

# THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

March 1-7

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Vol. 3, No. 13

FROM THE DEATH OF WINTER  
COMES THE SPRING OF LIFE



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ALLAN KATZMAN  
JAAKOV KOHN  
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SAN FRANCISCO: SAM SILVER

JAY AND THE KID

### cover photo by Bob Parent

Dear EVO,

Maybe there's a better approach than trying to counteract anti-scientific articles with the cold facts, as I did in your letter column a few weeks ago. Instead of responding seriously, maybe it would be better to follow the method used by Stanley Fisher, "astrologist" in Vol. 3, No. 11. He makes the saucerites look ridiculous by one of the funniest uses of hyperbole I've recently seen. In one brief page, purportedly written in support of the saucer enthusiast's claims, he casts ridicule on their use of anagrams, UFO reports, divine intervention to stop atomic wars, and the whole mystical paraphernalia. There's been nothing like this since a saucer scare in the early 50's, when another such parodist whose name slips my mind tried to pass of Ezekiel's vision as four medium bombers flying in close formation through a time-warp!

I'm sending along a brief contribution to help you in your difficulties with Aaron Koota. You may be pleased to know that he hasn't scared every Brooklyn newsdealer off EVO; it's still available at two places at the corner of Flatbush and Nostrand.

Stay well,

JOHN BOARDMAN, Ph.D.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear EVO,

Your reporter, Alice Furloud, makes a big deal out of William F. Buckley Jr.'s penchant for regimental striped neckties. (Vol. 3, No. 12).

Furloud wonders if they signify Buckley's "subconscious craving for a regimented society."

Come now, let's get off the two-bit sidewalk-psychologist shit.

If you're going to call someone a totalitarian, because of an innocuous necktie, what's so egalitarian about those who wear Army field jackets, fatigues, overcoats, Navy pea-coats, CPO shirts, and 13-button (regulation! Wow!) bell bottom trousers.

I also note that the current attire among military-hating groups includes Cossack shirts, Mao blouses, British officer short coats, Afrika Korps caps, West Point cadet capes, and Chinese Army parkies. Against this mighty array of uniformed splendor, Buckley and his necktie would be nowhere.

JAN STARR  
New York, N. Y.

Dear EVO,

It has taken a long time to get this letter out of me because I wanted to see if it really persisted in being as important to me as it seemed initially. Happily, discretion has lost out.

# Dear EVO

DEAR FUCKIN' DIRTY COMMIE PERVERTS:

I WISH TO PRAISE YOUR COURAGEOUS CONTINUATION OF PUBLISHING YOUR FILTHY 'PORNOGRAPHY'. THE LAST ISSUE WAS PATENTLY OFFENSIVE AND REALLY APPEALED TO MY PROMPT INTERESTS. IF YOUR VILE RAG HADN'T BEEN CONSTANTLY WITHOUT ANY REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE, I WOULD HAVE CANCELLED MY SUBSCRIPTION.

I WISH YOU'D FEATURE A SPECIAL SODOMY CENTER-FOLD TO COMMEMORATE YOUR BUST. IF YOU'RE CENSORED FROM SHOWING TITS AND PUSSY, I GUESS BREASTS AND VAGINAS WILL HAVE TO DO, ALTHOUGH IT JUST WON'T SEEM THE SAME.

HERE IN BOSTON YOU HAVE TO EXPECT THE HASSLES THAT AVATAR HAS WITH THE LOCAL PURITANS, BUT IT COMES AS A SHOCK TO FIND OUT THAT "SIN CITY" IS NOW INTO A PURITAN THING. THE D.A. AND THE NYRB ARE ONLY DOING THEIR THING TOO, BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING "F--- THOSE MOTHERF---ERS!"

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT THIS STATIONARY IS A BIT STRANGE. YES, IT'S TOILET PAPER. IF YOU'RE READING TOILET PAPER NOW, THEN THAT MUST MEAN THAT THE D.A. IS USING THE CONSTITUTION TO WIPE HIS ASS.

BEFORE I FORGET, YOUR FEB. 9 COVER WAS A GROOIE. I GOT A DEPRAYED THRILL FROM FOLLOWING THE DIRTY POTS. I COULD NEVER DRAW DIRTY PICTURES BEFORE.

F--- YOU GUYS

DEPRAYED JIM-JIM  
AGE 20 1/2  
BOSTON

Last fall when the "Death of The Hippie" procession took place, being far from the scene I was at first confused — as I feel sure millions were — and it was only after some time that I realized what was really intended was that the word (not the spirit) be interred. That a handy Shibboleth was being taken from the hands and mouths of the media.

Brilliant. But it seemed to me that the suggested substitute, "Free American," just wouldn't do. It was too limiting. It just didn't seem to have positive merits over the word it was replacing.

Now I begin to see (in the EVO and other places) the word "Yippie" emerging. I believe the media will rapidly turn this into an even more scurrilous Shibboleth by the time summer brings its inevitable bursting forth of new, refreshed energies.

It seems to me that we must all accept a basic hypothesis: that whatever the tribal name, the media will even-

tually twist it into a weapon to be used against us.

Therefore I suggest a substitute (for Hippie, Free American, Yippie etc.) that they cannot twist: HUMAN.

HUMANS PROTEST WAR!  
HUMANS DEMONSTRATE AT INDUCTION CENTER!

HUMANS HOLD LOVE—IN IN THE PARK!

20,000 HUMANS TURN OUT FOR PEACE!

HUMANS TURNING OUT TO BE A SOCIAL PROBLEM!

POLICE SEE HUMANS AS REAL PROBLEM!

Even with their infirmitly practiced skill at it, it will take many years for the media to twist that beautiful, simple, proud word. And isn't that what it's all about. Treating every person, up front, as that incredible miracle he and she is, a HUMAN.

Love, peace and joy to all of you,  
Jack O'Connell  
New York, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

Here I am, a not-to-typical 15-year-old jeune fille living in what I hope to God is a not-to-typical place. For I, I who believe in the power of love and the ecstasy of peace, am suffocating in a high school of asses filled with hostility and selfishness. Most of the people here have an overpowering sense of prejudice.

I have seen white students mimic black students and shout "NIGGER!" Recently, some girls in my gym class hit me with books when they discovered that I was Jewish. Both incidents occurred in front of teachers.

I know of a group of girls in my school who were chipping in to send money to support a Korean child. One suggested that they request a boy a year or two older than they were. The girls heartily agreed. Then one of them became slightly upset, to say the least, "Ugh!" she growled, "He'll have those slanty eyes!" All of the girls became worried and annoyed until one said cheerily, "Don't worry, there are operations."

Of course, decent people do exist here, though they are small in number. And, unfortunately, I have only met one truly beautiful person.

WHY?!

Love and flowers,  
ROSEANN CANE  
Huntington, L. I.

## The myth says: America

If you are an expert in the following fields: Literature, Sociology, Psychology, Law, and/or related fields—and you are willing to testify on EVO's behalf concerning our alleged violation of the obscenity laws in Brooklyn, please contact: Bruce Tobin here at EVO, 105 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y., 10003 or Josh Kopolovitz at the N.Y. Civil Liberties Union, 156 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

## is the earthly paradise

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
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Will God bless our nuclear bombs

# The New York Times

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

VOL. CXVII

By Dick Preston

## PRESIDENT URGES MARINES KILL 162 STARTING MONDAY

Toll in '68 Rises to 2,242—  
Saigon Toll Not Disclosed  
—Other Allies Lose 18

## TAX BENEFITS PROPOSED

Says Ambassador Met King on Day of Coup Attempt

## PAPERWORK LAG IS CITED

By ROY DANZIG  
Special to The New York Times

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 22—President Johnson, reflecting the national concern with decaying cities, outlined today a broad public-private plan for rebuilding the residential hearts of the nation's urban centers.

"You send the best of this country off to be shot and maimed," she said. "They rebel in the street. They will take pot and they will get high. They don't want to go to school because they're going to be snatched off from their mothers to be shot in Vietnam."

### No Casualty Figures Released

Official casualty figures have not been released, but the battalion is known to have suffered about 50 dead and at least 200 seriously wounded. A marine battalion normally has 1,200 men, but the number can vary according to the unit's mission.

Emergency contracts are actually work orders that do not require competitive bidding. They can be issued by most of the city's commissioners for the necessity for quick repairs of things like broken water mains—demand them.

One company was withdrawn from the line today with only 61 men left. A Marine company at full strength comprises 205 men.

Another company in combat until the end was down to 71 men. One fresh Marine company was brought in last night.

Tall, urbane, impeccably dressed, with the kind of firm-jawed good looks popularized in old Arrow collar ads, he mined New York from its upper social stratum—where sabled matrons and their bewattled

## U.S. MARINES GAIN STOCK EXCHANGES

### Its Meat Law Here

A force of 193 detectives and uniformed policemen swooped down on the campus of the State University Center here this morning and arrested 33 young people—25 of them students—for violations of nar-

## Professor Giving Lesson With Simple Mortar

Only 15% Friends and Enemies Expect Answers to Religious Questions to Call In the Common Core by Midsummer

According to a poll of 1,010 persons conducted for The New York Times, 59 per cent of the state's citizens sided with the population. And there are plainly fears and prejudices in areas with a heavy colored population, notably in the sort of Midlands industrial area caused by Kenya Government pressure against non-African holding jobs and by political speeches in Britain pressing for a barrier.

"A ragged old peasant will walk up to an installation to ask for a handout," one United States source said, "but under his breath, he's counting—171. His voice is often tinny and high-pitched, as if it were being projected by a cheap tape recorder. In fact, he makes sure there is always a tape recorder running whenever he speaks—to preserve the wisdom," an aide explained.

Further signs of uneasiness were provided yesterday when Prof. Ota Sik, the nation's chief economic reformer, contended in a radio interview that workers had been told not to accept the reforms because they would lose their "privileges."

"If the race goes too slowly, then Eddie, he'll be in bad shape," said Grignola, a small, 33-year-old former driver, who wears a peaked cap and a worried expression. "The horse has the big heart—he only wants to go fast."

The United States Embassy reported that 27 American civilians had been killed since the offensive began and that 17 were listed as missing. Three of these civilians are believed to be prisoners.

Although the Mayor took the harder line against the sanitationmen's union, he nevertheless

Continued on Page 20, Column 1

## U.S.-SOVIET DRAFT TO SHUT AT 2 P.M. BUT FOE FIGHTS ON

Right to Strike Except for Health and Safety Units

### Gift From New Canaan

A \$50 check arrived anonymously from a New Canaan, Conn., donor, in memory of his mother "who never missed a year or a contribution to your good work."

While he was in the room, however, Miss Kitt stood up and asked him, "What do you think about delinquent parents, parents who can't spend time with their children?"

### President Replies

The President, taken aback by the unexpected question, said that day care centers had been established under Social Security legislation and added, "I think it would be a good idea if you would ask the women and then tell me what you think."

He left soon afterward.

"I was shaken and confused," he said "by militant Buddhist leaders who said that they oppose the South Vietnamese Government, but yet do not think that the United States forces ought to withdraw. They said that withdrawal would mean a Communist victory."

But the barbed wire that has been strung to keep the curious from disturbing the peace of the Beatles also keeps the Beatles from discovering what is going on around them. They have not wandered into the hills where Hindu holy men, called sadhus, live in caves.

Such life, because of its environment, would probably be very sparse and simple. The chief problem, however, is to build a device capable of recognizing it. To this end, NASA is attempting to learn how earthly organisms that live under extreme duress adapt to their environment.

When he is not lecturing or meditating, the Maharishi

## NARCOTICS RAID AT BUFFER ZONE

Education Board, 'Shocked' Says Johnson's Address, Shows Aim Isn't Peace

### Indefinite LSD Sentences

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18 (UPI)—President Johnson will ask Congress to permit judges to sentence LSD pushers to indefinite prison terms, an Administration official said today.

Four college girls said yesterday they knew of students, who pooled their money to help pay for abortions for co-eds in need.

Side by side, the two shows present a surprising sociological paradox in which expected roles are being reversed. Some are digging around the roots while others are more anxious to cultivate the branches.

The findings may also help to establish guidelines for anti-smoking efforts directed toward youngsters.

Police and military personnel are believed to be participating in these clandestine operations, either directly or in the ranks of the right-wing groups, notably one known as La Mano (The Hand).

Questioned on Gen. William C. Westmoreland's handling of the conflict, General Clark said:

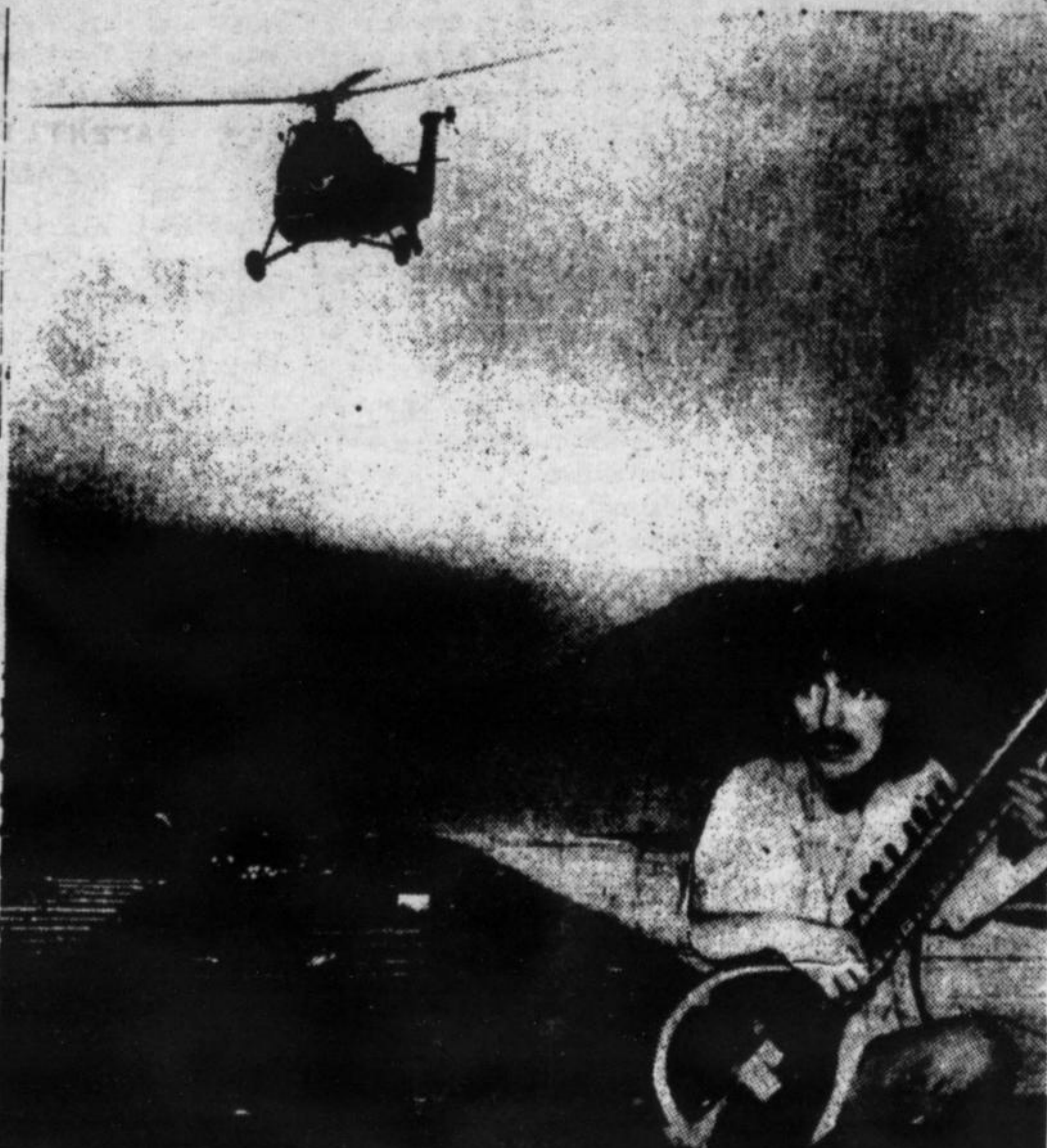
"I think he's doing a fine job. He's had a hard time. More and more political considerations creep into warfare now."

### Helicopter Shot Down

One marine twin-rotor Skyknight helicopter was shot down yesterday.

"The news magazine I just read says we own Hue," said one marine aviator, "but, hell, two armed helicopters were just chased right out of the sky."

The emphasis will be on longer sentences for people who sell the hallucinatory drug



Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson and Eartha Kitt at the White House luncheon yesterday before Miss Kitt's tirade. The singer denounced the Administration's Vietnam vehicle after the soldier was struck by fragments from an enemy rocket recent action took place about 70 miles north of Saigon, less than a mile from Cambodian Chief of State, in a review of an honor guard after his arrival at Port bookcases are nearly empty and an American flag stands forlornly in the Freighters unloading into fighters in Saigon Harbor. Some of thousands of tons of supplies winds up on the black market. Some even falls into enemy hands.

## Screen: The Death of a Draft Dodger

An Underground Elegy. Special Alert to 130,000—

By RENATA WILLIAM

"WINDFLOWERS," which opened yesterday at the underground New Cinema Playhouse, is a movie by Adolfo Meks (who directed "Hallelujah the Hills" and declined to name the communities that had ordered the equipment.

"It's ticklish business," said William Moore, general manager of the company, "and everyone who has ordered cars has asked us not to disclose their names."

About 100 marines have been killed there since Jan. 2. The airstrip in the mountain valley, the garrison's lifeline, is under such constant shell-fire that planes do not dare to come to a full stop while unloading men and supplies. Whether they use them as sedatives, for weight control or to get high is irrelevant."

Jews are consistently kept out of top positions in the banking industry, Mr. Abram said. He cited statistics and then added a personal note. Twenty years ago, he said, he wanted to become a banker, but "I felt that as a Jew I might face special barriers to advancement."

The concern about the possibility of riots has increased the sales of other kinds of police equipment.

"Is pot more dangerous than alcohol?" a confused mother asked the moderator. "The time a woman wants to be very sexy and very appealing, this is the time for mini," she said. "But when



John Kramer and Pola Chapelle in the Adolfo Meks

they come in pyramid shapes, small rounds, tunnels or "tonnelletes."

The New York Police Department has bought 5,000 riot helmets at a cost of \$100,000.

On Oct. 30, she flew to Paris with a fistful of francs, prepared to buy several hundred, like a bony spinner with a simper and too—a series of underground documentaries for the New Left. There are interviews with Establishment leaders of radical antiwar protest—notably Prof. Noam Chomsky of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Rev.

# 100 Years of DuBois by Lennox Raphael

Well, it was like this: sudden darkness, chants, drums, mysterious incense, tooooo-oooo ah-eeeeee #2-00000, cool silence of vacillating (?) guilt, and LeRoi, you know his magic actions, shouts "WE ARE YOUR NIGHTMARES!" to some and to others. "Take off the wig, take off the wig, TAKE OFF THE WIG!" When RAP bopped in screaming "UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHERFUCKERS!" Roi's line, and Martin screamed, "I HAD A WET DREAM!" While Jimmy swung ballsnaked to a strong chandelier.

"I have it here," said the CIAss, and petted his hearing aid. "EVERYTHING!" But, of course, he lied. Urban proletariat. Weep no more.

"Welcome to the first DU BOIS Centennial," Ossie Davis said.

Centennials are wakes; and some, like Joyce's, obtain meaning and help reveal the living.

"Yes, it is a burning hand," someone remembered.

Du Bois died in Ghana day before peaceful march on Washington. Before Johnson. Warm up. Then all those clubs which confuse Richard Nixon and Daughters of the American Revolution. And Nkrumah was dethroned while eating fried rice with Chairman Mao. Martin was coming. But there had to be more. Cynthia Belgrave couldn't help thinking of Wole Soyinka, but read beautifully the echo of her voice reaching out to drown the insufficient

into exile." Ossie mentioned Paul Robeson, vigor-plause, men "punished and driven abroad," Robert Williams, "or we lost them at an early age," Malcolm, but "now on we choose our leaders," and Du Bois the "first to be rehabilitated."

SPOTLIGHT. Full lights. GEORGIAN LOCATED IN BOX 45 STANDS PROLONGED-PLAUSE.

Heroes are feared. People we fear to be heroes. Eleanor Mc Coy danced out to Odetta's "Joshua Fit The Battle of Jericho," moved so leg&kick in leaping trust of Lurleen deflowered 2by3inch pecan nodule on right pelvis wall & 10 inches of said small bowel. "And has come all the way from Hollywood where he's working on the film script of THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X, ladies and gentlemen, MR. JAMES BALDWIN.2. was tired afternoonmindonRAP who spent the night in Dade County, fogged (and promised to fast to death) intrastate poultry. Plause. "Thank you very muuuch, good evening. I won't keep you long." Booze at the Barbizon. No grass. "Can you hear me? upstairs "LOUDER!" his tongue against it. "FINE!" .so fine.

"LeRoi is the black Baldwin," someone in 64, "Jimmy's the black Ellison," overheard 23268. Confesses. Remembered he couldn't write preface to W.E.B.DB's DUSK OF DAWN. "I found I was

love and fear WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE YOU SEE "Beautiful," to Archie, sleeping instruments so full of life. "For black people," he said, "And good people too" (much) softness, egony, ends space taut learned flowing, but applause destroys the precious echo) Jimmy saying Stokely didn't coin BLACK POWER, just dug it up again, and yet to meet "a Negro" nobossed with this power.

"Jimmy should have said BLACK," the whisperer said to the cage. "Even JV(Bachelor Butte) Lindsay is saying it. Don't give me that Negro shit!"

(Martin arrived. Had been Miami all week. His Monday coming greeted by a tornado, his Friday leaving by a tornado warning. "I don't know whether we had anything to do with that." Then he was late, driver surveying him nervously in rearview, speeding from Rap pursued by an apple pie, yes. "Slow down a bit," he said, "I'd rather be Martin Luther King late, than the late Martin Luther King." applause, "We have neither the weapons nor the techniques," he told reporters, "There can't be change by armed violence. Violence on a broad scale only leads to more repression," bannana peel conspiracy) Baldwin found America resembled sometimes one big minstrel show, the same dances, Al Johnson in drag, accuses the government of insurrection, this government not "unable" to do something beautiful here, only "unwilling," it was Stokely who shook his hands in Robert Kennedy's face a few years ago and shouted "WHEN I PULL THE TRIGGER, KISS IT GOODBYE!" and Bobby fluttered "I prefer non-violence," Belafonte stared, "Well, that boy has grown up," Baldwin said, mentioned "CASSIUS CLAY" who, as Ali, sent greetings to the CENTENNIAL, "Let us try to face the fact that we are a racist society, racist to the marrow. And we are fighting a racist war," applause, "Every bombed village is my home town," and Lyndon can't stop Stokely, "You have to remember we came from a long line of runaway slaves, who survived without passports," intermission.

Len Chandler sung his beautiful GENOCIDE. "We will not bow down, we will not bow down, we will not bow down to genocide." And the audience sang along through the riot of clashing perfumes, intensely integrated crowd of the Good Days, everybody talks about the good days, snickers talk of the good days when black & white overcame together, sleeping, bags were tight, the Good Days, beaten together. same song by Len at "MALCOLM X MEMORIAL salutes AMERICAN FREEDOM AND PEACE FIGHTERS LeRoi Jones Dr. Benjamin Spock Bill Epton Rev. William Coffin The 17 African-Americans Accused Rev. James Groppi Stokely Carmichael The Draft Resisters EDDIE OQUENDO" Feb. 22nd, Stuyvesant High School, but whites didn't so eagerly rush to singalong, held back their eyes where speaker said blacks no longer needed "now whites have disposable diapers," I watched his voice rise in the electronic kiss of flashbulbs as a brother heckled in the audience, "On with the program!" yes "I'm saying that everything will be taken care of in a natural way. We don't have to shout. It'll take fifteen more years for all whites to die from cancer," but black & white swore to never bow down to follies of the BEAST, never. Ossie lashed at "insidious investigation" of DuBois Clubs of America (the attack particularly significant because if government succeeds destroying DBC, then SCAB, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and HUAC will feel free to move into general assault on ALL groups and individuals working for pot, peace and social progress)

"Have the ushers served everybody?" They collected at Stuyvesant High where Flo Kennedy ribbed TVcameramen for shooting John Wilson (snick) counting money. the price was one\$minute. "And don't walk around thinking you have to answer to Jesus Christ," Wilson evangelized, "He never answered to us . . . we have to understand that JC oppresses us too . . . he aint gonna come down and work any miracles . . . when the MAN comes down he's not going to care if you were a good nigger yesterday. WILKINS AND YOUNG GOING WITH us." No more wolf tickets, collector. Butterflies.

DuBois lived the "human life," said Dr. Edmund W. Gordon of Yeshiva University. Spoke of memorial park his boyhood home 5 acres with substantial cottage on Highway 23 between Eggermont & Great Barrington, Massachussets, 150 sponsors, DUBOIS MEMORIAL FOUNDATION, \$10,000 initial cost. "Thank you very kindly," Martin said to applause and partial standing, black & white heart surge to love him hisses without guns, praises Du Bois, "Negro," "ignored by pathologically ignor-

## Column Left Right Off

" . . . . AFTER 6 DAYS OF BLOODY HOUSE TO HOUSE FIGHTING - THE VIET CONG CONTINUE TO HOLD MOST OF THE SAIGON SLUM AREAS. TO THE NORTH IN HUE . . . . "



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## The End of the Pier

applause. A few teardrips to the eyes of Shirley Graham Du Bois, the widow, who thought of Du, Kwame, and Stokely and remembered the hard Guinean sun as they smiled for the photo in MUHAMMAD SPEAKS.

Then Ossie said, "Spotlight on the Man From Georgia," frantic light, stood up someone from Augusta who knew James Brown on his face in the 100\$ boxes as the search left Ossie embarrassed for the Russian composerductor, not found in another box. Like Congressman C. C. Conyers of Michigan. Spotlight grown to full house, cold outside giggleplause, "I guess he didn't make it," Ossie said. Spot. "Black Judas" to Adam. Du Bois was a radical all his life. "Part of his journey was

too much of a coward to be able to face it. That line says almost there is to say about the nature of American dishonesty, American crimes." who also said the problem of the 20th Century was the problem of the color line. Collaredful. So Baldwin wrote IN DEFENSE OF STOKELY, magazine piece he liked unpublished .exhaustion. and though dayglow images of Rap & Roi floated into his loins, flash of friend he's helping out of former nazi jail, stoked the workable silence and repeated ourselves, cato9lives (mixed mania, hard, cool, clear 27 minutes stridently beautiful Archie Shepp and his warriors Sunday night at Slugs', in the far east, continues to another February, 2068, A. J., inter-smoked Tom's back to the sound of rose, purple

Who are all these BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE waiting for?



Who is this man trying to catch?



What's this cat laughing at?

# WHY IT'S:

## Poor Paranoid, Allyn Katzman, and His Almanac

I visited the Environment/Permutations exhibition at the Riverside Museum last Saturday, and was disappointed by the lack of environments. Made up of an International Artist's Seminar 1967 and including Tosun Bayrak from Turkey, Dennis Burton from Canada, Rolf-Gunter Dienst from Germany, Jean Linder from California, Peter Moore from England, Luis Felipe Noe from Argentina, and Frank Lincoln Viner from Worcester Mass., the exhibition did not lack so much artistic merit as it did the future.

Tosun Bayrak and Dennis Burton's environments did not appear (did not arrive on time for the opening) which one can assume as being one suggestion for an alternate cultural strategy. Frank Lincoln Viner's construction, about twenty feet high with parallel poles connected by clear thru plastic-polyethylene, was a bore; a monumental mistake with lights doing nothing, serving nothing and accomplishing nothing. It looked like one of N.Y. city's gross architectural monster in Pop.

Peter Moore, who is a fine photographer, had round tables with photographic overlays on the top surface, including venetian blinds which had a picture of the same woman clothed and unclothed depending on which way the chord was pulled. They were pop commercial potential done in collaboration with George Macuinas and Robert Fillyou. He even had one called "dining room table" with a photographic overlay of a dinner setting for four for those who were bored, I guess, with the reality of food. As I said before they were pop commercial adventures which is one environment that has been overdone in America. (Andy Warhol won't you please come home).

Luis Felipe Noe depended more on words than images to explain himself. He seemed to be a revolutionary without a revolution. Signs like, "Why be coherent if our unity is the dispersion and our order the chaos? Only some data we can collect . . . Noe," interspersed with warped funhouse mirrors, red lights, silver paper and suspended chair was the environment I had just come from. The lessons to be learned are already prevalent outside the gallery but what about doing something about it instead of denying an alternative with the sign, "The best the artist can do is to be a witness." BULLSHIT!

Rolf Gunter Dienst had paintings of orgiastic hard edge colors; a kind of mapping of the limits of our energy. To me they were excellent paintings but not enough environment or permutations, for that matter, to be surrounded by.

The best of the lot was Jean Linder. An exceptional sexy and brilliant girl, her environments (the only real ones) were just that. Large womb and spine like shelters one can walk through and touch, their plastic intestined and fur felt feeling were an education and a joy to walk into. The awareness of life at ones fingertips were revived and a rebirth initiated as you roamed the plastic enclosures of her art. This was an environment one can reckon with and best of all here was a woman other women could envy and other men could only hope to emulate. Jean Linder turned me on. As for the others I could find nothing I would particular want to live with or in. When it comes down to it that is the first and foremost meaning of art especially the environmental ones.

Wilmington, Vermont—Larry Levy, Len Schneider—They run the Mind Garden—Something like a coffee shop, but I wouldn't call it that. Some townies formed a vigilante and ran down Levy and Schneider for selling EVO. "You should be shot for selling that shit." "It's run by a bunch of fucking Jew bastards." And etc. They then pushed Levy down a flight of stairs.

Last Sunday the Haight district had its resurrection. One week after the Federal and Local police had a field

day with riot control excersises which resulted in the arrest of about ninety people, five thousand Haightians, in cooperation with the police who blocked off traffic from entering into the district for a whole day, smoked, sang, and cavorted without retaliation from the local Big Brothers.

It was a holiday just soon after the Fall and everyone had a good time including the police who congratulated themselves on their restraint. Paranoia faded on the wings of the Weed as bread and circuses replaced the riot technique.

**REPUBLICAN GROUP CITES WAR PROFITS**  
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 9 (LIBERATION News Service) — The Liberal Republican Ripon Society charged recently that "a powerful segment of the national leadership, perhaps including the President himself, is deriving enormous benefits from the prolongation of the war in Asia." In its monthly magazine, the Ripon Society noted a sharp increase in Texas-based defense spending since Johnson took office. Texas has gone from 11th in urime defense contracts, with 6.1% of the national total, to 2nd in the nation, with 10.7% of the contracts—all in a three year period. This increase is marked by the emergence of a new powder center sometimes called by its critics the "Southwestern Military-Industrial Complex," according to the United Press International report on the article.



Matron Expresses Affection

**THE ART OF ECSTASY**, An Investigation of the Psychedelic Revolution, is now available from Burns & MacEachern Limited, Toronto, Canada, for \$6.75 hardcover. Written by William Marshall and Gilbert W. Taylor, it is easy to read, has a good graphic layout and is a fairly objective account of psychedelia. Well worth the price. Included is a nicely illustrated article and photographic study of Perception 67, a symposium of psychedelia which took place at the University of Toronto: Photographs of the Fugs, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Tiger Morse, Richard Alpert, and Dr. Humphrey Osmond, along with the notorious speech which Timothy Leary was banned from delivering in person or on tape to University of Toronto students.

**THE RITE OF ST. PATRICK AND THE COMING OF THE SPRING**—March 17th, Sunday, Central Park-Picnic-Love-Peace. BE THERE! BE-IN!

The Walrus-Jerry Rubin and the Eggman-David McReynolds will have a tea party to debate each other on the meaning of "Radical" at the Community Church, 40 East 35th St., Sunday, 8:00 p.m. It will be sponsored by W.I.N. (Workshop In Non-violence).

**SPOCK'S FLOCKS ROCK** featuring the Fugs, Paul Krassner, Bob Fass, the Rhinoceros, plus a famous mystery group will have a peace benefit for W.I.N., and **The Resistance**, 8 p.m., March 6th, Wednesday at the Anderson Theater, 66 Second Avenue.

Light show will be done by Pablo and tickets are \$2, \$3, \$4. Tickets by mail: **SPOCK'S FLOCKS ROCK**, R.M. 1025/5 Beekman St., NYC 10038 or phone The New York Workshop In Nonviolence 212-227-0943 or The Resistance 212-255-1341, after 2 p.m.

**KENNEDY ASSASSINATION INQUIRY COMMITTEE** will present a discussion of Oswald in New Orleans at the Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Avenue, on Monday, March 4th, at 8.00 p.m. The chief panelist will be Harold Weisberg, author of Oswald in New Orleans, and the Whitewash series.

On the same evening, some new evidence on the assassination will be presented. The committee's mailing address is G.P.O. Box 2691, N.Y.C. 10001. Tickets are two dollars from the Committee, or may be purchased at the Bookmarket, 147 West 57th St., N.Y.C. The phone number for reservations is 245-6757.

History of the Psychedelic Movement Cartoon and Coloring Book, including a review of the Neo-American Church Catechism by Tim Leary, is now available from The Neo-American Church, Inc., Box 694, Millbrook, N. Y. for \$2.00. Following is a page from the book.

Donald Duck is going to be used in a campaign to promote the use of contraceptives in South America. I wonder if Donald knows he's being subverted or if whether he gives a fuck.

ESSO (East Side Service Organization), 341 E. 10th St. 533-5930, will be setting up a switchboard of information for just about everything. It will include a free store, communes, crash pads, files on possible provo activities and a medical file (where & how to get medical, etc.).

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GOD BLESS US ALL

and may nature

have fun on us.



by Allan Katzman and Bruce Tobin

Dick Gregory is foremost a man, black, and genuinely funny. He is also running for President of the United States at a time when just being human needs a vote of confidence. And all these things together do not make him any more real than Ivory soap. But when you meet the man, sit with him for hours as he talks, eats, and does about everything possible to feel alive, you know you are in the presence of a truly enlightened man who is 99% pure and floats.

Gregory needs nothing in the way of chemical fuel to make him go except his own soul. When he raps, the game of politics is washed clean and the laughter you have been hearing when you first entered his domain is the same rhythm that keeps the universe from turning over and packing it all in. He makes you understand beyond all belief that we are moving in pairs of fours down the narrow corridors of consciousness. If we succeed the first three times but fail the fourth we are fools but if we succeed the fourth time, no matter our previous failures, we are wise. Gregory gives us a chance at ourselves whether we are black, white, yellow or red. He lets us have our inheritance and all the peek at the infinite we can stand.

EVO: What is the first thing you would do if you were elected President of the U. S.?

GREGORY: I would paint the White House black. The second thing I would do is to bring all the boys back from Viet Nam, and send LBJ there with a barbecue gun. I would have Eartha Kitt call him up each morning and ask him, "How are the peace negotiations going,

baby?" Thirdly, I would send all the black folks back to Africa before Russia or China comes over here and drops that bomb.

EVO: Do you have any other alternative plan?

GREGORY: Yes! I would get all the white people and sort of put them on a rest program, have them sit around. And then I would give all the small things, just little things to do, to all the black people so they would have something to do. You would think I would get along well with all my own people but, man, let me tell you, I'm going to end up with all those niggers on my ass too. Sooner or later all these negroes are going to come up to me and say, "Hey, man, how come you have us working all day while whitey is sitting around on his rump doing nothing?"

EVO: What do you feel about the situation this summer?

GREGORY: I am sick and tired of people calling me up and asking me to come over and get the niggers to cool it. America is a violent country. Mat Dillon comes into your house and tells you it is a virtue to shoot straight. Everybody talks about violence — LBJ was talking 'State of the Union' about violence. He was talking when all of Congress couldn't even get together about anything until he mentioned crime and then they gave him a 15 minute ovation. You see crime is the new way to say 'nigger.' What about white crime? This country is in trouble. We are dealing with a sick and insane nation. Stokely and Rap have become as bitter as Patrick Henry. We are living in times when youth is on the spot. We have a job to do, a job when people are trying to get liberated.

EVO: What about your running for the Presidency? Do you think that will help?

GREGORY: Well, Wallace spent \$700,000 in California to get himself on the ballot; if Dick Gregory spends as much to get himself on the ballot don't trust him. I am sick and tired of voting for the lesser of two evils. I have got the best qualifications for being President

of this country. In fact, I got the best qualifications for being President of the world. I am in tune with the needs of the people. If I can't break up the syndicate within three months — that's what whitey doesn't want to do — but I would break it up. We are living at a time when this nation is ready to fall. It depends on who we rely on — whether we will rely on sane healthy people or whether we will still go to the sick, the frustrated, the bitter, menopausal old men we are dealing with now and who we go to, that's the way the country will go. I intend to run as a write-in candidate. This means if I don't get nominated I can still run for the Presidency, so whitey and I are going to run this country together. We don't necessarily need a black man to run this country but we need an honest man.

EVO: Don't you think there are still some honest men among some of the other candidates?

GREGORY: Sure! McCarthy is one. George Wallace is another. He is honest because he says what he believes, what he thinks. If Wallace is elected President he would be killed but he wouldn't be killed by no nigger. George Wallace would be killed by the same white-cracker that gets his money from the mines of Africa, because Wallace would screw up foreign investments.

EVO: How do you feel about past legislation in dealing with the Black people's problems?

GREGORY: If you are ashamed of relief, then start calling for foreign aid. Today we are dealing with a different kind of black man. Twenty years ago the black man had a hungry stomach. Now the black man has a full stomach and a hungry mind. We don't want no integration. We want liberation. When America looks at her 'dirty niggers,' it's her dirt she is looking at. She is the one that dirtied us up — if the black man has a lousy odor, it's herself she smells.

EVO: Is there anything else we should know?

GREGORY: Yes! God bless us all and may nature have fun on us.

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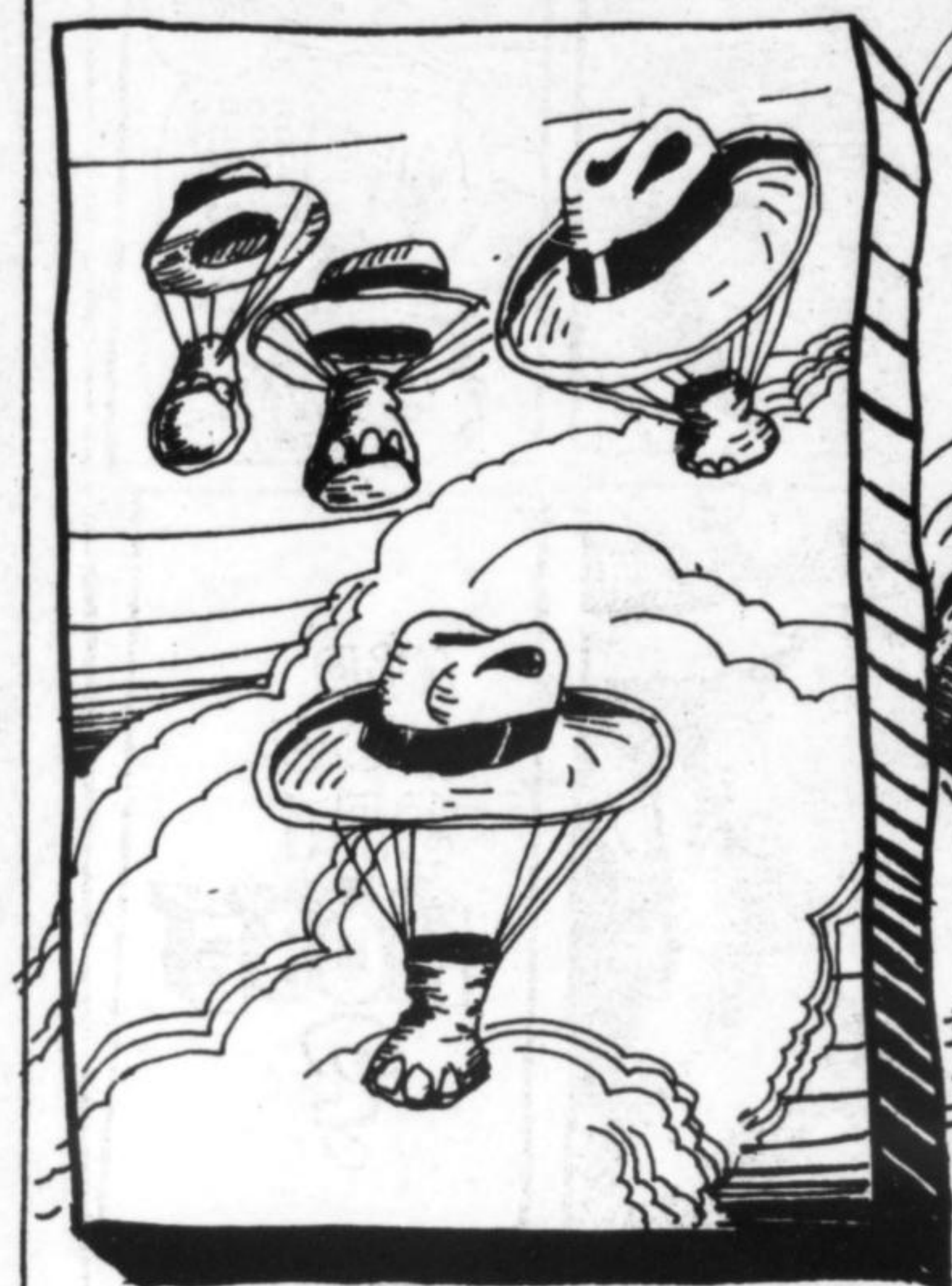
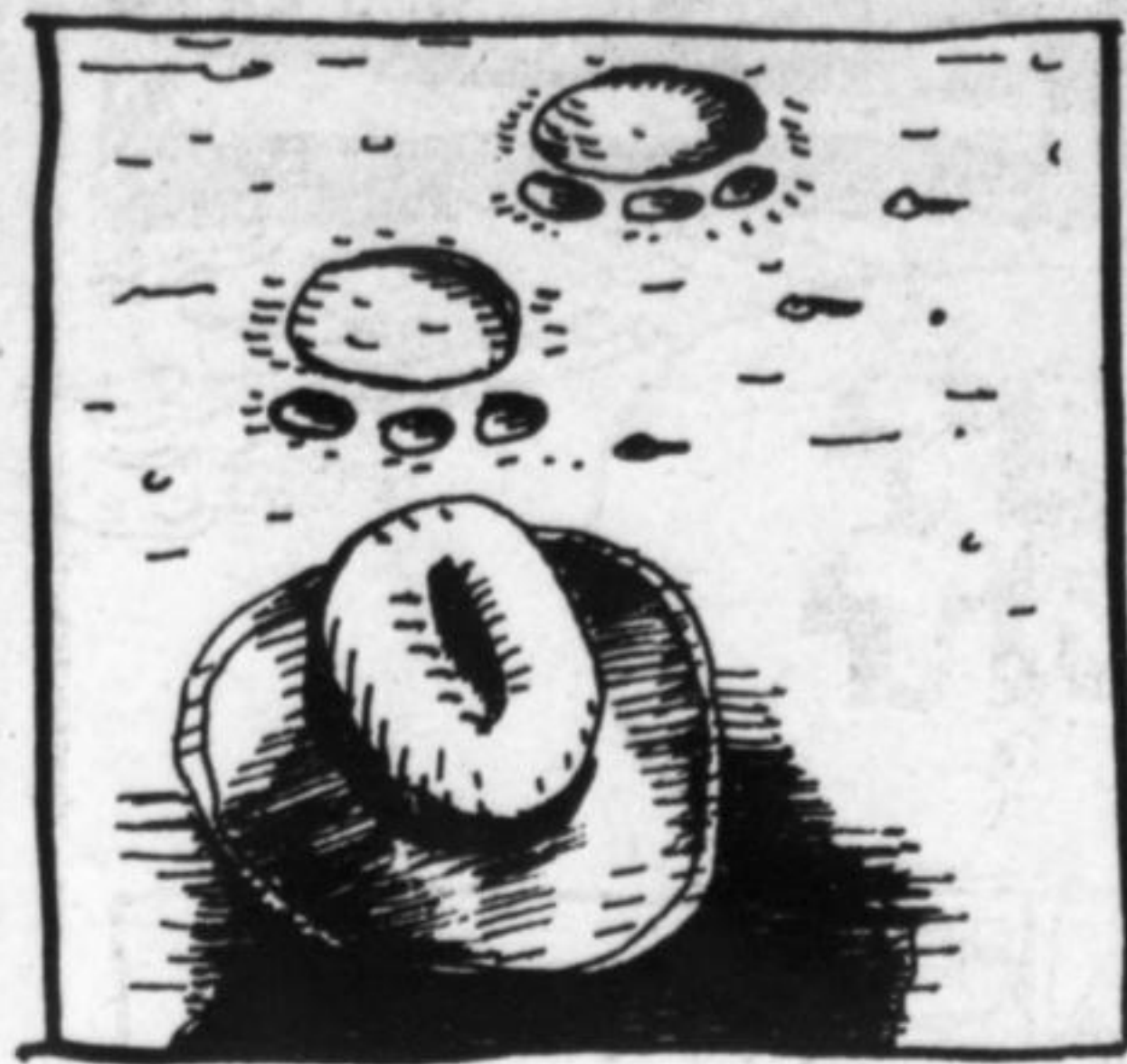
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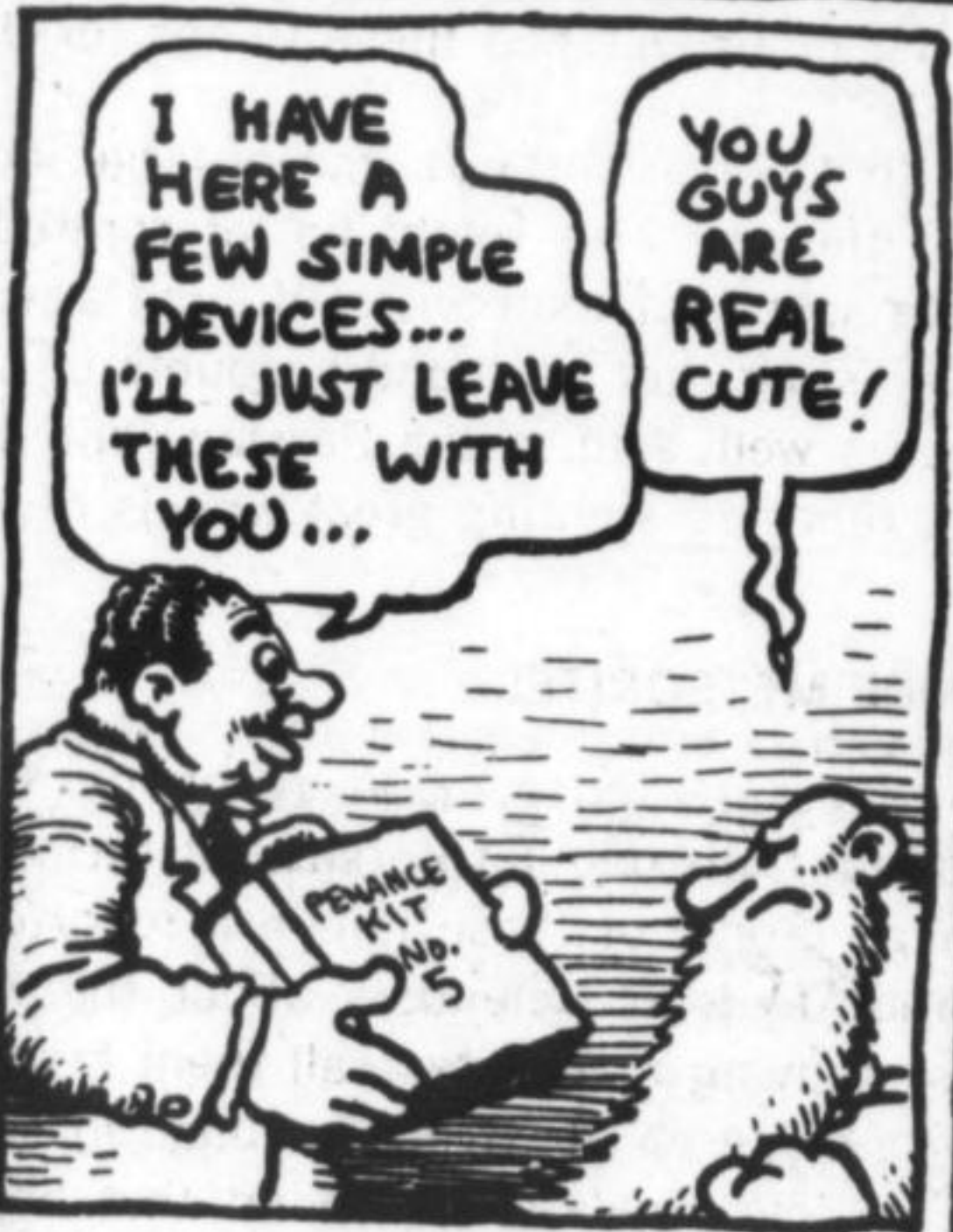
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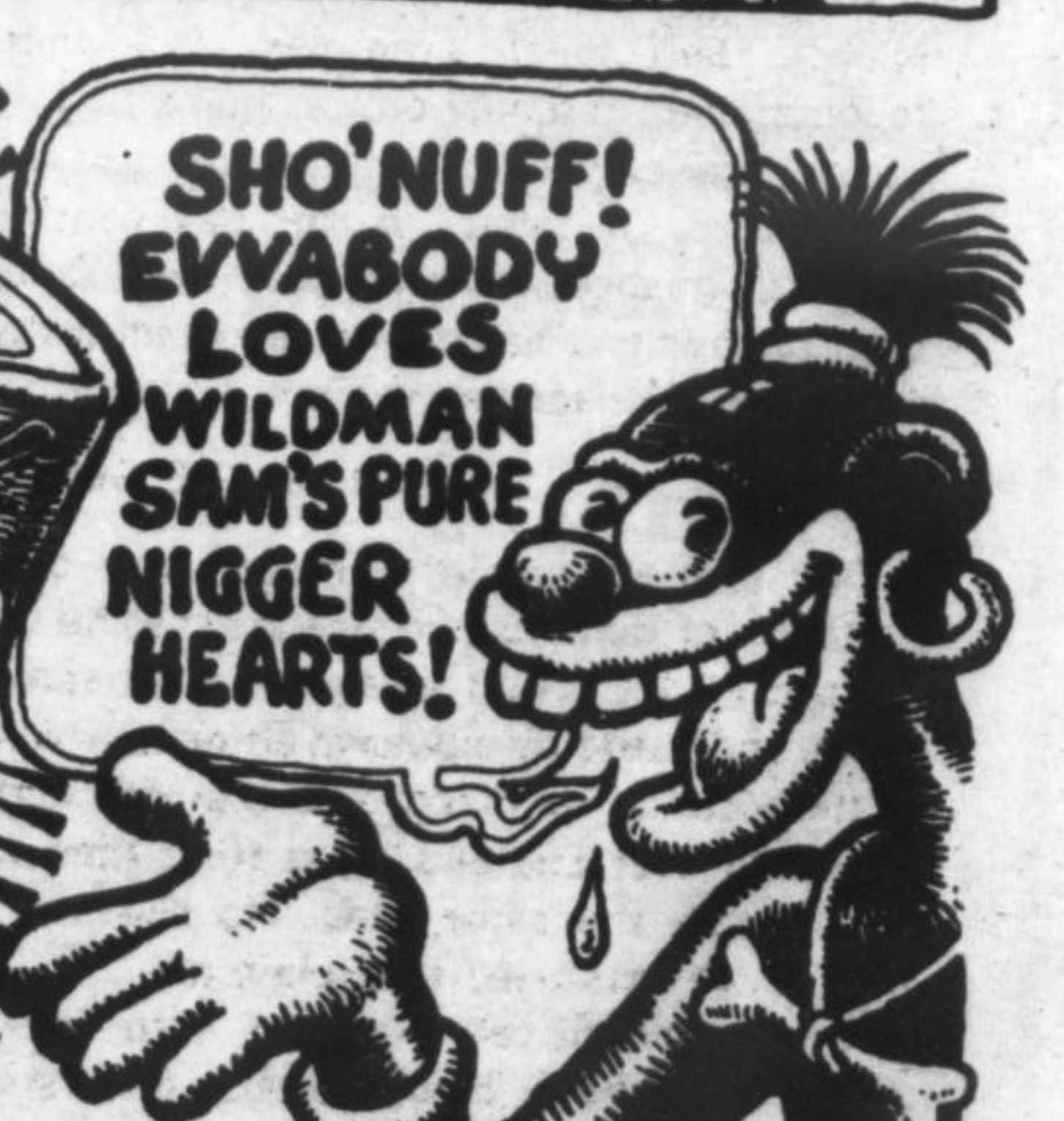
# MR. NATURAL REPENTS

The hot-headed old sage learns that he can't mess around with the man upstairs without paying his dues!

by R. Crumb



ALL THE KIDS ARE CRAZY 'BOUT THAT GOOD OL' DOWN HOME FLAVOR!



# the day it rained COWS

## But How,

## Specifically

The revolt against the establishment is conceived mainly in terms of politics and social mores. But there is equally an **underground** in the field of science. The open-minded, curious, rational, careful scientist is all too often a myth and Scientism has usurped the place of science. Grantsmanship has taken over the Universities and the graduate schools are carefully wiping out any remnants of intellectual curiosity that remain after graduation. The professors write textbooks telling us all the things that can't happen, and never get around to investigating the things that can.

But this revolt against scientific dogma and intellectual stultification began some time ago, 1919 to be exact, when the "Book of the Damned" of Charles Hoy Fort was published. Ben Hecht said, "Charles Fort has made a terrible onslaught upon the accumulated lunacy of fifty centuries. The onslaught will perish. The lunacy will survive, entrenching itself behind the derisive laughter of all good citizens." Well, the lunacy has survived and grown ever more immense, but Fort's onslaught continues through the effects of his books and those who read them.

Charles Fort turned loose on the world his collection of damned data which he had spent much of his life gathering from the Reading Room of the British Museum and the New York Public Library. His data come from the most reputable scientific journals, such as *Nature*, *Comptes Rendus*, and *Science*. Fort found examples of a phenomenon known as "spontaneous combustion" in humans, in which the body of a person suddenly burst into flames and was consumed by an intense fire. Scientists to this day consider this a prime example of medieval superstition, even though several cases of such phenomena have been reported in the U. S. by reputable doctors in the last few years.

### FISH IN THE SKY

Fort also uncovered so many cases of instantaneous transportation of humans and objects that he coined the term "teleportation." He found many cases of terrible depredations on sheep and cattle by unknown animals which tore out the throats of the victims. He discovered that one night a huge number of sheep all over England burst from their folds and stampeded at precisely the same time. No scientist ever mentioned the fact, much less tried to explain it.

Other scientifically ignored data include falls of: bricks, ashes, coal, beef, blood, seeds, fish, strange animals, paper (and a few hundred other types of things) from the sky. Fort found stories of stones that fell and seemed to have unknown

dried beef?

by Ronald J. Willis

writing on them. The French scientist who studied them said, "Since it is of no known writing, it cannot be of any importance."

Fort was of course one of the first catalogers of Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO's). He found all kinds: from strange starry ones that came and went over Cherbourg for days, to ones that looked like trumpets that floated over Mexico City. Then there were the large, strange ships that sailed over most of the mid-Western cities in the 19th century. Millions of people in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities watched these things for days on end.

Another type of UFO that Fort found was that of large incandescent bodies entering the sea. This might be interpreted as a conventional meteorite save that meteorites of such size are very rare, and it is interesting that he found accounts of such objects leaving the sea as well. And in the Persian Gulf, English naval vessels often reported sighting great wheels of light beneath the waves.

### ICE METEORITES

Other strange meteorites are those made up of ice. Every year hundreds of these fall into populated parts of the world, sometimes doing damage. Some of these falls are reported in newspapers, yet the thousands of scientists about the world who make their livings studying meteorites call them humbug. On Feb. 5, 1968 such a piece of ice struck a house in southwest Washington, D.C. I investigated and found that beyond any question such an ice meteorite had fallen. If this had been an iron or stone meteorite scientists from the surrounding universities would have swarmed over the place, but not one showed up for a "taboo" ice meteorite. In January, 1951 in Dusseldorf, a German carpenter was killed by a spear of ice six inches in diameter and six feet long which fell from the sky. It must be uncomfortable being killed by something that can't exist.

There are many other examples of data which are rejected by Establishment Science merely because scientists cannot bring themselves to the terrible job of enlarging their minds a bit. For instance in the Hava Supai Canyon in Arizona, there are two miles of etchings on the rocks 20 feet above the present surface of the river gorge showing extinct types of animals. Especially interesting is the picture of a man and mammoth. When discovered 30 years ago this should have been grounds of questioning the theory that man and the mammoth never lived at the same time in the New World. In addition there is a drawing in Hava Supai of something that looks like a large, standing bird but which some like to call the picture of a dinosaur. Well, there are dinosaur tracks in the rock just a few

(Continued on Page 18)

the the  
STORY STORY  
IS IS  
not to  
to BE  
BE eaten  
told, \_ \_ alive

Suppose I were a tree planted in the middle of the world  
To tell a story,  
One that would never end,  
To a million people or more,  
How many words could I feed them  
And not deprive them of their sanity?  
How many mathematical problems could I rub off on their skin?  
Suppose I were a million people or more,  
Sitting on a tree,  
How much sanity could I feed a story?  
How much mathematics could I skin alive?  
Suppose I was a story sitting on a million people or more,  
How much skin would I need to hide an insane problem?  
How many trees could I feed the world?

— 2 —

We packed them into trees and carted them off thru a mirror,  
We left a trail of dying bullets in the landscape,  
A million people or more rose from the empty holes,  
Each ripping his right arm off  
And shaping them into rifles,  
They carted the dying bullets through an empty mirror  
And fled.

— 3 —

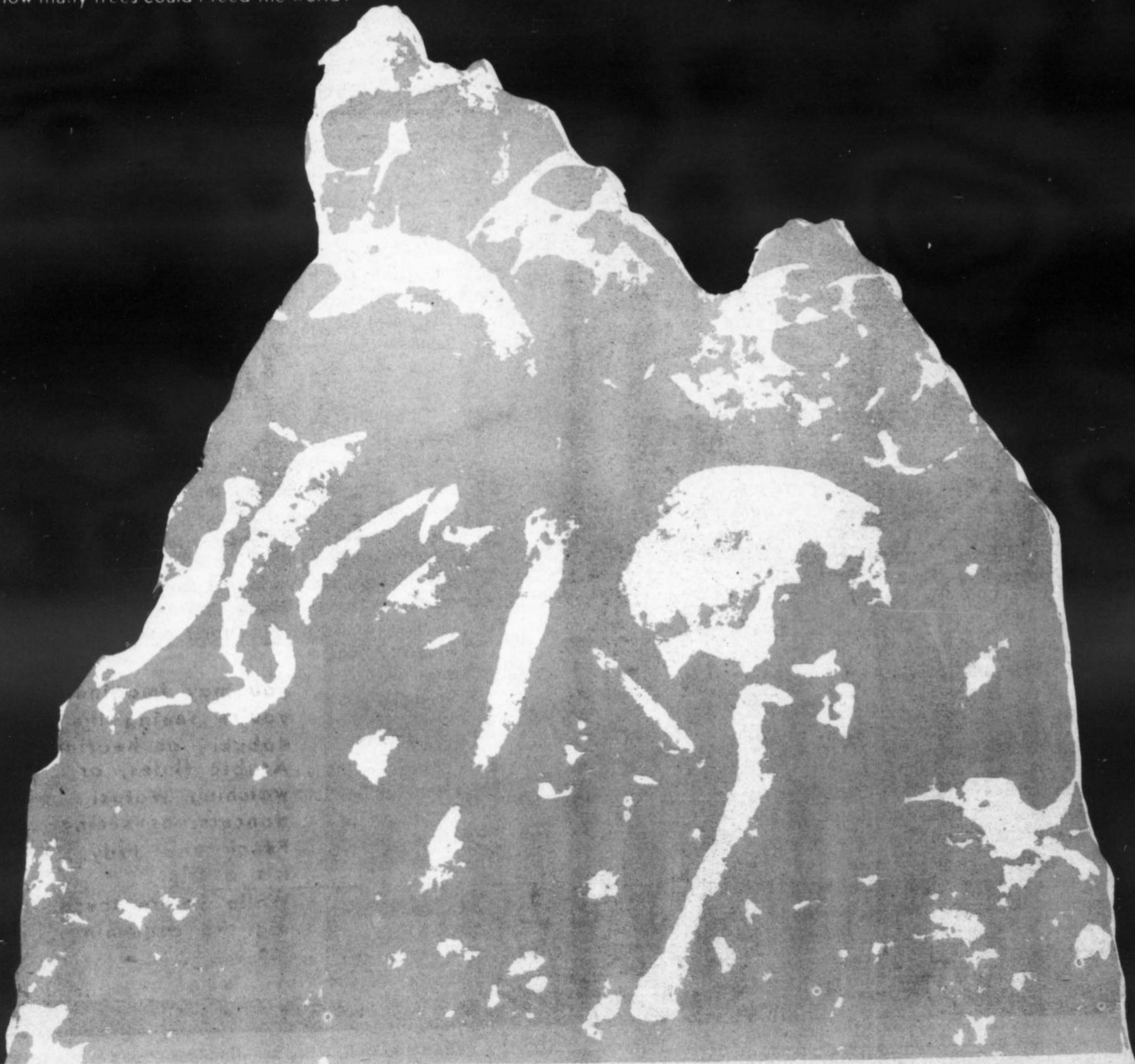
We stuffed them into trunks  
And lugged them through a million rifles,  
All waited to die with their right arms  
Strapped to a bird,  
Their dying was  
Of so many mirrors cracking in a lake,  
That they thought they saw the rifles fall  
Sticking in the ground like pins.

— 4 —

We rolled them through a fire  
With their pins sticking in all directions  
And birds flew from their mouths -  
While holding a right arm between their beaks;  
Dropping them into chimnies,  
Into passing freight trains,  
Into beds of all who were making love.

— 5 —

Suppose my audience rose up against me and shouted:  
"Stick pins in the story-teller!  
Roll him through a fire!  
Hang him from his right arm till the birds pick out his tongue;  
Till he stops talking about war!"  
And suppose I said:  
"But listen, my friends,  
Supposing won't stop a story from ending,  
But there is one thing that can be done  
Without declaring war. Here!  
Take this poem and swallow it!  
Prove, at least, that the title is true.  
The story is not to be told.  
The story is to be eaten alive."





dance review  
by diane  
dorr-dorynek

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watching Watusi  
dancers, or seeing  
Punch and Judy.  
It's a trip.  
While you're there,  
dig the drumming,  
too.



## Art crucifyin' and chicken pluckin'

by Lil Picard

The O. M. Theatre-Orgy and Mystery Theatre will give its U. S. premiere at the Cinematheque on Wooster Street this Saturday at eight p.m. It will introduce the work of Vienna born, 30 year old Hermann Nitsch to New York's underground avantgarde public.

I first met Nitsch in 1965 in Vienna while coming from Berlin where I had just heard of the Vienna School of Cruelty. In that Catholic environment of old, boring Vienna with its "Kultur" of wine drinking, "gemetliche" gayety, the fattening cakes and food orgies in all the restaurants, the constant sound of Mozart, to discover the Vienna School with its medieval happenings and films of cruelty, self destruction and food stuffing came as a strong shock.

I talked about them after my return to the U.S. that year, but somehow America wasn't ready for them. Only after London's Destruction in Art Symposium, "DIAS," in the summer of 1966, where Nitsch and many others from Germany did their thing, did the N.Y. art world begin to acknowledge this strange group of people working in Europe's hinterlands.

Nitsch started as an action painter in 1960. He then developed the concept of abreaction/play and started to create plays which he called O. M. Theatre. Since 1961, he has been directing, writing and acting in these happenings. His favorite props are dead animals, preferably lambs, but since 1962, he has been working with young actors.

Nitsch uses animal blood for color, egg yellow and egg white for contrasting coloration. All these ingredients have deeply involved symbolic meanings for him. His concept is religious; his idea the exorcism of cruelty, murder, war and violence through the awareness and arousing of a deeper consciousness toward such states of reality.

Nitsch says of his theatre: "the O. M. Theatre is an attempt at an unconditional, total work of Art. The environment of phenomenae is conceived syn-ethetically. Drama (lyric & epic) painting and music are combined in a six day festival with the glorification of human existence as its purpose. The observer/participant/co-actor is subjected to an intense ethetic mystical awareness of his environment."

In his N.Y. performance, Nitsch will crucify skinned, dead lambs and pour blood over the bodies of the animals. He will also use young male performers who will, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, be engaged in shouting chorals and spontaneous noise.

\* \* \*

The Riverside Museum has done it again with its Environments/Permutations show. After the introduction of USCO a couple of years ago, the museum is now going itself one better by introducing a group of international and local artists in a shocking series of environments which I recommend to be seen before the show closes on March 31st.

The participants are six artists who took part in a seminar last year at the Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.

Rolf Gunter Dienst, born Kiel, Germany, 1939, shows large liquidex paintings of pink/purple/blue/white forms. Vagina-Penis symbols, artnouveau gay, short-hand handling of decorative colorforms with a flair for elegance and light vibrations.

Jan Linder, born Cal. 1939, shows sexy feminine gangways of clear plastic and colored vinyl, stuffed pillows, tubes and tentlike shapes with a visceral quality—erotic, soft and shapely architectural abstractions with environmental structure.

Peter Moore, born in London, 1932, shows small, delicate, moody photos of happenings and happeners . . . objects with photo images such as a plastic table, a Venetian blind, a nude.

Luis Felipe Noe, born Buenos Aires, 1933, changes a room into a labyrinth with conglomerations of assemblages, frames, cutouts and statements.

Frank Lincoln Viner, born Worcester, Mass. 1937, is a vinyl wizard of extreme talent. A beautiful vinyl guy and witty designer of groovy costumes for chicks and cats. He has constructed a room-filling piece from pure white plastic that is situated in a light enclosure. He himself appearing as a yellow light in a beautiful costume—like an alive piece of sculpture for the space age.

But it is Tosun Bayrak's dark chamber of horror that stole the show. It's the season's shocker and is only to be seen by entering through closed doors—forbidden to minors under 17 years of age.

His Simca automobile, battered and filled with garbage and entrails was confiscated by the police the day before the opening. "Is it Art?" wrote the New York Times. "Garbage" say the neighbors calling the police.

(Continued on Page 17)  
(Continued on Page 18)

# pop, rock & jelly

BY Jules Freedmond

It's too easy to sit here and pontificate on the future of pop music — playing let's pretend with one eye on WNEW and the other on the latest issue of Billboard. No one is in a position to objectively measure where the music industry is going, let alone where the audience is at. If I say that the Nashville sound is going to become a major influence on the rock scene, it's partially because I'd like to see it happen.

It happened for me last week at Philharmonic Hall when the new Lovin' Spoonful played a concert to a suprisingly packed house. With Jerry Yester now playing lead guitar, Steve Boone on bass, Joe Butler on drums and John Sebastian on everything, the group ran through a mixed bag of songs from earlier records as well as their new LP, *Everything Playing* (MGM/KLP-8061).

If the first half of the show was a little uptight, the second set found the Spoonful more relaxed, rapping with the audience now and stronger in the solos and vocal ensembles. Yester's guitar work seems to come out of some Nashville studio — very fast and plaintively keening — with a voice like Johnny Cash, it indicates a direction the group might be going in now.

Previous success with a country oriented sound, especially Nashville Cats, has led them into new songs like *Monday, Boredom* and *Priscilla Millionaire* — pure C&W with slide guitar, banjo and autoharp, a walking 1/3 bass line and modal harmonies. After last year's bad publicity, it will probably take more than a new sound for the Spoonful to win their audience back. But coming out of a folk bag, the Nashville sound seems perfect for them; with the drive of electric rock behind a C&W line, it might be just the thing for the industry.

But let's get some history down. It was Elvis Presley back in 1954 nailed rock onto the American consciousness with *Hound Dog* and *Blue Suede Shoes* . . . moving almost overnight from the Grand Ole Opry to a fleet of pastel Cadillacs.

What Presley, the early Everly Brothers, Buddy Holly and the rest did was to come along at the right time with an acceptable version of the kind of blues already coming out of Memphis.

The harsh and often bitter lyrics of the blues' idiom was dropped and in its place was substituted a glossed over sentimentality. The genitally explicit aggressiveness of the blues was replaced with a carefully repressed and coy sexuality. What was retained of the Memphis sound was the strong and emphatic drive of drums and electric guitars. By keeping the heavy 2/4 backbeat of the blues, the modal scales, often the 12 bar format and chord changes, a music was created that was palatable to an essentially white and repressive lower-middle class mentality tired of doggies in the window.

By the early 60's, the music had gone through some real changes, always moving further away from its roots in C&W and the blues. With people like Paul Anka, Ricky Nelson and the old Beachboys of "three dueces fame," a vacuum had been created ready made for the new sounds of the Beatles.

Perhaps because of the relative isolation of the British pop scene in the late 50's, the musicians developed their sound in a situation where they were able to see and hear more of the American jazz and blues groups already touring or living permanently abroad, than they could of the major American pop stars. Developing in a scene where blues was an authentic alternative to both American pop and traditional English dance hall music, groups like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Yardbirds began to evolve a more direct, hard driving, electric blues sound.

Back in the States, following on the tail end of the "urban folk revival" and the final dissolution of a significant American pop sound, the British groups hit like a cherry bomb in an empty trash can. Those were the days of *Freedom Now*, *Black and White Unite*, *We Shall Overcome*.

All over the country America discovered the Negro; white kids were turning on to "race music," and in Chicago, ex-bluegrass folk guitarists were begging to sit in with Muddy Waters at Pepper's Lounge.

Those days are over now; the war in Vietnam has become our first priority and the Black Power movement has generated its own anthesis. The kind of blues that came out of Chicago in the late 40's was a response by Southern Negroes to a new industrial environment. Along with a parallel development in C&W honky-tonk music, drums and amplified guitar were used to carry over the loud background noises of urban living.

(Continued on Page 18)



# SLUMGODDESS



## DEMONSTRATIONS ARE A DRAG AND BESIDES WE'RE MUCH TOO HIGH

The Year of the Yippie officially got under way Feb. 27 with a predawn counterattack on the Suffolk County police.

The action was a punitive response to the terrorist 5 a.m. police pot swoop six weeks ago on sweetly sleeping Stony Brook students.

The YIP "high" command, after days of delicate around-the-clock closed-door planning sessions at an undisclosed nerve center, finally selected a scenario entitled Tit-for-Tat.

A YIP spokesman explained it this way: "During their raid the police made the students stand around uncomfortably while they played their game, which is called Ransack. So we decided to make the police stand around uncomfortably while we played our game, which is called Enjoy."

In order to assure that a large number of police would fall into their hands YIP strategists assigned an agent from their Second Bureau to "tip" the police about a YIP plan to infiltrate the campus disguised as peasants and seize Dormitory G and the radio station.

Yippies, clad enthusiastically, forced dozens of police to fall out with full gear in the early morning cold. The police were placed along the perimeter of the campus in strict shoulder-to-shoulder formation (YIP's gentle parody of the old linear civilization) while the Pageant

Players, The Fugs and Country Joe gave them character lectures. "Whoopee! We're all gonna die," Country Joe sang — and the police clutched helplessly at their family-size nightsticks.

Stony Brook's President John S. Toll was stunning in his first performance as an anti-Yippie college president. His liberalism was right on the button as he stood artfully in the center of each discussion, letting half the ideas fall to one side of him, half to the other. "On the one hand, of course," Toll said, "but on the other hand I'm afraid I'll have to say no." "He's afraid he'll have to say no," the official YIP chorus repeated contrapuntally. "He's afraid he'll have to say no-ho-ho."

Though two or three hundred Stony Brook students turned out in support of the YIP action, the student body as a whole revealed itself as singularly apathetic. No wonder Stony Brook is the pride of the state system.

The unusually large overground press distortions of the event indicate that YIP has touched a sensitive social nerve.

Meanwhile, more than thirty Stony Brook students and friends await trial for alleged violations of laws archaic as those against fornication and witchcraft. Their pot-smoking teachers remain silent.

Photo by Walter Bredel

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# SUBVERT COMIX

By ALGERNON BAYRAK



and M. (Hochstim) RODRIGUEZ

LAST WEEK WE LEFT JOHN STENCH FACING HIS OPPONENT

A VERY GRAVE SITUATION HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION JOHN STENCH. YOUR AUTHORITY AS GRAND PROCTOR IS BEING QUESTIONED...



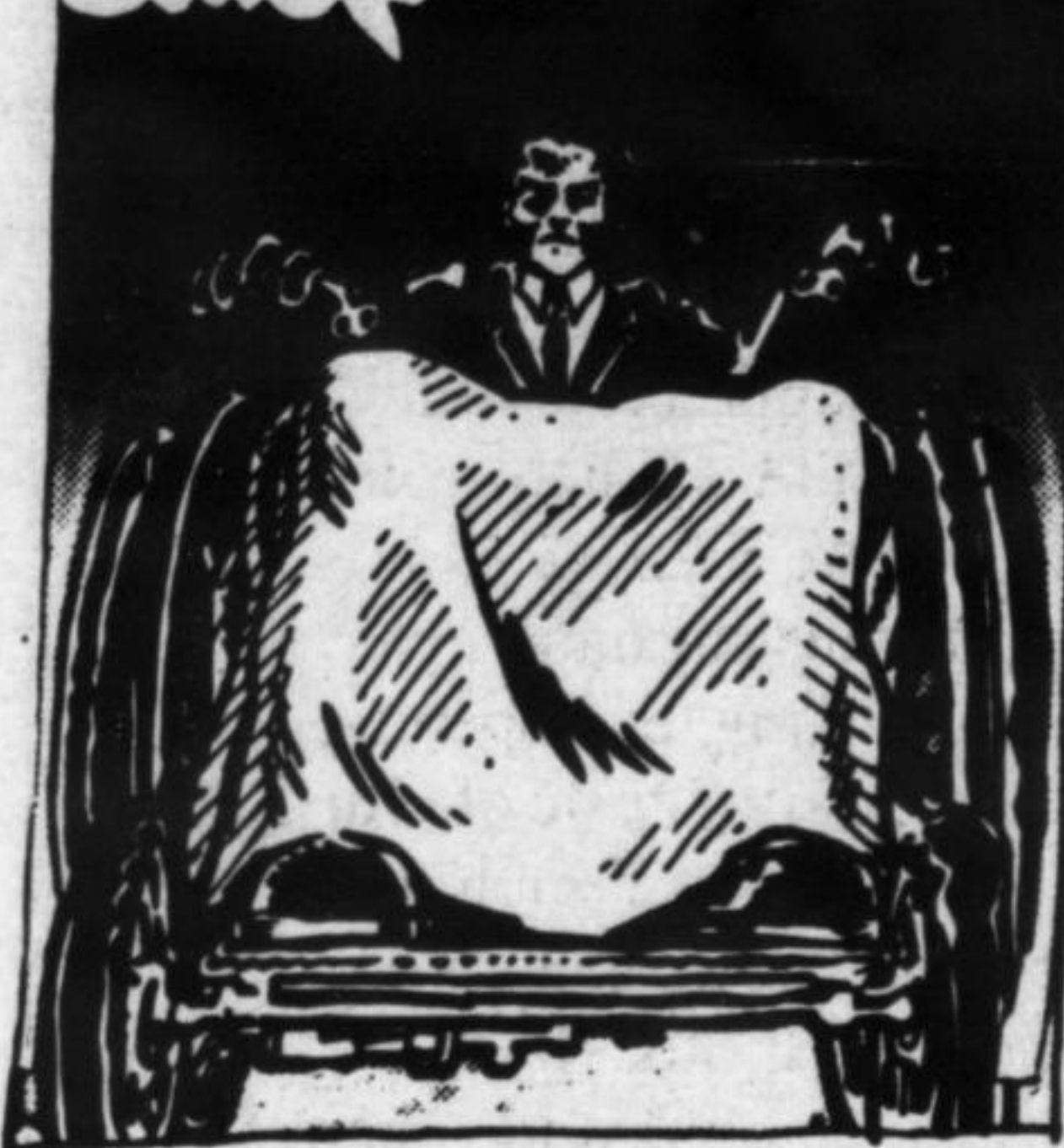
... OUR VIGILANCE COMMITTEES HAVE BEEN KEEPING THE AREA UNDER HEAVY SCRUTINY OUR DOSSIER INDICATE THOSE INDIVIDUALS WHO SLEEP LATE ...



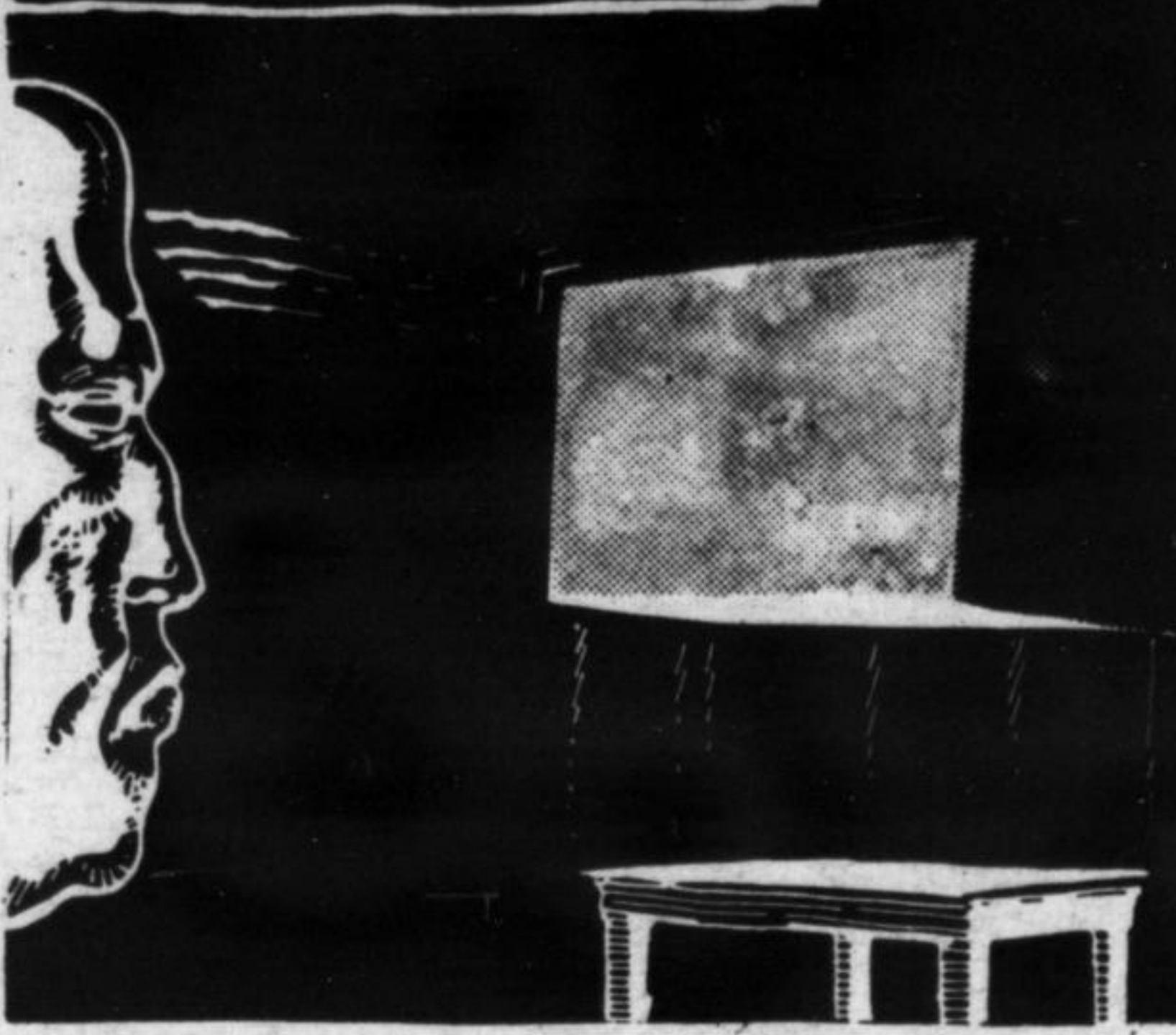
...YET THESE BANDS OF HOLLIGANS, TERRORISTS AND PILLAGERS PERSIST



VERILY, IT HAS THUS BEEN DISCDED THAT IN TWO DAYS THE CONTEST WILL BE HELD AND THAT ~~WILHELM HARRY MORTON~~ WILL BE YOUR OPPONENT



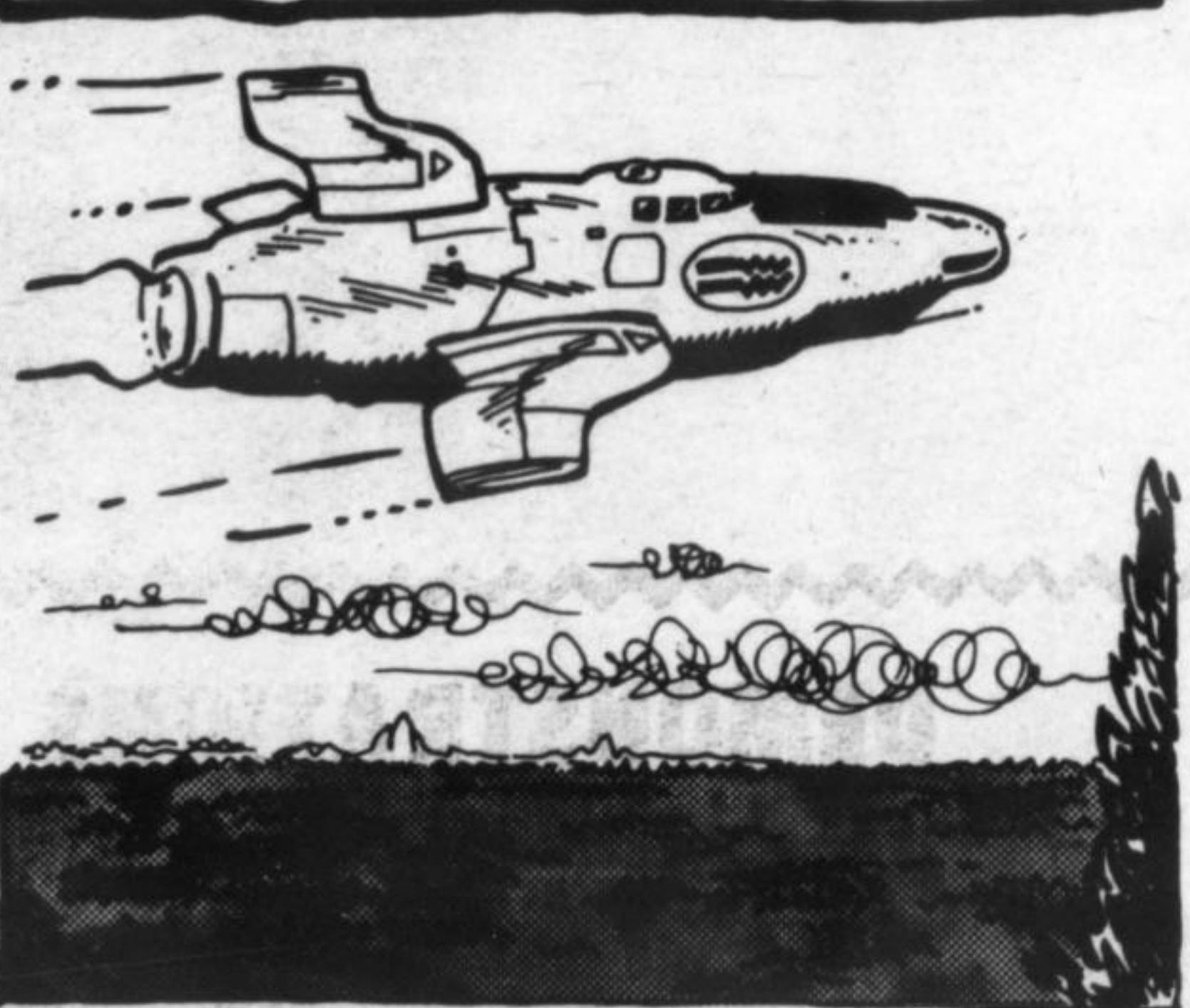
JOHN STENCH GRAND PROCTOR OF THE UNITED FEDERATION FOR SALVATION AND PRESERVATION OF THE HOLY GOSPEL BEING PREPARATIONS FOR THE DREAD CONTEST



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE METASMO FACTORY



BUT AT THIS VERY INSTANT (IF THE TERM CAN BE APPROPRIATELY USED) A STRANGE CRAFT SPEEDS TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION OVER THE GREAT RAIN FOREST WHICH COVERED NORTHERN GREENLAND DURING THE MESOZOIC AGE



Bayrak was born in Istanbul, Turkey in 1926. He works as a sculptor in New York. His concept is surrealistic, mystical, religious. In his statement, he quotes from the MASNAVI by Jalal-Din Rumi the parable of the scholar and the thief: "A scholar of the canon-law had gathered together some rags and twisted them in his turban so that it should become huge and fine when he entered the congregation in the Hatim. These rags he had trimmed from various garments and outwardly enhanced them with his turban. Outwardly his turban was like a robe of paradise, inwardly, it was shameful and foul as a hypocrite."

His show of surrealistic Grand Guignol assemblages-Sculptures shows the same oriental, cruel imagination as the story. He uses black lace and colored feathers, juxtaposes a living cobra snake in a baby's black painted, black lace decorated cradle in which a white female nude torso made from plastic lies. The snake moves around, spiraled above the public hair of the torso.

A toilet is decorated with colorful feathers and in the bowl lies the artist's plastic self-portrait: blue glass eyes staring, open mouth, lizzards moving in and out of the eyesockets. Framed white/pink vaginas are surrounded by black lace. Guinea pigs move in cages filled with sculptured body parts. A model sits in a rocking chair covered with black fur, her genitals covered with black feathers, her lace gloved hands resting on a bible.

← art

(Continued from Page 14)

Unforgettable images surrounded by lace, brown excrement, the juxtaposition of the soft and the cruel-images of man's hidden and tortured fears. Bayrak's art traces out man's predicaments, sanity and insanity, his drives and frivolities, perversities, brutality and vulnerability. He illustrates our imprisonment in the bloody excrement-death of the body, and the eternal wish to escape destiny.

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Also live: The Beacon St. Union

to shoulder formation (L)'s gentle parody of religion and witchcraft. Their pot-smoking the old times' (at) with the largest



(Continued from Page 15)

But it remains true that the content of the blues is largely irrelevant to the white, middle class audience that buys LP's. The English groups saw this and adapted their music to their audience — a lower-class working audience that could still respond to the sexuality and bitterness of songs like Cadillac. But the kids in Forest Hills today, no matter how high they get, know that they're not niggers when they go down to the Electric Circus to do the boogaloo.

On the one-hand, people want to hear pretty music to get high on, people who use to think that Mantovani was pretty. And on the other, the fact is that when music ceases to be a folk music and is dealt with as a commodity, then it must obey the dictates of fashion: periodic change. Everybody is looking for THE SOUND now — the sound that will make it . . . that will turn the music in another direction and bring in the dollars.

The Beatles have begun to do English dance hall musical comedy; the Stones are playing with electronics; the Byrds tried to grind Indian art song into pop; and for one brief moment, the whole west coast scene was into blues. But listen to your radio songs like Skip A Rope by Henson Cargill and Some Velvet Morning by Nancy Sinatra are creeping out of the C&W charts and into the top 40. Dylan's latest LP, a pure Nashville sound, is now number two on the album charts. When Flatt & Scruggs can play to packed houses as they did in the Avalon last summer, then you know something's happening.

Add to this the fact that the blues is dying as an art form. The stream of southern black people immigrating to cities like Chicago has diminished to a trickle. The young, urban bred black man wants to either play alto sax like Ornette Coleman or else make a lot of bread doing Motown. Perhaps Motown is an authentic expression of the new black consciousness, but it is one with only marginal ties to the older rhythm 'n blues forms. Essentially, Motown, is pop music — a commodity — and as such, its only real tradition lies with the structure of the last hit.

My argument so far has been that rock is the bastard child of country music and the blues. That blues is dying as a authentic musical form and that attempts to graft other musical traditions such as raga and jazz onto rock have so far failed. Country music still remains, however, as a living tradition. Young men keep coming out of Nashville to make it in New York, playing out of the same musical bag as Jimmie Rodgers and Tex Ritter.

At its best, country music speaks directly to the people who make up a pop audience. It is the music of an alienated and almost dispossessed white middle class, speaking with irony of racial problems, war, urban life and love. It is a fresh sound to people who were weaned on the Beatles and the Stones, and most, important, it offers a set of readily assimilable musical styles. Go back and listen to your Dylan again and you'll know what I mean.

feet away.

Conventional scientists do not always ignore such data, sometimes they try to explain it away. The falling ice is explained away by saying it fell from an airplane. But no ice can form on modern planes (ask any aero-engineer) and it is absurd to suggest that large chunks could form without bringing the plane down too. And how about all the reported falls during the 19th century when the only man-made vehicles in the air were a few feeble balloons?

In Bath County, Kentucky in 1876, several tons of dried beef fell from the sky. How did this mass of meat get up into the sky—and how specifically dried beef? Fort discovered that there was a standard explanation for this type of phenomena—it was "up in one place and down in another" through the intervention of a tornado or whirlwind. But Fort attempted to correlate falls of various things with reports of tornados, but could rarely find any such connection. Even if he had, how would one explain the curious segregation of objects and animals, for most of these falls consist of only one thing or animal. They are never mixed up. Furthermore, it turned out that a few of these falls were repetitive. Black stones might fall on a few blocks in an English town and then fall the same place a day later.

**BORDERING ON THE LUDICROUS**

Other attempts to explain away things that scientists won't admit happen, in fact don't want to happen, border on the ludicrous. The story of the Persian Gulf lights mentioned above led one English scientist to suggest that the officers and crew of all the ships seeing them were drunk. To explain how dozens of bushels of valuable seafood was found scattered about the English countryside (as if it had fallen there) another "scholar" said it was the remains of a sea-food handler's stock which had been thrown away. Interestingly enough this occurred when sea-food commanded a high price and was in short supply in neighboring towns.

One other method of getting rid of unwelcome phenomena such as "sea-serpents" and strange animals is to inculcate everybody with the idea that seeing such a thing indicates the observer is crazy. Though moderately successful in suppressing sightings of "sea-serpents" there are still a few hardy individuals who report such monsters. Scientists were convinced that the coelecanth fish was extinct 100,000,000 years ago but some troublesome fools have found batches of them swimming in the ocean off Africa. A diver in the South Pacific just a few years ago reported seeing a monster about 200 feet wide that put out pseudopods to engulf large sharks. And a Floridian named Edward McCleary claims that in 1961, four friends with whom he was swimming off the coast of Florida were eaten by a sea-monster. Can all such stories be frauds?

Indeed there are frauds; no one can deny that. The problem in dealing with data on the borderline between science and



(Continued from Page 11)

**rained cows**

(Continued on Page 19)

A large graphic for ABC Records featuring a globe with album covers and the text "A GROOVY FUTURE". The globe is divided into several sections, each containing a different album cover. The text "A GROOVY FUTURE" is written in a large, stylized font across the top of the globe. Below the globe, there are several album titles and their corresponding ABC Records numbers.



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STEPPENWOLF  
Dum Dum D S 50029

INFLUENCE ABC S 630

EDEN S CHILDREN  
ABC S 624

CASHMAN, PISTILLI & WEST  
BOUND TO HAPPEN ABC S 629

THE CANDYMEN  
BRING YOU CANDYPOWER ABC S 633

THE GRIFFIN  
THE WORLD'S FILLED WITH LOVE ABC S 634

INTERNATIONAL SUBMARINE BAND  
SAFE AT HOME LHI/S 12001\*

3 S A CROWD  
CHRISTOPHER'S MOVIE MATINEE D S 50030

THE GRASSROOTS  
FEELINGS D S 50027

# pop rock

NOTES: The Jimi Hendrix Experience will appear this Saturday night at 8:00 and 10:30 p.m. in the Hunter College Auditorium on East 69th street. Also appearing on the program will be the Soft Machine and John Hammond. I hope to have an interview with Jimi ready for the next issue. Albert King is appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go through Sunday, followed by Mike Bloomfield's Electric Flag / American Music Band. Notes From The Underground, a Berkeley rock group recently signed with Vanguard, are currently appearing at the Electric Circus. The Group Image is back at it again — mixed media mind rock for dancing on Wednesday nights at the Hotel Diplomat on West 43rd Street. And at the Anderson Theatre on the lower east side, Indrani and her dancers and musicians will present a concert of India music and dance this Friday and Saturday at eight and eleven p.m.

# rained cows

(Continued from Page 18)

fantasy is indeed difficult and most scientists avoid such problems. But not all of them cultivate their own little garden solely for their own benefit. There are scientists with both open minds and the clear critical insight which leads them into new fields of thought. As only one example take Ivan T. Sanderson, noted zoologist-geologist, a Cambridge honors man. His book on the Abominable Snowman presents a great amount of data indicating there may be several types of unknown anthropoids living in the trackless, bleak areas of the world such as the Himalayas, the jungles of Maylasia, and Northern California.

RONALD J. WILLIS is currently director of the International Fortean Organization, INFO, P.O. Box 367, Arlington, Va. 22210, a worldwide network of observers who investigate the phenomena that scientists refuse to consider. INFO also publishes a journal.

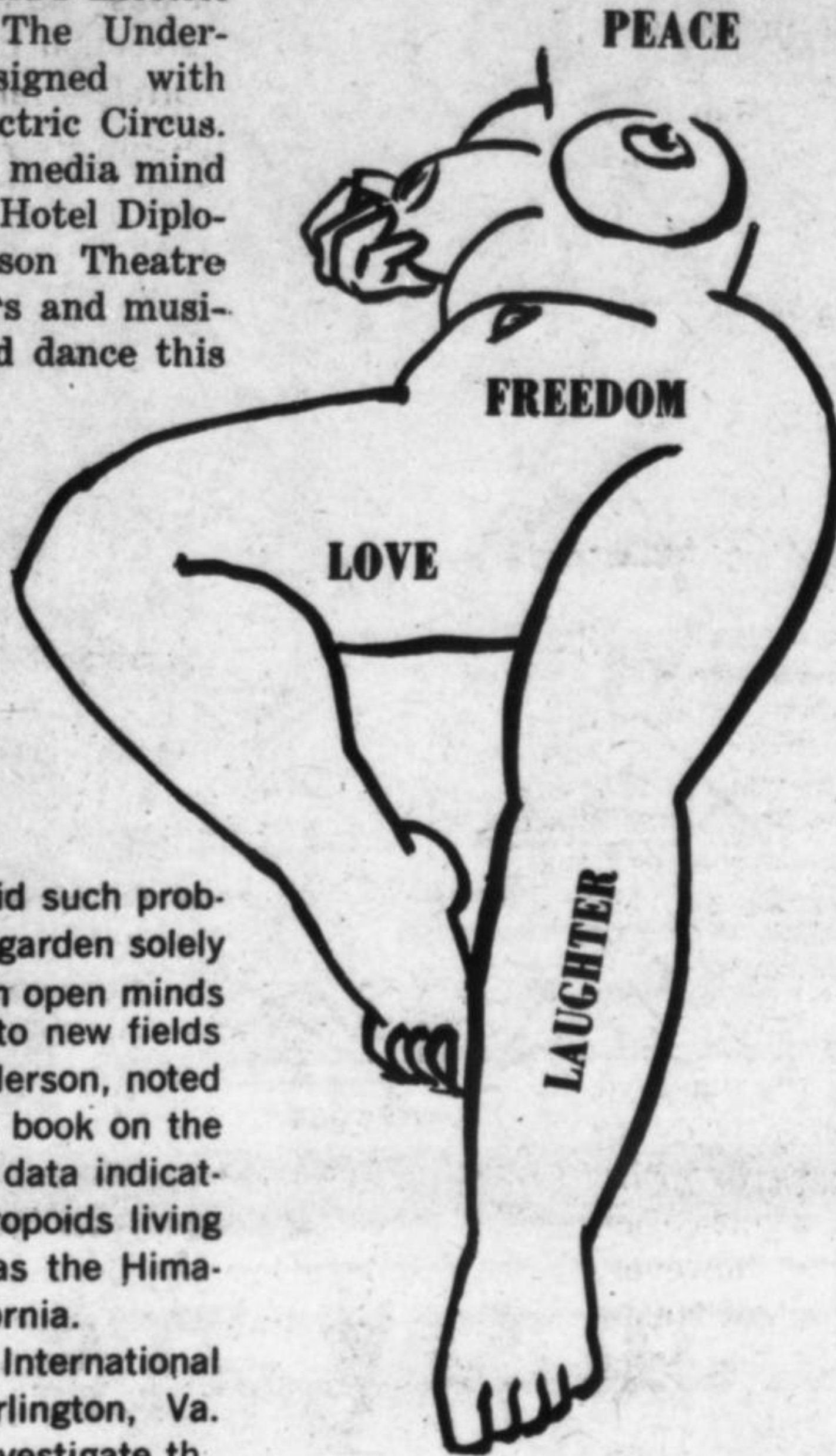
# dubois

(Continued from Page 4)

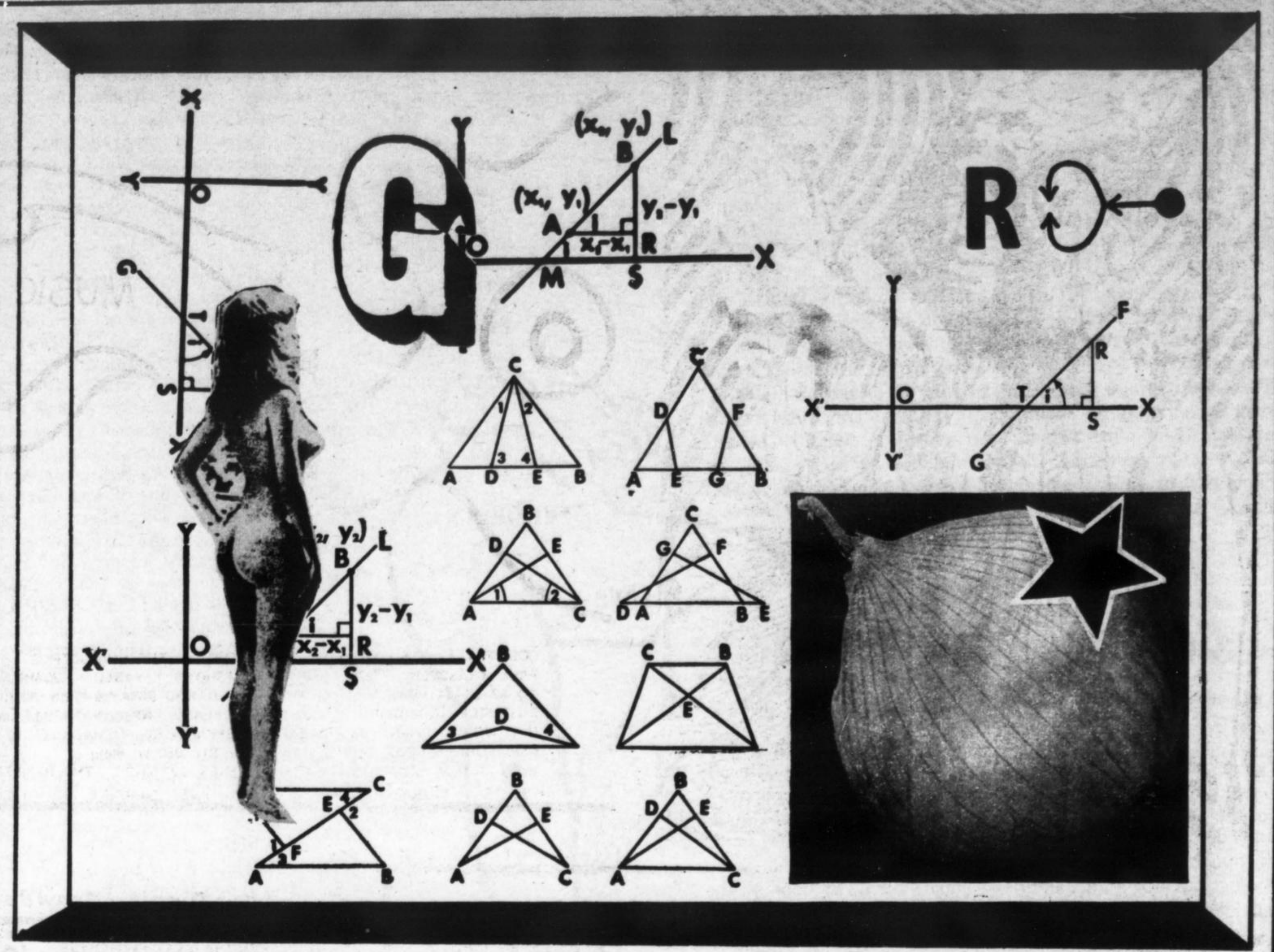
ant America, but not history . . . because history cannot ignore truth," cufflinks glitter burning spears, "this remarkable man," need to be remembered today of despair, more reason for that in days of his toiling, radical all his life, century to century NAACPissed him caged, "militant manhood," Martin praised, "he did not make mystique of blackness . . . saw and loved progressive humanity in all its hues — black, red, white, yellow," he knew that it was not enough to be angry, had to organize so that anger became a transforming force, no retirement to "satisfaction" heaven "angry militant who fails to organize us."

O.K., he was a communist, but Abraham (was he a white supremacist) Lincoln warmly welcomed support of Marx (not Groucho) during Civil War, corresponded with him, Martin loved the applause, dropped Pablo Neruda's name, "unnatural, excessive (or did Martin say obsessive) anti-communism has led us into too many quagmires" prolongplause, "militant, passionate, black genius, "will be with us when we go to Washington in April to demand our rights to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," preaches, "the only liberty the black man has is liberty to move from one slum to the other," slumlogue, "he knew we must live together as brothers or perish together as fools," thought of Len and Pete Seeger signing Len's LOVING PEOPLE, King blesses poor whites of Appalachia, "pending cosmic elegy . . . creative song of people . . . righteousness," and leaves side to side rounding into the curtain. Beautiful, Ossie said Ruby's smile is what it is, ruby; and the CIAthot of 40ton pot roast, largest ever, south of Mazatlan narcs and soldiers cast lots army mutiny, tourists pushing bikinis hauling prevailing winds back with voice lust eastward from mountains, floated 700 miles to Arizona border on Pacific coast, clear. Jimmy & Maya. Fannie Flurst dead, 48,000 face April draft, the Chinese marched on City Hall to preserve a police station, Rap ordered to forfeit tengrand bond, "He may have fooled me once," the Judge, one Merhige Jr., said, "but he won't fool me twice." Magicians in gory.

And remembered towards the end to check the Russian's name, called friend a simonizing glance, ARAM KHATCHATURIAN who guestconducted AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA following Monday, Stokowski. Take a closer look. You might make a mistake. Are the eyes honest? Is the jaw firm? Is yours a face a banker can trust? Maoism kills syphilis (!) glow.



**We Sound Too Much  
Like a Stuck Needle  
HIS CHERUBIC  
SMILE SEEMED TO SAY, 'IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE'**



Reading Paul Goodman has always been somewhat of an ordeal.

When I first saw a picture of him with his pipe stuck into an over-confident, overfed face, it was the man I had expected from his writing. Somehow one knows that Goodman raises interesting questions, but nearly always misses the mark in trying to answer them.

For example, his article in EVO (Vol. 3, No. 6) and Vol. 3, No. 7) spoke of a dilemma faced by those who do not wish to be submissive to the established authoritarian, centralized spy network of the "government."

The problem posed was a good one. But his answers are bullshit. Throwing around sociological jargon and tossing in a few choice names will not solve the basic problem: how to decentralize one's own mind in the face of the propaganda machine. Goodman's obsession with the economic system and the entanglements and oppressions promulgated by what he terms the various "pressure groups" is not justified unless he is really trying to play around with his readers' "culture bases," to borrow what was probably at one time one of his pet phrases.

To extend this thought, if Goodman is telling us about the economics of the world's finance, and is warning us of the need for "professionals," and means by this that we are all to be professionals—and guerrillas—then all is well and good. Professionalism is a culture all its own. A professional what? An expert? Anyone who is an "expert" in some technical job must, by the nature of the position of being an expert, submit himself to a larger plan in which his expertise will bring a reward.

Dr. Spock is effective only because he transcended his own expertise and chose a role more meaningful to him in his later years. Oppenheimer was punished, as will be Spock, for doing the same.

Professionalism is meaningless in the attempt to decentralize. In fact, without considering propaganda systems—media—the question of centralism versus decentralization is not worth raising. One might ask why Goodman had to publish his professional opinion in EVO rather than in the Journal of American Sociology (if such a mag exists).

How to get the centralized, nearly totally controlled totally controlling media to respond to the demands of decentralizing forces is the most pressing question that can be raised now by self-styled anarchists like Paul Goodman. And one does not answer the question or solve the problem by becoming an expert at soldering electronic equipment together, or by learning how to build television sets, or by learning all there is to know about economics.

We, like the NLF, are at war with a highly technological society. And again, like the NLF, we must become aware of the society's weaknesses which result directly from its strengths.

The NLF, for example, as shown in a recent article in "Vietnam Courier," is fully aware of a basic weakness in any electronic medium; it requires highly trained technologists (professionals?) to maintain it, and its workings are highly sensitive to the physical environment. Thus, in relating how they blew up a repair barge, the NLF reported:

*"Since the time the American imperialists stepped up their war of aggression in the Mekong delta, especially since the beginning of winter, their helicopters and war vessels have been destroyed or damaged in greater and greater numbers. In the Ham Luong, Ba Rai, Cua Dai and Co Chien rivers, hundreds of their vessels have been sunk or damaged at such a quick tempo that the aggressors had to set up a floating base in the Ham Luong river . . . to repair the damaged vessels."*

The article goes on in the best tradition of fine American journalism (war propaganda) to describe the intricate network of defenses this floating base contained, and how the NLF forces wiped it out. They did not do so by building their own highly sophisticated machines. They did not do so by becoming "professionals." Any American guerrilla should have learned by now from the Russian example that any revolution which attempts to defeat the enemy by becoming like him is doomed to repeat the same oppressions.

To defeat Huntley-Brinkley requires a certain kind of understanding of what Huntley-Brinkley cannot do. They cannot replace the spoken word of 10,000 ditch-diggers protesting automation. They cannot convince any person who is active in any political process that they are "credible." And they cannot make six Pennsylvania State University students remain blind.

Goodman is right in saying that the classical Marxist approach will not work for analyzing the present American condition. But his new answers are far more artificial than are Marx's old ones. Marx at least realized that what he said within a society changed the society in ways not directly proportional to the literal meaning of his statements. Thus the manifesto. And thus today the use of the concept: "Black Power."

The reason for the failure of Goodman's "community of scholars" is not that youth is incorrect in rejecting it. The reason may very well be that in an age of mass transit of information, little of which is "valid," any attempt at remaining "honest," or "scientific" or "anti-authoritarian" in the old sense simply cannot be successful. We are inundated and buried by the emotive nature of a prepared and processed lie.

Youth's greatest single problem is its desire to remain puritan. Its feeling is that the elders have abdicated their responsibility to their own creed—democracy, freedom, equality, etc. Youth in America has been deceived into taking literally what were political devices to begin with.

To borrow a bit of dialectical materialism, one does not attempt to understand the economic infrastructure simply to learn to control it (and thus to make money). One learns its theory and the variability of its processes to transcend its operation and understand its motive force, the direction it is heading in, the ways in which one can attempt to turn it and deflect it from its prior path. To return to basic physics, one creates through observation the most efficient (most energy applied to a mass with the least effort) method of obeying Newton's third law of motion: "A body politic if at rest remains at rest, or if in motion remains in motion in a straight line at constant velocity unless acted upon by an external net force . . . etc."

The point here is to eliminate the clause, "if at rest remains at rest," and to eliminate the word "external." The body politic is never at rest, for dialectical materialism, or any modern media theory rests on the assumption that in a society, all, repeat-all-change comes from within in the sense that any resulting change comes about as a result of interpretation of event, and not of the event itself.

Applying these theories to Goodman, we find that he is still in the literalist period. He seems to think that by changing the objective A through application of energy A, we will produce the predictable change B. McLuhan's basic (he was a real propagandist) point is that the change in the society which has, prior to change, certain interpretations, will never, after the change, be interpreted that way.

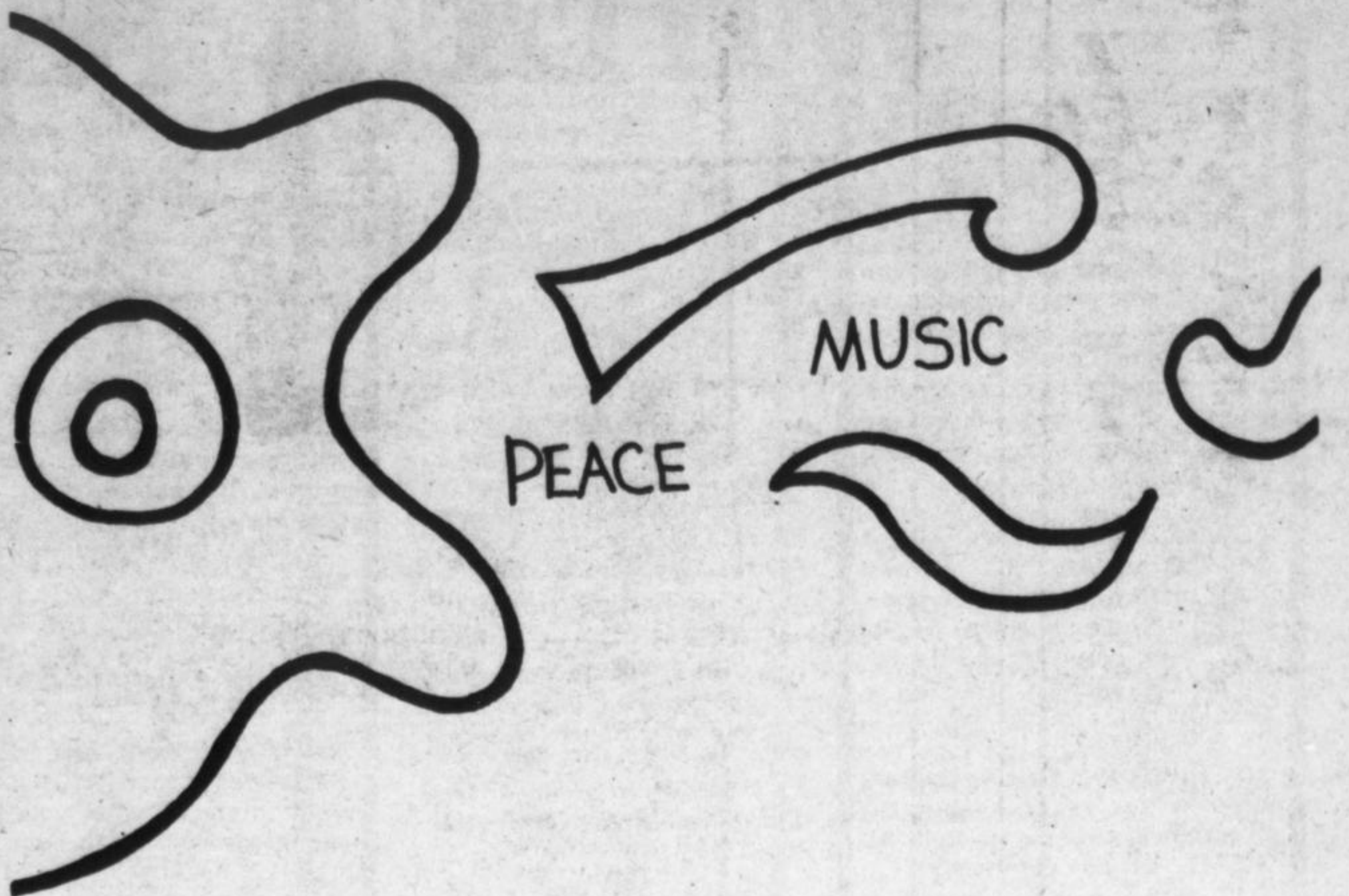
We cannot predict the interpretation of a future, centralized, totally controlled populace when it faces certain specialized types of rebellion. If Goodman is right about the hostility of the general public to the hippie, then the hippie will not survive, which is nothing to cry about because in all likelihood the hippie would not survive anyway. The hippie is already undergoing very apparent transitions. But if Goodman is right, then this means that the general public (which is always someone other than oneself) does not hide in its secret heart any wish for that kind of life.

If you wish to decentralize, then you must simply decentralize and hold on to the concept, even in an age of doublethink. It does not require a specific environment.

But if you want to decentralize because you think centralizing is a threat to the permanently oppressed: that is destroys their health and their souls and their brains; burdens them with too many children and too little food; mythifies them in superstitious interpretations and does not enable them to enjoy their lives as much as you enjoy your (think hard on this) . . . and if you think our leaders desire a war society, then you must think that they desire a minimum of material for stimulation of information gathering.



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**EVAN ALBERT**. Where are you? Miss you. Please communicate. Call collect any hour. Mom. 212-674-3959 or Uncle Morty, TR 1-5854.

**NEED** communication—with a woman to share the beauty, freedom and adventure of a three week expense paid journey into the wilderness of Northern New England, with a man of 32. Contact Mr. White, P.O. Box 123, Shrewsbury, New Jersey 07701.

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**"SIZZLING ADULT TABLOID"** New—Bold, Daring! Broadminded News, Personals, Sources Hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c. Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231

**CAN WE GET YOU LAID?** No, you'll have to do that. We can sell you "The Swinging Set." 24 pages containing 200 personal ads, candid photos and offers. \$1.00. Lillian Marsh, Box 1125, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

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

**WELL BUILT** male and actor pose for females \$10 per hr., Rm. 838, CO 5-7400. Leave message. Film stories also after good price or %.

**MALE** seeks relationship with female over 20. Have pad. No prudes. No homosexuals. Any one else is O.K. Phone, Morris 267-5897 (after midnite) or 4 p.m.

**ASTROLOGY** your life, your Love, Your Career. Rod Chase. WA 8-8914. \$15.00.

**GAY MALES** want new friends? Send description of yourself, your interests, what you want, etc. along with \$2 to Mars, Box 41031, Los Angeles, 90041.

**DATE** has been matching New Yorkers for over two years; accurately and quickly. Join the fun - send for the free DATE questionnaire today. DATE, Box 587, Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C. 10009.

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

**HE CLIMBS** the tops of mountains; He drinks the best of champagne; He knows the truth from fairy tales; He soars in the smoothest plane. — Libby Hill.

**AD RATES** are Personal Ads \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads, \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c a word thereafter. A telephone number must accompany PERSONAL ads (if number is not included in the copy) we cannot print without verification.

July of 1967  
Grads of  
TEPIC, NAY. P.  
Please contact,  
DIRTY MIKE  
857 Union St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## PUBLICATIONS

**WRITER WANTED** for Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. Going into major production this year. Submit a treatment for a screenplay to Jerry Brandt, 23 St. Marks Place, N.Y.C. 10003.

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

**SUNYATA** might be called a Buddhist magazine of poetry; IN STILL is composed of 16 picture poems by Paul Repp; GENTLE ANGER is a book of nearly twenty poems by Tyn-dale Martin. Each publication can be obtained for 1 dollar, postpaid, from SUNYATA magazine, P.O. Box 1012, Montreal 3, Quebec, Canada, or at local bookstores.

**READ "RESPONSE"** Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexcing photos. Special offers. Get with it! Current issue, \$2. "Special Edition," \$1. Adults only (give age). REMSON, Suite 6, 116 W. 87 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024.

**ATTRACTIVE** businessman 20's seeks friendly uninhibited female to lead to meaningful relationship. Write: Box 554, Bronx 10453.

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

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

**FUGS'** songbook - printed by artists', workshop press - send \$1 - to Trans-Love, 499 W. Forest, Detroit, Mich. 48201, Dealers 40% off. Write for free catalog.

**HEH**, all you beautiful, educated and sophisticated women and men. The Black Book exists to enliven your scene. The Black Book puts new people into your life. Get listed and get the next issue both for \$1.00. (No names, no addresses published). Suit 503 E., 160 W. 46 St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036.

**PHOTOGRAPH** or paint a beautiful young couple posing nude to gether . . . or she alone. Body paint optional. Serious amateurs - professionals welcome. Private sessions arranged. Unique Model Service. BE 3-5949.



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**THE NAKED MALE** is available in photos, color slides and movies from the newest grooviest studio. Free catalogs of handsome young guys. ESP, Dept. 842-A, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 9-0028, State age.

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

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

**PRIVATE — FRENCH LESSONS GIVEN.** CALL 477-5588.

**SNOOPY** for PRESIDENT, LUCY FOR FIRST LADY. But these and 10 other Peanut buttons, also 4 different buttons for St. Patrick's Day, no stock buttons, buttons made to order, posters. Write for free catalog. Dealers inquire: Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036, or call 581-4199.

**"ATTENTION** flower children-Hippie Love and Peace Charms on neck chains, only \$1.00 post. paid. Send to J. Valco, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey, 07055.

**COLLEGE** boy directs you exercise. Demonstrates exotic dancing. Massage machine. Girls, boys, couples, photographers welcome. Write telephone number, time to call to P.O. Box 1282, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

**BELMONDO, THAT MAN FROM RIO** — Vanderbeek's BREATH-DEATH and AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE. Fri., Sat., March 1 and 2, 8:30. CINEMA CELLAR, 756 Bryant St., Rahway, New Jersey, 30 min. from Manhattan via Penn. RR, NJTP, GSPkwy, or US 1-9. 201-388-0068. 8-10 p.m.

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

**MALE** artist, genius, Spanish. tall, attractive with pad in West village looking for young girl to model and love. No men. After 9 p.m. 226-6224.

**GUY** escaping N.Y.C. to secluded mountains retreat for several weeks, seeking slum goddess with the gift of laughter and a sense of a world gone mad, to share the air. 777-0430.

**BLOW YOU MIND. SEE ERNIE KOVACS**, ABC-TV April 9.

**YOGA FOLK SONGS!** Ancient wisdom in a modern idiom. Witty, thot-provoking, inspiring. LP albs. "What Is It For?" "Say Yes to Life!" \$5.00 each; song book, "Songs for the Seeker," \$1, from Hansa, Box 18272, San Francisco.

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

**HIPPIE** Lipstick. Sexsational Novelty (Adults Only) Rush \$2.00 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

**TITS & ASS.** 8 MM COLOR FLICKS OF O/O SIGHT LOVELY NAKED GIRLS ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE 25c. LOTUS, BOX 323, TIMES SQ. STA., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

**AND THE** Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the gentiles, through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham saying, In Thee shall all nations (Jew and Gentile) be Blessed.

**DRIVING** to San Francisco. Need passenger. leave March 7-10. Call M. McClory. LO 4-3250.

**WANTED** young, tall, active, attractive girl or mother. Need a warm, loving, creative person. Preferably do—or have interest in music, flying, scuba, racing, boating, building. All this and long hair to. Will I find you? Write: Bill Cook, m/v Fairbanks Dutch Harbor, Alaska, 99685.

**AN INTELLECTUAL**, good-looking, homophile resident psychiatrist is looking for a stimulating sexual and emotional and intellectual relationship with a beautiful female. Call 477-5588.

**ROOM** available - female. Nice looking young man wishes to share fine room, lower west 70's near park, cooking facilities, with shapely young female for financial reasons. \$25 per month. 877-2641, evenings.

**GOOD** looking, mild mannered young man would like to start friendship with female. Call 933-9369.

**YOUNG MALE** would like to hear from devotees of the Velvet underground mystique. Write to: Box 1547, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

**YOUNG HUNG** stud debonier but decadent seeks relationship with luscious wench - refined but not reformed. Write, Barry EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009.

**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.

**WEST** blows the wind, boding fair the world round. Tahiti, Australia, Japan and on. Male, 26, white departing the middle of March. Seek bright, attractive chick companion. Supply own bread. Freighter, hitch, camp hostil. No phone, so write, Larry, Apt. E., 639 E. 11.

**INTELLIGENT**, serious, good looking college student (21) is interested in meeting experienced **WOMAN** for mutual sexual satisfaction. I have my own apartment. Please call anytime: Frank, BA 2-9924 or 864-9004.

**PH.D COLLEGE PROFESSOR** (chemistry), 38, divorced, want to meet quiet intelligent non-pretentious girl with warm personality . . . unconventional, but not too neurotic. Does not necessarily have to be interested in science. No hippies. Box 69, Riverdale Station, Bronx, N.Y., 10471.

**SWINGING** party for sophisticated couples to be held in Chicago Hotel, Saturday, March 9th, \$8.00 per couple. For reservations write: Box 4663, Main P.O., Chicago, Illinois.

**I'D LIKE** to meet a girl who's together enough to know and admit that orgasm is the most beautiful sensation in life and that she wants it. 233-4666.

**MARRIED** man who's not getting enough at home wishes to meet lady in analogous circumstances. Box 3541, G.C.T., N.Y. 10017.

**MALE**, personable, young (38) wants slim attractive girl for cunnilingus. Lunch or afternoon dates. Call Andy M. AL 4-9352 and ask for Harry Gordon, leave phone and address.

**Belligerent fist-shaking only reveals a fearful man**

**STEPHEN**  
Fuck letter writing the vibrations are  
**STRONG**  
**IN TIME** there will be a coming together  
& **PEACE**  
**DIRTY MIKE**

**UNINHIBITED FEMALE HELPMATE** wanted by bachelor to share 5 room apt. Room, board, etc. in exchange for typing, filing and cleaning. Call AL 435-1051.

**WOMAN:** White and Negro, attractive - mature - business aptitude - some means - control 50% mating - dating service must reside mid-town. Literature: Mr. Roberts, Radio City Box 327, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019.

**FILM** producer searching for actresses who enjoy working in exploitation films. Must be lovely, voluptuous and uninhibited. Immediate work, from \$50 per day. Mr. Power, 212- LO 4-7630.

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

**MAN 41**, seeks intimate relationship with voluptuous attractive libertine girl for all sensual pleasures. Sid Day, JA 2-0540, after 2 p.m.

**DO YOU** know where it's at? On a continuing basis? If so, maybe we can collaborate on a new publication for parents of teenagers. Purpose: to inform the parents accurately, continuously on what you do, think, say; what influences you. No punches pulled, no exaggerations. Just the running record. Will you help? Joe Feger, AL 4-6081, 8-11 a.m., Mondays thru Thursdays.

**YOUNG** over 30 poet-artisan, viable involving—seeks untypical sensitive loving, quiet girl to share beauties, life and a raison d'etre. GR 5-6446, eves.

**ROOMMATE WANTED!** Age 18-24, student or employed, preferably female with similar interests to share expenses at a 2½ room Chelsea area apartment. Call Jesse Charles Wagner at 243-2470, after 7:00 p.m. to arrange meeting.

**SHARE FREE** young man's Manhattan apartment condition, be a very young girl interested in growing uninhibited and with intelligent interpersonal relation. Send photo. 22 W. 25th St., 4-C, New York, N.Y. 10010.

**STRAIGHT** guy, 40, nice looking, 5'10" 175, seeks fun and companionship with right gal. Call 475-7199, after 10 p.m. Homos and creeps stay away.

**BACHELOR** (39, 5'10", 160) considered goodlooking, college grad, great Manhattan pad Enjoys good food, poetry, music, uninhibited sex, long distance running and real people. Extremely open-minded; penchant for the unusual. Seeks sensitive, slender, submissive female. Write: GPO, Box 1410, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

**WHITE** girl 19, cute, cuddly, seeking good looking cool white guy, 19-25, preferably with fast car. Object: grooving together. Fay, P.O. Box 136, N. Y. C. 10008.

**HAVE** reservations for two at La Concha, San Juan weekend of March 8 and plane tickets but she and I are no longer that way so need new playmate quickly. Call me at OR 5-7276 from noon Monday thru noon Tuesday except between 6 and 9 p.m. Monday. Let's get together and check for radioactivity first.

**COUPLE** to share 6 room apt. with same and infant. No uptight uptown people. Responsible replies only. Your share \$65/mo. Telephone: Jim Wetzel, 355-3660, Ext. 18.

**BACHELOR**, 30, college-grad., nice looking, affectionate, liberal-minded, financially secure enjoys the conventional and offbeat, seeks attractive affectionate gal 20-30 for long-lasting relationship. Call Marty 261-7283, after 6 p.m.

**BLACK CAT**, 35 yrs., 175 lbs., 6 ft., handsome, uninhibited, nice pad. Wants black chicks, 21-40, sexually uninhibited. No pruders, fatties, or faggots. 222-7575. Eves. between 7-11 p.m.

**VERY** handsome male writer, 28, 5'8", Ph.D. Candidate, desires to meet attractive, mature, intelligent girl. Write: P.O. Box 93, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11235 (photo optional).

**AAA** (attractive, affluent, alive) writer, N.Y.C.-based but Sausalito-Elba oriented, wants attractive gutsy, intelligent, pizzazzzy, gracious female—with 100% love capacity—to swing world by tail with, have babies with, never grow old with. Symptatico? Write, phone: 1425 Bedford, 11-F, Stamford, Conn., 203-348-7135. Budd.

**INTELLIGENT** young man, self-supporting, seeks woman with no hang-ups (preferably teenage) for sexual and social compatibility. No queers, phonies, or game-players please. Call 226-1999.

**FEMALE** writer companion to Los Angeles, Calif. Leaving March 3, 1968. Call Frank, CY 8-9560.

**CULTURED**, successful gentleman interested in the arts - theatre, ballet, all music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive gal to enjoy same. Be my guest, winter vacation in the islands and late spring, summer in Europe. May consider financial help for talented, creative girl. Have beautiful midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's wine and dine.



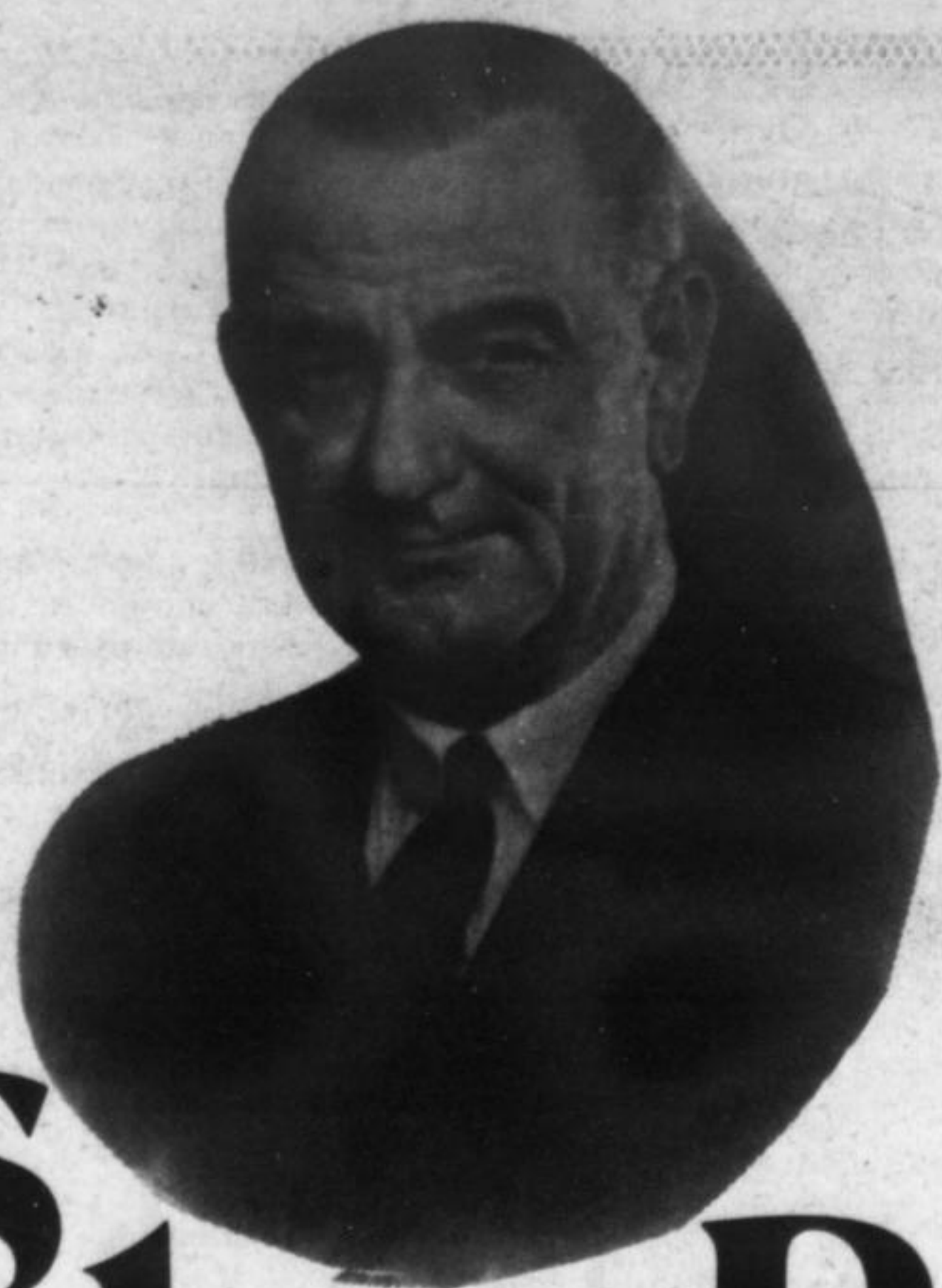
AS LONG AS THE MILITARY HAS THEIRS...WE'LL HAVE OURS...

# dove-tags

Let's put an end to hanging military dog tags around millions of guys' necks and sending them out to murder or be murdered. Let's put it on the line. Let's hang our symbols -- DOVE-TAGS -- around our necks. The only way our resistance is going to make it is if we hang more tags than they do. If Peace and Freedom and Love is your thing... Then DOVE-TAGS is your thing too.

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Just send \$1.00 for each set of DOVE-TAGS.  
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Neck chain included)  
Send my Dove-Tags to me at:  
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# Is Lyndon B. Johnson psychologically fit to be President?

Senator George McGovern says that President Johnson's Vietnam policy reflects "madness." Dr. Benjamin Spock, who has taught psychiatry, makes much of Johnson's statement that he will not be the first President to "lose a war" and implies that Johnson is using the war in Vietnam to prove his manhood. Dr. Martin Shepard, a New York psychiatrist, leads the national movement to "Dump Johnson" and have him replaced by Robert Kennedy. Dr. Jerome Frank, the eminent Johns Hopkins psychiatrist, testifies before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the need to understand the psychological forces shaping our Vietnam policy. Two hundred and six clinical psychologists take an ad in the New York Times deploring President Johnson's war policy and stating that it is no longer "reasonable."

Among laymen, author Jessica Mitford writes of her "nightmarish feeling that we are governed by a deranged Dr. Strangelove with whom communication is fast becoming impossible," and every day increasing numbers of Americans are asking, "Is Lyndon B. Johnson psychologically fit to be President?"

The editors of *Avant-Garde*, the bimonthly magazine, believe that the future of the human race may rest upon that question. To obtain the answer they recently polled all of America's 14,000 psychiatrists, asking for their opinions on the state of President Johnson's mental health.

The psychiatrists responded with answers to such questions as:

- Does Lyndon B. Johnson seem divorced from reality? If so, could this possibly explain the "credibility gap?"
- Is there anything in Mr. Johnson's psychological make-up that would permit him to sacrifice the lives of others in order to satisfy an emotional need within himself?
- Does Mr. Johnson seem overly rigid, suspicious, unwilling to compromise, perhaps paranoid?
- Of what psychological significance, if any, is the fact that the President depends heavily upon tranquilizers? Is it possible that his suppression of anxiety (which in some cases may be *justified* anxiety due to threats of nuclear devastation) poses a mortal danger to all of mankind? Could the President's sup-

pression of anxiety be responsible for his disparaging reference to advocates of peace as "nervous Nellies"?

- Should Lyndon B. Johnson be examined by a board of psychiatrists before he is permitted to run for re-election?
- Should *all* Presidential candidates be psychiatrically screened?
- Is it really possible to establish norms of "psychological fitness" for a President? If not, must America forever risk the possibility that—to quote a New York Times editorial (see next column)—"a President might go insane and order a nuclear attack in a fit of irrationality"?

The answers to these questions—and scores of others—are contained in one of the most comprehensive character analyses ever made. It is entitled "Lyndon B. Johnson: A Psychoanalytic Study" and consists of a compendium of over a quarter of a million words of professional opinion submitted to *Avant-Garde* by America's psychiatrists. This document will undoubtedly become not only a psychoanalytic but also a journalistic and political *classic*.

Copies of "Lyndon B. Johnson: A Psychoanalytic Study" are *not* for sale. They are being given away—*free*—to all new subscribers to *Avant-Garde*. Moreover, because the editors of *Avant-Garde* believe that it is in the public interest to achieve the widest dissemination of this document, they have arranged for *Avant-Garde's* regular \$10 subscription price to be *cut in half*.

In case you're not familiar with *Avant-Garde*, let us explain that it is probably the most audacious magazine in America. It covers not only politics and medicine, but art, science, religion, literature, sex, and every other subject of interest to the bold innovators and advanced thinkers who form the *avant-garde* and actively shape America's destiny.

To enter your subscription—and obtain your free copy of "Lyndon B. Johnson: A Psychoanalytic Study"—simply fill out the adjacent coupon and mail it with \$5 (instead of the usual \$10) to *Avant-Garde*, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare for your first issue of a fearless new magazine that uses freedom of the press as it was meant to be used and does not hesitate to ask, "Where are the emperor's clothes?"

From an editorial in the New York Times:

"[The] one weak link in the chain of protection against unintended nuclear catastrophe...is the possibility that a President might go insane and order a nuclear attack in a fit of irrationality.

"Americans have often shuddered at the thought of what obvious madmen like Hitler or Stalin might have done had they commanded the enormous destructive power of nuclear weapons. But there has been an evident reluctance to face the fact that Americans, too, fall victims to emotional illness, and that it is conceivable that even a President could become victim of such instability....

"The general agreement that extreme precautions must be taken to prevent any mad underling in the armed forces from setting off nuclear weapons also implies the need for some efforts to guard against any such danger at the apex of governmental power. The steps to be taken require [frank] discussion...."

**AVANT  
GARDE**

110 WEST 40TH STREET  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to *Avant-Garde*. I understand that I am paying only *half* the usual price and that I will receive—*absolutely free*—a copy of the historic report "Lyndon B. Johnson: A Psychoanalytic Study."

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