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WEEKLY

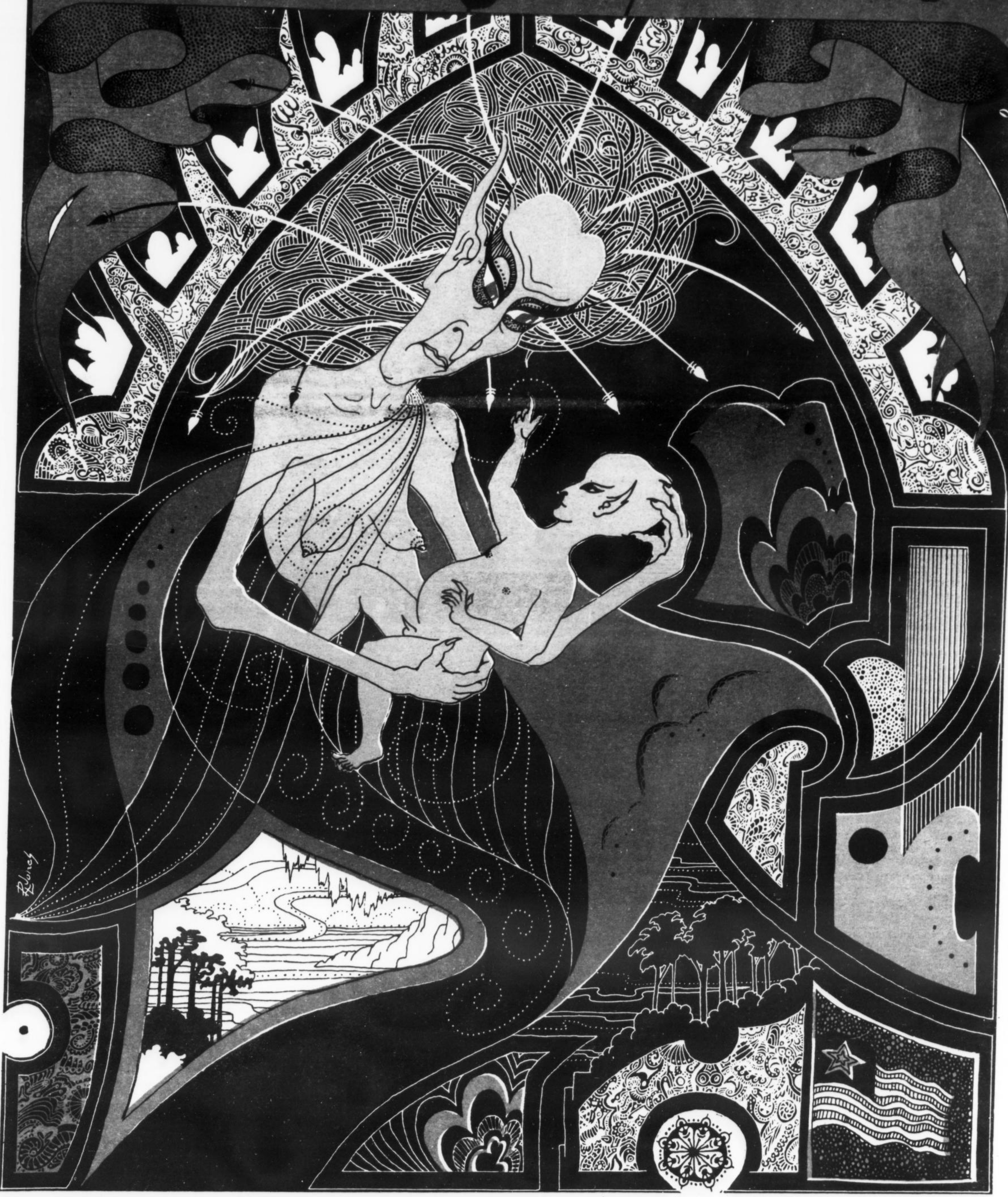
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VOL. 3 NO. 23

MAY 10

100 BROADWAY N.Y.

# THEIR east village THEIR



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 OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate.)

The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue,  
 N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues).  
 Phone: 228-8640

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# Scribbles

Dear EVO:

Although I'm only a Freshman in high school (167) I subscribe to your paper.

About a month back I took a copy of it to the place (school) Winnacunnet High. I was in 5th period study hall and I lent your paper to a friend—Vol. 3, issue 110. He was sort of holding it up in the air reading it, not giving a damn of anyone around him. I look up and see one of our so called guardians coming towards him. He stops by his side and asked him where he got it. Being too faithful he points to me. He grabs the issue and then stops by me. He gives me a lot of bull such as:

"This is not acceptable here!"  
 "Where did you get this?"

"Do your parents know you read this kind of material?"

"Does the principal know about this?"

"Get up out of that seat, what are you doing here?"

I get up and he starts to walk me to the "mans" office. He then sees my notebook and grabs it from me. I had a lot of cool sayings written on it such as: Fuck Leaders, Legalize Pot, and so on.

We get to the "mans" office and discover that he had gone to lunch. He tells me to wait and he strolls happily back to the study.

I then stroll happily away from the office toward some desolate area free of the guardians. That was the last I ever heard of the incident.

This was the plain truth and I just thought I'd write you and inform you of how your groovy paper is accepted here.

Your,  
 Thomas Jenkins  
 Box 453  
 Hampton, N.H., 03842

Dear EVO:

I read your articles on the "Columbia Massacre" and I feel somewhat disgusted and hurt to think that students could think they would not be attacked by the police.

It is obvious to me that we are involved in a revolution that is real. We must realize that half measures are insufficient. To make such a violent move like the one initially made by the students at Columbia and then to allow the "goon squad" to beat them, is evidence of lack of understanding. The students must be prepared to fight and resist the TPF with the same weapons that the TPF uses on them. If they want peace, so do we. If they give violence and brutality instead, we must return it even seven.

Everybody must get stoned.

Black Ronald

Dear EVO:

In your No. 22 issue on the letters page you have printed a "really beautiful" leaflet which was handed out at some obscure gathering. Inspection will show that it is nothing but a paraphrase of Polonius advice to Laertes Act one Scene iii of Hamlet. It is generally considered to be the oversentimental cliches that would be said by old fool like Polonius. You could get better advice for less reading by going into a church on Easter and reading Matthew 7:12.

Your truly  
 Scott McCann  
 Arnold Md. 21012.

Dear EVO:

General Louis B. Hershey of the Selective Service System has come out of hiding. He intends to speak at my college (Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York) on the morning of June 6 for R.O.T.C. commissioning. The students of this school are apathetic. We need demonstrators to protest Hershey's appearance. We're only 3 hours from N.Y.C., so please, come on up.

Sincerely,  
 O. M. Tuckitt  
 Head of "Hershey Stay Out" Committee.

Dear EVO:

As an ardent admirer and avid reader of your rag, I feel that I should take some time to comment on your story about Looting to Live, of April 26. Man, that story was really full of BULLSHIT. If someone busted into your offices and wrecked your equipment, you'd want to wipe his goddamn ass all over the fucking street too. Keep up the GROOVY work.

Yours truly,  
 Robert B. Lehnert  
 New York, New York.

Dear EVO:

Help! On my first night in N.Y. about a week ago (April 26), my (Toyota) car was robbed of typewriter, suitcases, and a box of writings. I'm only interested in getting the poetry and/or writing back. My name: Tom Dunphy, my pen-name: GENERAL WASTE-MORE-LAND. Any information would be appreciated. Write EVO or 5420 Carito Way, Hollywood, California, 90027.

Peace,  
 Tom.

Dear EVO:

As one of the "morons" who reads EVO I would like to answer Mr. Underhill's four points made in his letter (EVO May 3, 1968).

1. I also believe in two sexes—each distinguishable from the other by voice tone and certain other anatomical difference of which I trust he is aware.

2. A good point, it would be rather difficult not to believe in soap, water or shampoo. Does Mr. Underhill believe in (say) cars or ball-point pens. How do you wash your talent? Have you washed your truth recently?

3. I will not attack Mr. Underhill's poor metaphors for this point. But so what? Christ was probably clothed like a litter basket, but then they could weave some very attractive baskets in those days.

4. This is a terribly weak and negative argument. I say courtesy is very important, loyalty is essential and God is alive and well and living in Heaven.

EVO provides news which help the "young readers" to neutralize some of the extreme right material printed by some of the establishment newspapers, and its interest in minority groups is not merely academic, it is a reality.

A person can still love his country, believe in God, be loyal, and respect policemen, but one would have to be a masochist to love the cop, who unprovoked breaks his head open with a nightstick.

Yours,  
 H. V. Evatt  
 223 W. 24th St.  
 N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear EVO:

The young man who wrote some weeks ago of the difficulty in obtaining contraceptive pills for an under-age girl should try this method.

Estrogenic hormones used for contraceptives have many other therapeutic purposes one being to regulate the menstrual cycle and there can be several reasons for a woman to wish to regulate her cycle such as extremely painful menstrual periods, in which case a woman might wish to lengthen her cycle from 28 to about 35 days or instances of breakthrough bleeding, hemorrhage or irregular cycles.

A doctor might be sympathetic towards a young girl wishing to take pills for birth control reasons but can hardly be expected, since the majority of doctors are business men not healers, to jeopardize his career for an unknown girl who drops into his office requesting these pills. But, if he has the out of having prescribed the pills for a respectable purpose for a discreet young lady who didn't make an issue of her sexual freedom then a doctor would not have to worry about getting the reputation of having done something "unethical".

Of course this is hypocrisy and compromise but until young people have legal rights in this country it seems to be the only method that gets results.

Sincerely,  
 An older but sympathetic female reader.

Dear EVO:

This is my first letter to you and it's in regard to Mr. Underhill's letter in Vol. 3, No. 22.

Mr. Underhill:

If you suck a prick till scum floods your mouth and swallow it you will probably find it tastes very similar to words you spurt out on paper and call a letter. Your kind won't be around for long, Fucker.

Happy sucking,  
 Mike

On with the show and good health to you, EVO.

Dear EVO:

Re: The Almanac of Poor Paranoid, 4/26 issue:

Your statement about awareness spreading faster to the younger section, etc. is very true. This past Friday, I was very surprised to find such militancy among some of the students at J.H.S. 194 (those who protested against the war). Some of the students were seventh graders.

The demonstration was beautiful, and spontaneous and had the practical effect of keeping half of the kids at home.

I teach at J.H.S. 194. It's in White-stone, Queens.

S. Stigman  
 47-14 198 St.  
 Flushing, N.Y.

## 14 TIPS ON JIGSAW PUZZLING

1. Place all pieces on a table face up.
2. Sort for outside edges.
3. Sort for color.
4. Fit all outside edges together for the best start.
5. Work on large masses of color or obvious forms.
6. Consult the picture on the Springbo box cover.
7. Carefully analyze general color and cutting pattern of the pieces.
8. Look for clues—bits of lettering, locks of certain colors, straight edges, and the shape of a lock.
9. Shape is the only guide on a one-color puzzle.
10. When stymied, work on a different section for a while.
11. Work as a team with two to six people. It's fun to work Springbo puzzles together.
12. Take time and emphasize enjoyment. Racing through a puzzle doesn't give the most pleasure. Set up a special puzzle table.
13. Frustrating, unusual pieces provide greater satisfaction when they are finally in their place. We will continually design unusual pieces to challenge you.
14. Persevere! Don't give up!



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## Like Le Roi says, it doesn't mean that we're going to be working hand-in-hand, but it's a start.

attributed to Irving Shushnik

What do LeRoi Jones & Tom Hayden & Anthony Imperiale & Mae West have to do with the electromagnetic convolutions of chance & choice?

Newark is shaping up mysteriously, a lot happening there between blacks & whites on all levels — in the interest of black and white. And some observers are confused, don't know whose eyes are fooling them, and, since activist writer/marabout LeRoi Jones is involved, the opinionists/opportunists/opinionated are undecided whether to eat their come or go with it, or have it both ways. They do not like the taste of lunch when LeRoi sits down for a "man-to-man" talk with Charles Kinney, a Newark police detective, and Anthony Imperiale, front representatives of white racism in a city that blacks will now take over by ballots instead of bullets.

A black mayor may not set Newark straight, but will put it on the right track.

Kinney believes that an "international leftwing conspiracy financed by Peking" & assisted by Newark "reds" were responsible for the 1967 rebellions there. Jones is free on \$25,000 bail pending appeal for conviction for having a gun at that time.

Imperiale feels that he never wants to go into his feelings unless it's politically right.

LeRoi was on the streets after King's assassination telling his brothers to cool the fire & put some action into their mourning & anger by working for black political control of Newark. Jones is a member of United Brothers, Newark's black unity.

"We have come to the conclusion that the city is ours anyway," he said. Specific posts are the mayoralty (to be filled next year) & 3 councilmen-at-large vacancies to be squared this fall.

United Brothers will select black candidates at a convention planned for late June. And "cat's paws or marionettes" will be passed over.

"Democrat and Republican will be engulfed in the thrust we hope to mount," Jones said.

Mae West is watching, and Jones, Kinney & Imperiale rapped at a press conference six days after King.

LE ROI JONES: Recently, in the recent developments—sort of situation in Newark—the unrest caused by Dr. King's death, we found that a lot of the—the turmoil and a lot of the, in general, the kind of riotous situation, has been caused by instigators, people who really have no interest in the community except to cause riotous conditions.

We, the Black Nationals in Newark believe that we can gain power in Newark through political means, and there are white-led, so called radical groups, leftists groups, that are exploiting the people's desire for power—the black people's legitimate desire for power, exploiting it and actually using black people as a kind of shock troops to further their own designs. And this has come to our attention and we are trying to get a better fix on it—clarify it.

STEPHEN FLANDERS: I think I'll turn now to Capt. Charles Kinney of the Detective Division of the Newark Police Department, who, I think, can throw some more light on this situation.

Captain.

CAPT. CHARLES KINNEY: Well, yes. I'd like to make clear that I am here representing Director Dominic H. Spina of the Newark Police Department who is has been quite instrumental in getting these two groups together, Tony Imperiale and his North Ward Citizens Group, and Le Roi Jones and his group.

We're concerned. The director is hobbled—the fact that he is responsible for the public safety. So anything he can do to create a dialogue between these two opposing groups, he intends to do.

I find myself in agreement with Le Roi Jones, and it's a happy thing to find myself in such agreement. To the extent that there are groups in our city, there are groups in our city who are desirous of having a riot, who are desirous of changing not only the form of government in the City of Newark, but are desirous of changing the form of government in the United States of America. Any strife that they can cause, any trouble that they can make between the black and white community is a means to their end.

FLANDERS: Captain, do you have any identities that can be made known at this time?

KINNEY: Well, yes, I have prepared a full report and I am accusing the new left, and in particular the Students for a Democratic Society in the City of Newark. They operate as the Newark Community Union Project, and this group has come to our city and they've been active in our city some four years, and they have been very, very active in fomenting the trouble that we have in the City of Newark, using black men and using white men to take care of their own particular needs.

JACK CAVANAUGH: Captain, do you have substantial evidence to back up this charge?

KINNEY: Yes, I do.

FLANDERS: Well, for example, who is leading the Students for a Democratic Society in Newark?

KINNEY: In Newark, the leader is a man named Thomas Hayden. Hayden is a graduate of the University of Michigan where he was editor of a Michigan daily newspaper. He came to Newark in 1964 with—and set up this Newark Community Union Project. He brought some people with him and who have been with him for the entire four years that they've been in operation. Other students, young people, come into the city, especially during the summer months, and where they operate for a few months and then go.

They—They have taken the opportunity to come into our city to the extent where now they have actually got into control of two of the eight area wards of the United Community Corporation, which is operated by the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Now, the United Community Corporation is a fine organization. I want to go on record as saying that. And there are many, many dedicated people in the United Community Corporation, and the United Community Corporation has a potential for great good in the City of Newark. But these people are exploiting them. These people are controlling two area wards and they are creating problems in our city which culminated in a riot in July, and are trying to cause another one in April 1968.

CAVANAUGH: Did these people actually foment and instigate last year's riot in Newark?

KINNEY: They were very, very instrumental in so doing.

FLANDERS: Mr. Le Roi Jones, when you spoke a few moments ago about these white-led groups, were you aware at that time, or has this just come to your notice now that Mr. Tom Hayden was perhaps behind this?

JONES: Well, I don't know. You know, I don't know the extent of any of their workings because to me they all seem to be interested in the same ends, and whether it's Tom Hayden—I don't know Tom Hayden, you know. But they seem to be interested in the same ends. That's manipulation of black people for reasons of their own.

I think many times this—the whole idea of these movements which might seem beneficial to black people seem like they're trying to bring about better understanding between the races, actually, they try to manipulate black people and gain power for themselves.


FLANDERS: Mr. Tony Imperiale, do you feel this is a dangerous situation? I saw you nodding your head when Capt. Kinney mentioned Tom Hayden, and he mentioned this group. What is your viewpoint on this?

(Continued on Page 17)

CNVA & WRL

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# pp's almanac

by Allan Katzman

I have become somewhat of a Head-cologist of late; tuning into peoples' heads whose aims are to plug into the big radio and TV antennae of all our psyches using the old symbolic theatrics, the new found drugs, or ancient eastern meditation tactics as a technology of control and movement. In one short week, I have been bombarded with messages from Tim Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, the Maharishi and his disciples the Beach Boys, not to mention the actor Marlon Brando. They all seem to have one aim (though different purposes) to cool it, to bring things towards suspension and concentration.

Leary, Ginsberg, and Krassner along with Abbie Hoffman of YIPPIE, met in my office to discuss the possibility of the Underground seceding from the United States of America. It was an interesting scene as Leary laid out the strategy, Ginsberg advised and concurred, and Krassner court-jestered the operation with his usual realistic prophecy of what could happen if each or any one of them ever took it seriously.

I watched as each with their own primitive devices of speech unravelled the plan for a new psyche to be laid on and through the heads of a more sophisticated device of communication. They decided to write up a DECLARATION OF CULTURAL EVOLUTION which would lay the foundation for a new lifestyle and would be presented first to the Underground Press and then the Overground media. MIND CONTROL was their intent as a mode of survival and a politic of Exodus, Ecstasy, and Ecology their chicken in every pot.

Later that day the overhead media reported the fact that Brando, of Wild One fame, was taking a walk on the wild side in New York's Harlem. He strolled with Mayor Lindsay through the streets using his audience's image of himself as a means of 'cooling it.' Lindsay, it was evident, was gathering heroic images to his side as support for his stop gap integrity with the black community of New York's largest ghetto.

At eleven thirty, the Johnny Carson show presented the Beach Boys to a large listening audience's perusement. Again the message went across the airways. They talked about the Maharishi and meditation and how his discipline saved and renewed their energy. They explained how the Maharishi was planning to build spiritual centers here and abroad.

It is interesting to note that the mainstream of support for this power-base of concentration and control comes from a large Celebrity Corp with their fingers in the new creative talent of TV, Radio, and the Newspaper media. The Word and Image dictating the course of action our psyches will take is McLuhan with an old look but a new toy.

But whose to say that this form of societal control is worse than any other. Personally I like all of these people (of course there are many who even swear by LBJ and HHH) but I am still curious to want to know how much time, money, and most important of all, soul, it will still cost me.

**STEVE TINTWEISS & THE PURPLE WHY** will perform during the Tompkins Square Park on May 18 and 19 at 2:00 p.m.

Eight talks by the Indian spiritual leader Krishnamurti will be presented on the NET network. In New York City, on WNDT/Channel 13 the series premieres Thursday, May 9 at 11:00 p.m.

Called "The Real Revolution," the weekly strip will encompass discussions on a wide range of contemporary and personal issues.

"The Real Revolution" was filmed during a recent visit by Krishnamurti to Ojai, California. Concerned with such ideas as "image" and "label," he had never before permitted himself to be photographed or interviewed. The NET series will now make the great body of his work—the exchanges—available to a wide general audience.

**BRAIN DAMAGE IN OKLAHOMA CITY**, benefit for Angus & Hetty MacLise, Wooster St. Cinema Theatre, Tuesday, May 14 to Friday, May 17th, 11 p.m.—4 nights, \$2.50. Music with Angus MacLise, LaMonte Young, Jerry Riley, Tony Conrad, Marian Zazeela, Hetty McGee and "The Invasion of Thunderbolt Pagoda," by Ira Cohen and Bill Devore, starring Bob LaVing, Hakim Khan, FanFan Sheba, Rodney Smith, Rosilind, Pedro Arbolde Pera, John Vaccaro and Don Synder.

The Vitalis Intellectuals of the TV mind zap, Channel 13, is having dandruff problems. Consequently they are firing people because of long hair.

Several weeks ago the Federal Bureau of Investigation issued a warrant and photograph of a man with closed eyes called Eric Starvo Galt, John Willard and Harvey Lowmyer. He was accused by the FBI of conspiracy in the slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and the State of Tennessee charged him with first degree murder.

The FBI said the picture of Galt with his eyes shut was taken around March 2 in California. The reason for the closed eyes explained the FBI was because he blinked as the shutter snapped. To make the story more credible the photo of Galt was retouched by FBI artist and released showing him as he would appear with his eyes open.

Photo analyst, after careful examination of the picture, believe that Galt's eyes were permanently closed when the picture was taken. Judging from the relaxation of the facial muscles and especially the eyes, and noting the lay of the jacket collar the experts believe that the photo issued by the FBI was taken from overhead as the subject lay on his back, suggesting the possibility that he was in fact dead when the picture was taken.

LEMPA (Lower Eastside Mobilization for Peace Action) will hold a demonstration this Saturday, May 11th at 11:00 a.m. in front of the home of William Wolpert, a member of the Local Draft Board, No. 3.

LEMPA is asking Mr. Wolpert to resign or to stop drafting young men from the neighborhood. This approach to local draft board members is the first of its kind to be made in New York City. For further information, call 477-9749.

There is a petition being circulated which opposes the new drug bill which now awaits the signature of Governor Rockefeller. The bill was passed in both houses of the state legislature without debate and without a single vote in opposition.

Mr. John Sibley of The New York Times, in reporting passage of the bill, attempted to excuse the Legislature on this count:

"One reason the bill did not stimulate more vociferous opposition may have been that legislators missed its significance. The bill changes only three letters in the state's existing penal law provisions concerning the criminal possession and sale of dangerous drugs. It would change two offenses from Class C to B felonies, and one (sale to minors) from a Class B to a Class A felony." (The New York Times, May 1, 1968).

The current bill presented to the Governor by the State Legislature proposes that—

"Criminal possession of a dangerous drug would be punishable by imprisonment of one to twenty-five years. The present penalty is one to fifteen years.

"Criminally selling to an adult would be punishable by imprisonment of one to twenty-five years. The present penalty for this offense is also one to fifteen years.

"Criminally selling to a person less than twenty-one years old would be punishable by a prison term of fifteen years to life. The present penalty is one to twenty-five years." (New York Times, May 1st, 1968).

The petition now being circulated demands that the Governor veto the bill and immediately institute legislation in this regard appropriate to society at this time. Anyone interested in signing the petition go to Room 616, 341 East 25th St., New York, New York 10010 or the EVO office, 105 Second Avenue, 2nd Floor, New York City.

The height of utter confusion exists when... the GUY,,, the GIRL,,, and the ALARM CLOCK... go off at the same time!!!!

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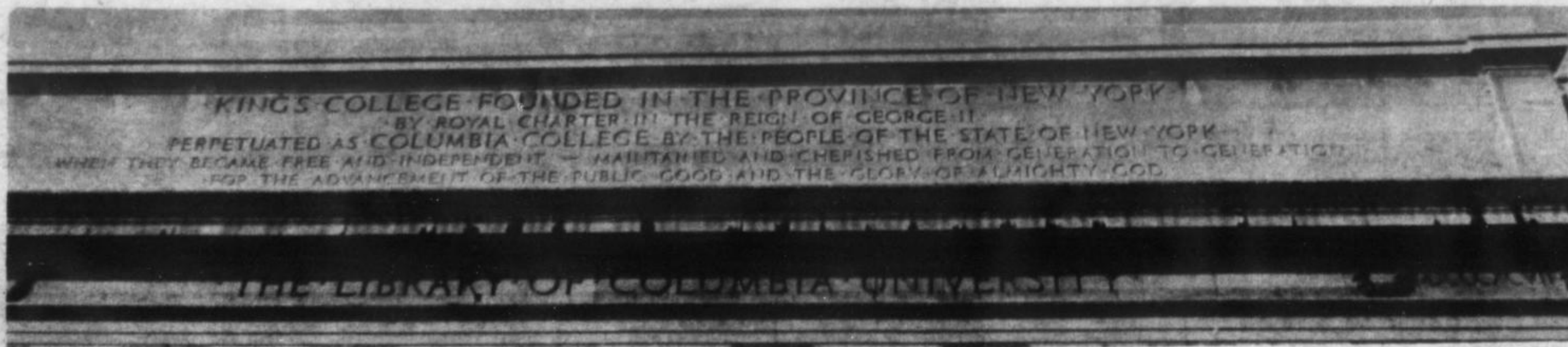
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# destruction artkertekshure



by Isham (Registered Architect)

When Columbia College became a University and moved into the suburbs seventy years ago Morningside Heights was just a rolling hillside covered with goats, gentlemen, farmers and an insane asylum. The goats and farms are gone, but the events of the past two weeks have led many to wonder if some deranged spirit still lurks in the plain Victorian brick hospital near Low Library.

The University put up its buildings, the city put up the subway but the administration soon found that it still had to put up with all the complexities of the urban setting it had tried to flee. With city police on the campus, it is evident the university did not move far enough for its purposes. Commuting from Northern New Jersey is tedious for the faculty, local real estate is expensive and infested with roaches and tenants and the indignant community of Harlem have become increasingly restive and aware that a political spider with power hungry tentacles lurks behind the austere walls of our present day universities.

Matters came to a head two years ago when community resistance to university expansion — at the expense of sound, low-rent housing — forced President Garyson Kirk to reveal his plans for future building. Shortly afterwards, however, Kirk startled community leaders by announcing yet another new wave of construction, including sites never before made public.

When pressed, Kirk legalistically said he had never really agreed to limit himself to the announced list of sites, even though the City Board of Estimate thought he had. New buildings included the now notorious Morningside Park gymnasium. The Wagner administration had already shown willingness to build on park land, and had overtly cooperated with Columbia by permitting construction of tennis courts between Henry Hudson Drive and Grant's Tomb. A less obvious marriage of convenience placed P.S. 36 in Morningside Park at 122nd Street in 1962, after an irate Harlem community prevented its location on Claremont Avenue, near to Columbia faculty members strong enough to brave living in the wild city. While the new location is still an encroachment on parkland, at least the school is integrated, poised between the academic acropolis and the depths of Harlem.

Perhaps ten years ago a powerful university could plan an athletic facility on a city park, donate one eighth to the local community and get away with it. Such unilateral largesse is not possible today. Opposition runs the spectrum from park preservationists (who also fiercely objected to P.S. 36) to community groups who chant, "Give us scholarships, not gymnasiums." Of course, Columbia has some programs for working with its community (such as the existing athletic program in Morningside Park) and has been given \$10 million by the Ford Foundation to set up others. But the university has acted against local interests at least as often as it has acted with them — recently it analyzed setting up a cooperative supermarket which would have torpedoed one of the first locally-developed, locally-sponsored commercial ventures — the now-flourishing Harlem River Consumer's Cooperative.

Against this background, building a gym with a separate basement facility for the community was an act of supreme insensitivity. Of course, the project is legal. Yet, it raises a question more profound than mere legality: in a Democracy should a powerful group, even if supported by a majority, ignore, violate and ultimately outrage the wishes of a weak minority?

Appropriately enough, the design of the gym expresses the mediocrity of the entire scheme. A more flexible arrangement, with undergraduates and community athletes rubbing shoulders in courts, entrances and swimming pools, would suggest an enlightened social philosophy, a glimpse into where university policy — and educational goals in mid-century America — might be ahead. But no, the design "takes advantage" of the steep park slope: undergraduates enter at the top, and never need even see members of the community emerge from their doorways at the bottom, 125 ft. below. The form of the project is consistent with its spirit. In reality the project is not a gym, but rather two gyms, one placed above the other. Separate and unequal.

One is reminded of the words of architect Louis Sullivan, writing in 1901: "Nothing more clearly reflects the status and tendencies of a people than the character of its buildings. They are emanations of the people: they visualize for us the soul of the people. They are as an open book. And by this sign the tendency today is disquieting."

Yet, as the events of the past two weeks show, there is a new form of life stirring on Columbia's campus. This observer slipped past a loosely guarded entrance a week ago Friday (where one passerby pointed at the long-haired demonstrators and hoarsely shouted, "Do you see who's taking over? Senator McCarthy is finally vindicated!" Without referring to Eugene) and onto a surprisingly quiet campus. Crowds of students and a few policemen roamed about, but students chatted freely enough and answered questions frankly. A group of Afro-Americans formed a picket line, students manned tables soliciting signatures and the mood was restive, not tense.

Up at Fayerweather, students leaned over a third story ledge, peering down in foreshortened perspective. One visitor remarked that the sight resembled the Baroque paintings in Viennese churches. A hastily painted sign ironically quoted Columbia's Vice-President David B. Truman's parched phrase, "Legality is the basis of morality and justice." I was with a librarian who wished to check the great collection of architectural books in Avery Hall. My companion had refused to leave his post until assured by the insurgent students that the volumes and drawings would be respected, and he wanted to make sure the bargain was being up held. As we approached the entrance a cheer went up. Students, high above on a ledge, were glad to see him. After all, the architecture faculty had voted unanimously against the gym. Assured the collection was safe, the librarian left, and I was invited into the building.

Yards of chain held the massive iron gates closed, but the half-dozen student guards readily opened it. Avery Hall was dark, electricity off. About 45 students occupied the building, which simply meant lived in it. They were demonstrating sympathy with the strike and opposition to the gym and Columbia's involvement with the Institute for Defense Analyses. They also wanted more voice in the choice of design critics. Students slept in the faculty lounge, others were busy redesigning the gym along more compassionate lines but most, together with one sympathetic faculty member, were out on the ledge sunning themselves. A projecting cornice had been turned into a festive lookout post.

Several radios and walkie-talkies reported police movement on campus, a Strike Coordinating Committee representative stated latest bargaining positions, and a journalism student interviewed the faculty representative for Life. The chairman of one department entered the building without fuss to check his mail, and a representative of the German Springer press asked to come up. Permission was granted after the notion of holding him hostage was jokingly discussed and discarded. The atmosphere was more like a carnival than a revolution.

Leaving the campus in the evening I walked uptown on Amsterdam Avenue, down the steep street toward 125th Street and Harlem. The first two levels of the

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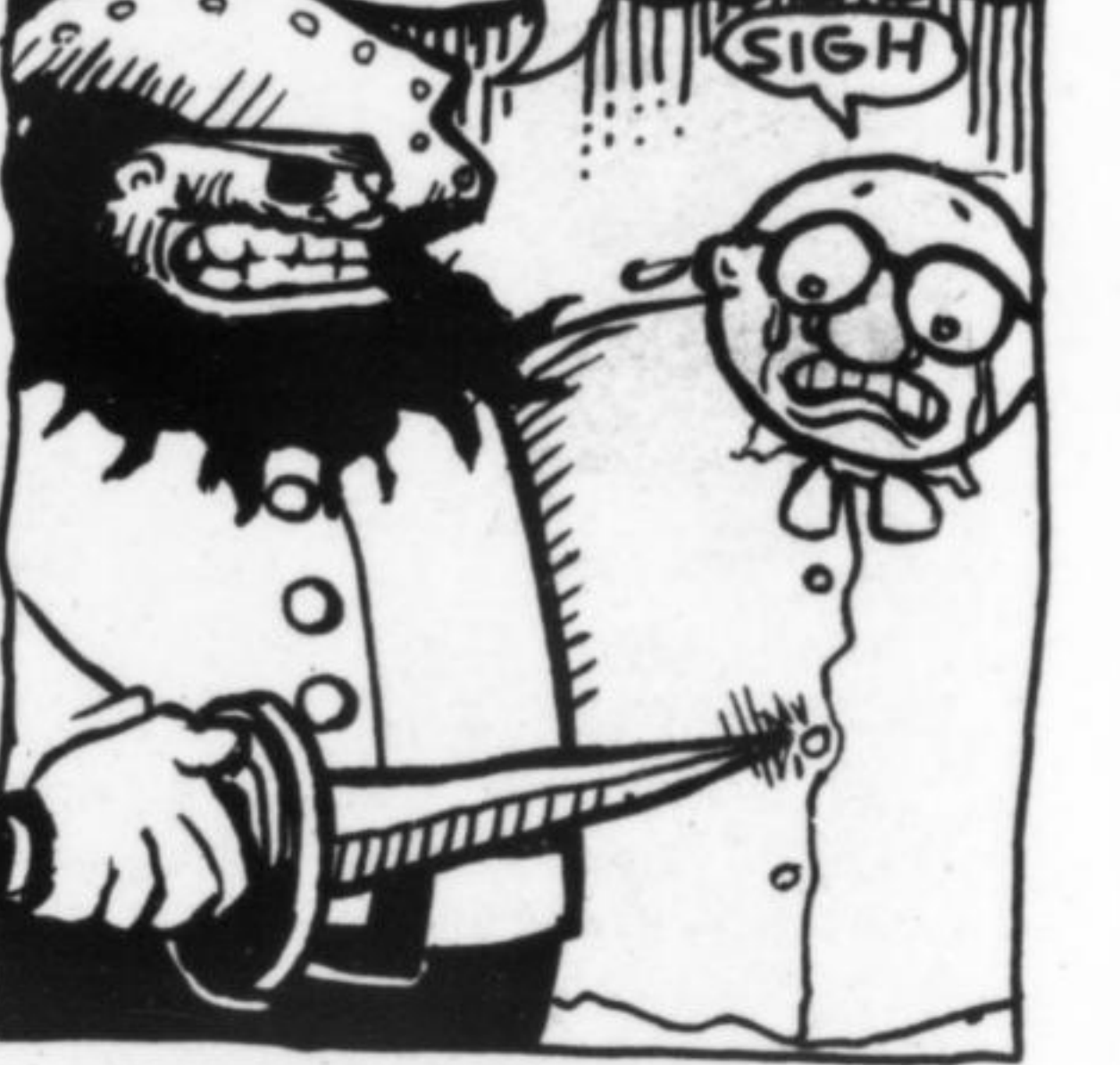


# THE FOLKS BACK HOME

BY *Jim Dauter*

SALIENT SAGA OF THE UNIVERSAL FLIP OUT!

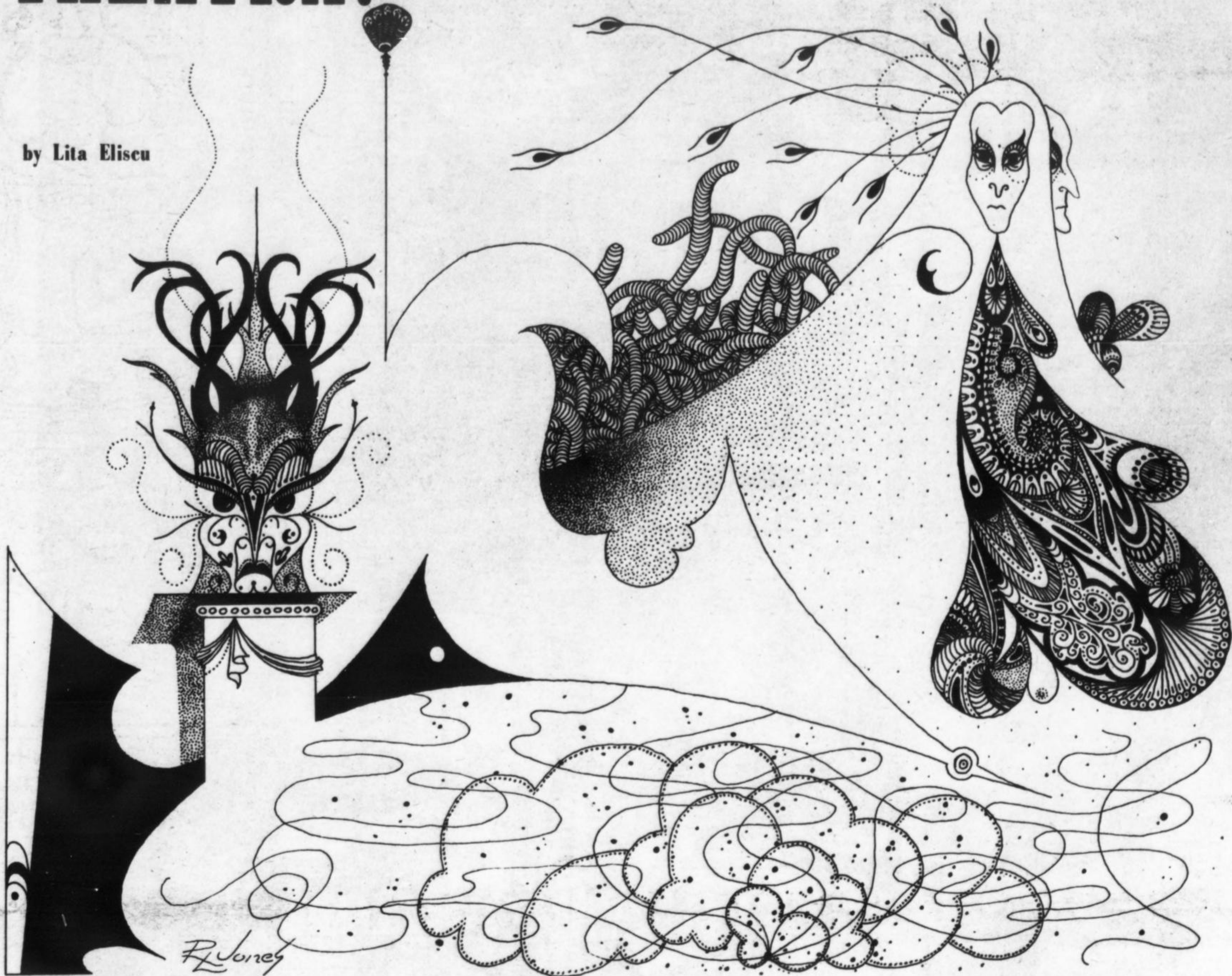
ETHEL FORREST, SUBURBAN MENOPAUSAL HOUSEWIFE WAS TAKING A BATH;



If skirts get any shorter, there'll be more hair to comb... and 2 more cheeks to powder!!!

# THEATRA?

by Lita Eliscu



Hair makes me sick. That's HAIR: The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical, of course. Every word in that title is descriptive. The play is an only-in-America product, because this is the only country where people go to the theatre in order to be reassured that what they have always wanted to think IS true. So, up there on a stage for 2½ hours are an ersatz tribe of loving, rocking, musical, hairy quasi-hip people doing Tom O'Horgan's thing. They sing of those sensations and experiences which comprise the Now Generation, the one that likes the pause that refreshes: they sing of "Hashish" and "Sodomy" and drag in a "Colored Spade" (the play is just that imprecisely redundant) and whisper "I Believe in Love." Show-stopper: "I Got Life." No surprise, really; after hash and some 69ing, dig it — you better have something . . . Anyway, this is all before the Intermission, and by now, the audience is really happy. Rather than tell why they are so happy, here is "Intermission," a number unto itself.

## INTERMISSION

Two Women; dressed only in cummerbunds which barely cover their belly button — still the only erogenous zone considered too obscene to reveal. Their upper halves are cloaked in awning-length eyelashes, barely sweeping their lower lip, and there are chains hanging from various knobs.

One: "Oy have kids . . . and they're just loike THAT, yes they are! Now they smoke that stuff too, they smoke that dirty filthy stuff right in the house. Oy towld them: if you're going to smoke that filthy stuff, you smoke it here. Oy worried until my kids came home one night and smoked it . . . Yeah . . . Now I dont worry. You think your kids haven't, or won't. Ha! You'll see. But it's good to let them smoke it home. So you can watch them, and see what goes on. So tell them: Smoke At Home. You'll be glad, darling, you will be . . ."

I could go on, of course, with post-Intermission, but why bother: both the play and the audience are clearly over there . . . and I'm somewhere else. When the play sticks to really hip, daring comments like: "Berger is the grooviest ball on Avenue

B!" that's OK. And if Claude-cum-Christ (the hero, yes, the Hero) wants to sing "I Got Life, I got my teeth, I got my hair, I got love!", yeah, OK, too. BUT when the biggest show-stopper of the evening is a song, "White Boys" sung by a Supremes-ish group of black chicks: "White boys are delicious, white boys are nutritious, White boys fill my tummy, white boys are so yummy . . ." well, then. When a black chick plays Abe Lincoln and one of those colored spades walks by and says "What you doin' with dem white folks?" and her answer is, "Who you think you are? LeRoi?" well, then all I could do was be joyful that he was not there, to grab the "emanci-fuckapator" up there on the stage.

And when a very pregnant girl comes out and says sadly that she loves Claude cause he's so goo-ood! and its her luck to get knocked up by a speed freak — and the audience roars . . . well then. I said I would stop. If the play sounds like it fills a missing hole in your experience, go. It won't help you understand YOUR parents any better; but if you have never seen a nude boy before — from the front! — and you don't mind bringing a flashlight, (suddenly the stage gets very very dark) then go. That scene is typical of the whole play: it has been advertised as the Boldest Daring-est Nude-est Scene on Stage Anywhere (outside of certain private theatres) and if you could see the stage at that point, it probably is exactly that.

\* \* \*

If theatre is going to be considered the reality of a reflection, meaning that the stage itself provides the reality of the experience, then OK, "Hair" is mildly funny, like remembering when you thought people did it by using wires; both experiences are invalid, but you can still hallucinate on them, right? Unfortunately, the sell-out audiences insist, it seems (including the critics who have also sold out) on watching the play as though it is a reflection of The Reality of Their Kids, and tells them the answers . . .

\* \* \*

I can't seem to stay away from "Hair," and I dont really want to; I want to warn EVERYONE first before I shut up about it. "Tom Paine also directed by Tom O'Horgan, is playing at Stage 73, however, 321 East 73rd, for anybody up to the trip. The same kind of fantastic staging is used in this play, and here there is no annoying, obvious hypocrisy underneath. There is just really good theatre. It is really worth the stage effects if you go high. Even on "dirty" pot.

\* \* \*

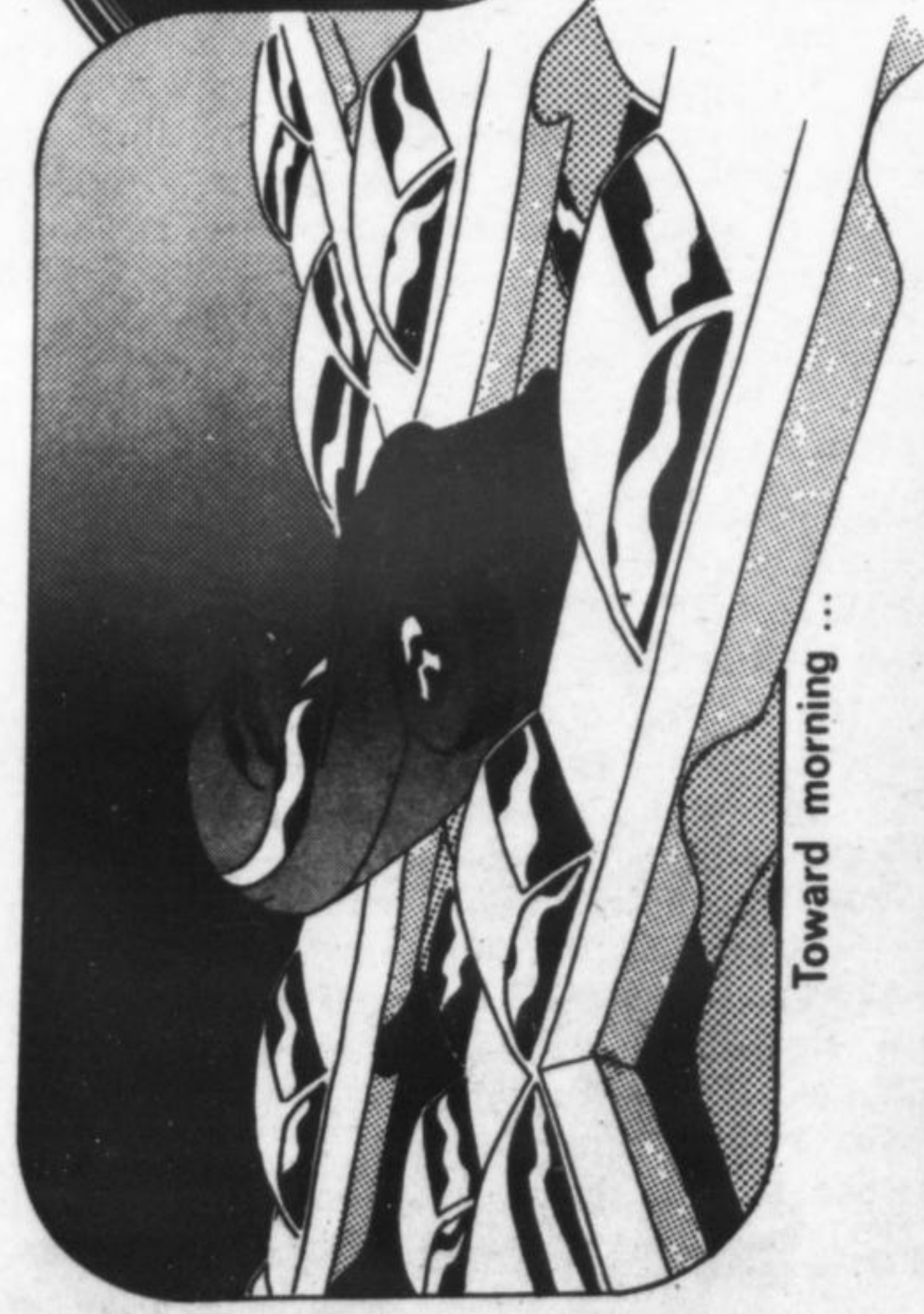
Perhaps the most condemning comment to make about "Hair" is to remember that at 2:30 A.M. I got a call asking me to go up to Columbia when the cops were out. The same night of . . . the play. And to remember that the kid who called me was supposedly a member of the same kind of fun-loving tribal rockettes as those young Americans onstage. My greatest objection to the play is that it totally nullifies the meaning of being alive, it hasn't the decency which allows people to make non-too-cool statements and not be embarrassed by the emotion, to just CARE about anything really.

\* \* \*

Friday night, The Mannhardt Foundation did have that forum to discuss the future of democracy. Interpretations and prophecies were compiled by Norman Mailer, Herbert Marcuse and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

It is Mr. Schlesinger's great misfortune to look like an egg with a constantly pointing finger. This quality plus his position that the U.S.A. is still the same good old product made him . . . hated. Professor Marcuse had his idolators and ex-students who defended his right to speak because they KNEW He Knows. Norman Mailer was beautiful. Nat Hentoff moderated, which generally meant he sat there looking either bemused or amused. The interesting part of the evening, believe it or not, was NOT the debate — which is foregone and con-

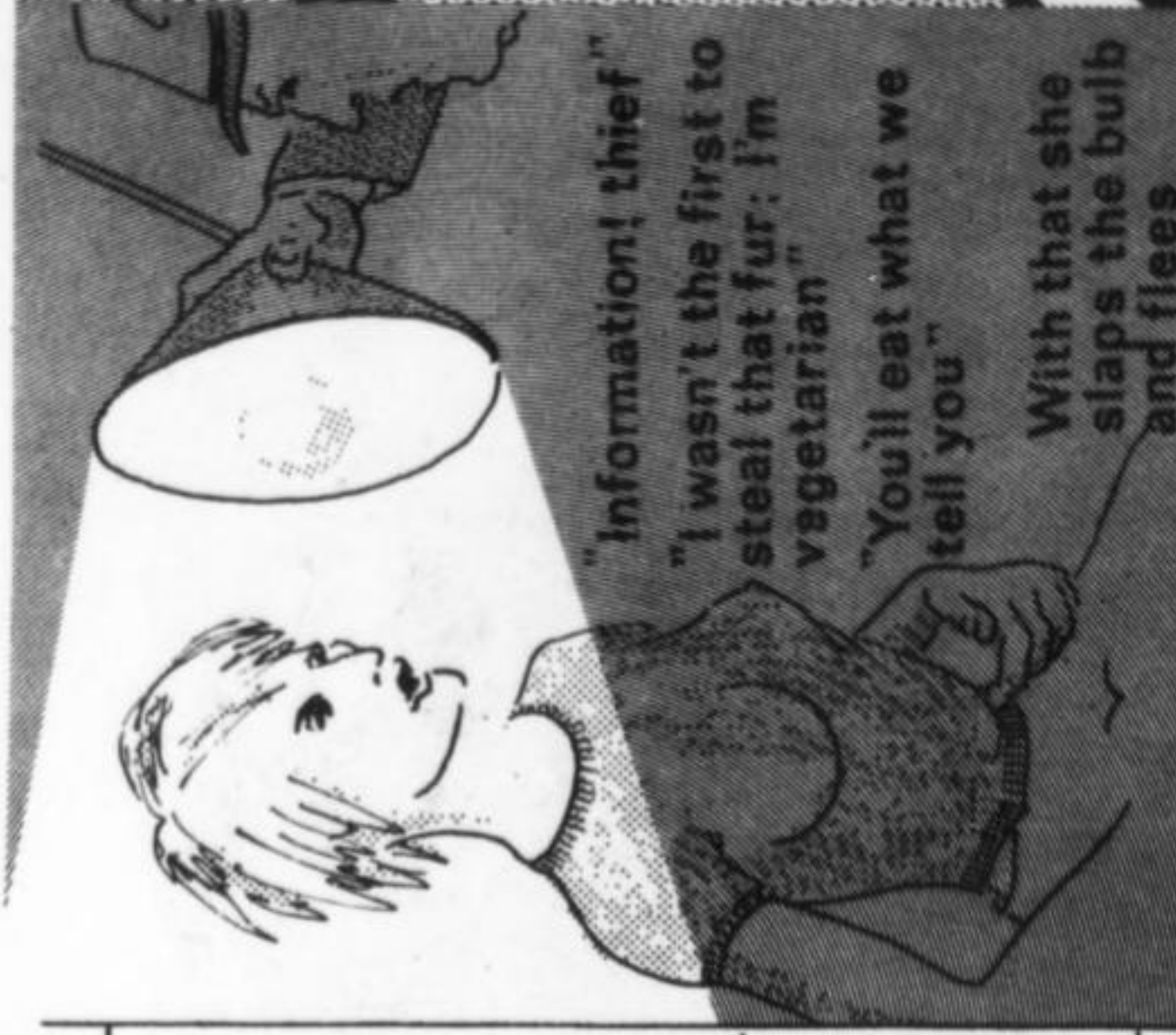
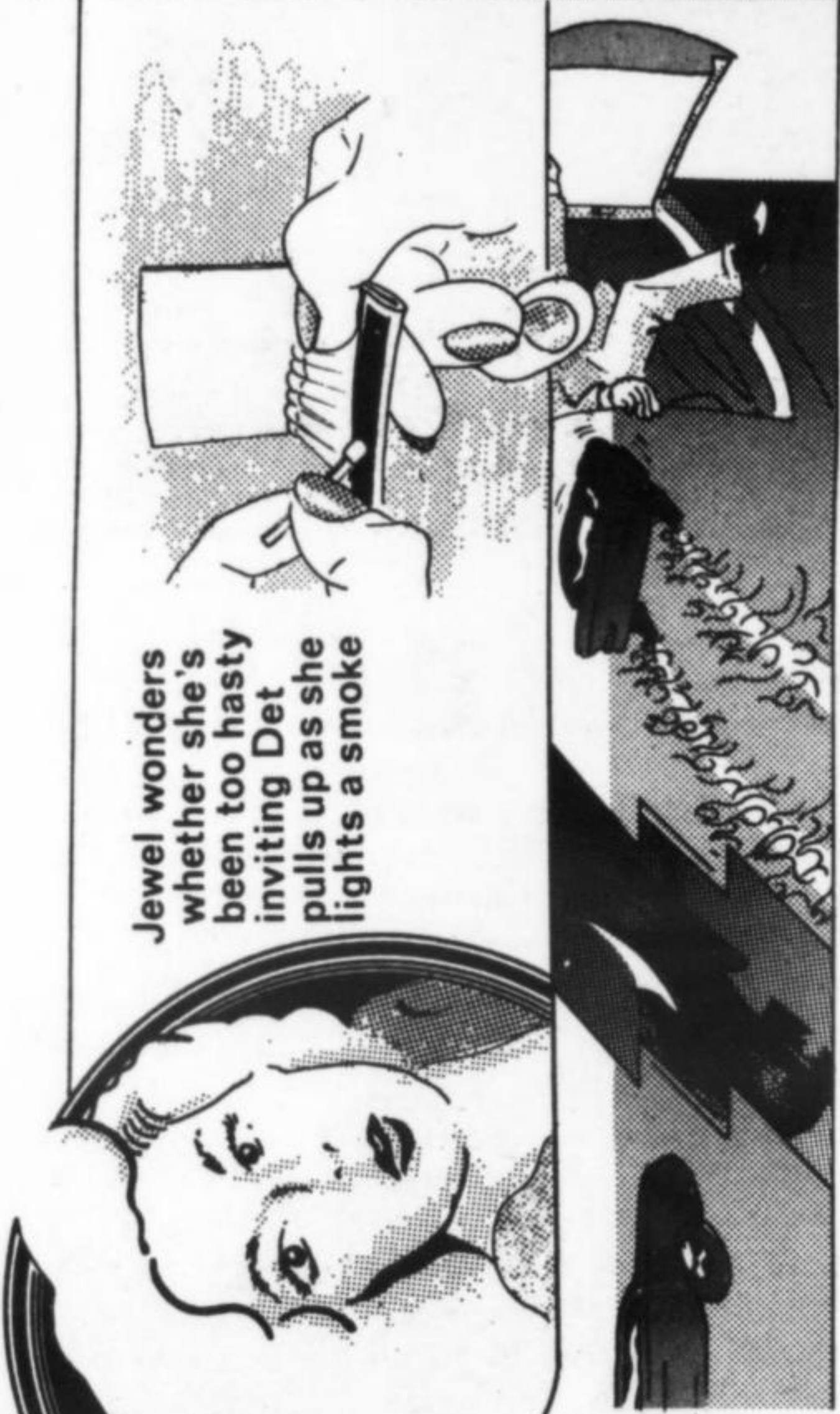
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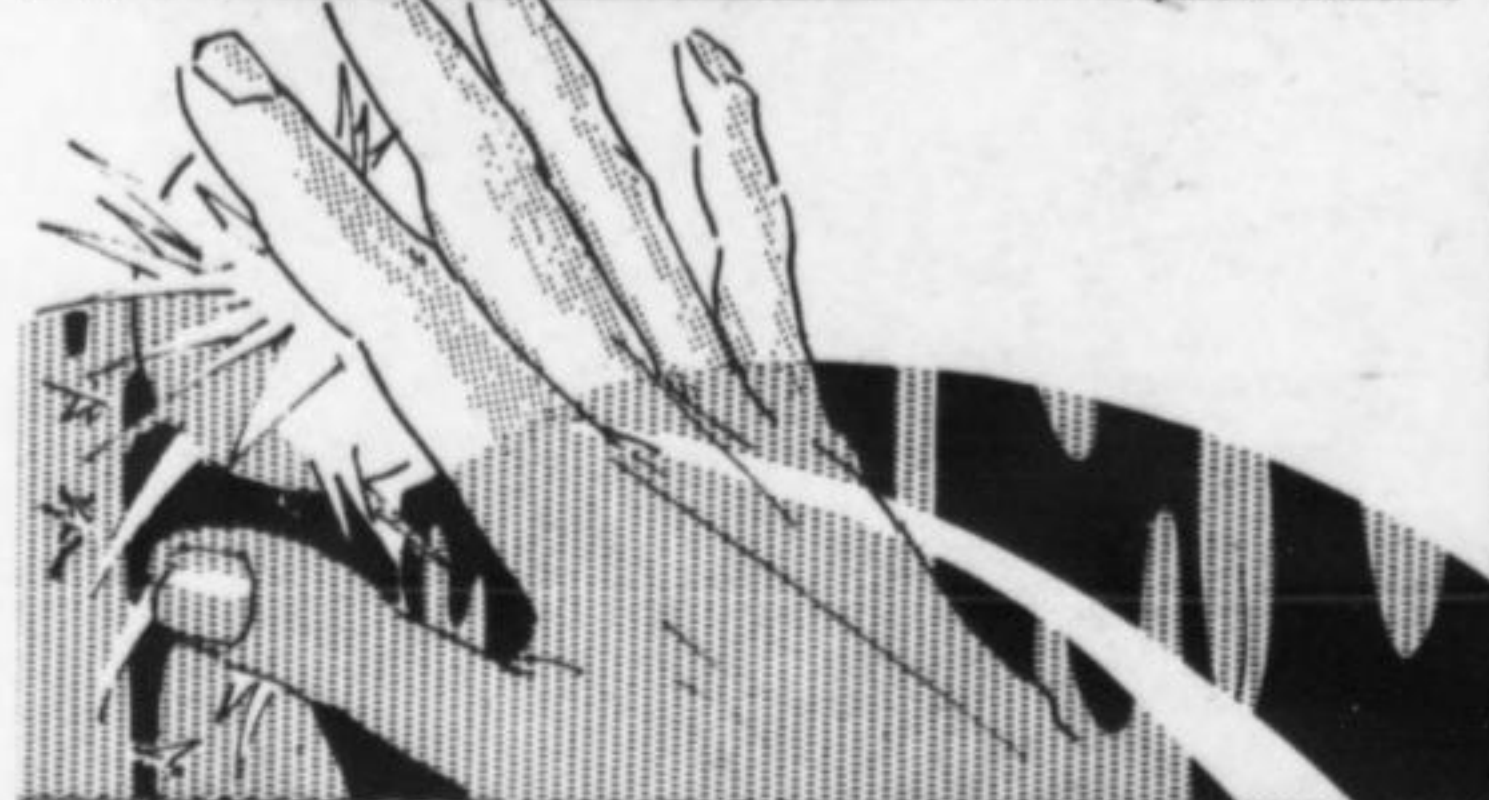
Toward morning ...



Jewel wonders whether she's been too hasty inviting Det pulls up as she lights a smoke



"Information! thief" "I wasn't the first to steal that fur: I'm vegetarian" "You'll eat what we tell you" With that she slaps the bulb and flees



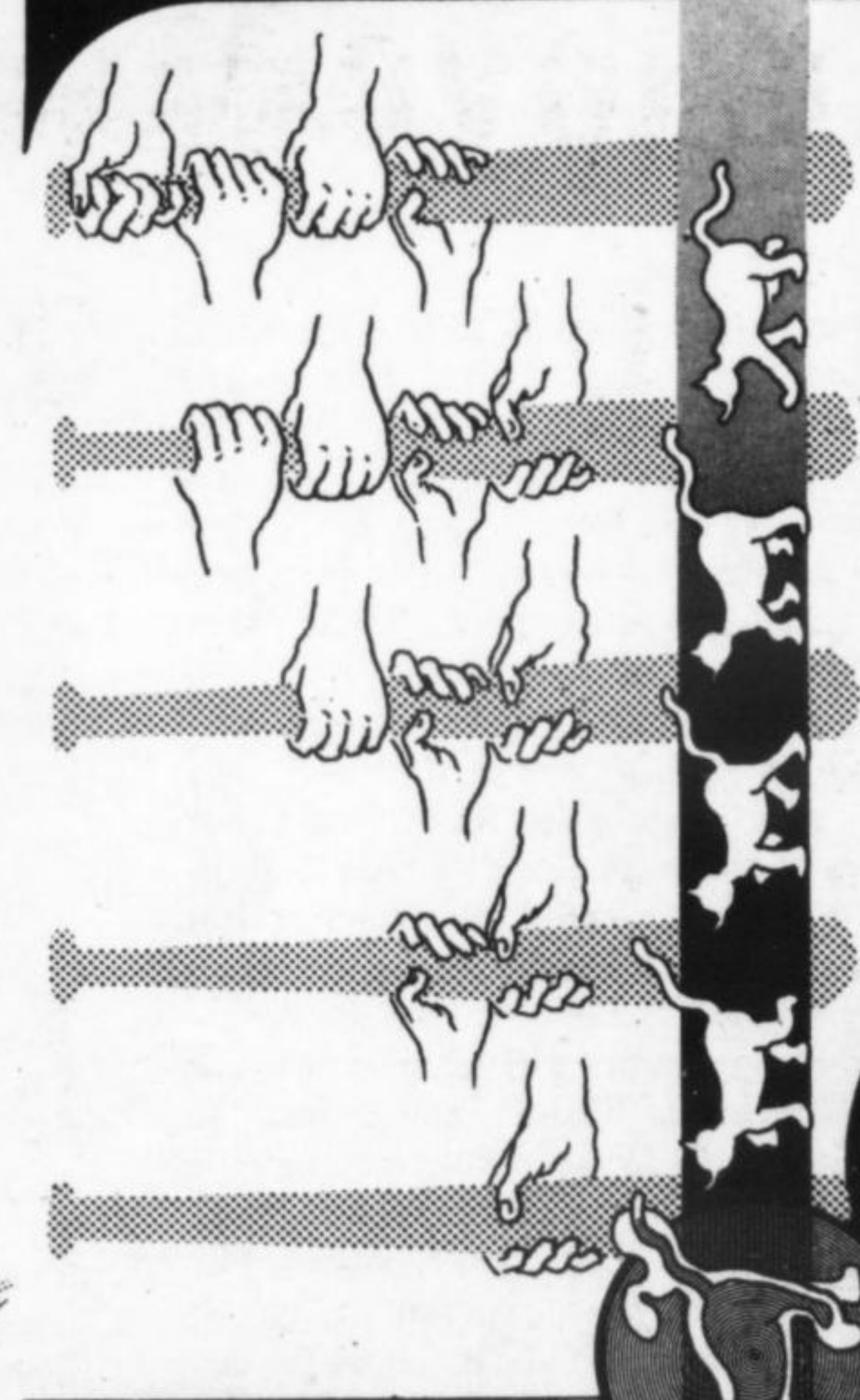
"Thanks Det

"Charming trailer"

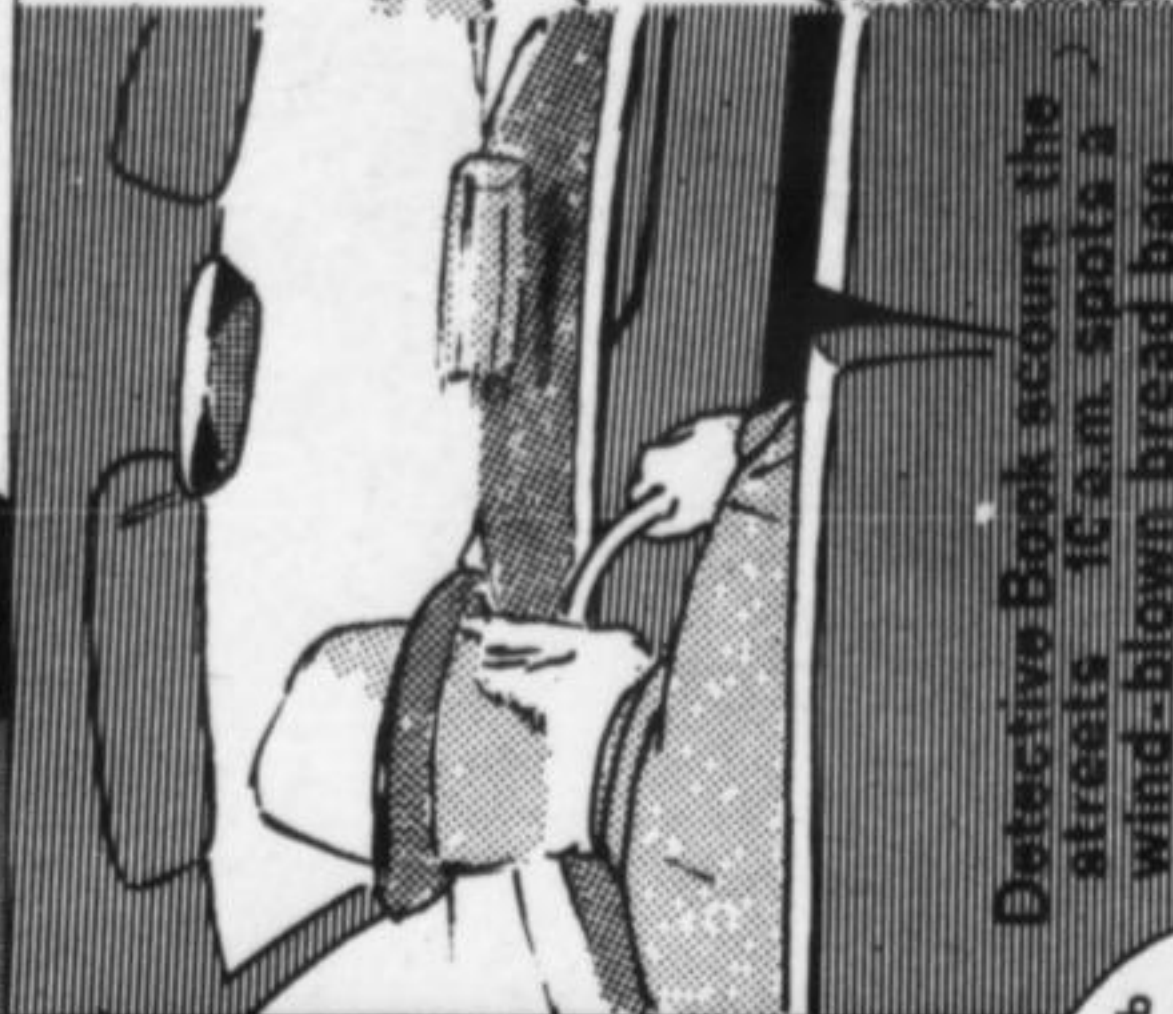
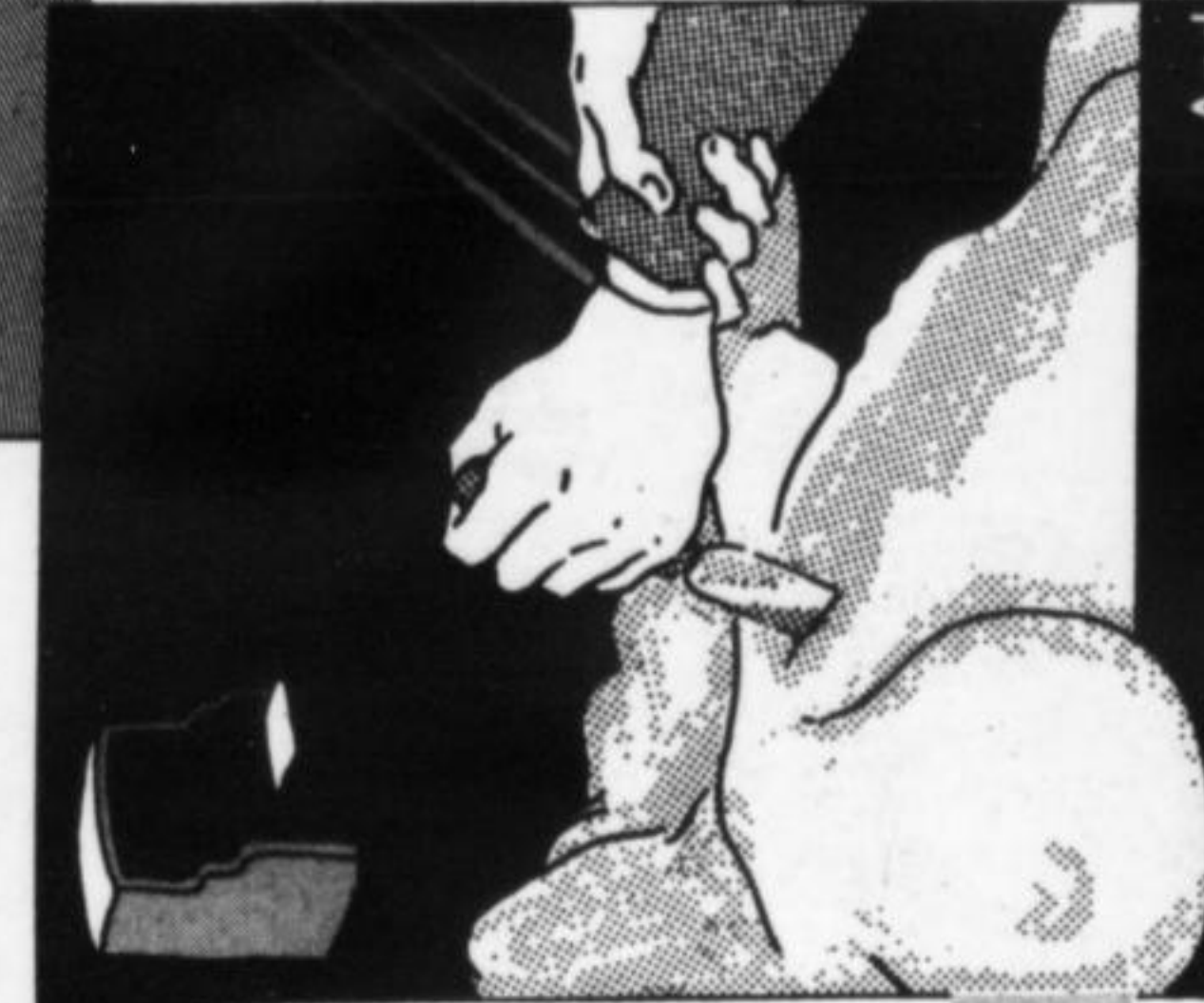


No! Aren't you going too fast?"

head beating



And



Detective Book scans the streets 10 a.m. spots a wind-blown bread bag

while copiers comb hillsides for the runaway fur thief...

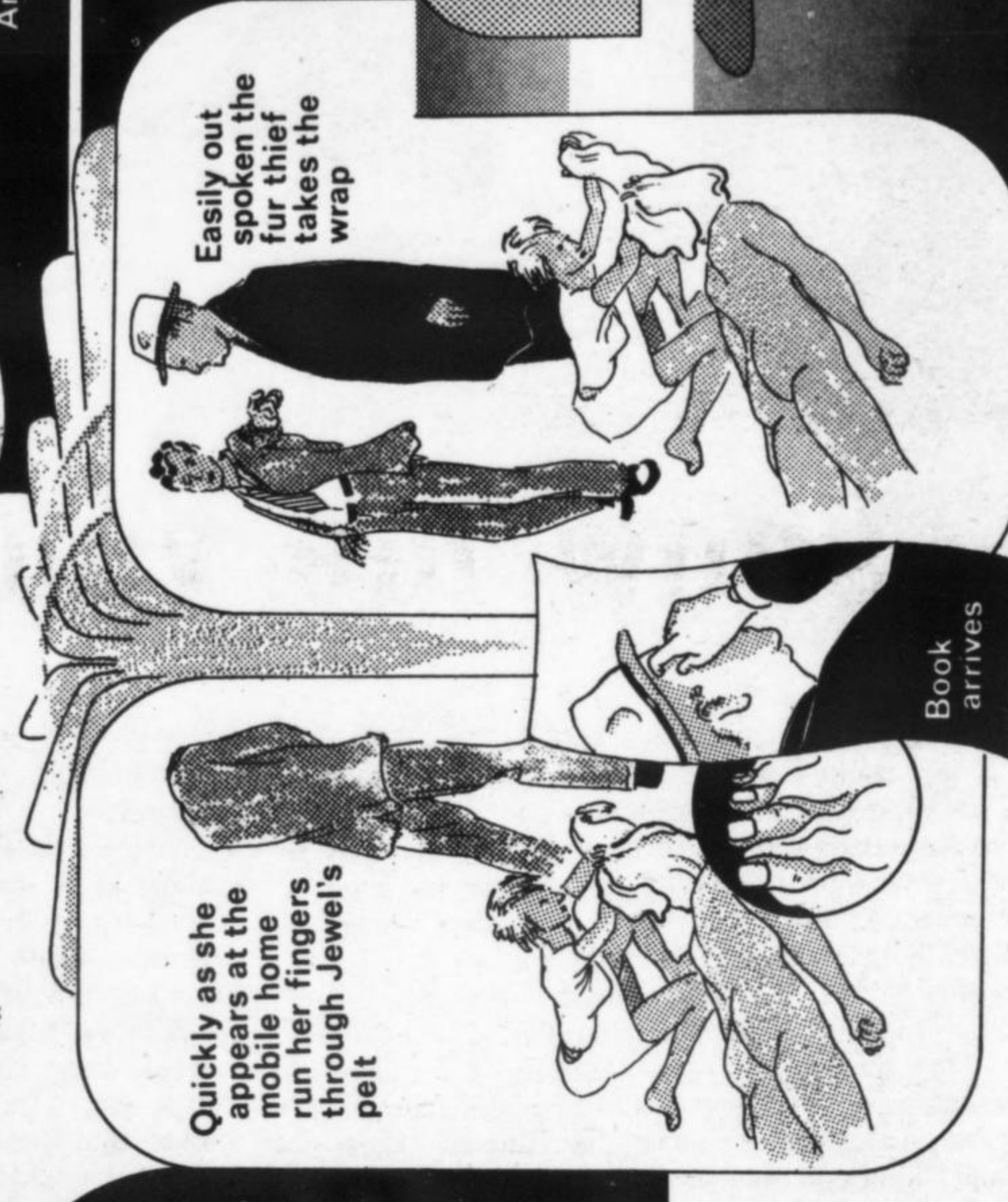


MEMO 11:00 AM found in tree in middle of street



Noon

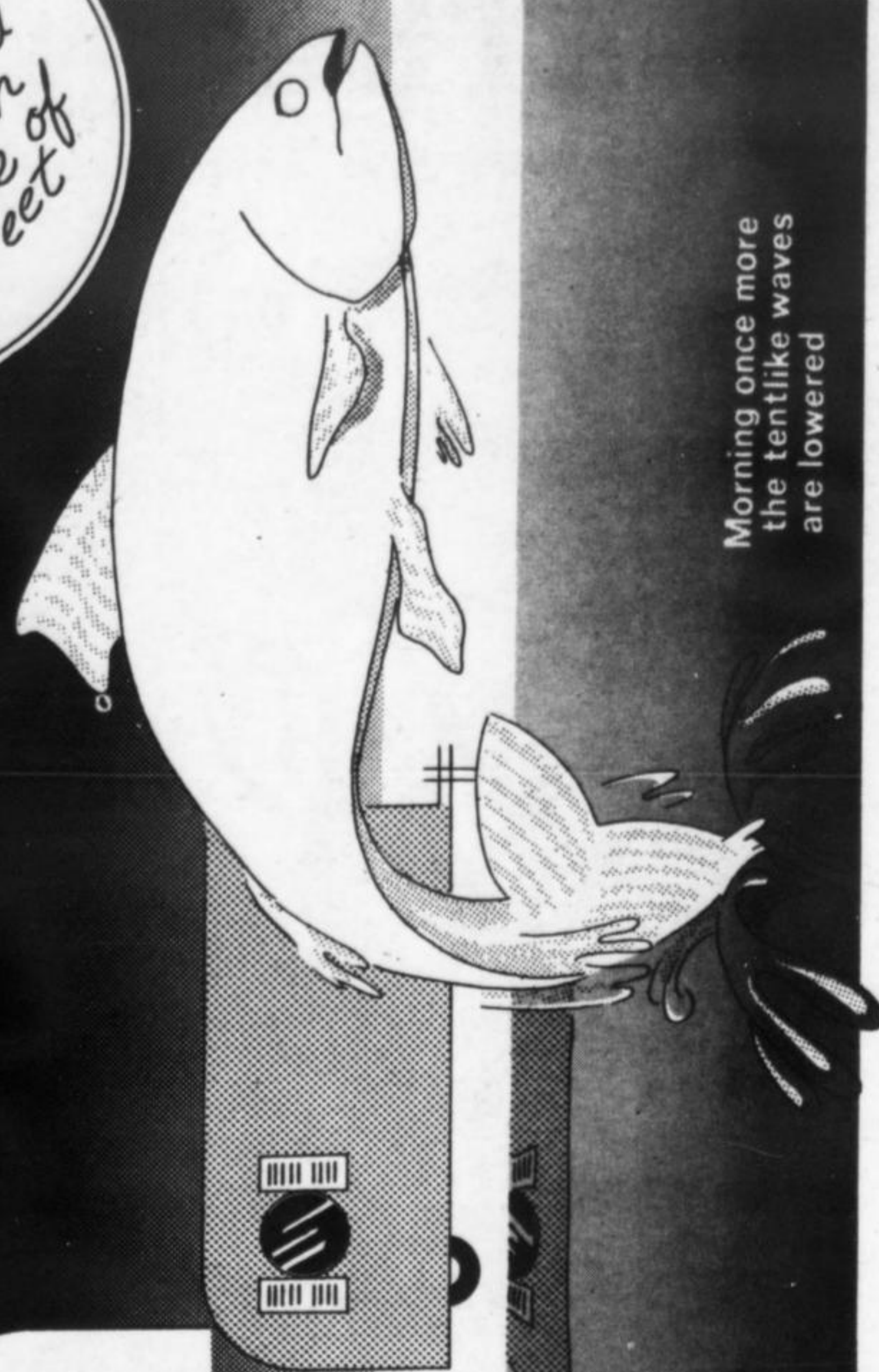
Book and the thief remember a quiet lakefront trailer Likely hide-out Ideal hide-out



Quickly as she appears at the mobile home run her fingers through Jewel's pelt

Easily out spoken the fur thief takes the wrap

Book arrives



Morning once more the tentlike waves are lowered



by Bob Rudnick and Dennis Frawley



## "...show me your love and i'll show you mine..."

The "Crazy World of Arthur Brown" made its United States debut this past weekend at the Fillmore East as penance for our sending the Monkees to Britain. They seemed better suited to some fourth rated Bowery burlesque house with their smutty lines and banal political jokes. Arthur has himself carried to the stage on a platform borne by his four scantily clad nubian slaves (they almost dropped him twice Friday night). Once entrenched on stage he flaps his day-glo cape while flames shoot out of his headdress. His evil incarnate riff (cross between Bella Lugosi and John Carridine) is destined for Saturday morning or midweek matinee kiddie shows; the fate of a second rate Shakesperian actor with the ego of a Dracula.

Except for some funky be-boppin by the organist, one almost wishes the gimmicks (he also shoots smoke bombs) would have been strong enough to minimize the music which was dull and overbearing. Arthur, removing his silver mask, reveals a gauntly made up face while singing pretentious lyrics in his harsh voice. He can't match the amphetamine panhandlers on second avenue for entertainment value or bizness. It may be a good idea to integrate music and theatricals, but not when both are second rate as in this case.

Miami is now beginning to have a pop-rock psychedelic scene. The image, a giant new rock palace (formerly a bowling alley) on upper Collins Ave. (motel row) is booking all the biggest acts (Mothers, Spoonful, Cream, etc.) and doing phenomenal business. The youth are beginning to become aware of the contemporary social trend although the city as a whole is years behind. An indication of the change can be indicated by the head shops now located in conservative Coral Gables.

From Billboard . . . Ranwood records, a new label, will release 21 of Lawrence

Welks best sellers. The general manager of the new company is Larry Welk, the maestro's son.

Bobby Wettlauffer of the Chicago Seed reports:

**LITTLE WALTER—DEAD AT 38**  
Little Walter is dead . . . for those of you who don't know, Walter originated the harmonica style that has been popularized by Jr. Wells and Paul Butterfield. He introduced an entirely original, unique way of playing the harmonica that has become the dominant "school" for virtually all harp players in blues and rock. With predictable awareness the major Chicago newspapers failed to give Little Walter the obituary a giant in music and one of the founders of the Chicago Blues sound deserved. Walter made his name in that perennial mother lode of talent—the Muddy Waters band: they got together in a street band on Maxwell Street. No cause of death was given in the newspapers but the word is that Walter was badly beaten by someone he new just five hours before he died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

. . . Richie Haven's Record (SD 779) released by Douglas International is a composite of his early bluesier work as opposed to his two recent Verve-Forecast albums. He is influenced more by Ray Charles and Fred Neil than the Beatles and Bob Dylan on this early recording. Havens' raspy voice is much more suited, as this album shows, to the earthy blues rather than his more recent fusion of his style with white and Indian music.

Millions of women in over 106 countries have used more than 20 billion tampons.

Tom Rush

"The Circle Game" (Electra).

A paunchy-faced, smoothly dressed Tom Rush beams from his latest Electra album (The Circle Game) looking like a stand-in for Ed Ames, Sergio Franchi, or Robert Goulet. It's an easy going, restrained record highlighted by the Harvard English school graduate's sharp brisk phrasing and style. As a composite of some of the best work of today's young songwriters (three tunes by Joni Mitchell), the album ranges from folk ballads to country rock. An orchestra and numerous studio musicians (most notably Bruce Langhorn) give Rush good backing on this pleasant listening album.

Formerly a straight folksinger, Tom was first amplified on one side of his last Electra album (Take A Little Walk With Me) with the fine assistance of Al Kooper's arranging and studio guitar work. It is one of the best redressings of the rock and roll of Buddy Holly, Elvis, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Drifters, etc. Circle Game is a successful shift to a more romantic pop style while retaining his country and blues flavoring. Hopefully, however, Electra has plans for more of Rush's repertoire in the cowboy, Guthrie, bottleneck blues and early rock and roll stylings at which he is so adept.

Leroi Jones has a new book published entitled "Black Music" consisting of essays dating back to 1959, many of which have appeared in Downbeat. His "Blues People" is of course a classic and essential work in tracing the social and musical evolution of jazz, blues, and our culture's contemporary folk music—rock and roll.

Detroit wouldn't appear to be the logical site as the vanguard of a fusion

of rock and avant-garde jazz. Gut motor-city groups such as the MC-5 have combined basic rock and roll with electronic time/space explorations. The MC-5 do a rock version of Upper and Lower Egypt from Pharoah Sanders "Tahid" album with words by the band's manager—poet John Sinclair as well as reworkings of traditional rock and roll masterpieces such as Tutti-Frutti and Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put A Spell On You." They are now working on some Shepp tunes (Hambone, Mama Too Tight) in rock and roll arrangements. The band is a total living experience for its members and their brothers and sisters in the Detroit Trans-love tribe; a communal organization. They are a fine powerful performing band and have become a legend in Detroit where there is now a major rock scene centering around the Grande Ballroom. The UP, another Detroit band, does Trane's "A Love Supreme" as part of its standard repertoire. Name recording bands are frequently blown away by these local groups.

Fred Neil

"Sessions" (Capital ST 2862)

Any time Fred Neil records an album or makes an appearance it is an event for he brings with him one of the most remarkable vocal instruments, a rich, warm, bass-baritone and a unique manner of expressing himself in the blues idiom. His third solo album, when released in January, received virtually no publicity in New York, although on the West Coast it was heralded by full page ads in the local underground press. Neil is one of the most important white singers-composers today. His influence has been important in the development of almost every blues and folk-rock singer who has heard him from John Sebastian and David Crosby

(Continued on Page 16)



by Lennox Raphael

They called him Sunshine, the good & brave Sergeant Sunshine as he stood in a loving pile of jingling tambourines, flower girls and Easter posies, a smile broke out, and you noticed bright red socks, a bright red ribbon around his hand, and, the final blow, a female iris freaking near his shiny badge.

He had been a Saut. He fought valiantly in the war of private ecstasy versus public envy. Nero loved him & he found easy promotion. But one day while wending his official way with justice he was struck down in the sun of illogical reversibility & the scales of ignorance dropped from his eyes & his first high was an opening unto the second and the second was more beautiful.

He was a nice cop. What kind of cop ends up being a nice cop? Must he have horns, or grumble as he smiles, or must he hallucinate peacefully & have pretty fantasies like everybody else?

"I arrested a hippie one night," Police Sergeant Richard R. Bergess said, "and I didn't turn in all the evidence. I tried a little grass, and it was a lot more fun than booze."

So he who "wanted to serve mankind" but "loved the authority the uniform gave to me" & had been casting stones since he joined the department in 1955 was finally stoned, and somewhere along it rearranged his mind & gathered his fantasies in one manageable bundle & set him free, with certain reservations.

"I found out I was on the wrong side," he said. "I wanted to know what the enemy was. I found out I was the enemy."

It all started when he took a little & turned himself on with grass & tasted acid "like Easter and Christmas and New Year's Eve, all rolled up into one little pill . . . all the good feelings, all the good times & everybody's love — multiplied."

Acid helped change him too, the electronic wasteland, his fingers steadied, his voice grew increasingly suspicious of its echoes.

He loved booze once. Booze was God in Boise, Idaho. The preacher was a gentleman of a drunk. And booze followed Sunshine, dragged his high from the Air Force to the Police & made him nervous, highstrung & short-tempered.

Then tragedy struck his life on Christmas Eve, 1964, when his beloved wife committed suicide. And now he has two children living with his second wife in Walnut Creek, San Francisco.

Sergeant's Exam came up & he smoked & he passed, and there was great rejoicing in his head.

"I passed the sergeant's exam after I had been smoking grass. I also placed number three on the fire department exam. You can see how it rotted my brain."

A lot of people can see how it rotted his brain because, in spite of passing his exam while under duress of cool, he decided to stand by a friend who had been picked up for smoking. And a test case was born.

So he got up early that easter morn, rubbed his tinking flesh with lifebuoy & sponged to do battle with the hypocrites. And he put on his bright red underwear, & the red was symbolic of the blood & he would wear it (with time off for washing, of course) as long as people kill each other in no purpose, meaning forever.

He wasn't wearing his gun. "A policeman has no business being a preacher with a gun."

"Sock it to 'em!" a girl cried & struggled to keep her mind below the elbow, while a gentleman of the "established" media looked with restrained scorn upon the 300 beautiful freaks of disparate consciousness & said, "Pot gets you high in trouble and leaves you low on bread."

Sunshine smiled. He found himself belching at the rear & was pressuring it to a halt when he praised San Franciscans for eating Holy Communion the day before and told them he took a "different kind" of Communion, pot, & since he didn't want to be "sneaky" he was going to light up & smoke on the steps of justice. He was becoming a Public Christian. Fuck Nero.

"I am trying to prove I have the right to do what I want with my own body. I feel the present laws against marijuana and LSD have reached the same absurdity as those against alcohol during Prohibition."

"They arrested my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friend gets busted."

Sunshine straightened his Adam's apple. He lit up. The first puff was scattered & he felt like spitting, but the second & third carved poppies in the noon glare as brother officers moved in to arrest the cop who smoked aloud.

Lieutenant Norbert Currie, who favors booze over bush, hustled Sergeant Bergess inside the jaws of the law where he was hooked on suspicion of possession of pot. And by order of Chief Thomas Cahill, who reveres a chilled glass of scotch & milk, he was relieved of his badge & suspended from the force, & his uniform snatched, was left to hop out of city prison on his own recognizance in red underwear & prison blanket. And the sweet chill of fame & freedom wiggled up & down his cool as he spoke to the fantasy merchants.

"I wasn't there for grass," he said, confidence buoyed by defiance. "I was there for a bigger thing. We're trying to start a disarmament program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

"I'd like to stop some of this killing. There's no sense in killing something unless you can eat it." And he's not against "authority" & yes, he likes being a policeman. "I'd still like to be one. But the police code of ethics says it's the fundamental duty of a policeman to serve mankind. You don't serve people with guns. I've never seen one on a waiter yet."

"I don't need a gun to deal with people because I'm not afraid of them."

And his words of wisdom to fellow officers, heads & threads, "If more smoked grass and put red ribbons around their hats, and had the guts not to carry a gun, then people would start accepting policemen as protectors, not as oppressors. . . I'm not a coward anymore."

He was doing his thing, smoke missionary, and had more words of wisdom for his friend. "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next stash they confiscated and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like pouring your best bourbon down the sink."

And Sunshine returned to Damascus.

# Beams Humming

*Beams Humming*

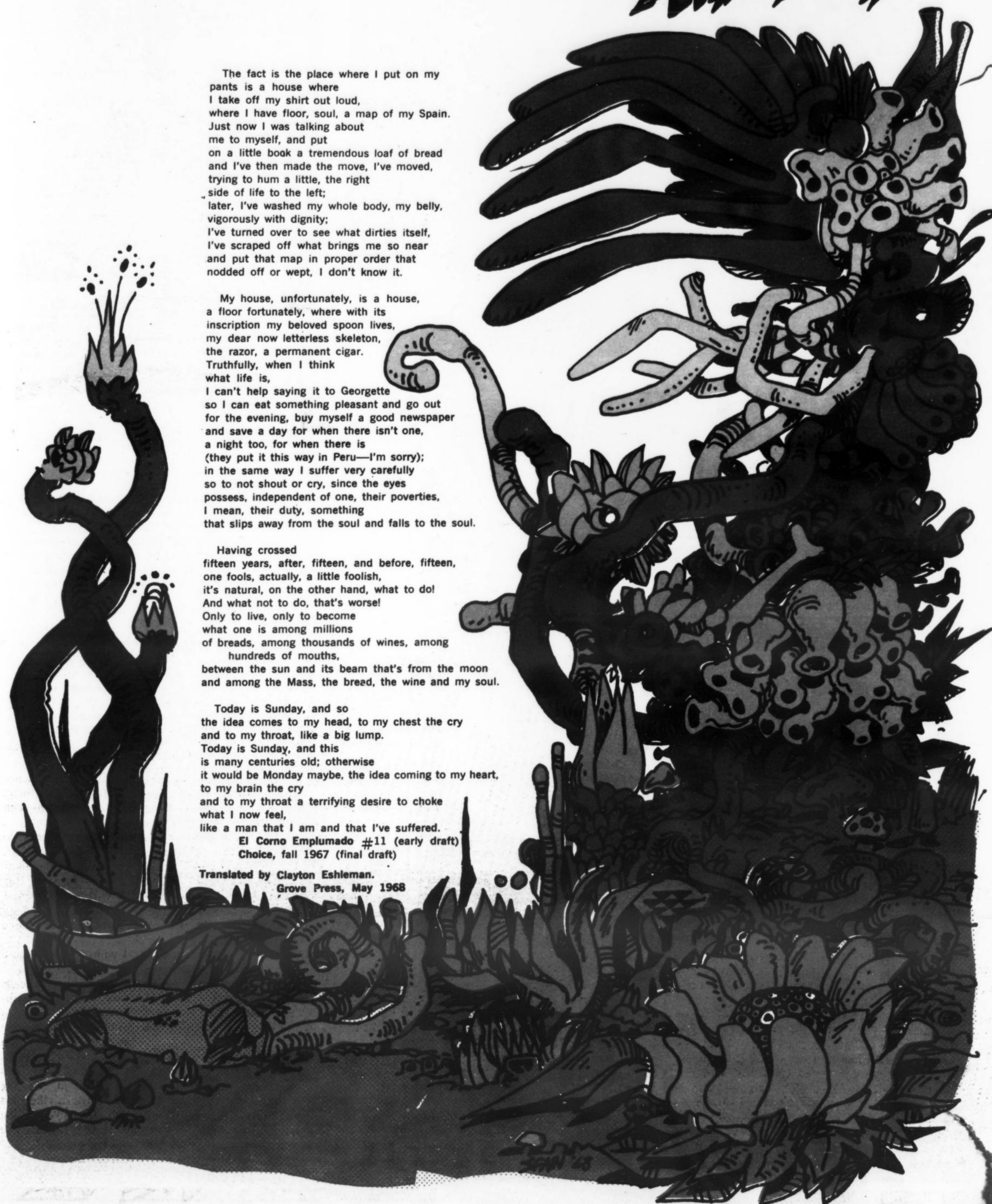
The fact is the place where I put on my pants  
 is a house where  
 I take off my shirt out loud,  
 where I have floor, soul, a map of my Spain.  
 Just now I was talking about  
 me to myself, and put  
 on a little book a tremendous loaf of bread  
 and I've then made the move, I've moved,  
 trying to hum a little, the right  
 side of life to the left;  
 later, I've washed my whole body, my belly,  
 vigorously with dignity;  
 I've turned over to see what dirties itself,  
 I've scraped off what brings me so near  
 and put that map in proper order that  
 nodded off or wept, I don't know it.

My house, unfortunately, is a house,  
 a floor fortunately, where with its  
 inscription my beloved spoon lives,  
 my dear now letterless skeleton,  
 the razor, a permanent cigar.  
 Truthfully, when I think  
 what life is,  
 I can't help saying it to Georgette  
 so I can eat something pleasant and go out  
 for the evening, buy myself a good newspaper  
 and save a day for when there isn't one,  
 a night too, for when there is  
 (they put it this way in Peru—I'm sorry);  
 in the same way I suffer very carefully  
 so to not shout or cry, since the eyes  
 possess, independent of one, their poverties,  
 I mean, their duty, something  
 that slips away from the soul and falls to the soul.

Having crossed  
 fifteen years, after, fifteen, and before, fifteen,  
 one fools, actually, a little foolish,  
 it's natural, on the other hand, what to do!  
 And what not to do, that's worse!  
 Only to live, only to become  
 what one is among millions  
 of breads, among thousands of wines, among  
 hundreds of mouths,  
 between the sun and its beam that's from the moon  
 and among the Mass, the bread, the wine and my soul.

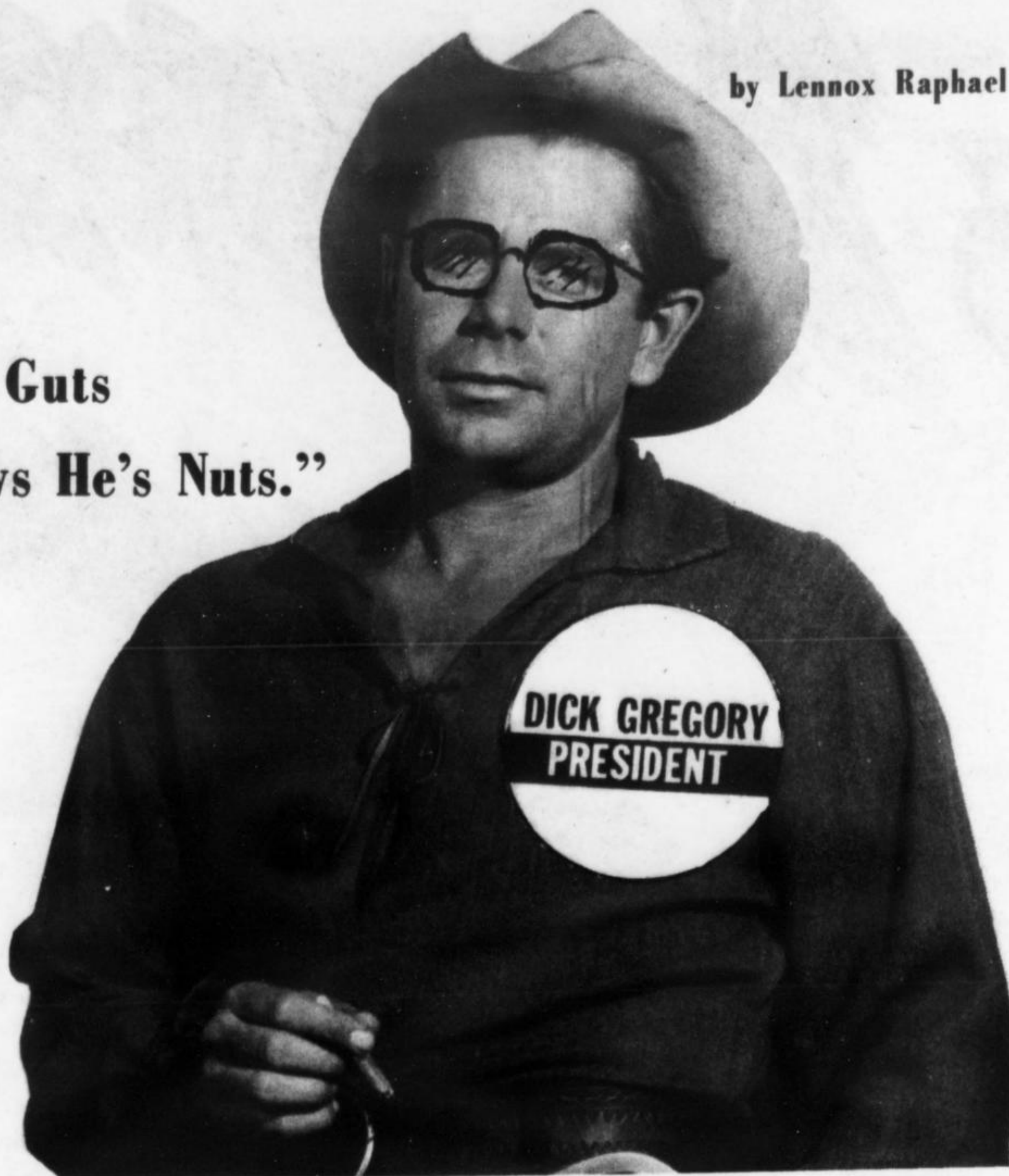
Today is Sunday, and so  
 the idea comes to my head, to my chest the cry  
 and to my throat, like a big lump.  
 Today is Sunday, and this  
 is many centuries old; otherwise  
 it would be Monday maybe, the idea coming to my heart,  
 to my brain the cry  
 and to my throat a terrifying desire to choke  
 what I now feel,  
 like a man that I am and that I've suffered.  
 El Corno Emplumado #11 (early draft)  
 Choice, fall 1967 (final draft)

Translated by Clayton Eshleman.  
 Grove Press, May 1968



by Lennox Raphael

"In His Guts  
He Knows He's Nuts."



On July 24, one week after Barry Goldwater received the Republican nomination, FACT sent a questionnaire to all of the nation's 12,356 psychiatrists asking, "Do you believe Barry Goldwater is psychologically fit to serve as President of the United States?" (The names were supplied by the American Medical Association).

In all, 2417 psychiatrists responded. Of these, 571 said they did not know enough about Goldwater to answer the question; 657 said they thought Goldwater was psychologically fit; and 1189 said that he was not. (It might be pointed out that the majority of those who thought Goldwater was psychologically fit nevertheless said they were not voting for him). FACT magazine, 1964.

Imagine, he said to himself, I could have been President now on Pennsylvania Avenue not here in this crummy Foley Square courtroom with Peggy & I coraled into a stingy sanity trial worth \$2,000,000 if I won.

Yes, he was going to get the publishers for imputing wrong vibrations to his military record, medical history & his manhood.

He was not President, not even a Senator, but all day people were asking him questions & he was answering & Judge Tyler being so patient & understanding. He was extremely upset when he saw the magazine & answers, he was telling Tyler & his friend attorney Roger Robb, he would be walking down the street before or after his last Presidential defeat & people would be staring at him & saying things, and he wouldn't know whether they were saying there goes that queer, that homo. Or the man who fears his wife, said Robb.

"Yes," the Senator said.

"I never went to a psychiatrist in my life," he said the second day of his libel action against Ralph Ginzburg & Warren Boronson.

Peggy spoke first. He always loved Peggy. She was not "weepy, timid, and frail." She was a remarkable woman. "I would say my wife like most other women would cry on the right occasion. Women are very emotional," yes, but "a timid woman could never have raised those four wonderful children the way she did . . . I think if you look at her you'd see she's not frail." She could ride horses, rode a seesaw saddle on her honeymoon, could ride horseback, could fish in blizzards & hold her own with the best in Mexico & Peru." Not a tough woman, but determined, and she always went out and got what she wanted. Not foxy, but fine.

"I loved my wife, still do, and always will."

"No, never," she said to the jury, her husband had never suffered any mental illness. She had talked about something like that once in a ladies' magazine, but when she described the "nervous breakdown the thought never occurred to me that it could be considered a mental breakdown." And she was not a "weepy" wife.

"Did you ever have any anxiety about your manhood?" Mr. Robb asked, spiritedly.

"NO," his eyes twinkle, laugh, "I never had any doubts about it."

Swore as a boy he had boxed, played football, basketball, ridden horses & flew about 10,000 hours in about 90 different planes as a man. And Efficiency Reports don't lie. He "inspires confidence," shows "high sense of duty," has an "acute mind," "a success in any undertaking." The whole works.

"Makes me feel pretty good," he said & he remembered the Cow Palace applause how Peggy felt against him as they hugged. "She walked in on my arm, I made the acceptance speech, and she walked out on my arm." He saw no tears, but it would have been natural for any woman to shed a few.

"I might have dropped a couple myself."

Peggy smiled. The crackling smell of coffee flirted through the window. She had expected an older Ralph Ginzburg, but Ralph had kind eyes & seemed tenderly soft & bewitching, she thought as she & Barry bared their Arizona sunsmile & posed charmingly for photographers. She remembered Ralph's counsel, Harris Steinberg promising to show the jurors "there's nothing false" in that special issue on Barry's "mind." Only "good journalism, although racy and tough and not for the old lady from Dubuque."

Barry was not that bad, and she knew he was a cinch to beat anyone whosoever ranneth against him in the Senatorial campaign to replace Hayden who announced his retirement last Monday.

"I don't say I'm perfect," Barry said, only the usual, ordinary imperfections. But he had "great pride" in his ancestors, and worried about his children & grandchildren. He would like his children to think that there was nothing "unusual" in his life. He had to give them a victory, for God & country. Suppose FACT was left on walls & in libraries.

The one who laughs last laughs best, he thought. The liberals kicked him in the ass because they loved Johnson who turned around & kicked them in the ass because he loved the country more. But Johnson was leaving prematurely, the liberals were in the same dilemma & he Barry Goldwater who knew the rhetorical value of extremism was wondering, still wondering.

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On April 27th, Mayor Lindsay's cops tried to break up the Anti-Imperialist March, while Lindsay himself was addressing the "peace fair" in Central Park.

The Director of the New York Civil Liberties Union has confirmed that it was a legal march. The cops acted illegally and brutally, arresting more than 100 persons who were assembled in Washington Square.

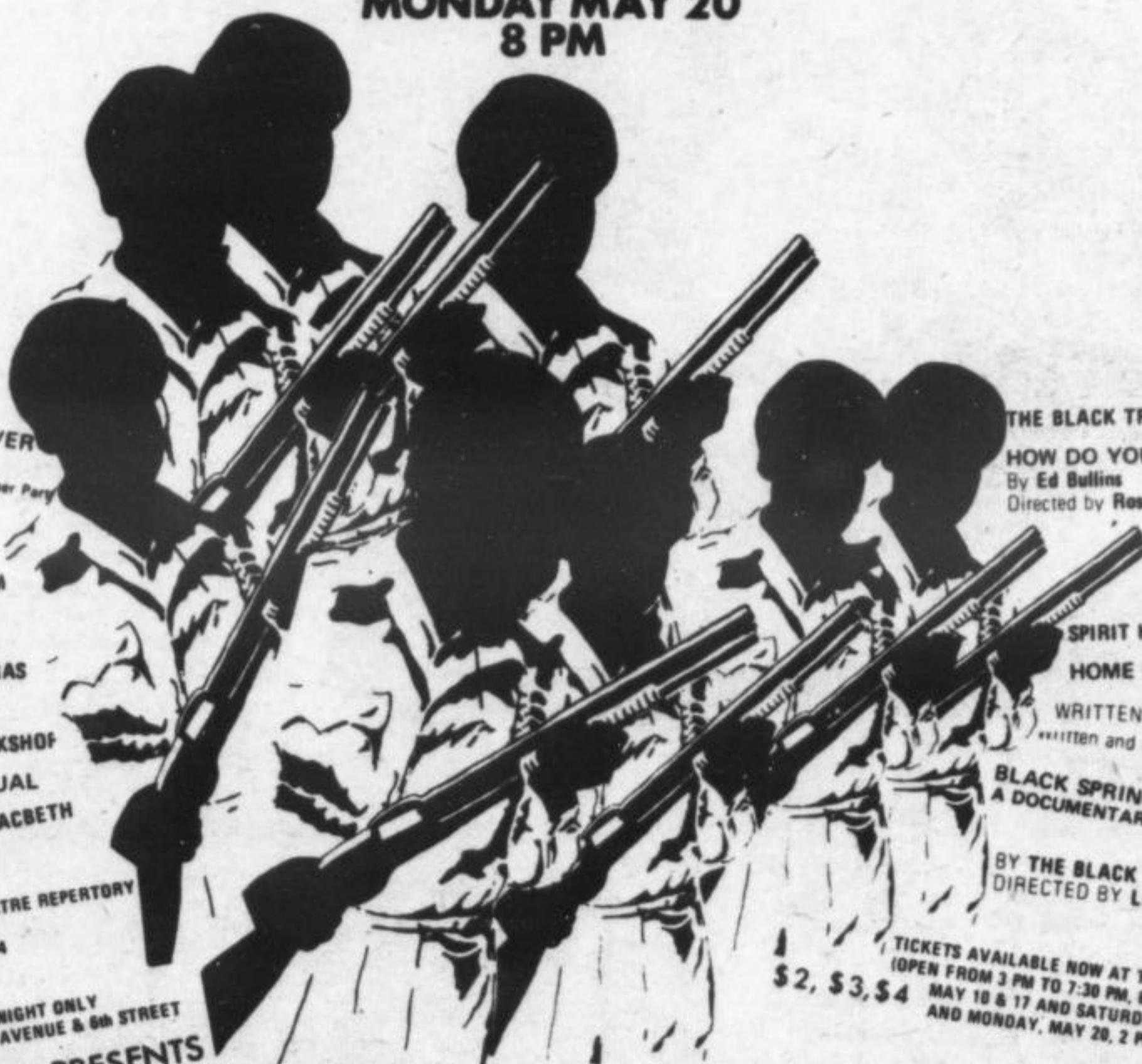
We're not about to surrender our right to public protest. We are going back to Washington Square to bring an anti-imperialist message to the people. We call upon all groups and individuals for your participation and support.

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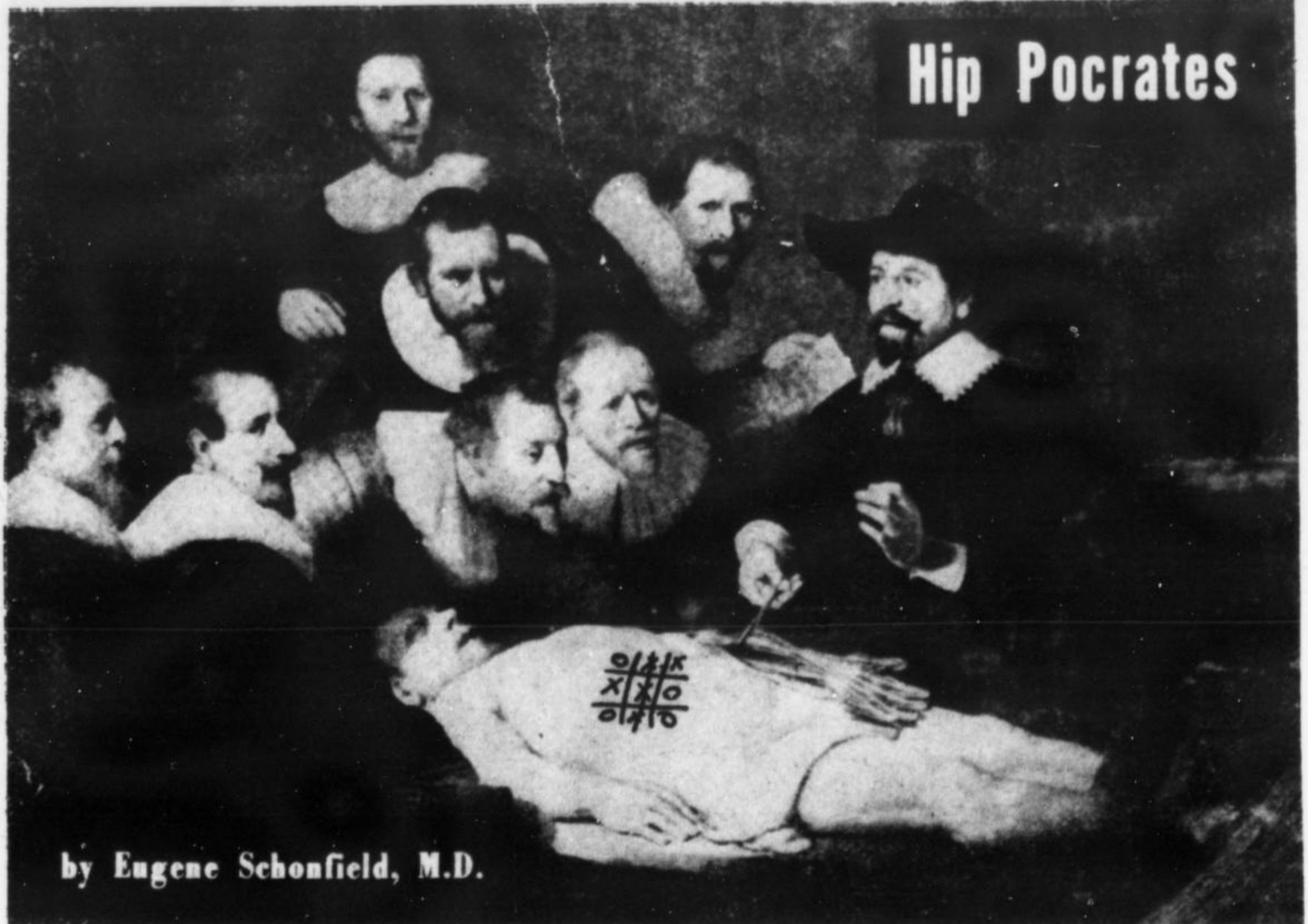
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by Eugene Schonfeld, M.D.

When I opened the following letter some funny looking leaf-like green particles fell from the envelope.

QUESTION: Is there any documented information on the effects of oregano? I have smoked this spice and experienced a pleasant, mildly psychedelic tranquility. Is this practice physically injurious? Seasonably Stoned.

ANSWER: Most people who are into spices believe the effects of smoking oregano are about like those of dried banana peel lining, that is, little or no effect. Some spices, like nutmeg or cinnamon, definitely have psychedelic effects when ingested but harm to the liver and kidneys may result.

Some historians believe that the spices sought by early explorers were valued for their mind altering properties equally as much as their ability to preserve and flavor foods.

QUESTION: What can you tell me about the process and effects of "third eye trephination?" Assuming it to be desirable, would it be difficult to locate a doctor to perform this operation? Recent photographs of Leary, Ginsberg, and Allan Watts seem to show them wearing a small patch in the middle of their foreheads. Have they undergone this operation?

ANSWER: Trephination is the process of boring a hole into the skull, a procedure used by prehistoric man to release the evil spirits which caused headaches. When an accumulation of blood develops in the tissues covering the brain, due to trauma or rupture of a blood vessel, trephination may be used in order to drain the blood, thus relieving pressure on the brain. Neurosurgeons thus continue this ancient art.

Following a head injury, your physician may examine your eyes with a flashlight and ophthalmoscope. He will determine whether the pupils of your eyes are equal in size and whether they constrict in response to light.

The ophthalmoscope enables him to visualize the blood vessels of the retina and the optic nerve. Pressure on the brain may cause changes in the response of the pupils and swelling of the optic nerve.

The "third eye" you refer to is the pineal gland, a structure found in the center of the brain. Its function is largely unknown but the ancients believed it to be the "seat of the soul." The Pineal Gland is situated at the end of a stalk, thus giving it the appearance of an eye. When I studied anatomy we were told that it was probably a vestigial structure, something like the fifth toe. But present research indicates the probability of important mind-affecting functions.

Pineal glands tend to calcify with age and radiologists use this landmark to determine whether pressure on the brain has caused the contents of the skull to be shifted.

Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary, and Allen Watts see with a third eye. It's true, but their vistas were not enlarged by trephination. When I saw them last, Watts was recovering from a cold and Leary from the possibility of spending ninety days in a federal prison hospital for "psychiatry observation. Tim Leary faces a thirty year prison term on charges of possessing half an ounce of marijuana. The real charge, however, is "corrupting youth."

A medical student from the University of Cincinnati has apparently been researching the sneeze-orgasm question. He sent a photocopy of page 748 from Ham's *Histology*, 5th edition, a textbook widely used in medical schools. The author states that the nasal passages are lined with erectile tissue very similar to that found in the penis and notes the case of a 16th century youth who sneezed whenever he saw a pretty girl.

To those who may sniff at any relationship between the nose and the genital system he explains that in much of the animal kingdom sexual stimulation is dependent upon smell.

"That a relationship exists between the erectile or pseudoerectile tissue of the nose and that of the genital system not only enlarges the number of possible factors that may be concerned in nasal congestions but also provides a basis for attempting to treat some atrophic states of the nasal mucosa with sex hormones." Several patients have reported their nasal congestion cleared following sexual intercourse. No prescription is required.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o The East Village Other, 105 2nd Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.



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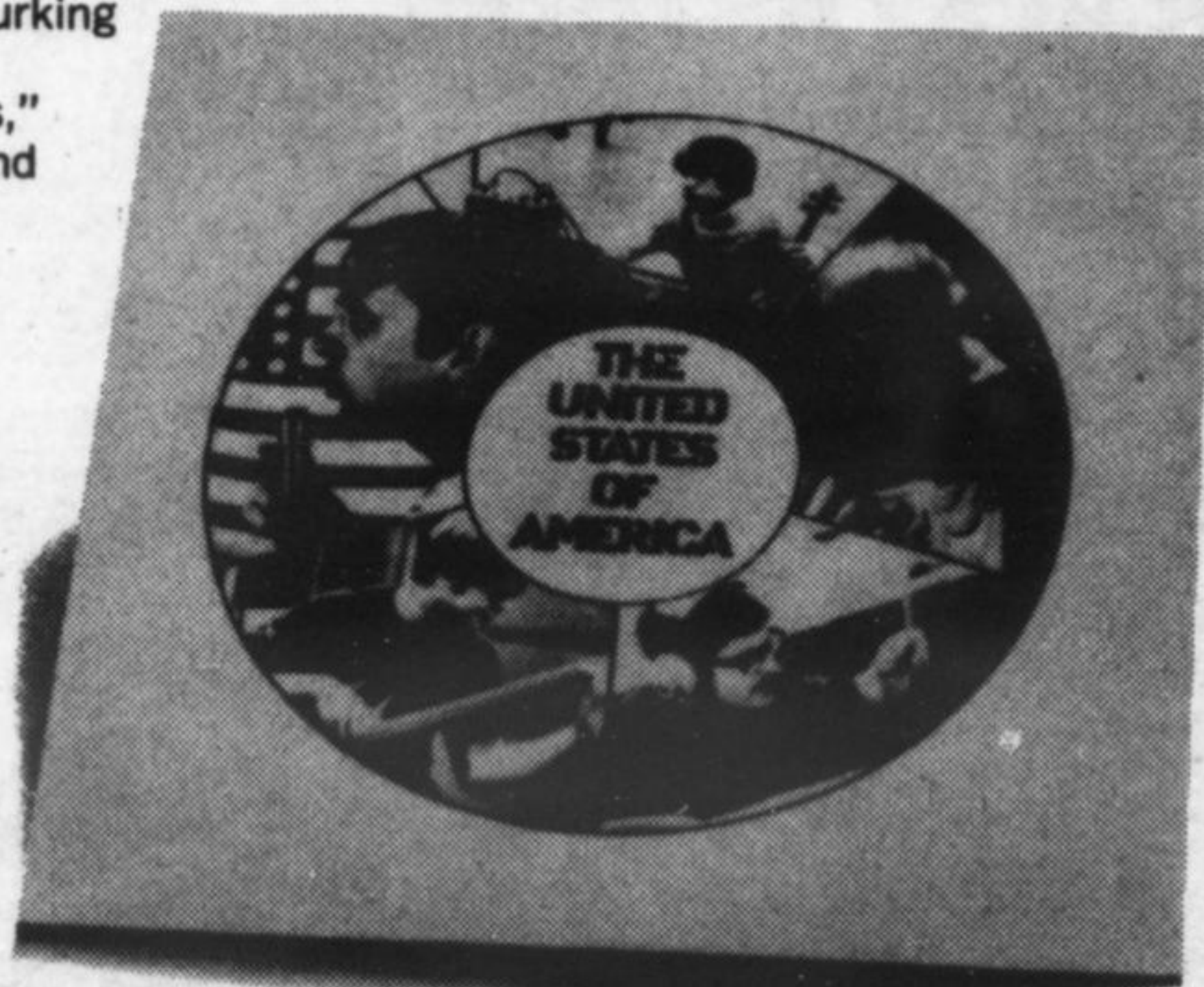
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# theatra?

(Continued from Page 7)

cluded by the speakers' already-known positions. The audience was quite exciting, however; it divided itself into a tripartite jury almost immediately by physically all sitting in lumps. Marcuse people sat in the gallery; Schlesinger persons (fewer than ten and you call them persons) sat underneath the benches; Mailer partisans sat confidently all around the place. Village Voice correspondents located themselves strategically close to the Men's Room and the doors so they could be first out with the scoop that a girl attacked Norman Mailer. Too bad. She never got that far; instead, she stood up and accused Mailer and Schlesinger of being exactly alike (!!! from the audience) because they were both immoral. Schlesinger's immorality stemmed from his belief that he did not know enough about the Columbia situation to make any comment "Because I've been out of town." Mailer's immorality was close-by: he had spoken in favor of the student strike up there, but then said he would probably be against it, if it continued for years. (This bespoke his typical American love of a fight but refusal to commit himself.)

At the end of an evening of hisses and boos, an attempted provocation: a man in the audience called Marcuse "both senile and infantile" and might have been jumped except that all the Marcuse people were up there in the gallery . . .

The whole evening was on exactly this level. Perhaps Mailer made the most clarifying statement in one of his raconteur analogies. In theoretical politics, the following action might happen this way: A classy chick walks down the street, and you walk up to her and say, "I want to have you." De Sade — the best theoretical philosopher for (just about) any occasion — would counsel that she ought to accept, making the experience either so pleasant or unpleasant that she determines your next move. Practicality steps in: If she is THAT classy that you stepped over to her on the street, probably there is a stud boyfriend nearby, so she will most likely answer you, "Get away from me, motherfucker," and boy friend may even knock your head in . . .

. . . All of which leads to the conclusion that politics is not a series of unending formulae and proofs, but hypotheses which must always allow for an X factor.

\*\*\*

I did not get to see The Performance Group in rehearsal because Tuesday night was "Red Cross," Sam Shepard's play. Sam Shepard just gets better and better. He is one of the few playwrights who is able to capture in theatre what films have done to greater extent: the image or reflection of what is going on today, in this culture, here and now. The play is built around a physical discomfort — a ten-year case of crabs, which has been suffered by the boy because . . . he likes it. Frameworks of reality are set in opposition and it is a tournament of continuous bouts to see whose vision wins out. The play is on double bill with "Muzeeka," by John Guare. They are at Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal.

millard thomas  
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# The Tea Company is Coming

May 23

Tom O'Horgan really ought to be separated from the plays he directs, lest he be confused with them. Any play he does is worth the trip; only don't go to "Hair" because the story still gets in the way. The paradox is that most of his work contains exactly the same elements, as though he has a formula for compositional theatre: some sex, some ritual gestures, a bow to Open Theatre, a nod to the Living, and a little more sex. Plus a friendly nod to the audience. In "Tom Paine" this works: there is a nude scene (NB: "nude scenes" in theatre, I have come to realize — not sadly but thoroughly — mean the actors and the lights both go down); there are three scenes called "Improvisationals" during which the actors talk quite freely with and to the audience; the stage effects are firecracker-bright.

The audience is the newest creative element in theatre (also the oldest, but there was a long hibernation period). O'Horgan is well aware that involvement and participation are among the most effective stage techniques around, and he uses them well. In "Hair" however, the audience all too willingly accepts that idiocy onstage as reality, and involves itself in yet another Big Lie; and O'Horgan feeds their consumptive blindness with propagandized mental pabulum. In "Tom Paine" he uses an Historical Figure and he has full rights to interpret as he wishes because no particular ego is involved.

I wondered for a while if I would have been sickened by "Hair" if the kids up there were Australian or French: Yes. No one has the right to remove another's validity as a joke, it's too dangerous for both of them. When I first thought about

reviewing "Hair," I was sure this would be a mean, nasty review. In between writing and thinking, I took a little trip, and everything realigned themselves in rank of importance: a play is a play, not reality. To get that excited over "Hair" is to assign it too much importance: everyone to his own allusions and illusions, right?

\*\*\*

"Willy the Germ" by Murray Mednick will be next weekend, May 10-12, at Theatre Genesis, 2nd Ave. & 10th St.

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(Continued from Page 9)

to Ritchie Havens. "Sessions is a collection of rough cuts by Neil and his friends—James Bond Jr. on stand up bass, and Bruce Langhorne, Pete Childs, Cyrus Faryar, and Eric Glen Hord on guitars although all are not heard at the same time. In an attempt to give the listener a feeling of the session and its music, conversations between Fred and his friends, including their turning on are included between cuts. Neil, his twelve string and his patented style are heard on various work songs, field hollars, blues and ballads. Some of the cuts are over extended and not too cohesive, but the album is still pure Fred Neil, another recording by this genius, who with Tim Hardin, is one of the legendary giants of the underground music scene.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS

... Roswell Rudd's Primordial Jazz Septet will be at Washington Square Church at 8:30 p.m. Friday and 3:00 p.m. Saturday in the third of the Survival Music Series. Contribution \$1.00. ... Merv Griffin will appear with his musical variety show featuring Arthur Treacher and Killer Joe Piro at the Westbury Music Fair, May 7 to 12 at 8:30 p.m. in Westbury, L.I. ... On Monday May 20 at 8:30 the Black Theatre for Black Panthers will be presented at the Fillmore including Leroi Jones' Newark Spirit House Players and Movers, Ed Bullins' Black Troupe, Robert MacBeth's Harlem New Lafayette Workshop, Woodie King's N.Y. Concept East, with speakers:

Marlon Brando, Mrs. Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, the San Francisco Black Panthers Minister of Defense. All proceeds to Black Panther Defense Fund. Seats \$2, \$3, \$4.

... The Cheetah is featuring the Bagatelle and the Silver Caboose through May 15 with the Ill Wind.

... Dick "Ricardo" Sugar's Bronx Music Palace will feature the "Battle of the Bands" Sat. May 11 hosting 20 top Latin psychedelic groups—the top attractions in Latin-American music appearing.

... A series of 11 short plays under the title "Collision Course" have moved into the Cafe Au Gogo.

... The Bitter End is featuring the return of hip comedian David Steinberg together with Lori Burton and a new group, the Guild Light Gage which features Paul Simon's younger brother.

... Miles Davis and Dick Gregory are at the Village Gate.

... Blue Cheer and the Tangerine Zoo at the Action House in L.I.

... Elvin Jones at Village Vanguard with Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big jazz band on Monday nights.

... The Churls, a Canadian band, are at the Scene. The Gary Burton Quartet featuring Larry Coryell arrive on May 20. One of the non-profit organizations interested in acquiring Steve Paul's cellar shoebox is The Mat-tachine Society.

... Jimi Hendrix is at Fillmore Friday only with Saturday open to public with various bands performing free. On Friday, May 24, at 9:30 (1 show only) Ravi Shankar will appear with Alla Rakha on tabla.

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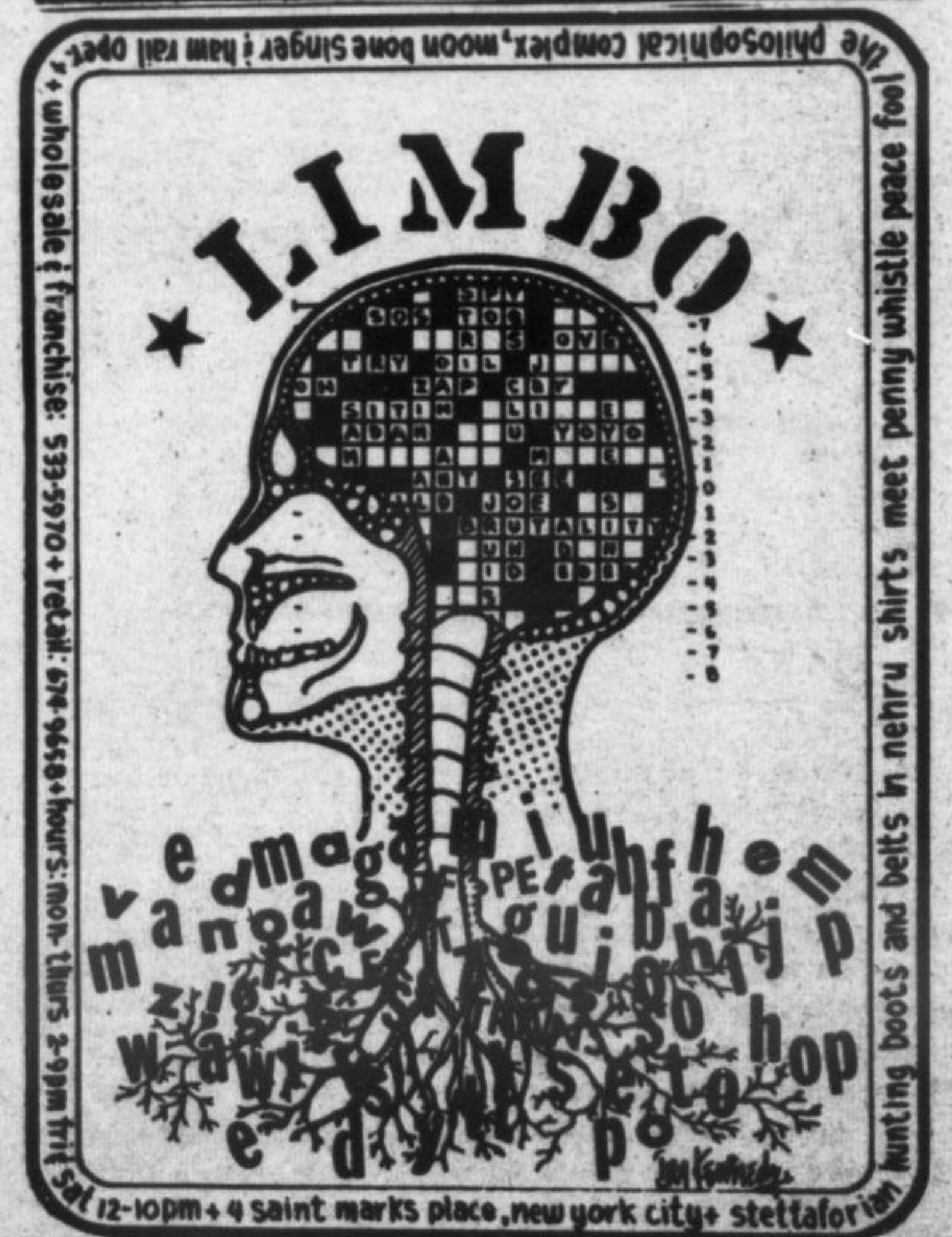
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The Tea Company is Coming

May 23



# le roi

(Continued from Page 3)

TONY IMPERIALE: Well, first of all, from the time that our organization had formed, we immediately, our own people, began investigating as to what we could do to find out what caused some of the riots here in the City of Newark. It seemed at that time that everybody was sweeping the dirt under the rugs, blaming everybody but where it was supposed to go. And we believe that the Communists and the Trotskyite persons who have no interest in the City of Newark, except to cause a distraction on behalf of possibly Moscow or Peking, came in here and helped out on these riots.

Now, we were interested in Thomas Hayden also because we had picked up certain information as to his activities.

CAVANAUGH: Mr. Imperiale, you and Mr. Jones are considered to be at sort of opposite ends of the racial spectrum. Why did you agree to sit down and talk things over with him?

IMPERIALE: Well, first of all, I'll agree to sit down with any American if it's going to mean peace in the City of Newark and prevent bloodshed. But the police director called us in. He wanted to talk to us. And after a good first hour of hostility there in clearing the air, we got to find out that we're just all Americans concerned for our people and for our lives, and through information that the director was able to give us as to how we can go about in ascertaining a better and safer Newark, we began to form a better dialogue between us, and we were in constant communications to try to see what we could each do for our people and for the City of Newark.

CAVANAUGH: What has this all resulted in so far?  
IMPERIALE: Well, it resulted in some pretty good results. This last little incident here in the City of Newark with Jones' people and my people, we were able to get on the streets and stop quite a bit of fuss that was going on. In my particular ward we kept our people at home, got them off the street, prevented the kids from distracting the police with firecrackers and stuff like that.

FLANDERS: Captain—  
IMPERIALE: And this helped.

FLANDERS: Captain Kinney, some of these charges obviously are very serious. We are now having our first public airing of them. Is there any legal action pending?

KINNEY: Well, I have submitted a complete report to my superiors with recommendations that my findings go before a county grand jury and/or a federal grand jury.

Many of these people have refused to speak with the members of the Newark Police Department and myself on advice of counsel. So, therefore, we have been handicapped in getting the first-hand information right directly from them in many cases.

I would like to point out to you that when we say Tom Hayden and NCUP, we're not just talking of white people. There are black people at NCUP also. And I might point out that just two months after the riots in the City of Newark, the riots in July of 1967, in September of 1967, Mr. Hayden traveled with both white and black people from Newark to Bratislava, Czechoslovakia for a meeting behind the Iron Curtain where they received certain instructions that we know. From there, you may recall, Mr. Hayden didn't come home with the other people that he left with, but he went to Cambodia and brought back three United States Army sergeants who were prisoners of war from the North Vietnamese.

FLANDERS: Mr. Le Roi Jones, what do you think the impact on the black community will be—the effect of these revelations that—

JONES: Well, I don't know, I'm wondering at this point myself what they'll be. You know. We know that there have been a lot of professionals working in the communities—a lot of white people working in our communities to do things that were not beneficial to black people. We also know there were some black people being duped. There were also some white people being duped by these people.

I think the point for us, for black people, is to get all of the—the kind of impurities out of the game and let us handle the situation ourselves. It's about self-government and power for black people to govern their lives, and that's what we're talking about. Anything else is a distraction. Anything else is not our goal.

FLANDERS: Do you feel that a conspiracy exists? You know we've had these reports that have come out saying that there aren't any.

JONES: Well, I say this. The only thing that black people should do is something that they meet together and decide to do themselves. We know in Newark at this point that it is not beneficial to us to go up against policemen with guns and the possibility of tanks with just, you know, stones and rocks and things like that. We also know that political power can change hands in Newark without a shot being fired. We understand that. But as we said, there are people who are not interested in the transfer of power to black people, but are still interested in attaining power for their own motives, which have nothing, finally, to do with the, you know, benefit of black people.

FLANDERS: Well, Mr. Jones, has your cooperation in the last few days, or even the last few weeks, which seemed like a marked change from at least your publicly stated position been brought about by these revelations?

JONES: Well, not totally, not totally. I think in Newark we're faced with a very unique situation. You know,

we're actually kind of maybe an example—will be an example for many cities in this country.

I don't think it's any secret that a great many of the cities in the United States, the inner cities, are black, and I think that these people will also want to control their own environment, want to gain power—power to control their lives. And I think what we are trying to demonstrate is how it can be done, you see, and not to get involved in suicidal fantasies involving the extermination of the police when that is finally not the issue.

CAVANAUGH: Well, Mr. Jones, this disclosure about this alleged conspiracy, will this mean that you and Mr. Imperiale are going to work hand-in-hand from here on in an effort to keep the peace in Newark?

JONES: Well, I don't know about hand-in-hand. Certainly, we will be talking to each other you know, about situations that seem to threaten us, I would suppose—threaten either one of us. I mean there's probably as many rumors about Imperiale in the black community as there are about me in the white community, you know, and I don't think those rumors do either of us any good.

FLANDERS: Mr. Jones, there is one question I think we have to raise to bring this into context. You have been convicted of an incident, crime, last summer, and being under sentence now, there are those who would question your motivation in cooperating or coming out publicly in this fashion. Is this—Is there anything to this? Is there any substance to this?

JONES: You mean was I promised something for doing it?

FLANDERS: Precisely.  
JONES: Well, I told you before that they promised to make me a Secretary of State and so when you see that happen, you know that that's what it was.

FLANDERS: How about that, Captain Kinney?  
KINNEY: I think Le Roi put it very succinctly. There certainly have been no promises on any law enforcement agency's part. Le Roi has been found guilty. His trial is subject to an appeal. He is getting all the rights of every American citizen, but there's certainly been no promises made to him in any—in any fashion whatsoever.

CAVANAUGH: Captain, how about these alleged conspirators again? You say they are leftists.

KINNEY: Some of this information that is coming and that is being used is coming right from Peiping, as a matter of fact, and it's coming from China by way of Canada, as a matter of fact, and this—this information is being used by these people and we're getting—we were the targets for today.

FLANDERS: Mr. Le Roi Jones, why do you think Newark was chosen as the target by these groups?

JONES: Well, I don't know. Newark' is a bad place, you know, in the black community. The black community. The black community, you know, its just a bad place. It's a bad ghetto and there was a—I think a leadership vacuum caused by, you know, establishment Negroes, Toms, on one hand and a kind of despair—kind of a sloth and despair on another hand, and this is the kind of vacuum that these kind of fantasy revolutionaries like to slide into and utilize for their own ends. It's romantic for them and they feel that they're doing something.

FLANDERS: Mr. Imperiale, as the spokesman for the North Ward Citizens Committee, were these disclosures that Captain Kinney has touched on and Mr. Jones probably the most important factor in changing your thinking?

IMPERIALE: Yes, the similarities after we got down to the center of this dialogue through a strange way came about, the similarities of the knowledge on both sides, was so close that—I guess like you say, like fools we just sat there looking at each other with amazement and it was there that we set up this dialogue and we—it was there that we made this arrangement that—to keep a contact between each other so this way we can dispell rumors which have been com-

ing about between like Jones and I, like last night. I was supposed to have shot up a motorcycle squad, and he was supposed to have been blowing' up a buildin' and I was going to get blamed for it. Jobs like that. But this is why since then we have found that we had something in common; that the information we received, we felt it best that we have a line of communication.

Like Le Roi says, it doesn't mean that we're going to be working hand-in-hand, but it's a start.

JONES: What I think that we're both saying is that these things have been exploited, these natural frustrations. These natural reactions have been exploited by people who, finally, are not seeking to benefit black people or giving black people things that they want, but to get the things that, say, these other people want.

# columbia

(Continued from Page 5)

University are underground at 116th Street but rise like the base of a Florentine fortress toward 120th Street. Why are the walls made of granite, broken only by small windows sealed with criss-crossed iron bars as thick as your wrist? Why was this forbidding architecture continued into the newer buildings, such as Mudd Hall? Who designed the campus so that two groups of Policemen could seal it off so completely? What was the university anticipating when it moved out of the city in 1897, and how did the architects so perfectly symbolize the deeper meaning of that move with their overpowering, impenetrable exterior walls?

Looking back on the police riot which followed the peaceful scene I had witnessed, during which order was restored by order of President Kirk, it is all too obvious that the strength of the University's architecture is only symbolic. Faculty members sitting on the steps of Avery were attacked, ribs broken and the door easily pulled open. Police lined the circular steps leading upstairs and the students, expecting to be carried out, were thrown downstairs instead like so many wooden soldiers.

Yet the formal beds on campus have been trampled and it is possible that the university community has gained something for its loss of innocence. Despite its face-saving, pre-Spock stand against amnesty, the university is already giving more weight to student opinion. Perhaps it will look with a clearer gaze over Morningside Park and into Harlem as well.

Or will President Kirk simply and legalistically say that he had never really agreed to stop construction of the gym, he had only agreed to reconsider it?

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# Wheel & Deal

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RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition. To continue work we need: Tools (all types), canned goods, seed, money, people with transportation, rope, cloth, and a plow, or anything that could be used. Send stuff to or contact, F. Bannon, 646 E. 6th St., Apt. 10 Peace.

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

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

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

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

HELP US PLEASE! Anyone with a copy of EVO, Volume I, No. 7 please send it to A. Simon, Paradise Ranch, Portal, Arizona. You will be serving the movement. PEACE.

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TANIS—or whoever knows her please contact Nelson 865-1269. Any hour.

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CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

**AIRLINE PILOT** wants gal 18 to 35 to share posh East side apartment, travel all countries aboard. Must be sexy and erotic in thoughts and actions. All expenses paid. Call Capt. R. L. J. 628-4583.

**YOUNG man (28) heavy-set (5' 11", 210 lbs.)** wild sex. Digs well-hung, muscular males. Have poppers, etc., guarantee to gratify your desire. RT 7-6124, evenings.

**HANDSOME** bachelor, 29, motors to city every weekend. Seeks uninhibited girls, all ages, who like to ball. Must like French. Will assist financially. Call, 516-799-5627. Between 5:15 and 8 p.m. Don't be afraid. Call me. Jim.

**HANDSOME, 6 ft.,** kindly, loving passionate, 36 yrs. old, wants young, attractive girl for fun and games. Call John at cozy pad after 5 p.m. 873-0071.

**YOUNG HIP** guy desires lovely white Brooklyn girl under 20 for passionate, tender experiences. Be carefree call Roy evenings 7-10, 377-9390, Monday-Thursday.

**FELLOW** with a fetish, 31, looking for chicks to whom masturbation is an art, not merely a substitute. If you really dig-do-it yourself grooving, why not call 964-9801 (late) All love is good love.—Bill".

**MALE, 29,** good-looking and congenial, working nights, wants to meet an attractive, affectionate girl for fun filled daytime get togethers. Have modern mid-Manhattan Apartment. Call 245-8656.

**YOUNG** masculine professional man, interested in sports, theatre, music, would like to take personable young man, student, serviceman to dinner theatre, concerts, travel and help dispell the confusion of youth for an ambitious and sensitive young man in return for a sincere companionship. Write with photo if possible. Stefon Arrentiel, P.O. Box 377, Planetary Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10024.

**MALE, white, 28,** studying curious relationship with endowed aggressive black males. Eager to be fed by all opening. Call Head between 7-10, WUY-8326.

**ATTRACTIVE** young man, 34, seeks woman 28 to 40, 5'4" or better to live with. Possible marriage. Give much ask little. Call Mark 462-9745.

**MALE, white, 24, 6'2" 180 lbs.** seeks pretty well built girl broadminded negro, mulatto or Spanish girl, 21-29, for dates fun, sex. Send photo, phone No., G.P.O. Box 2818, N.Y.C. 100/1.

**MALE 30,** masculine, well built, hung, seeks young men 18-24 must be hung, well built, for sessions with myself and my attractive girl. Jim. 628-9867.

**MALE, white, attractive, 21,** with long hair. Enjoys sex. Wants to meet female for mutual sexual satisfaction. Give phone. Box 62, Irvington, New Jersey, 07111.

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

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

**CREATIVE** interesting man with wide range of abilities, Seeking to meet generous female sponsor to help me out of my difficulties. Let's have dinner together fantastic time guaranteed. Call Bob 7-10 p.m. 277-5608.

**WEALTHY** married man looking for a mistress. Will furnish right party with the finer things in life, including apartment. Good figure and pretty face a must. Interested parties write: Lance, Box 32, Whitestone, N.Y., 11357.

**YOUNG MAN, single,** good-looking, unselfish, financially well-off, desires to share sincere, possibly long-term, relationship with an attractive young female. Please write: Bert, c/o 5-14 123 Street, College Point, Queens, 11356.

**S. CIRCE** commands your bloodless creation with a child's potential of isolation and sunrise experiments with fright when curiosity wounds the night. YU 2-4471. ORPHEUS JR.

**COME HOME** when virtue inspires the quagmire with the admiration of a trembling fire. Come home when murder discovers the embrace that protects the lords disgrace. YU 2-4471. ORPHEUS JR.

**YOUNG** business executive tall good looking would like to meet young beautiful girl who likes to swing and travel around the country could be generous to the right party. Please write with photo and phone if possible. M. S. Suite 915, 150 Broadway, N.Y. 10038.

SJK fuck you

love mom

ditto

love dad



BABY . . . TIMES A 'WAISTING'. ZOD



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