JOE, c/o James Donahue, 4547 No. 19th St. Phila., Pa. 19140.

ADVERTISING Art Field—Young attractive lady with four years of diversified art experience (negro indian) would like to obtain an immediate permanent position doing pasteups and mechanicals layouts photography, fashion illustrations. I also am seeking freelance work—I desire a very good salary and I am also interested in meeting successful young men in the art field who are helpful, generous, etc., for business and social affairs, any nationality welcome, not prejudiced. Please send special delivery letter for immediate reply. Send name—phone number, job description, etc. Write Aileen—P.O. Box 17, arvern State Far Rockaway, New York, 11692.

YOUNG GIRLS wanted to take care of studio — keep place clean, answer phones — Models and dancers also needed — Call Mr. Hardt, 245-9886 or 245-8843.

FIGURE MODEL: Ballet/Modern Dancing. Experience required. Phone 10 a.m.-6 p.m., 392-9665.

MODEL-GIRL FRIDAY chauffeur, must have late model car. Salary open. 228-5189.

#### C.B.S. MALE MODELS

Foremost for: Quantity and Quality, Availability and Versatility. PLUS DISCRETION! What more can we say? Seeing is believing. A Gay Time in Gay San Francisco. Call: (415) 863-3331, Noon-11 p.m. weekdays. 24 hrs. Friday and Saturday.

#### PERSONAL

VERY GOOD looking man, 23, blonde, blue-eyed, excels in oral-sex (previous girls never complained) seeks girls to entertain in my East Side (U.N. area) apt. Married women O.K. Call XVO-XHVV.

TALL GUY, virile, good-looking with luxurious pad. Interested in sex relations with married or single females 18-40. Satisfaction and discretion assured. WA 9-0919.

MAN wants female for uncomplicated sex. Am discreet and can handle difficult situations. Free use of my pad. Write Bob, P.O. Box 213, B'klyn, N.Y. 11217.

MALE, 40, largely endowed, can travel 2 days per month or bring interested parties here. Interested in learning French culture. Interested in all kinds of fucking. (215) 494-7174, after 6.

PHD., late thirties, writer, masculine world traveler, writing book on voyeurism seeks exhibitionist, uninhibited couples who do not wish that their artistry or finesse escape unnoticed and unheralded. Write: A. Lep, Box 390, Long Beach, L.I., N.Y.

PROFESSOR, 37, rugged well built, yet kind and sensitive. I cannot conceive myself propositioning in coarse language, in print; yet I, too, am burning with consummate passions. Am

here by sending SOS to young, intelligent, passionate females to write—and we shall take it up from there. All frank letters answered. Write: D. Starre, Box 398, Long Beach, N.Y.

CHEST MODEL wanted with nicely shaped 34 B breasts, call 675-1407 after 12.

MALE, Late forties, needs place, occasional messages and cheat. M. Fox Box 126, 1651 Second Ave., N.Y. 10028.

GUY wanted — teens, early twenties — spend summer (longer?) in countryside retreat near water, city. Sincere companion. Full description of self. Box 3, Avon, Conn. 06001.

IF YOU ARE one of the 12 gals selected you will start an absolutely free European tour January 10th. Yes, we need 12 gals (ages 16-40) to pose nude for Italian book on breast development. Then travel for publicity. We need gals with very small, small, medium, large, very large breasts. All races. Italian screen test also possible for those interested. Send photo for immediate interview: Business Service Press, Box 1659, New York, N.Y. 10017.

WEALTHY and generous 35-year-old exec. will pay \$25 for unusual and stimulating lunch time dates. My pad or yours. What can you suggest to whet my appetite. Gals or couples only. Photo and phone No. a must in very first letter. Write to Mr. Whitehead, Box 1659, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

YOUNG lady, 20 yrs. seeks friendship with middle-aged woman or couples who enjoy the unusual. This is a sincere ad. Please no undesirables. — Name and phone a must. Radio City, Box 327, N.Y.

MATURE MAN (35) says that falling in love is wonderful and side burns are sexy. All foreign cultures. P.O. Box 260, Canal St. Station, N.Y. 13, N.Y.

ATTRACTIVE, well-built, vigorous 40-year-old divorced writer, frankly lonely, seeks female roommate for serious relationship, possibly marriage. Great midtown terrace apartment, weekends at seashore, Europe in October. All expenses paid. 877-0534.

EASY GOING, youngish, 39 yrs. old, well built bachelor and advanced student of French culture seeks a clean girl 23-40, with lean to average build to enjoy a week long flying holiday with him touring Eastern states during mid-August. Write to: Frank, Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

COOL IT! Weekend in country free room, board, transportation 2 ways exchange 10 hrs. modeling for artist female 18-27. P.O. Box 86, Golden's Bridge, N.Y.

COME HOME . . . When a trumpet floods the Moon . . . With the tyranny of a garden's boon . . . Come home . . . When mercy conquers the sky. Lark's Abyss: and silence begets a wingless bliss. Orpheus Jr., YU 2-4471.

HANDSOME bachelor (forties) wishes to meet an honest female, twenty five - thirty five. Over 130 lbs. (White only). Have beautiful pad with all goodies. Am an expert cunnilinguist, must appreciate sex. Discretion

fulfillment assured, no homos or phonies, please. Please call after midnight. (212) 799-5039, Billy.

COUPLES and single girls interested in free sex contact 652-4976 between 12 noon and 10 p.m. No single men.

MALE GRAD. student desires female companion for drive to Calif. in mid-August. Call Ron, weekdays: (914) 478-3131 ext. 2060.

BACHELOR, Univ. of Md. undergraduate, vet, mature white, discreet, trim, good-looking, seek slender, attractive, single girl in D.C. area (or N.Y.C.) for inexpensive, non-involved balling. No fags. Call 301 927-3706 or write P.O. Box 372, College Park, Md. 20740.

MATURE WOMAN over 30: nerves need therapy? Handsome, discreet male, loving French Linguist, will show you relaxation through eacstasy. No obligation. No gays. Call Jay, 12-2 p.m. 675-7725.

YOUNG MARRIED couple (mid-twenties) seeks the company of a young lady (18-25) for an enjoyable new experience. Discretion assured. 336-4087.

MALE share his West 80's apartment with male. Prefer domestic M type who likes to "run" apartment, but deal involves no S-M entanglements. \$65.00. TR 7-7196.

GIRLS! Uninhibited handsome Bachelor, 23, looking for beautiful, intelligent, groovy, chick to share swinging holiday and fun in Florida. Don't wait! Write and send picture to Doug, Rte. 5, Box 172, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

ATTRACTIVE, divorced guy, seeks very attractive, shapely gal, approx. 23-33, for dating purposes. Call 899-4228 afternoons.

BOY with long hair who doesn't turn onto girls wants to meet SAME. Give phone number, age, photo appreciated. Box 2918, G.P.O., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10001.

SLAVERY grows into a voiceless mist . . . When fidelity opens a vertical fist . . . And vision darkens into gratitude: When impact dazzles solicitude . . . YU 2-4471, Orpheus Jr.

BOY with long hair who doesn't turn on to girls wants to meet some. Give phone number, age, photo appreciated. Box 2918, GPO, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10001.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

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

NOCTURNAL NEGRESS, 20, seeks NON-SEXUAL but meaningful relationship with sensitive beautiful individual(s). Send recent photo or accurate description and phone. P.O. BOX 270 NEW YORK CITY 10024.

STERILE Male, 40 White, Good Looking. Have apartment, car. Very discreet. Seeking passionate uninhibited girl for mutual, intimate enjoyment. Will answer all. Phone appreciated. S. H. M. P.O. BOX 132, G.P.O. Bronx, N.Y.

INTERESTING, well-traveled, 39 yrs. old man seeks serous male friend 16 to 22, race no barrier. Details to J. Randida General Delivery, New York 10001. Photo and all details appreciated. I promise a fascinating experience for the right person. Please—no SM.

YOUNG MARRIED couple (mid-twenties), seeks the company of a broad-minded young lady (18-25) for a new and satisfying experience. Discretion assured. 336-4087.

SINGLE COUPLE—Looking for groovy gal to join us in trio activities (BI) Gals invited. Photo, telephone. Write G.P.O. Box 1272, New York, N.Y., 10001.

ATTRACTIVE MALE journalist and movie addict, 31, almost boyish looking. Welcomes lunch, dinner or cinema date with slender, pretty girl under 25. 989-3270. No fags.

#### GAL FREE PAD

Young, unsquare white male. Seeks swnging chick, soul or white to share nice pad. No strings. Everything free. Call John, evenings, after 10. 246-8029.

YOUNG, handsome male, 23, wants relationship with lady in return for assistance in career (201) 863-2386.

UNUSUAL GUY—Attractive and well hung—desires girl for sex and discipline. Call Bob 874-4398.

MASCULINE MAN desires bisexual very masculine man share his apartment. Must be tall and very rugged type. Interested wrestling, boxing — phone 628-5553.

ONLY a grownup, intelligent woman, 26-36, will be happy sharing conversation, beaches, baroque music, sweet Sunday breakfasts and McCarthy campaigning with me . . . tall, bright, sensual publicist, 40, Joy, 989-5024 (when I'm out electronic recorder takes your message).

BACHELOR, 28, tall, dark, handsome, Caucasian student of the performing arts seeks shapely, attractive females — AC/DC preferred. 21-35. To accompany him on swinging weekend parties-trips, also an all expense paid vacation July 19 July 26. Discretion expected and received. Lets meet for cocktails Couples also. Call (212) 651-8665, weekdays and weekends. NO males.

SHERRI, please, call home collect to let us know that you are all right. We love you dearly and wish to speak to you. Don't have to worry about any punishment. We understand and love you. — MOM, DAD.

MALE, 27, gay, college graduate seeks same who has apt. to share starting Sept. 1, in E. Nassau County (Pref. North Shore). Separate bedroom required. Write G.P.O. Box 2126, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

CHRISTOPHER LA CRUZ  
IS A TUNING



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