

# THE EAST VILLAGE OMBLIER

VOL. 3 NO.46

METROPOLITAN 15¢

OCTOBER 18, 1968







**VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**



*He knew that the others were watching them, reading in their embarrassment their lack of social knowledge.*

Dear EVO:

Elinore Standard's letter (Vol. 3, No. 45) brought out into the open a little matter that most astrologers would just as soon forget — the fact that 2000 years of procession have completely mismatched signs and constellations. This makes astrologers frauds not only by objective standards, but also by their own. Sprague and Catherine de Camp, in *Spirits, Stars, and Spells*, put it this way:

"This over-widening discrepancy between signs and constellations has embarrassed astrologers for centuries. They have generally offered the excuse that we have to base our calculations upon the zodiacal signs because the earth is influenced, not by the stars really, but by the signs. Although one might imagine that stars influence men's lives, it is hard to conceive how patches of sky marked off by imaginary man-made lines could exert such forces. Yet this the modern astrologers ask us to do."

Thomas Dunker, in *Horseshit #3*, puts it more succinctly:

"Everyone who thinks he is an Aries is in fact a Pisces, a Pisces is really an Aquarius and so on. However do not be dismayed. You will find that the virtues claimed for your new sign will

suit you just as well as the virtues attributed to your previous sign."

I anticipate with great amusement a controversy in the EVO letter column between astrologers who go by signs and astrologers who go by constellations. Meanwhile, I will wonder why people who can see clearly through Elbie Jay's excuses for the war with Vietnam can at the same time be so glib about this venerable fraud.

Incidentally, Elinore Standard's "Hippocas" was actually called "Hipparchus." He may have been an astrologer; a lot of ancient astronomers were. Astrologers claim Kepler as one of their number, but Kepler himself said that "God has provided every creature with the means for its sustenance and for astronomers he has provided astrology."

And while we're out among the planets, here's one for Stanley Fisher: Another celestial flyspeck about the size of Icarus is going to fly by next summer. It's called Geographos, and its closest approach will be some 6 million miles, about half again as far away as Icarus. The date of closest approach will be 26 August 1969. You have ten months to start thinking up unimaginable catastrophes which will occur on that date. The person suggesting the

most frightening catastrophe will win a free ride on Halley's comet the next time it departs for the backside of the solar system. No entries based on puns about the sexual connotations of "'69" will be considered.

Stay as well as can reasonably be expected,

John Boardman  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs,

I was lucky to hear your name in a Bavarian broadcast, so I now know the name of somebody who could help me to get hold of some underground films which are not shown officially in Austria because of censorship (censorshit!) We are students who are eager to be in touch with our times but who haven't much money. We can use a 16-mm sound projector and have a room to make a student's cinema.

I would be very happy if you could show me the way to get underground films to Austria.

Yours,  
Irmfried Windbichler-Tirol  
Leechgasse 24  
A-8010 Graz, Austria

Dear EVO:

What will you do on **DOUBLE CROSS DAY**, November 5, 1968?

Anonymous  
Lexington, Kentucky



PETER JOSEPH LEGGIERI - ALLAN KATZMAN

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- JAY FAB
- DON KATZMAN
- LENNOX RAPHAEL
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- PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
- WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
- TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
- NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Ave., N. Y., 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1968 The East Village Other, Inc. All rights reserved. Sale to minors without written consent of their parents is prohibited.

**THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER**  
105 Second Avenue  
New York, New York 10003

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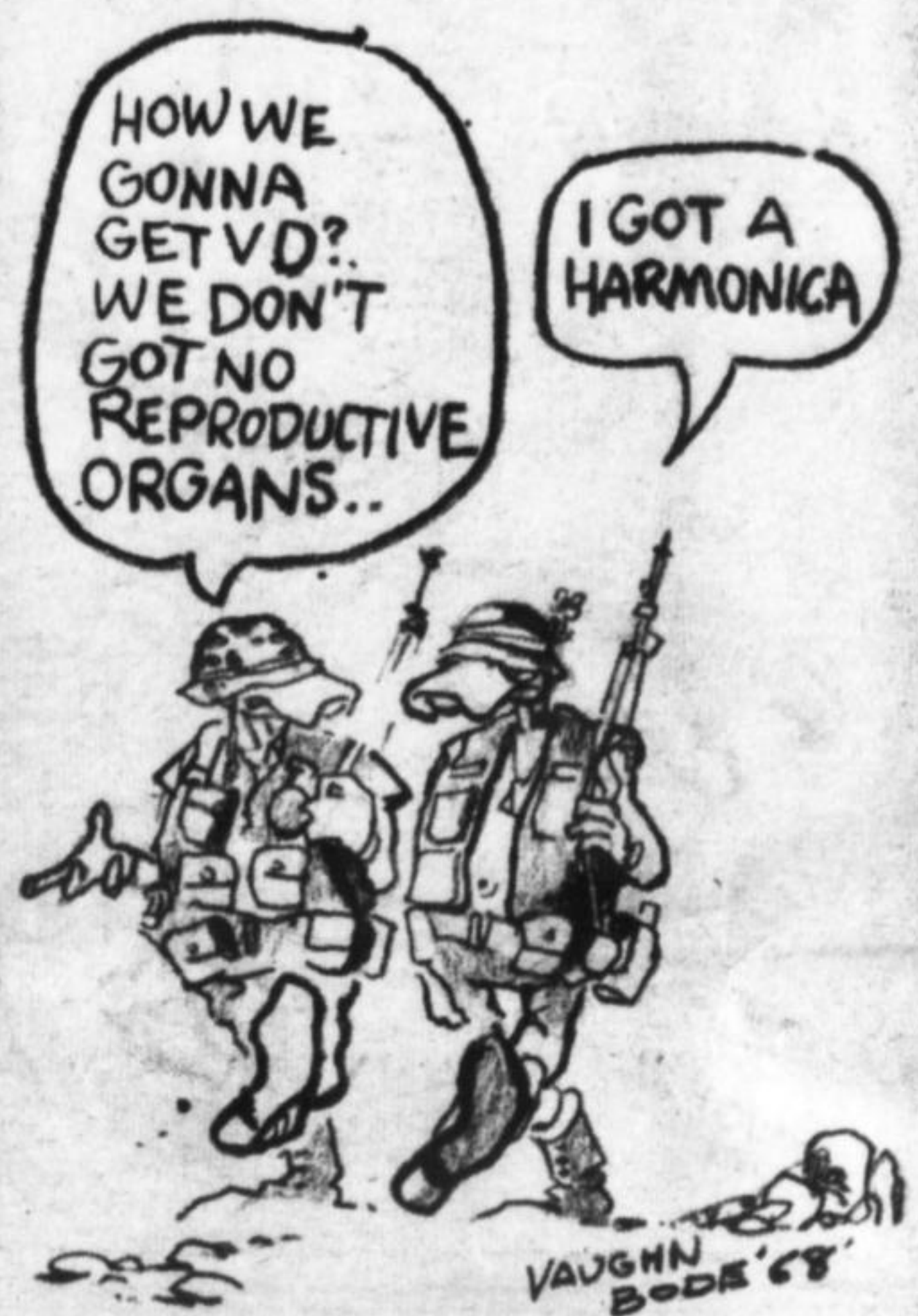
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# McCARTHY at the BOOTH

by David Bodie

Eugene McCarthy, the issue may or may not appear on the ballots in New York's voting machines.

McCarthy, the man, has informed the Secretary of State of New York that he is not a candidate for the presidency and, in effect, disavowed the efforts of the Coalition for Independent Candidates (CIC).

The CIC efforts, as explained by CIC lawyer James Eagan, have included getting the state to accept the nomination of a slate of electors pledged to support McCarthy if he wins the Empire State's popular vote November 5. (McCarthy's name will appear on voting machines in 26 states according to Eagan.)

"And we think we can win the election in New York," Eagan asserted. The secretary of state challenged the petition on the grounds that McCarthy said he isn't a candidate, but the courts ruled that the slate was properly selected and was entitled to be on the ballot.

The Democratic party appealed to the State Republican hierarchy to appeal the decision to the state's highest court, but the GOP administrators, as of this writing, have refused to do so.

The Democrats, who have publicly stated that their hopes for victory next month are based on winning New York's 43 electoral votes, have charged collusion.

The GOP hopes to divide the Democrats even more than they are now divided on the war-peace issue, and thus assure themselves of snatching the 43 electoral votes. Rocky is apparently ready to be Nixon's secretary of State in exchange.

Eagan's thesis — and that of CIC people — is that the issue of war and peace raised by McCarthy is far larger than the personality cult which has accompanied McCarthy's rise to national fame.

"We think New Yorkers are for the McCarthy position — look, they nominated Paul O'Dwyer (for the Senate to run against Jake Javits), and yet we don't have a place to register our protest. Except to vote for

O'Dwyer — and we need a president who will get us out of Vietnam and all the Vietnams."

"What choice do we have now?"

Eagan scoffs at the argument that the CIC move is a spoiling move, that it denies HHH a chance and hands the election to Nixon.

"Look," said the spritely Irishman, "every poll says Nixon is way ahead. Wallace is ahead of Humphrey too. So if he's already lost, how are we spoilers?"

"Our strategy is to win in New York and use those 43 votes to bargain for our position if the election is tossed into the house of representatives. At the same time, we think McCarthy's name on the ballot will bring out the thousands of voters who had made up their minds not to go to the polls this year because they had no one to vote for."

"And the move can only help O'Dwyer."

(The New York Times has reported conflicting O'Dwyer positions on the CIC, one saying the senatorial candidate felt the move will hurt in November and the other acknowledging it would help. You take your choice. O'Dwyer so far has refused to endorse HHH).

Eagan the pointed to the peculiarities of the US Constitution in its guideline for electing a president. (I refer the interested to the XII Amendment).

The Constitution provides that the President of the Senate, in the presence of both houses of congress, shall open the ballots cast by the electors in the several states and that if no one receives a majority, then the House of Reps must immediately proceed to vote for the President from a list of the top three candidates with each state getting only one vote (the members of each state deciding on a candidate). The Senate elects the vice president in a separate ballot that has only the top two names to chose from.

For those of you who don't recall, the President of the Senate is the Vice President.

Now let your imagination go on a trip.

The House is deadlocked — either because state delegations can't agree on who to cast their one vote for or because the vote comes out 25-25. The Senate, which is now controlled by Democrats, might go for Muskie.

Muskie is Vice President waiting for a President. And he only has to wait a bit. For the Constitution says that if the House is deadlocked, then the Vice President-elect becomes the acting President.

And the acting President has all the powers of the President until the deadlock is broken.

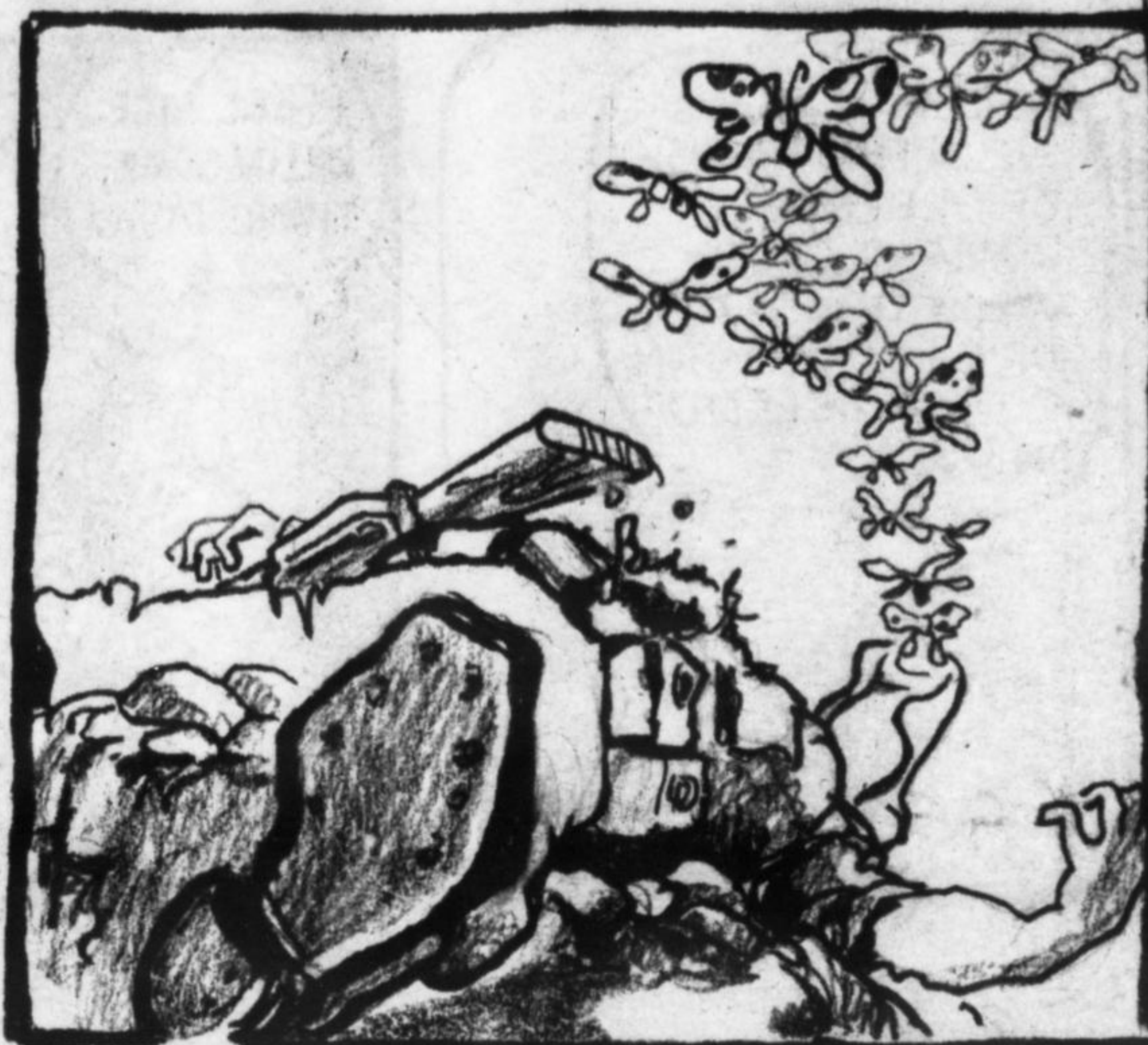
So that may be why Humphrey repeats loud and clear that Ed Muskie is his most powerful weapon in the campaign.

And now even McCarthy has endorsed Muskie.

Eagan asserts that the following states will have McCarthy on the ballot either thru organized write-ins or thru his name actually appearing on the printed sheet. The number in parenthesis is the number of electoral votes: California (40), Delaware (3), Florida (14), Illinois (26), Colorado (6), Indiana (13), Iowa (9), Massachusetts (14), Michigan (21), Minnesota (10), Montana (4), New Hampshire (4), New Jersey (17), New Mexico (4), New York (43), North Dakota (4), Oregon (6), Pennsylvania (29), Rhode Island (4), South Dakota (4), Vermont (3), Virginia (12), Washington (9), Wisconsin (12), Wyoming (3). Total electoral votes: 317.

Now Eagan knows only about the New York action, and he is closed mouth on the facts and figures which would support his contention that McCarthy could carry the popular vote in this most populous state. And he notes with satisfaction that O'Dwyer seems to be gaining support in his battle with Javits — who still retains a large part of the State's large Jewish population which normally votes Democrat.





## the VIEW from PARADISE

**PARADISE (UPS)** — *A State of Mind. The thing that Merica's always been striving for. Paradise, once lost, now struck by many unions.*

Looking down on lines and lines of people cued up in front of desks tended by fat, frizzy, ladies, the last remnants of ward healer politics in the electronic age, the las remnants next to the postal employees, senators aides, senators, and governmental executives. Looking down on lines of registered voters stopped and backed-up by the border guards of obsolescence, kept by fat, slow, flesh from whizzing along with the machine. Stopped by brawn at the border of the electric ballot box.

And over there, twelfth from the front, in the four thousand sixtieth line is John Cue. Completely normal, John Cue, the median man, the sum total of all Merica's words, thoughts, deeds, looks, and age divided by two hundred million.

Here it is, November Fifth. Election day again. No politicking within fifty feet of the poles. And the bars are closed all day.

John Cue moves up to the desk. Exchanges words with the confused old lady, playing her comedy role opposite the Jackie Gleason leading man her dreams, and clears John Cue, as soon as he shows his card.

Reviewing in his mind the choices that he's made, John Cue, hiding behind the drapes of democracy confronts the burning issues. He votes for president and vice president, the randomly pushes every other button down the line for mayor, senator, representatives etc. It's an important job, voting for President

of the United States, and John Cue will give it all the thought and attention his innocent, selfish mind can muster.

Calmly, assuredly, in his best interest he places his mark beside the donkey/elephant/eagle. And as John Cue votes, so votes the nation.

The Electorate sings: "A donkey's an animal with long pointed ears, who believes 'bout everything he hears. His back is brawny, his brain is weak, he can't get over a stubborn streak.

(CHORUS)

"An elephant's an animal with gray rubber skin, described as anything but thin. Bag of memories in a small brained funk, carrying Wall Street in its trunk.

(CHORUS)

"An eagle's a bird of prey, with talons and claws, demanding order and laws. The southern gentleman's been known to drink, flying high, he'd rather hate than think.

CHORUS: Unless you wear a policeman's star, and drive an armoured car, You'll be better off where you are, If you keep a loaded gun."

It's an old song. Brings back memories of the thirties. It's original title was **THE PIG IS A SYSTEM**. Oh, look now, there's Che.

"Speaking of de seestem, Si establishment. Speaking of de seestem — de enemy.

"Ere ees de secret. Dere ees no CONSCIOUS enemies. Dere ees no conscious. Dere ees solomente una grande total spreading world de plasteek on chrome

by Stephenwolf Dangerfield

an reegid, straight, narrow, materialista minds with ball-point this lives — not chosen in free will — but consented to' with el theeng dat passes for fee will solomente een eegnorance."

Indeed. Who is The System?

"Ees de Merican way. Tao, Communists, conservatives, liberals as well as: beatniks, 'ippies, JYippies, Dirty Old Men, and reformers all guilty of the Merican Way — way of plasteek greed, chrome death."

A man identified as Wallace shouts from the back of the auditorium: "Death? Yah say DEATH, bo-ah?"

"Wah, the Merican's average life spectancy is 74 yars fer men and 76.5 fer wo-men, an with plastic parts an organ transplants, time's a still a stretchin. Wah, Merica haz one of thu highest life spectancy rates in thah warld, rainkin secon' only to Denmark and Sweedan, both who have high su-icide rates.

"Yah say death? Ha!"

"Eet ees que el dice: DEATH!"

Unlike the television programs lead you to believe, Archangels never intervene in the affairs of mortals. But they've even got me frightened.

I think there's a killer down every aisle. I fear from behind my pushcart near the peanutbutter and jelly. No one is exempt, not Archangels, not even Abe Fortas, the contending Chief Justice. Everyone is forced from time to time to go shopping for dustmops and milk.

And just to remind you of the great morality play you're acting in, the Supermarket offers, on the way out, beside the cashier, **TIME**. Pipeline of mundane reality, the political game, and inside scoop on the books the intelligencia in the beehive are reading.

Everyone takes time. They pay for it, and hardly realize its borrowed. You cannot hide from The Time Collector when he finally comes.

You cannot hideaway from TV, radio, and the press, in that other world of laundromats, a rarified atmosphere of ionized, infrared, tumbled-dry clothes. You cannot hide, surrounded by the face that launched a thousand products — in plastic curlers — MOM.

"Hear ye! Hear ye, Housewives!" Little Hubert cries, but cannot be heard over the roar of spin-drying.

So he says, "Stick 'em up, Merica Moneycunt."

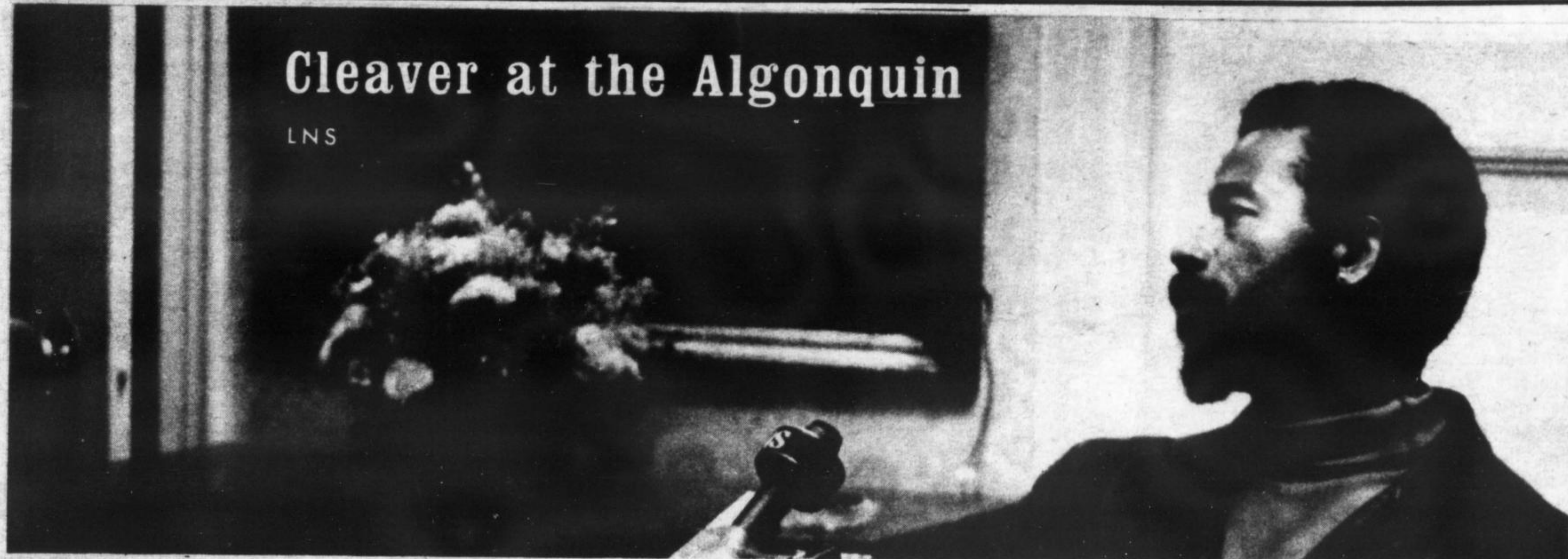
(Continued on Page 21)





## Cleaver at the Algonquin

LNS



Eldridge Cleaver held a news conference on October 12 at the Algonquin Hotel. The Algonquin was home base for the Barrymores, and the site of the famous luncheon round of Harold Ross, Dorothy Parker, James Thurber and the New Yorker crowd. In this setting, the anomaly of 1968 electoral politics came through clearly.

A dozen glum Panthers lined the walls, screening the newcomers for the nut who would try to stop black power by shooting its able spokesman. And Cleaver, glory outspoken, strident and smiling, sat in a leather easy chair behind a mahogany desk. Currier and Ives prints behind him, a curved mirror decorated with a great American eagle to his right. Straight press rubbed shoulders with the underground.

Toms were there in force, representing the bourgeois black press.

"Sir," said one, "what is your opinion of James Farmer, who is running on the Republican ticket in Brooklyn?"

"I call on all the Toms to get off their knees, wipe

the shoe polish off their mouths and join the fight."

Abbie Hoffman, campaign manager for Pigasus, jumped around ginning in the back of the room. He found a phone and kept trying to get through to some Doctor. The Panthers looked annoyed, but this is part of the new coalition between black and white radicals.

"Mr. Cleaver, what do you see as the role of white radicals in the Black Liberation Movement?"

"Yes," said Cleaver, "some whites have about reached the limit of toleration of the machinery of Babylon. They're ready to strike out. Out of the Puerto Rican community and out of the white community, men and women will arise. There's a need for white power too."

"Could you define white power?"

"There is a distinction to be made between pig power. The whites haven't got any power now. They've only had a government of the pigs, by the pigs and for the pigs. I don't know that the whites have ever been consulted about what they'd like to do. Maybe they'd like to go back to Europe where they came

from and give this country back to the red men.

"We have created functional machinery to connect us with those with whom we wish to be connected. Let them show they're ready. We've been ready for 400 years."

A CBS radio lady, busy changing tape spools, asked, "Could you comment on Mr. Reagan's attempts to stop you from lecturing at Berkeley?"

"Reagan is a politician, and politicians don't give a damn about students. That's why they send in racist policemen. If they were so concerned with what goes inside students' heads, why don't they worry what goes outside their heads? Billyclubs do a lot more harm to students than I do."

"Do you intend to achieve your goals through the democratic process?" asks a man who wants something to write about. He gets it.

"We intend to get them through any means. What is defined in this country as the democratic process isn't democratic at all. The Democratic Party has turned into a Nazi Party, and if the Democratic Party

(Continued on Page 19)





# DECOMPOSITION

by D A Latimer

*From the heads of ducks and geese  
So's yer crazy ol' Aunt Yahooois!  
Let's ignite these fyooziz!  
OW! That's the bazoozis!  
I YI YI! Now I'm paranoid!  
Verry funny Mr. Snoid.*

**Hey Boparee Bop**

Hold on to your eyes, they are liable to drop off out of your head with the magnitude of this disclosure: R. Crumb doesn't know where it's all at either. Tim Leary, he knows where it's all at; Stanley Fisher, now he knows where it's all at; Ed Emshwiller, Mike Murphy, everybody else knows where it's all at — but you open up R. Crumb's *Head Comix* (Viking, \$2.50), and all Mr. Natural cay say is, "Twas ever thus," or "Next time you're looking at something try looking at the center." As a matter of fact, if you're looking to find out what it's all about, and you go to Crumb, the poor tortured fellow is likely to put you through so many changes you'll lose whatever incoherent concept of It-ness you took to him. It-ness will die for you, I gurantee it. Kitchee-Koo, you bastards!

Getting into R. Crumb's *Head Comix* is like breaking into a haunted house in 1955, when you're nine years old. Your booger buddie is with you, your noses are full of snot, your heads are itchy and you wanna bust things up. Smell: the house smells funny, old lard and rust and cistern water. The wallpaper is stained and peeling, faces of animals and cartoon people appear and gaze out of it at you vaguely and non-comitally. The old brown beerbottles on the floor have little arms and legs, the skuzzy yellow mustard pot could strut into a song and dance across the busted table top. Everything's alive, and a lot blder than you are, and they want to watch you. You pick up a bottle — "Cheese 'n crackers got all muddy!!!" — and bash it against the wall. You wanna bust things up.

Getting into R. Crumb's *Head Comix* is like wrestling with (my god!) my God. Mr. Natural is everybody's friendly neighbourhood superego. When you go to Mr. Natural, he is generally hopelessly preoccupied with matters of his own, and you fairly have to break down the door to get to him. Flakey Foont, and I am he and you are he, poor Flakey doesn't know what to think, that's why he's there. But sheet, ole Mistuh Natcher'l, he jus' another nigger hissef', just a god damn Caswell like the rest of us. Even after his death and rebirth, he still winds up doing the Sisyphus act. His whole thing is, he's glib: lately he's been chasing down pussy for poor Flakey, who still doesn't know what to do with it. Oh, he may be the Man from Afghanistan, he may have the inside dope on Diddie-Wah-Diddie, but Mr. Natural is still just Flakey Foont with a long white beard. Another of Crumb's people, Schuman the Human, actually wins an audition with God Himself, on a midnight streetdornor: "AHM," says God. "Er . . . Um . . . Gulp . . . Heh heh," says Schuman the Human "Never mind," says he, scuttling off while his head shrinks to the size of a salamander's and his feet growup to caterpillar treads "Well, that's showbiz, Sheesh."

Getting into R. Crumb's *Head Comix* is like getting into *The Life*. Fritz the Cat, whose demise in last month's *Cavalier* was widely and grievously regretted, was assimilated into *The Life*, but never totally digested by it. Drooling along with four teenybopper-pupiegirls under his arm, he slavers, "Yes! Together we shall all learn the real existential essence of the life force." One of the puppiechickies wants to know what "existential" means. 'It means like cool!' another one snaps. "Gear! You know, stupid!" And what cool, gear, existential affirmation of the life force does Fritz the Cat perform? Why, zonked on grass, he shoots a toilet bowl with a bulldog-policen.an's gun: 'I kilt the john,' he crows. "Kill! Destroy!"

Getting into R. Crumb's *Head Comix* is like zapping out across the airwaves to Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. This is what it is to be human, and to live in America. Mr. Snoid from Sheboygan has a habit of lifting the sky up from the horizon like a tent flap, poking his head out around a tree, and giggling

at you: in any other culture he'd be an Ifrit, or a Gnome, or a Leprechaun — here he's the Snoid from Sheboygan. Av. & Gar, famus for their Scrappy Bits and Crazy Kraks, are the essence of all human relations. Hey Boparee Bop is the music of the spheres. Getting into R. Crumb's *Head Comix* is getting into epiphany. "Life Among the Constipated" will thrust you into the slough of despond, but 'Stoned' will throw you like a silver dollar across the Potomac.

*Hey boparee bop  
Shoop shop she-pop  
Smock hoc de pop  
BOING ya inna JOP!  
Yop Yop Yop Yop  
Cripes! Nuts! Phooey! Gop!  
But keep un truckin.*

**Eager Tongue Caressed Him**

Gratified at the response to last week's notice in this space, calling on all chicks with big tits or lotsa tissue paper to call a certain number, Sam Goldstein and Louis Abolafia have set 7 November for the big Bust-Out on Wall Street. Several thousand generously endowed maidens will on that day at noon parade their creamy charms down the west side of Broadway between Wall and Morris Streets. "We will match them tit for tit," proclaims Goldsten, "or tat for tat, as the case may be." The parade will be led by a suicide mission of Ukranian housewives, and a contingent of specially selected Ayshires and Gurnseys will follow in the van. Call 477-6108 for details; ask for Louie.

**Yearning Nipples**

Although he is proscribed under military law from making any public statement on the military or the war in Vietnam, Specialist Fifth Class Ron King is gathering votes for the California 34th Assembly District seat, on the Monterey Peace and Freedom ticket. King enlisted in the army in 1963 at the age of 18, spent a year in Korea and a year in Vietnam. was awarded a purple heart and finally was declared physically unfit to perform infantry duty at Fort Ord. Despite this, King has been repeatedly disallowed dis-

(Continued on Page 24)





VAUGHN BODE '68



I felt bad Sunday morning and when you feel bad, you feel bad, you shouldn't go to Be-In. But I went anyway as did fifty cops who felt as bad as I did. Can't blame 'em! I mean it was a miserable day, cloudy and overhung with a lot of pollution besides it was Sunday, a day of rest. Cops are kept pretty busy these days. What with all the students taking off with their own universities; parents taking off with their own schools; junkies taking off with their own chemistry; and people taking off with their own streets. A cop has the right to take off with a day. And that's what they did. They did their thing. Beat people on the head. Chased people. Ran down people. Arrested people. Law and Order in the first degree. You would think that cops would get tired of the same old thing. You would think they would enjoy

by Allan Katzman (Continued on Page 11)





by Jakob Kohn



Harry Anslinger, the former federal King Narco, typecast the dope pusher and the connection as a slimy mother who pushed shit (along with candy bars) in school playgrounds. Prior to World War II, the connection was an agent provocateur in the employ of the Imperial Japanese Government. Today, your friendly family dealer is considered an agent of the International Communist Conspiracy. That is the myth according to Anslinger. Here is the reality.

The setting was a suite in one of New York's best hotels, the host one of the biggest connections in the east and the hospitality offered was reflected in the goodies available, those that only money and connections can buy.

This is what he had to say about new drugs:

"THC is an extremely difficult chemical to make. There are sixteen or seventeen different process before you get THC. It's a bitch to make.

"There is another drug called BENOXTOZINE which has results which are similar to THC — a groginess, a drowsy kind of happy dopey feeling. Very, very tranquil. The drug is sometimes known as HOG. It is a member of the barbituate family. If taken in conjunction with alcohol, HOG is extremely dangerous. If one has trouble with the liver, one is liable to die.

If you drink and take the stuff, you are liable to OD on it. The number of fatalities resulting from such a combination is well known."

"HOG has been out on the market for about one year. A recent report out of San Francisco indicates that a number of chicks had babies with deformities similar to those resulting from the use of THALIDOMIDE. The strong possibility is that this resulted from the BENOXTOZINE. It's chemical constituents are similar to Thalidomide. It has NOT been approved for human use.

"On the San Francisco market HOG has been passed as THC and therefore the Thalidomide factor is not to be dismissed, even though nothing definite has as yet been established concerning it.

"Lately HOG has been distributed in New York in blue, green and orange powder. If you take HOG over a long period of time you get paranoid, with headaches and a general feeling of sickness. In addition that you can get what you could call general barbituate pukiness.

"The guys that have been distributing it are throwing food coloring into it, and subsequently sending out each differently colored batch as a "new shipment." According to my grapevine, 300,000 doses were

recently sold in San Francisco to a group of people from the northern part of New York City . . . Bronx, Harlem. It was sold to them as THC. They were burnt.

"I think the stuff costs about \$36 per pound. You can buy it legally in just about any pharmaceutical house. You may legally possess it. It's just a dog tranquilizer. Even though it is legal, it can nevertheless fuck up your liver and if you ever had hepatitis, forget about it."

I asked him what he had to say about THC.

"THC, — ha cough cough — I distribute it. Ha Ha. I dig it. It's and nice drug. I think it will be the drug of the year. The college student's drug. Just pop a pill in the morning and stay high through classes all day long. When the den mother walks outside she is not going to smell pot.

"I personally prefer to snort it. If I would swallow it, it would take 2-3 hours until the high sets in. If I shoot, it comes on with a very hard rush and is over very quickly." Snorting it gets it in just right, but then people walk a miles for a pack of camels."

Another drag, another snort and another day's good deed well done.

\*\*\*

An urgent call has gone out to all the faithful in the Holy Land to defy tradition and, for a change, turn their heads to the West.

In a widely publicized appeal, a Mr. L.A. Hoos fervently gave the word: "In Holland (of all places) God raised a prophet and revealed to him what will happen in the very near future. Jerusalem and Berlin were mentioned. Great thing have already happened in Holland."

Unless it was the Provos, I am not aware of anything Great happening in Holland, but if any further information would be of help write Mr. L.A. Hoos, % YMCA, King David St., Jerusalem, Israel.

Who knows, maybe he's got something.

\*\*\*

Saying of the week:

"Being a Yippie is a responsibility unto itself."

—Joel Fabrikant

\*\*\*





Living Theatre. Is . . . Perhaps. Id est.

That's all there really is to say or write, those are the only words which don't lose in the translation from the paper to another eye, don't change from implication to newly changed inference. The central word "perhaps" is there to convey change, movement from one position to another: Living is not a static theater style reapplying certain rules to various productions, but a continuous, dynamic process, an idea undergoing recreation. This theatre is a style of life, a way of approaching understanding, and it stands there for its worth, good and bad, putting on plays for people to react to, work with, do something about. One doesn't read their plays or quote passages; there is only the I: Thou experience of interaction: one goes to the play, maybe even meeting them halfway as a mark of co-existence.

*Frankenstein* is the first of the works presented on this tour, and is also the earliest conceptualized work of the four being done. It stands there, or trembles, sivers, and rages there, a penultimate work full of the Creature's last energy spasms—the ones that always come when wild creatures die. It is a watershed work, marking a past in the consciousness of Le Living, and it has had time to take on some of the patina richness and mellowness due to an old cared-for favorite treasure chest. The mysteries contained within are still valid, but no longer hold the breadth and scope of the now-visualized ones. Progress provides for more complexity and simplicity at the same time, the paradox of more knowledge always being that there is less choice involved in subsequent action.

In the play are Dr. Frankenstein, his Creature(s) and Mary Shelley somewhere in the background with her compassion and latent comprehension. But it took L. T. to realize the potential in those qualities, making the Creatures of this world human instead of just noble savages. (A layer of culture, if you will).

There is the Creature, there is all of us creatures, there are we all on some scaffold or another, performing the ideas and desires of somebody else: all in our petite Skinner boxes constructed of grey matter and the arbitrary ten commandments of american life, including a growing realization that if we Ban-ned the bomb, we would be at least half-safe.

(Into English: there is the monster all of us of course doing someone else's bidding, for he is a slave to a system which tells him that he, so designated, is a slave for another to be master to.)



by Lita Eliscu  
foto: Raeanne Rubinstein  
ACTIVATE . . . Turn ON the creature, "Turn the creature on!" the last being the quote from the play. Yeah, turn the creature on, turn everyone on, and just make sure, in a system of dual standards, that you also keep a switch to turn the creatures OFF, or they may on you . . . that's called guerrilla warfare or insurrection, depending on your viewpoint. In either case, it's anarchy, a refusal to accept the existing law. The problem comes up whenever education is resorted to as a method of informing. Education is a fuck-up, of course, because you just can't always control the activated thinking consciousness . . . it develops tangential

waves which rock the ship of state (ugh). In Act I, there are a lot of terrible deaths because there is no way to end human suffering. Many people are requisite to the growth of any one organism, and the creature gets physical help from a lot of perhaps victimized fellow creatures; rather more substantial than encouragement, he gets an eye, a brain, a foot—and a heart, thrown in last, and only after visual discussion on the location of man's soul, is it the pineal gland (Paracelsus) the sexual organs (Freud) or the electronic impulse Norbert Wiener) or is it something else again, another number off the top. Is it all . . . ?

The Creature is conceptualized, created, and shaped.

Act II: The Creature grows in knowledge if not understanding, physical dimensions if not comprehension. The legends are used, familiar and not so legendary, to convey progression, mental and physical in time and space. The Creature's head is explored: subconscious, ego, love, the creative, wisdom, death, etcetera. The myths, the greek fundamentals, are visualized, re-incarnated for another time around and tailored for a new need "From each according to his power, to each according to his need.") The Authorities take over.

PRISON REVOLT

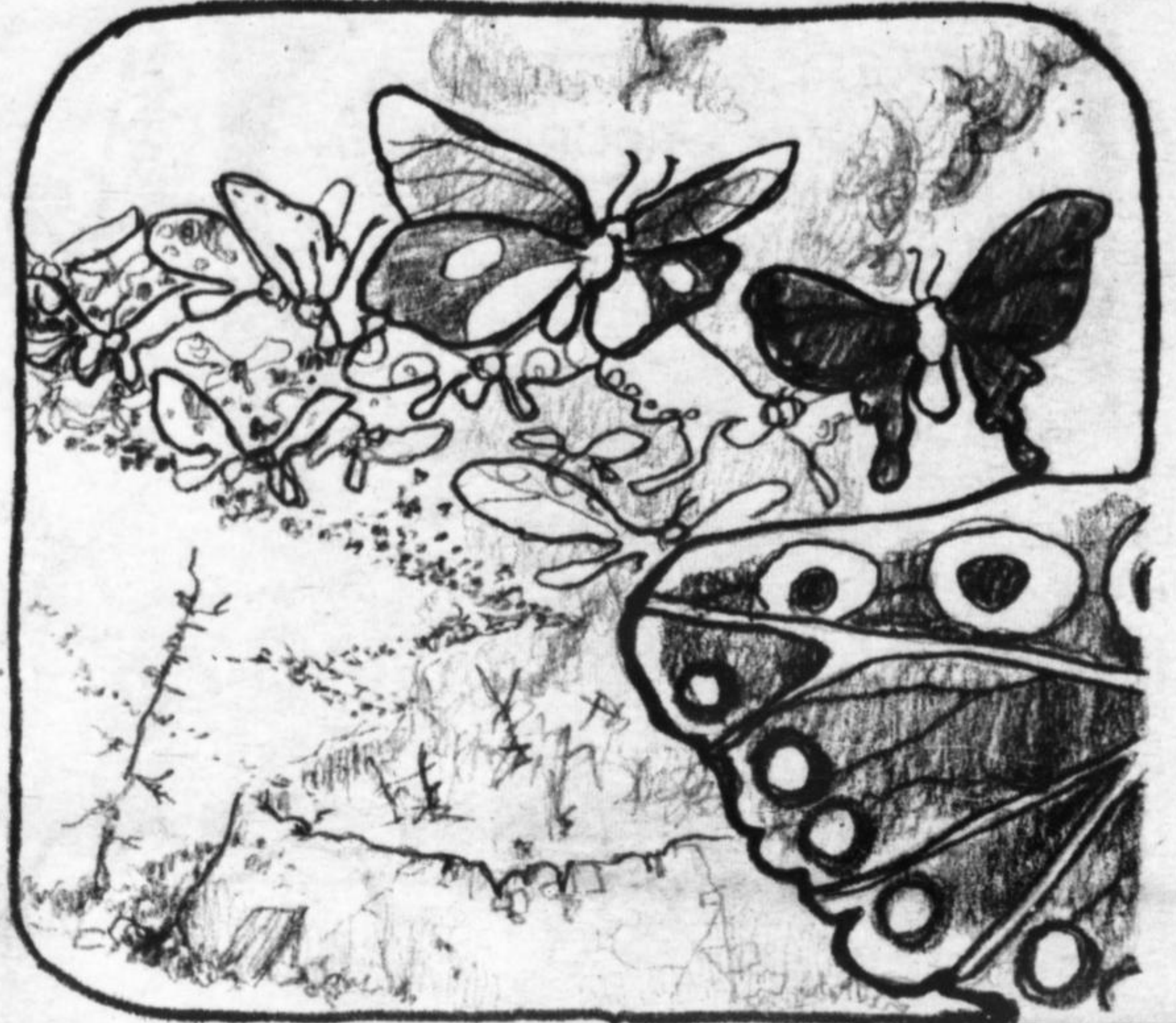
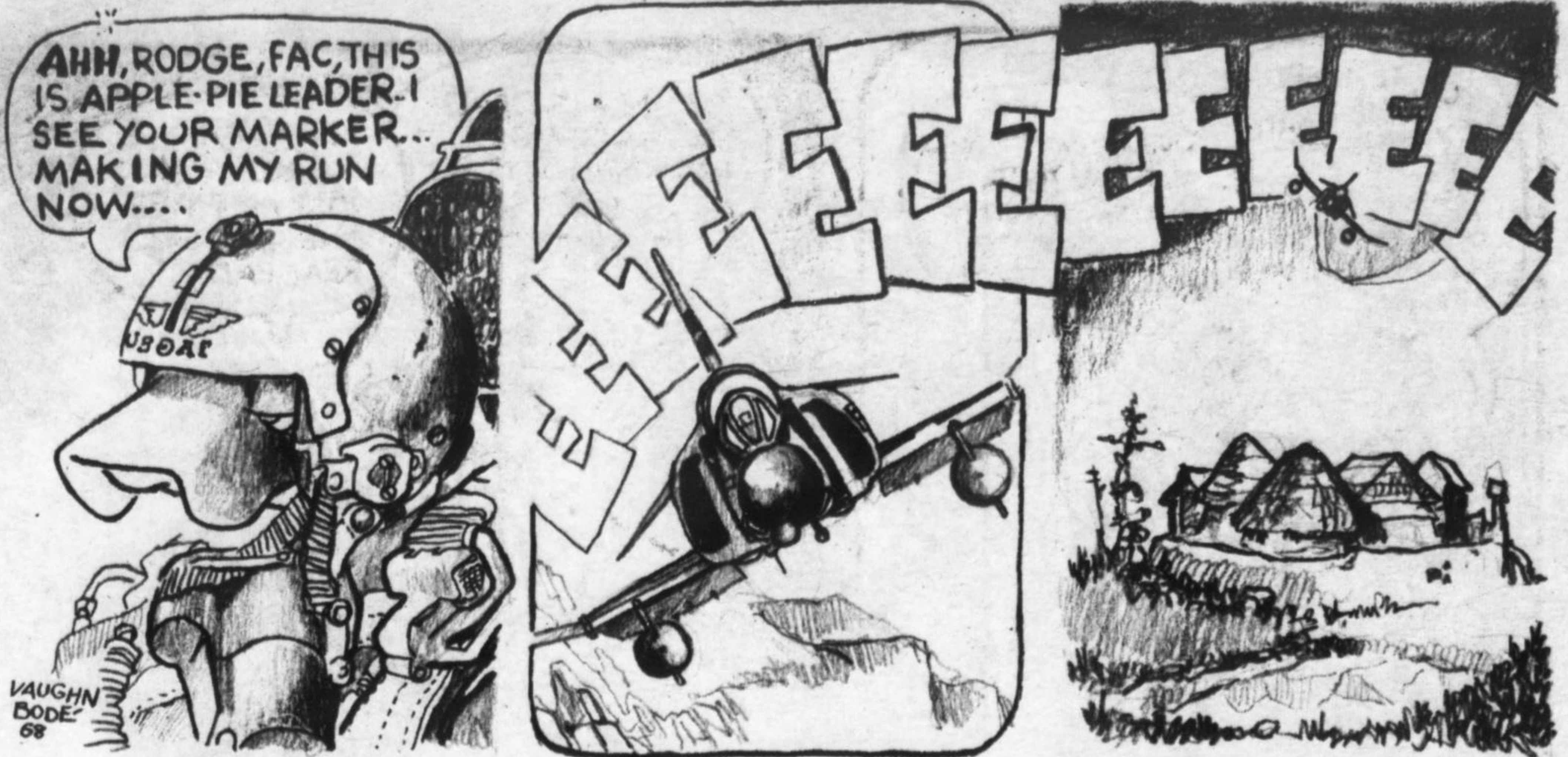
Act III. Will it count? It's not a revolution but a revolt.

There is World Action in this act, and Man Lives. Sort of.

All the technique in the world could not achieve what is on the stage during this play, unless craft was backed by equal conviction and sensitivity. This is not an easy play to watch (since when is play confused with lightweight activities?) and it is even more difficult to interact. There is simultaneous action, environments, and perceptions, and you have to choose, just like the real thing. There is no way of taking it all in, so you have to work with whatever your head allows to come your way. From dim to bright, though, certain flashes of intelligence come across the chasm of space time in a realization of communication—as—process. We are all the Creatures; we all have masters, visible or not, monkeys on back or chips on shoulders or heart-felt desires. We all revolt, because too much learning with too little understanding is more than dangerous, you short-circuit the whole system that way; too heavy a load and not enough outlets. We all get a chance at salvation, mental penances achieving the personal stations of some cross or another, and some

(Continued on Page 10)





## thilm

will even make it all the way through: Man Lives.

Since this play, Le Living has found new pressure, both external and internal, and heads have grown, changed, found new ways of dramatizing the problems seen in new perspective. There are no answers, only good questions, and Living Theatre asks them all, all the way through the works that they, choose to perform. *Frankenstein* wonders about the worthwhileness of revolt, not revolution; about the way to find understanding while living in a world dedicated to obfuscation and prisons; about the whys of existence on any level but freedom and liberation; about what happened to both parties, I and Thou and when did they shut themselves off—how do you turn them on again and create a time/space for interaction pure and simple?

Living Theatre is trying to bridge that awesome chasm set up between 'theatre' and 'reality'; they try to make their theatre of operations more than a stage, more than the homes of the audience. They want everyone to act on the spectacle performed, to react to the ideas presented, to perform some action catalyzed by the questions being asked on the stage, in a theater. Long may love zaps live. And may fuck take its proper place and usage in everybody's vocabulary.

*Frankenstein* overwhelms immediately, creating an information overload which boggles the perception; the play just happens to the spectator, happens all around him, but mainly to him, through him. For a time afterwards, the mind seems a little empty, but it is just stunned out of the old boundaries which divide 'play' from 'reality.' When thoughts come back, they fly in and wander for a while, shaken. Unlike some of the later works, this play is a more personal matter, leaving social and political broadside chaos on the sidelines, there only peripherally (although definitely). The suffering of each creature is still at stake, and the only hope at all is that come the end, man still . . . lives.

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For those who don't remember *The Silver Dollar*, a continuation of last week's discussion of *The Moke-Eater*, this last half being a more generalized affair. . .

Beginning with the Happenings of the 50's and 60's, and the horrifyingly tautological psycho-drama of reality, 'theatre' has reimbued itself with a fundamental

sense of immediate frightfulness, as though the Furies were always the last act to any production. A renewed sense of ritual supplies performances with conscious importance: before, (during those years of clear-eyed 23-year-old age virgins, known collectively as the 30's and 40's) it was possible to watch a stage, eyes front, legs crossed or not, and never even have to try to remember that this was all a performance, a make-believe. Lately, the most fantastical events are not even allegorical, they're historical fact.

The Theater of the Ridiculous has taken a giant step, and—remember when?—yes, they may. Ridiculous, as a word, means something is funny, or worth laughing about. Forewarned, one realizes this theater is so true-to-life that it had better be funny or everyone's lips will crack. The characters are always wilful, self-engaged, and may present wholly new sides of their character (visualized, visible, tangential schizophrenia cha cha cha) during any three consecutive lines, let alone scenes or acts. Plots: someone (ones) gang up on some other(s) because . . . somebody always has to be the Winner and another, the Loser. War is not decried, moralized, or given an honorable funeral because war, like cruelty, savagery, and absurdity, is a basis of humanness, of life itself. This theater deals only in life as it can be experienced or felt; allégories abound—*Moke-Eater* for example, is a vicious enough comment on America to cause one Frenchman to shake his head and tell me that the play could never be done in France—"it would be closed down." (NB: he did not mean the near-nude scenes, he meant the hints of politics, barely-there within the physical structure of the play, but immanent in every word, from the introductory National Anthem, sung by Harpies Bizarre, right through to 'Jack' the All-American boy and his credit cards, and gee whizz, gestures).

All the characters are hyper-american, for that matter. Smart Alec, an electric day-glo six-foot red-haired bitch, playing a man; the Looney Bin in general, sexless and equally frightening in their indifference; Maria, maybe-salvation, maybe-just a gypsy trick (as in: "You make gypsy trick, huh? You wanna make gypsy trick?"); the instruments of torture, including a flashlight, drums and laughter . . .

(Maybe the characters are wierd, or comparatively, noticeable more so than those walking down the street. Still: last night, I took a walk and one little woman passed my, laughing so that her mouth became wider and wider, and just as it reached the final crescendo

O, she would snap it shut and begin again; or the man who was walking towards me on the street last week, and suddenly was in front of me, doing karate chops and leg kicks fit to kill—me; or—Why go on . . .)

Since I last saw the play, I have seen Godard's *Weekend*, which attempts to cover the same ground, more or less (less). Atrocity, metaphors such as weekend barbecues-into-cannibal rites, endless blood (real) and deaths (real for animals, symbolic for humans—too expensive given the ASPCA laws) all are here. Missing, unfortunately for the film, is the real terror of contemporary life. Physical danger is only shocking when it is imminent, palpable . . .

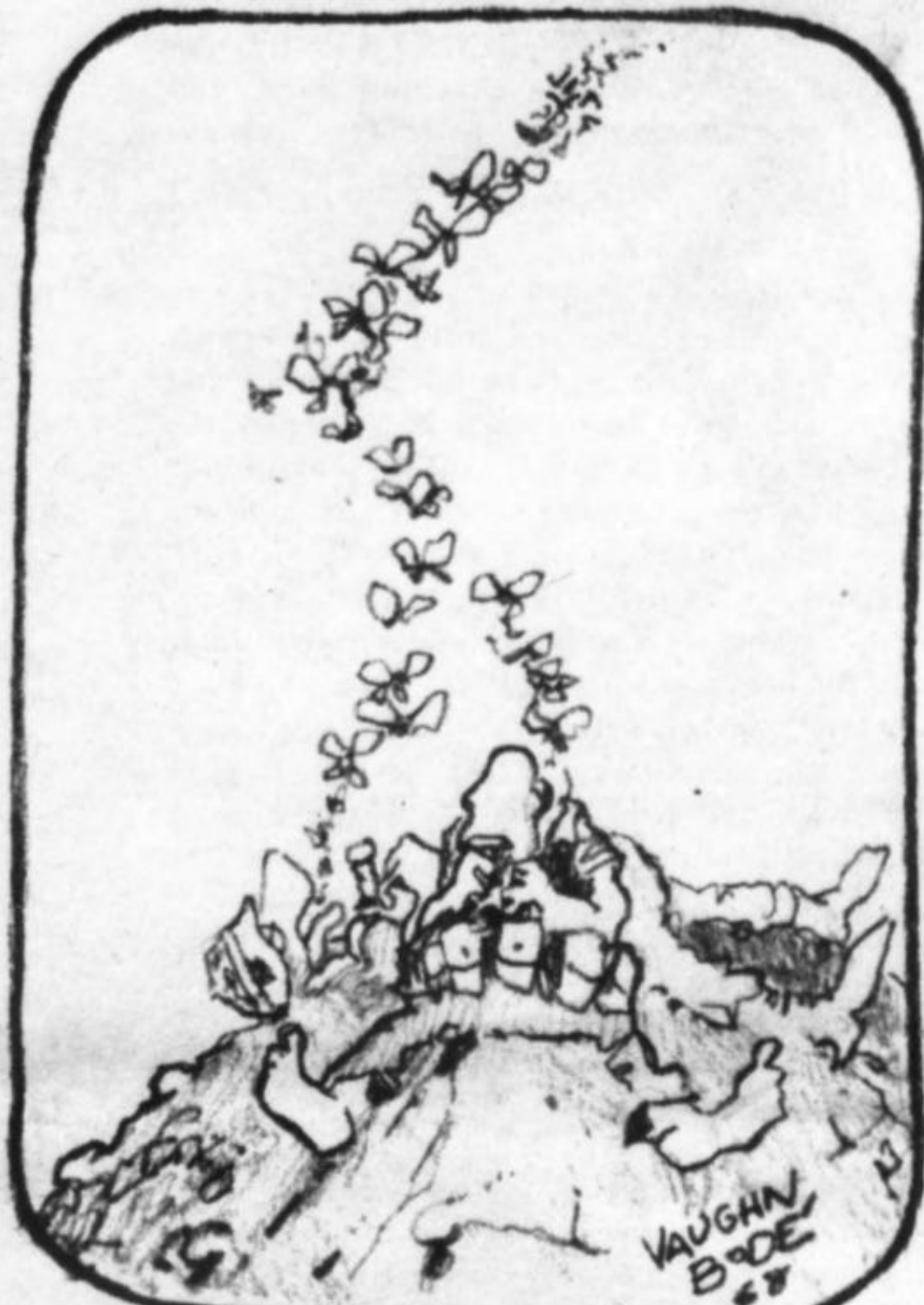
The plays created by the various subsidiaries of 'ridiculous theater' all have in common this ability to heighten awareness, perhaps through an increase in the normal existential pressures surrounding each person and dynamically and continually creating his now-environment. More pressure tends to make one more nervous, more alert to the possibilities implied in the environment.

If these plays are political in nature, it is more because man is a 'political animal' than because of any overwhelming desire to moralize and define some method of changing society. The *Moke-Eater* is of course a terrible, accurate observation of the american way of life-in-death. Still, the plays remain observations, Shakespearean in the impassive detachment from good/bad, the simple revelation of character and lack of informative 'psychology-makeup' and also the truly bawdy wit (PHOTR is hardly ever obscene of itself; only the realities it so correctly reflect are). Politics is defined as a method used to change, and man as an animal who always wants to change—himself, his environment, his life-style. This theater puts equal emphasis on both words in the Aristotelean definition, revealing man as an animal trying to achieve the change. There is no room for horror here at the obvious qualities of humanness: cruelty; indifference; a self-informed, everchanging morality or manner of action according to the momentary, ephemeral feeling passing through someone's system at a given time. The institution needing change is not any of the lesser symbols, such as education or principles of government, but the overall one of humanity itself. In this sense, yes, the plays are political, but never preachy.

When some cop has just grabbed your shirt, or leg; when you're on a dark street and an enormous shadow falls across yours; when the bogeyman really has

(Continued on Page 11)





## thilm

come to get you; this is physical fear in the process. When a pig is stunned and bled, in a most unkosher fashion, still quivering in the legs, back spasms, and more; when a rabbit's head, skinned, is drenched in blood, but remains behind the Gardol plate of 2-dimensional film screens, then it is no good pontificating in a subtitle: "What does it take to shock the numb bourgeoisie?" One is only rendered number.

Modern terror is an entirely different alloy, compounded of humiliation (make the audience feel stupid; uncomfortable; out of it and just a little worried that a small chunk of the sky may fall into their laps) and irrational absurdities (distinguished from modern, everyday absurdity such as J. Edgar Hoover in toto or a bus in Georgia which still has seats in the back for blacks and separate toilets in the public washrooms) and total equality for the audience and actors (just because you paid to get in doesn't mean you're any better off). Everybody is an actor. There's TV and the cold war on the hot medium, or vice versa, to prove it. There's assassinations for those who already live in the world of the Tenth Victim, a filmed idea that war may become a sport for those who think the rewards are worth the risks. Everybody is the audience, and therefore entitled to a private communication with the Pope, "if you think you can, you can" famous words attributed impartially to the Little Red Hen, Che Guevara and Ondine. Everybody on the same level, in the same boat—means that the life you save may or may not be your own, but if you don't help put out the forest fires, it won't matter anyway.

In an interview in TDR (The Drama review) John Vaccaro, director of *The Moke-Eater*, noted, "In order to be cruel to the audience, you have to be cruel to yourself." So, when you go to put out the fire; bare feet, please.

Very few theatres are the result of anything but compromises. Le Living considers only the physical and emotional limitation of its actors, accepting the responsibility of emanating a uniquely thorough credibility during performance which often succeeds in horribly shocking the audience. PHOTR is supercharged with a blatant irony, an anti-discipline which makes compromise only with external pressures such as economics and effect, simply side-stepping the audience

## Are Jack Smith's actors up on salt-peter?

through constant use of panorama instead of personality close-up. It is much more relaxing, superficially, to be confronted by spectacle than one suffering person. Still, these two theaters, different as comedy and tragedy (separated therefore by one banana peel-width) have in common caring profoundly about life and those who must exist in the present version. There are other obvious and totally divisive differences between these two theaters, of course; only, so many brands and subspecies of myopic Theater care only about unimportant jollities, whether it be \$15-seats or satisfying one megalomaniac angel, that it seems perfectly plausible to link these two disparate troupes whose visions, while different, are equally perceptive.

## be-in

(Continued from Page 7)

a rest. But cops are as bad as people. They no longer beat their old lady or kids. They no longer get swacked on beer or boo in front of a TV set. They no longer tinker around the house to repair the mishap of their days and ways from falling in on top of their heads. They no longer do anything, not even to improve themselves (whatever that is). They come to Central Park to do it (whatever that is) and they take off with life. They trample it into the sheep meadow grass. They smoke it in pipes and papers. They sing to it. They wrap it into American flags. They burn it in garbage baskets. They slip it between the thighs of a young fresh thing. They smack it across the head or trample it with horse hooves. The Prince is no longer in power. Crowds are in power. People steal from each other now. And what they steal is their own day of rest.

It's a Be-In. It's Democracy. It's people, mostly young ones, coming together, because, they're bored, to do whatever they would normally do when they were bored, but to do it out under a morning sky in the middle of where they live and with POWER. Add a little Law & Order and you have a Be-In. It's the thing that resembles life in these United States right now more than anything else.

So you can see why I was feeling bad. It's not that Be-In's are a bummer. They're a gas. It's life which is the bummer.

But Be-In's are for better or worse and October 12th, Columbus day, was a marriage of true minds. Those who were stoned. Those who got stoned. Those who broke the Law (whatever that was). Those who got broken for breaking the law. Those who were observing. Those who were being observed.

The cops added a little excitement when they chased after a young kid for wearing the American flag around his shoulders. He dropped it and ran and they ran after him, chasing him across the full length of the meadow before they caught him. While they were twisting his arm and kneeling him in the back, some observer had the audacity to ask the cops why they were doing what they were doing. The answer was much more interesting than the question as the cops jumped on him and arrested him for asking questions. In the skirmish, the first victim was able to get up and disappear into the crowd that had gathered to watch.

One girl tried to make love to a policeman's horse and got a few swift kicks in her stomach for her trouble. The cops cleared out after that, having satisfied their lust for a pound of flesh. That was about one o'clock. The rest of the day was spent in having a little fun.

The Fraternity of Man, a rock and roll group entertained the people who had turned out for the festivities. They sang, "We want to start another riot," in harmony, key of G.

People sat around turning on, talking. Almost three thousand spread across the large sheep meadow. Hard core Be-Inners swearing at the toothless air.

One bearded disciple preached before the multitudes. People listened and commented: "He's nuts but he makes sense."

"They're the only ones who do nowadays."

The apocalyptic lay preacher reached his crescendo of frenzy, pulled out his penis and waved it at the crowd. Cameras clicked away. No one seemed shocked. Not in this crowd of young kids. It was just another choice of weapons.

Later in the day, people got off on another set of excitement as hundreds chased after one person who claimed he was giving out free acid. They chased him around the whole sheep meadow until he disappeared out of the park.

(Continued on Page 20)



# MUSIC...The Time Has Come, The Walrus Said.

by A. J. Weberman

After listening to *I Am The Walrus* for ten months I think I have finally gotten some insight into it.

It is very much like Dylan's *Gates of Eden* since it offers a fairly comprehensive world-view incorporated into highly impacted symbolist-imagist poetry.

When asked about *I Am The Walrus*, Lennon has been quoted as saying, "It means nothing, it's just a dream I had." The cat who asked him to explain this poem must have been very lame, because if Lennon wanted to say what he had to say in prose he would have done so and not wasted his time created all the farout metaphor of *I Am The Walrus*. (It's like asking Modigliani, "Hey, man, how come all your chicks have long necks?" or asking Dylan, "Hey, Jude, who's the Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands?"). The only way to find out what *I Am The Walrus* is about is to go directly to the text in order to derive some universal meaning out of what many believe to be an arbitrary set of images . . .

**WARNING! COMMON SENSE PROHIBITS THE DISPENSING OF THIS INTERPRETATION AS DOGMA . . .** it is merely a super-educated guess and it is up to you the lameman to decide its ultimate validity!

**VERSE 1**

"I am he" (I am the enemy) "as you are he" (as you are the enemy . . . militarists often refer to the enemy as 'he') "as you are me" as we are all human "and we are all together" (and technology has turned the world into a global village in which ICBM's have made civilian populations unwilling participants in contemporary thermo-nuclear warfare). "See how they 'run' (Dig how missiles function) "like pigs from a gun" ('pigs' is WWI slang for bullets, so missiles have become almost as prevalent as bullets were in 1917) "see how they fly" across oceans) "I'm crying" Lennon doesn't dig the situation). Most people I have rapped with think that this verse advocates a mystical transcendentalism since they only interpret the first line.

But even if we could take this line out of contest, its construction would be both too uneconomical and too literal for that type of exergesis.

**VERSE 2**

"Sitting on a cornflake" (the cornflake is a prominent symbol of a denatured American technology and this one would have to be huge to accommodate a man, so the line becomes totally surrounded by and submissive to a dehumanized technology) "waiting for the van to come" (trying to accumulate more worthless material possessions) "Corporation teashirt" (because of his greed, is sometimes willing to allow his life to become a cog in a giant impersonal bureaucratic machine whose influence is all pervasive) "stupid, bloody, Tuesday" and so even arbitrary phenomena like a day of the week begin to become distasteful to the organization man) "man you been a naughty boy you let your face grow long" (and so it seems as if man has forgotten that the purpose of technology is to liberate, not to enslave!)

**REFRAIN**

I have heard several theories about the refrain of the Walrus . . . "I am the eggman, they are the eggmen — I am the walrus Goo Goo Joob." One of them hypothesizes that Lennon's eggman also appears in James Joyce's *Finnigan's Wake* and his sneeze (Goo Goo Goo Joob) signals the destruction of the world.

I am hesitant about accepting this theory since it is quite esoteric and we are dealing with a pop phenomenon.

Instead, let's try to find the eggman's identity from the context in which he appears. Since this is basically a poem of protest, I think that Lennon is the eggman or the man who is going plant the first seeds of doubt about our culture in many peoples minds — "I am the eggman" — doubts which already exist in the minds of many cultural and political dissenters — "They are the eggmen."

As for the Walrus, perhaps he comes from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland—Through The Looking Glass* (chapter 4, Tweedledum and Tweedledee). Carroll's Walrus is rapping with a bunch of oysters who are about to be eaten:

"The time has come" the Walrus said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—  
And way the sea is boiling hot  
And whether pigs have wings."

Maybe John Lennon is also the Walrus and is verbalizing what a lot of the "eggman" feel by "Talking of many things."

**VERSE 3**

"Mr. City Policeman" mock respect) "sitting pretty" (denotes vulnerability) "little policeman" (again vulnerability) "in a row" more vulnerability . . . this cat is a perfect target) "see how they fly 'fly' is the pejorative term the cops use for 'high,' like remember Georgie Kessler the medical student who killed his

mother-in-law and who was described by the police as 'flying' on acid for 45 weeks?) "like Lucy in the sky" (Lucy is the Sky with Diamonds, the Beatles hallucinogenic poem on Sgt. Peppers which a lot of us thought was an anagram for L.S.D. although Lennon was quoted as saying that his five-year-old daughter made up the name) "see how they run" ('run' in the sense of which characteristics predominate, e.g., these shoes run small).

So what Lennon is saying here is that it's not the use of acid per se that bugs the heat, it's the subculture that has grown up around it).

"I'm crying—I'm crying, I crying . . ." (Notice how this phrase is snug and repeated in this verse. This is a clue to the fact that Lennon's not crying about kids getting off on acid but is crying in the sense the town crier did in the middle ages, like he's advertising L.S.D. . . . "We'd love to turn you onono . . . Sgt Peppers—Day In The Life)

**VERSE 4**

"Yellow matter custard" (semen or scum) "dripping from a dead dogs eye" (oozing from a flacid shlong . . . this image symbolizes the distorted way in which our Judeo-Christian culture teaches its victim to regard sex) "Crabalocker Fishwife" (Crabalocker, according to WFMU rock-jockey & Beatlemaniac Roger Dangerfield, is English slang for a device which traps crabs. But when it is used in conjunction with 'fish-wife'—acoarse, scolding woman—I think the 'crab' in 'crabalocker' becomes 'complain').

So we have a woman who is the recipient of complaints, probably about the way her distorted attitude about sex manifests itself, who then becomes a very uptight chick—"fish-wife" "pornographic priestess" (A result of this is that love and sex become dichotomous . . . the male lives with the 'crabalocker fish-wife' but gets more enjoyment from making with or fantasizing about the pornographic priestess.

"Boy, you been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down." (Of course our typical parents transmit their sick attitudes to their offspring).

**VERSE 5**

Due to circumstances beyond my control I am unable to offer an interpretation which I find satisfactory for this verse at this time. If anyone has any ideas, write to me.

**VERSE 6**

"Expert, texpert choking smokers" (medical experts whose only knowledge of cannabis comes from textbooks) "Dont' you think the joker laughs at you?" (don't you think that pot-smokers who have been using Indian Hemp for years and years know that it's the same thing in his evaluation of the AMA's report on marijuana, i.e., that the only significant effect the report will have will be to disillusion those who once believed that science was above politics).

"See how they smile" (the men who issue these bias reports seem quite pleased with themselves) "like pigs in a sty" (since they are being paid very well for their efforts and can gorge themselves on the fruits of Western technology) "see how they smile" (see how they intentfully and maliciously falsify the facts) "I'm crying" (Lennon doesn't dig the situation).

**VERSE 7**

"Semolina" a kind of wheat or pasta) "pilchard" (a type of mackerel . . . since Semolina wheat is grown in Italy, a Catholic country and Catholics have often been termed 'mackerel snappers' because of the prohibition on scoffing meat on Fridays, I think Lennon is referring to devout Catholics in this verse).

"Climbing up the Eiffel Tower" (this is the way in which the author views the futile attempts of believers to get to heaven) "Elementry penguin" ('elementry' is the first stage nuns go through before they become full fledged penguin) "singing Hara Krishna" (praying to an arbitrary God) man you should have seen the kick in Edgar Allan Poe." (I think Lennon is rephrasing Marx's oft-quoted statement that religion is the opiate of the people. So if Catholics want a kick similar to opium why do they bother to fuck around with a cheap substitute like Catholicism . . . they should try the real thing . . . the kick in Edgar Allan Poe' was opium and alcohol).

**AFTERWORD**

The poem ends with a cleverly arranged chant which I think sounds like someone reading an excerpt from King Lear. There has been a lot of speculation regarding the words of this chant. I hear Everybody smoke pot . . . smoke pot . . . smoke pot . . . everybody smoke pot."

There are also a couple of other voices which appear throughout *The Walrus*, e.g., during verse 5 I hear an old man saying: 'Pardon me, sir . . . Maintain thy fortunes,' but because of the total subjectivity of my response to these extraneous phrases I have decided not to include them in my interpretations.

The lyrics which I quote in this analysis come from the recording rather than from the words printed on the album cover.

MAINTAIN—NEXT WEEK—HEY JUDE

# JEW'S RIOT IN GHETTO

by Phillip Anthony

The ghetto areas of the Lower East Side & Brooklyn returned to uneasy order Saturday, following four days of rioting. The disturbances were caused by Jews enraged over the slaying of United Federation of Teachers President Albert Shanker.

Shanker died, police announced, at the hands of a self-proclaimed black nationalist, who stated that the teacher leader was a "cop-out artist who tried to burn me over a stinkin' nickel bag." Violence was set off when 200 members of the Tactical Patrol Force moved into the ghetto areas, already crowded with masses of people milling about in the streets, to prevent violence. A TPF sergeant, attempting to forestall rumors about the role of the police in the disorders, said that the elite trouble-shooting group was sent into the areas "not to create disorder, but to preserve it."

Apparently, one TPF officer was bitten on the leg by a beribboned toy French poodle, after he accidentally stepped on its front left paw. Believing it had attacked him, he struck out at the animal with his nightstick. Its owner, shrieking, "My poor doggeleh," assaulted the policemen, injuring him severely with a pocket book.

As if at a signal, the mobs began breaking into apartment, soul food restaurants, & bodegas, mauling the inhabitants & looting their possessions, including television sets & furniture. One looter, a Jewish television repairman seized by police carrying an RCA Colormatic console set, explained, "I been robbed twelve times in the past two years. I'm just taking back may own." Despite this excuse, he was booked for grand larceny. In the meantime, the looting had continued. The only stores and residences spared were those carrying mezuzzahs on the doorposts.

Bands of youngsters, using Irgun guerilla techniques developed in Israel in 1947 & singing "Hatikvah," roamed the streets, cornering peaceful passersby & beating them to the ground. "Hit 'em again, sock it to 'em," shouted one elderly man in a long black gabardine coat. "Teach 'em what means 'ghetto!'" Turning to a reporter for the *Jewish Daily Forward*, he said, "I always knew the *goyim* wouldn't let us live here in peace."

The Mayor quickly appealed to Buddy Hackett & youth nonleader Abbie Hoffman "to help cool the *tsurris*." Hackett, it was learned, was performing in Miami's Boom Boom Room & could not hear the telephone. One of Hoffman's non-aides, reached by telephone, replied that "Abbie is probably already out there somewhere, having a ball . . . already."

On the third day of the disorder, a large group of printers, tailors & taxi drivers broke into a Black Muslim mosque & desecrated it. "They tell us, 'Go back where you came from,' & then support the lousy Arabs who try to take our homeland away!" said one of the insurgents. They were driven away by several members of the Fruit of Islam who, in calm dignity, shamed the invaders & marched them out into the street.

Later in the day, B'nai Brith released an official statement deploring the incident. Privately, one of the organization's board of directors remarked, "What do the *meshuggineh* idiots want to do drive the *schwartzes* into voting for Wallace?"

In the midst of the disorder, the United Federation of Teachers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union voted a sympathy strike with the rioters "in commemoration of the death of a valiant leader in the battle for living wages & decent working conditions." The Mayor has denounced the strike of the teachers as illegal & warned that all appropriate action would be taken to keep the schools running. Rhody McCoy, of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville decentralized school district, however, called for a student boycott of the schools in protest of the civil disorder.

Reactions to the assassination came from all sides. One hippie, seemingly under the influence of an unnamed psychedelic, remarked, "It's too bad, isn't it? I mean, Ravi was so great on the sitar."

By Friday night, the streets seemed quiet again. Authorities could give no reason for the ominous silence. One police inspector theorized, "Maybe the riot burned itself out." But a teen-ager, wearing a cardboard yellow star of David around his neck, was interviewed entering a synagogue: "Maybe ve're stopping to be fake brainwashed VASPs & are going to be Yids again. I mean, Friday night is the Sabbath, already."



# REP COMICS





# Angel Food Misspade



THERE SHE IS, FELLOWS!  
OH ANGEL-FOOD!  
HUH WUH



WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU, ANGEL-FOOD!  
THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR YOU ANGEL-FOOD!  
WUT D' HAIL!?



WELL... WE.. ER... HOPE YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED... MEH MEH... BUT.. UM... YOU'RE CULTURALLY DEPRIVED... THAT IS... UM... UNDER-PRIVILEGED... MEH HEH...  
YES... AND WE'RE HERE TO ASSIST YOU IN BECOMING A PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY!



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE NICE CLOTHES AND A BIG NEW CAR?  
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE PROUD TO WALK DOWN THE STREET AND HAVE EVERYONE LOOK AT YOU AND SAY...



...AND SAY "THERE GOES A 'SHARP LOOKING CHICK'! 'SHE'S SO FINE!'  
WOULDN'T THAT BE 'BOSS' ANGELFOOD?



WUT'S AH GOTTA DO T' GIT ALL DIS STUFF??  
OH...IT'S JUST A SIMPLE MATTER OF PLACING YOU! THIS WAY!  
JUST COME WITH US!



NEXT DAY...  
ALL'S AH GOTTA DO IS LICK OUT DESE TOILETS AN' AH'LL GIT LOTS A MONEY AN' BE A BOSS CHICK!  
THERE SHE IS, GUYS!



YAHOO!  
SHE FELL FOR IT!  
HAW HAW!



UNH! UNH!  
HA HA... THESE NEGROS ARE SUCH FOOLISH CREATURES...  
ME NEXT!  
AH THINK AH IS GETTIN' SHIT ON AGIN!!

.....Strips by Little Bobby Seumbag

**Cum Convoy**  
featuring SPIEGAL & SCHUEGAL



The Amore Bob' Crumb







Here are some headlines from The New York Times on a moderately slow news day (September 5, 1968): FATAL BOMBING IN TEL AVIV STIRS MOB ATTACK ON ARABS; VIOLENCE PANEL TO STUDY CHICAGO; U. S. REASSESSING POLICIES IN WAKE OF PRAGUE CRISIS; OFF-DUTY POLICE HERE JOIN IN BEATING BLACK PANTHERS; KEISINGER WARNS U. S. ON RUSSIANS—SEES MILITARY THREAT RISING STEADILY, HE TELLS LODGE: SPLIT AMONG MILITARY LEADERS SHAKES ARGENTINA; FIGHTING RENEWED NEAR SAIGON—ENEMY DEATH TOLL IS PUT AT 146. These are, of course, only the more sensational and ominous developments, those of a somewhat international character. And, being a slow news day, very little was printed about Nigeria's cruel war with Biafra, about China's brutal and enervating Cultural Revolution, France's development of thermonuclear power, that same nation's student unrest, the continuing Korean crisis, the imminent civil war in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, the armed border confrontation between India and China, and the literally innumerable other incidents and near-incidents of violence and warfare which plague today's world.

Americans of late—and most especially since the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy—have taken to scouring their consciences to determine if the U. S. is really as violence-ridden as it seems to be. But events on the newsfronts of the world suggest that there is no single nation or culture which has a monopoly on violence or brutality. And it is increasingly clear that no nation today is devoid of them.

Dispute—difference of opinion, conflict of interest—is everywhere present in the world at all times. But the resort to un pitying violence in the form of riot, guerilla warfare, armed aggression, and the threat of holocaust seems especially rampant now, while respect of any sort for law and moral order is disappearing.

Is civilization changing—or dying? Perhaps the process of change brings us near to death, like a caterpillar during metamorphosis. If this is so, then whether in change or the throes of death our situation remains critical and dangerous, and the type of men we choose to lead us now may well decide the fate of the human race for many thousands of years to come.

With this elementary consciousness of our position in history, let us consider here what sort of men are

fit for contemporary world leadership, what qualities we ought to seek in them, and what the aim of their leadership should be.

One thing is sure: those who have led us in the past cannot lead us today and will not lead us in the future. This is because the world has changed. As Marshall McLuhan has indicated, electric technology—and specifically the rise of the new mass-media—has irrevocably altered the course of civilization. It is not only that warfare has become prohibitively ferocious, but that people all over the world are now linked at least as closely as most next-door neighbors were a century ago. Contemporary man finds himself too much in sympathy with his common fellows to blithely contemplate their torture or annihilation by the superbly armed warriors of gigantic governments—even their own—much less to sing rousing battle hymns about the whole thing.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the new world unity among men which is arising can be found in the spontaneous students revolts which have suddenly afflicted the nations. The first true generation of the mass media has determined, it would seem, to tolerate the "old politics" no more, whether it can offer a ready, reasonable alternative or not. Co-ordination among such "underground" or youth movements has generally developed after, not before, they were set in motion in the various corners of the globe. In this sense theirs is a true mass movement, a spontaneous revolution.

What is the schism between "old" and "new" politics? What is its basis? Again, McLuhan has pointed out the situation, though he seems uncertain himself of the obvious implications.

The "old" politicians are those who cheer their national flags, sing their traditional anthems, attend their traditional churches, make the traditional pledges during the traditional speeches, hate their traditional enemies, and offer peace and prosperity for their people. The old politics, in a word, is nationalism.

Nationalism, or sectionalism, is the obvious cesspool from which the diseases of war and famine arise. It is, to be sure, the bedrock of the United Nations and the cornerstone of our modern governments' world views. Yet it is the real reason people starve in India while the U.S. pays its farm-

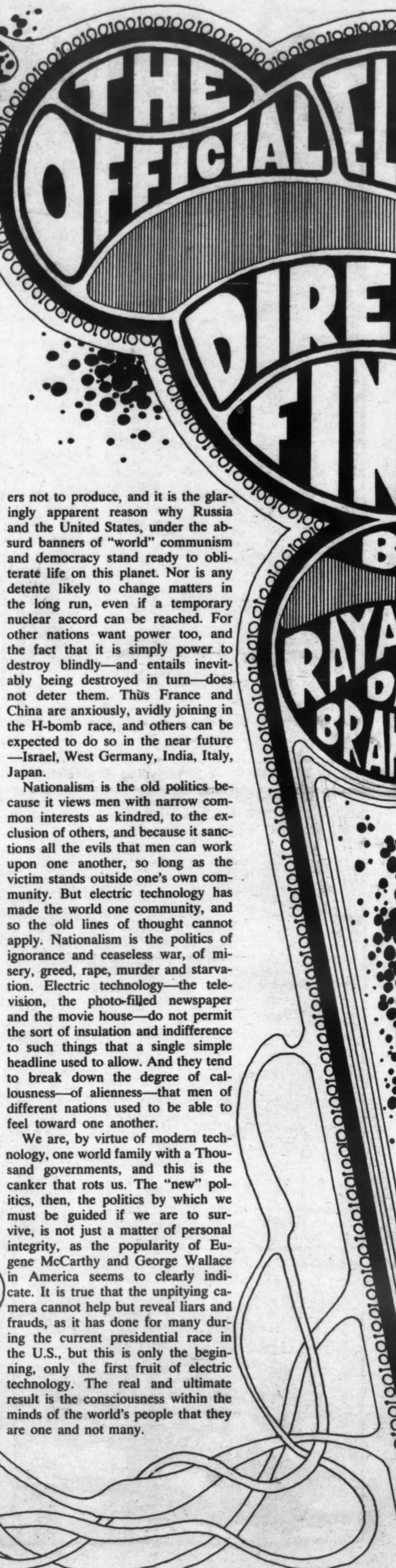
ers not to produce, and it is the glaringly apparent reason why Russia and the United States, under the absurd banners of "world" communism and democracy stand ready to obliterate life on this planet. Nor is any detente likely to change matters in the long run, even if a temporary nuclear accord can be reached. For other nations want power too, and the fact that it is simply power to destroy blindly—and entails inevitably being destroyed in turn—does not deter them. Thus France and China are anxiously, avidly joining in the H-bomb race, and others can be expected to do so in the near future—Israel, West Germany, India, Italy, Japan.

Nationalism is the old politics because it views men with narrow common interests as kindred, to the exclusion of others, and because it sanctions all the evils that men can work upon one another, so long as the victim stands outside one's own community. But electric technology has made the world one community, and so the old lines of thought cannot apply. Nationalism is the politics of ignorance and ceaseless war, of misery, greed, rape, murder and starvation. Electric technology—the television, the photo-filled newspaper and the movie house—do not permit the sort of insulation and indifference to such things that a single simple headline used to allow. And they tend to break down the degree of callousness—of alienness—that men of different nations used to be able to feel toward one another.

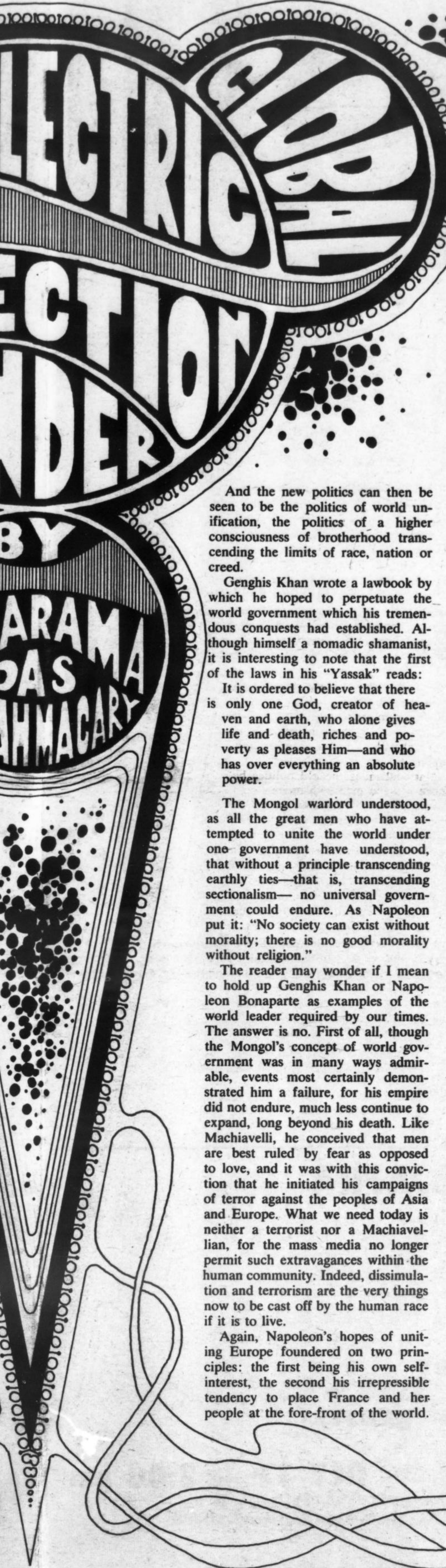
We are, by virtue of modern technology, one world family with a Thousand governments, and this is the canker that rots us. The "new" politics, then, the politics by which we must be guided if we are to survive, is not just a matter of personal integrity, as the popularity of Eugene McCarthy and George Wallace in America seems to clearly indicate. It is true that the unpitying camera cannot help but reveal liars and frauds, as it has done for many during the current presidential race in the U.S., but this is only the beginning, only the first fruit of electric technology. The real and ultimate result is the consciousness within the minds of the world's people that they are one and not many.

**"Whatever action is performed by a great man, common men will follow in his footsteps. And whatever standard he sets by exemplary acts, all the world pursues."**

The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, III, 21







He made France not the liberator but the despoiler of those who had suffered under the abuses of the Old Regime, and in the end it was the people, not the rulers, of Europe who defeated him.

The world leader required by our times—the man or men for whom history and technology have conspired together to set the stage—cannot be a Frenchman or a Mongol, nor an American, Chinaman or Russian. He must stand above the designations of sectionalism, and he must be able to elevate the people of the world with him. And he must have at heart not his own aggrandizement, but the true and transcendent welfare of all the people of the world.

These are not ordinary qualifications, and they are not found in men the way that Napoleon's military genius or Augustus's administrative skill were found. They must be consciously, intentionally developed. Everyone accepts certain designations of family, race, religion and nationality from girth, without question. Even where one of these concepts is absent, another is present. But the true universalist cannot accept such exclusive designations. He must be capable of going beyond these things, he must be capable of comprehending the essence of the life force itself. In other words, he must be a man with knowledge of spiritual, or absolute, existence—a self realized soul. And this self realization is a matter of serious personal determination.

If we examine the causes of nationalism, we will see that it stems ultimately from the identification of oneself with the body. The body is born in a particular place, with certain relationships, loyalties, debts and duties already existing to absorb one's interest. But the relationships of the body, like the body itself, are all ephemeral. One who accepts himself as having no spiritual existence beyond the space-and-time limits of the body cannot possibly avoid identifications with one or another of the exclusive groups to which his body belongs. He cannot, therefore, be a true world leader.

The point to be noted is that spiritual knowledge is the requirement—the absolute requirement—for the man who would unify our world, establish peace and justice and, still more, happiness. I say it is the absolute requirement because without it such great men as Alexander, Genghis Khan, Napoleon and who knows how many first-rate administrators, executives, humanists, autocrats and demagogues have failed to do the job. For, though the Mongol and the Corsican correctly realized that religion was the ultimate means of unification, they were themselves not truly religious. They sought to use religion to cement together their empires, and here lay their basic error.

Religion must never justify its existence by service to a state or society, nor allow itself to be prostituted in that way. Religion is not a means to a stable society. It is a pathway to knowledge of God, it is the means of

And the new politics can then be seen to be the politics of world unification, the politics of a higher consciousness of brotherhood transcending the limits of race, nation or creed.

Genghis Khan wrote a lawbook by which he hoped to perpetuate the world government which his tremendous conquests had established. Although himself a nomadic shamanist, it is interesting to note that the first of the laws in his "Yassak" reads:

It is ordered to believe that there is only one God, creator of heaven and earth, who alone gives life and death, riches and poverty as pleases Him—and who has over everything an absolute power.

The Mongol warlord understood, as all the great men who have attempted to unite the world under one government have understood, that without a principle transcending earthly ties—that is, transcending sectionalism—no universal government could endure. As Napoleon put it: "No society can exist without morality; there is no good morality without religion."

The reader may wonder if I mean to hold up Genghis Khan or Napoleon Bonaparte as examples of the world leader required by our times. The answer is no. First of all, though the Mongol's concept of world government was in many ways admirable, events most certainly demonstrated him a failure, for his empire did not endure, much less continue to expand, long beyond his death. Like Machiavelli, he conceived that men are best ruled by fear as opposed to love, and it was with this conviction that he initiated his campaigns of terror against the peoples of Asia and Europe. What we need today is neither a terrorist nor a Machiavellian, for the mass media no longer permit such extravagances within the human community. Indeed, dissimulation and terrorism are the very things now to be cast off by the human race if it is to live.

Again, Napoleon's hopes of uniting Europe foundered on two principles: the first being his own self-interest, the second his irrepressible tendency to place France and her people at the fore-front of the world.

developing love of God. It is liberation from material existence, not a material device or adjustment. When it loses this orientation, when religion no longer serves to bring the individual to direct experience of the existence of God, then it is false and useless—a true opiate of the people.

The religion from which a stable and happy society springs is not, oddly enough, the false, society-oriented religion. Such a religion is ever the harbinger of revolution and disintegration, as witness Christendom these last few hundred years. Only the true religion which strives, and exhorts mankind to strive, after face-to-face knowledge of God can actually bring about peace and stability in the world. One who does not himself believe in God—much less know Him by his own serious devotional endeavors—cannot, therefore, create union among men by means of religion. Such leaders offer only the tradition, the hollow tasteless husk of a creed, and it is in turning from this in search of something better that the world so often finds itself in ferment.

The truth is that it is society which must be made to justify itself in terms of the spiritual advancement of its people, as both Gandhi and Toynbee have foreseen. And the world leader who will succeed in uniting the human race is the man who can affect this change in disposition. He cannot be a man interested in self-aggrandizement, for knowledge of God leads one to glorify God only, to serve and love and obey God only. Nor can he be a man of any section, with any special, narrow interest to serve, for God is one without a second, as He is described in all the world's authentic Scriptures; and all that exists is His. All beings without exception belong to Him, are His beloved children, and therefore must be treated with the utmost regard, and must be offered the full happiness and peace of spiritual perfection.

One with this consciousness of God as the Supreme Father of all, as the Possessor of all and the Friend of all, is fit for world leadership today, and only such a spiritually advanced person can hope to overcome the strictures of sectional interest in establishing the world union which electric technology has made practical, and history essential, for our survival.

There are, and always have been, innumerable doctrines of a grand and sweeping nature which call for peace, disarmament, brotherhood, and harmony, but modern history has not found one which will work. Neither communism, socialism, capitalism, totalitarianism, democracy, nor whatever is really acceptable for the welfare of all. If communism excludes individual enterprise, capitalism is a system for the exploitation of the poor. And no scheme, whether economic or political, has taken account of the welfare of living beings other than humans. Based ultimately on personal avarice, existing only to adjust the exploitation of the world's wealth for the benefit of many or few, such grand and all-inclusive world views falter at one point or another, such as Russian national predominance within the communist movement, or American—and be-

(Continued on Page 20)

*R. L. Jones*





photo: : Phil Needleman

This is the Freedom Poster which is now being identified with the new Social Revolution. The Poster seems to represent man's material ruin and a call for a higher spiritual freedom. Last weekend at the Fillmore Theatre LESLIE KASLOF (a fine professional actor who also happens to be the guy the Poster is all about) made a very substantial donation to the SAVE THE BIAFRAN FUND from the sale of his Poster there.

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# CLEAVER

(Continued from Page 5)

doesn't represent democracy, then it doesn't exist. We need another Boston Tea Party right here in Babylon. If it doesn't come, well have to turn the streets into the Sierra Maestra."

"Mr. Cleaver, the Panthers said that if Huey were platform calling for draft exemption for black men?"

"General Hershey supports the racist pig, George Wallace. Curtis LeMay, God of the Strategic Air Command, is the running mate of this little pig. They've got our brothers in Vietnam murdering and being

murdered by their yellow brothers. They need to be here, where our battle is. We want to see the Vietnamese people victorious in their drive to liberate their country. We want to see Guantanamo Bay base eliminated. It's a dagger pointed at the heart of the Cuban people."

"Mr. Cleaver, it's been said that your campaign has received poverty fund money. Would you care to comment on this?"

"I don't know about that, but I hope so. I hope Mao sends a box of money. I hope Ho sends money. I hope Castro sends a box of money. I hope . . ." and he stares at the gray-suited reporter who asked the question. "I hope your mama sends a big box of money.

Wallace uses public money in his campaign. Only if we do it, it'll be like Robin Hood."

Mr. Cleaver, the Panthers said that if Huey were convicted, there would be a quick reprisal with 'the sky's the limit.'"

Cleaver looked a bit angry. "I don't know what kind of a watch *you* wear. If you're uptight to see 'the sky's the limit,' you go to the sky. There were 15,000 National Guardsmen in the city. We wear our own timetable."

"Right after the conviction, the Panther headquarters was shot up. The Oakland police say it was two drunken cops. There was a Mexican-American lady there, and she saw four cars of cops, and wrote down their plate numbers, and gave it to the police, and you haven't heard anything about that.

"It wasn't drunken cops. They drove down the street and shot up the building, using highpowered rifles, and the kind of slugs that go through four or five walls. There were babies sleeping in that building, black babies. Then they turned around and drove past the office again and did the same thing.

"The cops would have you believe they're good, just two rotten apples in a barrel of good cops. But it's a whole barrel of rotten apples.

"Four carloads of cops, not two drunken cops."

And finally, looking for a crack in the black community, a reporter asks, "Would you join Dick Gregory's Cabinet in Exile?"

"We're trying to come out of exile," Cleaver replied.

Outside, by the elevators, Abbie Hoffman was making nice to a girl from the New York Review of Books.

How? He's a genuine New York yo-yo champ. "I carry a yo-yo, not a gun," he had told HUAC last week.

This week it was an electric yo-yo which lit up red and blue as he walked the dog, went over the world, or let the baby sleep.

The Panthers looked amazed.

*"Miss Burney is the greatest object of public curiosity in London--next to the balloon."*

— THE HON. MISS MONEKTON

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# be-in

(Continued from Page 11)

The Be-In disappeared the same way. But it was to continue again, on Sunday, November 3rd, at Fort Dix and at selected army bases all over the country.

"The Be-In has more meaning to the American GI than to any other person in this country. It is his being that's most twisted and smothered. To overcome the initial cultural shock at having an opportunity to be human on an army base, soldiers at the Be-In's will all be given a sample of the fabulous Yippie Honey that made Chicago famous. Sailing, the soldiers will go through music and play therapy to a central feature of the Fort Dix Be-In, the Freedom Booth (Which will appear at other bases as well). A Freedom Booth at first glance looks like an election booth but inside instead of the levers, knobs, toilet paper and other irrelevant machinery, the Freedom Booth contains civilian clothes, bus tickets, and subway tokens, civilian ID cards and other great choices for the American service man.

Emerging from the Freedom Booth, the now spiked cannon fodder will be taken into protective custody by a beautiful, though disguised, member of WITCH (Women's International Terrorists Committee from Hell) and spirited toward safety."

# electric

(Continued from Page 17)

fore that British—industrial hegemony among the democracies.

The present writer, however, has no such scheme to offer. The Krishna Consciousness movement which I serve has indeed a dialectic, and what's more an outright science of societal organization, but the point and essence of this essay is that the world cannot be "saved" — that is to say unified—by schemes. It must be saved by men (and only men who have made themselves perfect in the science of God realization are fit for such a task. To be perfect in God realization means to have purified one's consciousness from the false designations of the material concept of life, and to have risen to the platform of spiritual awareness. Such awareness is universal in scope, and does not recognize the petty and vicious pretensions of sectional society, nor even of human society as opposed to other life forms.

This purification of consciousness has been outlined scientifically within the context of the Vedic Scriptural writings of India, and it is to these Scriptures that the leaders of tomorrow's world must look if they are to achieve the required consciousness of universal love. Other Scriptures\* are, to be sure, not excluded by such a study, and it is exactly because they are all-inclusive, rather than exclusive, that the Vedic writings have real value for us now.

The Vedic wisdom can be summarized in a simple phrase: The single worthwhile goal of life is to develop love of Godhead. And the system for the development of that love is presented in many different ways. Especially recommended for this age, where the strains of life seem not reduced but magnified by electric technology, is the chanting of the Hare Krishna Mantra— Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare/Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare Hare. By constant repetition of this transcendental sound vibration it is possible to arrive at the position of purified awareness of God. Such an awareness necessarily entails awareness of the eternally existing relationship between all creatures and their Creator, and thereby endows one with the intelligence required for true world leadership.

This is a scheme not for societies so much as for individual people, and its value lies here. For if the people, individually, can find satisfaction, fulfillment and happiness in the advancement of spiritual life, then society will necessarily be peaceful and stable.

We can therefore see that a perfect society is a natural and inevitable by-product—but not the goal—of true religion. And the world leaders of tomorrow are those who will encourage the people in this pursuit of Good consciousness—and who will themselves pursue it, thereby offering their lives as examples.

- to pursue with heart and soul the quest for personal fulfillment in devotional service to God.

- to unify the word under one government,

- to institute a system of law based on spiritual goals, which will have as its guideline the great Scriptures of the world,

- and to create an atmosphere of God consciousness for the actual benefit of all beings.

Utopian? Electric technology has made each one of these goals wholly practical, while the outcries of the new generation for a way of life more sane, more hopeful and more intimately fulfilling show that the human race is ready, if not waiting.

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# paradise

(Continued from Page 4)

while the Secret Service draws for him.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. Guns smoking over dead demonstrators corpses.

"If you can't respect the man I'll teach you to respect the office."

And quite by accident, the Secret Service gunners hit an old man, walking his only friend, Dog, on a leash.

In so slow motion he fell—ss-sO-sssllloowwww — to the left and cracked his skull on a fire hydrant, spilling trickle of blood on the Help Keep New York Clean sign, breaking his steel rimmed glasses, but not letting go the leash.

His only friend, Dog, a white wire-haired terrier on a copper leash in case he got struck by lightning, came shaggy, slack, back to his masters corpse and licked and licked his old dead face, whining a little whine.

That was when the Merican Public first noticed death, and did not know whether they were watching a movie or really seeing Ben Franklin killed in an Epic Eisensteinian scene thru a time machine.

And they began to believe that they were always watching movies.

Then these beautiful child mutants came along, taking the thought to mystical extremes. They began to participate in the heretofore impassive role of the audience. They accepted the responsibility of only seeing the very best movies, contributing to the action where the pot was weak.

They began to read movie reviews — yet not believing them — alway deciding for themselves — they tried to get, at least, previews of coming attractions.

Soon the movie started living up to their expectations. If they feared it would happen, it would happen.

If they hated, they would be hated.

If they loved, they would be loved.

Every thought, I noticed, came true.

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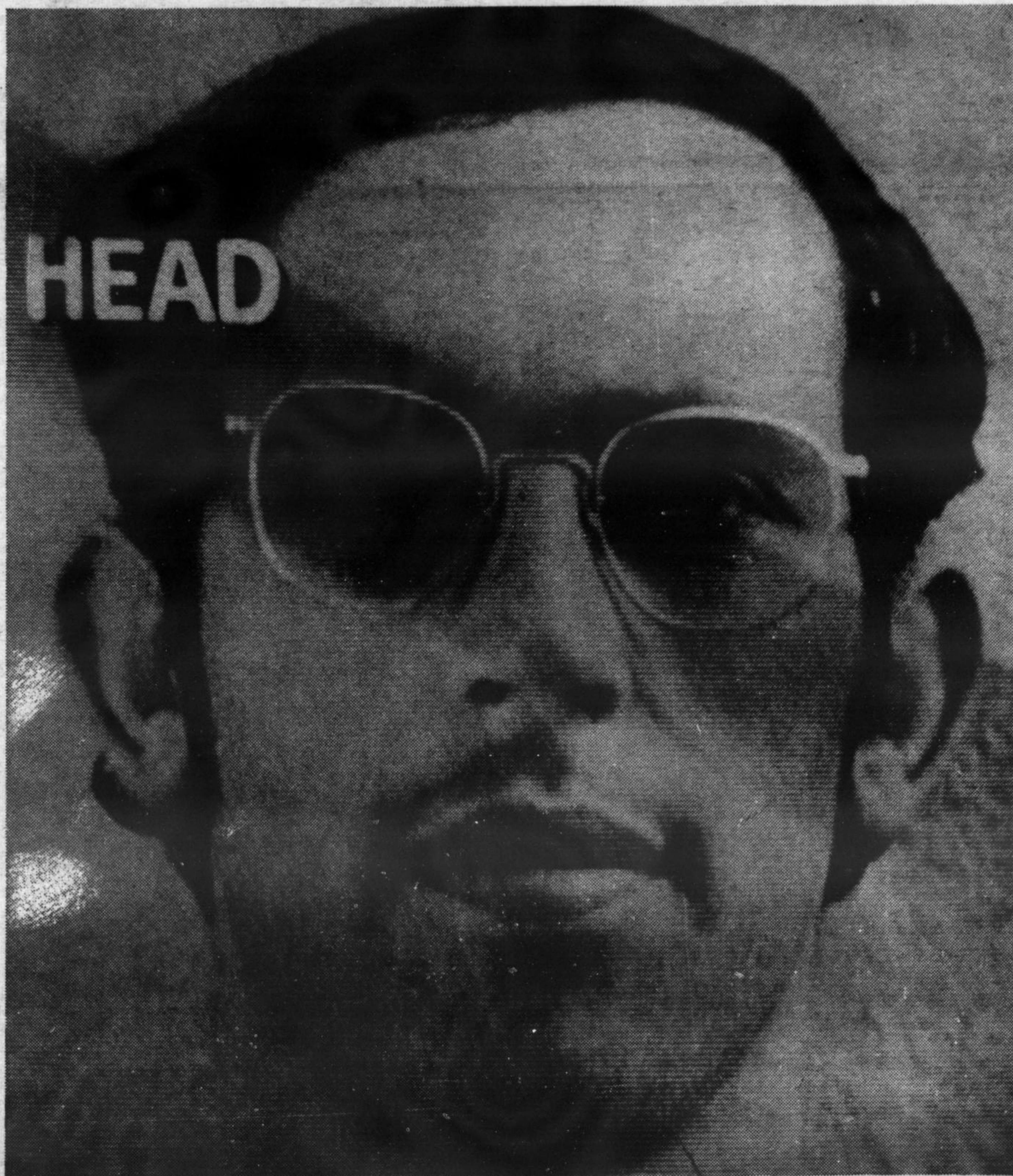
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**Sail over the edge, past the rim of darkness,  
to where sounds blow free.**

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# LNS

## MINUTEMEN AND FBI GOT THEIR SHIT TOGETHER

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 14, (LNS-Mass)—The chief of the Minutemen, Robert DePugh, said police forces "have tipped us off repeatedly in time" for him and his aides to avoid arrests by Federal agents. According to DePugh, the local police department officials have saved the day for the rightists many a time, and occasionally they have a leak from Federal agents themselves. DePugh and other minutemen are wanted on several conspiracy charges.

\* \* \*

OUR DAYS WERE NUMBERED, BUT HA HA NEW YORK, N.Y. (LNS-NY)—Two men have been arrested in New York and indicted on charges of plotting to blow up 158 "active leftists."

The men are supposed to have made home-made bombs out of orange-juice cans and dynamite that were to be used to kill members of CORE, Students for a Democratic Society, the Resistance, and other left-wing groups.

The men, William Hoff and Paul Dommer, were caught after they had conspired with an undercover agent to place a bomb outside the apartment of one of the Resistance leaders in New York. The agent allegedly dismantled the bomb but told the defendants that the bomb was a dud.

Both men had police records. The list of the 158 was not released.

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YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A MAD SCIENTIST, FOR MY PLANS HAVE ALL BEEN WORKED OUT QUITE METHODICALLY... LOGICALLY... BUT THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS... HEH HEH.

THIS COMIC BOOK IS PART OF THAT PLAN... BUT YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH ALREADY... I HAVE YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU...

SO, KITCHEE-KOO, YOU BASTARDS!

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be sure, particularly as influenced by the late John Dewey, who "preached the lie that there are no absolute truths, and that the purpose of education should not be to uplift men by developing and refining their natural inequalities, but to integrate all men — push them down to a common herd level — force men to "fit in" to their environment, not rise above it. As a result," Congressman Rarick concludes, "many young people today do not know who they are! As they put it: they have no 'identity.'"

Not have any identity? Why, that's nearly as bad as not having any washing machine, or any car, or any gun, Goddammightydam! No identity, why, that would make you want to go out on the street and smoke dope and wave the Veeyt Cong flag and live in a dirty apartment and be dirty and, and . . . and fuck niggers!! Enough to set a Southern Gentlemen to crying into his mint julep on the verandah in the Dixie sunshine while the darkies pick cotton and sing darkie songs. Lost your identities, eh? Shucks, next thing you know you'll be on Welfare or something.

The shit has clearly hit the fan, boys and girls, and we must now look for someone with enough intestinal fortitude — in a word, constipation — to cut off the flow — now before the Intergalactic World Brain mops us up with a subpoena for violating the Sanitary Cold. Write now to the Youth for Wallace campaign headquarters at 1629 K Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20006, or call 202-296-8192, and ask for membership in the Phenomenon.

SEND NO MONEY!! Merely include your name, age, mailing address and phone — throw in some Welch candy bar wrappers for kicks — and ask for your membership card, a subscription to the YFW newspaper, and your free copy of *Stand Up For America*, the life story of George Corley Wallace. We may get him elected yet, and best of all, with all that shit coming to your mailbox, you'll have an identity they couldn't scrub away with Twenty Mule-Team Borax.

No identity indeed! Next thing you'll be telling us there's no John Dewey.

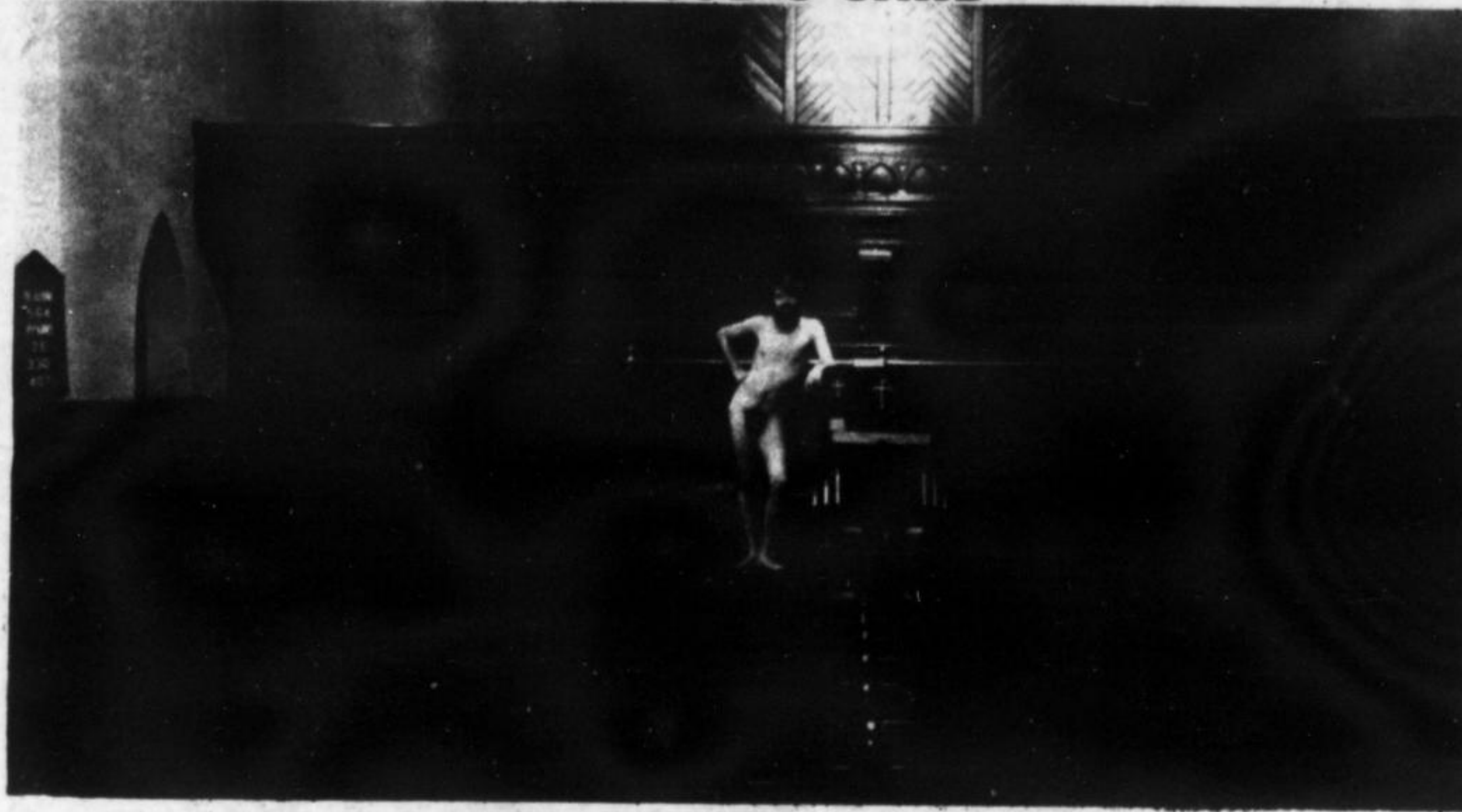
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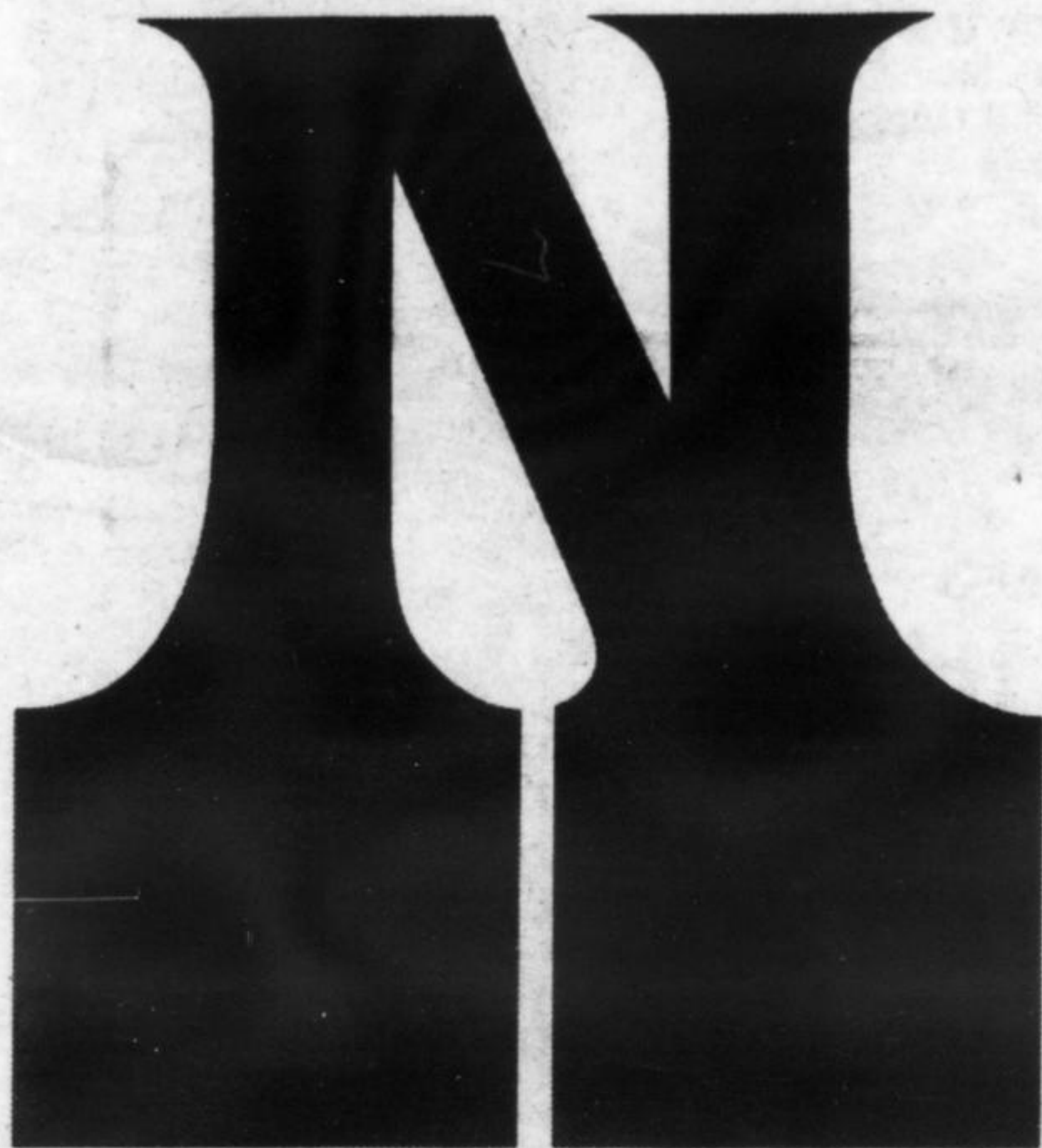
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- Dec. 5 . . . . . **New Music from Los Angeles**  
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- Jan. 30 . . . . . **Delusion of the Fury**  
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- Mar. 20 . . . **New Music for Electronic & Renaissance ensembles**  
(Sonic Arts and Nonesuch Consort, Josh Rifkind, conductor)
- Apr. 17 . . . . . **The New Improvisation**  
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Fri. Mar. 7 in the Assembly Hall: Pierre Boulez as Conductor/Composer/Pianist, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, Charles Rosen, pianist and assisting artists. Tickets \$5.00; 4.00; 3.00; 2.00.  
Bonus subscription offer: New Image of Sound subscribers may also purchase Boulez tickets at a \$1.00 reduction on \$5.00; 4.00 and 3.00 tickets. Combination price for all six concerts: \$21.00; 16.50; 12.00. Make check payable and send with stamped s.a.e. to the Hunter College Concert Bureau, 695 Park Ave., N.Y.C., 10021. Tickets also available at TRS box offices. See "at Hunter" ad for locations near you.

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We picketed Humphrey October 9th at the Americana...



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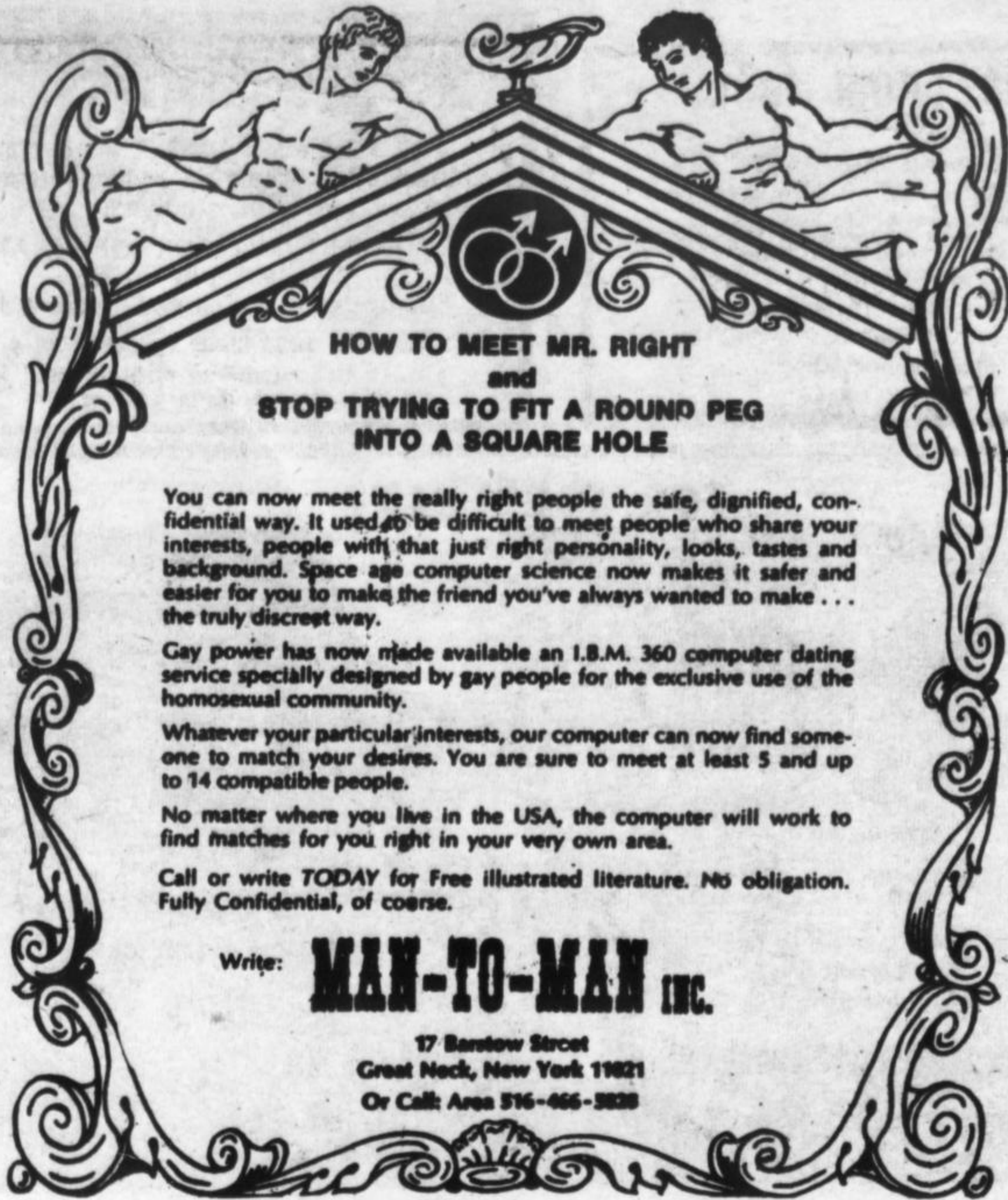
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**SUBURBAN GUERRILLAS PLANT GRASS**  
NEW YORK, N.Y. (LNS-N.Y.)—Two groovy suburbanites have been growing grass in the gardens of the local police station country club, American legion, and Catholic church. The growers, Bill and Frank, are brothers and hale from Westchester County where they own their own homes and belong to a country club. "We are only interested in decorating symbols of hypocrisy. We'd never do it to a high school or library," but they hint that the U.N. may be a target.

After a trial plant name Hubert was destroyed in Frank's windowbox by an expensive begonia, the brothers seeded the police station garden. The church crop was planted within ear-shot of sermons on decadent youth. It appears that only the segregated country club grass survived to be harvested and smoked. Frank says it was the best he'd had in years.

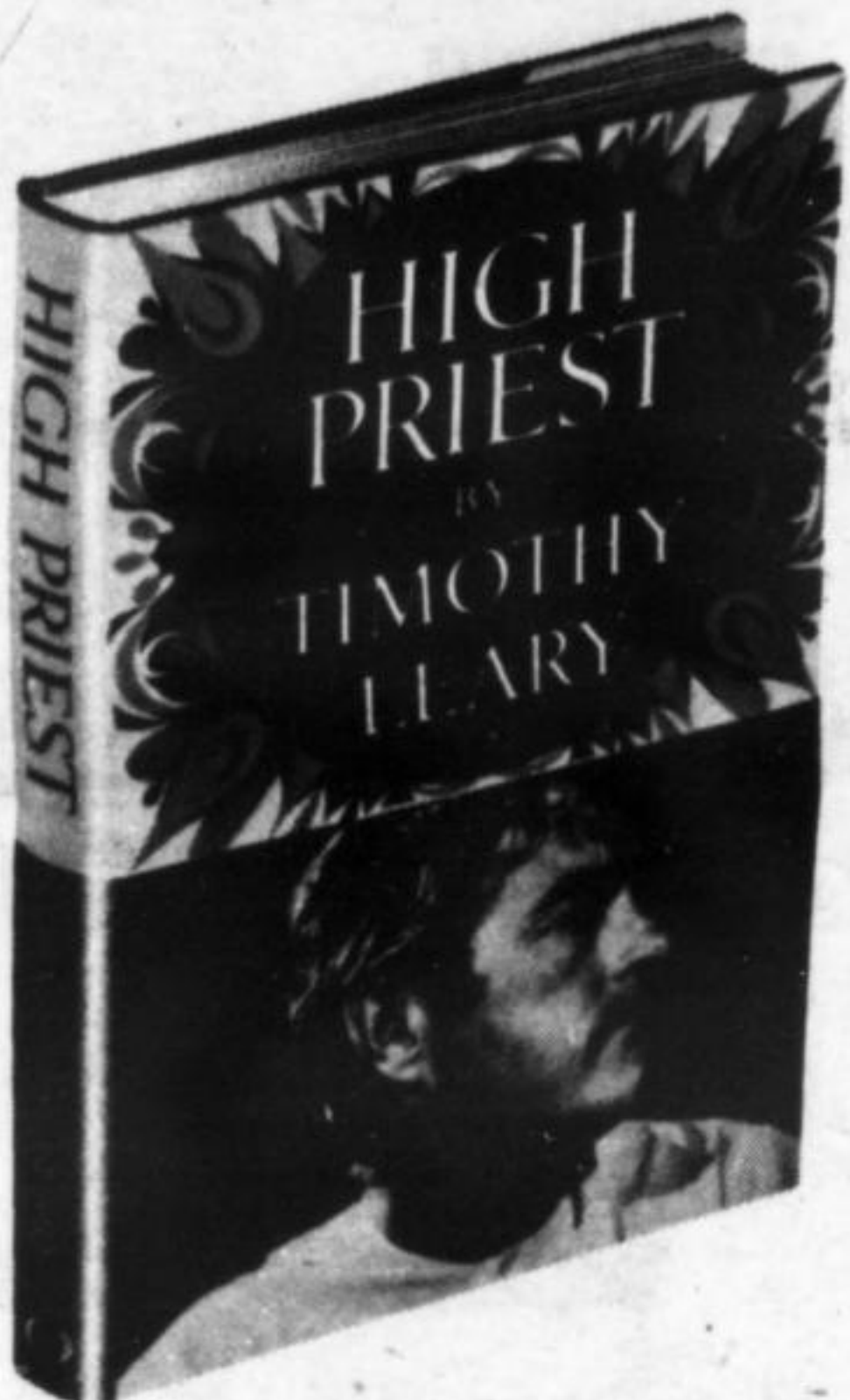
Frank, the more romantic of the pair, is thankful for God, sunshine and country club soil. He looks forward to a quiet suburban life raising pot dill and mustard plants in his backyard.

The brothers explain that they are not part of the drug culture but are fairly contemporary middle class urbanites trying to do the right thing. They consider anti-marijuana laws ridiculous. Their future plans include seeding Manhattan and from there . . .

\* \* \*

**SUPPORT FOR GI'S FOR PEACE**  
SAN FRANCISCO (LNS-NY)—National G.I. week, Oct. 21-27, has been planned to accelerate the growing rate of opposition within the military to the war.

\* \* \*



**"In the beginning was the TURN ON.  
The flash, the illumination. The electric trip.  
The sudden bolt of energy that starts the  
new system. The TURN ON was God. All things  
were made from the TURN ON and  
without him was not any thing made."**

## The high priest of the psychedelic religion takes his first book-length trip.

### LEARY SPEAKS:

I first went out of my mind in Cuernavaca, Mexico, August 1960. I ate seven of the Sacred Mushrooms of Mexico and discovered that beauty, revelation, sensuality, the cellular history of the past, God, the Devil — all lie inside my body, outside my mind.

The success of the psychedelic movement was guaranteed. The energies released by the sacred drugs were too great to suppress. We began to see it as a question of time. The movement would grow like everything organic grows, cell by cell. Friends turning-on friends. Husbands turning-on wives. Teachers turning-on students . . .

The raw, electric shuddering sensitivity of the psychedelic experience! We were dealing with a powerful aphrodisiac, probably the most powerful sexual releaser known to man . . . The psychedelic drugs exploded sex right off the pages of *Playboy* into new dimensions of union that my mind wasn't ready to handle . . . I was too much an Irish Catholic, too prudish to deal with it. Too Western Christian to realize

that God and Sex are one, that God for a man is woman, that the direct path to God is through the divine union of male-female.

I did not wander barefoot forth from Mexico preaching the word. I flew back to Harvard University and started a research project.

The slow invisible process of becoming a guru, a holy man, had begun. It would be four years before I could openly admit it. Accept my divinity, my divine election.

The present generation under the age of 25 is the wisest and holiest generation that the human race has ever seen. And, by God, instead of lamenting, derogating and imprisoning them, we should support them, listen to them, and turn on with them.

In a most extraordinary and compelling autobiographical book, Timothy Leary writes his bible of the religion he founded, and chronicles in fascinating detail its discovery and early practice, its prayers and invocations, its gospels and holy sacraments. His book is a sacred testament to LSD and its miracles. He takes the reader on 16 separate trips as he unfolds the story of his escape from the conventional world of Harvard University to discover new and unmeasured levels of consciousness. He describes his disciples, their conversions and religious ecstasies. The reader meets William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Arthur Koestler, Aldous Huxley, and many other prophets, oracles, followers, and converts — on

campus, on the streets, in the underground all across America.

Leary tells the parables of his arrests, his trial, the hysteria in the press and legislation about LSD and the other vision-producing drugs. He illuminates the medical and legal aspects, the researches, his famous "turn on" experiments among convicts in a psychiatric prison.

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# booth

(Continued from Page 3)

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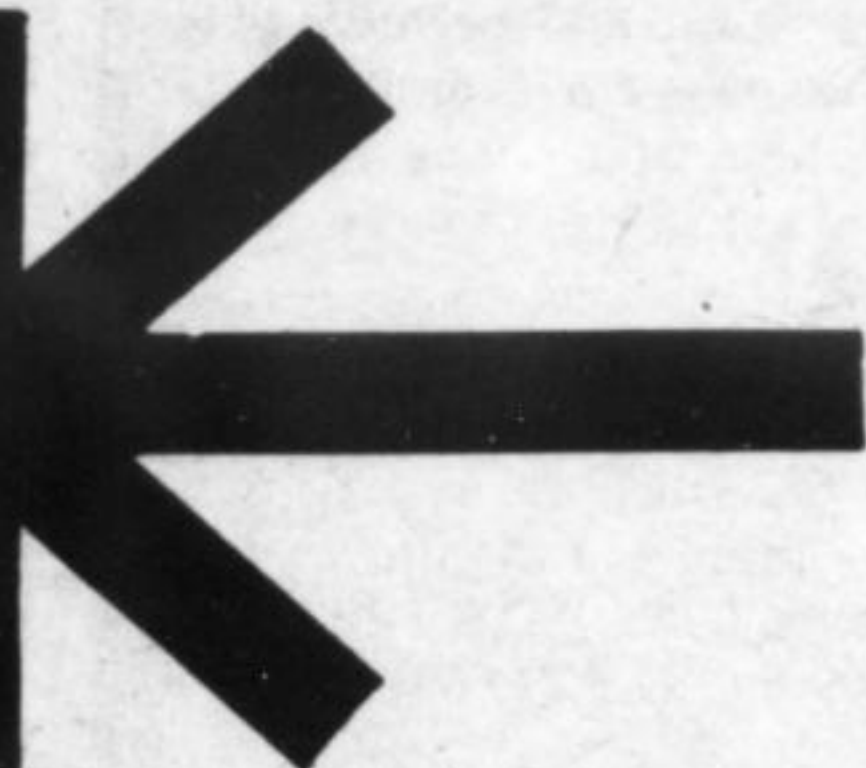


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It is imperative that we in the radical movement know exactly who our oppressors are. That means, among other things, calling names—especially the names of those key money-powers and their servants who attempt to remain invisible behind the screen of their power apparatus. One such figure, brought recently to the attention of the Guardian, is the man above: Dr. John S. Foster, Director of Defense Research and Engineering for the Defense Department. His job? To hand out more than \$60 million per year for scientific research on behalf of U.S. imperialism. One of his interests, indeed, is the "motivations" of the Columbia rebels. In a future issue of the Guardian therefore, you will learn more about him, including his address.

Among other of our recent and regular features:  a two-page diagram of the power structure that dominates Columbia University  a detailed breakdown of U.S. military arms manufacturers  regular dispatches from Southeast Asia and Paris by Wilfred Burchett  former SNCC-member Julius Lester's popular column  new left analysis by Carl Davidson  book, film and record reviews  much more in 20 to 24 pages tabloid

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2. FRAGONARD - "Two Lesbians"	5.00
3. FRAGONARD - "Boy Fingering Servant Girl"	5.00
4. ROPS - "Groom Mouching His Lady Employer"	5.00
5. MONNIER - "Sex Against A Wall"	5.00
6. MONNIER - "He Lying Down, She Straddling"	5.00
7. MORLAND - "Copulation of Noblewoman and her Tailor"	5.00
8. VON BAYROSS - "Animals & Women Making Love" (Set of 4)	19.00
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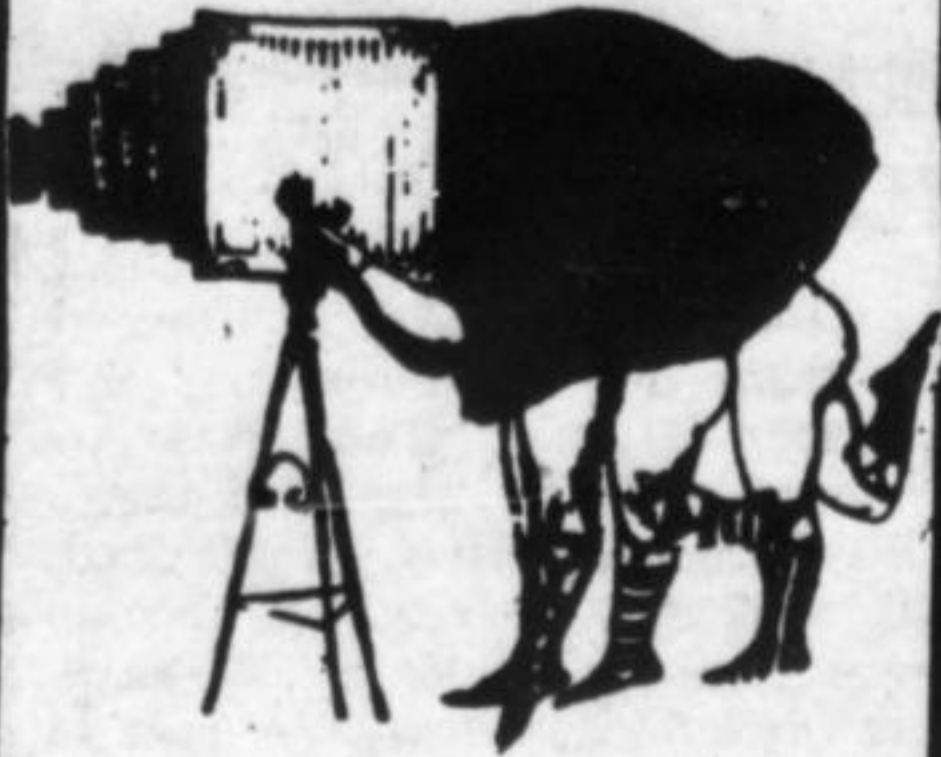
• Send check or money order to:  
**ROSS PRINTS - Box 58**  
Dept. V-100  
Cooper Station  
New York, New York 10003



# Wheeling and Dealing

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. A telephone number must be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Friday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

## PERSONAL



**STRONG**, virile and good looking guy wants to meet large busted girls for interesting relationship. Having a large bust is nothing to be ashamed of girls, because I appreciate it. I'm sincere, so please be the same. Call PE 4-5807 after 7.

**NICE LOOKING** bachelor (45), beautiful pad & goodies, loves to hear from gorgeous, clean & sincere girls (18-35) who are honest & very sex minded. (White only.) Married, OK. No husband. Am a fabulous cunnilinguist. Will satisfy all your desires. NO JOKERS, FAGS, ETC. Discretion, fulfillment assured. Interested? Call (212) 799-5039. Anytime after 10 P.M. Up all night. Billy.

**ATTRACTIVE BACHELOR** late 30's desires relationship with legit sincere gal mid 20's to mid 30's. Must be exceptionally good looking and not heavy. Have fine apartment, new car. Work brings date and myself frequently in company or sports celebrities. Fag, freaks lay off. Honest replies, photo and phone number to Box 18B, 435 West 57 Street, New York City 10019.

**LIKE SEX?** Calling all girls 18-36 interested in meeting groovy looking 27 year old guy for beautiful affair. Call ONLY between 5 & 5:15 during the week. 11:30-11:45 Saturday. You will be rewarded in pleasure for this inconvenience. 212-DI 2-8666.

**BORED**, married businessman, age 32, weeks escape. Desires new thrills. Wants firm relationship with other males for start of new life. Write Nick P., Worcester, Mass.

**RODNEY** (Noel Jerome). There is a mountain. Call Pat: 744-6139.

**SWINGING GROUP** of young executive-type guys anxious to meet funloving gals Village parties, 35' boat, Scotch and groovy crowd! Interested? Call 960-3923 days — 673-9406 eves.

**YOUNG MAN**, 22, would like to meet other young men for fun and sexual play. No queens. Please write to P. O. Box 163, Parkchester Sta., Bronx, N. Y. 10462.

**WHEN** the weather's hot and sticky, That's no time for dunking dicky. But when the frost is on the pumpkin, That's the time for dicky dunkin'!

**GREAT RAY**, Cunt Lapper, 215-TR 2-0532. After 9 P.M. I eat girls only.

**MAN**, 27, white, single, attractive wants females 18 to 40. All races and sizes. Absolutely clean body. Like to share your apartment or start one. Not a must though. Could meet for occasional dates. I'm willing to try anything once. Write Box 3016, N. Y. 10001.

**GREAT RAY GOES DOWN!** 34, 6'3", 195, single, male, white desires clean, attractive nympho type women for cunt stimulating times. Notorious 69 lover seeks to establish a group of fuck lovers (females only) in NYC and Phila. Damn it, I'm serious, you best be! Interested? Call 215-TR 2-0532 after 9 P.M. or write 219 E. 5th Street, Chester, Pa. 19013.

**EXPERT** cunnilingus, 27 years old swinger, clean white females only. Call after 5 P.M. GR 3-5723. Ask for Ben.

**MAN**, 40, sterile, quiet, interested in mutual female companionship for occasional evenings and weekends. GR 5-6936.

**YOUNG** white male in 20's college grad desires meeting attractive Negro girls 18-32. Serious minded and desirous of meaningful relationship. — Box 525, Gracie Station, N. Y., N. Y.

**BUNNE** — We LOVE YOU — Check for MESSAGE

**LARGE - BUSTED?** Interesting, well built bachelor seeks bosomy girl over 25 for friendship, possible romance. Don't be shy . . . write to Box 5243, Grand Central Sta., N.Y.C. 10017. All letters answered.

**BACHELOR**, 32, white, intelligent and discreet. Like to go down and Around-the-World on shapely girls. Call Jay 673-1963 (girls only please)

**INTENSE**, quiet, friendly, strong-willed. 22, hung. Like Beckett, Bresson, Emily Dickinson, Beatles. Seek masculine, good-looking, sincere and sensitive, compatible guy around my age for something worthwhile. 691-6803.

**IF YOU ARE** a good looking girl, aching for a good looking guy to give you a good licking time, call Jack at 516 271 EBXR.

**STRAIGHT HOMOSEXUALS** who don't consider cruising to be the eight wonder of the world and who have a productive head on their shoulders in addition to the biological urge be-

low their waists, who are bright, aware, compassionate, and down-to-earth, drop me a line if you're white, 18-30, and looking for good friends. P. O. Box 561, Church Street Station, New York, N. Y. 10008.

**ALL FEMALES!** I will supply a beautiful West Village pad for you to use for what ever you want. A male slave will obey all commands and serve from one to five gals at a time — your thing only! No strings attached, except for those on slave. Phone nights 69-1-AHY-1.

**YOUNG** white gay male wants to meet and orally satisfy young straight guys. Discretion guaranteed. Repeat: **STRAIGHT ONLY**. Write: Sullivan, 260 West 15th, NYC, 10011, N. Y.

**COUPLE** — Married, white, 33 & 31, attractive, trim, clean, educated, uninhibited; desire couple or couples with similar qualifications for swapping pleasures. Absolute discretion promised and expected. Send frank letter to: Box 5201, LoLng Island City, 11105.

**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.

**M. E. R. II - WE LOVE YOU** - Things can work out. Every thing 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** — MER-FJR.

**COMPANION** to assist bachelor driving to Mexico. On or about Nov. 10 Guy or Gal. Liesure trip. Sharing expense negotiable or unnecessary. Phone 201-766-3811.

**PORNOGRAPHY??** Boy, 21, will pose nude for amateur photographers, in any situation desired. 10 per hour. Call EKV-DRIC, evenings. MEN only.

**SINCERE** girls missing out what life has to offer. Let me share with you the pleasures that sex has to offer to one another. Must be clean, and have a good shape. Send name and telephone number to Bany P.O. Box 3955, Grand Central Station, N.Y.

"A GIRL who is passively inclined, unattached who digs the fashion in leather, rubber restraining attire can find lasting arrangement for complete economic and emotional security. Ideal living conditions, extreme care. 18-25, positive in artistic taste as music, opera, ballet etc. love of nature. Medium stature slender. Drivers license desirable. Write in full confidence covering all points, phone, picture possibly. Gemini, Box 307 Hackettstown, N.J. 07840.

**ARTIST**, 32, invites groovy chick 25-40 on expense-paid three-week trip to London in November. Call after 6 any day. 666-1819.

**WOMEN**, bored by ordinary dates? Try me for all those things you really have on your mind. To age 35. No men! Phone UFV-INLU.

**HANDSOME** white male, 26, will do anything. From 8 p.m. Legal or Illegal. For Good Fast Cash. Call Phil 684-5468, after 8 p.m.

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS (?)** — White male bachelor, 35, electronic engineer. 5'10", 185 lbs. Successful (\$11G-plus) but lonely and disillusioned. Seek love and inspiration from sincere, affectionate female (21-34; 100-140 lbs.) past unimportant. I am versatile, uninhibited, enjoy cunnilingus and giving pleasure—but sex secondary to emotional rapport and stability—leading to marriage. Have unpretentious but cozy garden apartment in East 70's which is also desperately in need of your T.L.C. (212) TR 9-7799, 8 p.m. - 12 p.m.

**MY NAME**, Pablo, tall, handsome, 35-year-old, artist romantic bohemian good pad in 5th Av. My preference, young beautiful girls who know how to love sincerely and passionately maybe? 9290919.

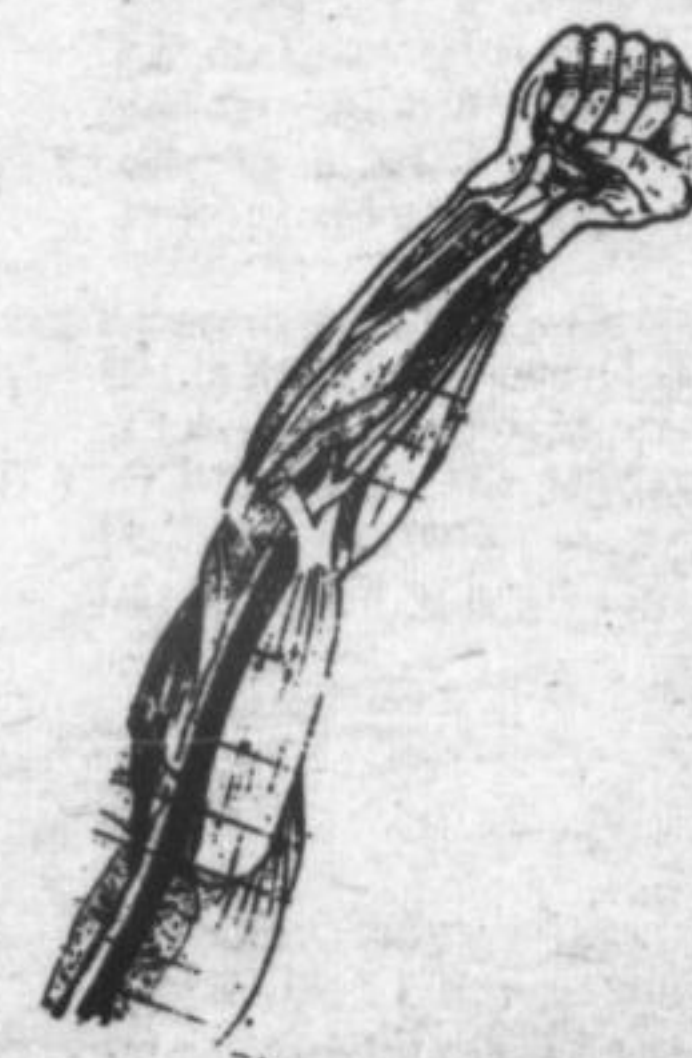
**ATTRACTIVELY**, swinging Phila. couple looking for white, warm, uninhibited, flexible, N.Y. couple to share leisure hours with. Contact P.O. Box 17034, Phila., Pa., 19105.

"**GIRLS**—Young man, 27, white, neat and well hung wants sensitive shapely gal, straight or bi-minded, 18 to 35, to share very uninhibited fun-filled discreet weekend escapes to exciting Montreal and flaming New England by car. Great evenings on the town and better nights on the hay. No faggots. Write with photo and phone to: BOX 124, East Sta. Yonkers, N.Y. 10704.

**PSYCHO**-Physiologically healthy man, 23 desires sexual relations. interested mature women contact: I. R. P.O.B. 222, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

**STECK HOBBIT** I have moved. Please call me collect any night after 11:00 p.m., 699-5047.

Ladybug . . .



**PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING. FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.**



"**ATTENTION BI-SEXUALS**, both sexes, couples for enjoyable lipservice, fun, games my place or yours. Photo, phone, ideas essential for meets. L. Service c/o Box 168, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11215.

**BISEXUAL** male, young, 30 yr. handsome, definitely masculine, Caucasian. Seeks co-ed group or couple, interested in group sex. Definitely not interested in an all gay scene. Please only groovy looking swingers answer. Discretion assured. Photo and telephone number to Martin, Box 733, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

**ATTENTION** Mr. Norman who called Mrs. Mousel in Corvallis recently: Please call again collect. We were cut off. Important. Mrs. A. M. Mousel, 235 N. 31st, Corvallis, Oregon. 503-752-2981.

**FABULOUS** French massage for girls, women administered by an expert (male, 34). Do not confuse this with ordinary crude tongue jobs. My loving lips and tongue will caress your entire body to complete fulfillment. For the erotic experience of a lifetime, write D. Miller, P.O. Box 443, Tenafly, N. J.

**ATTRACTIVE** male, would like to meet ladies that is interesting in the French way of love-making or the Dog fashion way. I'm expert cunnilinguist. Call Hiwather, 674-9691, after 4 p.m.

**HEDDIE MULDER**. Please come home whatever trouble you're in we help you and take care of it love, DAD.

**LITTLE GIRLS** call "Pierre". "Dirty old man". Healthy, big girls just call him . . . for hours of ecstatic cunnilingus after reading **NATIONAL CLIMAX**. (201) 943-3962.

Follow the Sea/  
when beginning revolts  
against fright/  
and isolation absorbs  
the meteorite/  
Follow the Sea/  
when tomorrow hides  
a stones frontier/  
and avarice cherishes  
the atmosphere/  
YU 2-4471 - ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart/  
when the wind imprisons  
an apparition/  
and melancholy emancipates  
the magicianS/  
Hear my Heart/  
when sincerity yields  
to imitation/  
and identity returns  
to limitation/  
YU 2-4471 - ORPHEUS JR.



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.

TWO RESPONSIBLE WOMEN, want to get away from it all. We need your nicely furnished apartment, upper East Side, or Midtown, from 12 to 6 P.M., Monday through Friday. Willing to pay \$100 a month. — Mrs. Phillips, NA 8-7001.

YOUNG attractive fellow wishes to service young masculine guys who are handsome, hot and well built. Individuals and groups. Call evenings UN 1-ROVY.

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.

GAY AND ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, 28, 5'22", shapely long blonde hair, home owner, once married. Seeks to meet other attractive females 18-40 with same desires. For discreet dinners, stimulating get-togethers. If mutually acceptable, home to live in can be yours. Please only "fem" sensitive and gentle women. NO MEN or BUTCHES. Photo and phone number answered with same. Write to: SIRHA, Box 322, Great Kills, S.I. N.Y. 10308.

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.

THE ULTIMATE is bored might consent to interview thin pleading applicants! Photo phone addressed stamped envelope to: T.J. Andrews 139 East 33 St. 10016.

WANT normal looking girl 25-35 married or single, looking for new blood. If you think you're difficult to please, enjoy oral or autoerotic stimulation. And don't think you'll answer this because you're shy . . . give it a whirl. I am 32, 5'8", 140, wicked ad man looking for a mutually satisfying relationship. My motto, "orality is morality." — L. Monters, 1383 Plimpton Ave., Apt. 4-A, Bronx, N. Y. 10452.

DESPERATELY needed, proceed exceeding \$35,000 for music center in depressed Brooklyn section to private nonprofit Welfare Center. Remit to Austin Stough, 506 West 213th, New York, New York, 10034. All donations deeply appreciated.

I LAY AWAKE SOME NIGHTS WISHING I had someone to talk with, touch with. This is a frustration for many people living alone; most resolve it by false relationships or statements of affection so both can escape their hangups and do what they really want and need. Well, at the moment I'm alone, and I don't like sham but I do like and need honest sex with a pretty woman (overweight women do not attract me). I'm 26, tall, good-looking, and of athletic build. Call me if you are interested. MICHAEL 989-4260. No homosexuals.

MATURE young man is willing to share his beautiful nearby upstate New York apartment with sincere young girl. Sex required. Please call Larry, 914-831-2786, late evenings, except Wednesday.

GAY gentleman, 38, serious, career-minded, seeks to meet Jewish LESBIAN (fem), educated, intelligent. Object matrimony. Liberal marriage. Call MOD-6474. Keep trying.

WOMEN ONLY. Male hairdresser, 27, 6'1", 180, will come over, business, pleasure, both Natural redheads, blondes, buxom, over 5'10", not a must, Call Ray Tues. & Wed. only, 10-3, IL 9-9589.

"FASTER than (a speeding) antacid!!" "Stronger than Dirt!!" Is it a Byrd? No, it's Moonshine Superman. Is supergirl uninspired being balled by ordinary mortals? Write to Ne-Binger, P. O. Box 165, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415. Enclose measurements! Supergirls only. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

WANT to buy 3 tickets to Cream Concert on November 2nd — Will sit anywhere, Call Soni at 988-4410, Mon. to Sat. 10-6 or 516-472-1299 from 9 p.m. and Sundays.

SUSAN BANCROFT —  
PLEASE CALL  
826-6353.

SPACE IN Mid-Manhattan town house available for one or possibly two girls. Your own room, rent free. Small group of beautiful people, guys and girls, very straight, have entire house. If you are a swinging girl, 18-24 and really good-looking call 826-6353 to arrange for an interview. No other guys.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

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. Phone: (201) 867-6322.

YOUNG personable attr. europ male seeks reasonable apt. wants to re-locate in N.Y.C. pref. Manhattan area. May willing to share have exel. refer. willing to co-operate or help in some ways. by nov. or dec. write Box 12481 Hartford, Conn.

DAVID STECK WHETSTONE — We want you to come and see us. Please call 914-677-9323. Love, Carol and Ormond.

URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. URGENT!!!

BUNEE — WE LOVE YOU — Check for message. PLEASE — PLEASE Call collect.



#### MODELS

YOUNG/HUNG MALE NUDE MODELS WANTED: by serious young professional photographer. No experience necessary. Strictly legit business. Hourly payment or in return for photos. Write with picture if possible. FRANK, Box 258, Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.

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.

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.

PHOTOGRAPHER, experienced, needs females to pose for figure studios in exchange for prints. Contact Irv at 751-1250 (females only).

SECRETARIES, office and college girls, etc., earn good extra necessary, all replies confidential. money modeling. No exp. necessary. E. A., Box 184, Staten Island, N. Y. 10306.



#### BUY AND SELL

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie. Box 68, Brook-

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.

HEARSE - 1959 CADDIE, Gray and Black, Body in fantastic condition - Must sell - asking \$475. Call EVO Monday-Friday 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Ask for Zed or Lou. 228-8640.

#### FRENCH TICKLERS

Finest imported German "French" Ticklers. Freak your mind and your organ. \$4.00 postpaid with full information, from Hapco Organization, Box 16, Shady, New York 12479.

FREE CATALOG ADULTS — NUDISM EXPLORED: Magazines, Books, Color slides, Movies. Swinging Guys, Gals, Couples: Names and addresses only \$2. HOWARD, Box 294, Putnam, Conn. 06260.

PSYCHEDELIC SUPPLIES STROBES - Light Trips - Black-lites - Wild Wayout Posters - Bumper Stickers - Jewelry - Pendants - Earrings - Love Beads - Hash Pipes - Roach Clips - Crystal Trip - Skins - Groovy Shades - Free Catalog - Dealers Inquiries Invited - Argosy Underground Distributors, Dept. E, 6613 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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

"IF YOU LIKED HITLER, YOU'LL LOVE WALLACE". Buy this BUMPERSTICKER (50c each) and BUTTON (25c each.) Also 257 other buttons, BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, BUMPERSTICKERS. Free catalog Dealers inquire. BUTTON UP, Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036. Tel.: 581-4199.

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DIRTY PICTURES Develop your own dirty pictures at home. It's easy and inexpensive. New Darkroom Guide shows how. Contains over 43 sections. Only \$2.50. Free gift. Order today, Lepol Film Processing Co., 120-B Chestnut Drive, Roslyn, New York, 11576.

GUSTAV MAHLER sweatshirts. \$6 plus 30c postage. Mahler photo (24x20) \$5 - 30c postage. "Mahler Grooves" bumpersticker 50c. Buttons 25c. Mahler Society, 8844 Wonderland, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

RETIRED madam desires to sell 1000 active men's names. Very inexpensive. Come to Peggy, 300 1/2 E. 65th St. Ring top bell after 12 noon.

LATEST male/male movies 8mm B&W \$15 color \$25. Superb glossy 5x7 enlargements \$9 for 12 prints. Inquiries include \$1 handling—deductable from first order. John Peters G.P.O. Box 793, New York, N.Y. 10001.

#### THE FLYING WANG

The epitome of conversation pieces; featuring the male phallic symbol, penis and testicles, adorned by a pair of wings. Hand sculptured, of 14k Vacuum Gold, this is an actual reproduction from the mosaic in Pompeii. Jumbo size. Introductory offer, only \$2 each. OLYMPIA, P.O. Box 88, Brooklyn, New York 11214.

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

FILM producer needs boys-girls for fall and winter scenes for movie "Young Jaybirds," documentary film on teen-age & young adult nudists. Indoor-outdoor scenes. Also wanted: Rock group for dance scenes. Send name, age etc. with Pic. to: Scott Allan, P.O. Box 567, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

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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.

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

ESOTERIC INTERESTS? Specializing in the unusual, we offer male or female contacts to suit your needs. Send detailed letter with \$3 (female free) to Underground Enterprises, 485 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

ADVERTISE business, service, personal items on latenight N.Y. radio. \$10 for each thirty second spot. Long term lower rates. You will be notified one week in advance of broadcast date. If not broadcastable, fee and copy returned. Send fee and copy to: Mark Norman, WHBI, 80 Riverside Drive., N.Y., N.Y.

"CONNOISSEURS OF THE UNUSUAL" UNITE! \$1.00 for handling charges brings you catalog of the correspondence medium devoted to the broad-minded. Write MANDY, c/o TRANSACTIONS UNLIMITED, G.P.O. BOX 1812, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11202.





## PUBLICATION

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COLLECTOR'S DECK 5x7 full color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231.

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New formulas to make legal hash of legal chemicals plus turn-on book. Make LSD, mescaline, peyote, DMT, etc., \$2.50. Turn-ons unlimited, 4623 Melrose Ave., L.A. 90048, Dept. 5. Refund if not ecstatic.

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Plus free letter forwarding. New 2,000 word transvestism tabloid. 24 issues \$8. Three month trial subscription, \$3. Harmon, Box 811, Chester, Pa. 19016.



## HIP-POCRATES

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

In a recent column you printed the letter of a girl whose "problem" was a boyfriend who had an almost continuous erection and made her sore with continuous and lengthy intercourse. I think you missed the obvious solution. Let her share her good fortune with a girl friend. God knows there are many sexually frustrated girls who would be happy to get half of such a good thing.

My husband has a similar problem (?) and this is how I solved it to the satisfaction of both us and also a girl friend. The problem of my husband (I don't really feel it is a problem) is not continuous erection but rather frequent erection.

My husband is 52 years old and we have been married 27 years. About two years ago, following recovery from a heart attack, he became very passionate again. Recently I brought a girlfriend into the picture because she wasn't getting any sex and I knew I had enough to share. (He has 3 or more ejaculations each evening).

We have found that the three of us are all happy with our relationship. My husband has had frequent check-ups with a complete physical just a few weeks ago.

I would like to know if such hypersexuality is something unusual in men of 52. Please don't suggest any way of changing things. I (we three) like it just as it is."

ANSWER: The frequency of sexual activity which you mention is rather unusual for a man of your husband's age. I have no suggestions for you.

QUESTION: I've been smoking grass for one meager year and tobacco for one meager month. Since I've started cigarettes, I've been unable to attain any sort of respectable high.

Do you think stopping tobacco would help?

ANSWER: The practice of smoking cigarettes is a known health hazard leading to lung cancer, emphysema and possibly peptic ulcers and heart disease.

QUESTION: Can excessive masturbation cause a person to not enjoy intercourse to the fullest extent when he grows up?

Will it cause his penis to get callouses on the top?

ANSWER: Masturbation is not known to cause physical or emotional problems whatever its frequency. It's a shame that schools aren't yet permitted to teach children that masturbation won't rot their brains, drive them crazy or cause hair to grow on the palms of their hands.

Given a choice, most people prefer sexual activity with another person but even married couples sometimes write to ask if something is wrong with masturbating occasionally. Various reasons may cause them to do so but it happens so often it seems to be in that part of the Bell curve of human experience we arbitrarily classify as "normal".

Callouses? I've never seen, heard or read of such case but if it happens DO NOT use Dr. Scholl's medication.

QUESTION: In the showers I notice all very fat men have a penis barely an inch long. Why?

ANSWER: An aroused (angered) college stoutly maintains this is a false observation, caused, no doubt, by lack of familiarity with obese people. Increased fat tissue covering the base of the penis accounts for this belief. Have you ever read about Fatty Arbuckle?

QUESTION: could you please explain what inverted nipples are and what, if anything, is the cure?

ANSWER: Inverted nipples turn in rather than out. The condition is rather common and should cause no concern unless it occurs after puberty. Pregnancy may cause them to evert.

I've also seen a picture of a suction device used to evert the nipples similar to those used to stimulate the flow of breast milk. Some gynecologist suggest having a close friend suck inverted nipples at least once daily to cause eversion. Find someone trying to kick cigarette addiction.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o

P. O. Box 9002  
Berkeley, California 94719

## EXHIBITIONS

- NOW:
- "World Beneath Our Feet, Minerals" Museum of Natural History 79th Street and CPW NOW THRU OCT. 27:
  - Dubuffet Museum of Modert Art 11 West 53rd Street NOW THRU NOV. 3:
  - "The Door," co-sponsored by U. S. Plymouth Museum of Contemp. Arts & Crafts Main Gallery of Museum (29 W. 53rd St.) and U.S. Plywood Showroom NOW THRU NOV. 3:
  - "Mezzotints" Metropolitan Museum of Art 82nd St. and Fifth Avenue NOW THRU NOV. 5:
  - "Royal Worcester Porcelain Soughty Birds" Museum of Natural History 79th Street and CPW NOW THRU NOV. 7:
  - 2 Paintings by Larry Rivers Vivian Beaumont Theatre Lincoln Center NOW THRU NOV. 11:
  - "Architecture of Museums" Museum of Modert Art 11 West 53rd Street NOW THRU NOV. 12:
  - Craft Tools and Kitchen Utensils from Colonial Period through Federalist and pre-Civil War to turn of Century NYU - Loeb Student Center (Free) NOW THRU NOV. 15:
  - "The Great Age of Fresco: Giotto to Pontorno" Metropolitan Museum of Art 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue NOW THRU NOV. 17:
  - Wallace Berman: Verifax Collapses The Jewish Museum 1109 Fifth Avenue NOW THRU NOV. 24:
  - Frank Kline Whitney Museum of American Art 945 Madison Avenue NOW THRU NOV. 25:
  - Sky Show: "The Legend of the Flying Horse" Hayden Planetarium 81st Street and CPW NOW THRU DEC. 8:
  - Paul Caponigro: Recent Photographs Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53rd Street NOW THRU JAN. 5:
  - Ingathering: Ceremony & Tradition in N.Y. Public Collections Jewish Museum 1109 Fifth Avenue NOW THRU JAN. 5:
  - Robert Whitman's "Pond" Jewish Museum 1109 Fifth Avenue NOW THRU JAN. 19:
  - "Maya Art From Guatemala" Metropolitan Museum of Art 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue NOW THRU FEB. 2:
  - "Master Craftsmen of Ancien Peru" Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum 88th Street and Fifth Avenue 3:30 PM
  - "Fra Angelico at San Marco," "Siena and Simone Martini," "Romanesque Painters" Metropolitan Museum of Art 82 Street and Fifth Avenue TUESDAY, OCT. 22: 2:00 and 5:30 PM
  - "Romeo and Juliet In The Snow" (1920) "Pinkus" Show Emporium" (1916) by Ernst Lubitsch Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53rd Street WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3: 2:00 PM
  - "People of Kolevu," "Beyond The Valley"



# ANNALS

Museum of Natural History  
79th Street and CPW

—NOON

"Parade"—1952

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Leonard Cohen"—1966

Museum of Modern Art  
11 West 53rd Street

—2:00 & 5:30 PM

"Hitlerjunge Quex" (1933)

Museum of Modern Art  
11 West 53rd Street

—11:00 AM - 4:00 PM

"Souvenirs d'Epiral" and

"Theatre National Populaire"

Sponsored by La Maison Francaise

16 Washington Mews (Free)

## FILMS

FRIDAY, OCT. 18:

2:00 & 5:30 PM

"An Unseen Enemy" (1912) with

Lillian and Dorothy Gish

"Bold Heidelberg" (1915) with

Dorothy Gish

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—5:00 - 9:00 PM

1968 Blue Ribbon Winners of

American Film Festival

NYU - Loeb Student Center (Free)

—6:30 & 8:30 PM

"Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne"

by Robert Bresson (in French)

NYU - Weaver Hall (Free)

—8:00 PM

Open Screening, 16mm Exper. Shorts

U-P Film Group

814 Broadway & 11th St. (Free)

—8:00 PM

Opening Screening - Bring 8 and/or

16mm film or footage to show

and discuss

Millennium Film Workshop

1 East 2nd Street

—8:00 & 1:00 PM

Experimental Film & Video Tapes

"The Game," "The Collections,"

"Foundry Girl," by Terry

—9:00 PM

"When The Cat Comes"

by Vojtech Jasný

Spencer Cinema

99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SATURDAY, OCT. 19:

11:30 AM

"Sunrise" (1927)

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—2:00 PM

"Fabulous Florida," "Bay of Gold"

Museum of Natural History

79th Street and CPW

—3:00 & 5:30 PM

An Excerpt from Opening Sequence

of "Orphans of the Storm" with

Lillian and Dorothy Gish

"Heart of the World" (1918) with

Lillian and Dorothy Gish

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 & 10:00 PM

Experimental Films and Video Tapes

"The Game," "The Collections,"

"Foundry Girl," by Terry

315 Broadway ? 233-4159 (\$1.50)

—8:00 PM

Open Screening, 16mm Exper. Shorts

U?P Film Group

814 Broadway at 11th St. (Free)

8:30 PM

Screening: Film by Frank Kuenstler

2 Plays by Serge Gavronsky

Color Idioms

887 Union Street, Brooklyn (\$1.50)

SUNDAY, OCT. 20:

2:00 & 5:30 PM

"Nell Gwyn" (1925) with

Dorothy Gish

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—7:00 PM

"Eclipse" Sponsored by Omega

The Catholic Center

58 Washington Sq. South (\$1.75)

—8:00 & 10:00 PM

Experimental Films and Video Tapes

"The Game," "The Collections,"

"Foundry Girl," by Terry

315 Broadway - 233-4159 (\$1.50)

—8:50 PM

Screening: Films by Frank Kuenstler

2 Plays by Serge Gavronsky

Color Idioms

887 Union St., Brooklyn (\$1.50)

MONDAY, OCT. 21:

2:00 & 5:30 PM

(Silen Film Series)

"Never Never Land" (914), "Miss

Bellhop" (1914), "Pride of the

Firm" (1914) by Ernst Lubitsch

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

## SHOWS

"The Moke Eater"

John Vacaro Production

Cafe Au Go Go — 777-1919

—"The Hunter" by Murray Mednick

Theatre Genesis

St. Mark Church in the Bowery

2nd Avenue and 10th Street

—"The Concept"

Sheridan Square Playhouse

CH 2-3432

—Sheriff's "Journey's End"

Roundabout Theatre—WA 4-7161

—"Tea Party" and "The Basement"

By Pinter

East Side Playhouse

334 East 7th Street

—"The White Devil" by John Wabster

Workshop of the Players Art

34 E. 4th Street

—DMZ

Village Vanguard

178 7th Avenue South

THIS TUESDAY:

"Looking For Rosa" by Jack Adler

"The Bottled Room" by M. Mathias

N.Y. Theatre Ensemble Workshop

2 East 2nd Street

—Living Theatre

Fillmore East Theatre

105 Second Avenue

## MUSIC

FRIDAY, OCT. 18:

8:00 PM

Classical Guitar by Jim Gold

NYU Loeb Student Center

"Top of the Park" Restaurant (Free)

—8:30 PM

The Reforming Arts

"La Traviata" by Verdi

Ruffino Opera Association

Cooper Union Square

8th Street and 4th Avenue

—10:00 & 12:30 PM

Pumpkin and Apple Pie Motherhood

Band

Cafe Au Go Go

SATURDAY, OCT. 19:

8:00 PM

Folk Singing—Maide

90 & 9 Coffee House

99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

—10:00 & 12:00 PM

Pumpkin and Apple Pie Motherhood

Band

Cafe Au Go Go

SUNDAY, OCT. 20:

11:00 AM & 3:00 PM

Jamie Stevenson's Full Circle

Jazz Group

Spencer Memorial Church

99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

—3:00 PM

"Tomorrow's Artists Today" Series

NYU Loeb Student Center

Eisner and Lubin Auditorium (Free)

MONDAY, OCT. 21:

8:15 PM

Organ Recital - Dr. Robert Anderson

Grace Episcopal Church

Tenth Street and Broadway

—8:30 PM

Blue Mountain Boys

Folklore Center Folk Festival

Washington Sq. Methodist Church

135 West 4th Street (\$2.00)

TUESDAY, OCT. 22:

8:30 PM

Concert - Liliane Caillon, violinist

and Pierre Basseux, cellist

Sponsored by La Maison Francaise

16 Washington Mews (Free)

## TALKS

2:30 PM

"Genre Subjects, Animals in Fables

and Scientific Treatises"

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:00 PM

"Has Christianity A Future?"

By Philip Scharper

Sponsored by OMEGA

The Catholic Center

58 Washington Square South (Free)

SUNDAY, OCT. 20:

10:45 AM

To Be Announced—

Dr. Richard Gambino

N. Y. Society for Ethical Culture

2 West 64th Street

—3:00 PM

"Unto Thee A Garden" presented by

Four Winds Theatre Studio Inc.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

MONDAY, OCT. 21:

10:30 AM

Survey of the Collections

"Early Greek Sculpture" by

by Margaret C. Hartt

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM

Revolt — Contemporary Style

"Power Is Not Leadership"

by Algernon Black

Cooper Union Forum

8th Street and Fourth Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 22:

2:00 PM

Slide Talk

'Physical History of a Barrier Beach'

Museum of Natural History

79th Street and CPW

—2:00 PM

Survey of Collections

"Early Greek Sculpture"

by Margaret V. Hartt

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM

"The Great Age of Fresco

by Allen Rosenbaum

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23:

11:00 AM

Special Exhibition an Gallery Talks

"Furniture Made for Marie

Antoinette" by Allen Rosenbaum

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—7:30 PM

Forum—"What Is Being Collected"

(Fashion in Art)

Artists Equity Association of N. Y.

106 Central Park South

—8:30 PM

Revolt — Contemporary Style

"What Happened to the Family"

by Nathan W. Ackerman

Cooper Union Forum

8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, OCT. 24:

2:00 PM

Surveys of the Collections

"Early Greek Sculpture"

by Margaret V. Hartt

Metropolitan Museum of Art

—2:00 PM

Galery Talk — Hall of Eskimos

Museum of Natural History

79th Street and CPW

## POETRY READING

ASTURDAY, OCT. 19:

4:30 PM

Ron Padgett and Peter Schjeldahl

Soldiers and Sailors Monument

89th Street and Riverside Drive

SUNDAY, OCT. 20:

5:00 PM

Poems zy NYC Children

Presented by Kenneth Koch



# ELECTRIC HAVENS



## RICHIE HAVENS

THESE VOCAL RECORDINGS WERE MADE  
BY RICHIE HAVENS WITH ACOUSTICAL GUITAR  
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CONTAINED IN THIS ALBUM, ELECTRIC HAVENS HAS BECOME A  
COLLECTORS ITEM IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF ITS RELEASE.

*Donalal* *Donalal*  
*intimus* *intimus*



