

THE EAST VILLAGE

OTHER

VOL. 3
NO. 43



R. "SLIM" CRUMB



...VERY FUNNY, MR. SNOW!!

HIS ANTHONY IMPERIALE was dressed in black **** or was it blue with a white leaf folding into his heart?

He said newspapers don't love "those who work too close hand in hand to ascertain peace in the city. That is not news. They want a Mean guy . . . a BAD guy. So that's why I'm reluctant to give out interviews. How much worse can anyone do to me? I, personally, to be honest with you, the only thing I know is I am not a racist . . . not a bigot. Never have. I have told the other news medium. I was born & raised in a poor neighborhood where we have always been integrated people. As far back as 1940 we owned which we, my family — we rented to Negroes.

I did not know to hate anyone. Of course, he remembered, "into the Marine Corps & I came out and all this other stuff started. I am for equality. I make no bones about it. No man should be put down because of race or anything. TELL THOSE GUYS TO CUT IT," he snapped to the Assistant, the guys noising outside. "I don't like anyone who advocated burning & looting & killing and raping!

To be quite truthful with you, when I read the LeRoi Jones article in the Elizabeth Journal to kill whitey, rape his family & rob him, I didn't to go for that. So, to be very very honest with you, I have no, or I have little respect for politicians who don't look interest. So I have no respect for them.

THEY JUST LOOK AT IA FOR VOTES.

I'm not saying every policeman in the world is right. In every category * regardless of whether it be policemen * we got bad apples. But there has got to be some sane way of giving people what they deserve, in bringing them all UP to firstclass citizens.

I DON'T BELIEVE VIOLENCE IS GOING TO SOLVE ANYTHING."

His idea of a racist "is to say Look I'm a white pig & you don't want nothing to do with me . . . wanting nothing to do with another ethnic group or race . . . and this is the thing I don't like.

"I MAY BE WRONG!

America can't solve it on separatism of the races — I don't give a damn what you say!

****AMERICA CAN ONLY SALVAGE ITSELF BY UNITING.

But when you get people who come UP who are yelling for equality on one hand & then say superiority and blood on the other . . . no good in my book!"

And lots of liberals & radicals criticized LeRoi sitting down with him. "I got a lot more respect for LeRoi Jones than I do for those CANDY assed liberals. People who put themselves on a pedestal — they are the main source of problems. It is a frightening thing. When people live together for so long and not have to worry about if one person from their race is going to do something to incite . . . where the neighborhood people will suffer for it, and where they have been neighbors & friends for years."

"Have there been animosities?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "Not here, thank God. I don't know if you know the area . . . but right around the corner is predominantly a good two or blocks are Negroes. Down below all Negroes. There have been outsiders who come in who attempt it . . . but we do it a little differently when they come into our neighborhood and, like say, we do it with neighborhood Negroes. If they get caught here We say Look if you want to fight why don't you & I fight it out . . . AND THEY CHANGE THEIR WHOLE ATTITUDE."

"And how useful are the patrols?"

"As you see, behind you is a CB Radio. Our cars are all equipped with radio, and this is our base. And how we do with patrols is four men go to a car. The reason why four men go to a car is we are not armed & if one policeman with a pistol & nightstick can't control something — how can WE? But our patrol is an escort service also. If we get a call . . . we know there is a bingo game locally, some people have no way to get home, the bingo game overs very late. We go pick them up.

"We got so steady now we actually know the women we are picking up by sight, by name. When we patrol the area we watch for burglary, for narcotics. We try to keep it out."

You mean the narcotics come from the black community?

"Oh, no! It is not racial . . . because kids black white they are all using it, We don't give a damn! First of all the patrols are not just out to look for blacks. We look for the whites that's causing trouble as well."

Then told of house in neighborhood burglarized by whites but residents prefer to believe blacks did it. "Well, we resent that sort of thing, and especially. . . there has been many instances where rightaway especially shrewd agitators will come over & say I saw him do it . . . it was a Negro man. Well, tell me what he looked like . . . show me him . . . come in the car . . . that's right! Let's ride. Then we say let's call the police and get a description. They say WE DONT WANT TO TALK TO THE POLICE. The we know the guy is full of bullCRAP.



by LENNOX RAFAEL

photo: Diane Dorr-Dorynek

See, we have had it, in the beginning when we were new, we have had it where a man will walk in and say two Negroes have jumped me, and everybody will get all excited. See! But you learn, and you begin to realize that certain things—Well, one thing LeRoi and I agree on, someBODY is making money and SOMEBODY is benefiting by the whites and blacks fighting each other. And somebody is trying to take over control with exploitation of the races. And I go along with him."

But who stands to benefit?

It could be a number of persons. Could be a Zionist group, could be anybody. But I don't say it is true. Now let me say this, I quote LeRoi. LeRoi thinks that there is a large Zionist group behind it. Now I am not as sure as LeRoi.

Yes I talked to LeRoi and LeRoi mentioned that. I personally cannot say it is the Zionist, the Italians; but somebody is. I also firmly believe that the Communist party is somewhat involved in this. Because of things I have read from Washington, and reports that have been done from HUAC, I believe there is a certain amount of Communist activity behind this."

"But these reports always tend to exaggerate."

Well, if they tend to exaggerate, this is not going to help the situation out ANY. This is going to hurt us. But this is just something I believe on my own right now."

And Chicago?

Well, I happen to know a little bit of Tom Hayden of Newark. He is no angel. I personally don't like him. And I go along with the idea that it was instigated. This is not necessary. I want to tell you something. If someone is going to throw oven spray at my face and human crap at me, I think I would have been a little more provoked faster than the police."

Did he see Daly's movie on TV?

"I saw parts of it, but I didn't see the whole thing . . . in its entirety. But, you know, LOOK, there are a lot of bad apples floating around, but we just can't go and start smacking cops around, It just can't be done. If you disagree with something, I am 100 per cent for an orderly demonstration. There is no need under the sun why we have to lower ourselves to the category of pigs to do something like that. I am a man who believes that if I want to mix with an Indian I will mix with an Indian, If I want to mix with a whitey, mix with a white, If that is your way of life, that is the way I respect it. But I can't respect anybody who wants to go out to a demonstration and use the methods that they used. Throwing human waste at anybody, I wouldn't do that to my worst enemy!"

BUT THAT WASNT TYPICAL.

"I personally don't know, I have never encountered, in this I have to be honest in saying. I am going by what was said in the press, if you check the press, and the press I don't believe because in my opinion they tend to lean a little more left than anything else. But

(Continued on Page 4)

TANK YOU, TONE!

tone!

(Continued from Page 3)

I am not going to condemn them because I have not seen it with my own eyes, and I don't think I don't want to see anything like that because if it did come about, if it was a reality, it was a disgraceful thing."

**YOUNG PEOPLE WERE ANGRY, DISSATIS-
FIED... UNEASY**

How should this be continued?

"If anyone of us had the answer to the problem we would have been solved a long time ago. I am not an authority on it but true that the youth is very discontented today I think that if more people made more of a concerted effort at finding more a realistic way of solving it, fine! You have got to listen to them. The times have changed, and I think that they should be heard. I don't particularly like seeing kids going to Vietnam to be killed. I don't like it.

Whether we have a right to be in there or not I don't know. But we were committed there by people who said Eisenhower was a good man, Kennedy was a good man. They were responsible for it. You have no business making a commitment in Vietnam if you have no intentions of getting involved in an all-out war to win. If war can be avoided, fine!"

But since the war was dragging on, people feel it should be brought to an end.

I believe one thing, the war is being dragged on I would agree with you on that. We could win tomorrow. I SAY EITHER CRAP OR GET OFF THE POT! In plain English. Either go in and win and stop this useless killing, our boys dying, if you go in win it. We are a powerful nation, country, there is no reason under the sun why we have to keep it dragged out. This is a political war and in my opinion it STINKS. But remember one thing: My country right or wrong!

My country, it is! That is how I feel.

The country had been going thru revolutionary stages.

"Well, I'll tell you, I only wish and I pray to God we don't have to go through a revolutionary stage, you know, the only thing I dread is when they say history repeats itself, it becomes a reality. I know it sounds strange coming from a guy you read so much about... who is supposed to be violent. But let me tell you, I am sick of the whole damn thing. I am sick of the animosity among the races, the animosity of the politicians. And it all comes to down to one thing, that we the poor peasants are merely the pegs on a checkerboard for the bums in Washington on both parties to do what they see fit and this is what is the most disgusting thing in the entire situation. Someday I am going to get into trouble for talking like this. I know I am. But this no how I feel."

His Imperiale was running for Councilman-at-Large.

"I am running against 12 other men beside myself. There are 2 seats open, of course you know that LeRoi has some of his fellows running. One is running for Councilman-at-large and one is running in the east ward. And then we have Ewing who is running also. We have quite a few other fellows, Italians, Irish and whatnot. So I am running against 12 candidates and I think I will win."

COULD HE CALL IT WHITE POWER?

"I really can't say that my philosophy is White Power, because I don't think I am white alone, cause I don't believe in that."

AND BLACK POWER?

"Well, when it is put in the way that the radicals use it I don't like it."

WHICH WAY?

"Separatism of the races... killing, we want to be domineering, eliminate the whites. Nooooo-NO! I can't see that!

When I hear it in the phrase of black power for the men to be given equal opportunities, to be made first class citizens, I daresay I'm a hundred % for that." Sepia pause. "Because it's right! It depends how your definition of black power comes about."

"Maybe it's like democracy... fluid... flexible."

"Well, the idea, you can put it on the level of democracy. I wish somebody will really come out and give an idea of BP so people will know what it means.

Like everything else, there are Italians who yell **ITALIAN POWER!** Now, their Italian Power is **KILL!**

Numbers rackets... for instance, narcotics there those who say Italian power... continue with the culture we have had — which we should be proud of. That's the power!"

"Are you also against numbers rackets?"

"You mean gambling?"

"Yes."

"Well, listen, I want to tell you something, gambling has been in this world for a long long time, and if they legalize gambling I think it will solve a lot of our problems. I'm not against gambling. One of the biggest things I'm against is ah... narcotics! I'm against narcotics in every shape & form.

Whether I become a crusader or not, my children and I will be long dead & gambling will still continue. I don't think we can ever stop gambling unless THEY legalize it.

"Did you ever try narcotics?" he was asked.

"Me? No, I don't think I'll ever want to. I have too much faith in what I believe in... to live a good life without ever going into narcotics. No, I've had

friends of mine that went to it. And I've seen them destroyed... and the family... I've seen them found in cellars... sidewalks, dead.

"Where were you during your stint in the marine corps?"

"Oh, I was in the mediterranean area & all around there.

I took my training in something "I was an orderly on the navy cruiser. I lived a pretty HOT life there."

"I'm sure."

"How will you use your influence on the city council for the values you want to see... the cooperation between races," the photographer asked.

"Well, first of all, if I was successful in becoming Councilman at large in the City of Newark, HERE, the first thing we would have to do is get some reality into some of these politicians who are dragging their feet. More people of all races have got come out. The conservative whites and Negroes who want tranquility... they would have to come out and fight for it. I want to be honest with you. There are more decent people in both races than there are radicals & militants, and if they come out and join hands, let me tell you, the radical boys are going to be in trouble!"

HOW MILITANT

"I consider myself a militant to a certain degree... because I'll fight if you force me to fight. I'm not going to go looking for any trouble, and I'm not going to pick on you because you're black or blue, but if you come to hurt my family... to destroy the town where I live... if you come to my neighborhood look for trouble, you'll get in BUT YOU WON'T GET OUT!"

"Are you karate classes for black and white... or mainly?"

"Here he is," he said, proudly, pointed to Ronnie the black kid beside him, the mascot, "he is one of them that trains... my boys, black & white, they train. It's a misfortune I only have three Negro members in fact I'm down to two... because Fred Wilson who was my neighbor... in fact, Fred he started like this boy... he came around to my house, he ate with me at my table he worked for me and I was brothers to them they shared my swimming pool in my yard... and Fred left for Indiana... he has an aunt out there. He went to work. I have no barriers. I never put a sign out there... IF YOU'RE BLACK YOU CAN'T COME IN or IF YOU'RE IRISH YOU CAN'T COME IN.

If you're decent & you want harmony & tranquility, you're willing there are radicals in both camps!... Well, that's good enough for me.

Hey can you excuse us for a moment please. Shorty the mascot, "close the side door, please."

"Yes."

AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS?

"Well, It's going to be a tough nut... well, let's say this election... voting... it's like being put in a barrel of manure up to your NECK & a guy is standing 10 feet away throwing manure in your face — do you duck or do you take what he gives you? Well, this is the first time in the presidential elections I've seen people... well, they don't know who in the hell to vote for."

AND YOU?

To be honest with you, I'm voting for Wallace."

"Why?"

"I'm voting for Wallace because I don't think he's a bigot, and I don't think he's a racist, because on the record I see 87% Negro voted for him. I've talked to Negroes who comes from Alabama, and I've worked with them, and they spoke highly of him.

NOW, I've heard some of the speeches... I don't say everything he says is kosher — you know what I mean?

In fact you can't say any man that says anything is always KOSHER... but I have more respect for Wallace than I do for Nixon or Humpty Dumpty... because they're both hypocrites... THEY'RE BOTH GODDAM LIARS...

"You mean Wallace is more direct?"

"Well Wallace is a little more direct, I'll have to say a little more honest than what I have observed in the other two. I honestly don't believe this man will pick on race. The voting record of the people of Alabama spoke for itself, even with his wife."

YET, WALLACE'S CONDUCT

But you know, say I have this school... right! Lets say for hundreds of years this school is run one way & let's say suddenly a court say I must run in another... as a Governor of the State I know what YOU the Federal Government tell me I must obey, yet, in order to save face, with those that have been hardened for years, I'll take my stand knowing I can't stand in that doorway forever, but I'll show the people I've kept my word."

"You mean a kind of symbolic defiance?"

"That's right, a symbolic defiance... and you can go as far as to say a pacification... a lot of people say you're a stubborn man standing in that door, he did! He was ordered by Federal Court. He obeyed the Federal law. So?" Tony paused, "what could they do? I think people should try to understand a little more, when you're brought up a southerner... when you're brought up... and you're brought up the way they were for years & years & years. I think he did, like you said, a symbolic move."

BLACK MILITANCY & SYMBOLIC DEFIANCE

"You can be symbolic & defiant to a degree... but not where you want to kill."

WHAT ABOUT YOUR TANK?

"No law against that. No law against having a tank... a helicopter... I personally don't own 'em people who belong in my organization own them."

AND HELICOPTERS

"There are five that own helicopters."

"Thanks too?"

"Well, This one fellow owns four of them... that's the business he's in. I can't say he can't be a member of my place because he owns a tank. I never said I was going to take a tank and run anybody over with it. THIS IS WHAT THE PRESS CONCLUDED."

YOU'RE SMILING.

"I smile because," he chuckled, "I smile because nobody says he's going to give me a tank to kill. We have them in our possession. It's only one thing I've ever said. If ever there is a complete breakdown in law & order... you know, an intelligent persons knows what a complete breakdown means. If there was a complete breakdown in law & order.

"What does it mean?"

"It means, where there is no law... no militia... NOTHING! completely nothing! In other words, That's like returning to preservation of the individual which I don't think it will ever come to!"

THE WILD WEST

"That's it! Then I say, well, baby, ah-ah. hah, if I got to kill twenty blacks... fight 20 whites... if I've got to kill 20 Indians or 20 Irishmen I'LL USE THAT TANK."

"Well, you know a lot of people in the black community can't ignore the existence of these tanks."

"Well, let me say this, I will never NEVER go into anybody's backyard & look for any trouble. I don't believe in it. I never have, and I don't intend to."

"What would you say if LeRoi had a tank?"

"Well, GOD BLESS HIM. What can I say?"

"Would you say the Police should?"

"No — because there's no law against him owning a tank... as long as there is no armament on it."

"You mean there's no law in this country against owning a tank?"

Nooooooo, Sir! I can own a tank, you can own a tank — anybody can own a tank why should I... Listen, LeRoi has gotten away with a lot of stuff here in Newark."

"Like what?"

"The warrant for his arrest has never been pushed. I don't push that. It's none of my business."

"Why hasn't it been pushed?"

"I think they're afraid to push it. Or perhaps they feel that by not pushing it that would keep them... ah... calm! because they consider him a Leader."

WARRANT?

"Well, when he was arrested with the weapons during the riots, I understand... I've been told the weapons he had in his possession were stolen. Now, whether it's true or not, I don't know. I personally don't give a damn. That's not my category. I'm not a policeman.

"Well, do you think Leroi Jones should have a gun?"

"You mean... does he have a gun?"

"No, do you think that he, as an individual, should be able to walk the streets with a gun?"

"No. No more than I have that right."

FAVOR GUN CONTROLS?

"No! Because... let me tell you why. Ahhhhh, if it come down to where Americans can't own a gun... well then it appears to me that it's a communist takeover... because that's what Hitler did too. He made sure he disarmed all the countries with gun laws... then he walked in like a breeze. Guns don't kill people. People kill people. Let me tell you, if you check statistics there are more murders by anything else than a gun. I'm not in favor of gun controls... I'm in favor of watching mailorder guns... because I can't see a kid filling out a coupon, and he's fifteen years and HE gets a gun through the mail... I can't see that. You take the political assassination of the two Kennedys & Martin Luther King... well, I think somebody used them for a palsy... no one can't be replaced... no one is so important that you can't be done away with. Kind of strange... right after the assassination of these supposedly important men they want to enact the gun control. SOMEBODY WANTS TO DISARM THIS COUNTRY."

"What was the feeling in the white community here after King was killed?"

"You want me to be honest with you?"

"Yes. Be honest with me."

"Sorry, I personally believe don't matter what a man is, nobody has the right to take his life... unless you take his life in defending yours. The only thing I have against Martin Luther King — until someone proves it differently to me, DID HE ATTEND A COMMUNIST SCHOOL IN 1957? WAS HE A COMMUNIST? There have been so many questions. They show pictures of him in a communist camp."

"Nobody really believed King was a communist... they weren't against him for that reason."

"Well, they way he spoke about God and all it was hard to believe he was a communist but I don't believe anybody should kill the man... because he wasn't hurting anybody and I'm sure if he was hurting anybody he'll have to answer to the guy up above, when he meets his maker. I don't believe in taking any man's life just because he believes in something. I think it's wrong a lot of people didn't like to, look, no decent people want political assassinations... whether it's black or white or who it is, because it's of brutal. It's going back to the days when guys killed each other for nothing!"

VOTE PIG THROUGH A

by DA LATIMER



The story in the air is getting hot today,
The people of the streets is what we got today.

This Autumn an American Oktoberfest
Should show the freaks and Yippies at their very best.

We'll occupy their teevee screens and have at them
And laugh at them, and laugh at them, and laugh at them,

Central Park's the place to raise some wondrous hay,
Beginning with a Larf-In on Columbus Day.

So grab some grass and step in line and follow keen
—We'll celebrate a thirty-one-day Hallowe'en.

And November we'll cornhole them with impunity,
Get Nixon, or get Wallace, or get Humphrey:

We'll take him down, we'll bare his balls, he'll go get bent;
We'll inaugurate our plucky pig for president.
—The Twelfth Street Minnesinger

Somewhere in Washington Town, deep in the heart of the great American Necropolis, there lies a broad avenue that leads straight up to the Supreme Court. On November fifth of this year should be driven down this broad way a great herd of pigs, liberated from the stockyards of Deepest America, oinking and grunting and snarfling up to the very feet of the President-Elect Himself. There will be a crowd around him, coughing and spitting in the sooty wind, but they'll scatter when they see the pig battalion, scatter in terror, befouling themselves. Secret servicemen will draw guns and fire into the herd, and bleeding berserk pigs will charge over them in honking panic while the President-Elect is spirited off in a clutch of bodyguards, pale and shaken.

Presidents excite easily. Next they'll try to swear him in on the steps of the Pentagon, they'll think that's safer. But waiting for him there will stand thirty-two members of the ultra-radical Doom Brigade, cunningly disguised as federal troops replete with crewcuts, hand grenades, and M-15 rifles, bayonets erect. As the Man approaches, all firearms will bear down level on him, the queasy shit will eddy down his pantleg as the secret servicemen dive for cover, and OINK! the guns go off with this recorded message spurting little black flags that read 'Congratulations.'

They'll try to inaugurate him in a phone booth, but find that all the phones that day in Washington are ticking ominously. They'll try it in the subway, but the subway will be full of posters reading PIGASUS FOR PRESIDENT. Even the Howard Johnson's rest rooms will be patrolled by curiously depraved individuals who do unspeakable things to those who wear ties and suits. When finally they get around to bringing it off in the streets, where they find no one will molest them, the Thirty-Sixth President of the United States should be a shuddering wreck. Before his terms is up, they'll find him dead from an overdose of heroin. He will be sitting on the toilet.

Spiro, Spiro, I feel sick.

Call for the pusher, quick quick quick!

Winding up his two-month campaign, J. Edgar Pigasus will be sworn in as Chief of Sty at the Washington, D.C. municipal dump, which will be burning that day to signify the State of the Nation.

'Are you now or have you ever been a Marvel Superhero?'

'Gromph!'

'How many days hath September, April, June or November?'

'Erk-flump.'

'Tear bag? Tear bomb? Tear drop? Tearer? Tear-falling? Tearful? Tearjerker? Tearoom? Tea rose? Tear pit? Tear sac? Tear sheet? Teasel?'

'Gorble, Gorble. OINK!!'

'By the authority vested in me by the Gods Above, the West Wind, the Maize Queen, and the Ifrits of Chaos, I deem thee President of these United Stys.'

The streets got bent.

The cops got bent.

The kids got bent.

The niggers got bent. The

Court got bent. The

Papers got bent. The teevee set

Got bent. The guns got bent. The world

Got bent got bent got bent got bent.

'Our revolution can't limit itself just to political issues and expressions,' said Jerry, puffing on a magic dragon.

Me—'That's what the whole Yippie thing is about.'

'When you act in a purely political manner the pig knows how to handle you. He's got you figured out. But when you do things that go deep, like taking him on sexually and poetically, he doesn't know what to do with you,' says Eldridge, referring to a favourite subject.

Reprinted from the BARB, 9-20-26.

When they ask you about all this, say you never read it and plead the fourteenth amendment. That'll set them thinking.

September will be seen off tomorrow—'Hang by your thumbs!' 'Write if you get work!' — Saturday noon at the Gansevoort Pier on the Hudson River south of Fourteenth Street, directly across the street from the White House Beef Company. Sept. 28.

**** FIRST EAST COAST GALA
APPEARANCE OF PIG ***

Advance men have assured EVO that the Candidate of the Streets, J. Edgar Pigasus himself, will be present. The garbage platform candidate will issue several sty-in-the-sky promises, notably a kilo in every trough and the transformation of the entire FBI, CIA and secret service into Long Pork for the starving millions of Southern California. Pigasus is striving to control his surprising groundswill of support imploring caution and noting that Rome wasn't destroyed in a day. The rally will conclude with a parade at one o'clock from the pier to Tompkins Square Park.

LIVE FOREVER!!!

VOTE PIG FOR PRESIDENT!!!

J. Edgar Pigasus promises eternal life for everyone, regardless of race, creed, colour or ignorance. Remember, it's never really THE END. (Except for those guys.)

The East Village Other meanwhile is agitating to organize a Larf-In in Central Park on Columbus Day, October 12. Plans for activities have not yet been declassified—EVO strategy conferences are so top secret no one from the paper is allowed to attend them, which makes it rough to get anything done, since everyone involved works for the paper—so the best thing would be to infiltrate onto the sheep meadow in small bands of from two to seven thousand. The prettiest way to get there is to enter at one hundred tenth street and run down the bicycle path to the Tavern On the Green, shouting and groping. Fornication will be allowed this one day only, and all babies born as a consequence of this event will receive a complimentary life subscription to EVO. The high point of the festivities will be a march to the Central Park Zoo to select the President's Cabinet. J. Edgar Pigasus will be on hand to conduct the proceedings from invocation to benediction; supplicants may kiss the hair of his chinny-chin.

This is the American Oktoberfest. Eat, drink and be merry, for by January we may all be in Leavenworth.

Amor Intellectualis Quo Yippie Opsum Imat.

It's going back to the barn when pigs killed each other for nothing.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR TANK?

THE WITHOUT EAST BOUND INTO INTERCOM. NO. 148 HAS

It may be a ways uptown from where the Serious Artists of Today congregate, but the new Studio Museum of Harlem is not the sort of place you would want to go after the Metropolitan Museum of Art taught you How to Look at Art through its correspondence course. Opening this week with a programmed lightdisplay by artist Tom Lloyd, the new Studio Museum has been carefully structured to encourage the unexpected, the fluid, the new stuff that the established museums and galleries would not touch with a four-figure receipt. It is run by a privately sponsored, non-profit organization headed by Charles Inniss (Dun & Bradstreet) and Charles Cowles (publishing), and the idea is to put forth an actual community showcase, a project to benefit both artists and their neighborhood.

Tom Lloyd, who is opening the Museum's 1968 program with a show called "Electronic Refractions II," is a black artist who was one of the very first to work in light. The Museum is underwriting his project presently, and by October 24 when his show closes, will have another show prepared by another contemporary artist. The objective is to maintain a schedule of exhibits, all free to the public, and to offer an opportunity for artists—black or white—to work under the patronage of the Museum. A Film Unit program will also be sponsored, under the direction of Robert Larson and Randy Abbot, which will offer classes in filmmaking techniques, to a limited class of young local students. When sufficient funds have been raised to the Museum Committee plans to host several artists-in-residence in rooms adjacent to the Museum itself, at 2033 Fifth Avenue and 125 Street; these artists will work under the Museum's sponsorship and also will be available to Harlem people for instruction in their media.

Starting this week, the Studio Museum in Harlem will be open weekdays except Monday from ten to six, and Saturday and Sunday from one to five.

America's Original Porcine Presidential Candidate was seriously humiliated in Canada last week by members of no less than the American Consulate. Not since then-Vice President Richard Nixon was spat on,

BY DA LATIMER

DECOMP

had rotten eggs thrown at him by Colombians (why should Colombians have all the fun?) has an American political figure been so bebuggered. And this time it was our own citizens who committed the dastardy—does anybody have a list of card-carrying Communists in the American Consulate in Ottawa? What happened was the Fugs liberated Pigasus from the Chicago stockyards in a daring midnight guerilla raid and transported him to Montreal, where they were engaged to belt out the usual scum-spew finger-freak rimjob marijuana fuck-in-the-streets jazz-rock propaganda. There they were contacted by the Canadian Broadcasting Company, who suggested they might contribute to a prospective teevee show on Moral Rearmament for Canadian citizens. It was Ed Sanders' suggestion, just off the tip of his serotum mind you, to film a visit by J. Edgar Pigasus to the ican Consulate, and this was done. For American Consulate, and this was done. For several minutes the pig and his mentors and mentees contended and peaceful while being filmed. Later, however, it was disclosed to Sanders et al that the American Consulate had pressured the CBC not to broadcast this slice of pastoral, charging that Pigasus had been wrapped in an American Flag, an actionable offense here in the states. Hardly, replied Sanders—it was a mod gunny sack the Pig was wearing. He suspects the workings of the noxious bacon-lettuce-and-tomatoe lobby at work behind this action.

Speaking of candidates, someone last week asked Spirochete the Agnew to comment on charges of 'collusion' with George Corlip Wallace to rig the election. Answered the Agnew: 'The charge of "collusion" is beneath the dignity of response... The word "collusion" itself is a poor choice, nearly as bad as "soft on Communism." I don't think I have to answer to that.' His aides were prompt to inform the poor Spirochete that he in fact *didn't* have to answer these charges, since indeed they had been levelled by Nixon, the Agnew's sponsor, against Humphrey, who is on the Other Side. It is refreshing to see someone like the Agnew on the national political scene, someone not evil through and through, but merely dumb, plainly and simply dumb.

Should Wallace be elected, some Christ-like freak will have to be found who will lie down in front of the Presidential limousine holding a land mine.

Devaluation
 one L = \$2.75
 one s = .14
 -|one d|- = .01
 Lsd = \$2.90

FUCK YOUR OLD MONDAY DEADLINE!!!

What to do with Crime in the Streets:
 Piss on it

* * *

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE

Louis Abolafia's Original Aboriginal Orthopedic Pre-Filming Rub-In cum Strategy Session got underway last Saturday at the Cagliostro Press print shop, on fourth street, in the back room last Friday evening. Thirty-odd people appeared at the beginning of the evening to share in the foul wine Louie the Love Candidate was passing around, and to dig some really lovely guitar music. The nudes were swiftly drawn away from the prudes into the back room, where cameramen from the RAT "You Gawd damn commie pinkko beatnik," howled the kid from EVO. "Get outa here! Take a bath!" and other services shot what could have been an orgy, if no one looked too close. Maurice, one of Louie's campaigners, was on hand with his lovely wife, seen above in harem outfit. The reason for all this being a screen test for a television tape to be broadcasted shortly, showing what would happen were Abolafia actually elected president. This of course is television stuff, and the tape as finished will have neither nipples nor pubic hair. Louie needs chicks to help with it, he's paying \$108 a day call EVO, care of DAL, all you luscious little snatches. That's 228-8640, any afternoon at all.

BUT VOTE PIG!!!

Latimer, you're sick --ed.

(Continued on Page 27)



DECOMP

OSITION

PATA REALIST PAPERS

BY JAAKOV KOHN

In spite their success and glories, the Beatles too have to swallow their defeats and disappointments.

They and their men in the higher echelons of Apple sustained a major loss of talent in the resignation of one Rupert Ashburton-Dunning, otherwise known as CALEB, the Beatles I CHING Yarrow-sharker in Residence.

Caleb was responsible for almost all of the Beatles' moves and actions in their personal and business dealings.

There is no evidence of any bad Karma flowing between them. Being groovy heads, they abided by Caleb's desire to cast his own hexagrams.

Even though the gig paid only \$46 a week, Caleb evidently dug working for the FOUR.

Said Caleb:

"I would go in every morning, find myself a place somewhere on the floor—and study the book in a business context.

"All the Beatles threw coins for the 'I Ching'. I also sent them typewritten reports of what the book foretold on certain days.

"But I never did anything like advising them to cancel flying to America because it was a bad time to travel.

"The 'I Ching' does not make decisions. It gives no cut-and-dried answers. It simply lays bare the situations and it is up to the individual how he interpret the advice."

A spokesman for Apple confirmed Caleb's story:

"He used to manage the boutique, but when the Beatles learned about his interest in the 'I Ching' they took him on to study in in relation to the organization.

"All the Beatles threw for the 'I Ching,' and they took it seriously. Caleb gave them reports and they studied them at business meetings. But I don't know what was in them. They were confidential."

For all we know they may have learned by now to cast their own Ching.

* * *

Wherever there is trouble, you can bet your sweet ass that some kind of foreigner is behind it. Or so it seems in many of the trials and tribulations currently besetting the Anglo-Saxon world.

We might consider the case of the Right Honorable David Ennals, Her Majesty's Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of the Home Office and the Right Honorable Sir Edward Boyle, Tory Member of Parliament.

As guests of honor at a Sikh religious gathering, they abided by their hosts' customs by removing their shoes and putting kerchiefs on their heads.

Such an evident act of courtesy leaves little to be desired, on the surface at least. Jewish and Protestant ladies are know to wear black lace mantillas whenever they have an audience with the Pope, and even Lyndon Johnson wouldn't be caught in a synagogue without a yarmolka on his head.

It might even be safe to assume that even the most vitriolic rite nut would not find fault with such a simple act of common courtesy.

The two gentlemen found out other wise.

No less than Mr. Duncan Sandys, Winston Churchill's former son-in-law and former Defense Minister of Her Brittanic Majesty's government, denounced the two chaps for their "subservient and apologetic attitude toward immigrants." He deemed their actions as "ludicrous and undignified" and exhorted his fellow Limeys "not to be ashamed to be British in Britain" and, evidently not digging the new winds blowing off Carnaby Street, finished with the provocative inquiry: "Can we no longer dress in our own way?"

Not if you dig gallivanting about in drag, Duncan dear.

* * *

Jim Buckley, the conservative candidate for the Senate (and Bill Buckley's crew cut Big brother) is trying to establish an identity of his own.

He stopped the tedious routine of traveling on Bill's coattails and, despite the overshadowing lip smacking, eyeball curling image junior projects, big Jim managed to get embroiled in an intra-party controversy. He prefers Nixons to Wallace.

A considerable number of party faithfuls logically prefer Wallace. The funny thing about it is Jim's reason for such a seemingly pink attitude. In reality they should all find solace in affable Jim. Not a pink tint on him. True blue to the core. To him George is just another federal aid suckling pink leech and as such Jim wouldn't have any part of him.

The Neanderthals needn't worry about those Buckley boys. True blue to the core.

* * *

Frank Sinatra and the Italian Anti-Defamation League notwithstanding, Columbus Day has so much more meaning than it's Irish counterpart, the sodden day of St. Patrick.

In spite of the purple black catholic overtones, Columbus day probably makes more sense than any of the other traditional-sentimental celebrations. Columbus means discovery and as such exudes good vibes.

At a time when the morbid funeral death march of the System shrouds our lives to a point of near suffocation, an affirmation or rediscovery is indeed in order. Toward that noble goal we shall all BE IN on The Sheeps Meadow on Saturday, October 12th, at 11:00 a.m.

To the tremblechins of menopausal senility and the hawkers of bad shit we respond with Columbus' thing - REDISCOVERY.

* * *

The true meaning of making bread has tragically eluded most of us, often in a most tragic way. The simple alternative to getting hung on it is makin it.

Dissolve three packages of yeast in one cup of hot milk and add two cups of luke warm water, 1/2 cup of oil, 1/2 cup of sugar

and as much salt as you wish. TAKE A TOKE. Start mixing and gradually add six cups of the flour of your choice. Remove dough from bowl and start kneading on floured surface (like the Pizza man between aerial thrusts). TAKE ANOTHER TOKE.

When doughy consistency is achieved (.ie. when it doesn't stick) return dough to bowl and let it rise until volume is doubled.

After deflating the swollen lump with a karate chop, divide dough into loaves and place in baking pans.

Let it rise again (TAKE TOKE) by 50 per cent and bake for 40-60 minutes at 365-400 degrees. Lite up and wait till it is done and TAKE BITE.

Satisfaction guaranteed. It's certainly the most sensible way of making bread.

* * *

Pigasus, the Pippie's presidential candidate busted by his human counterparts in Chicago, isn't the only pig making selfless contributions to our own pigish merry go round.

Medical machine wizzards in England have come up with a machine that enables a pig's liver to assume its failed human counterpart's functions.

After 18 months of intensive research, in the course of which the livers of various other animals were tested, the pig's was found to be the most suitable for such a close interchange with humans.

The Royal Victoria Infirmary in Newcastle upon Tyne where the machine was invented, reports success in the treatment of most grave cases of liver failure.

No, Virginia, not all pigs are Daleys, some mean us no harm at all.

* * *

When George Wallace was asked to comment on a New York Times editorial which said, among other things, that "every man and woman who casts a vote for him (Wallace) will bring shame upon this country."

Walalce didn't even pucker his lips or twitch his twitch but set forth as smooth as he slurps his favorite ketchup (he puts it on everything), "I might say shame on the N. Y. Times for saying about Castro that he was a good man. They were mistaken about him, they said he was a good man. Now they are saying people who vote for me are bad fellows, so I say they are mistaken in both instances. I have as good a peopel in this country supporting me as anybody."

Two questions:

- a) What does Castro have to do with red-necks and the ritenuts?
b) Has he gone soft on the NYT? If so why?

* * *

DA Latimer notwithstanding, the current Miss America looks like a groovy chick. Who cares about the shit in Atlantic City as long as the chick checks out.

Kohn, you're sick too like Latimer—ed.

* * *

Saying of the week:

Law and Order is a perfectly good American term.

—Spiro Agnew

R. Jones

KOKAINE KARMA

BY BOB RUBNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

The atmosphere of major record companies hangs heavy over the hit or miss hype swirl that stagnates music in a swamp of packaged formula sounds shooting into the veins of the unaware. Faint stirrings of freshness and taste are beginning to be felt from Columbia, Reprise and Electra. However great gusts of sounds conscientiously produced are emanating from isolated independent labels throughout the country.

From Chicago, Bob Koester's *Delmark* label, and in New York, Nick Perls' *Yazoo-Belzonia* and Alan Douglas's *Douglas International* represent three distinctly separate strong paths of independent production not being invaded, subverted and controlled by the Moloch, mother-lode mammoth record company/colony.

Koester's company shares the basement bedrooms of his Jazz-Record Mart with Big Joe Williams and produces fantastic Chicago urban blues artists as well as the avant garde jazz sounds of the pig stained city's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. In a lower east side storefront, Perls concentrates on the remastering of early delta blues artists like Skip James, Son House, Charlie Patton and Robert Johnson, "the direct forebearer of Muddy Waters and other R & B stylists." Being eclectic and open to an infinity of sounds and ideas, Alan Douglas, backed by a larger fund and better distribution through a major label is releasing records by everyone from Lenny Bruce and Malcom X to Eric Dolphy, Richie Havens, Muddy Waters, and the Indian government's archives of sacred raga music.

Looking like a Trappist monk because of a blow to his skull by the Chicago gasta-tapo during the recent national disaster, Bob Koester and *Delmark* are riding a crest of some national success with recent releases. Magic Sam's "West Side Soul" has

been receiving ecstatic reviews from even Jann Wenner's "Rolling Stone." It is selling well throughout the country even surpassing Junior Wells' "Hoodoo Man Blues" (his best record to date). Another landmark release from *Delmark*, "Levels and Degrees of Light" is by Richard Abrams. This must go down as one of the most important albums of the new music since Coltrane's "Ascension." The musicians joined their thoughts with Abrams to produce "a kind of prayer," a smooth flowing surreal sound that makes one marvel at the thought that the music is improvised. The pianist, clarinetist (Abrams) is the founder-president of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians—a family of artists who are taking over their own destinies, are their own agents, and play their own music. By producing their own concerts, (all details handled by musicians) they have escaped the insensitive evils of the entertainment arena and given a positive for the member units. Some other *Delmark* artists are Sun Ra, Sleepy John Estes (featuring Mike Bloomfield), Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Archie Shepp, Big Joe Williams, Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, Roosevelt Sikes, and Bud Powell.

Yazoo-Belzonia presents the classic country blues addict with virtually the cream of this genre. From the bottleneck guitar styles of the Mississippi Moaners to the less well documented (by major labels) stylings of the Tex-Arkana-Louisiana country bluesmen, Nick Perls has produced a comprehensive library of musical expressions that dominated the South during the late 20's early 30's. For a free catalogue write to

Yazoo Records at 390 East 8th Street, New York, New York 10009.

Some of Alan Douglas new projects include "The Wit and Wisdom of Malcom X," Alan Ginsberg, Ezra Pound and a multi-media theatrical production of the late Lenny Bruce with jazzman Charles Lloyd as musical director.

As numerous new recording companies pop up affiliated with large labels, they try to give the impression of being a new hip underground label. The legitimate, conscientious recording produced by these three independent men reflect their own tastes and stylings, and are *not* super hyped-up balloon products that are flooding the market but are directed at the individualistic, intelligent, non-commercial buyer.

The Byrds have once more changed personnel with McGuinn adding country guitarist Clarence White and drummer Gene Parsons temporarily replacing Kevin Kelly. Gram Parsons, young country singer, composer and former leader of the International Submarine Band, left the Byrds a few months ago due to the booking of the band into segregated South Africa.

Tim Hardin has signed with Columbia records leaving MGM-Verve. He is now appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go with West Coast Rock Group, Rhinoceros.

The master of the sadistic stage, Jimi Hendrix, is sure to have another blockbuster seller with his newest album "Electric Ladyland" on Reprise. The double pocket LP, still not in distribution, already

has advance orders surpassing the million dollar sales mark qualifying it for a gold record.

The new Jersey Committee Against Discrimination in Housing is presenting in a benefit-concert, The Muddy Waters Blues Band featuring Otis Span and Luther Johnson at the gymnasium of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J., Saturday, Oct. 12, 1968, at 8:30 p.m. All tickets \$3.00, student tickets \$1.50 (for information, call CHOICE, East Orange, N.J., (201) 676-0060).

Jazz-rock guitarist, Larry Coryell, appearing with the Steve Marcus Group through Sun. at the Village Gate with David Steinberg and Herbie Mann, is moving to the Village Vanguard next week as leader with a trio featuring Jack DeJohnette (drums) and Miro Slav Vitous (bass). He will be playing his powerful music fusing jazz and rock as well as including some vocals.

Fred Weintraub's, the Bitter End, 147 Blecker Street in Greenwich Village, is looking for talent for its Saturday and Sunday rock matinees, which it will reintroduce this fall. Groups wishing to audition for the Bitter End matinees may call Steve Mislove at GR 5-7804, after noon, and leaving their names and telephone numbers.

The Electric Kokaine Karma is now heard on Free Form Radio WFMU 91.1 from 9 to midnight Mon.-Thurs. and Sun. from 11 until 4 or 5 a.m. Expected guests in the next few weeks include Velvet Underground, Larry Coryell, Bob Moses, Steve Paul, Dave Von Ronk, Blood, Sweat and Tears.





BOOZIE WOOF
CANNED HEAT

CONTAINS THE HIT SINGLE "ON THE ROAD AGAIN"



Film



by LITA ELISCU

photo: Ted Wester

There used to be a split between those who say they do as they feel and those who say they would like to. Lately, the previously located 'under-ground' has come out, everywhere, and is just waiting to be fondled as enthusiastically as desired. Still, many are not yet sure of just which Yellow Brick Road to follow (not to make the metaphor too ponderous, but—so many seem to get stuck forever in Dorothy's poppy field). One of the most pleasant and certainly socially acceptable approaches to finding out what is supposedly going on is through media: mass, linear, multi- etc., but all essentially interpretative information sources giving some pre-conceived view of some phenomenon. Herein referred to as 'perceptual impingement', meaning that one person's view interacts with another and with luck, some variation of dynamic, free-flow I-Thou results; otherwise, it is to be hoped it is at least a case of going away with feelings mixed, but never just going away.

At any metaphorical price (cycle; dialectic; pendulum swings), there is a single spectrum covering the extension of any particular media. One line from Time to EVO; from The Bacchae to Hair; and from Intolerance to You Are What You Eat. All are trying to disclose some condition perceived in the environment. 'Perceived' does not, of course, mean the theory presented exists, except in somebody's head. Media provides an amniotic sac for the foetus of an informed-person-to-be, the devcurer of 'reality'. Art is a kaleidoscope whose patterns are changed whenever someone (read: Artist) picks up the existential cylinder and shakes it.

Many of the contemporary artworks are not supposed to be avant-garde, they are supposed to stand as instant time-capsules for a far wider audience than can ever be supposed should understand esoteric, ultra-abstract forms; (if the audience at large did understand the most complex, etc., forms, there would be no avant-garde, obviously).

YAWYE, for instance, will be an explosive experience for those who have never actually been part of the scene but want to understand it. It is a mediator, an arbitrator if you will, much like Hair is, for those peripheral to whatever circle they think they want to be inside. Super-spade, Tiny Tim and Frank Zappa are household words in some places, not to mention Vito or The Family Dog. Intolerance was not chosen lightly as a comparative choice; both flicks use casts of thousands in order to represent a contemporary phenomenon, and both choose to focus on a few leads to provide some continuity. Most important, they both

reflect a national condition, or pastime. YAWYE will be an hors d'oeuvre for some, a mere taste thrill of what they have been feeding on for a part of their lives. Still, just as EVO has an effect on Time, so does YAWYE change the whole fabric, or the rest of the dinner, to use their preferred metaphor. Because if everyone at least tastes a green olive at the cocktail party, then there have to be some who are going to like it—law of averages.

At the Lincoln Center Film Festival (3 Cheers for the Bad Guys . . . 3 for the Good Guys . . .) one of the most interesting entries is Faces, a slick trip by John Cassavetes, a look at that board contingent of America, near Petulia land but not quite on top of it. In a little over 2 hours, Cassavetes effectively buries an American way-of-life: those who would take out insurance policies before deciding whether or not to love someone (even themselves); those who are unhappy with the lives they chose to live, but not unhappy enough to do more than hurt and maim, twist the knife, but never enough. Death plays little part in this suburban complex, although suicide by pills is tried by one unhappy wife . . .

In contrast to YAWYE, people make sex a vicious bicycle ride; one of the impending dramatic triangles is a husband who decides to leave his wife and comfort himself with a high-priced call girl, a profession which seems to have gone into repression in another part of California around Haight Street. Rigid codes are respected, including the old double standard—a husband can look with some scorn upon a wife who has gone and done what he did, sort of, a la Beverly Hills-wifely fashion. Nobody in the film is happy, at any point . . . The young stud who comes home with the wife mentioned goes through a great monolog on mechanical man: "Look . . . I-am-sex-y-I-am-good-look-ing-I-can-get-any-woman-I-want—and I think just because I say it, it's gotta be true?"

The wife sort of giggles, and that's as close as the film comes to humor. Obviously, there is a great concern that one way of life really is becoming absurd, a sort of subsistence level below the waterline. Interestingly, the film is a semi-documentary, many of the lines being improvised on-the-spot. This gives the film its ambivalent quality of truth and horror—because these people really know that this is the way it can be.

Another film shown at the Festival, Mouchette is one of the simplest and yet most embroidered of all, thick with the exquisite threads of Robert Bresson's kind of sensitivity to human life. Mouchette is a 14-year-old peasant girl. We find her staring away at

something, someone, half over her shoulder, a look sullen and sodden, defiant but somehow trembling. She says, "They will miss me." And they will, for she runs her family's house: a dying alcoholic mother, typical peasant brother and father. Her only solace is taking care of her mother, being near her in those moments she is physically awake.

The story traces Mouchette's whole life, inexorably revealed in those first few words. Little enough is told about her; she belongs to no sociologist's specimen charts. She is a little girl, a defiant spirit in a world replete with cruelty, disgust, and mistrust. She is 14, playing on the brink of knowledge and a child fantasist. Before the film is over, she knows all one can know of life and death, and the subsidiaries.

Bresson uses non-professionals for the most part; perhaps that's just as well, for his system of film-making allows for almost no interpretation by his characters. They stand, sit, repeat one line, assume some look on their faces—and the camera shoots at the desired, requisite angle. His films are almost totally a one-man phenomenon, proving that even such a complex artform can be individually controlled.

His subjects are generally the greater themes, salvation, or redemption in some form: The Trial of Joan of Arc, Diary of a Country Priest, etc., all are imbued with a sense of spirit indomitable.

His work is not for any one time or place, but for all those who think they can see.

THE MOKE-EATER . . . LITA ELISCU

Remember the Silver Dollar**

Max's Kansas City, whose entertainment downstairs is well-enough known, now has something even better going on upstairs on week-ends. The Play-House of the Ridiculous is now presenting The Moke-Eater. PHOTR (an updated version of Ubu Roi's famous "Shit-r") is a company of creators, so that while the play is nominally 'by' Kenneth Bernard, the production is truly an ensemble affair. The play assails the audience, using noise, screams, uncomfortable surroundings and nasty absurdity to do so. First, out comes American Eagle (played by Harpies Bizarre) to sing the Anthem (how many nations are there, huh?) and everyone is asked to stand. We do so—after perhaps three notes, we all feel extremely silly, watching this pink-skinned, semi-feathered dragster reach sharps and flats which were hitherto nonexistent. In an act of defiance, some of the audience rashly unclenched their right hands from their hearts and stood for the rest of the song with both hands at their sides.

Next, a group identified as Men, played by whatever is around, campers on stage, looking like rejects from the asylum at Charenton (too much color in their cheeks). They listen, and so do we, to the sound of a car engine chugging, chugging . . . then conking out. Jack arrives from the rear of the audience, and asks for a mechanic to fix his car. Suddenly, he is understood by the Men: "Click-click? Crwck!" And they jump him, stopped only by the menacing fly-swatter of Smart Alec, who looks like a psychedelic version of Orphan Annie playing Captain Kidd.

As the Men stand back, one of them turns in profile, and through a hole in his pocket can be glimpsed straw which seems to be his entire stuffing . . . Then he turns his face to us: Red eyes, white teeth, glistening tongue, and quivering, trembling, maybe a tic or two . . . She's lovely.

The story is very simple: Jack has been confused with someone named Fred, and Smart Alec won't let him go until he has done what he is supposed to do. He does not have to be told, because Fred already knows what he is supposed to do. And if Jack keeps insisting he is not Fred, he's going to get it right there.

The noise is terrific throughout, always whistles and screams and raving voices completely caught up in their self engaged world. There is no right or wrong except the split-second Present and whatever accommodations Smart Alec wishes to make for it. The play starts in mid-orgasmic frenzy and simply builds up, up, and beyond the pleasure principle in any form. Jack fights constantly with Alec, for the right to know what it is she wants; he is lost in a jungle of absurdity and savagery and humiliation. The play, by the by, is dedicated to America. This is a "community hoary (horny?) with history," as Alec describes it. Jack pleads, grovels, and hysterically screams but the action stops only twice; once, when he sobs HONEST! and another time when he gasps Pleece-uzz!! Otherwise, his torture is never abated, and neither is ours, for watching a masochist at play is not altogether a comfortable outing; either one desires a more active or passive role than mere spectator, also confined and bound to the position of audience.

The imagery is perhaps the most disgusting of the season, a description follows of how the last poor victim was disposed of: castrated, slowly inch by inch, then a knife turned sloo-wwwwwwly until his intestines are removed and he is choked by them, covered with them, and then his arms and legs . . . and then his liver stuffed into his mouth . . . and then. All this is delivered in a baby voice, setto voce, by Alec, so that it is his "wivver" which is "stuffed in 'is mouf." And it is the audience who sits there, reflecting quietly, a few lips tightened.

The cast is divided into various factions. here is Jack-Fred and Smart Alec; there are the Men, and Clowns, and Alec's Pet Crow, and there is Maria, who shares these different worlds most disconcertingly.

(Continued on Page 18)

Poor Paranoids

Allan Katzman

Paranoia is when you look in the future, see gloom, and run and hide. The future's in your head. Chicago is a big city, actions and activities are spread out. Those that act peacefully will be treated peacefully; in fact, they will be held up as models of the good niggers. There'll be everything happening here. All kinds of politics. People will visit the Zoo, people will sell newspapers and others will debate your ideology, and march on the Amphitheater and dance in the park and give out food, and swim, and smoke dope, and fuck, and fight cops and give cops flowers and get pregnant and laugh and cry and live and die and there will be a whole mess of people here doing what you're doing. Festival of Life is what will happen, only real LIFE —no some time Magazine fag version of Hippy Heaven.

—Abbie Hoffman.

Chicago was Tuesday. I paraded my wounds early out in Lincoln park. There were only a few people about and the park; with the mist and dew from Lake Michigan still hovering below its treelines, and paper, bottles, and last night's tear gas violating the landscape; was werewolf in perspective; the blankets, different circles of flesh, free food trays, and last night's gypsy fires embering lowly in the wetness. It was a battlecamp, no longer a park, and the area showed its scars.

The "Generals" were nowhere in sight. Most people slept in the houses of friends, as did myself, and had made arrangements beforehand. What remained now were young "kids" who had become soldiers for the movement. They had gathered back at the park after waiting for the dawn to become busy so that they could return to their own arrangements and bed down after the battle.

Some were still asleep or lying stretched out and waiting for the sun to break through the mist and warm their tired bodies. Others stood about exchanging their experiences of only hours before. It was Tuesday. The morning after when young men exchanged braveries. They immediately noticed my wound and accepted it into their closed circle of flesh.

"Police, huh?, one of them questioned, before they closed up.

"Yeah," I replied, and instantly the now broken circle of flesh met itself as if by command. There was something electric in this oldest of rituals as each one's face told their wounds and compared their victories. For the most part, they were fearless stories until every so often someone would admit a shiver of pain and then it would crack along our spines completing the circle and fall to the center before our eyes. In the early morning mist, we must have shone like a frosted electric bulb to anyone who was passing by on the anterior of the park.

The circle began to break up as we started to grow weary with tales and run out of things to get high on. I strolled over to some people who were lying on the grass, and reading about it all in the morning newspaper. They did not notice me, as if what they were reading was what had really happened. I found myself looking with them and wondering what the words meant. It was all literature with a capital J, and all newspaper with a capital L.

They held the newspaper with both hands as I read over their shoulders, and found nothing about my own wounds, or the others, far worse than mine, I had seen in the hospital the night before. I turned away and my eyes fell on a young boy and girl who were going through the ritual of early morning love. Their small bed of grass mimicked and crushed the ground of last night's battlefield as they rolled down a slight slope; their lips raining gentle blows on each others face; their own laughter clutching at the swirl of their arms and legs as they rolled over and over and came to rest at the end of the slope.

The boy on top lifted himself up on his elbows and stared at his conquest. Everything seemed to stop as if comparing itself to last night. In the next moment when he kissed her, I could have sworn that everyone there and turned around to help him put a little sadness in it. We were all a day older.

I turned and walked towards the eastern end of the park. Someone had mentioned to me the day before that the houses at this end were most beautiful, complete with Lewis Sullivan Greco-Roman balconies circa Chicago 1920's and 30's. I wanted to have a look before anything else began.

As I walked, I noticed sparse encampments of the "pigs." Some stood around or sat on benches just quietly talking. Once in awhile, one of them would laugh. Others were playing football and any other activity to occupy their waiting time. Some sat on a bench by the lake on the western end of the Yippies' encampment staring at the water, jabbing at the air with their voices or throwing bits of bread to the swans who had gathered within listening distance to them.

I came to the eastern exit of the park and in front of me stood a raised circle of stone, almost 35 feet in diameter, with a statue about 20 feet high with its back towards me. To my right, was the so called "Cultural Institute." It stood there a high Parthenon whose roof had the eerie feeling of a closed tomb. Its beautiful imitation ancient architecture loomed like a doomed box waiting to be lowered miles into the earth.

I walked a few feet further then turned around to see what statue had deliberately turned its back on last night's proceedings. It was Abraham Lincoln. His right arm was extended into the air as if gesturing to some point in history. It was strange to see that at which point the future impacted with the present, great things, art and myth included, were always turned away. My eyes widened as I noticed two "pigs;" their blue helmets off their heads at ease on the stone monument, absorbed in playing chess while they sat there in the relax of battle.

"The pigs are playing chess!"

One of them quickly jerked his head up and stared, the other continued to pursue the board, staring at the pieces, not caring to be annoyed with any other battle.

In the few seconds I stood there, a pair of eyes fixed my position, my value, and my next move. I did not move, the same curiosity still on my face as when I had first uttered my childish idiotic delight.

He turned his head back to the board as quickly as he had turned it away. This time I would not be included in the game.

But a lot of things began with that look. It started a whole trip in my head that lasted till late afternoon. I walked out of the park and right into my mind many remembrances and a few wierd words. There was something I had forgotten, and I found myself searching for it now among empty monuments of meaning — majestic buildings circa 1920's and 30's. I looked down at my right arm cradled in its sling. This was not the reason I was here. Ed Sanders had asked me that same question Saturday night, the day I had arrived. "I'm observing. I'm here as a material witness."

"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

"I do."

What would Jean Genet have done in my place? What would William Burroughs, and Terry Southern have said?

Genet has gentle bald head, and the fourth mad wall which shines from his eyes makes him smaller than he is. But I wonder what prison he would perform, if the judge ever looked his way.

"Lincoln Park is another Gettysburg, your Honor."

"I would have to disagree with you there, Jean. I'm Colonel William Burroughs, the prince of paranoia, king of druggers, and I know what I say. The Chicago police are more a football team than anything else."

"Bill tends to exaggerate a bit your honor. I'm the original White Christian and I believe in Reason. I do not have enough faith to believe in anything else. Where are my wounds? I WANT my wounds. I DEMAND MY WOUNDS."

"ORDER IN THE COURT. ORDER IN THE COURT."

What would an ordinary cop think? Jay Levin and I straggled on one Monday night about 9 a.m. hours before the battle began. He stood lumberingly against the stone southwestern exit of the park, porksize in his official blues. He relaxed a bit when he saw Jay's press credentials.

"Yeah, it's a pain. We don't get paid for overtime. We're on shifts. I'd rather be home."

"You guys should unionize like in New York."

"We get a good salary."

He adjusted his uniform and shifted his weight to his other foot. He wasn't listening now as the conversation shifted out of his range. Jay and I said goodnight and walked away.

"You know, he wasn't even listening to us."

"I know."

A workman stopped me this morning on the street. He was breaking up the pavement in the park along with a couple of other workman. He stopped pounding the ground long enough to see me in my sling.

"You get that last night?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing in the park last night?"

"I work for a newspaper."

"Well, . . . maybe, . . . if you wore better clothes. . ."

"He didn't see my clothes. I got beat up because I was there."

He didn't say anything after that but started to fondle the pick ax in his hand. I noticed the pained expression in his face. But it was hard to tell whether it was caused by the calloses on his hands or him.

In Chicago, the buildings leave you no room for doubt. They are there and they intend to stay there. I woke up to their giant cause as I stood before one

this evening at the end of my walk. I was back in Lincoln Park.

Outside, the street was a new game. I skirted the eastern end of the park and walked around. The "pigs" were no longer playing, they were getting ready; obviously waiting, interred in the mausoleum of the cultural institute. It was 9 p.m., still enough time to drive to the Coliseum, near the south side, and witness the "movements" eulogy to the National Democratic Convention.

When I arrived, I headed for the back of the speaker's stand. The Coliseum, located on the beginning of the black ghetto, was a broken down affair. It was an old indoor basketball stadium, large enough to house the convention of a third political party.

I arrived in the middle of Phil Ochs' soliloquy. He sang: "Even treason might be worth a try/This country is too young to die."

The lights glared, the rafters shook, the roar and echo of ¼ of what it could hold filled the empty seats. The TV cameras, photographers, and reporters were grinding away, capturing the spectacle of prophecy. And then something nuclear happened as we all stood up spontaneously and victoried the air with our fingers. The stadium was charged with the grandeur of what it was becoming. It lit up and glowed: The air warm with immensity; the song, a cry of birth which twisted all our lips. People began to burn their draft cards simultaneously in different parts of the stadium. The fire was made real.

Ochs backed off silently, a few feet from the microphones, strumming and keeping rhythm for his own ears, as if to give an invisible God room to approach the microphones and make his voice felt and heard. In the sceptor of the stadium's chaos, of noise and hosannas of "peace now," it was the future crying over the rooftops to the Amphitheater of where it was really happening. I left abruptly with the fear of too many voices and their choir of consent on my own lips.

I drove back to the park and it had already happened.

The center of the park was filled with more people than ever. In the middle of it all, some priests stood with a large wooden cross of about 7 feet in height arguing their faith to a crowd grown more militant since the night before. It all broke loose as the night's first tear gas filled the air. People began to scatter, choking into their blindness, grabbing for other hands to guide them to safety. The "pigs" broke through the darkness, nightsticks flaking the intensity of running bodies. Arms and feet flayed the grass. One person, to my right, fell across my path, his outstretched hand striking the back of my leg as he grabbed to break his fall.

I fell, landing into a bush and out of sight of the "pigs." As I picked myself up, I saw his face for an instant.

He looked like someone I had seen on the lower east side; some poet whose name I could never remember. The "pigs" had him surrounded, eight of them even hitting themselves because they were so eager to get to their fallen prey.

Their nightsticks flashed and out in the open field, I saw his mind smile and the brain jokingly leap from its captivity and splatter across the grass. The blood could be smelled for miles after that but it didn't matter now. In the heat of battle, all brains looked alike. The smell was a million times the memory, of all the human flesh devoured by cellular history. The coding had never been eliminated; old as the first time kicking and screaming into existence. It could only be pried loose: The breaking of skulls, the flesh/bone battered to smithereens, and the blood left loose to conume in an open field somewhere, separated from its slavefed counterpart and free to roam in the universe until it was called back again to repeat the performance. It was a bad time for art, a bad time to be lying raw meat and magnified under the eye of the universe. But there he was, bleeding out of the side of darkness.

He got up in that same instant, fingers pinching the open wound, and ran with his brain on fire unable to control his own movements; a brokenfield of consciousness mapping out last efforts. He ran into a phalanx of blue uniforms collaring a bulldog expression of kill and meat. They struck for the untouched sarcophagus and he fell screaming into a squish and a splat; the mud water twitching away the red from his face. He was left unnoticed for a few moments as everything broke up and scattered into other directions; the cameras and photo crews nowhere in sight. What was on the TV screens of millions at that moment or later whether taped or live, could not be smelled. So many people without the power of their nose. What could they do but turn off their sets and leave him lying there.

Out on LaSalle, the "kids" had broken up into small packs and split up Clark Street for Oldtown. Two lone figures stood at the street's entrance

(Continued on Page 19)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

BY DAVID BODIE



Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Karl are running the new American revolution.

And Comrade Karl comes out pretty static in the Electric Age.

SDS at Columbia has just finished running a week-long International Assembly of Revolutionary Students both on the Columbia campus and NYU.

"Comrades, we must have action, but action is not efficient without consciousness. That is what theory is. We must have a theoretical line. But the theory is not scientific until it is tested." Comrade economist Ernest Mandel said in 2½ hours of rhetoric.

But it was Marx versus McLuhan last week.

And the SDS revolutionaries don't know who McLuhan is, but they sure sense where it's at today and they are frustrated because they don't understand it.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Every night of the assembly speeches were made about finding a theory which would:

a) "expose to the consciousness of the masses that neo-capitalism forever exploits them while socialism is the true democracy."

b) "Find the way to unify the working classes (those who work for wages) with students and the alienated, the blacks and poor."

One night in the Chemistry Dept. lecture hall, with enormous charts of chemical symbols hanging on the walls, a German militant comrade was dissecting the dialectic.

An American chick took action. She scrawled in large letters on the blackboard: "The more I hear speeches about Revolution, the more I want to FUCK."

Now Comrade Marx what would Brother Chico say to that? The rhetoric went on about what to do about the Mexican situation (and nobody mentioned the worst thing, the pot fields have been napalmed), and finding a way to synthesize theory and action.

HE—SHE POWER

A guy grabbed a hold of the blackboard chick, dragged her by the heel across the floor and starting fucking her pumping up and down and she squealed gleefully while another gal from the Women's Liberation Movement demanded at the microphone that women have equal rights and be freed from the tyranny of pin curlers.

Comrade Marx, Comrade Lenin: how do you explain that phenomenon?

Were the fucker and the fuckee merely bourgeois counter-revolutionaries?

Or were they tuned in to the age we are in?

SDS wants to create a political party, and according to the dialectic, a political party "must have a theoretical line and then an organization to carry it out", the comrade from Italy said.

But the dry dust of the dead European civilization gags your senses here, and you spew it out. This is the ERA of America, Coca-Cola signs fly everywhere in the world.

Politics are people. Everyone one of us is political.

HOW TO BY AND SELL

But American politics have always been without ideology. Factions join together to seize power every

election year. The factions struggle to convince other factions to buy their product and hope fully no one gets dead in the process.

(When enough people get dead in a factional fight, you have civil war. We tried that once and didn't like it.)

The great crime of Lyndon Johnson was that he tried to put factions into a melting pot and serve up a meal of consensus and we got sick.

Youth of America remember what our fathers told us in '76: America is here for Life, for Liberty, for the Pursuit of Happiness.

Our fathers heard John Locke and dropped the pursuit of property for the pursuit of happiness. Remember that.

The revolutionaries of New Left-SDS want property for the masses.

But I don't want to give away my beads, my hippie bangles: they give me happiness.

But who among us pursues happiness?

McLUHAN AS GEN FRANKLIN

Now SDS-New Left comrades and the comrades they imported from Europe and Mexico can't abide the dangers inherent in factionalism based on competing ideology.

They can only scoff at Ben Franklin. For what did this founding father give to us for ideology?

"If you go to bed early, you will be healthy, wealthy and wise."

Franklin does *not* tell you it is good to be healthy, wealthy and wise. That's for you to determine. He only offers you a means, a pragmatic way and you chose the own way.

Comrade Ernest Mandel, the French Trotskyite economist, told the International Assembly, "Let's face it. There have been no great social thinkers since the last 100-150 years and what we are seeing now is the working out of (Marx's) analysis of the social forces created by capitalism and neo-capitalism."

LIBRARIES ARE FOR READING

But social thinkers are superfluous. You can read everything they have to say in the library under the section called ancient history.

The Electric Age has transcended the dialectic and Poor Richard. McLuhan taps into the electricized psyches of America and tells us how to restructure our egos, our politicalness.

But he doesn't tell us what we should do with our restructured psychic selves. That's the bag each of us carries, light or empty, as you choose.

One night of the Assembly a serious young comrade spoke on the problem of repression by the press (the session was on combating the repression in the capitalist society—press, by the courts, the "police").

"We should have nothing to do with the press," the comrade said. "People spend four hours a day in front of the box, but Chicago showed that the people were not moved even by the press' bias for the kids."

AMERICA LOVES MAYOR DALEY

The comrade said that polls and the press have found that Middle Class America loves Mayor Daley, and the Yippie thing was a bust and Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin are great manipulators of the media

but remain freaks.

Abbie Hoffman was the final speaker at the Chemistry Dept. session, the one where the chick advertised for a fuck.

The Black flag of Anarchy hung next to the Red flag of the left. Scientific symbols hung overhead. The revolutionaries were ready to go home.

Abbie leaped onto the 30 foot long lecture desk in the amphitheatre, whipped out his electric yo-yo and spun it out at the comrades.

"We all got different styles," he said.

Suddenly the revolutionaries were electrified, the air was charged. Their plastic participation in the Assembly became personal participation—like the difference between being involved in the Vietnam war via TV and being in the war by marching in a parade and being the TV show itself.

HOW TO BE IN CHARGE

"I listen to you guys talk about theory and putting theory into practice . . . finding a way to tell it to the masses."

"Now when we organize, we don't come on with this theory stuff. Who wants to hear that? You know, they want to hear about killing the rats, stopping the pigs."

"So we go up to the cats and ask 'em one question: what do you want?"

"If we can get it for them, we tell 'em 'we're in charge.' (Laughter)"

"If we can't get it for 'em, we say, 'you're in charge.'" (The yo-yo whizzes in a loop-the-loop, lights scaring. A political happening.)

"I saw Mayor Daley's film on TV. It was beautiful. We came to Chicago with four people. Wednesday we had to bring in four more. Like there were just eight of us. The others came along for the trip."

"There it was on TV. All the kids getting fucked on the head by the pigs. When they were bashing me, just couldn't stop laughing."

TELL YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY

Abbie reared back and smashed his yo-yo on the desk. "Forever fly youth fare. Yeah, that's right, we're their children. Never let 'em forget we're their children . . . the heads they bash are their children's heads and they saw it on TV."

So thousands of plastic people have told the pollsters (the Electric Age's voting machine) that they love Mayor Daley because all those dirty jew bastard fuckin commies are bringing moral decay to America the Beautiful.

But 15,000 kids got their heads bashed. And 30,000 parents watched. Yeah, my kid was a schmuck for going to Chicago, my kid doesn't understand we gotta have law and order, and he shouldn't have provoked the cops, but, Jesus, the cops didn't have to crack my kid's head, I mean, why hit him like that—and 30,000 parents got a little bit revolutionized.

"It was a beautiful film," said Abbie. "At the end of it they said it was a failure. That's all we need. Another 300 failures like Chicago."

Next week *The East Village Other* will answer the questions raised by the New Left Movement, for instance; is Capitalism the culprit? How do you raise the consciousness of the masses who now are trained only to be consumers? And other issues.

The RHONUS BALONUS

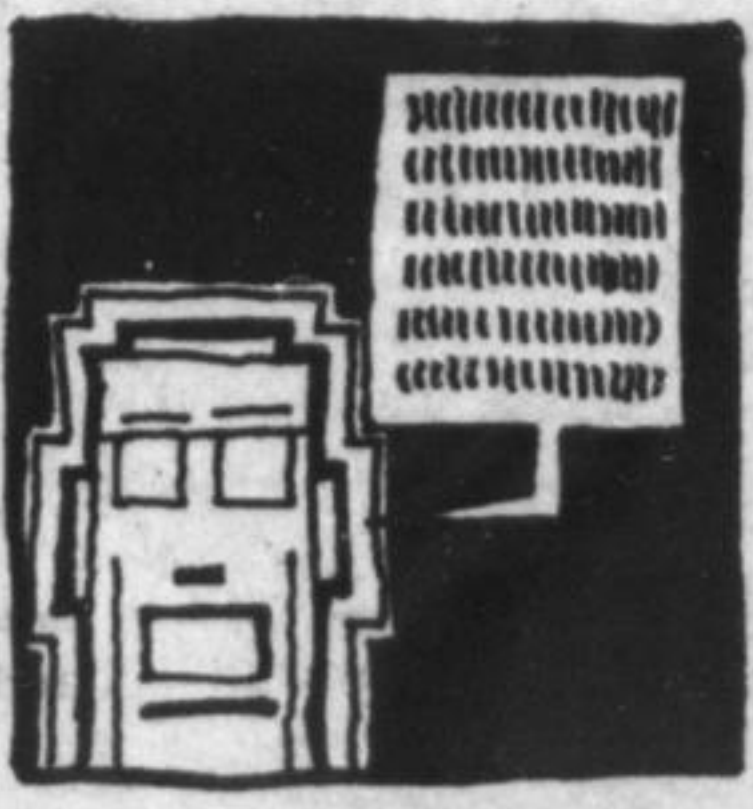
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AFTER LAST WEEKS ATTACK THE REBELS HOLD A MEETING TO DECIDE THE COURSE OF ACTION TO BE TAKEN IN RETALIATION THE TWO MAIN POSITIONS ARE BASICALLY

← THESE →

THE MEETING TAKES 28 HOURS WE SHALL SPARE THE READER THE FULL TEXT OF THAT CONCLAVE HOPPING THAT THIS VISUAL EXPOSITION WILL SUFFICE A.B.

KOMRADES I APPEAL TO YOU AS MEN WHO WOULD MAKE A BETTER WORLD NOT TO IGNORE THE LESSONS OF HISTORY: THAT THE ULTIMATELY VICTORIOUS FORCES ARE THOSE WHICH REPRESENT HIGHER CIVILIZING VALUES. WE MUST NOT LET OURSELVES FALL PREY, EVEN AT A TIME LIKE THIS, TO THOSE DARK URGES OF CHAOS WHICH THREATEN ALWAYS TO CAST MANKIND INTO THE ABYSS. THOSE CYNICAL ATTITUDES HAVE NO PLACE AMONG MEN DEDICATED TO SOCIAL CHANGE BUT RATHER BEFIT THE MENTALITY OF OUR ENEMY



IT HAS HEREBY BEEN RESOLVED THAT A RAIDING PARTY WILL BE ORGANIZED BUT NO BACTERIA CAPSULES WILL BE PERMITTED NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS IS FOR EACH SQUAD TO ELECT ITS OFFICERS

FINALLY AFTER 28 HOURS OF DEBATE

WHAT A BUNCH OF PUSSYS WE'LL SEE WHO DOES WHAT



NEXT WEEK
MISSION:
VENGINKE

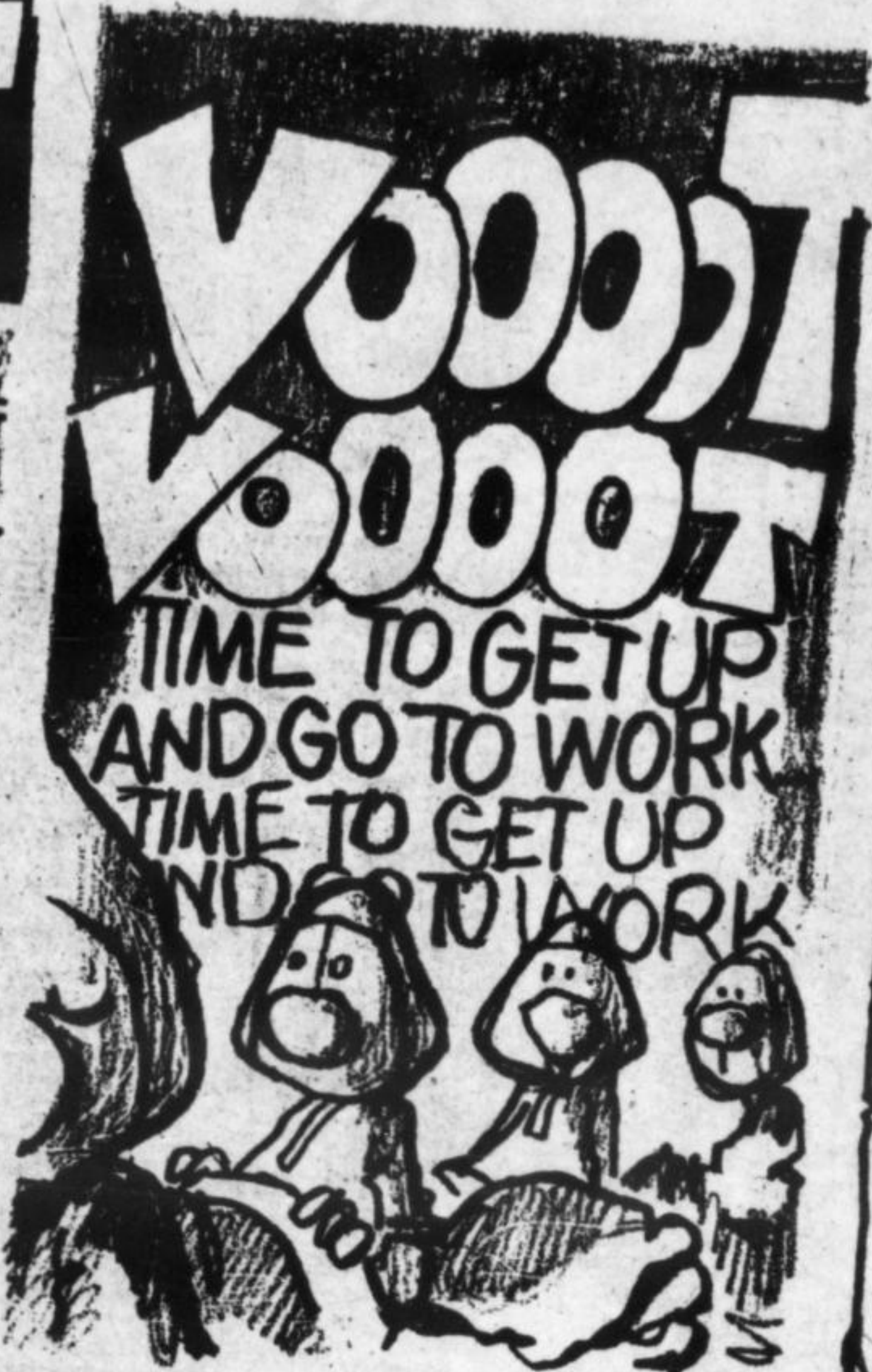
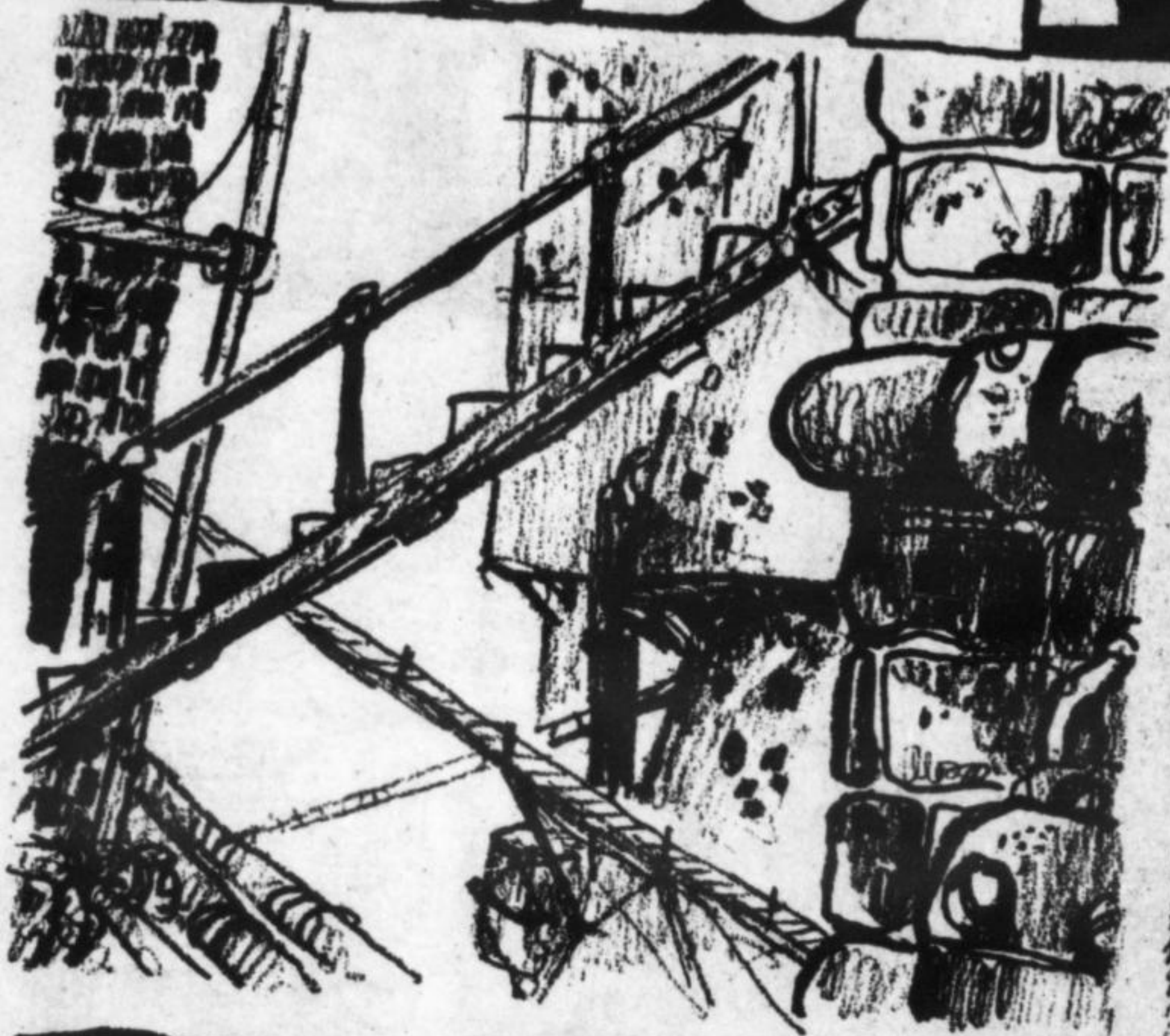
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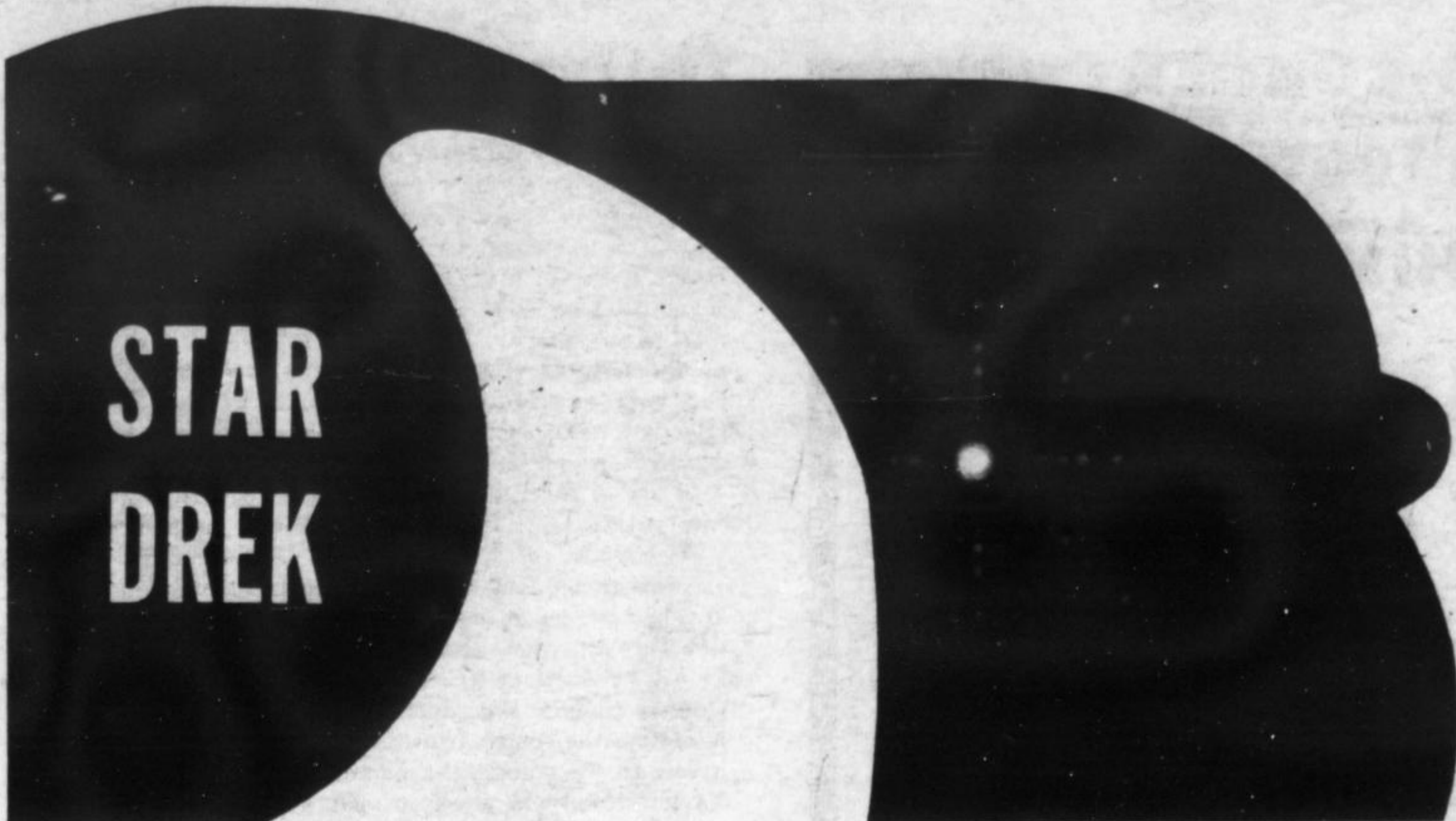
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THE RUDOLF





**STAR
DREK**

ANTICIPATING WONDROUS EVENT

At last has the Intergalactic World Brain shewn unto us all his followers these Previews of Coming Events. Do not any longer fret, or be affrighted, for there is a Great Comin'-Up Mornin Up Yonder Bye and Bye for everyone all of us. The dolesome Age of Paranoia is soon to dissipate ven as the swelt of summer, as the Heavens assume their auspicious Autumn aspects, and the very Ether vibrates with hope and peace. A communicate from the ancient firm of Chimera, Griffin, Gremlin & Parlindrome, Inc., Thaumaturges by Appointment to His Celestial Highness Xerxes I, have informed us that they have set aside the date of—

**OCTOBER TWELFTH
CCDLXVII**

—for a great Rip-Tearin', Cut-Loose, Hell-Raisin, Goddamm Be-In, beginning at 11 o'clock in the sheep meadow and rippling as unto a pebble-cast into a stagnant pool to the seven corners of this world, known as Terra to some, Midgard to others, and Gaia to the rest.

POETIC GENESIS

Chimera, Griffin, Gremlin & Palindrome first manifested this decision unto the noble artist ROBERT CRUMB, as he was entering a certain Lower East Side elevator with Laysinger KEN WEAVER, the Fug, Encorselled by certain mind-altering chemicals, Weaver in a divine lapse of reason asked the elevator operator to take them down, please. But lo, they were all on the first floor, and perforce the elevator attendant opened his mouth and spoke accordingly: "We got no place to go but up, Ken."

Always sensitive to the workings of the supernatural, Crumb commenced to look about him like a man gone crackers, seeking a sign, a sign, any sign . . . And behold! when the elevator door closed, what should he find scrawled upon but this —

X-23

(which had been inscribed there purposely by agents of CGG&P, I needn't tell you). "Hey," he spurted, poking Weaver nervously in the groin with his elbow (While Crumb is no dwarf, Weaver is a giant among men.) "Hey," said Crumb, "what's that X-23 shit, man?"

And Weaver, the skald-singer, the original leapin-lieder, the Daffyd ap Gwylim of Tompkins Square, Weaver sang this:

**I DON'T KNOW, MAN,
BUT IT MUST BE AN OMEN.**

And Crumb held all this in his heart, and told no one, and with this took himself to the apartment of EVO publisher Peter Leggeri. In the midst of carousing that evening, Crumb inquired how many people were now on the EVO payroll, and Leggeri answered him thus, saying, "23." Struck dumb, Crumb had to be slapped about the jowls before he could confide all to Leggeri. Calling straightaway EVO numerologist Stan-

BY SEAN DE LA VILLENEUVE

ley Fisher, Leggeri was given this information.

1. The number 23 is the number of the Lion, a strong, heavy number augering well for future events.

2. The East Village Other-sponsored Be-In will be held on the eleventh hour of the twelfth day of the month. Add 11 and 12, and what do you get? 23, that's what.

3. The square of 11 is 121; the square of 12 is 144; what is the difference between 121 and 144? Why, by God, it's 23!!!

AHA!

Or as Edward Bear would say, O-Ho! Then sat Leggeri himself down and casted the I Ching. The plusses won out, giving him twenty-seven, turning into one. The twenty-seventh hexagram, proclaiming "I, the Self," indicating Nourishment, turns into the first hexagram, Chien, auguring Creative Power. The Sages of the Orient have thus spoken.

STARS BENEFICENT

I thy servant Abull Sean De La Villeneuve was bidden forth from my wretched pallet with the promise of a brick of opium, and coaxed my refractory stereolapidoscope into disclosing these data, which should embolden all those who are ambivalent and lift up those who are apathetic:

1. At the eleventh hour of the twelfths day of the tenth momnth the Moon shall be in the seventh house, and Jupiter shall be aligned with Mars, just as it says in the hit song of Hair, the Broadway play. The Seventh house is the Public House, one of the groovier places to reside in any horoscope.

2. The Sun will be in the eleventh house, of Friendship, along with Mercury and Uranus.

3. Rising that day will be Libra and Saggitarius, a young Saggitarius, signifying Joy and Expansion for all of Youth.

4. Also entering the tenth house, the Public house, at that time will be Jupiter and Pluto, planets respectively of Strength and the Underground. We'll mix it up, they can't keep the stars down.

5. Pope John XXIII will appear over the sheep meadow today, covered with stigmata and howling benedictions.

6. Finally, Saturn, that evil ole bastard, will be in the house of Love, the fifth house. But have no fear — the Sun, ole Sol himself, is opposing that wrteched planet. That's as good as having a queen between your king and an opposing rook.

There is no excuse for not being on the sheep meadow in Central Park on Columbus Day, 12 October. Take your babies, take lemonade, take booze and grass and aphrodesiacs, and —

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thilm

(Continued from Page 10)

She laughs, head thrown back, breasts heaving, and throat bobbling. She obeys Alec at all times, but every once in a while, she clutches at Jack and whispers, "You gotta get us outa here; I gotta get away!" Is she going to play Tonto for the Lone Ranger or is she a masterminded shadow conceived by Captain Marvel's Arch Enemy, Dr. Silvana? Is she a robot or just a natural tease? "Vant a pretzel, dahlink? Do you vant a pretzel from Maria . . . ? Zeh take it" (Bends over to allow him to look down past her breasts, where is a continual supply of pretzels).

Is she a form of salvation, or is salvation just an empty trick . . . Only the Moke-Eater herself knows.

Play-House of the Ridiculous is one of the most successful companies now engaged in turning the world upside-down, or at least on its side, for a good examination through some of the less-frequented passageways. In all productions (Conquest of the Universe, When Queens Collide, Big Hotel, Whores of Babylon) there is always the same absurdity—unquote—in varying degrees. In 'Conquest', the humor was more in evidence: Taylor Mead did a guest spot as the Visiting Star; sex was fun, especially with the Queen of Venus, who kept herself clean by spraying Flit in between visitors . . . It is significant (nice ponderous phrase) that in this latest production, there is almost no time for laughter, only gasps; people do not come to their sexual climax, they just hurt until it is all over, and they can applaud. Interestingly enough, part of the audience tried to start a round of applause before the play was over. Ominous silence greeted this, and then the action continued. John Vaccaro, the director, said later, "We called all of them, the ones who thought it might be over, 'Jacks.'" They just couldn't wait . . .

The Moke-Eater is now at Max's Thursday-Sunday, seating at an indefinite time, around 12 p.m., but action and etcetera around 12:30 . . . Call for reservations: 254-9461. Prices are \$2.50-\$3.50, and Max's is at Park Avenue South and 17th Street.

The Cuban Thing tries. It is both written and directed by Jack Gelber, which may be its problem. The motifs and metaphors suggested are essentially quite good, in theory. In practice, they bog down and falter. The action is set in Cuba, during and after the Castro revolution, centering on one family and their friends who are to symbolize the spectrum of Cuban feelings in re: Castro. A few Americans—all shoddy, Vietnam-lover-types, make the scene too; "Chicken, grits and kill a spick" seems to be the general motto. As the curtain goes up, the family is watching dirty movies, and during the play, the curtain is continually lowered to show films of Castro, Cuban life, etcetera. A clever metaphor but never made significant enough, somehow. Like the rest of the play, it lies there lumpen-like.

Rip Torn as the father tries, and it is mainly his scenes which have any life at all. In fact, in one scene with three prostitutes, he and they manage to create a whole beautiful scene up there, a fantasy-parody on Cuba and Castro. On feels that this is one scene where Mr. Gelber refrained from over-commenting. For those few moments, genuine comedy reigns on stage.

Towards the middle of the second act, there is a long clumsy time-period when the play utterly falters to subsistence level . . . I saw the play a week before it opened, however, and an extra week had been assigned in order to clear up certain hang-ups. A miracle, such as the whole cast trying to be people and not Juan Valdez henchmen, weeth zee accents, and the play might work.

It is playing at the Henry Miller Theatre, 43rd east of Broadway, BR 9-3970.

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BY

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DIRECTED BY

John Vaccaro

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pp's

(Continued from Page 11)

struggling with each other. The older man was a priest who had stood in the park earlier preaching nomilitancy of the faith, and his young counterpart, a young kid, the same I had seen that morning who had used the park grass as lovemeat for his feelings. He was holding a piece of the sidewalk in his hands but the priest refused to let him catapult it at the police.

"This is not the way," he pleaded.
"Get Martyred!" the yell came back and the priest went down with the push, and watched helplessly as the missile headed for its destiny.

When the police arrived, the "kid" had already taken off and so his own head was substituted for another's punishment. The priest's eyes blanched helplessly, the thuds tearing at the pinkness in his scalp and his voice sputtered off into the distance, "... not the way. . . . not the way."

In Oldtown, the chaos spilt out into the street. The barbreed, coffecaste, and touristtrade mixed with other innocents. The crowd opened itself up in waves, parting and pushing against the buildings. The "pigs" came barrelling down the center of the street. Frustrated by the anonymous victims of their pursuit being devoured by others than themselves, they leapt in against the obvious. They hit out against photographers and longhairs. One cameraman went down hard under a nightstick barrage. They would have opened him up from head to toe but an FBI agent threw his credentials before their eyes. He held the paper badge in front of the victim's head and yelled, "... he's a newsman . . . Justice Department . . . he's a newsman." They quickly backed off and ran back to the center of the street.

Everything suddenly shifted as people began running for cover. One "kid" just made it into a waiting doorway and the open arms of a sympathetic resident. The pursuing "pig" behind him had to pull up short to avoid smashing against the closing wooden door. He stood there for a frozen second and let his nightstick slam against the hardness of their door. The stick broke, half sailing over his helmet and without noticing the bloody splinters in his fingers grabbed for the blackjack on the side of his belt. He turned and rejoined the assault line out in the street.

I headed into the safety of a bar. People were crowding behind the windows, staring out at the drama. Others had been sitting in their places continuing to talk and drink ignoring the commotion outside.



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ALL WORKER AND NO PLAY
by Robert Wolf
LNS-NY/The REALIST

The *Daily Worker*, unofficial organ of the U. S. Communist Party, was published for 34 years until it folded in 1958 to become a weekly and then a semi-weekly. Last year the *Worker* floated the idea of a new leftist daily paper, carrying reader discussion in its pages.

One subscriber proposed that news items for the new paper "could be collected by individuals . . . and forwarded to a competent Marxist center in each state to be screened for newsworthiness." He went on to warn, "Don't publish any smut."

Another reader wanted "socialist oriented crossword puzzles."

Murray Kempton laughingly columnized in the *N.Y. Post* that maybe the new paper could carry "Mao's Thought for the Day." But, of course, the CP is anti-Mao; instead they carry a box on the editorial page with a daily thought from Lenin, etc.

And so the *Daily World* was born last month.

An under-30 had objected because the name reminded him too much "of the paper Clark Kent worker for" (the *Daily Planet*). A red-baiting columnist had suggested that the name be *Kremlin Echo*.

An over-30 had said the paper ought not concern itself "with those SDS kids that are all hung up on drugs and who think that all the socialist countries are as evil as the capitalist countries."

There was some hope of getting ads, but "imperialist sources" would be able to advertise only if they "have

THE NATIONALISM OF PURE CONSCIOUSNESS

is not a paean to the American flag. It's an essay about justice on the plane of spiritual existence. It appears in this month's issue of **BACK TO GODHEAD**, the magazine of the Hare Krishna Movement, along with a piece about the theory of Evolution—as it was outlined 5,000 years ago by the sages of India.



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SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
CREDENCE
CLEARWATER REVIVAL

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCT. 18 & 19
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union representation."

The editors had proposed that the Daily World could help fuse the splintered left into a unified force, but two editorials in the first week's issues attack the views of the National Guardian.

And a review of Norman Mailer's Why Are We in Viet-nam? described the book as "208 pages of swear words."

DALEY FOR RUNNING DOG

ATLANTA, Sept. 16 (LNS) — Gov. Lester Maddox, in announcing his plans to actively support the candidacy of former Alabama Gov. George Wallace for President, suggested that Wallace choose Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley as his running mate.

In praising Mayor Daley, Maddox cited his fine handling of the demonstrations in Chicago at the time of the Democratic National Convention.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20 (LNS-NY) — For those of you without paisley earlobes, here are the revolutionary lyrics from the Stones new single —

STREET FIGHTING MAN

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy.

Comes summer here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy.

CHORUS:

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There's just no place for a street fighting man. Hey, think the time is right for a palace revolution. But where I live the game to play is compromise solution.

CHORUS

Hey, said my name is called Disturbances.

I'll shout and scream,

I'll kill the king.

I'll rail at all his servants.

CHORUS

SAIGON, Vietnam, Sept. 16 (LNS-MASS) — Saigon now has a Liberation Radio Station. The clandestine NLF station broadcasts 2 or 3 times a day for approximately 15 minutes each time. It is modeled on the Czechoslovakian radio stations which proved so effective during the Russian occupation. In its most recent broadcast the station said, "The time is almost here for all-out measures for a final victory!"

MEXICO CITY, Mexico, ept. 15 (LNS-MASS) — One hundred thousand young people filled the streets of Mexico City in a somber, quiet march down the Plaza de la Reforma today, protesting the recent police brutality and government repression in Mexico. The march was the first peaceful non-violent demonstration in the past two months. The students, for the most part quiet, shouted no slogans and didn't ridicule the Olympic Games as they had done repeatedly recently. Most of them wore black suits and arm bands in a funeral-like procession. They were joined by housewives and workers and other supporters from Mexico City's largely unseen mestizo under-class. One sign caught the tone of the quiet march: "He who sows terror reaps revolution."

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SAIGON, Vietnam, Sept. 16 (LNS-MASS) — Have you noticed the recent U. S. Army announcement of its "massive retaliation" on—elephants? That's right. The army claims that the elephants are being used by the Viet Cong to carry supplies. The latest body count shows that rocket-firing helicopters killed 4 elephants outside Camp Eagle near Dang Hoi. Napalming whirlybirds were also used recently against Marijuana plants in New Jersey.

A new law has been passed where you can have any mail stopped which you consider offensive. The law was passed to smite smut—always good for the idiot vote—but the bill is so worded that you are the sole judge of what is offensive.

If you feel that your congressman's newsletter, a religious appeal or the normal junk mail is offensive all you have to do is go to the post office and ask for P. O. form 123 and fill out the form giving your name and address and the name and address of the firm which you want to stop sending you advertisement. You do not have to give any reason or justification why you find the mail offensive.

The post office is then required by law to send a prohibitory order directing the sender to refrain from any further mailing of any kind to the complainant.

The bill is expected to be repealed once the public learns it can be used to stop junk mail. The advertising agencies are bound to protect their god given dollar-rights to deluge your house with junk mail at tax-payer expense even at the expense of a little smut getting thorough. But the law is fun declaring junk mail or your congressman's newsletter offensive.

SAIGON, Viet Nam (LNS-MASS) — Another daily newspaper in Saigon has been censured by the government, this time for carrying of Ho Chi Minh, and a North Vietnamese negotiator, Thuan Tui on the front page. The government claimed that "readers might get the wrong idea." Three months ago, the Saigon government closed down three other papers for printing an AP story on the corruption in Saigon.

**THE CUBAN THING:
BROADWAY PLAY TEARGASSED**

NEW YORK, Sept. 20 (LNS-NY) — A preview performance of "The Cuban Thing," a play by Jack Geiber, was stinkbombed Sept. 19, and 900 people were forced to evacuate the on-Groadway Henry Miller Theatre.

Plainclothesmen in the audience immediately arrested five men; four of them were identified as Cuban refugees. The play, considered to be pro-Castro, is about a middle class family during the revolution.

A 8:45 p.m., three smoke bombs went off— one in the balcony, one in front of the orchestra, and another approximately five rows from the front of the theatre. The bombs consisted of a white powder in plastic containers; the fumes from the exploding powder induced coughing and crying.

The five suspects — including one anti-Castro American — were charged with reckless endangerment, criminal mischief, felonious assault, and inciting to riot.

BARRY GOLDBERG

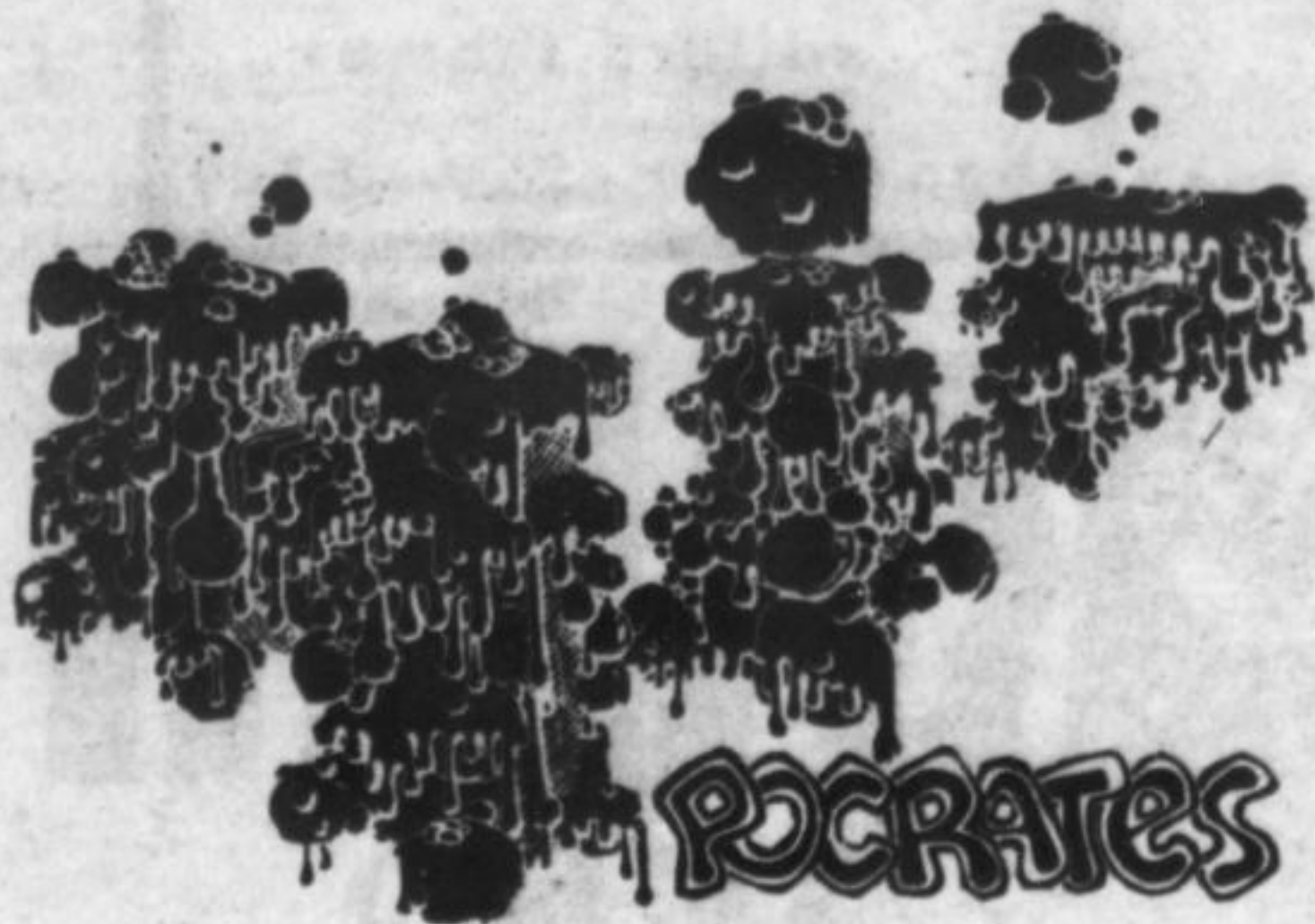
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BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

An editorial in the British journal NEW SCIENTIST of June 20, 1968, comments on a study of Mace by Drs. Seever, Villarreal, and MacLeod of the University of Michigan's Department of Pharmacology. Following research on monkeys, the authors concluded that three provisions were necessary for the safe use of Mace:

1. The recipient must be alert, in possession of his normal protective reflexes such as blinking, closing his eyes, holding his breath and turning away from the spray.
2. The spray should be aimed at him from far enough away to allow these reflexes to come into play.
3. Spray must be limited to the shortest time demanded for the Mace to incapacitate the victim effectively.

The editorial continues, "According to the report severe long-term and maybe permanent damage could occur to the eyes if the corneas are exposed directly to Mace in liquid form. This could happen if Mace were discharged into the face at very close range, if large amounts were sprayed into an incapacitated person's face, or if large amounts were discharged in a small space, such as a car." The editorial goes on to ask if we are really to believe that police carefully assess the alertness and reflexes of all "recipients" before launching their attack from a "safe" distance and for the shortest time demanded for effective incapacitation of their victims. The editorial concludes with the following sentence: "Mace is a dangerous damaging weapon and it should be proscribed."

Despite warnings by ophthalmologists and even the Surgeon General of the United States, police departments continue to use Mace. Often the victim is clubbed, handcuffed and sprayed at close range before being pushed into a paddy wagon.

My opinion is that anyone sprayed with this poorly-tested gas has cause for civil damages against the manufacturer and user.

First aid for Mace victims should include copious amounts of running water in the eyes of whenever contact has occurred.

QUESTION: The veins in my chest are clearly visible through my skin, particularly in my breasts. I have never noticed this in anyone else. Is this a normal condition?

ANSWER: Veins which are visible in the breasts are quite common and, in many eyes, particularly beautiful. If these veins have been visible all your life this is a normal condition for you and there is no cause for worry.

However, in certain conditions, such as cirrhosis of the liver, veins and spider-like capillaries may suddenly appear visible on the chest, in which case there is cause for worry. I assume this is not true in your case.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

After his bath my 18-month old son sometimes points of his penis and says, pretty?" I told him, "Yes, pretty." I'm always surprised to hear of parents who still get all shook up by any evidence of sexuality in their children. Haven't they heard of Freud and Spock?"

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes you questions. Write to him c/o EVO, Box 571, New York.

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ISSUE 1 was great but issue 2 is Fantastic. MINI GUIDE TO NUDE NEW YORK - VOL. 2 Showing, telling all. Private parties, models, photo clubs. Complete with phones or box nos. The only classified guide to really nude New York. Send \$5. Cupole Box 1104 Radio City Station New York, 10019.

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HUNGRY? Earn money selling WIN. WTN magazine is now being sold on the streets. Buy ten or more copies for 12½ cents apiece. Sell them anywhere in N.Y. for a quarter (more if you can get it). Pick up copies outside of Astor Place subway station every Saturday at noon or any time at the WIN office on 5 Beekman St. (Near Brooklyn Bridge). We aren't trying to make a profit off you, we just need help! If you don't sell as many copies as you buy just bring the extra ones back in good condition to the WIN office and we'll refund your 12½c. Although new for N.Y. this method of distribution is common in California where kids make over twenty dollars a day selling the Barb. No licence is needed, just come to Astor Place on Saturday.

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BODY Painting and/or Photography men and women. Private Studios. Beautiful young male and female models, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., 664 6th Ave. 242-5615. 1 hr. \$20, ½ hr. \$12. \$3.75 included as per ad rate.

EXCELLENT opportunity to join unique female group. Bass or cello player and guitarist (singers preferred) needed for classically oriented rock group. Call Sue Evans GR 5-3589 or Eleanor Menchar 662-3863.

GAL FRIDAY . . . small amount of typing, price invoices make payroll for seven, and answer phone at small corporation in Waterbury, Connecticut working for single, 26 year old owner-president. Call or write about yourself giving all necessary information. I'll plan to meet you for lunch or dinner in NYC. or wherever you prefer. Ed Kieran, Jr., P.O. Box 1502, Waterbury, Conn. 06720. Phone (evenings 7 p.m. to any hour in the night . . . I'm up all night) (203) 756-1500) If no answer try later.

GIRLS NEEDED. Nudist magazine. Photography, 2 hrs. - \$50. LEE, STUDIO "A", 68 W. 39th St. 279-6452. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. 1-9. Also studio models needed.

FIGURE MODELS NEEDED — No experience necessary. \$10 per half hour session. Call 212-471-0195.

UNINHIBITED MODELS for exceptional exploitation films. \$100 a day. Must be attractive and have good figures. Ages 21 to 32. Four to six day shooting schedules. Interviews 2:30 - 5:00 p.m., daily call 986-2370.

FIGURE MODELS needed. No experience necessary, good figure. Immediate hourly rates

paid in cash. Call 1 to 5 p.m. weekdays. Mr. Marque. CO 5-1600.

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! needed for nude figure work in Experimental Feature Films \$50, \$75 per day. Excellent opportunity. PL 4-1190. Mrs. Brent.

MODELS

FIGURE model wanted, no experience necessary, full or part time, good pay, good working conditions, permanent. Call 889-3282, from 1 to 10 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6, George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

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

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

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

GIRL MODELS NEEDED! \$50 to \$75 a session. Many sessions available. Call now for quick cash. 245-1494.

GIRLS wanted - Nudist magazine. Photography 2 hrs. \$50. Lee, Studio "A", 68 W. 39th St., 279-6452. Thurs. - Sat. 1-9 p.m. Also Studio Models needed.

PREGNANT chick wanted for nude illustration. Some pay. Call 477-6964.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, experienced, needs females to pose for figure studios in exchange for prints. Contact Irv at 251-1250 Ext. 324 (females only.)

GIRLS NEEDED, 2 hrs. \$50. Pose for nudist magazine. Lee, Studio "A", 68 W. 39th St., 279-6452. Thurs., Fri., Sat. 1-9. Also studio models needed.

SPECIAL SERVICES

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

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

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

WE WILL MOVE anything (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates also. Long & short term storage also available Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

FREE TRIAL: A discreet way to meet sophisticated swingers, whose varied tastes parallel yours. Send your ad and receive a trial copy, all free. N.Y. Envoy, P.O. Box 134, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

"CLUB POM-POM" — Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communicate \$1. Details 25c from: Fazakas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

FOR Gay times, get "Exchange" magazine. Unique, discreet. \$1 brings new issue - fast. REMSON, 116-A W. 87 St., N. Y. 10024.

MICROCOSMIC muddles respond to macrocosmic coaching. Advanced ASTROLOGY patterns personal time-experience helpfully. Consultation or written report. Hugh Higgins, 691-2609.

ATTENTION Film Producers, Directors - Large ideal country location for outdoor-indoor production available. Facilities. Responsible people only. 60 miles out. (201) 852-2338. After 7 p. m.

LIGHT HAULING. Any time, place in N.Y.C. area. Call Archie 864-4884 nites, 697-4374 days.

GUYS only; masseur. Massage service in the privacy of your home - all hours. Call Jon 889-5477. Call mornings and evenings for appointment.

LIKE group sex and games? Young and attractive group of swingers would like to meet you. Discretion assured. Foto and phone number helpful. P.O. Box 359, Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C. 10009.

BUY & SELL

IMPOTENT — Learn how it is possible to achieve sexual union without rigidity by a natural method. No devices. Send \$1.00. Encore United, Box 161, Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

BUGGED by your barren walls? Hippist selection of Day-Glo posters. Night Owl, 118 W. 3rd St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Write for free catalogue.

ROCK GROUPS — SONG WRITERS. Smile Studio now offers master quality recordings at Demo prices. Mono — \$12 per hour 2-track \$20 per hour. OUT OF SIGHT AMPLIFIERS HERE. Smile Studio. 763 8th Ave. 246-9431.

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HOT NUTS. \$1.50 a can. Guaranteed to give above. Also nylon bikini panties \$1.00. Dept. O. Kaye, Box 295, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

FANCY FRENCH TICKLERS — ASSORTED STYLES — SOLD AS

A NOVELTY ONLY \$1.00 ea. \$8 dozen. \$69.00 gross. DEALERS VIBRATORS. 7" long 1" diameter. BATTERY OPERATED ter. \$5.00. RUBBER HEALTHMATES. 6" long, 1½" diameter. RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS. \$5.00. WE PAY POSTAGE NO C.O.D. ORDERS. VALCO TRADING, POST OFFICE BOX 151, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY 07055.

BODYGUARD! STOP MOLESTER FAST! — WORKS LIKE TEAR GAS! Guaranteed 100% effective or money refunded. No after effects. \$2.00/½ oz. Ppd. promotion, Box 321 EB12 Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577.

CUSTOM-MADE POSTERS made to your specifications in any basic colors, patterns (circles, stripes, triangles, squares) you desire, 20"x28". Also names, words translated into Hindu. Single color posters, \$1.50. Multi-colored posters, \$2.00. Send description, money to: POSTERS UNLIMITED, Box 91531, Cleveland, Ohio.

COLOR PHOTOS at Black and White prices. Exciting portraits in color taken by a Rembrandt of the camera. Sensitive, in-depth, dramatic portraits at unbelievable low prices. FRANK DALE, Box 258, Chelsea Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10011.

PHOTOS! The best built men appear in our fully illustrated catalog of 100 athletes. Send five box 15155, San Francisco, \$3.00. The Sportsmen, post of Calif. 94115.

EXTREMELY well-endowed nude male models posters: Giant blow-ups - 22"x34". Fantastic for bedrooms, game rooms, and of course the bath. While they last, \$3.50 each. (Must be 21) KRENT, (E), Box 636, San Francisco 94101.

DILDOES, Vibrators, Ticklers, extensions, send stamped self-addressed envelope for information to R. C. 246 E, 125th St. N. Y. C. 10035.

MEN! CUSTOM MADE BY NORMAN KNIGHT - 17 East 13th Street, 255-7390 - Velvet slacks, Bell Bottoms \$25.00 - Dress Slacks from \$40.00 - Customized Dress Shirts \$10.00 - Nylon Underbriefs \$3.00 - Silk Squares from \$3.00 - Custom Suits and Sport Jackets from \$25.00 HR. AND UP. Body builder types for photographic modeling — strictly business — any snapshot to Box 48, N.Y.C. 10012 or call 477-6420.

\$135.00 - Sport Vests for the latest in fashion from \$15.00 - Silk Handmade Grass Bags, as a gift. The fabrics in stock are from all over the world.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WANT TO SWING? Let the N.Y. ENVOY be your passport to the modern sensual world of the swingers. For discreet information free, N.Y. Envoy, P.O. Box 134E, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

WOMEN over 21: A big healthy appetite for Sex is no shame. The NEW YORK ENVOY will show you how to discreetly meet modern singles and couples for mutual satisfaction, free. N.Y. ENVOY, P.O. Box 134B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

ESOTERIC INTERESTS? Specializing in the unusual, we offer male or female contacts suiting your needs. Send detailed letter with \$2 to: Un-

derground Enterprises, 485 Fifth Ave. N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCE AND BE THE D.J. WITH YOUR OWN RADIO GIG ON N.Y. FM STATION. We need new ideas and voices. . . any age. Do your own show. . . music, news, reviews, comments or your own THING. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY, we'll train and assist if you have "IT". If you have a message, want to break into broadcasting, want exposure on radio or have groovy ideas. . . we want to talk to you. Serious people only, call, 201-867-6322.

We also have new service for EVO readers, we'll list your classified ad on the air. We're experimenting with this idea. . . we're the only station in N.Y. doing it. If you want your ad on the air. . . call us for approval and details on time, etc. 201-867-6322.

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PLEASE CALL ME OR SANDY.
LOVE, SAVVY.

M.E.R. II — WE LOVE YOU — Things can work out. Everything in S.A. is okay. Everyone and everything waiting for you. Your new white V.W. too. Please — Please call home collect. LOVE FOREVER AND ETERNITY — M.E.R.-F.J.R.

RETURNING to nature is not new; except to us. We are leaving this spring and would appreciate all suggestions: Benson, 305 Columbus Ave., NYC. 10023.

MALE NUDIST CLUB wants to rent multi-purpose social or athletic facilities for midweek and weekend parties. Describe your setup. M.N.C., Box 1731, Brooklyn 11202.

MY WINGS

To what estranged habitat hast thou unfurled thine opinions /THE NIGHTINGALE HATH CEASED ITS DESCANT/ and mysterious atmospheres now claim your spangled chants /COME OUT O WINGED CASTLE OF BEYOND/ and speak the famished words of placidness so a minstrel can again clutch the climax of light /LET THY CROWNED VOICE OF GLEE/ enter the questioning hovel of enchantment where an attuned disciple of ORPHEUS. ponders the supernal investigation of a blue nurse /I REMEMBER THE HOUR/ when you sang the alien world with the beloved flame of unfathomed touches /NOW THE MUSIC HATH WANED INTO HAUNTING EDGES/ and the inspiration of gold winds wends through the impoverished mead of secrecy where sweet planets clash in solitude while lyric fears smile into mist /O ENVIABLE TENANT OF UNFETTERED DWELLINGS/ I shall defend our youthful eternity with the cotton knife of consecration while my melody soil of you plants the demon of birth /WITH AN ENRICHED QUAGMIRE OF EMBRACE/ ORPHEUS JR

PERSONAL

"WRITER/EDITOR: — Talented male homosexual, published or unpublished, for wide editorial, writing responsibilities on monthly by male homosexuals for entertainment, information of other male homosexuals. Resume writing sample, photo, phone appreciated, Drum, 1230 Arch, Phila. Pa. 19103."

GAY GUY, 30, grooves on and would like to meet a guy, gay or bi, 18 to 23, not too fem., with good features and physique who enjoys good times and wants some help finding direction. Can offer down-to-earth understanding, an eagerness to make such a thing work, mutual and sincere companionship, travel, and financial security for college or the freedom to pursue some other objective. Must be willing to relocate to Philly—but don't let that put you off, this is the city of brotherly love. All letters with photo and phone answered promptly. Chuck Phillips. Box 2373, Phila., Pa. 19103.

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.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE, INC.

147 West 42nd St.
New York City
Room 1018
GUARANTEED DATES
A.M. TA 8-7897, 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. OX 5-0158, and Sunday.

IF YOU are young, muscular and handsome male interested in sincere friendship with intelligent male, 30, write in strict confidence. All letters answered. Box 73, Murray Hill Station, N.Y.C. 10016.

URBANE GENTLEMAN desires mutually fratifying relationship with ONE gal, preferably 20's or 30's. Strictly hetero, enjoy femme fashions (TV) particularly when demanded or at least encouraged by you. Not a mewling masochist but do find moderate feminine dominance intriguing. If sincerely interested, call 201-676-5062. Collect, anytime after 8 p.m.

MEN — Meet males who share your interests. Call 532-1270, Mon. Thurs. 6-10 p.m.; Fri. 6-8 p.m.; Sat. 1-5 p.m.

BACHELOR desires female who digs trips to Vermont countryside, or whither the road turns. Call Al, 865-6634 after 10 p.m.

CONGENIAL, astute bachelor, financially secure. 10 minutes Manhattan - weary of one-night flings, seeks attractive, sensual girl for meaningful relationship! 201-866-7838 after 9 p.m.

IS THERE an honest chick around who really digs balling and does? Gals get rid of your heavy chest congestion tonite call a sure thing. 691-3065, 6-12 p.m.

STERILE Male. 40 White. Very discreet. Good looking with apartment, car. Seeking passionate uninhibited girl for mutual intimate enjoyment. Absolute discretion assured. 887-2365 Evenings.

YOUNG MAN — Seeking young, warm, uninhibited girl for mutual satisfaction. May share apt. Call Ernie. UL 5-3501. No fags.

TALENTED young design student who lives alone wants to meet interesting gay males for fun and games. Please answer to G.P.O. Box 38, N.Y.C. 10001.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS (ages 18-35). Two lovable, hip, young guys would share ecstatic sexual and other experiences with you. Call Frank, SP 7-1398. Mornings and evenings.

GOODlooking guy, 21, wants to meet females preferably over 35 for sexual happenings. No soul chicks. Write: Box 3907, Grand Central Post Office.

RHODE ISLAND AND NEAR BOSTON AREA ONLY. Guy wants girl who likes French Arts using her hot tongue for kicks - not just bread. Call Monday thru Friday after 11 p.m. (401) 245-3356.

GAY, white, non-Nellie, non bread "girl", 5'8½", 140. Steady non-white talkers preferred. Friendship (looks, ideas, music). Possibly revering, imaginative, horny, loving (ten mirrors around bed). UN 6-2262.

BIG GIRL WANTED. If you are a big girl on top and wish to meet a nice guy who swings call, RE 4-5807, between 10 and Midnight.

TWO very able swingers want to meet busty girl or girls for mutual enjoyment. No phonies or guys please. Call Stu at MU 2-6700, Ext. 327. Between 3-5.

ARTIST, white, 23, 5'8" desires intelligent mistress to share life and love (and finances 50-50). Must be sincere woman. Send photo. Write: Frank Oliveri, 3812 Kennedy Blvd., Union City, New Jersey 07087.

SUCCESSFUL salesman, 34, positive personality, lots of fun, nice looking, recently entered swinging society. Would like to meet single swingers, intelligent, 20-30, attractive or pretty face, well proportioned figure who is capable of giving and receiving love and affection. I'm alone in 3½ rooms. Right gal may move in. Call home 645-3374. Answering service will take your number. I'll return call. Thanks.

GENTLEMAN 38, employed nights, seeks warm, close relationship with woman who has free time during day. Write Box 354, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.

INTERESTED in finding chick with groovy head, to spend fall weekends in East Hampton Barn House, listening to Big Pink. Call Terry 758-0965 after 6.

MALE 34, white, desires discreet sexual relationship. No strings or hangups. Frank Lok, Box 362, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

GIRLS wanted to explore uses of hypnosis to increase sexual pleasures. Send phone number to: HAMTON, Apt. #315, 1 Fisher Drive, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552.

CONSIDERATE Swinging Bachelor, 30's, Car, Pad, Seeks meaningful relationship with enlightened attractive girl, to mutually explore ideas, the city, country, each other. Call Al 763-7165.

MR. TOBY RHOME, world's foremost female impersonator, producing "The Many Faces of Rhome." We list the most beautiful female impersonators in the world, available for: club appearances, conventions, fashion shows, trade shows, photography modeling, private parties. Singles or groups, available by the hour, day or longer assignments. Call: Toby Rhome, PLaza 7-3995.

YOUNG man 27 wishes to share large five room newly decorated apt. in Queens (15 mins. from NYC) with respectable young student or business girl. Expenses of \$60 per month each will be shared for twin beds in large double bedroom. Mistress duties not applicable. Interests, Skiing & guitar. Call IRT 2123 after 8 p.m. GIRLS ONLY.

VERY attractive couple, late 20's desires pretty white female 21-34 for a pleasurable evening. Material benefits for right gal. Phone and photo a must. Discretion assured. P.O. Box 276, New York, N.Y. 10033.

FRENCHMEN (white) to attractive women (white only) (21-40) with good figure. To feel a tongue thrill you in fulfillment moving deep up inside of you. Call Jim at 247-5913 between 10 a.m. and 12 Noon.

GIRLS—Would you enjoy complete sexual domination over a man? Passive, white male, 32, will do anything to please. David Miller, P.O. Box 443, Tenafly, N. J.

MALE, 42, well educated, wishes to meet males to share interests. Call 873-8355.

SINGLE young Bi-sexual girl seeks friendship with same kind who enjoy the unusual. Photo, telephone. Write G.P.O. Box 1272, New York, N.Y. 10001.

WANTED Female, age 18-25 to share comfortable apt. in vicinity of Brooklyn Hts. with professional man age 26. Student preferred but not mandatory. Call Richard. Tel. 852-4408, nights after 7:15 p.m.

COUPLES, girls. Bi-minded, straight, or three-some oriented and OVER 25, are cordially invited to write to a very flexible male who is finding his way, at last, in this wonderfully nutty world. Let's talk, then perhaps we can walk together for a while . . . Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

TWO young men visiting New York in three weeks, would like to meet two young ladies between 18-25 years of age for parties. Send phone number, address and photo. D. Cagle, Box 6837, Greensboro, N.C. 27405.

FEMALE head with car, money, slim build and freakiness to spare call (201) 335-0410. Young writer, 17, needs love now or will go sane! Ask for Lenny.

IF YOU are young, muscular and handsome, male, interested in sincere friendship with intel-

ligent male, 30 write in strict confidence all letters answered. Box 73, Murray Hill Station, N.Y.C. 10016.

TWO European men, 26 and 38 years in Manhattan looking for uncomplicated relationship with sexually oriented women up to 30. Call eves, between 9-10, 689-7062. Ask for Kali or Mike.

TALL goodlooking grad student, guy, 23, wants to share five room East Village apartment with hip but straight sharp congenial, and attractive gal (19-27). 473-5584.

NICE looking bachelor (45) beautiful pad & goodies, loves to hear from gorgeous, clean & sincere girls (18-35) who are sincere, honest & sex minded. (White only) Married girls OK (without mate). Am a fabulous Cunnilinguist. Will satisfy to your desires. Please, no jokers. FAGS etc. Discretion, fulfillment assured. If interested, call Billy, (212) 799-5039. Anytime after 10 p.m., a.m.

PASSIONATE GIRLS — Stuck with a dud? Need more than you're getting at home? Want satisfaction without involvement? Write or send fone we'll talk. Eddie B. Box 56, N.Y.C. 25 N. Y.

IMPOTENT male 32, 6, 175, offers females and couples smooth and expertly prolonged FRENCH CULTURE. Write M. Blau, Suite 536, 152 West 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

LARRY, Yes, it was the most loving note you have written since the third grade. Tell us more "like it really is." Love Mom and Dad.

SLEEP inflames the angels bait with a lions rainbow of frightfulness/when memory wanders with silken hate/into the changing feather of forgetfulness/YU 2-4471. ORPHEUS JR.

NEED financial stability to continue career—I'm young extremely good looking would like to meet masculine wealthy man for lasting relationship. Box 25, Gracie Station, N.Y.C.

BLACK CAT, writer, play producer, other bread interests, howling for sexy, versatile, uninhibited, GIRL FRIDAY kitten to shack up with in Village pad. 254-8979.

THE UNQUE potential of a ROSE/weeps from your gracious repose/and loyalty provokes a dream/when desire surpasses the gleam. YU 2-4471. ORUHEUS JR.

WOMEN of authentic intelligence and sexual desire please send phone no. etc. to I. R., P.O. Box 222, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

GREAT RAY muff dives! Oral & genital stimulation for clean attractive nympho type women only. Noted experienced cunt lapper, Fuck it! I'm fucking serious. If you're not, don't call. You guys - fuck out. I'm 6'3", 195, white, single, handsome (?). Call 215-TR 2-0532 after 9 p.m. Write 219 E. 5th St. Chester, Pa. 19013.

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

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

happenings

FILMS

NOW PLAYING:

- "Warrendale" — Evergreen Theatr
53 East 11th Street
- "The Bofors Gun" — Sutton
205 E. 57th St.
- "You Are What You Eat" — Carnegie Hall Cinema
7th Ave. between 56th & 57th Sts.
- "17th Parallel" — Bleecker St. Cinema
144 Bleecker St.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:

- "Naissance" — On Lamaze Method of Prepared
Childbirth. American Society for Psycho-Prophylaxis
in Obstetrics, Inc.
35 W. 96th St. — 8:30 PM (\$1.00)
- Louis Malle's "The Lovers" with Jeanne Moreau
Spencer Cinema—99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights
8:30 PM — \$1.25
- "Bohemian Girl" with Laurel & Hardy
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
2:00 & 5:30 PM — \$1.50

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

- "Les Biches" — 68th St. Playhouse. RE 4-0302
- "Little Colonel" with Shirley Temple
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
3:00 and 5:30 PM — \$1.50
- Free Film
Museum of Natural History — 79th St. & CPW
2:00 PM

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

- "Morgan" & "The Leather Boys" — Thalia
95th St. & Bway
- "Desty Rides Again" with Marlene Dietrich &
James Stewart
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
2:00 and 5:30 PM — \$1.50

MONDAY, SEPT. 30:

- "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Freddie Bartholomew
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
2:00 and 5:30 PM — \$1.50

TUESDAY, OCT. 1:

- "1/4 Of Humanity" — Bleecker St. Cinema
144 Bleecker St.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2:

- "Exterminating Angel" & "Juliet of the Spirits"
Thalia — 85th St. & Broadway
- Free Film — Museum of Natural History
79th St. & CPW — 2:00 PM
- "The Renaissance: Its Beginning in Italy"
"Drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
Jr. Museum Auditorium—3:00 PM—Free

THURSDAY, OCT. 3:

- "The World of Apu" & "Devi"
Thalia — 85th St. & Broadway
- "Wuthering Heights" with M. Oberon & L. Olivier
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
2:00, 5:30 and 8:30 PM — \$1.50

FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

- Godard's "Breathless" with Jean-Paul Belmondo
Spencer Cinema—99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Hgts.
8:30 M — \$1.25
- "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" with E. G. Robinson
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.
2:00 and 5:30 PM — \$1.50

TALKS

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:

- "Waterlilies" — 3:30 PM
Museum of Modern Art—11 W. 53rd St.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

- "Rousseau" — 12:00
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

- "Freedom of Choice and Human Reproduction"
10:45 AM — N.Y. Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street

TUESDAY, OCT. 1:

- "French Period Rooms" — 11 AM
- "French Period Rooms" by Allen Rosenbaum - 11 pm
Metropolitan Museum of Art — 82nd St. & 5th Ave.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1:

- "Picasso - Girl Before Mirror" — 6:00 PM
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3:

- "English Period Rooms" — 11:00 AM
by Allen Rosenbaum
Metropolitan Museum of Art — 82nd & 5th Ave.

WORKSHOPS

FRI., SEPT. 27:

Announcements and Registration for Classes
Millenium Film Workshop
2 E. 2nd Street — 8:00 P.M.

MONDAY, SEPT. 29:

Prose — 8:30 P.M.
Bart Gerald — Seymour Krim
St. Mark's Church in The Bowery
2nd Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, OCT. 1:

Poetry — 8:30 P.M.
Peter Schjedahl
St. Mark's Church in The Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, OCT. 3:

Poetry — 8:30 P.M. — Sam Abrams
St. Mark's Church in The Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

Poetry — 8:30 P.M. — Ron adgett
St. Mark's Church in The Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

POETRY READING

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:

Central Park Mall, 8:30 P.M.
(Hannah Wiener, Vito Hannibel, Aconci &
Michael Benedkt)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

90 and 9 Coffee House — 9:00 P.M.
(Robert Van Dias and Lisa Schechter)
Spencer Memorial Church
99 Clinton Street, Brooklyn
—Central Park Mall, 8:30 P.M.
(John Gjorno, Emmett Williams)

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

(Anne Waldman, John Perrault, Jackson MacLow)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2:

St. Mark's Church in The Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street — 8:30 P.M.
(Frank Lima, Tony Towle)

EXHIBITIONS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, SEPT. 28 & 28:

—East Village Artists' Festival — 10 AM - 5 PM
Tompkins Square Park (Bandshell)

THROUGH SEPTEMBER:

Recent Czech & Polish Posters
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

—Garbo Film Stills
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

—Jewelry by Arline Fisch
Museum of Contemporary Art (Littl Gallery)
29 W. 53rd Street

—Ceramics by James Leedy
Museum of Contemporary Art (2nd Floor Gallery)
29 W. 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 3:

The Door — Co-sponsord by U.S. Plywood
Cain Gallery of Museum of Contemporary Art and
U. S. Plywood Showroom — 29 W. 53rd St.

NOW THRU NOV. 11:

Architecture of Museums
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
88th St. and 5th Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 1 THRU NOV. 24:

Franz Klein — Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue

THURSDAY, OCT. 3 THRU OCT. 27:

Dubuffet — Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street

FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

"Picasso - Three Musicians" — 3:30 PM
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5:

"Brancusi's Sculpture" — 12:00
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

MUSIC

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

Dance-Party Benefit featuring The Children of God
For—Millenium Film Workshop
2 E. 2nd Street — 9:00 PM
(Between sets there will be films and taped sounds)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

Rock Festival - "The People"
J. Hood Wright Playground — 8:30 PM
Ft. Washington Ave. & W. 173rd St.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

Folk Dancing — Central Park — Noon
75th Street & CPW

THIS WEEK:

- Apollo — Sam & Dave - Redd Fox - Marinettes -
Johnny Key & Dynamics - Little Charles
- Au Gogo: Tim Hardin, Rhinoceros
- Fillmore: Country Joe & Fish, Procol Harum,
Ten Years After
- Scene: Buddy Guy, Sunshine Company
- Slugs: Yusef Latif
- Village Gate: David Steinberg, Larry Coryell,
Steve Marcus, Herbie Mann
- Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk

MISCELLANEOUS

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, OCT 1 & 2:

Dance Concert - Works by Phoebe Neville and
James Hardy

Judson Dance Theatre—Judson Memorial Church
55 Washington Square South
Res. SP 7-0033 (1-5 PM weekdays)

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:

REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA BE-IN/FESTIVAL
Central Park Sheep Meadow — 11:00 AM

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:

- "Futz" — Actors Playhouse. OR 5-1036
- "A Moon for the Misbegotten"
Circle in the Square — 473-6778
- "The Moke Eater" — Max's Kansas City. 254-9461
- "The White Devil" — WPA. GR 3-9345
- "The Death Wish" — Playwright's Workshop
(Cellar Studio) OR 7-9744

STARTING SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

"FASHION, or Life in New York"
The Cooperative Theatre Club—106 E. 14th St.

STARTING FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

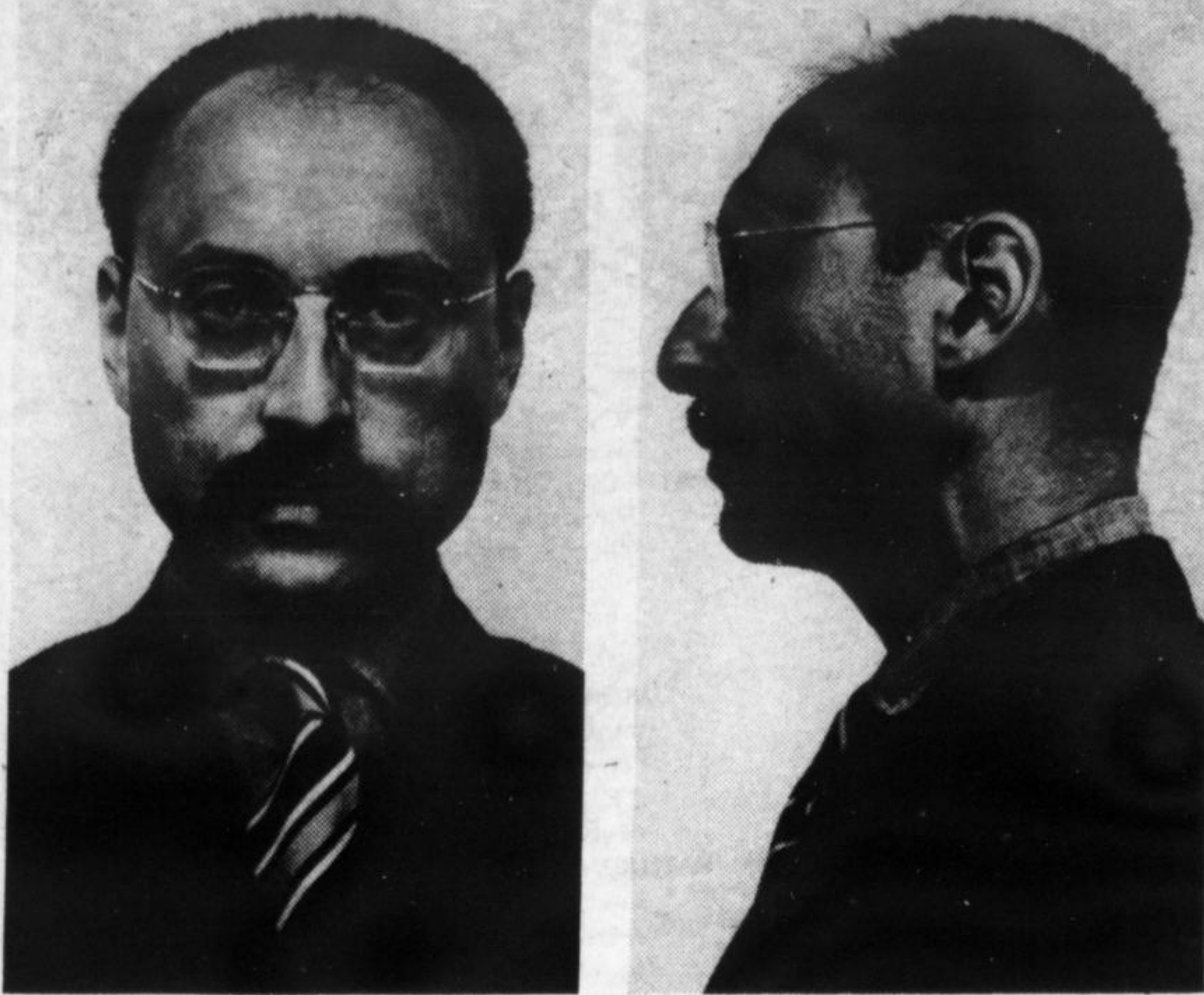
"The Hunter" (Murray Mednick)—Theatre Genesis
St. Mark's Church in the Bowery
Second Ave. and 10th Street

decomp

(Continued from Page 6)

Thermidor is in the air, and them reactionary sons of bitches are already getting out of hand. The radical Left got rid of President Johnson, the most powerful single individual on the face of the planet, and now as ole Lyndon's Baneful crux of power decays prematurely, the radical Right is ghoul around picking up carrion everywhere. Wallace, the Nixon, and Humphreys are brewing up a conglutination that would make MacBeth retch; but the chain of influence is rotten as a castoff umbilical cord, and the ghosts of such as Joe Pool and Huey Long are boompng all over the fucking night. Next week the House Un-American Activities Committee, that clumsily embalmed relic of the Inquisition, will open another session interviewing the likes of Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden and Abbie Hoffman (see below) and there just might be a ruction.

The Washington *Free Press*, at 3 Thomas Circle, Washington, D.C. would not mind speaking with any errant hitchhikers who may be bumming through the Capitol on Wednesday, when all hell may just bust loose on the streets. Call 638-6377 in Washington to find out what places to avoid while you're there. Yippie has a headquarters also in Washington, and anyone calling the number 232-5725 in that city will be proud to have his conversation with them on file with the FBI, and his name and address duly recorded for possible punitive action after the world watches what goes down in Washington next week.



WANTED

Pictured at left is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly *Eros*, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. *Eros* was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost \$25. But the U.S. Post Office declared *Eros* "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly *Fact*, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a *Fact* discovery). The intellectual community was galvanized by *Fact* and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that *Fact* was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep \$1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at *Fact*—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for \$2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, *Avant-Garde*, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still in its infancy, *Avant-Garde* already enjoys a readership of over one million, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter

of minutes. Dentists report that *Avant-Garde* is the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate—and even triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Everywhere, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of *Avant-Garde*, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes *Avant-Garde* such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, *Avant-Garde* is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, cherry-bomb editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demonaical criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, *Avant-Garde* is one big bawdyhouse of intellectual pleasure.

Second, *Avant-Garde* stones readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is *Avant-Garde's* art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, *Avant-Garde* has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, *Avant-Garde* captivates readers with articles that have something to say. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles *Avant-Garde* prints:

Will the Vote for 18-Year-Olds Move America to the Left?

Caught in the Act—An evening with New York's scandalous Orgy-and-Mystery Theater.

The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana—If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko's Epic Poem in Defense of Dr. Spock

Living High on "The Hog Farm"—A visit to America's most successful hippie kibbutz.

Pre-Mortem—At *Avant-Garde's* invitation, 28 celebrities (including Art Buchwald, Harry Golden, Woody Allen, and Gore Vidal) dictate their own obituaries.

"In Gold We Trust"—A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

The Case of Hitler's Missing Left Testicle—A round-table discussion on an intriguing detail of Russia's recently released autopsy of Der Fuhrer. (Satirist Paul Krassner speculates that "It's probably alive and well in Argentina." Philosopher Larry Josephson contends that "Hitler just wanted to prove that he was a consistent right-winger.")

My Son, the Revolutionary—A study of the family backgrounds of young American radicals.

Flowers of the Asphalt Jungle—A tour of Harlem's beautiful new African boutiques.

The Love Poetry of Eugene McCarthy

Custom-Made Man—The portent of latest genetic research.

Coming Attraction—"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin. "I want to do it till it isn't there any more."

Has LBJ Secretly Converted to Catholicism?—A mass of circumstantial evidence.

Live Wires—A report on Liberation News Service (LNS), the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and Intergalactic World Brain (IWB), the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

London's "Theatre of Eros"

Fractured Hip—A collection of hilarious malapropisms by squares attempting to sound ultra-cool.

R. Buckminster Fuller's Plan for a Floating City in Tokyo Bay

Free-Style Olympics—A report on the movement to revive Olympics in the nude.

Allen Ginsberg's Script for a New Film by Charlie Chaplin

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

"Amnesty Now!"—An impassioned outcry by the editors of *Avant-Garde* for the release of Dr. Howard Levy, David Miller, and more than 1000 other antiwar heroes now in prison.

Making a Scene—Never-to-be-forgotten stills from the scene in Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet* in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-rape.

The Pedernales River Baptism-a-thon: A Fugs Happening

Concrete Poetry: The New Hard Rock Verse

All the World's a Stage—From The Theater of the Street in New York to the Guerrilla Theater of Stanford, dramatic groups all across the country are bringing plays to audiences that have never seen the inside of a theater.

The First Church of Love—Photographs of a phantasmagorical chapel being built in New York to celebrate sensual pleasure.

Fellini's "Satyricon"—On the set with *Il Poeta*, filming his version of Petronius' bawdy classic (with a cast that includes Mae West, Groucho Marx, Anna Magnani, Jimmy Durante, Michael J. Pollard, Danny Kaye, the Beatles, and scores of other comedians and superstars).

Abreast of the Times—A report on the sudden return to breast-feeding by America's most highly educated, sophisticated, and sexually liberated women.

The Psychology of Political Affiliation—What character traits determine whether a person will become a Democrat or Republican, a radical or conservative?

Miami: Newest Haven for Abortion—A serendipitous result of the influx of refugee doctors from Havana.

And Now—Would You Believe?—Auto-Destructive Art—A feature entitled "Pop Goes the Easel."

The Electric Banana Tickle: Latest Pop Invention

The "Birth Tax"—Duke University's J.J. Spengler presents a plan to make life for prolific parents unbearable.

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstores

The Natural Superiority of Racially-Mixed Children

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

First Class Suggestion—Harvard sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan offers an ingenious plan to double the number of mail deliveries as a means to reduce Black unemployment.

Are Colds Psychosomatic?—Psychoanalyst Merl M. Jackel, of the State University of New York, believes they are since they almost always follow periods of depression and give the same medical symptoms as weeping.

Hold It, Please!—The growing popularity of Polaroid cameras for instant-pornography.

Brain Food—A report on the recent discovery by Dr. John Churchill, of the National Institute of Neurological Diseases, that certain foods can increase the power of the intellect.

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

Very Original Sin—A report on the increasing number of avant-garde theologians who are using kissing, hugging, and caressing to restore a sense of community to worship.

The Startling Increase in LBJ's Personal Wealth While in the White House

In sum, *Avant-Garde* is a hip, joyous feast of gourmet food-for-thought. It's the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over *Avant-Garde*: "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! *Avant-Garde* has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "*Avant-Garde* is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "An exotic literary menu.... A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Ralph Ginzburg deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this," says Life. "*Avant-Garde's* articles on medicine, space, and psychology have made science the eighth lively art," says the Boston Avator. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the New York News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "*Avant-Garde's* articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the New York East Village Other. "*Avant-Garde* is the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says Time. "Borders on the genius," says the Miami Beach Sun. "It'll be the undoing of the strait-laced," says the Los Angeles

Free Press. "*Avant-Garde* is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Peter Schjeldahl. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Avant-Garde's contributors include the most brilliant artists, writers, and photographers of our time. Not only does *Avant-Garde* feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Karl Menninger, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, Roald Dahl, Henry Miller, Bert Stern, William Styron, Eliot Elisofon, Kenneth Rexroth, David Levine, Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Dali, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, et al., but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In format, *Avant-Garde* more closely resembles a \$10 art folio than a magazine. It is printed on the finest antique and coated paper stocks by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and costly duotone offset lithography. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. The format of *Avant-Garde*, like its editorial contents, is intended to endure.

Subscriptions to *Avant-Garde* cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap. However, right now, while *Avant-Garde* is still in its infancy, you may order a **Special Intro-**

ductory 8-Month Subscription for only \$3.99! This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.

Moreover, if you enter your subscription right now, you'll be a Charter Subscriber. This will entitle you to:

- Buy gift subscriptions for only \$3.99.
- Renew your subscription for \$3.99 forever, despite any subsequent price increases.
- Start your subscription with one of *Avant-Garde's* early issues. *This is not to be taken lightly since early issues of high-quality magazines often become valuable collectors' items* (especially if they're Ralph Ginzburg publications; early issues of *Eros* now sell for \$100; early copies of *Fact* are worth \$25; and copies of *Avant-Garde* published just a few months ago are already bringing \$15).

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the adjacent coupon and mail it with \$3.99 to: *Avant-Garde*, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry. This Special Introductory Offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive your first copy of the most wanted, arresting, and rewarding magazine in America today (and the only one put out by a publisher with real conviction).

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