

THE east village CENTER

MARCH 15 - 21

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VOL. 3, NO. 15

WAVES
SUPER

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SAVE

GETS RID OF
MOSQUITOS
★ PERCEGREEPS
TICKS & SPICKS
HUELGO'S
HIPPIES
ANTS
COMMIES
PROTESTORS
ETC

COPS LOVE IT

IMPROVED

GIANT ECONOMY SIZE

FOR WHITER CLEANER STREETS

DICK TRAZY

CLEAR'S UP
FAST
PSEUDOINTELLECTUALS
ACNE
NIGRAS
DOVES
REDS
PERVERTS
DROPOUTS
WIERDOS
BLACKOS & PANTHERS

ALL PURPOSE

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FOR LOVE FOR LOVE FOR LOVE

Dear EVO:

I'm writing about Jules Freemond's interview with Jimi Hendrix (vol. 3, No. 14).

Who in the hell does he think he is?

The interview was so fucking pushy and uptight that it made me sick. I strongly suggest to Jules Freemond that he learn how to conduct an interview according to the people and mood, and not like the Daily News.

Love,
 Stephen Kohn
 West Nyack, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

Is all this worth it? Will our being ever change? Is there any hope? These are a few of my present hang ups.

Two years ago I was part of their "Great Society." I read the Daily News everyday. I played poker every weekend. I drank with my prejudiced violent drinking buddies in the local bar and I could kill. Yet I was always alone among them. I slowly started to break away, drifting into the world of smoke and to an understanding of myself.

I was getting disgusted.

Disgusted with the things I was doing and following. I started to realize that the Bronx (N.Y.) is in the sticks. I really didn't know anything beyond the Empire State Building, except that everyone was killing each other. I realized I wanted to live a peaceful, natural life and I didn't want to die while they had me trying to kill another man who didn't want to die either.

I understood love and this whole thing of peace.

Now I'm considered among my neighbors as weird. Among my friends (whatever) as a junkie. My boss keeps asking (telling) me to shave off my moustache. My relatives say that I'll grow out of it.

I tried to understand them too!

It must have been a bitch for Jesus. All he asked for was peace and love, not confession, celibacy, Auschwitz, Ku Klux Klan, Hatred and President Johnson.

I wonder what the Daily News would say if they were in print in the year J. C. started his movement?

Can history change man? Does he really want a place in the sun? Is man looking for peace or is that word a scapegoat we use in order to maim and kill. Can their doors be opened? Should I drop out of this middle class thing and leave misery as it is? Or should I keep up my crusade to show them the good behind this revolution?

My marriage (children) has kept me sheltered to certain aspects of free thought. With grass, books, an open mind, rock groups and the underground press, I have come to one real positive thing. I am me, and as me, I love my

fellow man (woman). I love the earth I walk on and her children growing in the sun. And I love what all you beautiful people are trying to do.

Thank you, EVO, for a very nourishing paper.

Ray Rich,
 Bronx, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

Well these last few days have found me in Hong Kong. It is a strange place indeed. So much like New York. At first I thought I was in Chinatown near Canal St. or Mott Street.

These times are most enlightening. There is no doubt in my mind that it is the dawn of a new day, although the home front may seem bleak and dim. From here I can see new vistas—from caves to jungles, temples, mosques, universities, Buddhist Monks, Swamis to Ex-Red Guards. They all want to know about hippies, flower children, LSD, Leary, Ginsberg.

One young Monk in Malaya told me the world seeds "Love Warfare." Even in remote areas the new generation is feeling thinking pains—a rare malady only felt in mankind once every several hundred years.

It is very contagious, and can infect the whole world. Worst of all it is deadly. It can kill ignorance, prejudice, bureaucracy fear, social stigmas.

The flow of hippies to the East is tremendous. In my temple in Ceylon in one week we had hippies from Germany, France, Canada, England, Scotland, America and S. Africa. They were also at the temple I stayed at in Bangkok. India has its cup running over with hippies as well as Afganistan, Pakistan, Nepal.

But even places where hippies are unheard of the folk now get together and talk of love, the death of the mind, egolessness.

One old Monk in Ceylon brought me to see his books, his favorite was a 60 year old copy of "Walden" by Thoreau. The Monk himself was over 75.

Zen and Tantric Yoga have a whole new meaning and revival now.

But back to my main thought. I now ask you WHO has been putting ACID in the rain clouds. Such a soul deserves a kick in his mind! I cannot imagine any other way that all of this could be taking place all at the same time, everywhere, big cities to villages What Magic Charm is doing this.

I am preparing a book of ill thoughts against the Establishment when I return to the village. I shall complete it.

My trip was to include Saigon but the airport was 70% destroyed a week before my arrival, so no first hand reports or photos for you.

CHAPTER I

"I consider this a denial of my constitutional rights," said EVO attorney, Josh Koplowitz, after Brooklyn Criminal Court Judge, Caiazzo, tried to hassle him in presenting his case in the time that he, the Judge, thought it should be presented—1/2 hour.

Koplowitz thought it might take two days. Judge Caiazzo disagreed and since HE was the circus master, he exercised his legal prerogative and pulled down the curtain on act one of the great EVO obscenity trial, all of which means that our motion to suppress the charges was denied.

During the hearing the cop, Shapiro, who had bought a copy of EVO on February 2, said that he thought that obscenity was something which stimulated sexual desire.

EVO was passed back and forth across the bench — nearly everyone looked happy to be reading it — the judge read words like fuck, shit, piss, cunt, pubic hair, much to the delight of everyone in the court. And then got around to the subject of "a man on his knees placing his face against a WOMAN's vagina." Koplowitz objected to the characterization — he thought a better description would have been "lower abdomen."

Putting on his glasses, the Judge then read one of our juicier cunnilingus personals.

Here we go around the Mulberry Bush.

NEXT CHAPTER: MARCH 27, 1968

This letter sounds so disorganized and hectic. I have no ambition to re-write it so I just hope you can make sense out of it. Anyway write me from the Village. I will be in Hong Kong for a while—at least three months.

I hope you received my letter from Malaya.

Flying over Vietnam I had a very cold feeling—eerie, weird. It's a bad place, a bad luck scene.

The recent stories I have heard literally make my blood run cold. In the week of all the trouble 30,000 civilians got it, not to mention how many soldiers on both sides. If you believe in ghosts, then Vietnam is the place you will find them.

Anyway, give the message of peace and love to all. But remember the words of the sages: "You shall know the truth and it will get you in trouble."

But don't be afraid. The worse they can do is crucify you.

In Peace,
 Rev. Charles O'Hara.

Dear EVO:

Up until your Vol. 3, No. 13 issue I figured that no one in high school was half decent and cared about the shit that is in high school. It's hell. The "kids" (sometimes I wonder) yell, "Cut your hair you hippie." Every single cock in the place is kill crazy. They're ready to blow the world at any cost.

The most typical "people" are statue gods, and if not that, status seekers. They worship money and status so much it comes out of their assholes. High school is no longer a place of mind expansion and learning but one huge out-house for the eaters.

Roseann was right. The kids are prejudiced against anything that looks, acts, or sounds different than they do. And of course they are flawless. They do no wrong. They are supreme. Bullshit.

Roseann asked why she only met one decent person. Let me put it this way, she's lucky she met one. Most of the beautiful have quit school in disgust or they are hidden by the vomit.

Something must be done about this. We can't claim freedom if we can't control the other side of the younger generation and the other side of our generation is being bred and programmed in the high schools.

Roseann, you are beautiful.

Love and freedom,
 Rob Maag
 New Shrewsbury, N.J.

Dear EVO:

After reading your fucked up newspaper (?), borrowed from a friend of mine, I've come to the conclusion that all you print is a lot of bullshit. I once was very interested in subscribing to a newspaper of this type, but after reading your sheet of homosexuals, perverts, queers, etc., etc., I won't! After reading a few articles, I've decided your paper must be a communist front. The bullshit you print on Vietnam and alleged U. S. "atrocities" comes straight from descriptions of Hitler's Germany during World War II. Unless substantiated by at least some resemblance of evidence, how the hell do you expect anyone to believe what you propagandize? I know damn well you won't print this letter in EVO because you don't have the guts, and it might open your readers eyes.

Sincerely yours,
 Niel Stubbs
 Marquette, Mich.

Dear EVO:

Well today as we say in my corner of the world "the shit hit the fan". My Commanding Officer called me in his office just a few minutes ago and in his hand he had the most recent issue of the EVO. Then acting as cool and as calm as he could he said, "Where did you get this paper?" I told him I had a subscription to it. He said this is a highly serious offense, this paper is trash you shouldn't have it, then he went on and told me the serious trouble I was in for receiving it and so on and so on. Then he said to me now look I want you to go downstairs and type a letter to these people cancelling your subscription immediately and I want all the past issues you have. So after a few choice words by me and a direct order by him, I was forced to turn over all other issues to him. He is now going to headquarters and turn my ass in for having such an evil thing, and swears he is going to have me rut in a fucked up GI Jail not too far from here. Well he did tell me to type you a letter and I am, as for cancelling my subscription, I say God love you, and keep on sending me EVO, they can do anything they want with me, but no matter where I go EVO will always be with me. It's great to know that you groove up people are doing a great job, and a warning to all other GI's trapped like me, don't give up EVO and if you really want to scare the lifers go in singing a few bars of Alice's Restaurant.

May God love all groovey up people from a loving GI,
 Name withheld Upon Request

P.S. I did type up a letter cancelling my subscription, please disregard as I was forced to do it. I will go to jail if it means keeping EVO. So whatever you do, disregard my other letter and keep on sending EVO. I love you.

FOR LOVE FOR LOVE FOR LOVE

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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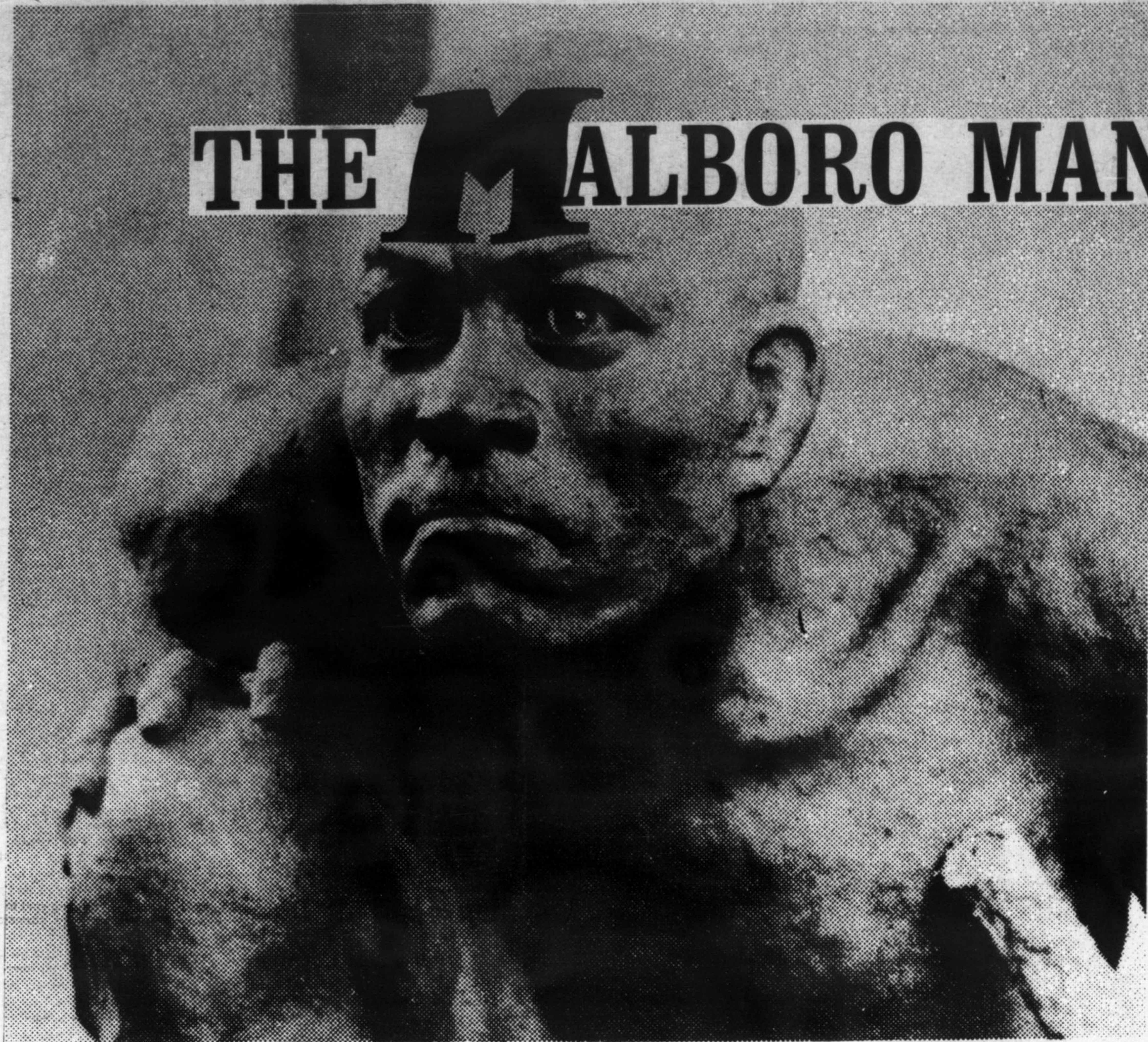
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THE MALBORO MAN



by Lennox Raphael

The Malboro Man rides again. Power chips rush from his brass lips as the 4-poster shakes. And jilted-lovers throw sperm darts at his menagerie.

PART II

But mother and daughters are sweet young ladies, kind, gentle, recommendable souls in their own right, though they provide food for an anachronism not needed now.

The post-Kennedy White House is not the place for normal people prone to normal manners and hangups, for the people, crazed lovers now, are tired and in search of gods, and seem bent on feeling responsible for the construction of their own idols, and what they seek now is an Idol, a loving idol, one with the flattering power of a mirror.

And no woman will persist in looking into a mirror that constantly warns her she is not the most beautiful woman of her acquaintance, and she will end by breaking this mirror and finding another, but she will do it while her husband is at work, or while the children are asleep; but, having destroyed one mirror, none will be powerful and beautiful enough to satisfy (and perhaps survive) her, and she will end by breaking herself, by dethroning what little charm is left in her wrinkles.

He (Johnson) is what he is, cannot be what he wishes to be, because he already is; and has what he has and at the same time, what he doesn't have and perhaps he just happened to come along at the wrong time and with an inappropriate charm visually doomed to be forever trespassing in everybody's bedroom. For primetime is also

bedtime, and a bad image on the TV can provoke a retarded orgasm, later to have you lunging, jumping, wanting to come but knowing that it will not and that you must either sleep or cry.

And this is when the Malboro Man commits another mistake.

But the President loves TV, his 3-set console (all three major channels at once) and he loves to be on TV, to show off to the second grade, and just to see himself there, and to feel good, sort of temporarily removed from himself and like a god (but without devil).

And he is perhaps right, for asleep or awake he is a politician, the professional pol, but people are wary of this penchant to be also professional president, Fr. Greatly Good For All.

They put him there and they don't want him to feel that he is there forever — not without their permission. They are presumptuous enough to claim this right.

His direct approach (displaying the scar of his gallbladder operation for photographers, rolling up his pyjamas to show his lovely legs, or displaying his megaton arm, or lifting his dog by the ears) may be good for a laugh at first, but he who laughs last laughs best, and, later, the despair, and the old sexual taste and delayed set in, and, lust with this, they realize that other people may be laughing at him, at their expense, at the expense too of Saint John Fitzgerald and, after some more chocking of the flesh, silent agony in haste, they hate him, will not discuss him lovingly in public, and become desperate enough to want to auction him off for crucifixion.

And they will have Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy do the crucifying; they will prefer it this way, and if Robert doesn't act they are likely to take the Republican who most resembles John

Fitzgerald Kennedy. And a wife like Jackie will help from the start this time.

The President is smart, and is aware of the paperbag vulnerability of his image, the holes that gape up to be filled by wrecked dreams, hallucinations and love-groping; he is aware of the unmasked vapidity of his personality, that not even Jack Valenti can now get him a leading role in a Hollywood movie, that his box-office of the eyes and the flesh is too weak, and cannot see, can only lose, and losing, find eternal hell; and he has moved to right this image, his image, by becoming superclown, by anticipating laughter, by casting sponge covered pebbles at himself, and expecting everyone to respond to his laughter.

"I say when you laugh. Smile!" Meaning it.

And the hurt, perhaps when not even meaning to, reinforces the dislike, the distrust, the feeling that he is too much like mother, or father, or big brother, the man with the whip and its righteousness, the fiend choked by honey, the man you won't suffer yourself to be.

IT.

What is IT? Nobody is sure what IT is, but everybody is sure to know when IT is missing.

And the President doesn't have IT. And not even rumors of his nude bathing, his speeding his boating, his dancing, his genuine paternalism, the love for his dogs, or his public show of affection for his grandson can stop the reckless sniping at his personality, everyone telling him he is not what he should be; he is too fat, too loud, too folksy, too Johnsonian, too saturated by the legacy of Kennedy's stride for

excellence, too ugly inside without knowing why, without meaning, without really caring why he is not what he should be to make everyone beautiful, to help all the lazy ones to dream some more, to toss in their sleep and contemplate a golden trap of fluid and utopia.

He cannot replace Caroline Kennedy, and every public attempt to do so, whether or not the President has been advised of this, only serves to remind the people of the impossibility of this task, and of the tragedy that so derailed the sexual disciplines of the entire nation; and this reminds them too that Robert Kennedy is the only one who can now provide another Caroline, somebody to make all the sons and daughters of America feel protective and wise, bitchy and blue.

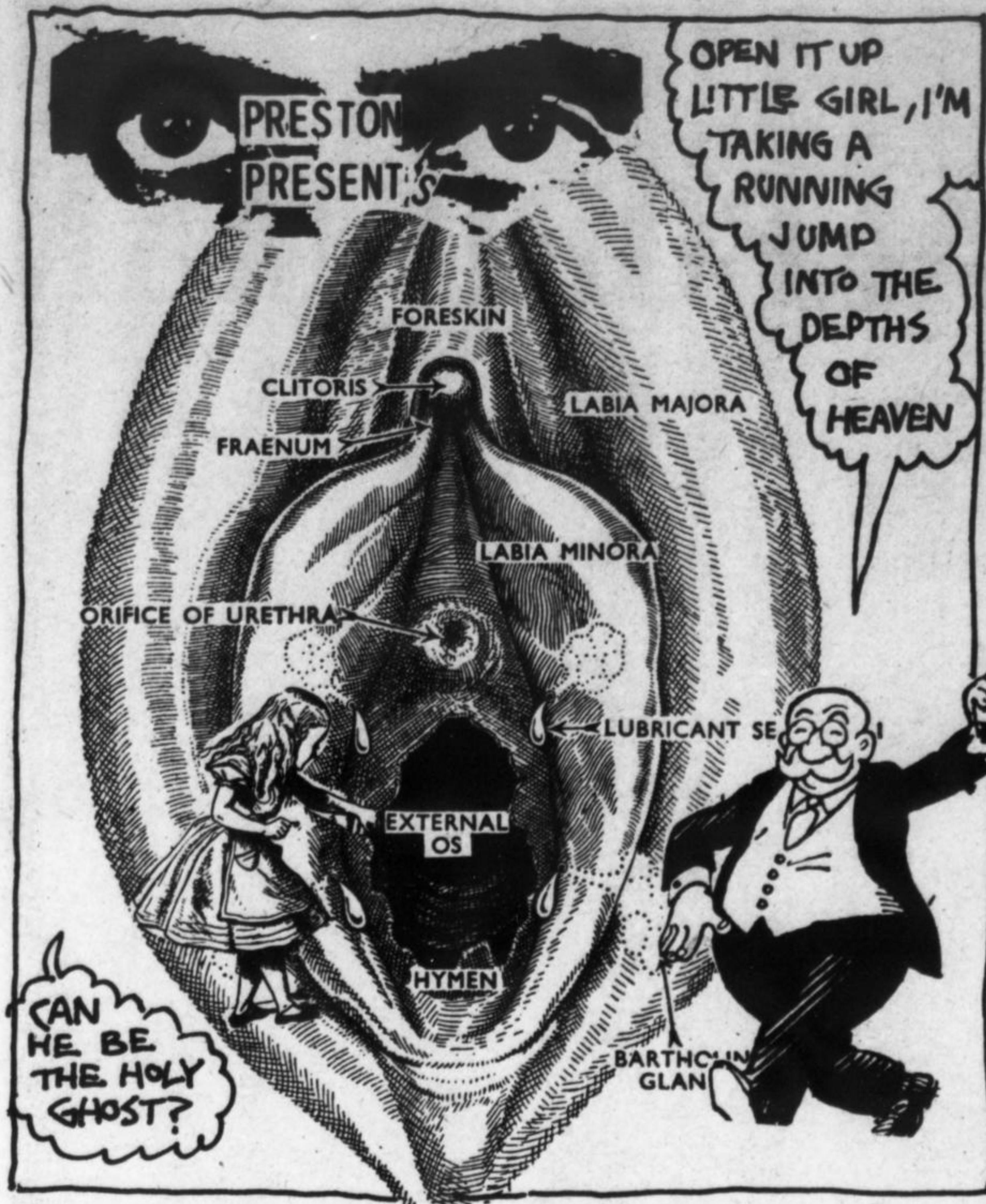
Only Robert. And this Robert can even permise more, now, at the right time, while the people are twisting for more. Bitches in heat presage the sad glow of wet dreams.

Johnson's personality, his imposing rawness, the rasping impotence of his sexual thrust, remind many blacks of the loud-jawed, snarling uppity white racists who kill to replace love with loudness, who are so cloaked in the flesh their innocence congeals and they must draw blood from the defenseless, yet are wolves who love the taste of blood but abhor the art of dying.

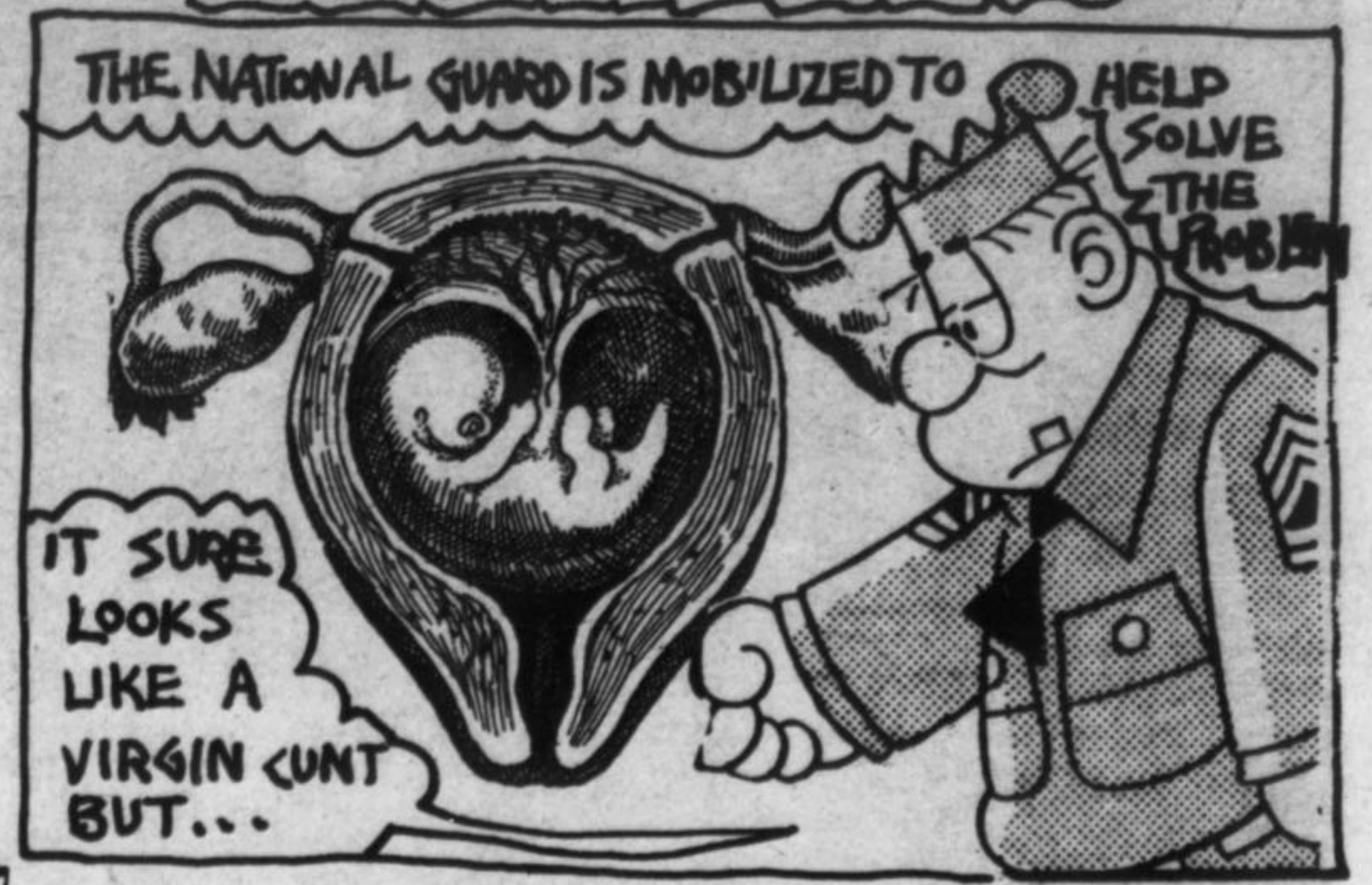
And this is unfortunate for the President, for he is not the snarling Southerner, and is, in white fact, no different from Kennedy in this field, and has been better so many times if one wishes to remember the past before John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the first and real King who though dead lives on in everybody's belly button like a parasite saint.

But blacks happen to prefer Robert

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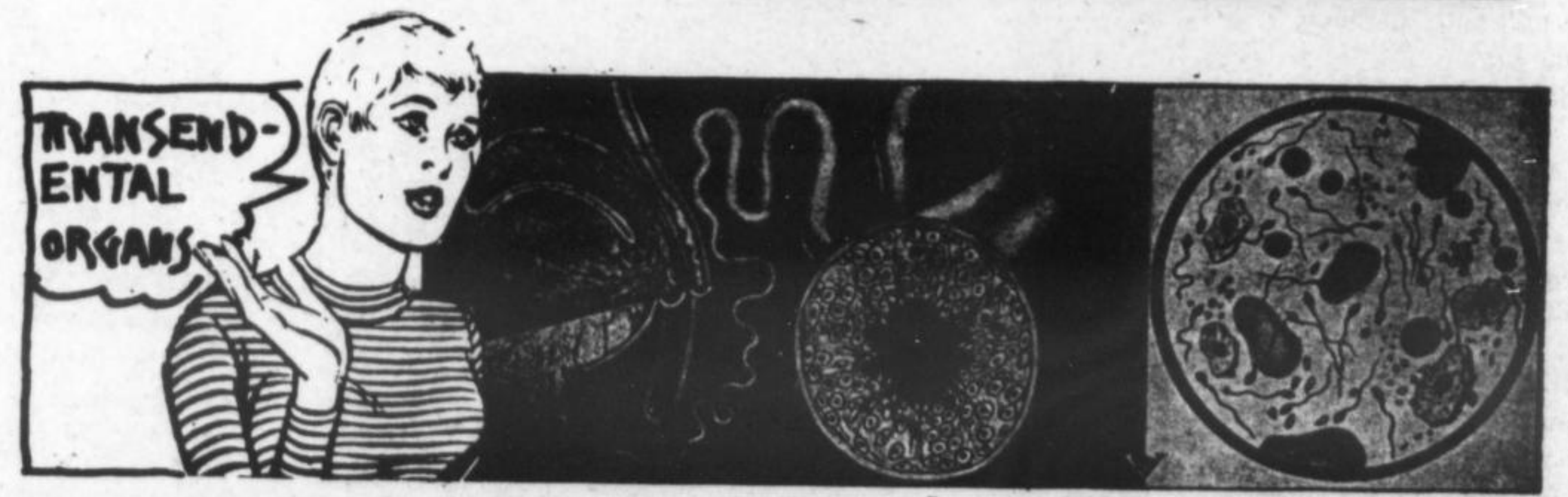
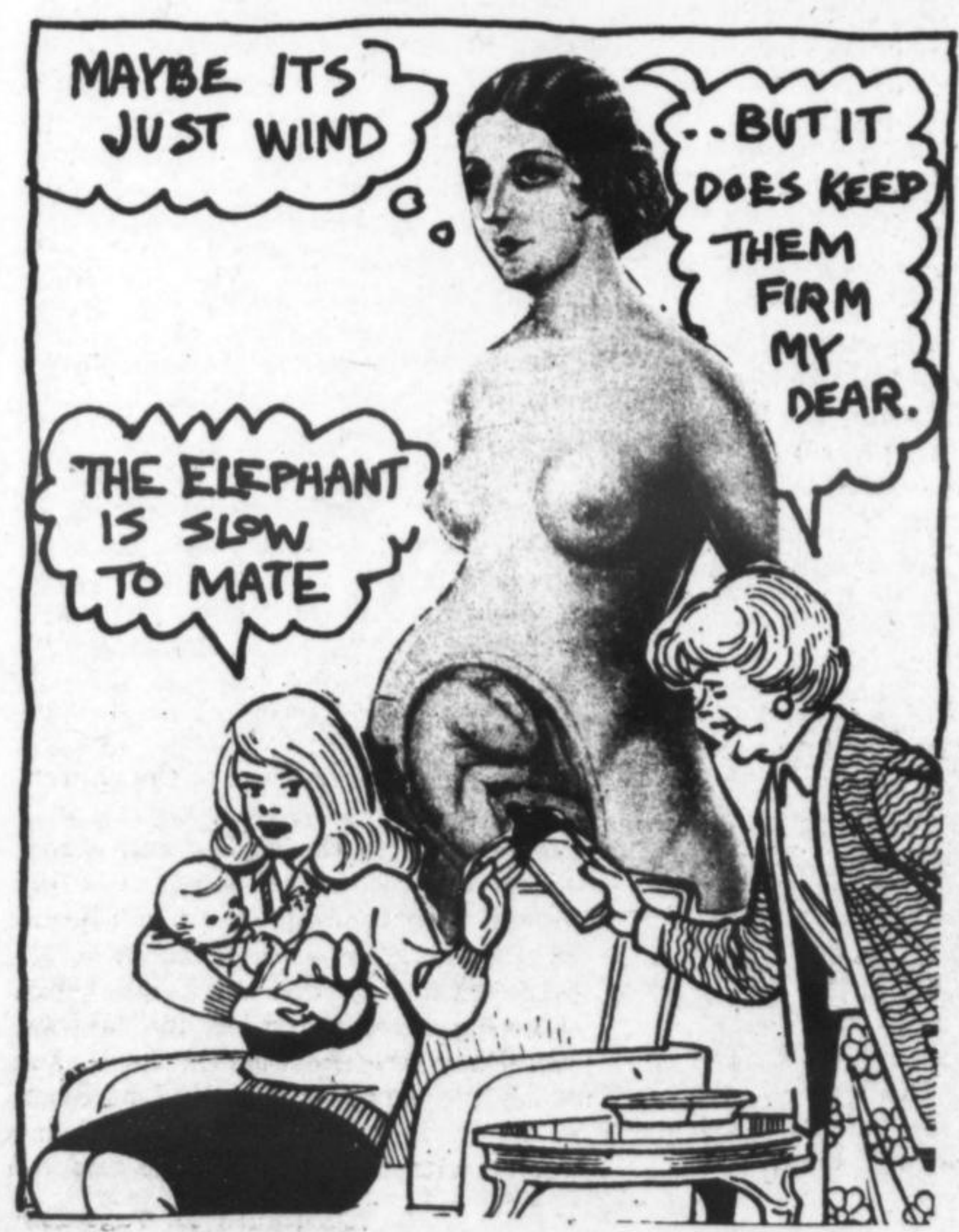


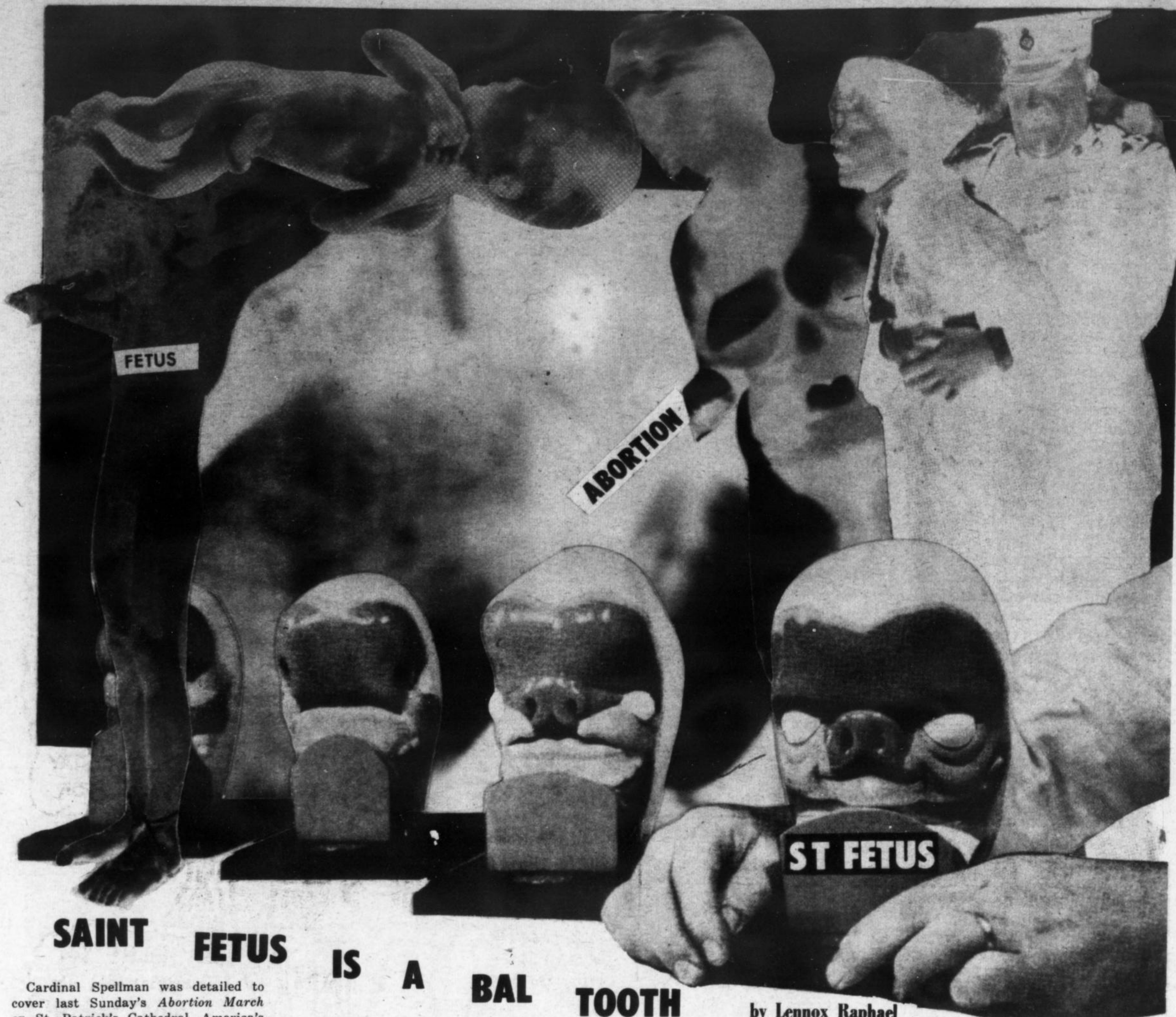
THE FANTOM FETUS



CONCERNING THIS PLAGUE OF PREGNANCIES. IF YOU REJECT THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION THEORY YOU MIGHT CONSIDER DEVIATE TENDENCIES IN THE LIFE FORCE - OR BOBBY KENNEDY RUNNING AMOK - OR THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SECRET AGENTS OF THE INTER-GALACTIC SPERM BANK. BUT I SWEAR TO YOU THAT BEYOND CREATING THIS SITUATION I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

LOVE
DICK
XXX





SAINT FETUS IS A BAL TOOTH

by Lennox Raphael

Cardinal Spellman was detailed to cover last Sunday's *Abortion March* on St. Patrick's Cathedral, America's Pentagon of God.

The Cardinal had been up all night, dancing and had a good time. He was high, had smoked snorted some speed, and swallowed a vitamin B, and felt good, but couldn't sleep though he wanted and therefore beat his meat to doze off to two bennies at ten when he must set out for the March.

It was raining. The Cardinal cursed the rain. Wet socks. Time Square the wind and black umbrellas, the Cardinal wanted a good story, wanted Bill Baird, fetus advocate, to do something freaky: live abortion on church steps fetus blessed with holy water blood on the steps to heaven & hell, or something else.

Reluctant drizzle sings. The Cardinal's makeup was melting. Time Square at noon he looked at those men and women in the rain waiting to march those peppy bitches. *Motherhood is a choice every woman should make for herself, legalize abortion Bill Baird has four beautiful kids.*

Who is Bill Baird? Bill Baird is the Founder/Director of Parents' Aid Society, the nation's first militant organization dealing with abortion, birth control, and drug addiction, says Bill. Abortion and birth control Crusader, Bill Baird has been arrested and jailed in New York and New Jersey for teaching birth control. The Cardinal hated it. And has been responsible for making birth control legally available to all in those states. At present, Bill Baird, consultant to New York Joint Legislative Committee on Health and Mental Hygiene, is facing a possible 10-year prison term for disseminating birth control information in a lecture at Boston U last April to test the constitutionality of the archaic Massachusetts bc law.

Why an Abortion Rally? Parents' Aid Society operates the nation's only open abortion consultation service. Our patients come from all walks of life — college professors, welfare cases, nurses (married & single) and I beg to add nuns, as central to this. The desperation these women suffer — wire coat hangers, knitting needles, etc. used in futile and deadly attempts at self-abortion; pitiful suicides by women equating death with an unwanted pregnancy; sexual abuse suffered at the hand of quack abortionists; and over 10,000 women who die yearly at the hands of quack abortionists make it obvious that the abortion laws must be removed! **PROPHYLACTICS ARE AN EVASION** of the issue.

And back in '67 I found myself pregnant needing an abortion not having money for operation nor trust in the competence of professional abortionists decided safest thing was discover to do this myself I was familiar with the anatomy of cunt and placement of womb first tried quinine which caused temporary deafness, my belly grew. I needed something longpointed to stick thru opening the womb and push on up to dislodge or contaminate the fetus. I bought a knitting needle metal and bent to a shape which would follow this course. I also got a chart of a woman's reproductive system from a box of tampons. I sterilized the needle by boiling it and stuck it through to the womb several times in the next two weeks. I began to bleed off and on, so I felt the operation was working. Finally when I was about 6 weeks along I began to hemorrhage and I went fast to a local hospital and asked for a specialist. I told him what I had done. He gave me lots of penicillin for an infection which had started, gave

me a lot of papers to sign, and I waited a few hours until the fetus and that shit emerged. Then he took me up to the operating room and did a D&C on me. I had to take a lot of penicillin but recovered easily. Cost me 19 cents for needle, \$180.00 for hospital and \$75s for the specialist. The dangers of do it yourself abortion are — penetrating other vital organs with the abortion tool and infection; the infection which I got in my abortion, according to the specialist, would have caused my death had I not taken the penicillin).

Bill Baird with guilt, which means too according to the American college dictionary a female swine that has not produced pigs and that has not reached an evident stage of pregnancy. And shy of the crusaders thought of the Cardinal who was alive down here the first march. The Cardinal remembered the sun of the first march, he was glad now for the rain and laughing enough to see that Bill Baird was mediaconscious to be the only one not wearing a coat in the rain pouring down on the Captain. No police captain wants to be wet at noon. But the Church knew of plans to violate it on the Sabbath, and the Cap was out with a few cops to see that Baird and his horde didn't freak out on Fifth Avenue.

So many fetus(s) marching. **WHO IS AGAINST PILLS POT & PUSSY?**

"Alright," the Captain said, "charge!" Sorry raining, they marched some with terror in the crotch, the Captain kept them near the curb. He was always smiling. **BODY POWER.** The Cardinal listened to the roll of the drum as Bill Baird, his wife Eve and the four kids at the head of the army.

Paul is here. The whisper is passed from bottom to top. Krassner wanted to do his thing on the steps of the cathedral. He patted the box, a fetus rented night before from a subscriber to the Realist and he warmed to a spirited run to the altar with it while Bishop Cooke (scheduled to be installed in the Cardinal's job on April 8) revived the custom of greeting communicants.

About midway in the exchange of greetings, Msgr. Thomas McGovern, director of the Archdiocesan Bureau of Information, brought a long black cloak stamped **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.** Bishop Cooke turned to the monsignor with a gracious bow and commented, "They've got to take care of my health now." The Cardinal smiled. During the last six or seven years he had limited his virginal appearances to special occasions or to the warm days of spring and summer.

The Captain didn't trust Bill Baird. The Captain didn't like blue shirts.

And then they were standing before the mighty church **LEGALIZE ABORTION** facing the enemy of Saint Fetus. Bill Baird shuddered in the excitement. Flo Kennedy arrived in winter bermudas. Then the Captain said move. Across the street from the church was still too near to the church. The Cardinal was a litterbug. So they had to move to the corner and across the street two hundred yards from the church. Flo Kennedy told the Captain he had no right to order the move 200 yards from the church, accused him of acting in fear and outside the law, protecting the Pentagon. "She's full of shit," young cop said to marcher, he didn't like the way she was being uppity with the Captain. She told the

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After reading Alan Moorehead's "The Russian Revolution," I began a long descent into the causes and effects of chaos on the long deprived Russian people who had lived, so many years, under Czarist tyranny. I began seeking simple answers to why a revolution, such as this one, succeeded against insurmountable odds. Answers such as, "Lenin made less mistakes than his enemies," began mingling with more complex ideas. Then I began to dwell upon the personalities of Lenin, Rasputin, Trotsky, Kerensky and finally my mind came to rest, time and time again, upon a lesser figure. Alexander Helphand, more commonly called by his pseudonym Parvus, was truly a most extraordinary individual of that era. Russian by birth, but not by temperament, Parvus had a brilliant, incisive mind with an ability for minute details and an uncanny grasp of the politics of the times, such as they were. He believed, like Lenin, that the Russians must end the war with Germany at all costs, and that the ideals of the Russian revolution should be fostered upon the mass-

Although Parvus admired Lenin, Lenin disliked this man whom he had met only once: whom he knew as a compromiser, a capitalist with the midas touch, but earnest in his desires for the Bolshevik revolution; and a man who was too sophisticated for Lenin's taste and too fond of intrigue and diplomacy. Parvus, indeed, was a paradoxical character and this irked Lenin even more. Where Lenin worked with the Russian exponents of the revolution, Parvus created the greatest German spy network ever to come out of World War I. He worked closely with the Germans because he felt that if the revolution was to succeed, it needed not only the spark of Lenin's genius but the financial support for its propaganda and propagation, and this from an ally (a strange one at that) which had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Parvus, who was Trotsky's partner in the 1905 Soviet in Petrograd and along with Trots-

ky was sent to Siberia and later escaped, had spent most of his time, until 1915, in the Balkans where he was financial adviser to the Turks whose country had now joined with Germany as an ally. On March 6th of that year, he was called to Germany to present his 18 page report "Preparations for a Political Mass Strike in Russia" before the German High Command. His many other proposals: a conference in Switzerland with the object of bringing together the Bolsheviks, the Mensheviks and other Anti-Czarist exiles; a mutiny in the Black Sea Fleet; the firing of Baku oil wells; the promotion of strikes in the mines in the Donets Basin; were the preludes of what was actually to follow. The Germans realized in Parvus a highly skillful and energetic man and immediately issued him a German passport with the right to travel freely in Germany and abroad and 2 million marks for the use of

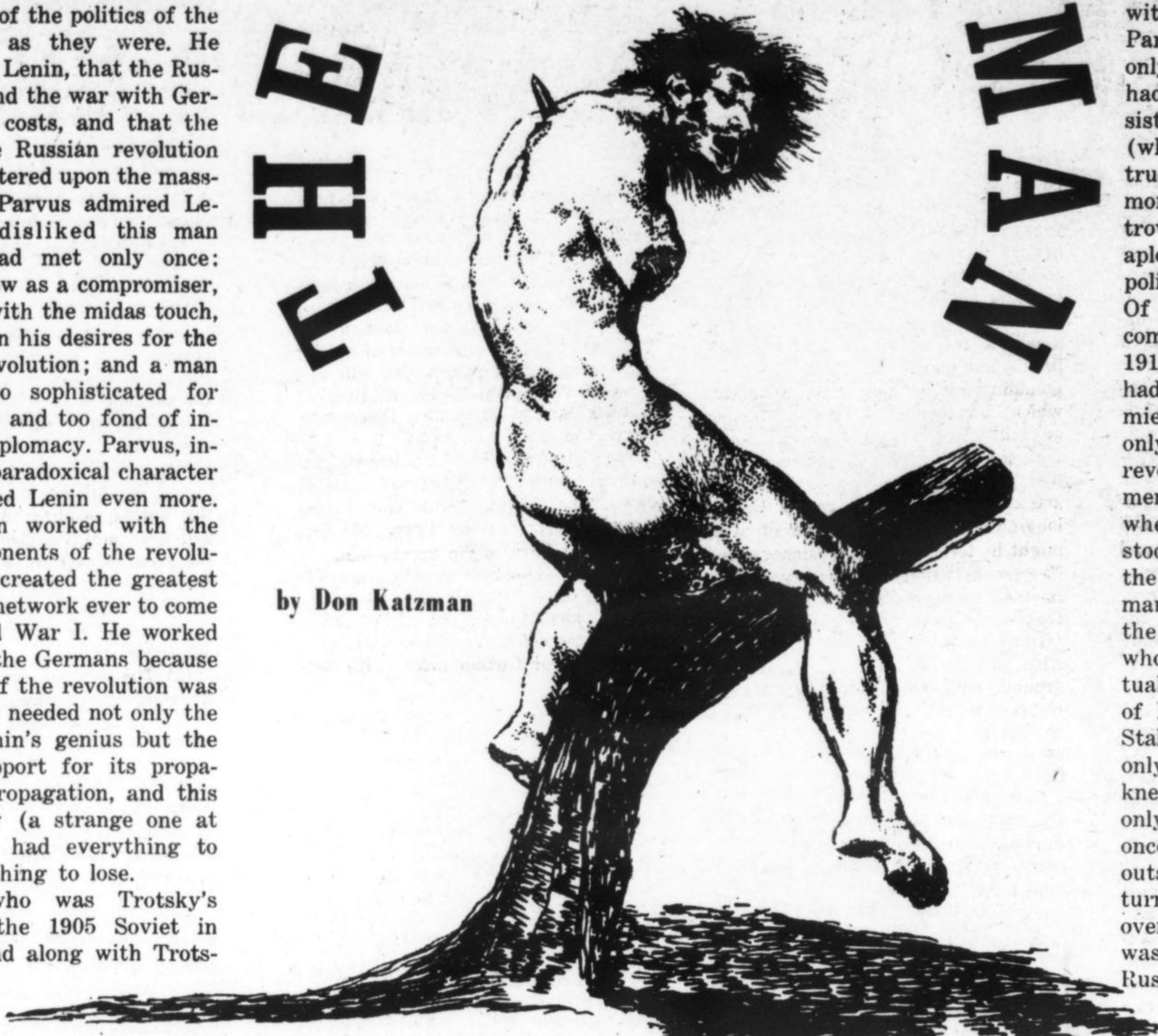
propaganda within Russia. Parvus recruited his staff from revolutionary exiles and in June of 1915, the organization began work. A regular service of couriers was set up to smuggle weapons into Russia. Several publishing ventures were started, one called the Bell, and a spy network was already bringing in a steady flow of information from Russia. At the same time, Parvus was working at fomenting revolution within Russia, he was also making a killing in the coal market. It

What was to follow was an ironic twist of fate because as things began to worsen for the Provisional government (Kerensky, although a brilliant man, vacillated too much between the demands of the Liberals and the conservatives), Lenin was called back to Russia, this time to foment revolution within its borders. Transportation for that eventful trip was procured by Parvus by way of a German train and was almost to prove Lenin's downfall.

tive soil, than he was proclaimed a traitor for he had arrived on a German train and this meant he had dealt with the enemy. Lenin would not sit still for this and he persisted in his arguments that he never dealt with the Germans. He had taken the train because it was his only means of transportation. Besides, all the Germans asked of him was that he use his influence in the release of certain German and Austrian prisoners of war. Of all the members of the Ex-Com who listened to Lenin's argument that day, only one stood up for him and that member was a collaborator of Parvus. All the Ex-Comm would allow Lenin was the right to state his case in their official newspaper, Izvestiya. As insinuation was hurled upon insinuation, Lenin denied each with more and more vehemence. He disavowed the fact that he had ever dealt with the Germans or a spy named Parvus after 1915 (which was only partially true) or that he had received any financial assistance from the Germans (which proved to be a totally untrue denial). As Lenin became more and more involved in controversy, he never once lost his aplomb or was swayed from his policies for a total revolution. Of course, we all know the outcome of those October days in 1917. To state again, that Lenin had won the day because his enemies had made more mistakes is only a simple answer to a complex revolution. Where they were argumentative, Lenin was active; where they were swayed, Lenin stood more firmly than ever for the end of the conflict with Germany. This was not only true of the liberals and the conservatives who ran Russia before the eventual outcome, but it was also true of Lenin's disciples — Trotsky, Stalin and others. Lenin was the only one, besides Parvus, who knew full well that Russia could only solve its internal problems once she had relieved herself of outside pressures. Possibly the turmoil that persisted before the overthrow of the Czar and after was due to a fatal flaw in the Russian psychological makeup. It

THE HANGED MAN

by Don Katzman



seems the German U Boats were making it rather difficult for Denmark to get her coal from Britain. Parvus, immediately acting upon this, bought coal from the Germans, waited until scarcity prices prevailed, and then cashed in.

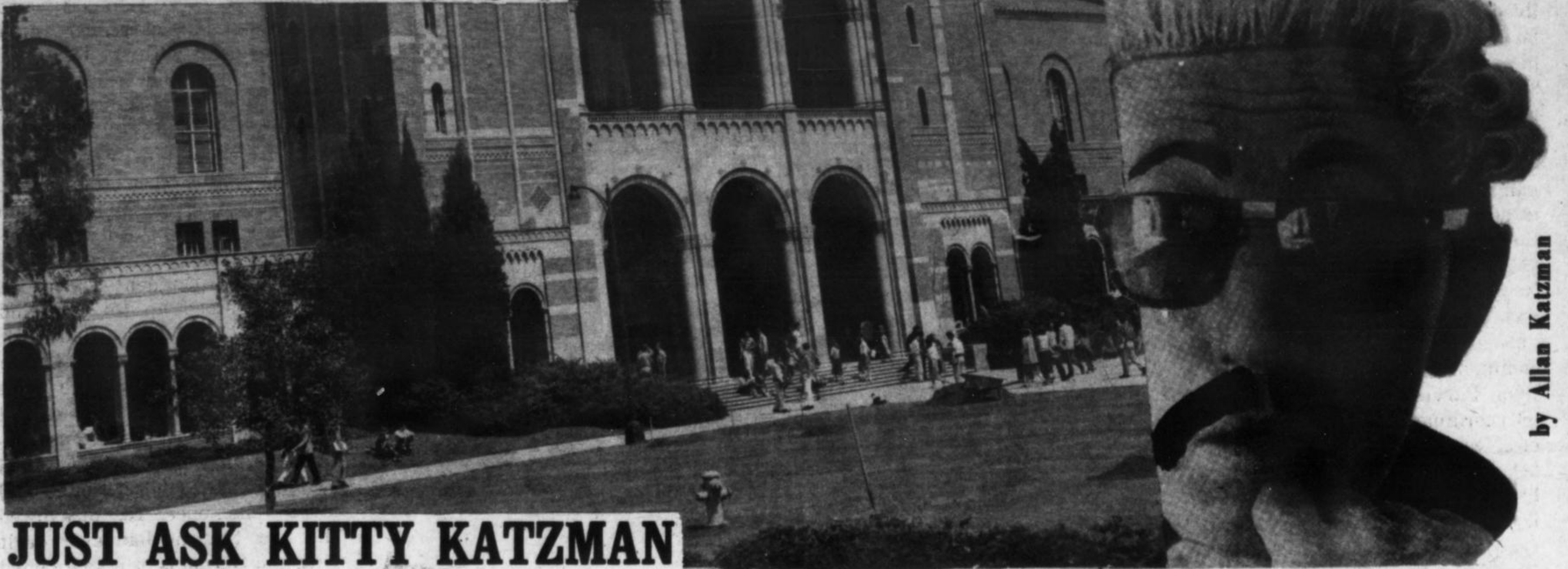
As the months went by, Parvus worked at fever pitch, exploiting the vast markets of information and money. He even helped Lenin to establish his newspaper Iskra. The Germans, of course, began to grow impatient, as things went from bad to worse in Russia; and when, in 1917, the revolution erupted, the Germans found themselves no better off than when they started. A provisional government had arisen after the overthrow of the Czar and still proclaimed that the war be continued. It was Parvus who suggested that the Provisional government be overthrown and supported Lenin and the Bolsheviks in this endeavour.

As most history books and Russian propaganda suggests, Lenin's arrival in Petrograd was received by the people with tumultuous applause. But as Lenin began to speak, both the Bolsheviks and the average citizen alike, began to perceive in him a stern and unbending leader. The soldiers, especially, were upset by Lenin's one constant theme — end the war with Germany now. To live under the harsh yoke of Czarist domination was one thing, but to accept defeat and sue for peace with an enemy which had killed millions of their comrades was another. The next day, as things quieted down somewhat, people began to see Lenin in terms of a much harsher reality. Who was this man who demanded the leadership of the revolution? Where was Lenin in those fierce and bitter days of the street fighting in Petrograd? And no sooner had Lenin touched his na-

is said "that when you deal with the Russians, all hell breaks loose," but when you deal with Lenin, you deal with hell itself. Lenin prevailed. He prevailed until 1924, about six years after the revolution. He died in Gorky of a massive brain hemorrhage. He was never to see the final outcome of his task. Winston Churchill later aptly summarized the events that took place inside Russia during those years, "Their worst misfortune was his birth . . . their next worst . . . his death."

For Germany, neither Lenin's birth nor his death had any influence on the outcome of the war or the years immediately afterwards. Germany was stripped of all her financial and military powers. She was to sink into the non-entity of those nations which suffer defeat. Some of the same chaos which prevailed during those war years in Russia were to take root in the Post-World-

...and who's rocking
establishment today?



by Allan Katzman

JUST ASK KITTY KATZMAN

"Look what happened to him on the way to a Better Banana."

PURE PARANOID'S ALMANAC

THE HIPPIE PAPERS, a selection of the best stories from the Underground newspapers, edited by Jerry Hopkins of the L.A. Free Press, is now on sale in Signet paper-back for 95c.

Hopkins, who has long been one of the most solid of reporters for the underground press, has done an excellent job of collating the best material from the more than numerous publications that puke up from the so called "underground." The book was a pleasant surprise to me, having always the perpetual feeling that these ventures end in total misunderstanding of what is really happening. But Hopkins, who ran the risk of going to an "overground media" like New American Library to get the message presented on a larger scale, comes off in total control of the editorial say of what was to be finally published and represented as "underground."

I have a few choice criticisms about the book which have less to deal with Hopkins' editorial skill than with the technical shortcomings of paperbacks. One of the most important aspects of underground newspapers, what people refer to as their freakiness but is really their graphic display, is never once demonstrated throughout the book. There are plenty of cartoons by Ron Cobb of the L.A. Free Press and EVO is well represented in this area but overall what attracts readers at a first glance to absorb this new and strange material is the notable difference of presentation from the regular run-of-the-mill newspaper style. In the final analysis though, Hopkins has done the underground press a good turn by putting more emphasis on writing skill and reportage and showing once and for all that the underground press can more than deliver the goods but can also set the style in newspaper journalism in the years to come.

One other criticism I have, and which I think I can level without prejudice, is in Hopkins' homage to the Village Voice in his introduction. It is true that the L.A. Free Press is modeled after the Village Voice but this is not true of the majority of underground newspapers. When Hopkins states that "Twelve years ago there was only one underground newspaper, The Village Voice, and this Greenwich Village weekly remained the single regularly published newspaper of dissent for nearly a decade," he is overstating the case for the advent of underground newspapers. The Voice in its first two years of disaster lost more than \$52,000, an uncanny amount for any newspaper no less underground, and after Norman Mailer had left after the first two years of publication it was already a business venture with the acumen, as LeRoi Jones was to put it precisely years later, of a 'downtown Herald Tribune.' These charges can be

corroborated by merely scanning through a collection of the first two years of the Voice's existence. (An inheritance I received from John Wilcock and the only one that was of any value to EVO.) The Voice already had a policy, as long as ten years ago, to apologize for its 'single regularly published newspaper of dissent' by expounding views other than their own which is not a prerequisite of "underground." If the underground newspapers seem to be fascistic oriented, they were less than that and more of a reaction against a dangerous liberal longing to satisfy everyone of what might be termed 'smart business sense.' They were not out to mollify, with a liberal ringing of hands, a possible bad reaction from a larger based audience. (Grandma, what big eyes you have!). Also the fact that there are underground newspapers is due less to a bad reaction to the Voice, which is just a bastardized version of the establishment, than to the establishment press itself.

THE HIPPIE PAPERS, for myself at least, will be an important style guide for future generations of anti-word throwers to disseminate, digest and destroy.



I have officially taken over the coordination of the Underground Press Syndicate and will try to get it shipshape by June. Do not accept substitutes.

Part of the National Guardian staff has threatened to quit if the Guardian publishes Julius Lester's column praising the Yippie convention in Chicago this summer.

It seems the Guardian was hesitant to take a stand for Yippie because they felt it wasn't serious in intent and didn't include any recognized black coalition. Now here comes along Lester, the only Negro on the staff, who is for it and praises its possibilities.

Youth International Party will hold a Yip-In & Spring Mating Service in New York's Grand Central Station beginning at midnight Friday, March 22.

The event will provide an opportunity for Yippies in the New York area to get acquainted with one another before participating in a series of spring and summer yiptivities which will culminate in the mammoth Festival of Life in Chicago during the Democratic Death Convention.

The Yip-In will also celebrate the spring equinox. Sometimes before dawn, the Yippies will move from Grand Central to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park to yip up the sun.

Among suggested supplies for the occasion are bells, flowers, balloons, beads, kazoo's, guitars, FM radios (tuned to WBAI), pillows, blankets, and food. For further info: (212) 982-5090.

There will also be a 3-Ring Yippie for the Festival of Life in Chicago which will take place at the Electric Circus, St. Marks Place between 2nd & 3rd Ave., on March 26-27-28.

Commitments to perform are in from Judy Collins, Phil Ochs, the Blues Project, Mothers of Invention, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Paul Krassner, Bob Fass, Tim Leary, Jimmy Collier, Stone Ponies, and Rev. Kilpatrick, and special surprise guests. Captured footage from C.B.S. will be shown in addition to the usual circus acts. Costumes are encouraged and many will be given out.

Advance tickets for \$3.50, or sponsor tickets for all three nites, \$10 are available at all Record Centres, the Electric Circus and the Yippie Office 32 Union Sq. East.

The following are excerpts from the speech of Art Kleps, Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church which uses LSD as the sacrament:

(1) Principle: he circumstances surrounding the ingestion of the psychedelic sacraments have no bearing on the sacred character of the experience.

In order to drive this lesson home to those who would insist on our imitating the dreary customs of the Christians in this regard, I have decided to

conduct our Spring festival peyote communion service as follows:

Thirteen virgins will be given peyote enemas on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, D.C.

Volunteers are needed. Girls who have never before taken a major psychedelic are urged to come forward. Since the first chakra is located near the ass hole, it is only appropriate and logical to begin the first trip at this site.

Further, it is in the best tradition of the well-known American custom of the "spring cleaning" or "spring tonic" and is intended to illustrate once more the genuine patriotic character of The Neo-American Church as distinguished from the imitative orientalism of such obscure cults as the League for Spiritual Discovery.

(2) The Neo-American Church Headquarters will be moved from Millbrook to one of several new sites which are under consideration, the most likely being a castle on the Rhine offered to us by a former S.S. officer in Germany who wishes to offer the victims of religious persecution in the U.S. assistance and sanctuary until the militaristic rule of Lyndon Johnson is overthrown.

Three black people from Orangeburg, S.C. will give eyewitness accounts of the shooting there of three black students last month, at a protest and memorial meeting on Sunday, March 17 at 2:30 p. m. at the Hotel Diplomat, 108 West 43rd St.

The eyewitness reports will be given by Wayne Curtis, co-chairman of the statewide Black Awareness Coordinating Committee, and a student at South Carolina in Orangeburg, Robert (Red) Davis, an S. C. State student, and football player who was shot in the back during the incident, and Sandy Sellers, whose husband Cleveland Sellers was shot in the arm and arrested.

Other speakers will be Rabbi Dr. Melton Weitz, of the Center for the Study of Interfaith Relations, at Lincoln U. in Pennsylvania, Norma Becker, Coordinator of the Fifth Ave. Vietnam chairman of the National Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union, Mrs.

(Continued on Page 18)

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION THE NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH, INC.

ARTHUR J. KLEPS, CHIEF BOO HOO, BOX 694, MILLBROOK, NEW YORK

Members of The Neo-American Church subscribe to the following principles:

- (1) Everyone has the right to expand his consciousness and stimulate visionary experience by whatever means he considers desirable and proper without interference from anyone.
- (2) The psychedelic substances, such as LSD, are the True Host of the Church, not drugs. They are sacramental foods, manifestations of the Grace of God, of the infinite Imagination of the Self, and therefore belong to everyone.
- (3) We do not encourage the ingestion of psychedelics by those who are unprepared.

If you agree with these principles, and wish to join the Church, fill out the following spaces, sign, enclose \$5 contribution to cover cost of membership card, catechism, church bulletins and so forth. Annual National Dues are \$3.00.

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SARA & FUMI WE LOVE YOU

DICK PRESTON

The first piece of banana cream pie is like a journey into the unknown — you wonder from which planet the ingredients for this recipe were gathered.

Later, you try it again — filled with the hope that once more you will be able to repeat that delicious and forbidden experience. Unfortunately, while it tastes okay, its delectable edge seems a little dulled. You blame your palate . . . you think maybe it's a little tired.

Retail reaction to LBJ's Riot

Panel report runs the gamut — Some of the financing proposals are "rather staggering" says Broadway-Hale's Edward Carter who doubts current Washington climate favors such heavy spending . . .

The third time you taste it, it's absolutely revolting. But the weird thing is that it tastes exactly the same as it did the first time. EXACTLY.

Suddenly you realize that so does everything that is pre-cooked and packaged. The taste never varies. The recipe is repeatable for eternity and the exactitude in measuring the ingredients is perfect down to the last pinch of flour. Everything is constant — like cars out of Detroit — like politician's cliches.

It's cheaper that way. More economical. Save while you waste — motto for the day — today.

Of course, you can't make everything exactly the same, so someone trips a switch and changes

So what's nude? This time it's Romeo and Juliet in the posters billing the London premiere of the Zeffilli film — but for the command performance where they'll meet the Queen, Olivia Hussey will wear an apricot zibeline dress with train the color of the pie. But it still tastes the same.

And so over and over again the same phoney pie — the same phoney streamlining — the same phoney promises.

Trapped as in the grey-green walls of a public service labyrinth.

SCREAM YELL — STUMBLE.

Some people, they tell me, actually freak out.

And there was a time when the fashions in Klein's were only weeks older than the original Dior design. That's Democracy — everybody gets to wear the same style of clothes — and to hell with you if you don't.

But there were some of us (let's call them the creative rebels), sickened with sameness, who began making their own pies and designing and making their own clothes.

Among the pioneers of exotic clothing are designers Sara Penn, Fumi Schmidt and Olive Wong of the Knobkerry on Seventh Street and now the New Knobkerry at 26 St. Mark's Place.

Control of Frank R. Jelleff, Inc. sold by Mrs. Jelleff "Because I'm just tired of it."

Their designs are adaptations of styles from Asia, Africa and South America.

Their success is due to their understanding that in the soul of every sensitive woman, there's a romantic desire that cannot be filled by either Bendel's or Klein's, and the knowledge that we are now living in a braver new world.

A few years ago we secretly coveted exotic, ethnic and antique clothing. Now we are making our fantasies real.

but hippies are ok," says Tom Hoving's daughter, as she discusses her favorite clothes ("Pants, but mother made me stop wearing them"), the problems of shopping, and her career plans.

You feel like an Indian Princess? Be one, baby . . . all it takes is clothes.

I can't pass as an authority on either women or the things they wear, but anything that makes a beautiful thing more beautiful, and emphasizes its individuality triggers my jaded eye. Seeing the models at the Knobkerry I thought as much about the clothes as I did the girls inside them and that's not generally the way I see women.

Now that I've seen God I can kick the banana cream pie habit and go back to girls again.

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KILLOVE

by Lennox Raphael

How does it look from here? Freedom sleeps with hypocrisy, and politics is the leaking eunuch.

Sammy Davis didn't make it, Allen Ginsberg cornered LeRoi Jones, and Norman Mailer was there with blood-shot eyes. Everyone waited for lenten insults.

LaRoque Bey danced. Africa is fantastic, he leaped into their ears with spear and eyes, shadows on the wall to drums, karate runs. **WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT?** 30 minutes of it, or less.

Ossie Davis, MC ". . . all artists in general and LeRoi Jones in particular . . . Africans dance for pleasure but sometimes mean war."

Telegram from Sammy. Snowed in Ontario with **Golden Boy**. But there were some who felt he should have been there, that Paddy Chayevsky, Dionne Warwick and James Baldwin copped out.

It was a good audience, more whites, applauded everything. **EVEN THE EVIL THAT LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF US!** Applauded Dick Davy, only white comedian to go to the Apollo in Harlem and come out alive, said Ossie Davis (they were very respectful, kept calling him Mr. Charlie, **LOVE ME OR LYNCH ME**, so many black soldiers Vietnam looks like part of Africa. LBJ reminds of Mr. Magoo, Nixon is so high doesn't even know he's dead, Moses was high in the sky retuned with tabets). You heard of Back Sam: westerner, so bad! he's coming this Sam the townspeople flee, Sheriff in salon waiting high Black Sam beats the grizzly with two rattlesnakes, he's in a hurry, the Sheriff waits with the bartender, the man on the bear is big, 10-foot walks thru the wall orders three bottles drinks 'em down. Wow, the Sheriff, one of those liberals, offers to buy him a bottle or two, "No, said the man, I've got to leave before Black Sam gets here!" Lou Gossett.

Arnold Weinstein of Yale suspicious of the honest men here who rant & rave for the freedom of Russian writers, but ignore the predicament of black writers in this country. Everybody wants to help the Greeks.

Weinstein was born in Harlem, the stores were full of bones, tails, knuckles, feet, and heads, but the meat's downtown. He returned to Harlem last week. Nothing changed. Not like Village, where white mob chased James Baldwin and he 15 years ago. "With all our protestations of guilt, *mea culpa mea culpa* becomes *mea copOUT*."

Arthur Goldberg defended Russian writers at UN last week, "To one like myself, devoted to due process of law, a trial is greatly to be preferred to a summary execution. But a trial for the crime of writing a literary work is not due process; it is an outrageous attempt to give the form of legality to the suppression of a basic right."

And Mr. Nasinobsky said, "People are condemned everywhere." And a Moscow paper accused Voice of America of silence on LeRoi jailed for poe-ning blacks to take what you want from whites, even their lives, the Cong's doing it 13000 miles away.

Freedom twists.

"In view of the vindictiveness toward Mr. Jones," Igor Stravinsky added, "It is beginning to look as though we may have some Daniels and Sinyavskis of our own."

Ostensibly it was a benefit for writers in trouble, but, privately, it was LeRoi's (Ronald Leon Hobbs, literary agent, Coordinating Chairman, Sammy Davis, chairman of sponsoring committee, who put up the initial money), and you went to Town Hall on Tuesday and stayed to one O'clock Wednesday morning because you were called upon to show where you stood on LeRoi. In the backlash of a bazooka?

We were there early, we waited, rain outside, Allen Ginsberg salaams to LeRoi. Allen read (at 11:13) poem written in 5th hour of acid trip "trees moving in rivers of . . . angelic as light-bulbs," but wanted to read a dream of LeRoi, February 23, they lay chest to chest in protective sweat, LeRoi's hardon was admirable. But he didn't. He told LeRoi's father about the dream. Very sexy dream. Allen felt that LeRoi was trying to protect him.

"My wife Margie told me not to stand here and talk all night," and Hentoff read 3 pages doublespaced, concentration camps in America.

Then Norman Mailer said LeRoi wrote best oneact play in America. Dutchman. "Who is man, why are we here, will we survive? Thank you."

Len Chandler sings. Pablo's effective use of color slides. Che on the curtains, riot scenes, Watts, Detroit, Selma, police rioting, blood, the rainbow lava twisted.

Then LeRoi's repertory Spirit Players doing Pablo's **HOME ON THE RANGE**. "It's getting late. Yes, there's a strange wind blowing in America," voices behind curtain, ". . . eyes gouged out . . . we're tired of being sick and tired . . . black madness." 12:18 a.m. drums, four in white masks, could be the Johnsons, black comes in with gun, "WHAT KIND OF SHIT IS THIS?", shoots their tv, "Hey you people, wake to fuck up! . . . I mean JesuswhiteChrist, damn!" recorded static of people talking nonsense, applause, then the soulheads come out singing **DO THE KARATE** to rock, dancing with white masks, dances, assaults, theatre of militancy. "MOTHERFUCKERS!" — applause.

Allen Ginsberg liked the play, felt it was the only saying (saving) piece of the night. He met LeRoi's wife and kid for the first time. Then, after the show, he cornered LeRoi.

"Very poetic play."

"Think so?" LeRoi said.

"Yes." He touched Roi on the head and said, Take care of yourself." And on the way home he reminscened about knowing Roi for a decade, Ro who wrote him first time Paris 1958 on toilet paper, he replied on same.

Dick Davy had the cure for dandruff. Take one piece, color it black, replace it, and the whites will flee. He asked the audience to remember him kindly in the future.

"MAYBE I'D GET TO BE RALPH BUNCHE'S SLAVE INSTEAD OF LEROI JONES."

So it came off o.k. inspite of death-threats in the background. Remember

THE NINTH VIRTUE

by Dick Preston



Recently CBS announced that it was making a film on eight different Virtues in American life. According to CBS these virtues are Faith, Generosity, Hope, Charity, Justice, Righteousness, Patience and Fortitude.

Paul Krassner will be writing "Patience," Terry Southern "Justice" and Jack Gelpi "Hope."

It is reported to me that at the meeting at which this film was conceived, one of the idea men suggested Truth as one of the cardinal American virtues. "Are you out of your mind," spluttered the big wheel, "who ever heard of Truth on television?"

Alas, poor Truth . . . always the first casualty. So, since you won't be seeing it on TV, here's a sketch of what might have been.

★ ★ ★

An employment office.

INTERVIEWER. . . . the job requires initiative, imagination and ambition . . . it's for men who want to get to the top. The salary is quite extraordinary. You have a BA of course?

WORKER. Of course.

INTERVIEWER. The job's yours . . . if you feel equal to the challenge?

WORKER. (Bright eyed and with great enthusiasm.) Yes, yes . . . I'll take it.

An office.

WORKER. (Dull eyed, seated before a filing cabinet.) **THINKS.** Christ, this job is driving me out of my fuckin' mind. If only I didn't have a wife and kids . . . (A mini-skirted secretary walks by.) Hey, baby — you look good enough to eat.

SECRETARY. Oh, you say the most terrible things.

WORKER. What say we get together sometime.

SECRETARY. **THINKS.** What a creep . . . but if he's a tongue artist, maybe I can take it for a while. Well, maybe . . . sometime.

The sad little home of the worker.

WIFE. You look tired. How's the job going?

WORKER. Oh, great. There's a real future for me there.

WIFE. You still love me?

WORKER. Just as much as ever. **THINKS.** I can hardly touch her . . . let alone love her.

WIFE. **THINKS.** If he fucked me half as well as the super does, that would be something. Lets watch TV.

TV. (The President) . . . I want peace more than any other man . . .

WIFE. Change the channel, dear.

TV. (Newsfilm) . . . our bombers flew a record number of missions and dropped a record number of bombs.

WIFE. Change the channel, dear.

TV. (Announcer) Get Cornhuskers . . . it works!

WIFE. Change the channel, dear.

TV. (Scientist) . . . and the claim that the cigarette is a lethal weapon is entirely without scientific foundation.

WIFE. Lets go to bed.

Morning.

WIFE. Think you could spare some money for the housekeeping?

WORKER. (Slipping her \$5) Look after it . . . that's all we've got till the end of the week. **THINKS.** Good job I put that extra \$10 in my other pocket.

WIFE. Thank you, dear. **THINKS.** Mean bastard.

Outside the house. He waves at the negro family who are moving in next door.

WORKER. **THINKS.** Shit. Gotta get out of this neighborhood. It's going to the dogs.

Back at the office.

FLUNKY. Hey — the boss wants to see you.

BOSS. Well . . . I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go at the end of this week. We're cutting down on staff. Nothing personal, y'know.

WORKER. But you told me there was a future for me here . . .

BOSS. Things have changed.

WORKER. . . . that I'd be at the top in no time . . .

BOSS. Take it easy. You'll get another job. **THINKS.** What a naive nut.

WORKER. . . . that I'd be superannuated . . .

BOSS. Get out of here at once.

WORKER. You lied to me . . . (He beats out the boss's brains with a plastic paper weight.)

In court.

JUDGE. . . . and never in my 50 years on this bench have I witnessed a crime so monstrous, so wanton, so premeditated, so without any moral justification as that which the accused as perpetrated. I sentence him to be hung, drawn and quartered and his remains sold to the Swift Meat Packaging company to defray the expenses of this trial.

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pop, rock & jelly

by Jules Freedmond

When Big Brother was playing the second, sold-out set of the Fillmore East's first show last Friday, some very stoned kid stepped onto the stage and walked over to stand by guitarist James Gurley's shoulder. Very cool, Big Brother's road manager walked over to the kid, held him gently and took him over to the side . . . telling him that everything was cool and he could sit down, if he wanted to, right in the first row and dig the show.

What could have been a bad scene, with an uptight stage manager calling for cops to lug the kid off, was instead an illustration of the difference between the East and the West Coast rock scenes. In California, the audiences are mostly friends . . . seen at parties, rapped to in bookshops and record stores, as accessible as the performers. In New York, the audience is a group of faceless, nameless consumers — to be sold whatever is available whenever it's in town.

Yeah, there's a jazz scene here, especially an avant-guard jazz scene. Everybody knows each other and helps each other out with gigs, studio jobs, getting instruments out of stock. People take their friends to Slugs to see Archie Shepp, saying: "dig, you've got to see the new band, man, they're out of sight." But it's a very small scene and, unfortunately, a very hungry one.

The only money in music now is in pop music. Some New York avant-guard jazz people—people like Jeremy Steig and Jim Pepper—are playing their own kind of rock here, but the purists scream it isn't jazz and stop listening, while the kids blink their eyes and don't even start . . . afraid of all those, you know, weird noises coming out of unamplified instruments.

To think at all about a New York rock scene is to realize that there is simply no such animal. If a groovy scene involves a group of developing local musicians and their friends, open and interested audiences, and friendly places to play and listen to the music, then there ain't nothing going down here, baby . . . nothing at all.

So that for many of us, the New York pop scene is Steve Post and Bob Fass on WBAI, WNEW after 10 a.m., a phonograph and some records, a little marijuana and an occasional concert. If you're a musician here, you have to cope with the constant pressure of stars and big names in town to record getting all the jobs. If you're a club owner, you have to face the fact that audiences will pay big money only to hear the big names—and in New York, a club needs big money to keep going. And if you're the audience, well shit; you're in the center of the American cultural empire and are going to get the best, right? Even if you have to get crushed by two thousand people to do it.

Sadly, there are no clubs like Slugs catering to rock and blues in the area. Local musicians like the Youngbloods pack up and split for sunny California. And this week the kids lay out five bucks for Jimi Hendrix . . . next week they get another five to see the Cream. I'm not about to put down the heavies in the business. It's a groove to be able to see Big Brother and Janis Joplin, Albert King and Tim Bickley on the same show.

The Fillmore last Friday was beautiful—a fantastic show by fantastic musicians. But there is no Fillmore on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday. I'm down on the sad fact that there is no opportunity for groups like Big Brother to begin and develop in New York. No place for them to play regularly before they make it; and no place for us to hear them play. "New York is a nice place to record in, but I wouldn't want to play here."

You can still go to places in San Francisco and Chicago where it's possible to hear local groups playing good rock and good blues—groups that haven't made it yet but which are still growing, still developing—groups that will play for scale in a club that isn't out to make a fortune. But the whole New York scene is into money, baby, MONEY. And too many groups and club owners here are out to make it . . . not to make music.

I'd like to say that things are getting better, that something good is going to happen here by the summer. John Morris of the Fillmore East is talking about ripping out the ground floor seats and using the place as a dance hall like the West Coast club. But zoning and licensing laws are different here, the city is in many ways hostile to the idea, and the whole scheme may prove to be impossible.

People smoking during the show while four fire inspectors stood by opening night prompted Morris to say: "If the people we're trying to do this for act like this, we're just going to have to pack up and go elsewhere." But New Yorkers know they're something special—after all, they're worth the \$125,000 that is being put into the Fillmore here to turn it into the biggest draw on the East coast. Maybe they're even worth all the graft that would be necessary to keep the place running despite zoning and fire violations.

Immediate plans for the Fillmore East are for more concerts in the three, four and five dollar range. Opening the 22nd and 23rd of this month are the Doors. The Yardbirds have been signed for the 29th and 30th. And the Who will play April 5th and 6th.

Another new club, Generation, will open April 2nd in the old, 300 seat Village Barn on West 8th Street. The first show will feature Big Brother and B. B. King. With three shows on weekend nights and two on week nights, the club will offer what owner Barry Imhoff believes to be "the best sound in New York." At a \$3.75 admission price and with a one drink minimum, I should hope so.

Meanwhile, the Electric Circus continues to pack 'em in for the clown acts and mime stuff and what is, undoubtedly, the most obtrusive light show east of the Mississippi. To book stars into a place that holds less than a thousand people in New York is to court bankruptcy. But to charge a \$4.50 door for unknown talent is something else again. With the Paupers coming in this weekend, maybe the Circus can begin to justify its gate.

Howard Solomon of the Cafe Au Go Go is still trying harder. When Albert King's drummer was arrested before the Fillmore show, Solomon rearranged the Electric Flag's schedule so that drummer Buddy Miles could make all of the first set and later, part of the second, playing with King. The Electric Flag continues to draw a packed house at the Au Go Go and will be there through this weekend, followed by Jim Kweskin's Jug Band.

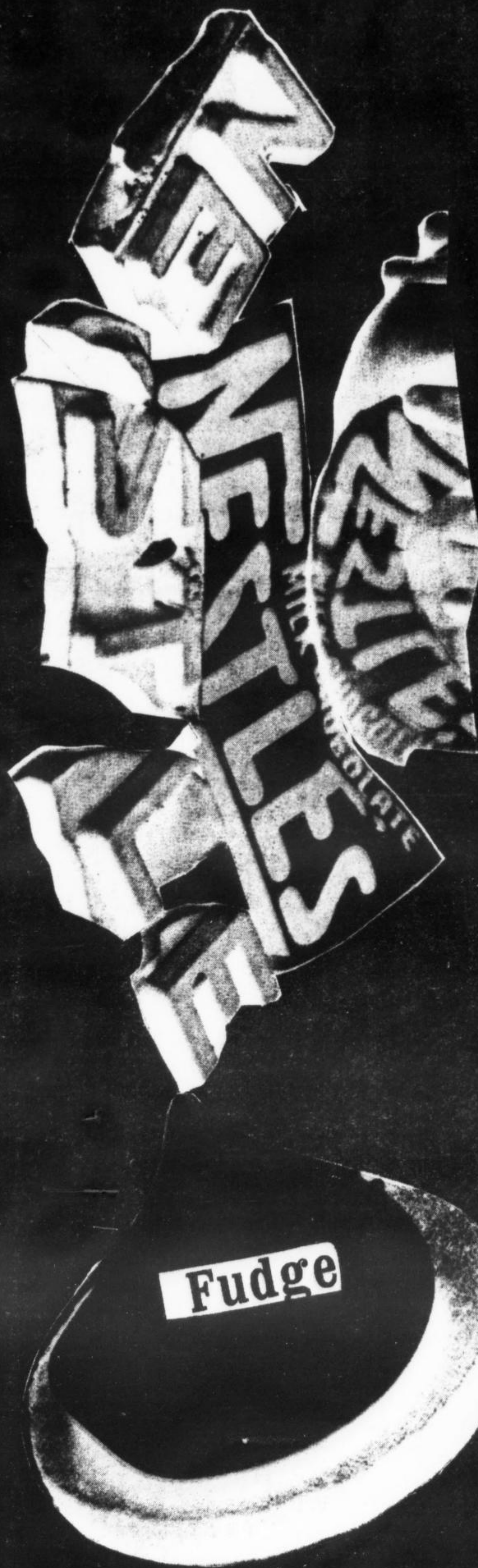
Eric Burdon will play this Saturday at the Anderson Theatre; shows are at 8 and 11 p.m. Hunter College will run the Vanilla Fudge Saturday night at 8 and 10:30 p.m. The Soft Machine (a fantastic English group that has been appearing with Jimi Hendrix) will be at the Scene through Sunday. The Group Image has apparently dropped the prices for their Wednesday evening rock dances at the Hotel Diplomat on West 43rd street; call and find out . . . the shows are very nice and very relaxed, with some fine lights and nice people.

This Saturday, Ustad Ali Akbar Khan will give a special benefit for the Ali Akbar College of Music at the Washings.

SHADOW M STRIKES AGAIN

MUSIC Vanilla Fudge

by Zod Fenster & Ken Lewis



Wow! A mind zapper. The new album from the Fudge really hits home. This is one of the most socially and musically pertinent records to come along in quite a while. The Fudge really tell it like it is, if you listen for it. You can't dance to this album, but it will move you to think a little bit about where you are. In this respect it is a totally unique and new type of endeavor, especially for the Fudge.

The album is divided into four phases, each with from one to ten different cuts in it. The beginning, end, and in between each phase there are 2 minutes of the Fudge's own arrangement of "The Beat Goes On". It is unmistakably the "Fudge Sound". The majority of the cuts aren't original, but they lend themselves to the total sound.

Mark Stein's organ is the predominant driving force in the instrumental background. At times he is felt, rather than heard. This lends sort of an eerie feeling that flows throughout the entire album.

PHASE ONE

This is sort of a musical time machine, as the most associated pieces of music from the 1700's to the present day, are passed in quick review. Starting with a Mozart divertimento, the phase touches the earliest roots of the blues with the soulful sound of "Old Black Joe." Then there is a jump of about 75 years to the time of Cole Porter and "Don't Fence Me In." Then it moves to the Roaring 20's with the rinky tink sound of "12 st Rag" and with the passage of another decade it moves to the swing time of "In the Mood." A big jump to the mid 50's and the hip swinging, guitar twanging Presley era. "Hound Dog" rocks with its original vehemence, and slowly fades across the musical void of the next ten years. The music drops into nothingness, as if to say all hope is lost, then BANG! They cut into an overpowered chocked Fudged medley of well worn but serviceable Beatle tunes. This catapults the Fudges musical time machine to the Kaleidoscope of the present.

PHASE TWO

Ego Time! By a clever subterfuge, takes off on an extended ego trip designed to disprove those critics who seem to feel a disenchantment with a "hard rock" group's apparent musical inability. The group launches into a unique Elizabethan treatment of the title song. The screaming organ sorties against the heavy background supplied by the bass and drums, pave the way for a modulation into the well recognizable strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." This piece, by one of the most respected and time honored composers, is done with a style highly reminiscent of Charles Ives. With a tendency to follow the main theme, this cut develops to a stunning climax. As the last throbbings of the bass fade into emptiness, a piano is heard, softly tinkling "Für Elise." In their interpretation of these famous Beethoven themes, the listener can be left with no doubt that although the Fudges' efforts have been concentrated in the pop music field, they do possess the musical ability to dissect, digest, and regurgitate to the listener a cross section of the musical differences between the times. Phase two is a showpiece for the Vanilla Fudges' instrumental and vocal abilities. There is master-

ful piano and organ work, and some exciting figures by Bassist, Tim Bogert. The arrangement of voices in perfect four part harmony points yet another facet of their musical development. The phase inevitably ends against the rising vibrations of "The Beat Goes On."

PHASE THREE

"Never to Go to War with One Another Again".

This statement begins the third and most poignant of the four phases through the use of pertinent speeches made by Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, JFK, and other world leaders as the Fudge attempt to accentuate the futility of war. These speeches enable the listener to trace in chronological order, the eternal conflict that has scarred the face of the earth. They typify the basic characteristics, so inherent in mans struggle to survive. Deceit, death, cowardice, and complacency, are dealt with as the natural order to total destruction.

The eternal promise, never to go to war again, is a recurring theme, which is occasionally punctuated with screams of Seig Heil. A prayer offered to the defending forces, seems to cleanse man of his guilt. "Thy Will Be Done." As this phase touches our own complacent and indifferent lives, the Seig Heils become disturbingly interjected with screams of Black Power. The Beat Goes On to reach a grinding crescendo, and the Black Power slogans overtake and eventually dominate all other sounds. When the screams reach their animalistic climax, the final solution is voiced . . . a tremendous explosion, leaving us with eternal silence. This is the finalization of Phase three.

PHASE FOUR

What goes on? The Beat Goes On!

The Vanilla Fudge use this phase to expound their all encompassing philosophy of life, attitudes, and the meaning of happiness. The emotional feelings expressed in this phase are those of deep reverence and solemnity. The music of the fourth phase shifts from deeply religious, almost church music during the individual soliloquies to a variation on the main theme with the added sparkle of Indian ragas.

In a series of personal interviews on the record, the individual group members expound upon their ideas, beliefs, and emotions. With the following excerpts, we hope to shed a little light on each members individuals psychological makeup.

Vinnie Martell, lead guitar: "As life goes on in desperation, so too it goes on in contentment and happiness . . . this album is people."

Tim Bogert, bass guitar: "Sex is a very beautiful thing . . . I like Ice Cream."

Carmen Appiece, Drums: "I'm not a talker. All I do is play drums, so listen to my drums if you want to hear me talk."

Mark Stein, Organ: "And there arose not a prophet since, in Israel, like unto Moses . . . Amen."

And so the beat goes on. The Vanilla Fudge trip across your mind, expanding and enlightening any and all ideas or beliefs you have previously held . . . We sum this album up with the immortal words of Thomas Alva Edison, "Mary had a Little Lamb . . ." A piece of practical poetry? We think so.

Zod Fenster

Ken Lewis

Ladies and Gentlemen, Your kindest attention is solicited.

We are about to embark upon a brief foray into the **WAGES OF SIN!** (An explanation of idiomatic usage is I suppose a bit necessary.) Our hero greets you in the guise of a cat;...Incognito if you will. What and Who he really is, is entirely up to you.

1 JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME FOLKS, I AM ABOUT TO GET INTO SOMETHING

2 HOLD IT! I GOT THE MESSAGE.

3 JUST AS THE LAST OF THE BROTHERS HAVE DEPARTED, OUR "HERO" ENTERS

4 The way I see it, under your kind and understanding tutelage, we ought to get on just fine

5 FATHER, I COME TO YOU IN COMPLETE HUMILITY. I HAVE SINNED A STORM

6 JACK, I'M SO EVIL, I GOT SHIT TATOOED ON MY RIGHT ARM.

7 BADNESS, WELL I GUESS YOU COULD CALL IT MY BAG... LOOKY HERE; I HAVE DRANK UP, SMOKED UP, ATE UP, SHOT UP, FUCKED UP, MORE THAN ANYBODY YOU NOW KNOW OR EVER WILL MEET AGAIN

8 So, as the moon slowly fades into the sky and darkness envelops the sun, Our incongruous pair have a mutual dialogue. Together, they indulge in infamies better left to your imagination... than named.

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One final word. When we asked our Ringleader whom he hates the most, he replied: "I hate THE VICIOUS CIRCLE". You will, too. That's a promise. To join for a year, send only \$3 today.

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(Continued from Page 3)

malboro

Kennedy because he is goodlooking and seems to have what his brother had, IT, and successfully pretends he can use IT, and is someone with style, and they feel he is someone who has suffered and has been made more malleable in this suffering to be now of their image and likeness. He's white, but they don't mind laughing with him, and they think he's young enough to be confident of sufficient time to correct his mistakes, and thus he has their votes. He knows this; they know this, and like everyone else, they mark time to his already determined ascension the throne.

In politics, you tell the book by its cover.

In pursuit of the national pastime of labeling, "Let him be white and nice, if he is determined to be white."

Yet, the President, this overworked colossus, is a wise lay, a too wise one perhaps, and he should know that the people don't really care for his esteem of Roman consul Lucius Remilius Paulus.

Paulus is not popular on television.

But he continues to revere Paulus, and will not turn on to something new, or anything new, and everything must be old hat and already tried, and he forgets that while old brooms may know the corners they always shed themselves.

He is a man of the past, bemused by the past, derailed by the past, and disobedient to the fact that one can only be a Boy Scout once in a lifetime.

Robert Kennedy, too, has never stopped being a Boy Scout, but is saved by being the most ambitious Scout around.

But he is ambitious enough to fear the sure meanderings of his fate. And, as his lovers say, he is reading Camus, always seeking to define the profundities of his rebellion, always illuminating its falseness, for this is what he is, in a Kennedy way, a rebel, and the operative voice of his rebellion is power. POWER. And he is drunk in his silence with the dreams of his luck like a sure loser, but will not lose while he has his sex to redeem temporary defeats.

But he wants Power, and he is now using, to grab it, what his brother used, what Nixon didn't have, what Johnson pretends not to want simply because he doesn't have it, and Robert knows that visually everything is going for him in a groping and nervous America wrinkled by the sleepless nights of unfulfillment, so he fights in his head to appear cool, always in command of his guru, never nervous, as though detached from his excellence and undismayed by his dream-promise of change and renewal, forerunner of the absolute homerun, prophet of the illuminated orgasm.

All hail to the Prophet of 0.

It would probably be different if Johnson had been made President in 1960; he might have passed for real worth then; but it is too too late now. The people have been spoiled by the style, real or assumed, of John Fitzgerald Kennedy; they have galloped in the dreams of royalty, vigorous, swinging, epileptic royalty; and they want more of it, are greedy for it, want it to spill over their lips and soil futures.

They want to go down in public. The world so tense as to be without tension; and beauty is needed to placate this tense non-tension; to dam this ugliness afloat in this land and every other where people are in search of gods and distraction. Where people fear discovery of themselves. Johnson's being in the way is only coincidence. Vice President Humphrey would have fared no better.

The people demand the presence of a King who can infuse them with manners, love, daring and relaxed sophistication. They love him on payday. Something between our legs terrify.

Advertisers have spent years telling Americans to demand their money's worth. Give & Receive. Give. Receive. And now that the mourning is over the ghosts become powerful and discuss evil portents in high falsetto; now fresh from the sexual repression and

indifference which followed the Saint's violent death they thrust out for their grief's worth; and they will have it if only they think they must, that this one last shot in the loins will make them powerful. And the people are crazed and caged enough to be cunning.

They would love a Convention fight by Robert Kennedy to grab the nomination from the President at Chicago; and they'd love it the more (maybe the very reason they are loving) because, like all important visual trips to sexual satisfaction, it would be on TV, in Tom, Dick and Harry's bedrooms, with the women sitting in.

Christ, how they want this public crucifixion.

And they want Robert to do this because they respect his cunning, and know that he is reckless and beautiful enough to gamble and win (middleage youth vs. the wages of the past).

The Modern Beloved in search of a spectacle.

A love affair is cemented by inexpressible secrets. The conspirators are aware of what binds them to the conspiracy, what causes them to work out their fear and ambition. And all is geared to sweet fulfillment of the conspiracy; knowing well in advance that one must be prepared to demolish dissenters. The Johnsonians are dissenting from the Glorious Time of the Gift Outright, even as envisaged by the aged Frost—how

It makes the prophet in us
all presage
The glory of a next Augustan age
Of a power leading from its
strength and pride,
Of young ambition eager to
be tried,
Firm in our free beliefs without
dismay,

In any game the nation wants
to play
A golden age of poetry and power
Of which this noonday's the
beginning hour

So Johnson is seen as having somehow on the way to bed betrayed the promise of that noonday, of having destroyed the high mood of "renewal and change" and of having deflated the courage that was "in the air in bracing whiffs," and, in short, of asking too much from the country (hence weakening it) and sapping the strength of the New Frontier (Sex) with bad dreams of a Great Society as a showcase of scheming lovers.

I have met several users of LSD who believed that Robert Kennedy has been on one or more trips, "and will win anytime because his mind is now open."

This effort to involve a straight public figure in a controversy frowned on by Squares may be nothing but the courting of social and political respectability. But it goes further, I think, and reveals in this hasty lust of reformed radicals for the nipple, a willingness to be subjects to another New Order, an eagerness to be delinquent, to escape from Father Johnson; and they are embarked on righting an outrageous interference with destiny, fooling themselves into a search for absolute standards, this relentless pursuit of the Elusive 0.

They thirst for political recognition of this sexual chase; and they have never hoped to receive it from Johnson, temporary keeper of their Augustan museum, for they know that his every thrust leads back to the ranch. Love to the easy fools.

Bobby Kennedy has erect spending power of the flesh.

"Oh, he just smells of sex," a respectable housewife revealed casually, as

though this sexy scent is the most noticeable trait of his style. This same housewife who thinks his brother should have been preserved in ice for posterity and me. Until that day when he can be reborn in science.

Why?

"Oh, he was so so sweet and young, so very young, ta la la la."

And her husband agreed.

"I can't take Lyndon," he said. "He just doesn't have it."

What?

"What Jack Kennedy had."

Which is?

"The power to make one feel young to be alive."

Johnson, he said, leaves him indifferent to himself.

And this is what he hates: anything that leads him away from himself, without the prize of a satisfactory reflection. But he doesn't trust Bobby. "That cat competes."

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"Take her clothes off? Bury her naked?— My own mum? It's a Freudian nightmare."

Joe Orton's new play, "LOOT" Act 1, page 17

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fetus

(Continued from Page 5)

marchers to resist, be arrested, do something heroic and bloody, but they moved.

Bill Baird complained. Stingy coverage from media. After all he did for lots of them, abortion referral, would you love your stone to marry a rolling daughter? The Cardinal read his notes: zapping St. Patrick's 200-foot fetus applesauce, how many people die from illegal abortions each day, "We're not going to be butchered anymore," her legs quiver, "We are women, tough meat, and we must stand up, up to the men and fight," T-Grace Atkinson (NOW), "try not to step in every puddle," Saturday, April 27, March down 5th Avenue & Broadway Rally, Sheep Meadow Protest To End The WAR In Vietnam clip and mail to, the Cardinal looked everywhere.

Some notes were missing. He feared the smell of rats as he worked. Phoenix sisters of Queens' College said there were abortion rings on the campus, slush funds said Bill Baird who wants the Catholic Church to stop lobbying so successfully against "legalized abortion" in a Protestant hide-out.

Paul Krassner (who pays the Parents' Aid Society rent) did not produce the fetus. Said he had his first abortion five years ago and everyone laughed.

"I hope he doesn't use a bad word today," a little cop said. Suppose Mary had found an abortionist he thought there would have been no one to die for our sins. Sins made him laugh. He hated people like Krassner, the girls were okay, not so smart.

REPEAL ABORTION LAWS

(1) When properly performed, abortion before 12 weeks of pregnancy is safer than giving birth. (2) No contraceptive is perfect. Hundreds of thousands of pregnancies occur every year even when the best contraceptives are used. (3) Abortion laws discriminate against the poor. Wealthy women can always get abortions, even if they have to fly to Monte Carlo. (4) Conscientious doctors want abortion laws repealed. They believe every woman has a right to good medical care. (5) Abortion, *per se*, causes no psychological damage. (6) Every child has a right to be born wanted. For emotional and physical well-being, an infant must receive warm, loving care. Forcing a woman to produce a child when she is unable or unwilling to care for it properly is cruel and damaging to the child. (7) Loving husbands do not want their lives to breed accidentally and reluctantly. And if it happens more than once slap them down in the corner. Voluntary parenthood is essential to marital happiness. (8) Abortion reform bills do not solve the problems created by the present laws. Only a small fraction of women seek abortions for medical reasons, rape or incest. Criminal abortions will be eliminated only when any woman who wants an abortion can get it from a qualified physician. (9) Abortion laws violate freedom of religion. Clergy of many faiths have spoken in favor of abortion law repeal. (10) Abortion on request (elective abortion) is not coercive. It permits freedom of choice, a cherished American principle.

And my cousin didn't know what to make of it, she wanted my cousin to help her, my cousin was so embarrassed. A nun. She had been knocked up by the physical reality of Christ. She took off the habit at my cousin's place, and she wore a green dress to the abortionist. Scrape out. Five hours later she put on the habit and adjusted her cross. Christ lived for u.s. Hanging out in someone else's head.

The Cardinal touched, wept openly and died too soon to repulse the march on his fortress a second time. Faking your signature is one thing. Your face is something else.

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pp's (Continued from Page 7)

Thelma Brown, mother of SMCC chairman H. Rap Brown, is coming to the meeting from New Orleans to bring greetings from her son.

The Black Panther Party, black guard of California, has officially joined up with the Resistance. The twain has met and everything is coming together.

Cantharidin is made from Canthoritic Acid which is gotten from a South American beetle called Cantharides or Blister Beetle. It is also known as Spanish Fly. It is not a true aphrodisiac in that it stimulates desire. What it does is to dry out the large beds of mucous membranes that are in the penis and vagina. The drying out irritates the nerves and this irritation is interpreted by the brain as sexual stimulation. Canthoritic Acid produces, in large amounts, the same effects as doing meth for six months. In very large doses it is fatal. It is no longer available in prescription form being taken off the market a couple of years ago. It can be found though as a derivative in other forms of prescription drugs.

Since we know what speed kills, it is safe to say, "Spanish Fly Kills." It was even frowned upon by such an authority in Eros as Ovid, the great latin poet who wrote The Art of Love. Ovid felt the use of Cantharidin to seduce women was cheating and spoke up against it. I can do no less. One night of love is not worth the fatality. And if my advice is sound, like Ovid I must request, dear reader, when you die due to natural and happy causes after a long life, inscribe these words on your tombstone, "Katzman taught me!"

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pp's

Edgar Cayce, the famous prophet and seer who died in '45 and by the way was no phony, had predicted on June 28, 1940 that Atlantis, that so called mythical island which disappeared due to volcanic eruptions as reported by Plato, would re-emerge in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean in 1968 or '69. His predictions on such matters have been published by Hawthorn Books titled *Edgar Cayce on Atlantis*.

I have a great interest in Cayce's predictions because a number of his "bizarre" statements have since been substantiated. For example: In a reading given in 1925 when the age of man was measured in the thousands, Cayce claimed that man has been on the earth for as long as ten million years. On August 10, 1958, The New York Times reported:

"Discovery of Italian Skeleton Suggests a More Advanced Human Ancestry."

The age of the skeleton was judged by archaeologists and geologists to be ten million years, and its structure was definitely humanoid.

On another occasion Cayce claimed Atlantis was destroyed by volcanic upheaval in about 10,000 B.C. and that its rediscovery will be marked by similar disturbances. "South America will be shaken from the uppermost portion to the end and in the Antarctic off Tierra del Fuego, land and a straight of gushing waters." (1934). In the Norfolk Star Ledger of December 7, 1967, this report was filed:

"Argentine navy helicopters lifted 14 Argentine researchers from the Antarctic Island of Deception . . . amid bubbling, boiling seas from the eruption of an old volcano . . . No volcanic

eruption had been reported for more than 120 years on the eight-mile long island, 600 miles below the southern tip of South America."

In a reading given in 1932, Cayce indicated that the beginning of the earth changes would be noticed by the rising and sinking of land in the South Pacific. On April 4th, 1965, a report was filed by the Los Angeles Times:

"Face of Earth Changes Inside Ring of Fire." In the Southwest Pacific, "a belt of 30,000 square miles sank as much as 6 feet" . . . while "an area of as much as 50,000 sq. miles rose locally more than 33 feet."

A couple of years before that the December 20th, 1957, issue of the Virginia Pilot had forewarned us:

"The Pacific Ocean is gettin warmer and scientists don't know why."

For all of Edgar Cayce's unscientific methods, he knew why.

* * *

The Argentine magazine *Sormoran y Delfin* wants to publish a selection of young avant-garde anti-establishment non-rut poetry. Please send poems to: Jose L. Varela-Ibarra, Box 7432, University Station, Austin, Texas, 78712.

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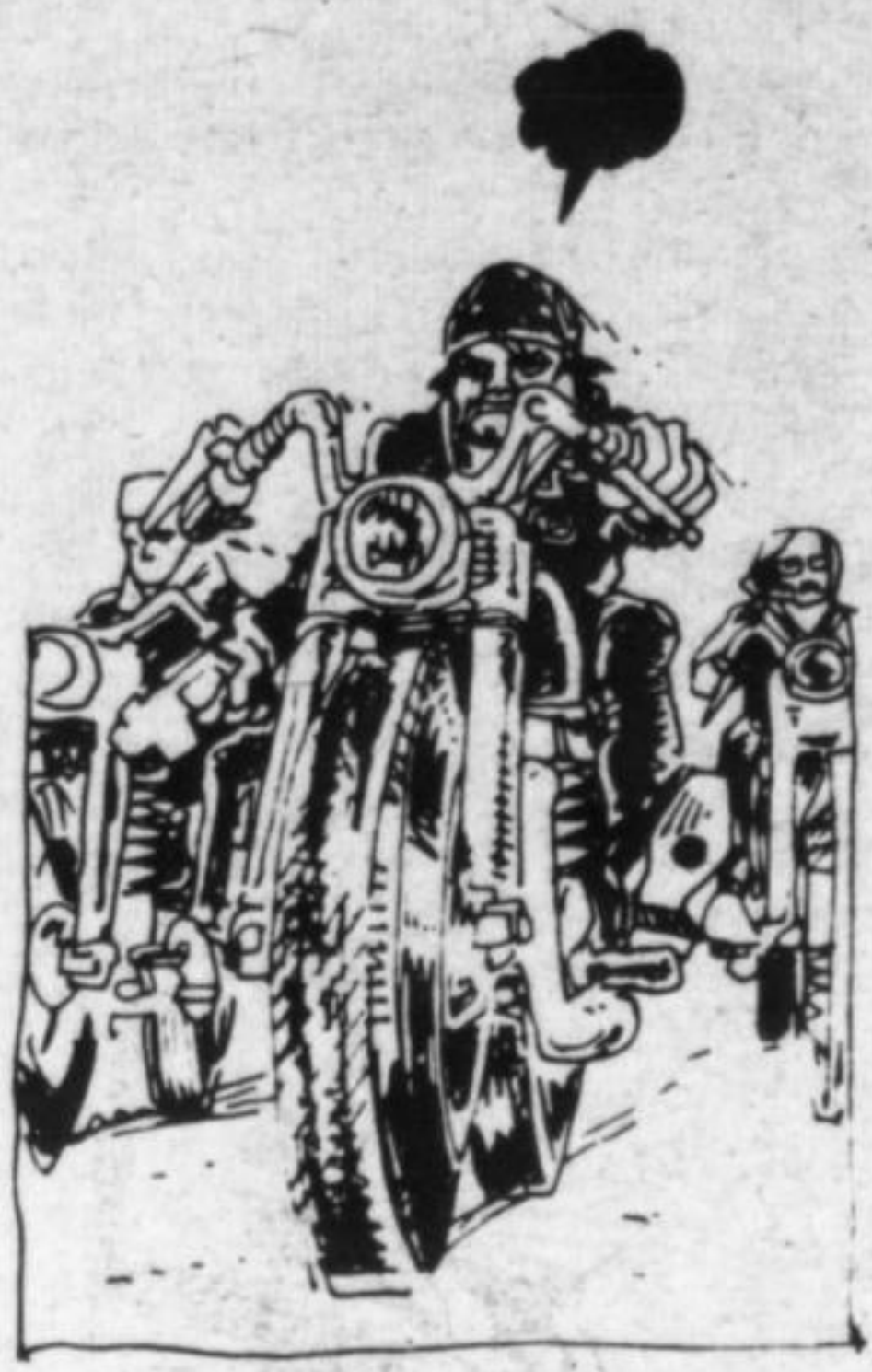


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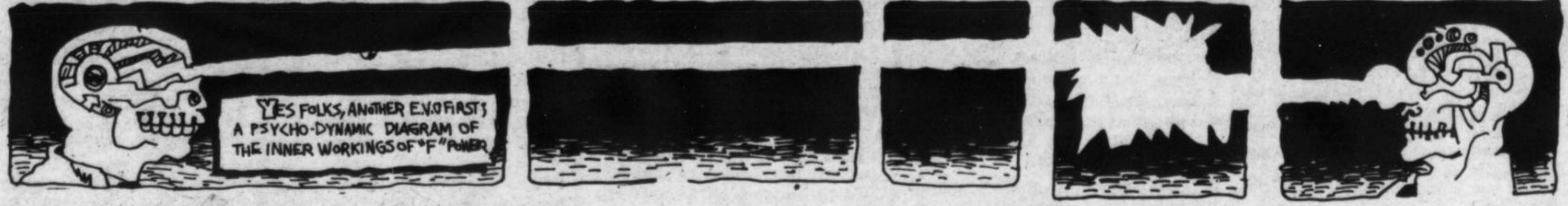
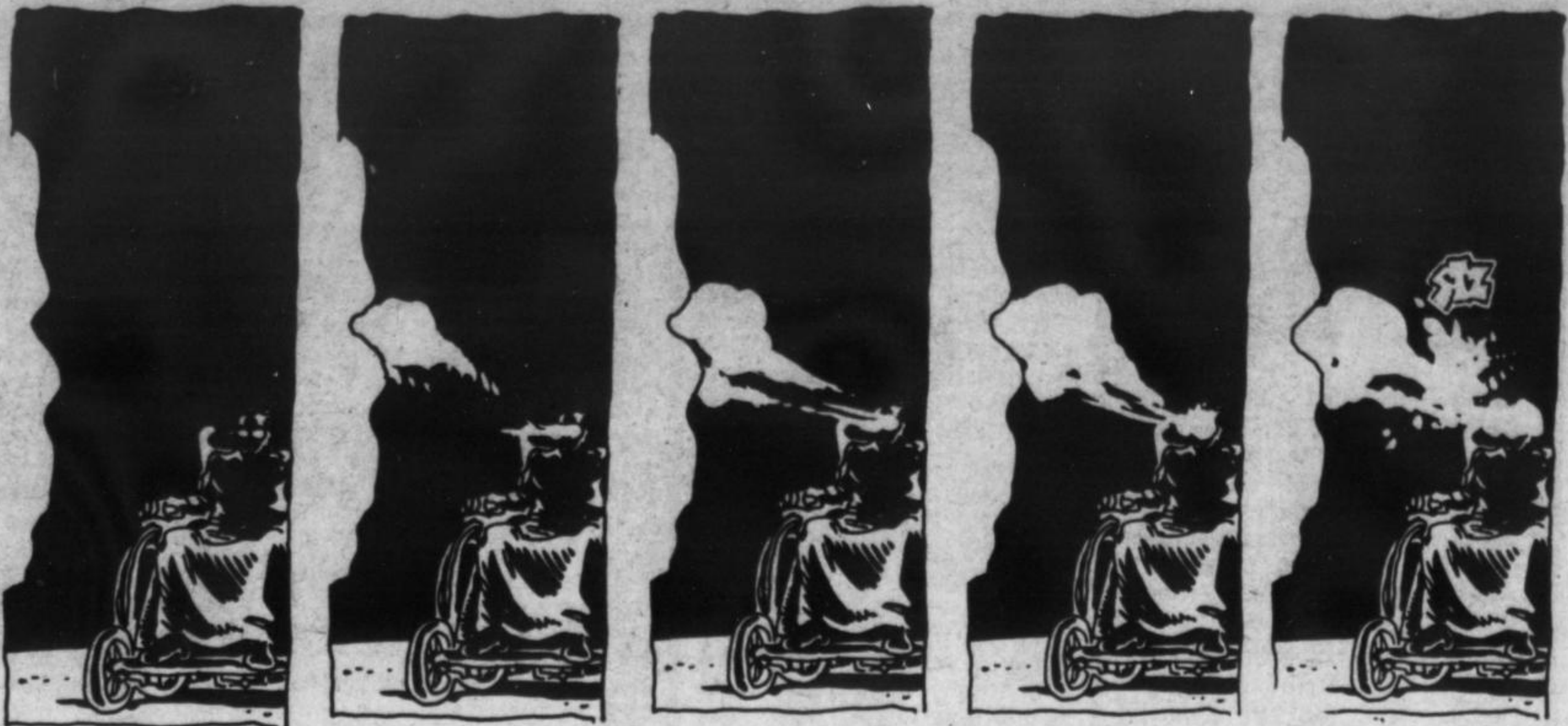
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MEANWHILE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED FEDERATION FOR THE SALVATION AND PRESERVATION OF THE HOLY GOSPEL (U.F.S.A. P.O.J.)



YES FOLKS, ANOTHER EVOFAST, A PSYCHO-DYNAMIC DIAGRAM OF THE INNER WORKINGS OF "F" POWER



THUS OUR LORD AND SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST HAS CHOSEN OUR FATE, AND VESTED IN ME THE POWER AND GLORY, AS GRAND PROCTOR I DO HENCEFORTH ACTIVATE THE WOMENS CHRISTIAN PROPAGATION LEAGUE

hanged man

(Continued from Page 6)
 War I Germany. It was to lead to a different set of circumstances but to the same tragedy of errors.
 And what of Parvus? He could not go back to Germany, the war had denied him that. He could not go back to Russia, Lenin had denied him his homeland. As for his importance as one of those few men who had helped change half the world, history had denied him his infamy. He retired to Switzerland with a personal fortune of thirty million francs, to live the rest of his life in seclusion. Parvus, like the rest of Russia after 1917, had succumbed to the tragedy of its own turmoil.
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FUCK SMUT!

THE FIRST MONTHLY MOTTO OF AN EXCITING NEW ADVENTURE IN GROUP ANARCHY: DOWN WITH! THE ORGANIZATION TO END ALL.

The above heading was designed to titillate and arouse your prurient interest. Like EVO, however, there is much in the way of provoking thought stimulation beneath the four letter facade. And it's yours for just five slices of bread.

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MILLARD THOMAS
 Photographer
 929-8749

pop, rock

(Continued from Page 12)
 ton Irving High School Auditorium (40 Irving Place on 16th Street, East of Broadway). Tickets are \$3 and \$4 at the door and the program will begin at 8 p.m. Playing sarod, Khan has been teaching at Berkeley and I caught a concert by him when I was out there last summer. He is an incredible musician and should be seen. Even if he doesn't have long hair and sideburns like Ravi, he is still one of the finest classical Indian musicians alive today.
 And from the depths of the Lower East Side, Tom Sankey is doing a very funny rock version of the Beggar's Opera at St. Marks Church-in-the-Bowery (10th Street & 2nd Ave.; 982-8825 for reservations). Sankey, whose last rock play, The Golden Screw, put even channel 13 uptight, opens the evening with a song called Pretty Shitty, and the whole thing just keeps moving on from there. With half a dozen projectors and some parachutes, some home made sound equipment and cheap amps, plus an incredible amount of talent and work, the Theatre Project has put together one of the best rock-cum-art-cum-environmental shows around. Admission is by contribution; the place seats far less than one hundred so call for reservations. It's only playing on weekends. Enough . . . go see it, it's a groove.

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clean sheets on a bed—

MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City Meetings so far are twice a month. Date and address of our next meeting along with membership and dues card will be sent on receipt of \$5.00 along with our newsletter and fully illustrated magazine. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

AGAIN IN PRINT!! "The Synthesis & Extractions of Organic Psychedelics." Contains detailed procedure for synthesizing LSD, DMT, Psilocybin, Psilosin, Mescaline, Tetrahydrocannabinol, extractions of cannabis. Peyote, oloigui, morning glory seeds, and many more. Send \$1.35 to: Karma Graphics, Box 3826, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

THE MAD Peck is back - for proof send 10c to: The Mad Peck, Dept. A., Box 2307, Providence, R.I., 02906.

GAY? Make friends, etc. Next door or around the world. "Strictly Classified": Single issue only 50c., 6 issues for \$2.50, N.Y.C., Box 3750, Chicago, Illinois, 60654.

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

NO TABOOS! Uncensored opinions plus reader feedback is what you get in BIAS, a new opine-zine. We stomp viewpoints; not people. Privately printed monthly, mailed flat in envelope. \$2.00, 6 issues. Checks or money orders payable to Paul Lewis, Apt. 9-G, 89-15 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, N.Y., 11432.

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

THANK YOU. Response was good, but totally inadequate 300 more people have to buy Neuk before it is reissued. Nice Poetry. Neuk Magazine is 25c. B. Reis. Box 454, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

WHAT'S A VOID? A BLAH. P.S. Bag of Wind.

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 Tyndale 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.

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

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

WHERE ARE the peace demonstrations and meetings this week? **DIAL-A-DEMONSTRATION** 924-6315.

MODELS, writers, actors, actresses, dancers and artists. Beginner or professionals. Special champagne party given for you in \$100,000 E. Side apt. Here girl will meet photographers, film makers, talent managers, top people in creative professions. Help your career, meet interesting people while having lots of fun! Call Alan: 628-5476.

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FALLS CHURCH FATS — PLEASE CALL HOME.

BILLY STRUGATZ please come home. Call Dr. Solk. Go back to school, graduate and then you'll be free. We really love you. Mother, Irene, Avon.

TORONTO. The Maple Leafs are really a front. Aray.

TOMMY O'DOWD. Please call Mom and Dad as Mom is very sick or get in touch with Mr. Louis Abolafia, 129 E. 4th, or Pete at EVO office. 228-8640.

TRANSFORMATION. Les Enfants du parody celebrate the rites of spring in front of the museum of Modern Art March 25 at the Dada and Surrealism opening.

YOU KNOW where it's at find out where it began. See Ernie Kovacs ABC-TV April 9.

BONDAGE, s/m female models sought by Manhattan amateur photographer. Unshaved underarms preferred but not necessary. Please write P.O. Box 128, Lenox Hill Station, N.Y.C., 10021.

ATTENTION rock and other groups, great opportunity, This summer: June 21 til end of August, every weekend a new concert series! Play in a large circus tent that seats 3,000. Help build this series: They need good groups. Good pay! Please contact: Shane Monroe, Box 26, Teton Village, Jacksons Hole, Wyoming, 83025.



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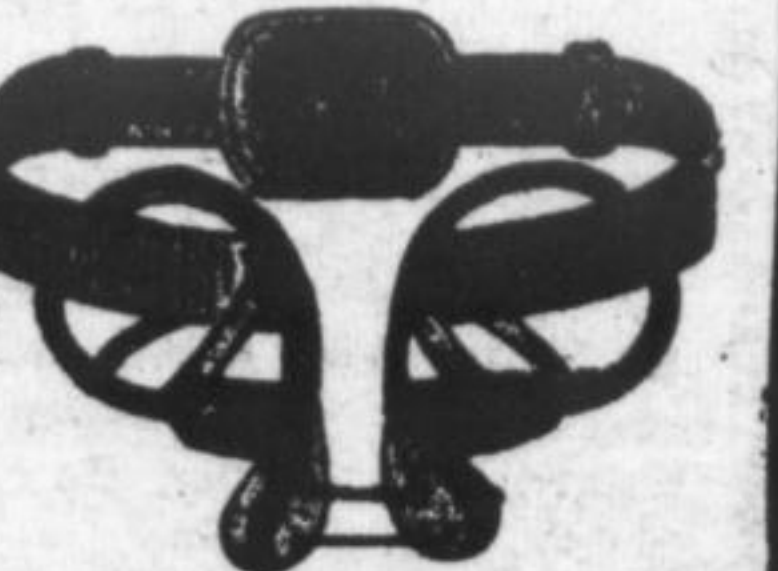
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FEMALE horoscopes. Accurate information. Call Arthur. TR 4-6000, Ext. 401.

HELLO GAY LOVERS! Confidential and discriminating meetings exclusively selected to your specific interest. For questionnaire "H", scientific media, Box 1691, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

YOUNG men, permanent hair removal by electrolysis Face, back, abdomen etc., private medically approved free consultations by appt. MU 5-0044 12 to 8 p.m., Rudy Grillo, 35th St., East.

UNCONVENTIONAL, uninhibited and unselfish young man wishes to meet a female interested in developing a mutually satisfying relationship. Phone 287-7022. No men.

BACHELOR 30, college grad, nice looking affectionate, liberal minded, financially secure, enjoys the conventional and off-beat, seeks attractive affectionate gal 20-30 for long lasting relationship. Call Marty, 261-7288, after 6 p.m.

HANDSOME young man is willing to go along with attractive white girl who wishes to play at love and sex in bed with or without being laid. As she desires. Box 4895, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017.

IS THERE a broadminded young chick out there in need of a pad? Student with too many outside interests will exchange room and board for light house keeping and someone who'll be around once and a while to answer the phone. Three room apt. in the boondocks. Write, J. F. D., 8512 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Include phone No.

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.

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GOOD looking male student, (white, 23, 6'1", 170 lbs.) interested in meeting cute, affectionate white girl 19-22. P.O. Box 120, Inwood Station, New York, N.Y. 10034.

MIDDLE AGED light colored man would like to contact Scandinavian type or other white female. I am employed, have own 3 1/2 room apt. Object: companionship. Call 286-2552, 1 p.m. or after 11 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE girl fly away with me to Portugal for 17 fun filled day-wee! No homos or prudes please. Call 729-4655, from 5 to 9 p.m.

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.

THE ultimate flute of a naked cloak taunts the moon of a separate smoke when blessing whispers to the prey with an explosion of a clowns decay YU 2-4471. Orpheus, Jr.

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

GAY Guy 21, good looking, likes to meet same. I'm moving to N.Y. from San Francisco April. Reply Box 4287, Hayward Calif.

I HATE smiles of impoverished applause malign the wealth of infinities pause when the scared rag of assistance deceives the heaven of resistance. Orpheus Jr. YU 2-4471.

MALE, 30, student of meditation and seeker of love; village apartment wishes to meet interesting female hippie slum-goddess-teeny bopper fine. P.O. Box 580, Cooper Station, New York, 10003.

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

STABLE, good looking Persian, age 28, resident N.Y.C., specializes Persian massage. Looking for a gal for stimulating, emotional & intellectual relationship. Call David Babrood, LO 4-3250, leave No. or contact point.

YOUNG hung stud debonair 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.

BACHELOR, 39, 5'7", 185 lbs. Docile, plenty refreshments. Clean apt. sex only. Women only, 18-35. Mon., Fri. 6 p.m.-12 mid., Sat. 11 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.. Sun. all day. 853-9184.

ATTENTION GIRLS: Heading west soon? Make Detroit your stopping off point for a free 2 day holiday. I'm a young bachelor super-man endowed, sterile, clean cut & handsome, who will model nude for you, give French lesson and turn you on in my groovy 3 fireplace estate. Write soon (no men) giving arrival time, etc. Jim, 441 N. Gulley Rd., Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48127.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2771.

MALE artist, 28, needs benefactor. Will travel. 6'1", dark hair, blue eyes, photos available. John, 8 Lombardy Way, N.E. Atlanta, Georgia, 30309. 404 892-1159.

DEAR MOTHER. IS the nicest thing in the world a refined Jewish Girl?

WORK-LIVE in studio gallery FREE also commission on items sold. Hang, sell your own if artist. Must man gallery. (3 to 9 p.m) Call: 533-5640, 9 to 5 p.m.

WANTED: FINANCIAL BACKING FOR KARATE DOJO IN THE VILLAGE. FULL PARTNERSHIP. LEGITIMATE 5th DAN KOREAN HEADMASTER. FOR INFORMATION CALL MR. GOOD. 533-6962.

MODELS-FEMALE (no nudes) experience unnecessary. Ages 14 to 27. Illustrating cosmetics poetry, fashion, also needed. Studio-office girl (references). JU 2-0019. 10:30 a.m. to 7 p.m., 7 days, Jamie.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9223. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

RAPED? FILMMAKER doing film about rape. Wants 1st person reactions. Disturbances of young middle-class girl. Confidential. Send background. Phone-address. Carmichael, Box 5, Village Station, N.Y.C. 10014.

GROOVY Baby Sitter wanted who digs groovy kids: We run the Mind Garden, Vermont's only psychedelic entertainment center. In exchange for part time sitting and helping out at the Garden we can offer grand and good living. Also part time paying jobs usually available at the ski lodges. contact Len Schneider 802-464-5825 or write c/o Mind Garden, Wilmington, Vermont.

AMATEUR photographers, would you like to shoot a young, good looking, well built, male or female model in a plush \$100,000 apt, or at your home? We have both and even equipment to rent. Private shooting sessions start as low as \$15.00. Call Dave at 628-5476.

WEALTHY young (28) executive with magnificent E. 60's bachelor pad seeks woman to live with and love. Must enjoy the better things in life — night-clubs, theatre etc. Write fully, Box 663, Wall St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10006.

INDIAN SITAR, brand new, prices negotiable. Call CA 8-0163, anytime. Leave name and number.

THE Heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips. Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

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.

MODELS, showgirls, stewardess's: well mannered Caucasian gentleman 38, wishes to contact women whose personal preference for erotic pleasure is experienced in cunnilingus. Evenings call 516-AR 1-3297 ask for Bob.

THE HORNY HUNDRED. A new club forming, fifty male, fifty females (18 to 33) all horny and like variety. All members will ball every member of other sex. Attractive singles only. Send photo. Box 56, N.Y., N.Y. 10025.

ATTRACTIVE male 23, seeks passionate good looking woman 30-40 to turn on and tune in with. Be daring. Call John, 749-2633.

TWO attractive young men (21, 23) would like to meet others for spaced relationships. BYOG. Please don't freak the service. Stan and Tony. 799-4074.

JOE O'MARA—Mother ill — Tawny in cage at vet. Waiting in Armonk for you. Call anxious to help. Please call, LOVE, MOMMY.

FROM one chick to another: Two hip guys in their twenties with adjoining west village apts. One with perfect build, the other—mod gorgeous—can do for you what they did for me. Dial WUXA-HUT for pleasure. Love to the world. Betty K.

TWO guys leaving from N.Y. for Phoenix March 29th, want company of two chicks for wild vacation. Call for details. Bill, 201-947-3457.

EAST VILLAGE professional man very intelligent and financially secure—white would like to meet negro, spanish or italian girl (not skinny) to teach him some of the more exotic aspects of sexual entertainment. P.O. Box 374, Midtown Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

POOR student desperately needs funds to continue serious piano studies. Won't you please help? All responses will be gratefully appreciated. Box 3442, Grand Central Station, New York 10017.

FLAMENCO guitarist seeks singer (folk, rock, flamenco). SP 7-3807.

MALL, 30, seeks very attractive swinging uninhibited semi hippie female 18-25 for traveling companion (preferable) with a Passport and an International girl get documents. Call Danny and Day from 7:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. (212) 475-2036. No later than March 31.

LOSE WEIGHT—Or you'll know why E. Village method of self awareness. We know the problem. Not as simple as it seems. We have solution. 3 private sessions, \$25. Contact 533-5640. EVGA. 128 E. 4th St., N.Y.C.

MAN, white, age 34, single, desires to meet women for friendship, love, going out. Include address, phone. Write: Dow, P.O. Box 46, Bronx, N.Y. 10460.

ATTRACTIVE professional Negro male 26, wants uninhibited sincere attractive white female 18-35, for companionship and love. Anything goes. Call Mr. Campana, MU 4-9564.

HIP YOUNG male 28, 6'2", 190 lbs., well built, good looking, well off, photograph, mountain climber etc. Makes all scenes, has own house, free all the time, experienced, would like to meet girls, couples, and groups for fun. Leave your tel. No. and I will call you back. Ted Reynolds. BF 3-3300

MALE, 21, long hair, no interest in broad but doesn't dig the "gay" scene. Looking for similar young attractive male for sincere close relationship. Give age, phone and photo if possible. Box 1134, Union, N.J. 07083.

ARTIST with unlimited capacity for love and sex has mysterious pad in W. Village, looking for young girl to have fun, after 9 p.m. 226-6224.

MAN, 33, good looking executive, financially sound, looking for loveable young girl to share apt. No homosexuals. Call Jack between 6-9 p.m. 836-2311.

HIPPIES, teens: Two Argentine young guys, eager to show and teach to you latin love, are awaiting you. Write: 22 West, 25th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

THE PICKWICK puppet theatre will present their production of JUST SO STORIES on Saturday, March 30 at 2 p.m. at St. George's Church, Parish House, 207 E. 16th Street. The price is \$1.25 per person for the benefit of the Jack and Jill Scholarship Fund of the Jack and Jill Nursery School.

FRENCHMAN, 26, desires to exchange french lessons, conversation or grammar, for guitar, no phone, write, will answer to all. Fillon, 146 West 74th St., N.Y.C., 10023.

"AMERICA I've given you all and now I'm nothing." Send \$1.00 to Freedom, Box 346, Alden Manor Branch, Elmont, N.Y. 11003 for Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada.

YOUNG man 27, works 12 mid. to 8 a.m. Seeks daytime female companion. No queers, phonies or game players need. Apply. 201-863-8638. Till 4 p.m.

"THY rays are on all faces; thou art inscrutable. Age after age thy life renews its eager prime. Time whirls its dust beneath thee; thou art immutable, maker of time, thyself beyond all time." The coming forth by day.

YOUNG attractive white bachelor seeks young vivacious good-looking chick to share apartment. Must like a shepard dog. Call after 10 p.m., 677-0100, ext. 826.

ESP needs writers for feature articles. Call Larry at 255-4800, 9-6 daily.

AMATEUR MODELS NEEDED well known photo agency needs photos of new attractive models for glamor, pin-up and figure. Model will receive in writing 50% of all sales. Call 914-409-8558. Joel.

ATTRACTIVE Girls wanted for exploitation movie, must be over 21. TR 7-8095 anytime.

SEX exploit film producer shooting immediately a feature film. Looking for female actresses. Contact Sam Jake Enterprises, 630 Ninth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

28 YEAR OLD white bachelor, world traveler, linguist with pleasant apartment on Lower East side interested in friendly female roommate, must be attractive between ages of 20 and 25 and interested in languages. Free room and board in return for companionship. Send photo-name - addresses - phone number between March 15 & March 20 to Sylvan c/o 150 West 75 St., Apt. No. One.

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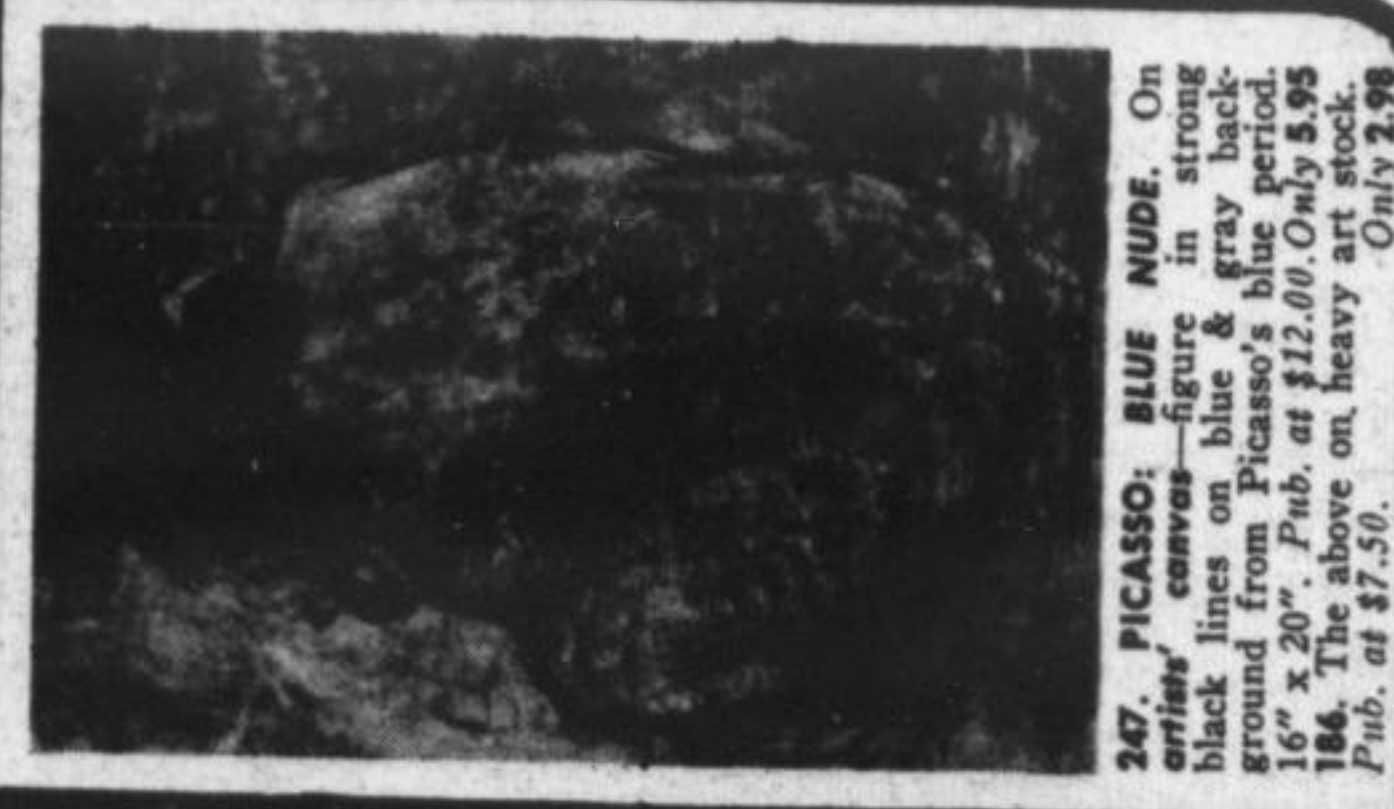
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247. PICASO: BLUE NUDE. On artists' canvas—figure in strong black lines on blue & gray background from Picasso's blue period. 16" x 20". Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$5.95. The above on heavy art stock. Pub. at \$7.50. Only \$2.98



233. RENOIR: GIRL. On gen. silk-screen in tans with a subtle shades of blue, pink, white, gold, 18" x 24". Pub. at \$18.00. Only \$6.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



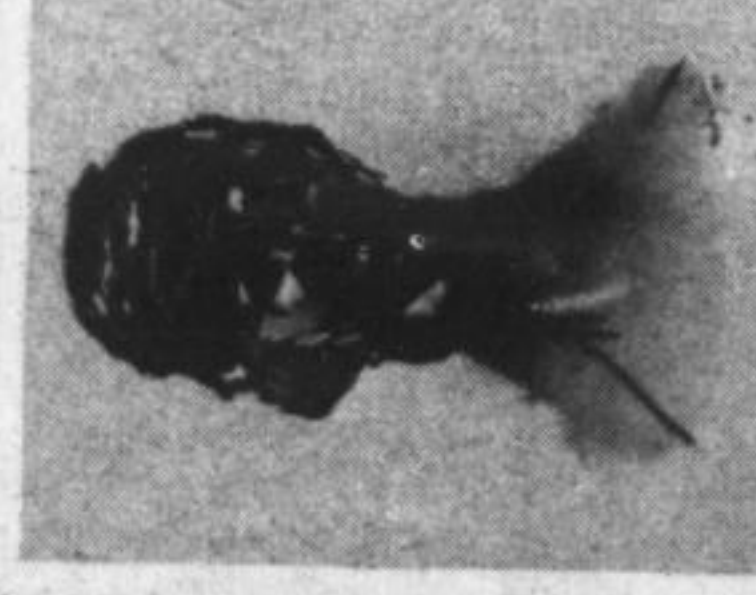
241. GOYA: DON MANUEL OSORIO DE ZUNIGA. On artists' canvas—Boy in a red suit in pale yellow-orange against background with greens ground. 19" x 28". Pub. at \$18.00. Only \$6.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



217. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. On artists' canvas—unicorn in a cage. 12" x 36". Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$2.98



243. DEGAS: MARLEQUIN WITH MASK. On artists' canvas—silk-screen in striking yellow, pale greens and tans. 17" x 16". Pub. at \$19.00. Only \$6.95. The above on heavy art stock. Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$3.95



204. MODIGLIANI: SKETCH OF GIRL. On artists' canvas—silk-screen of Modigliani woman in shades of blue and white. 27 1/2" x 17 1/2". Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$5.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$7.50. Only \$2.98



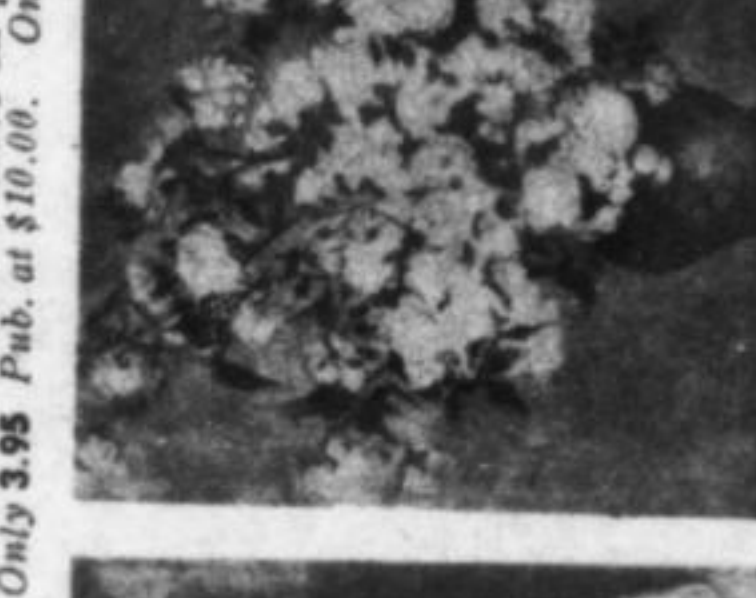
212. VAN GOGH: SUN-FLOW. On artists' canvas—silk-screen duplicating the vibrant palette of yellow, greens, and browns. 17 1/2" x 11 1/2". Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$6.95. The above on heavy art stock. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



209. PICASO: STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artists' canvas—silk-screen of Picasso's tender sketch in charcoal and brown on a chestnut background. 16" x 20 1/2". Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$4.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$6.00. Only \$1.98



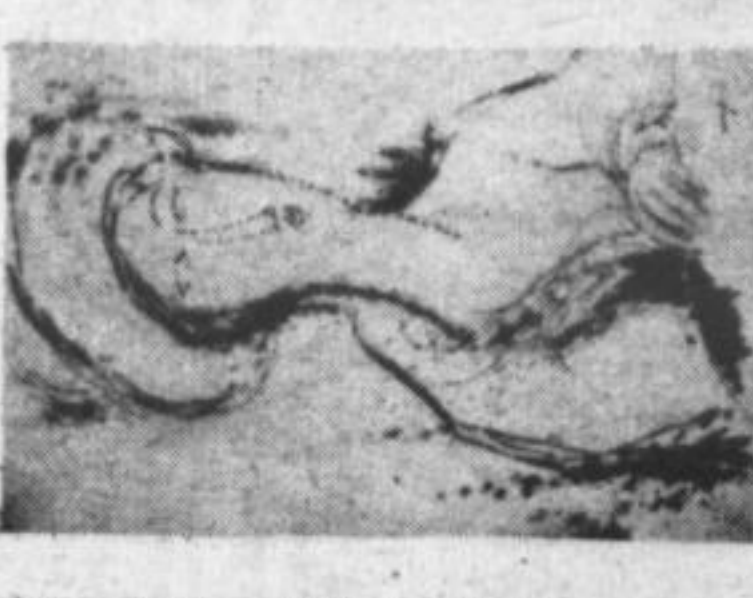
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211. VAN GOGH: WHITE ROSES. On artists' canvas—white flowers, dark blue-green vase on black ground of yellow-green & grey. 12" x 16". Pub. at \$15.00. Only \$5.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$9.00. Only \$2.98



244. MODIGLIANI: HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN. On artists' canvas—sepia drawing of soft brown hair in a range of soft brown—from pinkish to charcoal. 15" x 23". Pub. at \$12.00. Only \$4.95. The above on heavy art stock. Pub. at \$7.50. Only \$1.98



248. VAN GOGH: IRIS. On artists' canvas—radiant irises in blue, purple, yellow, black against a blue background. 19 1/2" x 23". Pub. at \$17.50. Only \$6.95. The above on heavy art stock. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



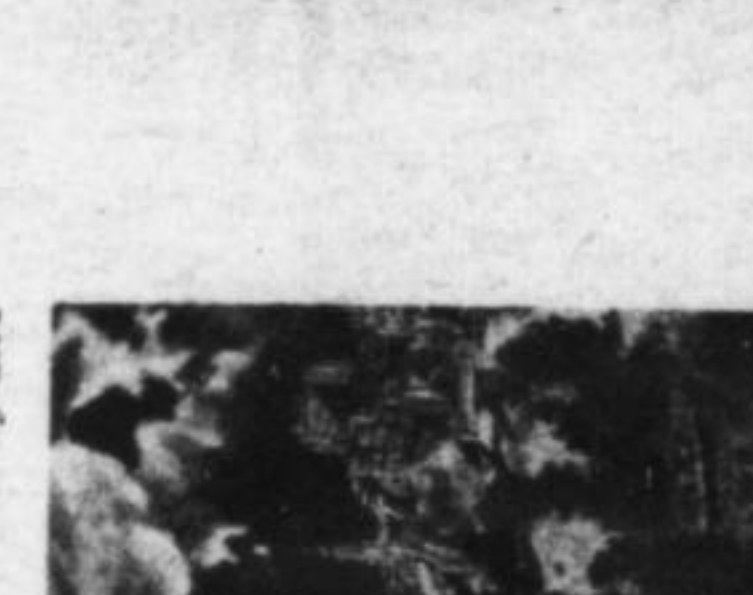
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220. PICASO'S 'GUERNICA.' On artists' canvas—silk-screen in red of the haunting Spanish Civil War. One of the most important protests against war in the history of art. In greys, blacks & yellows. 14" x 50 1/2". Pub. at \$18.00. Only \$9.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$3.95



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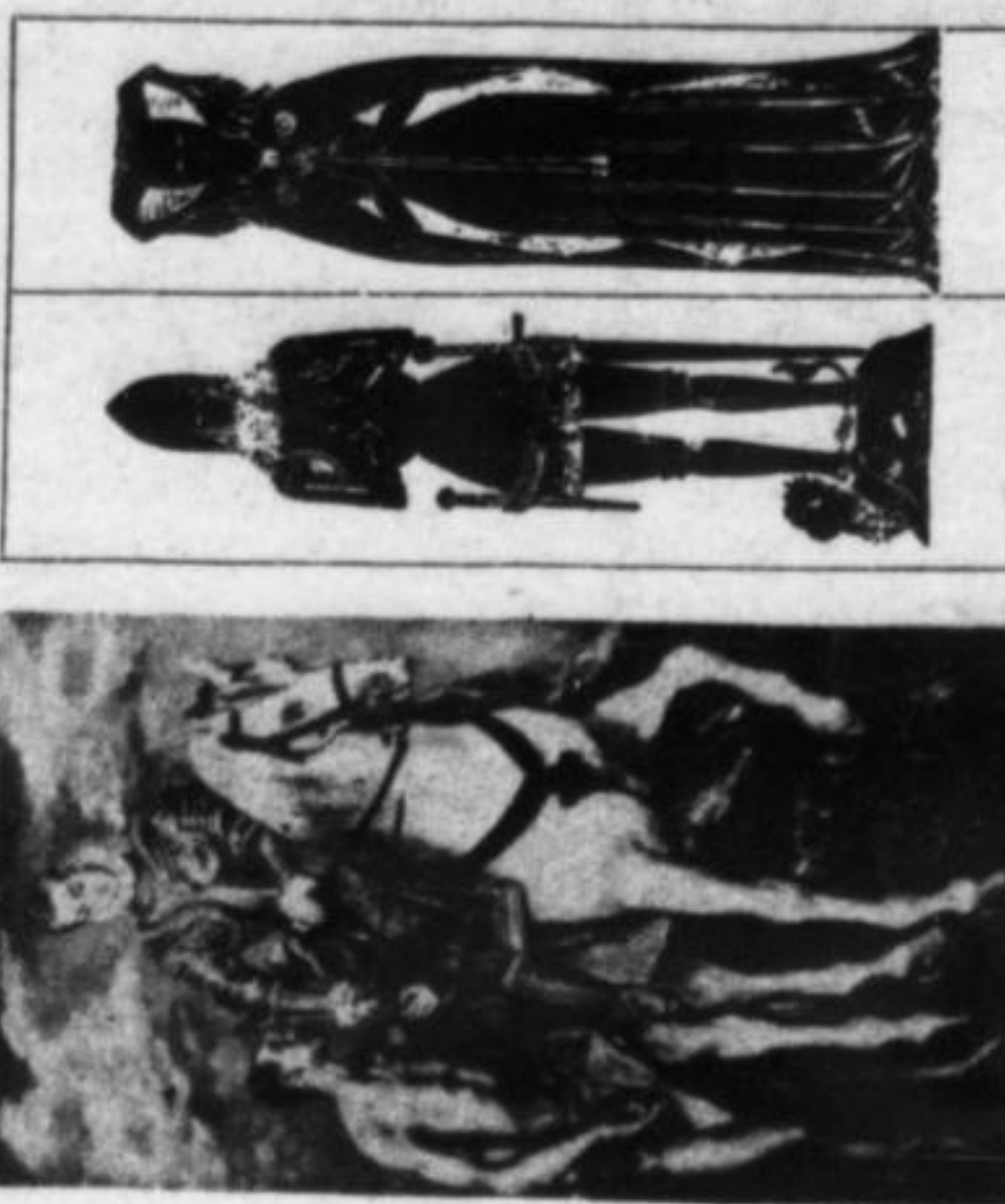
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240. VAN GOGH: BOATS, SAINT MARIE. On artists' canvas—silk-screen in reds, blue, green, orange & yellow against a blue & green sky. Over 25 screens used in reproduction. Pub. at \$27.00. Only \$9.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$15.00. Only \$6.95



217. KLEE: THE LONELY ONES. On artists' canvas—silk-screen of lonely figures in soft blues, browns, indigo, orange & yellow. 19 1/2" x 27 1/2". Pub. at \$15.00. Only \$8.95. The above on paper. Pub. at \$10.00. Only \$2.98



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