

THE EAST VILLAGE



VOL. 3 NO. 47

OCTOBER 25, 1968

METROPOLITAN 15¢



Mr. Natural, disguised as a vacuum cleaner salesman, talks to the Housewives of America.



Dear EVO:

I just started thinking about the word "psychedelic" and decided that the word didn't mean very much and that it didn't express the feeling of those who were "psychedelic." It came to me that better terms would be: "psycephilic" and "psycephilia" meaning "lovers of the mind." It also unites the words for "Love" and "the mind" which are key concepts in these times.

The people who follow this way of life are "psycephilics" while those who fail to understand or tolerate would be "psycephobes" or people who hate or fear "the mind."

A thought.

David Lerner
Corneyl Medical College
N.Y.C.

Dear EVO:

First of all I want to thank you for the opportunity to subscribe to your fantastic newspaper. I have really enjoyed it. However, I must inform you that I am leaving Vietnam, and returning to the states. So I'd like you to cancel my subscription and give it to some one who is less fortunate—like hubert humpfer? (ha)

Sincerely, please cancel my subscription for the time being. When I get settled down again, I will subscribe to the EVO.

I sincerely do wish you groovy people all the love and peace in the world—it seems that our generation is the only cult which deserves it.

Sincerely, Love and Peace

PETER JOSEPH LEGGIERI - ALLAN KATZMAN

- JAAGOY KOHN
- JAY FAB
- DON KATZMAN
- LENNOX RAPHAEL
- D. A. LATIMER
- DAVID BODIE
- MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
- PETER MIKALAJUNAS
- KIM DEITCH
- DON LEWIS
- VAUGH BODIE
- ALAN ASNEN
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- DIANE DORR-DORYNEK
- SHERRY NEEDHAM
- MISSI
- LIL PICARD
- LITA ELISCU
- RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
- TRINA
- SHARKEY

- CENTRAL PARK: LORRAINE GLENNBY
- LONDON: MILES
- PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
- AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
- LOS ANGELES: ERNIE BARRY
- PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
- WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
- TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
- NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

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Dear EVO:

I'd like to know one thing. Is it legal to urinate in the voting booth?

Questioningly yours
Edward Rak

To: The Erudite Editor of the Rude . . . But, Radiant-Radical FREE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
Subject: When in doubt: PUNT!

Regard the Ass . . . Is there anything so cock-sure, so immovable, so disdainful so solemn and serious as an Ass? . . . Indeed, the Jackasses of the ruling classes are more amusing than the masses . . . But, what's so amusing about: over-population, over-pollution, over-inflation and, over-destruction of Youth, TRUTH, Treasure and HONOR in Viet Nam? . . .

In football as in politics, when in doubt: PUNT! . . . Kick the Asses out . . . or, Kick the outs in . . . Regardless of party, an ALL-American kick will show the ruling classes the masses desire and require a range of change . . .

Respectfully,
J. SCOTT FREE, pen name of:
Chief James J. Owens USN (RET)
National Director "4-F VETS"
(V.F.F.F.W.)^o
Nat. HQ. Pier #144 Cliff St.
Naugatuck (SALEM) Conn.

Dear EVO:

On page 6 (bottom, column 2) of the Sept. 20 issue of EVO, you give the wrong address for the Chicago Legal Defense Committee. The right address is: Room 637, 127 No. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois. If Abbie needs money and L. Raphael cares, how about correcting the error?

Stephanie Miller
Chicago, Illinois

Dear EVO:

Being in the service, and in Vietnam, I don't always get both views on situations that arise back in the states. Since I am in this situation, I would appreciate any correspondence from your readers, concerning their views on Vietnam, asking mine, or from anyone just curious.

Thank you.

PFC. M. L. Young
RA-16937399
HHD. 58th EN. (AM&S)
APO San Francisco 96337
Drawer 76

Dear EVO:

Re: "The Walrus", (Vol. 3, No. 46)

Thank you for Mr. Weberman's interesting exegesis. About the chant at the end, if Mr. Weberman had grown up in England with me, he would clearly recognize the words as: "Oompah, oompah, stick it up yer joompah" (stick it up your jumper), a vaguely obscene playground chant dating from one's elementary school days. What "it" is, of course, one can only guess; perhaps even, in Mr. Weberman's memorable phrase, a "flacind shlong".

Your truly,
A. P. Lloyd

Dear EVO:

For unknown reasons, the big shitty no longer lends an alluring call for weekends of fun and fundery. All my old beatnik buddies have been locked up, relocated, murdered or have fled for points unknown. All our old haunts have died, along with the old era and the ushering of the new age is enough to send most people into many dark attitudes.

Not much ado in suburbia. A lot of pumped up anger, both lame and aware. I spend most of my time pretending to look for work for my parents' sake (and mine also, since my wife and I have been squatting in their attic for the last 8 months). I never find work though. In the year I've been married, I've worked a total of about 3 weeks at minimum wage. Usually, I can bring down an honest \$160 a week as an airframe loftsmen(?) but the white collar boys frown on my long blonde curls. It was fun though doing the 9-2-5 shit at Grumman's. Man, they must have spent 200 man hours a week undoing the systems fucking and prying loose my double bubble on their progressive wheels. Once I got used to their system, I could safely devote my "working" hours to goofing off and fucking up. Finally, after 8 months of fucking up, in a blind rage (they never could pin me and my boys - about 6 other undercover cannabis freaks) they started throwing out every kid under 25. And of course I was first because my hair was longest.



Yeah, I still get erotic, fondly reminiscing the grief and despair we've caused that great, government-backed organization. Since no one will hire me anymore, some other ways to fuck the funny people, have been ashamedly poultry. But still we find subtle ways to piss down their throats, when however we can. I still have a score of scores to settle with the pigs, but I am going to do it properly. As soon as I can replace some of my confiscated arsenal, and/or dynamite or a reasonable facsimile. Man, I'll never fucking forget the night they illegally stole my 5 rifles, 3 shotguns and other shit I had legally locked, unloaded in the trunk of my car.

Billy.

Dear EVO:

How many emotional wallops can an individual withstand without cracking up. I am in the process of finding out.

I am a woman nearing 60, a city dweller, but my true home is a small cabin in Woodstock which I put together with pennies over the last 30 years. During Sept. and Oct. 1967 my home was broken into and occupied by 4 hippies and all my possessions were destroyed. I ought to hate the hippies but I believe that they are victims of the tragic society of the United States, just like most people.

I think we have a very inefficient and inhuman economic system. With all of the development of scientific technology people's lives should be getting easier, but instead their lives are getting more and more harried; when does one hit bottom?

I do not believe that we have a society in the U. S. To me a society means a community where people know each other, talk to each other, are concerned with each other. But what do we have? There is no social interaction. For ideas, one can go home and listen to a TV expert talking down to you like a cheerleader in the Hell, the agony that is most of our lives. We are a hate-society, busy hating other groups not like us and to me this is a non-society.

The hippies are a product of this hate-society. Many of them are sociopaths without ethics, unable to understand mutual human compassion. They had broken into my cabin to which I had planned to retire and destroyed almost everything. I wanted to commit suicide. It seemed that everything I held sacred had been desecrated. But I had to pick up the pieces, I had to say with Christ, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.

I am first and foremost a humanist. I believe that these poor, starving wolf-pack hippies have dealt much more cruelly with me, but I also believe that they are products of a very cruel economic system that respects only money, and a very cruel non-society. This mood of mutual hatred that is the climate of the U. S. must reap many whirlwinds . . . The hippies, just like all of us, are being sinned against in this insane economic system—but why should they act like wild animals and harm someone like me who is having just as rough and perhaps much more rough a time than they. The police couldn't be bothered to notify me and left my house open to all for six months until I arrived for a vacation and period of regeneration and found Chaos. Perhaps the police did little because they know that the hippies are in a desperate condition. Personally I believe that there is at least 30% unemployment, although the approved figure hovers around a nice-sounding 3%. Jobs are hard to come by but the easy myth is that people are too lazy to want to work. The drug addict hippies who burglarized my shack—some of them seemed to be very talented. They left some very beautiful poems and drawings.

I myself have squelched talents—but our average American thinks that people with artistic and cultural talents should peddle detergents, aspirins, hair sprays; why can't he wash my car—he doesn't want to work. Although I am a college grad, I have worked as a file clerk for \$1.50 an hour and I am not unique. Now the Negroes are being misled into believing that if they get an education, they will get jobs and good jobs.

These wild-hippies have harmed me more than they can ever understand. They may have talents, but they have no ethics, no social-mindedness because there is no society. Someday perhaps we will have a society, a minimum guaranteed income, a floor for basic human needs and thereby a basic respect for human dignity, human worth, a mutuality of compassion and understanding.

Our news media does not want to face facts, does not want to educate the public and so our Hell gets worse and as in Sartre's NO EXIT we torment each other. Only God may know how we are going to get out of this increasing decline to self-annihilation.

Ruth Brady.

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

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Tim Leary has a severe case of contagious good vibes. No matter how pressing his current involvements, be it a conference with one of his lawyers or a spiritual phonefix to a friend in need; a hotel roomservice bill to be rechecked or a loving gesture to his wife, Rosemary—it all boils down to a positively good reaction. The humdrum of midtown rush-hour traffic is but a backdrop to a zoom trip through memory and reality wrapped with a gauze of love and good karma.

There is in him the vestigial remains of stiff drill-grace from West Point which makes his walk a continuous act of pontificate fun and good time. The People react in kind and therein lies the miracle of Tim Leary. The natural gusto of the Irishman and the remaining preharvard shyness make the scales tip just about evenly. To be with Tim Leary is a ball, anyway you bounce it.

After a week of hectic pursuit with bits of Learyana on just about every talk show in town and with the loving assistance of Rosemary, we finally found ourselves squeezed into a taxi in mid-town Manhattan. Just enough time for a talk, a steak sandwich, a refreshment or two and 5000 phone calls. The driver cooled it with a wink and a "Thanks Doctor" after HE opened the door. The Algonquin lobby took it with its drooping chin in the Martini and we finally started to talk.

Q — Tim, what do you have to say?

TL — OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHMMMMM

Q — Since we met last, how do you feel about what's happening-around you, in the country in general and to you specifically?

TL — What anybody says about the political, external situation represents how they really feel inside. I am feeling just good, better, best these days. For the last four months I have lived exclusively with people who are beautiful, holy and I haven't talked to an uptight person since June. The internal, familial situation is perfect. What's going on outside, in the country, in the world I think is obvious, it's going to get much worse in the next year or two and then it will get much better.

Q — In terms of the Immediate, in terms of the aftermath of Chicago, we see around young people looking for guidance and leadership, not only on the political level, because there are plenty of "political" leaders around, but on the other level, on the spiritual level. There is evidently a gap there and a definite need exists. What is your reaction to this?

TL — I don't think I agree. It may be true that young people are looking for leaders but I hope they don't find them.

Q — Correct, but guidance is what is needed because there is a total lack of it.

TL — The guidance is there. The teachings of wise and holy men and women, both living and dead is available to any young person that wants to know which direction and how to get there. Young people have got to learn that the process of becoming a man or a woman, becoming a *conscious* man has always involved small groups with guides or gurus that you can know, touch and conspire with and breathe with and it is now not different than it was in the past. There are plenty of such people and plenty of such places in the world today where anyone who is serious about becoming a true man can go. These past weeks we have travelled from coast to coast, to Hawaii and to many other islands and have always been within the broader brotherhood of happy people. Rosemary and I, in the last few weeks, have travelled widely in many different states. We just keep discovering incredibly good laughing people. We don't see why anyone, young or old, spends a day in a situation where they have to be uptight or where they have to deal with or even pick up anything from an uptight person. Life is too short and the need for holy laughing people is too great to diddle around in situations where there are bad vibrations.

Q — How is the League for Spiritual Discovery doing? Is it still in existence?

TL — Well, our League, like Herman Hesse's League in "*The Journey to the East*" has always been an invisible, underground, spiritual network, so that anyone belongs to the League when they are high, happy and making love. HA HA HA HAHA. When we stop making love we start losing our membership in the League. I myself have not been a member of the League with a high enough percentage in the past but recently I have been a very devoted League member. HAHAAHA.



LAUGHING LEARY

by Jaakov Kohn

Q — During your mass media exposures these last few weeks, what was the reaction that you encountered? What did your interviewers and fellow panel members think?

TL — Almost total love. Ninety-nine percent loving, laughing acceptance. Rosemary and I feel good and are emitting great amounts of love. This is well known to physicists and EVO readers but if you go around unloading bolts of love on people, it works more powerfully than the Laser. I have been on many panel shows in the last week and in each case, at the beginning of the show, I would look around and see four or five either hostile or, at best, fatally neutral people, and it has been my unconscious Yoga to have as the goal of the program making each person laugh and make a loving gesture to me and in this I have succeeded absolutely 100%. There just is no excuse to spend time with anyone that isn't devoted to making you laugh and making him return the love that shines out of your eyes.

Q — Can you give me an idea of what your new book *THE POLITICS OF EXTASY* is about?

TL—Well, um, God commanded me sometime ago to do the two things that are required of his messengers—one—not become a martyr and-two—to do my trade union job; to write a Bible and a theology and a prayer book. So now I have accomplished that task. *HIGH PRIEST* is the Bible, the first book of the Bible, and the *POLITICS OF EXTASY* is our theology. *PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS*, are of course our prayer book.

THE POLITICS OF EXTASY contains some scientific, philosophic papers. Some tributes, some verbal valentines to people that I have worked with like Alan Watts and Aldous Huxley. People like

that.

Q — What are you writing now?

TL — I am writing the Bible.

Q — A most enjoyable Bible, certainly.

TL—Ha ha. I have certainly had a lot of trouble with publishers and reviewers. They don't realize that when you write the Bible you have a guaranteed Best Seller. It may take a thousand years, but that's when I lose them.

Q — You don't seem to lose them.

TL — Ha ha, for the moment.

Q — What is the current status of your various legal cases?

TL — We expect a verdict in the Supreme Court case in January or February.

Q — The outlook?

TL — The lawyers are happy.

Q — Millbrook?

TL — That may go to trial this fall.

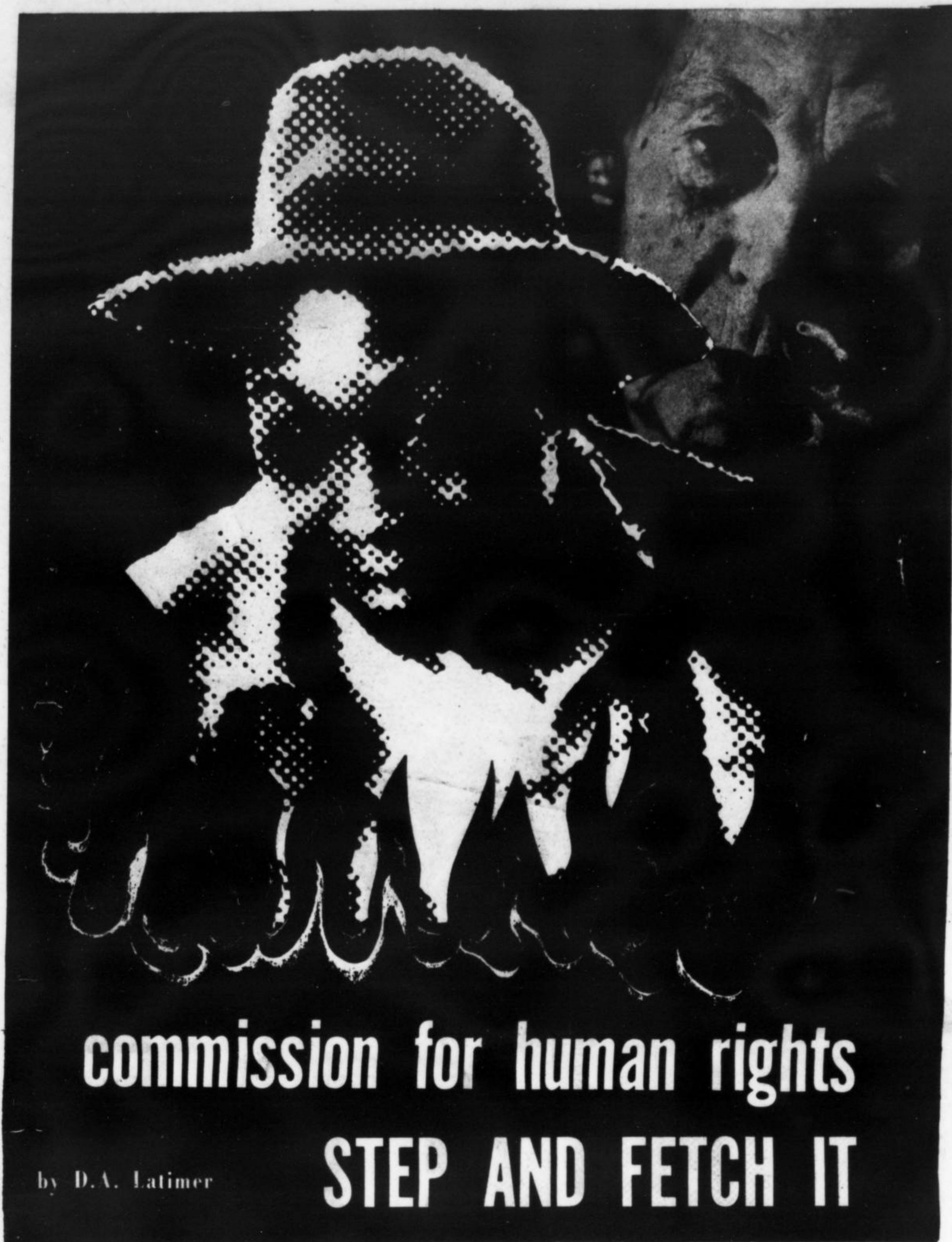
Q — You plan to go back to California?

TL — Yes.

Q — Can you tell me something about Arizona?

TL — For seven years we have been involved in utopian communities and psychedelic societies and we have made every mistake in the book, some of them repeated many times. But we have learned a few things about living a psychedelic life and one of them is that it is very important for the commune to purchase the land upon which they live. Then, as we have done and many other communes have done, to deed it over to an unbreakable trust so that you are essentially deeding it back to God. It can never be used for private purposes, it has to be used for eternity as a spiritual center, a game refuge for people and other wild animals, ha ha. This really makes

(Continued on Page 20)



commission for human rights STEP AND FETCH IT

by D.A. Latimer

Sure, we've given Them everything now, why don't They stop raising all that hell and use the options open to Them? Like the New York State Commission for Human Rights, somebody gets discriminated against they can file a complaint, can't they? Well? They keep up all that crime in the streets, they ain't gonna get nowhere. Nowhere. They should wise up, use the options open to them.

Yes, all those options—take the New York State Commission on Human Rights, for example. Robert J. Magnum is presently at the head of this operation, and he personally turns down over eighty percent of the complaints it receives. "No probable cause," grunts Magnum, and the nigger in question has used his option and has no cause to quibble. He may, of course, appeal this decision back to the Commission—where it has the same four-to-one chance of being turned down again. It sho mus be nice to have all dem options, Rastus.

The expansion of options is balm to the tortured soul of the white liberal and liberals were everywhere gratified when the Commission was established some time ago. The *New York Times* for one was happy about it. Even now that it appears that the *Times* herself contributes a goodly portion of the Commission's complainants, you do not hear the Great Grey Lady calling for its removal.

The *Times*, understand, has a liberal policy that progressively evaporates as one moves from the editorial offices down toward the print shop. Leroy Aiken, a Negro, first entered the *Times* print shop in 1959 as a linotype operator. Ever since then, and contrary to the American Dream of tenure and advancement, Aiken has been working the same machine. Supervisory positions are generally given over to qualified operators as these positions become available, but in Aiken's case this has not happened. Other, younger, whiter linotypers have begun working under Aiken and wound up supervising him over

the last nine years. One might assume that nine years at the *Times* has qualified Aiken for a higher position; if however he shows no capacity for work beyond his present position, one wonders why the *Times* doesn't fire him and make room for someone with some real *Times*-style initiative. Maybe Aiken's problem lies with the fact that the *Times* has never been an equal opportunity employer.

In 1964, Aiken petitioned the Commission on Human Rights, asking Commissioner Bessie Buchanan to look into the matter. Miss Buchanan, whose record of refusals compares favourably with Magnum's, promptly dismissed Aiken's complaint. "No probable cause," she said, and that was that. For when Aiken appealed the decision, the Investigating Commissioner upheld Mrs. Buchanan's finding: he cited Rule 5, it is true, and cleared up a handful of errors previously committed, but Aiken stayed at the linotype machine. Last August the New York State Supreme Court upheld the review determination of the State Commission, and Mr. Aiken's options were all but exhausted. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is now investigating the New York *Times*, at Aiken's request.

The great grey lady is not amiable to being investigated, as another of her coloured personell discovered some time ago. James Jowers, a member of the New York Newspaper Guild, commenced working in the *Times* cafeteria in 1935. Highly referred as a cook, a waiter, and a counterman, Jowers felt more than qualified to apply for promotions as promotions became available. Eventually, the Guild shop steward referred him to the cafeteria supervisor.

The supervisor, who had his own ideas about promotions and things, charged that Jowers' work rate was "too slow" and refused to consider the matter. Even after Jowers wheedled the supervisor into giving him a work-time schedule and executed

it with time to spare, the supervisor maintained that Jowers was "too slow." Eves after union did its thing and claimed intercession, Jowers was stuck with clearing tables.

Presently the Commission for Human Rights was called in for a quick look, just long enough for Commissioner Mary Louise Neice to grunt, "No probable cause." The same finding obtained when Jowers filed appeal charges against both the *Times* and the Guild, with conclusive statements of discrimination offered.

This got Jowers fired when the *Times* and the Guild ganged up on him. Through fraud, his hearings were held some days before the dates listed on his advisement; thus, he could hardly be expected to be in attendance, and things have been smooth and efficient ever since in the *Times* cafeteria. Jowers' options are *all* exhausted — attorney Simon Golar took his case, but the Statute of Limitations expired before a decision could be reached favourable to Jowers.

With options like the New York State Commission For Human Rights, They ain't going to get nowhere either. In 1967, Faye Page was fired from the American Telephone Company where, as a switchboard operator, it was charged that she was insubordinate and belligerent to her superiors; naturally, this disqualified her for unemployment insurance. The Communications Workers of America (local 1150) supported her complaint to the Commission, but Bessie Buchanan refused to see race discrimination in this instance. American Telephone, you see, had recently promoted and hired several black workers — in the lowest possible paying categories. Miss Buchanan further found, in some extraordinary fashion, that the Company had done Miss Page a favour by paying her sick leave, and another favour by "allowing" her to work on their premises. Miss Buchanan was a prize as a Human Rights Commissioner.

So was Commissioner Giaccone, who in 1965 found "no probable cause" for the complaint of Norman Pharr against the Reeves Instrument Company. Mr. Pharr, a parts lister with Reeves with three years' seniority, discovered one day that he was receiving considerably less pay than other workers in his job category. When the Reeves management saw nothing out of place here, considering Mr. Pharr and all that, Pharr took his complaint to Commissioner Giaccone. After considering both sides of the matter, Giaccone based his findings exclusively on the Reeves personnel data — despite contrary evidence from Pharr — and turned Pharr down. It was felt by the Commission that Pharr had no business appealing, so Pharr ran out of options quick.

The list goes on. In November of 1966, Rockland State Hospital charge nurse Barbara Burke became irritated with her subordinate, Betty Davenport. "You black nigger bitch," she said. "Niggers aren't wanted on this ward." Mrs. Davenport, however, failed to go away, and Miss Burke had to use her imagination. Miss Burke is a charge nurse in a nuthouse, remember, and her imagination prompted her to whimper to the administration that Mrs. Davenport had threatened to kill her. Mrs. Davenport was promptly out on the street without unemployment insurance payments. CORE eventually intervened, however, and obtained unemployment payments for her.

Despite this, the State Commission could find no cause for Mrs. Davenport's complaint. With the aid of CORE and other community groups, Mrs. Davenport obtained a reversal of this finding, after two years of litigation. Last month, groaning with reluctance, the State Division for Human Rights commenced an extensive series of public hearings into the Davenport case, which may eventually entail the appearance of Rockland State Hospital in court. *In-sane!!* Mrs. Davenport knows her options.

So now what're They gonna do? Well, we're thinking of setting up our own options, a Citizen's Court, to begin with. Somebody'll hire a hall somewhere, and everybody with a discrimination complaint will file in some night, and representatives of the *Times* will be there — if they know what's good for them — and the telephone company, and Reeves Instruments, and Standard Motors and Rockland Hospital and the East Village *Other*, everybody, and we'll do it ourselves. Attorney Flo Kennedy is behind this idea, and she can be reached at PL9-3223. We can boycott, picket, strike, raise hell all over.

Hey Jude:

5



photo: Baron Wolman-Rolling Stone

a message to Dylan

by A.J. Weberman

Hey Jude, Beatles' recent hit, is in reality a poetic speedball delivered by John Lennon and Paul McCartney to their spiritual teammate Bob Dylan.

And you thought it was just a song.

In *Hey Jude* Lennon-McCartney attempt to convince Dylan that he should return to his role of "rock superstar" and forget about "folk-music." They choose to do this in a poem because poetry is the most significant extension of themselves and they can turn a lot of people on the process.

Look and listen.

VERSE ONE

Hey Jude (Saint Jude is the patron of lost causes, an appropriate pseudonym for anyone who is trying to make America a little saner) "don't make it bad" (don't contribute to the sordid state of reality) "Take" (*take* in the sense of record) "a sad song" (a song which reflects how you feel about the time we linger in e.g. "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands") "and make it better" (and improve reality) "Remember to let her into your heart" (I think that Lennon-McCartney are using *her* in this context to symbolize "teenagers" just as Dylan did in many of the songs on *Blonde on Blonde*, e.g., in *Fourth Time Around*, so the line becomes 'turn the young people on to the way you feel') "Then you can start to make it better" (start to have a say about the way things are).

VERSE TWO

"Hey Jude, don't be afraid" (of performing in public) "You were made to go out and get her" (The last time you went out on tour you did so against your will since you had to fulfill a lot of contractual obligations which were made before you realized you were too far ahead of your time for most people to appreciate you. For example, when Dylan went to England in May of 1966 he was met with boos and sometimes pelted with fruit for that crime

against humanity-so-called *folk-rock*. The more the assholes hastled Dylan the more exaggerated his *folk-rock* became. Dig the flip side of *I Want You* (Col. 4-43683), *Just Like Tom Thumbs Blues* recorded live in Liverpool in 1961. Dylan sounds like he's doing an imitation of himself and if you listen closely to last couple of grooves you can hear boos mixed in with cheers.) "The minute you let her under your skin" (But as soon as you got out there voluntarily and let the teenagers know what's going on inside of you) "Then you begin to make it better" (then giving concerts will be much easier).

VERSE THREE

"And any time you feel the pain" (Again Lennon-McCartney rephrasing Dylan's reactions to teenagers from *Blonde on Blonde*—in *Just Like A Woman* Dylan reproaches mindless American youth—"Your long time curse hurts/ But what's worse/Is this pain in here" so 'anytime being a pop star becomes too difficult') "Hey Jude, refrain" (go back to the seclusion of Woodstock) "don't carry the world upon your shoulder" (don't try to do the impossible) "For well you know" (Now that Dylan has recovered from his accident which took place while he was reluctantly giving concerts, he knows from experience) "that its a fool" (literally) "who plays it cool" (who takes the easy way out) "By making his wealth a little golder" (By giving concerts rather than being used for breach of contract).

VERSE FOUR

"Hey Jude, don't let me down" (More *Blonde on Blonde* symbolism. In *Obviously Five Believers* Dylan writes—"Dont let me down/Don't let me down/I won't let you down, etc. so Lennon is imploring Dylan in his own terms to record some more rock) "You have found her" (You have made initial contact with *Like A Rolling Stone*, etc.) "now go and get her" (get

her hip to what's happening) "Remember to let her into your heart / Then you can start to make it better" (see verse one).

VERSE FIVE

"So let it out and let it in" (Continue to make change the only constant factor in your art) "Hey Jude begin" (doing your thing in public again) "You're waiting for someone to perform with' (You're waiting for the band to make it big and appear on a double bill with you) "And don't you know what it's just you" (that you were responsible for the band's success) "You'll do" (and your presence is enough to insure SRO crowds wherever you go) "The movement you need" (movement in the musical sense — tempo or rhythm — you need to win the alligance of the young) "is on your shoulder" (is rock-that-is music which comes from an electric guitar which hangs from one's shoulder vis a vis an acoustical guitar which one 'carries in every hand.')

VERSE SIX

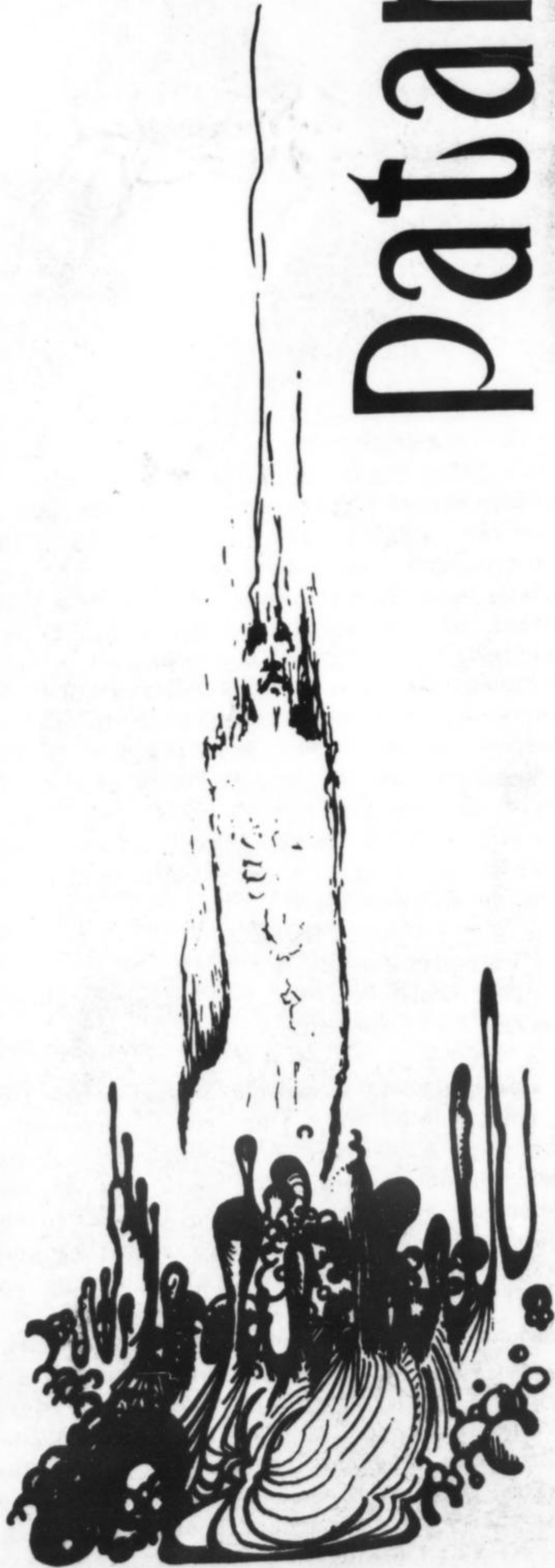
See verses one and two.

The record lasts for 7'11". lengthy singles were a Dylan specialty . . .

Issue #93 of *Broadside Magazine* has five pages devoted to a transcribed conversation between America's only living Dylanologist and Gorden Friesen, the man who was responsible for first publishing *Blowin' In the Wind*, a song which still lives on in the minds of the oppressed, in fact, while passing one of those unlit "parks" around Houston St. and Second Avenue the other night I saw two queer spade buns emerging and while one was zipping his fly the other was singing Stevie Wonders version of *Blowing In The Wind*. *Broadside Magazine* available by subscription (\$5. a year to Broadside 215 W. 98th St.) or at your local underground bookstore.

NEXT: Opening The Doors-Maintain

Patarcalist Papers



by Jaakov Kohn

One of the idiosyncracies of our time is the varied patterns of news accumulated within any given seven days.

The one that just passed had some pearls among the swine. It was a week when:

- America lost the fairy queen of it's nostalgic royal dream to the levantine reality of Aristotle Socrates Onassis' cool billions;
 - A man in Hendricksville, N. C. was sentenced to five consecutive life terms for something which, if done by the Man, is perfectly legal (kidnapping and rape);
 - The United Kingdom was faced, for the first time in its history, with the prospect of having a black peeress among its hitherto lillywhite nobility;
 - HEP Johns Hopkins University offered a course in "dissent" in it's fall curriculum — making it possible for Jerry Rubin to replace Milton Eisenhower by earning a Doctorate in Barricades and becoming the perfect American success;
 - The Post Office made a feeble attempt at absolution by announcing its plans for a W. C. Handy Memorial stamp to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of Memphis;
 - Mrs. Arnold H. Maremont was paid \$64,516.-19 for each of the 31 years she was married to Mr. Arnold H. Maremont.
 - Spade superstar Harriet Beautyfount, in a fit of paranoia, fired by wire all her musicians just because one of them asked for a \$50 raise;
 - John Lennon got busted for making it with a divorcee — they didn't even let their King get away with THAT;
 - Hubie called Dicky "CHICKEN" and is called "SON OF A DRUGGIST" in return;
 - Wally Shirra performed a space-in and said fuck you to earthling scientists who wanted him to do something that He didn't feel like doing;
 - The Olympics in repressed Mexico got all hung up behind the clenched fist of Black power.
- And last, but not least, when the hurricanes of paradise blew into the polluted wilderness of New York.
- Indeed, that was the week that WAS.

* * *

The pomp and circumstance of marxist protocol make the asinity of the royal courts of Europe look like tame affairs.

On the occasion of the farewell banquet given by the Chinese Government for the visiting Albanian firemen, the leader of the delegation, Comrade Beqir Balluku, Member of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Albanian Party of Labor and Vice Chairman of the Council of Ministers and concurrently Minister of Defense of the Albanian People's Republic offered the following toast:

To the indestructible, militant and everlasting friendship between the revolutionary people of our two.

To the glorious Chinese Communist Party and to the health of its great leader Comrade Mao Tse-tung, the outstanding Marxist-Leninist and the most respected and beloved friend of the Albanian people.

To the Albanian Party of Labour and to the health of its respected and beloved leader Comrade Enver Hoxha, the most esteemed friend of the Chinese people.

To the complete victory of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

To the heroic Chinese People's Liberation Army under the direct command of Chairman Mao's closest comrade Lin Piao.

To the health of Comrade Chou En-lai.

To the health of Comrade Kang Sheng, and

To the health of the guests present at this banquet.

In conclusion, let us shout:

Down with U.S. imperialism!

Down with Soviet revisionism!

Long live the militant friendship between

the Parties, peoples and armies of China and Albania!

Long live the Albanian people's great leader Comrade Enver Hoxha!

Long live the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao!

One wonders how Louis XIV might have handled such an affair.

* * *

At a time when the shadow of the great commie scare of the early fifties is reappearing on the national scene, the unmitigated militance of Dr. Fred Schwartz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade should be given the credit due it. The good doctor certainly has done just about everything to perpetuate the flickering flame of vigilance. As of late, his main preoccupation was the "evil forces in Berkeley" and, with that menace in mind, he has recently launched the **Berkeley Leadership Training School of Anti-Communism**.

Being a true redwhiteandblue entrepreneur, the good doctor has not been remiss with a long list of wares that are absolute necessities if the question "What can I do about communists?" happens to harp your mind. After all, only knowledge of the true nature of communism will provide a foundation for an "enlightened and effective program of action."

The "tools" are many and the sales pitch has the overtones of a carny pitchman's hawking. Step on up Ladies and Gents and let Ronald Reagan enlighten you in 90 minute reel on the "Truth about Communism." According to Mr. Reagan, the commies are "stronger and more determined than ever." In another 30 minute flick, the esteemed Governor of California tells us all about the brainwashed America soldiers in Korea.

In a super pitch, Dr. Schwartz finally lets us in on his prize item — the **FUCK THE COMMIES STUDY GROUP KIT**:

1. An album containing four long-playing records with 14 lectures by Dr. Fred Schwarz entitled "What is Communism?" and 8 anti-communist songs sung by Janet Greene.
2. The text of the lecture series "What is Communism?" in book form.
3. The book "You Can Trust the Communists (to be Communists)."
4. A workbook containing questions and answers on each lecture and each chapter of the book.

With all that digested — up against the Kremlin wall Motherfuckers.

* * *

The charming thing about the British is their ability to resort to an independant course of action, one often devoid of any logic but nevertheless individual.

Porton Down, the center of the British chemical and microbiological warfare establishment, where the possibilities of nerve gas were explored as early as the late forties, seems to be undeterred by all the hoopla about LSD that has been the West's copout during the past years.

In response to a recent inquiry in the House of Commons, probably motivated by the acid hysteria that has raged in England since the Beatles acknowledged taking trips, the Porton Downs establishment advised the inquiring M.P. that it is their belief that acid has indeed the potential of "an incapacitating agent and, therefore, controlled doses of LSD have been given to a number of selected soldiers in order to determine how effective it would be in chemical warfare."

Never mind "Join the Navy and see the world" — Join the Army and take a trip.

* * *

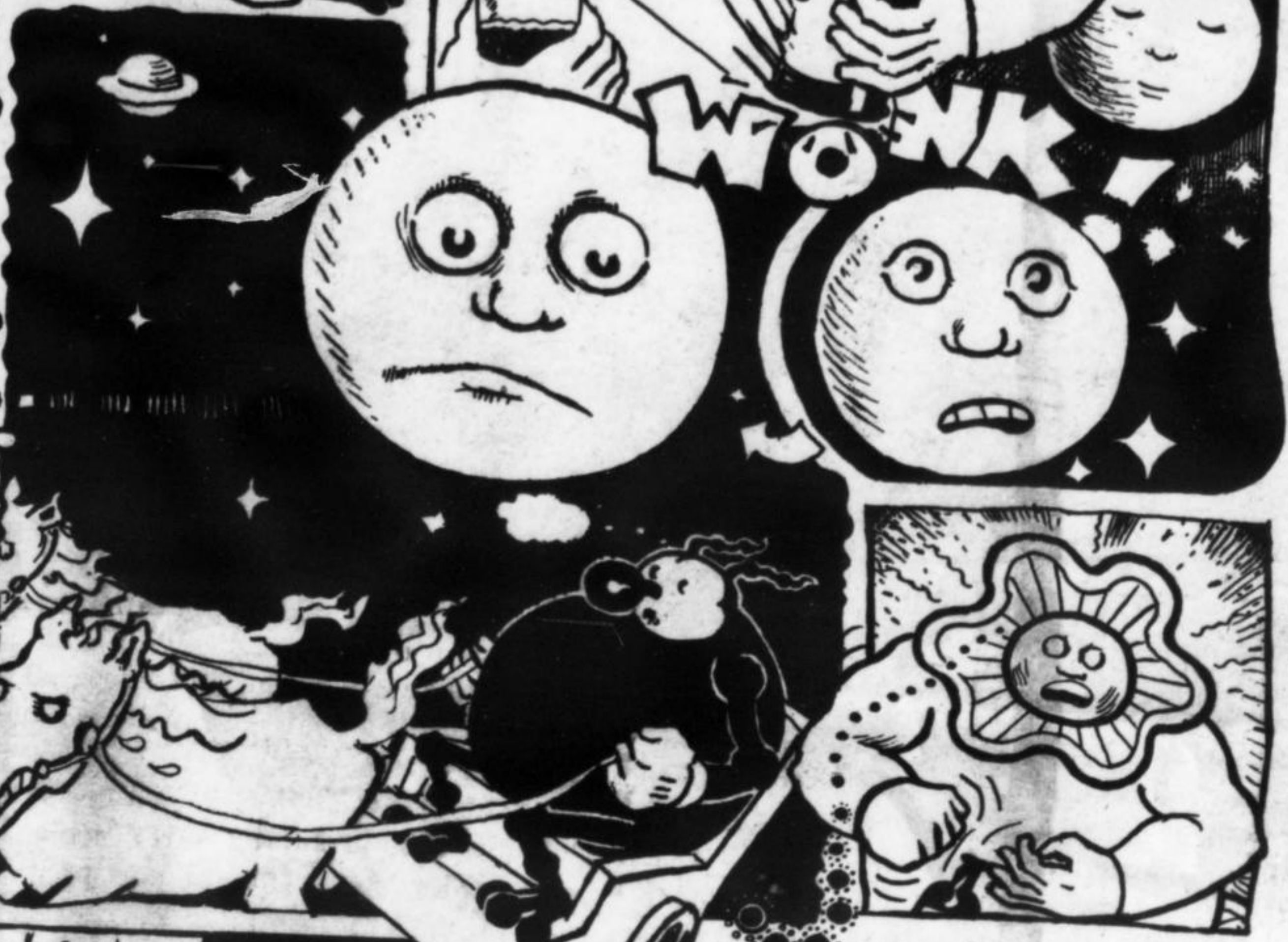
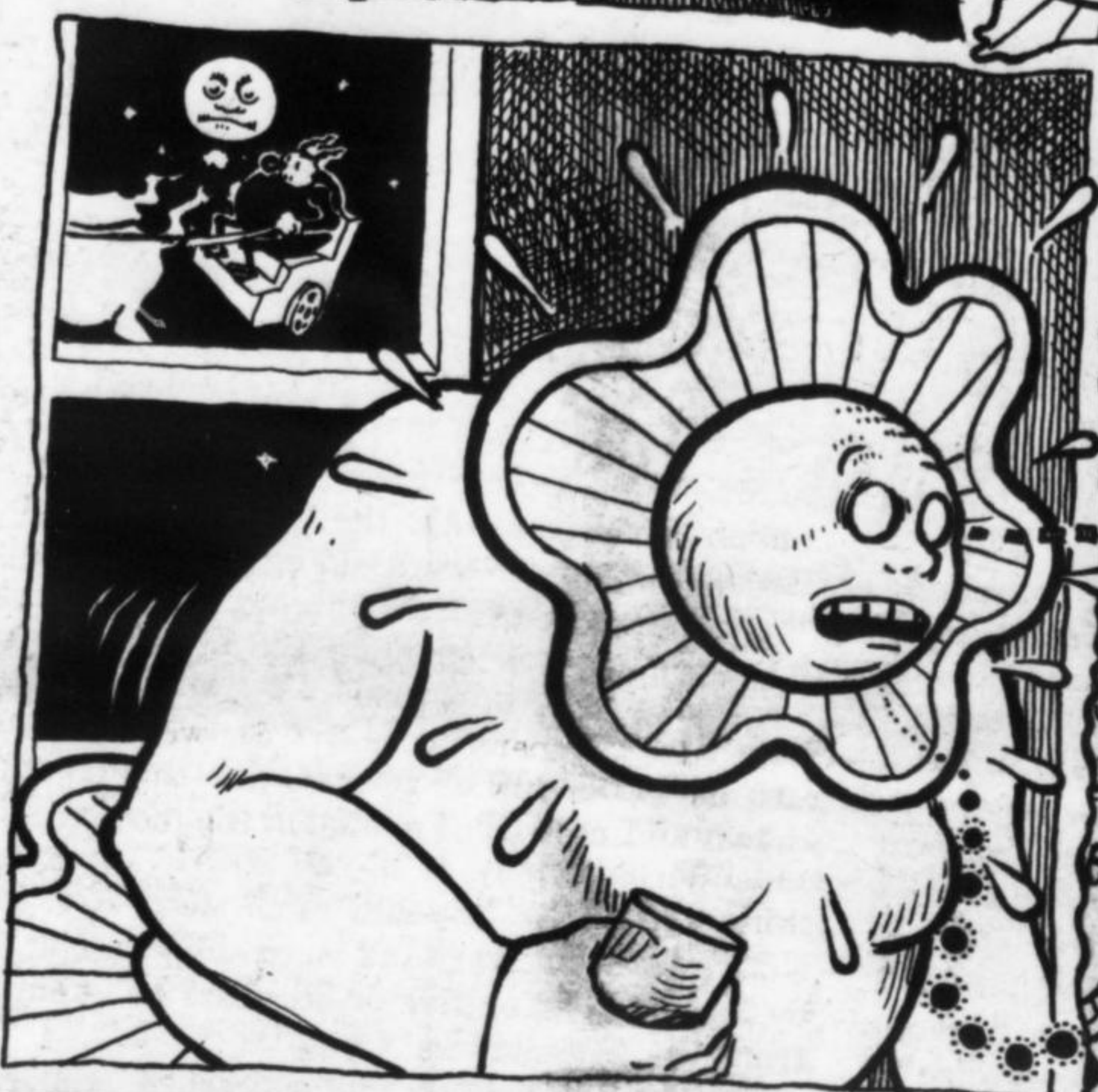
Saying Of The Week

"I really don't know what's rude in America because it's all so different. Here you can use Americanisms and people don't know what you are saying."

Mick Jagger

By Kim Deitch....

Chemical Madness!





Sprockets

by baby jerry

am four-pinger pecking but my typewriter still yawns . . . "last" week I promised you a final chewing of gums concerning our fair city's film festival . . . I remember speaking about the festival content and its merit relative to that . . . & now I shall attempt to place it within the broader context of modern film . . . (?) unfortunately, I cannot speak for the "special events" since I didn't see them this year; though from past performances, I have experienced them to be better on the whole than the festival itself!

most of the festival films followed the traditional narrative form historically derived from the European 18th century novel and embalmed by Hollywood's variations on Belasco! . . . nearly all "experimental, avant-garde, intellectual" styles and tricks were derivative and old, and their theatrical success depending upon acting or directorial cleverness/sensibility . . . Godard was the only approximate exception and approximate success as approximately expected by most of us; and Cassavettes' *Faces* the only definite surprise-success and novelty of the festival . . . Mailer, of course, gets "A" for effort and intent but, then, that's not saying much.

2001 by Kubrick was as "innovating" as most of the festival flicks and equal if not better than most; but still, that's ridiculous because 2001 is at best mediocre to fair! So what does this say for "modern cinema? . . . not much . . . even though *Faces* is to me a good film, its "classic" qualities are in the context of conventional, commercial movies and in the broader sense loses its unusual nature . . . does anyone remember Mekas' *The Brig*, Jack Smith's *Scotchtape*, Pennabaker's documentary shorts, the Maysles brothers' "cinema-verite" work, etc. . . THUS, a mediocre to poor N.Y. Film Festival with commonplace magic . . . good within its own context, bad without!

let's do some wishful thinking! . . . do you think shit might clog some noses if Warhol's version of Taylor Mead's asshole was to span the cleanly Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall screen? (I was barred entrance to the theater because I had a bag of potato sticks in my

hand! I had to stuff my craw to get to see the flick in time . . .) . . . how about *Flaming Creatures*? but let's scrap the "porn" and ponder Conrad's *Flicker* blowing people's minds in big, broad cinemascope! (even "futuristic" Amos Vogel could only think to cram it in the 16mm "special events" screen and the package it as "experimental" film . . . in other words, good subject matter for "discussion"! never mind experience . . .) . . . WHY isn't 16mm part of the technical repertoire of the Philharmonic Film Temple? WHY isn't New American, New World Cinema part of its repertoire? WHY isn't "Militant" Film represented for its own sake? . . . its own propaganda? . . . (Sarris brags for the festival via *The Battle of Algiers*, *Far From Vietnam*, and *Weekend*, and yet, somehow forgets that ritual tokenism is the most evil of "liberal" palliatives . . . ask the American Negro and the hungry and bleeding of the world!!! during medieval and later religious degeneracy, going to "confession" was sufficient for the heavy jingle of clergy pockets! ask the baby skeletons buried in hypocritical nunnery gardens . . .) but enough bullshit . . . all I say is that the N.Y. Film Festival is not representative in the content it shows to its multitudes; and that is simply the same as censored American television, censored Soviet and Chinese communication, Geobbel's advertising for Hitler, etc. . . in principle, if not effect!

naturally, the above stick I am waving over the heads of Vogel and entourage is one of degree rather than a blanket accusation . . . they of the N. Y. Festival have shown nodding reference (as belated & weak as the Museum of Modern Art) to some of what I have mentioned and THEN proceeded to give the elegant clothing to film "ancient history," the European 35mm "art" film & related styles, and to Sarris' over-touted, histrionic "auters" in his (?) history of film (that by now is ten to fifteen years too late!) . . . however, the effect is like media possession and for classics of the modern film it's akin to smothering, since they need every possible exposure at this stage of the game, sometimes to just educate their audience to a totally different film experience! . . . museums do this for modern painting, sculpture, etc. . . and so, why have they and the film establishment been so slow in accommodating modern cinema? I remember that, for the first five six years of existence, general

opinion considered what the Cinematheque and film co-operatives were doing as blasphemy and aesthetic heresy!! techniques and attitudes that have become commonplace to the movies and television commercials . . . another even more important commonplace is the hard-won fact of "modern film" co-operatives that render known and new films available for modest fees and internationally so if you wish! . . . something which the Museum of Modern Art, the N.Y. Film Festival, and such ilk are yet to do . . . even after five or so years of example from the Filmmakers' Co-op!!!

anyway, as far as I'm concerned, Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesent, Spanish Lower East Side, etc, could use better living conditions more than a debt-incurring and financial failing "showcase" for the arts such as Lincoln Center which even exhibits its confusion architecturally! . . . the Cinematheque has used second-hand buildings for approximately 7-8 years without any compromise in aesthetics or quality . . . and still the N.Y. Film Festival pays outrageous rent to the Philharmonic Hall for its short yearly respite! . . . WHOSE money and WHOSE benefit? Pretense!!! for the sickly fashionable and moral pervers . . . while others continue to grow hungry . . .

Fuck You, Sarris . . . and all your consorts finagling for the role of the Great Pretender! . . . while multi-colored J-J-J-J-Jesus! is nailed to a cross of toothpicks in our marketplace.

talking of help . . . eviction notices are spoiling Jack Smith's bad dreams and as a desperate result he will show his *No President* (a Wendell Wilkie fable which he tried to premiere a week or so ago, and being an hour and a half late with his presence and the film, sadly lost most of the audience) at Imuro's loft, 414 West Broadway (check address & details in film section at back of paper) this weekend.

Jack — "I really want to give this film away, if I could. . . to a big theater just for exposure since it's a political film pertinent right NOW! (wags a finger growing out of his foot in the air. . .) and its so confusing, chaotic . . . the rent, bill collectors, film assistants . . . you just don't know how it is just trying to find little bits of beauty, to work . . . omigod, omigod! . . . and it's all that crumb Belasco's fault!!! . . ."

love,
B.J.

HIP-POCRATES

UP AGAINST THE WALL, BILL GRAHAM!

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

A couple of weeks ago my girlfriend and I got loaded and were making love. She told me that she wanted to show me something new that would be a real thrill to me. She said that one of her old boy friends liked to have her do it to him often, so without knowing what it was, I agreed to let her try it.

What she did was to stretch my scrotum out tightly, then she took a pair of finger nail clippers and cut a small hole in the sac. I began to get scared then but she said not to worry, it was fun and didn't hurt much. Next she stuck a small plastic straw into the hole in my sac and started blowing air into it.

My sac got bigger than a baseball, but surprisingly it didn't hurt much and felt kind of good. I began to worry that it might burst so she stopped blowing and removed the straw. Then she quickly put a piece of adhesive tape over the hole to keep the air in. Then we continued with intercourse and I had a climax that was out of this world.

Afterwards she removed the tape from my scrotum and squeezed the air out with her hand. Then she dabbed my scrotum with rubbing alcohol (to prevent infection she said) and retaped the hole. When she put the alcohol on it it burned like hell. The next day my penis was swollen to about double its normal size and it itched like hell, but two days later it was O.K., again. What I want to know is could this practice cause me any harm? And what caused my penis to swell the next day?"

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

My girl friend was experimenting and blew a large quantity of air into my urethra. Well, she says it feels great to her to feel that balloon strike bottom. I do get a thrill from it, albeit a masochistic one because, God, it hurts. Can this form of fun in any way injure me?

Write soon, cause I don't want to stop unless it might really hurt me."

ANSWER: I hesitated for a long time before deciding to print the above letters about very literal "blow" jobs. They appear in print only to point out that pleasurable sensations should be weighed against potential dangers.

To use drugs as an example, shooting (amphetamine) undoubtedly gives great immediate pleasure, but at the potential price of hepatitis, thrombophlebitis, deterioration of the personality and sudden death through overdosage. Heroin users quickly become heroin addicts. Nineteen known deaths have been caused in the last year by inhalation of freon gases from glass chiller aerosol cans.

If any readers doubt that the practices mentioned in the letters are harmful, I should point out firstly that more bacteria exist in the mouth than in any other body orifice. Our skin is a natural barrier to bacteria and other microorganisms which are not normally found in the bladder or scrotum. Infections of the bladder (cystitis may continue up the urethra to the kidneys). Infections of the scrotum? Not a pleasant prospect. Even more dangerous is the possibility of an air embolism. Air forced into a closed tissue space may enter the blood stream, go to the heart, lungs or brain and cause sudden death or a stroke.

QUESTION: I have a "condition" which seems to worry my husband more than myself. Ever since my teens my inner or minor vaginal lips have hung outside my major lips.

Because they are not tucked neatly within the major lips my husband believes this could indicate some disorder. What do you think?

ANSWER: There is nothing abnormal about the labia minora protruding through the labia majora. Why some of my best friends . . .

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94719.



by Lita Eliscu

photo : Raeanne Rubinstein

People were going around saying, it's an obscenity or an insanity or if they could get their heads together, they said both, fast and in one breath: obscenityinsanity. It was *Paradise now* and it still is, for there really is no end in sight — lots of means, but no end — how can you forecast what you cannot see . . . ?

It was the Fillmore Auditorium and there were speakers, lots of people, but mainly there was Living Theatre. And *Up Against The Wall, Motherfuckers*, neither of whom might have been there except for the other and perhaps a state of emergency (semi-recognized known as New York City). Ostensibly, the Fillmore was hosting a confrontation between radicals and radical theatre groups; the former informs and protests, the latter performs and protests. Actually, the confrontation was Bill Graham vs. UAW/MF and some to the Lower East Side community-at-large as represented by UAW/FM and some of the other groups, for a town meeting place.

To every story, three sides: your side, his side and the truth. Bill Graham's side: Wanted to know why the *Motherfuckers* wanted *his* place; what they wanted to do there . . . Got no response except a lot of wild yelling. *Motherfuckers*: Bill Graham called down on everybody, called names, called down shit and the high principles of capitalism (It's *my* place and I own it because I bought it, pay rent, and run it); UAW/MF responded with passive resistance — a refusal to negotiate with someone screaming his head off.

The truth, maybe, or at least an agglomeration: Graham lectured on the facts of his owning the Fillmore and on how he disliked the do-nothing scum of the Lower East Side (in general) and asked his questions. *Motherfucker* representative gave no answer, stunning silence prevailed, and then burst out with: Shoot-bomb-kill! And Graham told him to get the hell out of his place.

And then the confrontation on stage between Bill Graham and the radicals and the bargaining got under way. *We want a night. Why. We want a night. Why. For what.*

... ETCETERA ...

And Bill Graham pointed out that the Fillmore was his, and if they thought they were going to take it from him, they'd have to shoot him. And Julian Beck standing to one side said, take it. And the New York radicals were faced with a choice: either truly believe that the theater belonged to them, or bargain with someone who said he owned it. So the shouting continued and bargaining went on, and when time had passed and it was about 2 A.M., decision: to meet next day or so and decide, finally, which day, when, how, why . . .

It took a long time and space for this all to happen of course and there is no way to get across, without the footsteps and the high chanting and screams and shrieks and whistles and snorts, there is no way to get across without the people running up and down aisles and grabbing, hugging, kissing and crying, there is no way to get across on paper what can happen when *Paradise Now* is performed, because if you haven't seen a whole audience lift out of its seat, then you haven't and there we are, each hearing our own thoughts and a breakdown in communication.

If this was any city but New York, a whole populace, local, would be up there, aware finally, and prepared for new changes. This is New York, though, so that the reverberations of Tuesday night at the Fillmore are already going into weightless orbit, and all the space scientists connected with the project are still turned on, but the laymen out there somewhere, they still pick up the News to find out what they did yesterday, a mythological pabulum account of their lives, their Times, and hours. Illustrated and with a Feiffer cartoon in the afternoon edition, right.



by D.A. Latimer

Sex Crazy Teen-Agers

Watch this space next week for the dreary details of a takedown your intrepid decomposer suffered at the beltbuckles of a couple Minority kids awhile ago. Convinced that their pigmentation gave them salvage rights on the EVO office, they waxed indignant when Latimer felt otherwise, and they messed him up some. Not much, just enough for an assault charge that turned into a narcotics bust when an officer (allegedly) found some works and fourteen grains on one of them. To avoid prejudicing the court, the story will be held over until next week. In the meanwhile, last any paper-panthers take it upon themselves to vindicate these kids, herewith follows a paragraph from *The Black Panther*, PO box 8641, Emeryville California 94608:

"Black brothers, stop vamping on the hippies. They are not your enemy. Your enemy, right now, is the white racist pigs who support this corrupt system. Your enemy is the Tom nigger who reports to his white slavemaster every day. Your enemy is the fat capitalist who exploits your people daily. Your enemy is the politician who uses petty words to deceive you. Your enemy is the racist pigs who use Nazi-type tactics and force to intimidate black expressionism. Your enemy is not the hippies. Your blind reactionary acts endanger the BLACK PANTHER PARTY members and its revolutionary movements. WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE HIPPIES. LEAVE THEM ALONE. Or — the BLACK PANTHER PARTY will deal with you!"

Besides that Jay Fab is trying to teach me karate now.

THROBBING MEMBER

There is a thing in the Museum of Modern Art (11 W 53 St) this week that should be worth looking at. It's called *Soundings*, Robert Rauschenberg designed it, and it's called a "voice-responsive object." It measures 36"x8", and when the viewer steps in front of it he is edified by a personal visual response from the thing, depending on his voice and what he does with it. "*Soundings*," says the Metropolitan, "was made in cooperation with a group of engineers and technicians associated with Experiments in Art and Technology, (E.A.T.), an organization that Rauschenberg was instrumental in establishing."

Rauschenberg's next offering at the Metropolitan will be a machine into which the viewer will have to peer to understand what's going on; should the viewer be wearing a tie, the tie will be seized in the cogs and the viewer become one, headfirst, with the work of art. Viewerburgers will be served after hours to the custodial staff and their guests.

NIBBLING HASTE

e.e. cummings freaks will be pleased to hear that "HIM," last seen in New York in 1948, will be presented on Halloween and for the first two days of November by drama students at The Herbert H. Lehman College in the Bronx. "HIM" is Phil Stone, a Vietnam veteran in political science; "ME" is Stephanie David, a sophomore in poli sci; and 'Him's alter ego is Dennis Goldfarb, a theatre major, who also acts nine additional roles. Besides these parts, there are 98 other roles, filled by 22 additional students. The play has three acts, 29 scenes. Not for nothing will these kids be known as feathery ethiopians before curtain time.

GLOSSY BUTTOCKS

Our boys in Vietnam desperately need vital organs to carry out their sacred trust and preserve the South Vietnamese, what few are left, from Communism. VOLUTEER NOW to have parts of your body transplanted into some injured G.I. There is no age limit, it costs not a penny — just a kidney, a lung, a spleen, a prick, a bladder, an eyeball, anything you can spare to brighten a young soldier's existence. LBJ, Lady Bird, Hubert Humpbreak, Edmund Mustsock, Governor Wallace, Mayor Daley . . . All these people have been happy to spare their parts for the boys Over There. Do it now! Inquire at any Army Hospital, and yield up your organs to Transplants for a Democratic Tomorrow.

PEELED OFF NYLONS

About eight hundred people were chased from an anti-Wallace demonstration on October fifth by the Cleveland police, who charged into the crowd with genuine meat-axe enthusiasm and arrested two organizers, Ted Dostal and Dave Gass. Both Dostal, a retired steel unionist, and Gass, a Cleveland State University student and area director of Youth Against War and Fascism, were singled out from the crowd, beaten severely, and charged with assaulting an officer in the performance of duty. When they hit you on the head, you have perforce assaulted an officer; they would not hit you otherwise. Gass took nine stitches in the skull. Cleveland attorney Walter S. Haffner has taken

the case for an extremely reasonable fee, less than a thousand dollars. It will not take much to pay the legal fees to get Dostal and Gass out of a three-year frameup — send bread to Miss Betsy Davis, at 2026 E. 107, Cleveland Ohio 44106.

SQUEALED IN ECSTASY

In Texas, the courts-martial of the remaining nineteen black servicemen charged with disobeying executive orders to go to Chicago last August, will commence this week at Fort Hood with NECLC attorney Mike Kennedy acting as defense counsel. The charges stem from a demonstration held on Friday, 23 August. One hundred twenty-five black soldiers from the First and Second Armoured Division at Fort Hood gathered in a parking lot at the camp to protest being called upon to put down possible disorders among the Chicago black community; they also wished to register a protest against the discriminatory racist policies in the Army today, whereby black enlisted men pull the most disagreeable duty, receive the harshest punishment for service infractions, and have negligible opportunity to advance beyond noncom status. The demonstration lasted all night, and the following morning, the base M.P.'s charged into the remaining sixty men, busting forty three. The prisoners were then held incommunicado for some time, interogated and beaten repeatedly. Later, two GI's were dismissed of their charges, ten were acquitted, and twelve received prison sentences of from 3 to 6 months.

The question in these cases hinges simply upon whether or not the soldiers were guilty of disobeying executive orders when the demonstration was held. The outrageousness inheres in the decision of the brass in contemplating the use of black soldiers to put down black people in the first place. This outrage is further compounded by the absurd and arbitrary handling of the Fort Hood cases — acquittals for some, varying jail terms for others. But most of all, argues counsel Kennedy, 'No black soldier, particularly those returning from Vietnam as these men were, should ever be placed in the position of putting down their own people. Not even the Army has the right to be that insensitive.'

CAME IN HIS PANTS

Oh, somebody set fire to the place next to the Free Store last Wednesday night. Again, the firetrucks and the mess and the wild accusations. How the hell can the East Village Communications Cartel and Combine establish itself in a climate of violence? How for that matter can it establish itself when every Federal, State, City and local organization that ever dropped a dime into the Free Store has clogged the place with their Investigators? The finks and stooges are choking out the undercover men, for Christsake, who can lay the groundwork for a Capitalist Cartel in such an atmosphere? Not Harvey Kasdan, not Steve Stiles, certainly not Vito and the Pagans.

BCCC's a nice idea, though. The idea is to set up an apartment exchange, people who are moving will give their apartments to other people without the usual agent's fee; a job cop, employment regardless of appearance; a free answering service, using a Free Store phone and a tape recorder; a post office for out-of-towners and transients — also for porn freaks whose parents inspect their mail; a free newspaper (but buy EVO, we got chutzpah), and as soon as it can be arranged, FREE FOOD FOR EVERYONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD!! Participation limited to those who love hedonism, and that fortunate few may call the Free Store, at 14 Cooper Square N.Y. 10003, 228-673-0570. If a fed answers, talk dirty.

Oh, the Free Store has six recently repaired Singer Sewing Machines available to the Community At Large.

NAKEDORGIES!

Movement for a Democratic Society (MDS) is having a demonstration in support of Mexican students and protesting the holding of the Olympics in Mexico. (MDS is the non-student SDS). Sat., Oct. 26, 1PM 5th Ave. and 50th St. Mexican Tourist Office.

"The East Village has sure changed," Merlin said. "Look at it. Feel it. Doesn't it smell differently?"

Well, Merlin has been living all his life and some of it in bohemia — here, there and abroad. And he's been away all summer. So he knows what he's talking about, especially since he chooses Friday nights to return to the city. He has been away all summer and, spiritually, all year, and his face is quieter, my friend Merlin, he doesn't shout so much anymore.

"But I give myself another week," he says. "Another week and I'll be screaming up against the wall, Tompkins Square Park!"

But not yet, Merlin. It is Friday night and he stands in front of Gem's Spa at the corner of St. Marks and Second Avenue, and all around him motion, commotion, St. Marks, balls and boutiques, 2nd Avenue, a few miles of it, garbage, beautiful women, the freaks, Fillmore East, the house of rock this side of the coast. Merlin is surrounded by all kinda faces and different walks of lies.

"What's wrong with the Cooper Square Free Store?" he says. "Having so many problems I guess they should sell it. Too many freaks. TOO MANY. You know, too many scagmonsters! That's why I left." Merlin always has a thousand and one reasons for leaving a place, but never ask why he returns.

"Come on," he says, "tell me. What kind of summer was it down here?"

"Well"

"You don't have to go into details."

"The FUGS performed in Tompkins Square Park. They sang "River of Shit," "Up Against The Wall, Motherfucker" and other generation hymns, and even the five nuns clapped the evening deaf."

"Nuns are what's happening now."

"Dr. Spock spoke in the Park. But the Prophet of summer 1967 did not reappear with his flute."

"He was a gas. Crazy but gassy!"

He used to preach & play & touch the young girls full, and suddenly he was no more, gone with summer. Summer is a season that takes. And there were riots . . . rebellions . . . words! From 2d avenue to avenue D., the Police Department did a remarkable job of helping the different communities & hangups to unite more solidly. And so we have . . ."

"Enough of that," says Merlin. "Let's walk."

So it's leave the corner & down the avenue past Fillmore & the Anderson to Third Street, past the church between A&B.

"God doesn't need to be in a church like that," Merlin says. "God needs to be in people's hearts."

"You have religion?"

"What kind of Onassis do you think I am?"

A heavy question, he doesn't really want an answer. He is not the Onassis who holds Captain Speed's record for staying up — 70 hours. This Onassis lives on Seventh between C&D, a speed block of burnt-out veins, lunging eyes & small circumstances magnified to theaurapetic fantasies. Then you have scag blocks, Third & D, for example, is a scag corner, Merlin says. And they say marijuana is everywhere when there is any & no where when the dealers play their tricks. "It's the Olympics," Merlin says. "And Olympic Fuck UP."

"O.K."

At night the air is cool in the Far East, cops walks in twos & seem to be at every corner, and the lights on the omnipresent patrol cars rouse the tranquility of provocative stillness. People come & go. Some leave, some never return. Over & over in the bars (even at The Hippy Drome on Avenue A) the old songs are played to sounding new. Pee Wee's is open with live music & soul food, and Bunch's is expanding in the shadow of the Annex. A few weeks ago there was a Greta Garbo Festival at the Charles on Avenue B. And earlier this summer on Avenue C cops & residents battled for mistaken reasons, and the following morning windows were broken into modern glass sculpture and boarded up with plywood and anger. And Stanley (who owned Stanley's & the Dom & was one of the first persons to show creative commercial faith in the expansion of the community) died this summer. "All that money," Merlin says, "and he couldn't keep death at bay."

Saturday Merlin sat in Tompkins Square Park for hours listening to The Greater United & Assorted Bongo Players & Winos Unlimited do their thing near the bandstand.

"I'm surprised there are so few people in the park," he says.

"Well, it's Saturday." And wine is being passed around. Winos love wine the way some people love pot. But Merlin is not a wine freak. He doesn't like the smell of wine. He thinks wine is a primitive concept of reality. One wino is telling Merlin of a "wino brother" who died this summer. People still wept, but were little surprised by death this summer. One day a lot of drinking men from 13th around Avenue B went to the beach, taking their bottles along. One wino was swimming & his cries for help were ignored as joking. He never returned. Everything fresh, from sugar cane to lima beans and pumpkins. Perhaps less people are making more money, but business is good. Who wolfs best wolfs last.

Merlin met another friend Saturday after-

noon. The thieves had tunelled thru the wall to his 8th Street apartment, and took even his Ultra Brite toothpaste. Yest, that's right, they axed & picked & pounded thru the WALL!

Saturday night Merlin went to Brooklyn to see Mysteries & Small Pieces by the Becks. He was seated beside a woman. She burned one dollar, the man beside her burned another dollar, another man said, "Only a dollar. Let me see you burn ten dollars!" So she burned 10, her fingers shook to the fire, and all over the Brooklyn Academy of Music people in the audience were burning money to demystification, and Merlin noticed that some young boys from the neighborhood went around collecting money to be burnt, but sneaked out before any one could say matches.

He was talking to a policeman at the corner of A & 13 Monday morning, and the cop said, "I saw Frankenstein." Merlin knew he had to be mad. "The Becks are not so crazy after all," said the cop, "Come here. Let me show you . . ." he was walking down thirteenth to B . . . "let me show you Sebastian with-hips!" He stopped before the lifesize Sebastian & mod hips in a storefront chapel. "A stone chick," the cop said. "So let me answer your question. Yes. The kids down here got to have more respect for us now. They know," he tried not to smile, smiling, "they know we're not taking their shit anymore!"

Sebastian winced. Then the gaping smiles of blood.

Merlin spoke to many kids, some of them veterans of Second Avenue & Avenue A skirmishes.

"The only good cop is a retired one," Merlin's friend said.

"The year of the pig is coming to an end."

Those who distrusted the Police were staying away from the glare of handcuff-blue, while those who favored law & order were trapped in leaking euphemisms.

All week some New York policemen had been shouting LONG LIVE DALEY!

"If it wasn't for the cops," said a small businessman, "we would have been wiped out this summer. I still owe for putting in new glass."

"All these little Negroes shouldn't be allowed to run around wild with knives," said one man who walked around with a gun & kept several at home in Jersey. Law & order is more important than Freedom Now."

"Where are you at?" Merlin said.

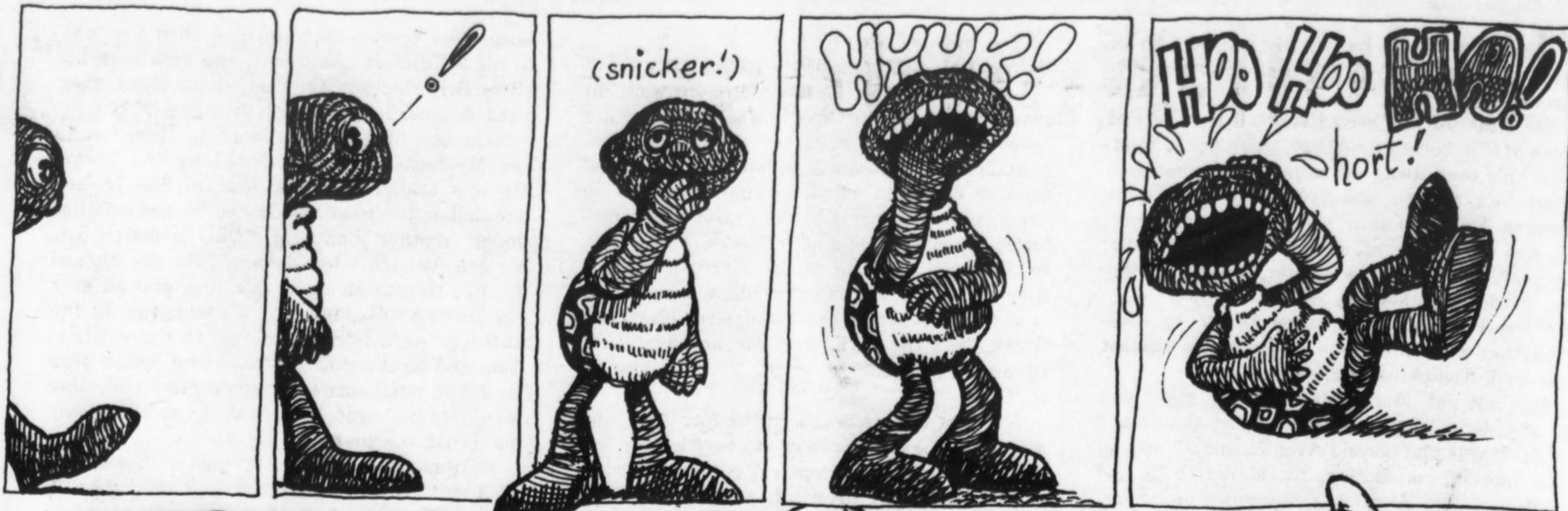
Monday afternoon he looked for an apartment. In & out of dark corridors & stalking shadows. Met Lionel who shared an apartment with ten persons and could bring himself to clean the pad because the others might think

(Continued on Page 24)

a walk on the east side

by Lennox Raphael





**MAN,
YER
TOO
MUCH!**



slum-goddess

photo : Walter Bredel



by Bob Rudnick / Dennis FR Frawley

THIS WEEK ATTRACTIONS

In New York

- AU GO GO:** Junior Wells, Oct. 30 joined by Dino Valenti.
- APOLLO:** Sweet Inspirations, Billy Stewart, Freddy Scott, Masqueraders, Gloria Walker, Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson.
- BITTER END:** Joni Mitchell, Neil Young.
- GASLIGHT:** Scott Fagan.
- FILLMORE EAST:** John Mayall and Bluesbreakers, Moody Blues, Rhinoceros.
- SLUGS:** Yusef Latef.
- SCENE:** Albert King, Larry Coryell with Jim Pepper.
- VILLAGE VANGUARD:** Kenny Burrell.

Junior Wells stars Friday at the Cafe Au Go Go. Joining him on Oct. 30 will be *Dino Valenti*.

One of the first releases from the new Vanguard-Apostolic label will be another Lower East Side band, *Everything Is Everything*. Formerly *The Free Spirits*, they are now under the leadership of bassist Chris Hills, who wrote most of the tunes for the album. Saxophonist Jim Pepper, a full blooded Indian of Cau and Cree descent, interprets the red man's peyote chant in a tune called "Witchi-tai-to." Unfortunately he and guitarist Chip Baker won't be listed on the record because of contract problems with ABC who fucked up the original *Free Spirits*. *Everything is Everything* has moved to the west coast where they are receiving a better reception than the *Free Spirits* got in New York.

Elektra Records will be recording the hard sounds of the MC-5 in live concert at Detroit's Grandee Ballroom. The sets will be taped Oct. 30 and 31.

* * *

The Group Image has finally been recorded. Their album is out on Shadow Morton's Community label.

* * *

Sincere blues musician, *John Mayal & His Bluesbreakers* will appear at the Fillmore East this weekend. Mayall & Bluesbreakers (also Fleetwood Mac), unlike most of the British blues bands are more concerned with the blues than with show business.

* * *

The bulwark against the indifference to the Biafra situation has come from contemporary musicians and performers. Many donated time and money at benefits held at the Scene, Au Go Go, Bitter End, and The St. March Church in the Bowery. The thousands of dollars raised bought food and medical supplies to aid the starving Biafran children. It is a war of genocide waged by Nigeria on its secessionist province. Not even food is being allowed in by the British supplied Nigerian military. The medical supplies and food must be dropped by planes. Still, over 5,000 people are starving to death a day.

Another benefit is being planned to raise money. Buddy's Buddies for Biafra will be held on Thursday, Oct. 31 at the Fillmore East. Mercury Records is footing the bills, and it will star The Buddy Miles Express, The McCoy's, David Steinberg, and Kat Mother with Frawley and Rudnick as M.C.'s. The Joshua Light Show will also be donating their services.

Tickets for the benefit will be given away free at the Fillmore on Oct. 29 and 30, so peo-

(Continued on Page 24)



N. Y. U. Debate

by David Bodie

Militants at New York University have failed in their initial attempt to seize an effective power base in the 40,000 student community despite their use of black militant John Hatchett's dismissal.

Hatchett had been selected by NYU black students as their director of the newly created Afro-American Student Center which was to be devoted to harmonizing relations between whites and blacks at the two-campus private institution.

Hatchett was recently dismissed because he told an NYU audience that Vice President Humphrey, Richard Nixon and Albert Shanker — head of the New York City teacher's union now on strike — are "racist bastards."

The administration felt Hatchett's remarks were exactly contrary to the purpose of the Center which had been named for Martin Luther King Jr.

Demonstrations were created at the uptown campus, where buildings were seized in the midst of minor vandalism, and on the Washington Square campus in Greenwich Village where a mill-in occurred and later an auditorium was struck by a fire that was presumably the work of an arsonist.

Militants and others supporting the black student argument that Hatchett's academic freedom had been abridged, and that due process had been circumvented, called on students to go on strike. The strike essentially failed. In fact, it generated an anti-strike demonstration.

While the anti-strike forces drew no better response — in fact a poorer one than the strikers — they too raised some very legitimate questions.

Why should students in a private institution be physically thwarted from going about their own affairs? Had not the University Senate, composed of faculty deans and administrators, voted overwhelmingly to support Hatchett's ouster? Had not the *Amsterdam News*, the famed Negro daily condemned the strikers for "their choice of the Hatchett dismissal as the banner under which to pursue anti-administration grievances." It called the decision "callow, lacking in candor and ill-advised."

Here's what the black paper had to say:

"Whatever may be the merits of their student-life grievances, real or fancied, against the university, the issues in the Hatchett dismissal are far too incendiary to be disingenuously manipulated.

"Mr. Hatchett's ability to execute his sensitive post was questioned at the time of his appointment because of an article he authored bitterly blaming Jews and the black Anglo-Saxon for the problems of New York's public schools.

"The university hired him, giving him, in his own words, the opportunity to be judged on the merits of what I will do at NYU."

After noting that NYU even permitted the students to rent office space for Hatchett and to designate him their Dean of Black Students while NYU paid him a year's academic salary, the *Amsterdam News* asserted that Hatchett's remarks "thoroughly justify the university's action" of dismissal from the Center.

Now the issue was that Hatchett was hired to run a center which was to harmonize race relations and demonstrate NYU's somewhat defensive assertions that it was anxious to be sincere in its "commitments to black students." NYU surely was playing the good liberal's role, a role obviously unwelcome in the arena of events of these days.

But that was the only role that institutions like NYU know how to play. The men that run the institutions have been well toilet trained and know how to play by the rules of the game.

But most obviously of all, Hatchett decided he was going to show up the white administrators by pushing them off the edge of their respectable chairs and into the streets of confrontation.

How he must have relished the administration's anxiety each time the blacks met to hear him talk. And white militants came along too.

But those who are radical must have known that Hatchett and his colleagues failed to go to the roots. Hatchett was to work for harmony yet he struggled for victory — the victory of his paranoid visions. He did not truly go to the roots of racism which are clearly to be found in any man's fear of the unknown — any unknown.

Surely he understands that NYU administrators do not truly understand him or his demands. But Hatchett failed to teach his academic peers what he and the blacks are all about. He had no patience for them, just as generations of white Americans had no patience for him. He kicked them in the ass with his statement and dared them to kick back.

Hatchett failed to harmonize. He did not do the job he agreed to do. He copped out on an eagle trip.

Peace, Pussy, Pot & Prosperity- New Weapons of the CIA

By CONSUELO LANHAM

LIBERATIONS News Service

HAVANA (LSN) — As part of increasing Cuban internal security measures, a large group of the CIA-infiltrated lumpen population was rounded-up by police and the Rebel Army in Havana recently. This particular raid was the first of its kind, for the counter-revolutionary elements were the "hippie" youth.

Several not-so-straight looking American journalists and two SDS "freaks" were almost carted off with the "hippies," (both guys and chicks) but were saved by their lousy Spanish. While plainclothes policemen gently pushed and shoved us out the area, they told us they were seeking out counter-revolutionaries. We responded with, "Oh, gusanos," and the Cubans agreed. Until then we had always envisioned gusanos as fat, balding, lecherous old men; we thought the young men we saw on a bus had come to help in the hunt, but it turned out that they were in custody.

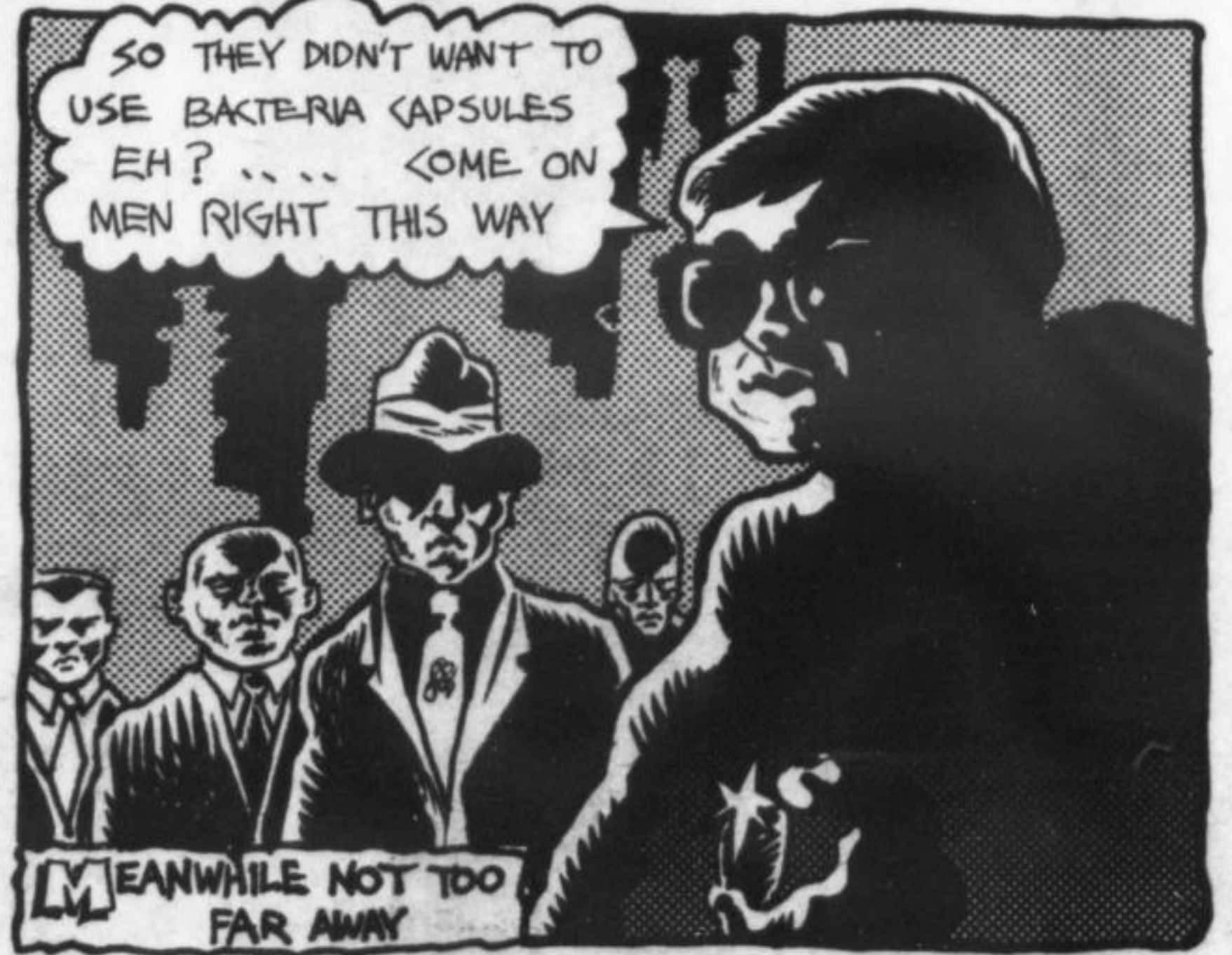
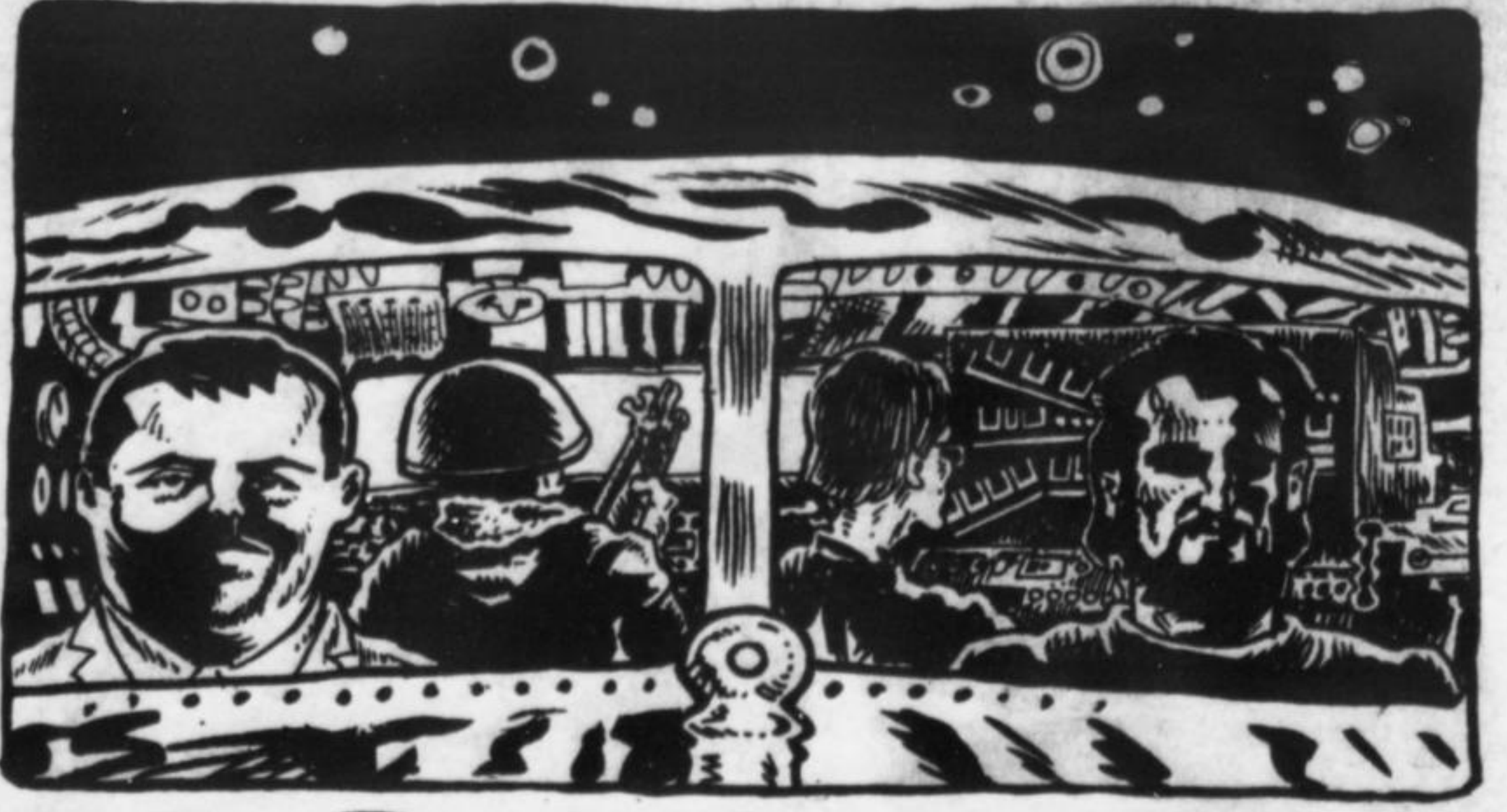
Later WE discovered that until about a year and a half ago, all American music was banned in Cuba, then gripped by a fear of cultural saturation. The CIA seized upon the opportunity to start seducing the Cuban youth, who were small children when Fidel was in the mountains, and now knew only rationing, hard work, and idle chatter of all the "good things" (chewing gum, exotic clothes, etc.) that the Bourgeois had possessed before the Triumph of the Revolution.

While authorities in the U.S. were coming down on hippies, the CIA-influenced Voice of America was pushing hippie culture on the Cuban youth. All the latest rock music was broadcast along with encouragement to form small, clandestine groups to dance and listen to this music — available only on the Voice of America —. These groups were soon infiltrated by young CIA agents, who aided and advanced the work of the Batistiano programmers.

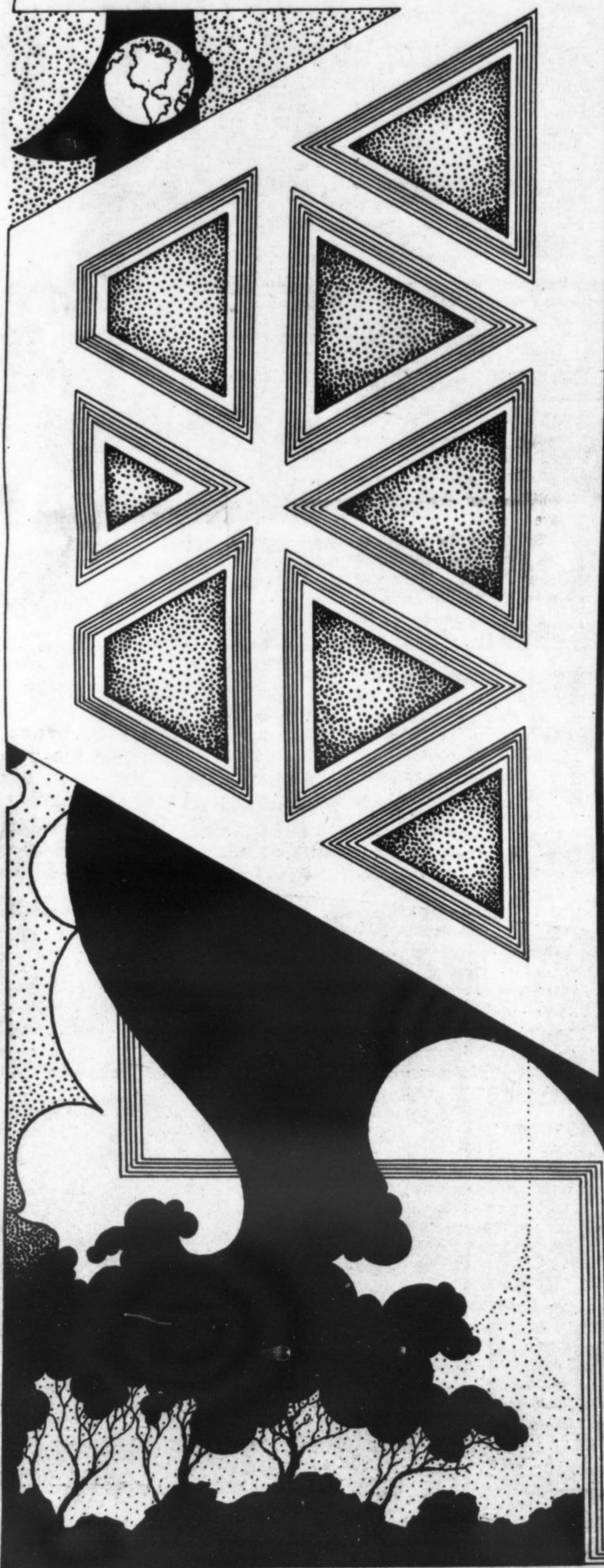
In a kind of pathetic imitation of the American hippie movement, the Cuban hippies started growing their hair, dropping out, and hanging around La Rampa, an area of hotels thick with tourists and foreign delegations. They would sit around on dark streets with American propaganda blaring over their transistor radios, bought on the black market. Foreign women started getting accosted and robbed. These "hippies" began trying to "sell" 14- and 15-year-old girls to the sailors that came through, much the same as when Havana had been a haven for prostitution, gambling, and back-door abortions.

Most of these elements lived off the excess money (there's little to spend money on except basic needs) of their parents, eating in restaurants and trading in the now almost extinct black market. They neither worked nor studied. In a society such as Cuba today, this is considered counter-revolutionary. Thousands of men and women died in the fight to liberate Cuba from the American colonizers and their Cubans are actively involved in overcoming puppet governments, and now millions of economic underdevelopment and the U.S. blockade. Almost everyone, young and old, male and female, is either working or studying (and frequently both).

The situation finally came to a head when a group of the "hippies" went to a school, burned a Cuban flag and mutilated a picture of Che. This wasn't as destructive as the actions of the more hardened counter-revolutionaries who sporadically burn down schools and blow up factories and warehouses. The "hippies" were dealt with accordingly. In the humanitarian, yet militant fashion of the Revolution, it was understood that these young people had been duped by imperialist agents, and were not incorrigible. The group, which finally filled seven buses, was taken away to confer with their parents and government officials. They were given an ultimatum: return to school or go to work. They got off easy this time, but as Fiedel said the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR), "If we are sure of anything it is that this Revolution is a hard struggle, a struggle to the death against the powerful imperialist enemy that encourages and will always encourage such activities — a struggle to the death. . . before they can destroy the Revolution, the heads of all those who wish to destroy it will roll. (APPLAUSE) Anything else is nothing but hogwash."



THE GRAND STRAIGHT



I've learned many years ago that it is quite possible to think out loud and I find that it is quite an extraordinary habit but how live meetings are. People will be at meetings at which I'm present and will take a piece of paper out of their pocket and start to read me a speech, and I'll say, "Let me have the paper, I can read it myself."

What I think really counts is the fact that we don't have the slightest idea what happens in our lives. This is something very mysterious and I'd rather look in everybody's eyes—I'm not interested just in hearing myself—and unload some ideas. I'm interested in the many meetings in my life in how we mutually may be able to find out why we're here, what it is that we know about what is going on, and what we ought to be doing about it, if possible.

I have spent a great deal of my life unlearning. I'm the most unlearned man I know, because I've spent so much time at it. I've found that all the information that I have been given originally at school regarding our presence in the universe . . . misleading information to say the least.

The physicist in all his experimental work work in the atom and the nucleus has discovered not all what you were taught in school. Solids—there are no solids. In fact there is not even a suggestion of something called a solid in the universe. There are no absolute continuums. There are no surfaces. There are no straight lines.

All those things that you are taught in school as obvious become less and less obvious as you being studying what's going on in the universe.

We simply have milky-way constellations of energy-events and that's all you can say. They don't touch one another. They're utterly discontinuous. No solids.

Now in thinking that way I want you to realize the physicist has found no things being no solids, there are no things. There are no nouns. There are no nouns. There are no verbs. You find that 99.9% of your language is actually a processing of meaningless steams.

It's a perfectly good game if you want to play the game. If you want to say "I'd rather pretend I'm not in the universe. I'd rather pretend that I'm on a static sphere with all the stars going around me," then you can play that game.

But it's a question of just how useful you'd be to yourself of anybody else just misinforming yourself.

I hear humanity talking about automation as if it were something new and something ominous. And I discover that man has always had automation, that the way you were born is completely automated, that parents don't know how to make babies—they just push buttons and all the rest is automated.

You don't know what you're doing with your lunch right now. You have names for those foods that you put in there, but what you're going to do with all that—how you're going to send off those energies to which gland you're going to do with all that—how much you're going to use to make hair and how much you're going to use to make skin and how much you're going to use for emergency work when you get a scratch—none of this do you know. So you're really 99.9% automated.

Man is very Meagerly conscious in the total process. None of you knows how you went from seven pounds to seventy, and none of you knows why you did. I find that man has a kind of pride, a vanity, that makes him want to feel responsible for all the things that he is, but the more I explore, the more I find out how little he really knows.

To come back to our spaceship Earth: what is it? This is a machine. It is an energy machine. You're not used to such a big machine. It is so big and you are so tiny that you don't really see it as a machine, but it is a machine in that it processes energy and in processing energy it does work. What goes on here is that it is regenerating life. It has been regenerating life for a very long time. Every system, every machine, is entropic, that is it loses energy, and so in order to regenerate life it has to gain energy someplace.

The way it gets it is primarily from the sun. It gets a little from the other stars but it gets it primarily from the sun. The main way it gets it is by radiation. It's a very extraordinary matter that radiation from the sun we're flying company with could very easily burn us up. The Van Allen belts intercept that radiation and start refracting it, sending it off at angles, and it goes through all kinds of processing before it gets to us through the sieving of the atmosphere.

And if you went nakedly outside the Van Allen belts you would be killed by that radiation, so we have this beautiful design by which we can get the radiation to keep us going and not get burned up.

Now. Here is this spaceship Earth where life is being generated, where, to my knowledge, human beings have been born for two million years; and they've been able to get on all right without even knowing they were on board a spaceship. I say this was very beautifully designed for them to be able to get on in their utter ignorance.

I'm really interested in the bigger pattern to see if we can find any clues to why we are here and what is going on.

Certainly we have a lot of experienced data to tell us quite a lot about the regeneration of life. You and I cannot ex-

pose our skin and through our skin has been served, —the big design have enough vegetation on the land sea impound the synthesis. And this ordinary fixation of t

Then you and I and very little of the a relay system goes and animals that o

Now it impresses more I study what to find out about the about the ninety-two ical elements, the tie inter-related g which are operative extraordinary grav that we would be fi our moon and the give us the tides, fecting woman's m forth, that we are whole big system. sive.

Now then I want mental frame of m tie we know at the try to explore to some of the big sc try to discover wha day.

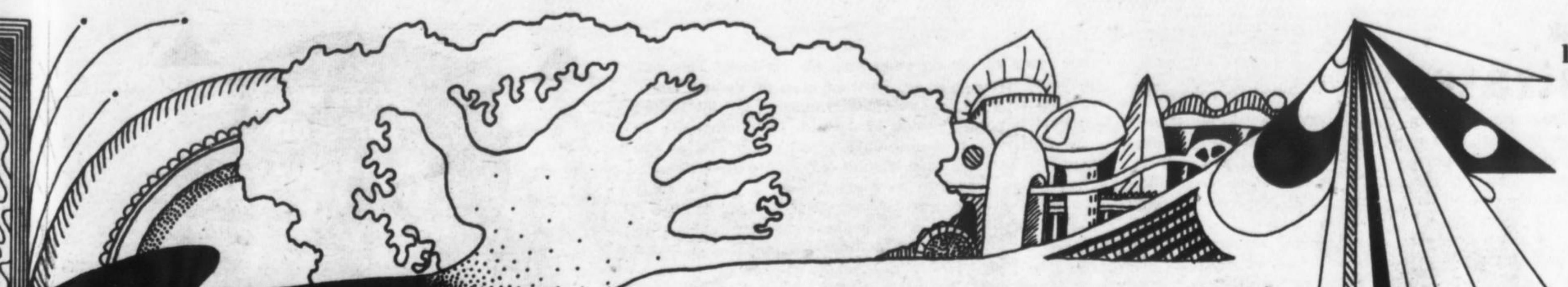
And I find that s day from just a lit is very confusing a many mistakes. Bu we take reference terns.

I may seem to y far out to talk the methodical.

In 1927 I found examining what w took the highest s our best technolog try to make man a going along with ing assumption th be enough to go a

This was a se founded assumption Thomas Malthus i professor of poli the East India Com economist ever to s around the Earth. T Roman Empires, G empires as we call local domains in th to infinity. What w pire (actually error empire when it was say what's the dif two? If you are ass goes to infinity as empires before the infinity there are a





BY
R. BUCKMINSTER
FULLER

(Reprinted by permission of the United States Student Press Association.)

variables. Just mathematically speaking an infinite number of changes that if you're not satisfied with what's going on that there's something over the horizon that'll take care of it.

Now when you get to a closed system it's an entirely different story.

So that once the world was closed and you have the economists getting all the vital statistics Malthus found it pretty astonishing. He wrote his first book in 1810 and he said that apparently the people were reproducing themselves much more rapidly than they were producing the goods to support themselves.

Ten years later he verified his information and by this time he thought that he had detected that the people were multiplying themselves geometrically and the produce to support themselves only at an arithmetical rate.

Very clearly the vast majority of humanity were bound to be a failure—die far short of their potential years.

On top of Malthus, Darwin. Darwin was amongst the biologists and geologists being taken around the world to explore all the resources and to get at the patterning in this closed system.

We recognize that Darwin could not possibly have developed any such theory in the Roman Empire because you would have had to include dragons to the Nth power. Darwin's information about the origin of species was explained by Darwin as accounted for by survival of the fittest.

I'm sure that the Great Pirates combined Darwin and Malthus and said there's nowhere near enough to go around, accounting only for somewhat less than 1 percent and survival only of the fittest. This was the challenge and it was hard and it was cruel. In the Roman Empire you might always have some god who could somehow rectify the situation, but in this closed system you could not have such hopes. This became then for these very powerful men the vital statistic.

Next situation: we have humanity struggling under those conditions and a very short time ago men were carrying a sword or a rapier, or, if they couldn't afford it, a bludgeon, anyway some kind of stick, and later a gun. Each one, his chance of survival being very low, each one up against the fact that each individual had approximately everything to win and nothing to lose, coming to grips with whether you're going to survive while you're still young and vigorous.

We have Marx in England running into the Malthusian information and of course the Darwinian and saying, "Well, it's clear that the workers who know how to add value, who know how to take these things out of the ground and process them, they are the fittest."

And inasmuch as there is not enough to go around then you have the extreme of the Great Pirates saying that they're going to be utterly ruthless and just as sharp as they know how, just as the Marxian and the workers. All of the other

political ideologies are somewhere in between, all of them assuming not enough to go around.

You have a number of people who just engage in farming and productivity and they must look out for the year's crops: they are very short sighted because they must look just at what they are doing right now. Then you have the politicians to whom the people—who are very busy—leave larger affairs, and they have to look out for the next election so they are very short sighted.

I find then the society is very short-sighted this way, locally preoccupied with time and space, leaving it to their military to take care of the basic working assumption that in due course you're coming to Armageddon, that you'd like to be as polite as you can to the other fellow—in a game of musical chairs while you're all up and walking around you're polite to one another—but the music's going to stop and there's only going to be one chair and you've got a hundred people.

That's the way the chances were at the time, so you're going to sit down to see who was going to live and that's pretty tough going. That would have been Armageddon.

We have the intelligence groups of the different countries saying that the other science group is way out there, and there is an enormous step up acceleration of how far out we scientists can go. For this reason then, we have only in the area of science-getting-for the war long distance preoccupation, when everybody else is very short sighted in the scheme of how you are going to survive. This is the very big long scheme up to this very minute.

I'll point out something very fundamental here: that man thinking of himself as a dry land animal specialist, we have then 99.9 percent of humanity living the known days on spaceship Earth on the dry land. Only one quarter of their surface is dry land and less than one half of that was immediately habitable and promised any survival for man. So that we have throughout all the known men-on-Earth period man living in somewhat less than 10 percent of the spaceship Earth, and that 10 percent is broken up into very tiny little increments with men so far away from one another except in relatively small tribes.

They know about that tribe or possibly about the next tribe or two, but that's all. That's the great story right up to yesterday. And so we have, then, men not knowing about the greater Earth.

Then there is a very small number of human beings following up evolutionarily desiring rafts and dugouts, canoes, boats and so forth, gradually developing ways of going out and staying on the sea until they finally developed a deep bellied ribbed ship and they were able to stay on the sea for tactical periods.

Then there were a very small handful of men—I don't suppose there were more than a half a dozen at any one time—who had the physical power with the sword to command the total com-

munity to the extent that they could say, "You, know how to make rope," and "You, know how to weave," and so forth. "You, know how to make metal," and "Every one of you come over here and build a ship."

You had to know also why it was worthwhile doing all those things, and why you had just a handful of people at any one time who had the navigating capability, the mathematical ability, and travelled this way and that long enough to catch on to the fact that three quarters of the Earth is water, whereas land is limited water goes everywhere. Very small numbers of these men really go to sea but they are the world men.

I discovered in the Navy that there were these world people. I call them the Great Pirates because no human beings on the dry land were ever able to enforce any laws out beyond their shores any distance at all. Therefore the people at sea were outside the law, they were inherently outlaws, they lived only with physical law, the laws of nature both as the behaviours of men or the behavior of the seas, and it was a very tough and very hard life.

Now in this game of the sea many things are going to show up between the plan strategy of the world man on the sea and the more or less fearful defensive strategy of man on land. For instance, on land, there being very little to support a man those who find a favorable place then try to guard it, and there is no time at all before there are people who are trying to displace them and you have battles. The ones who are guarding begin to build great stone walls having then the principle of the lever.

So this is the one of the great methods of defense, so that the men on the land thought of security in terms of wider walls, higher walls and bigger granaries. Sometimes the outs are in and the ins are out, but this is the idea of the great defense. We still have it very powerfully. We have such expressions used by life insurance companies . . . "As secure as the Rock of Gibraltar" idea. In your age Rock of Gibraltar suddenly doesn't have quite that meaning, but you can certainly make an extension to think what I'm saying.

The grand strategy on the land, then, is always more with more: bigger walls, more grain bins. On the sea was a completely different situation.

This was not something that was published to the public, nor were there any books on it whatsoever. But the main point is that the man who went on the sea didn't go there defensively and he didn't go in a stone boat cause it would have sunk. He went there offensively and a wooden ship would do. A ship that could make one round trip would make a vast fortune, so it could be a very temporary affair.

On land, then, people are thinking of security in terms of more and bigger walls; it's really more fundamental than that, if you have a big thing, lots of land, big everything, big anything, you're going to be secure. On the sea it was exactly the opposite.

Everytime I speak with an architectural association I'll say "Somebody tell me what this building weighs," and no architects put up their hands. And I'll say, "Just roughly, within 100,000 tons." Still no hands. "So just within a million tons." No hands. Men don't think about their buildings in terms of weight, and you ask the same audience

(Continued on Page 18)

R. Buckminster Fuller

and get enough radiation skin to keep us going. It ved, as I said. So nature sign of this thing—is to vegetation, the green ve land and the algae in the the radiation by photo this is a very extraor of the energies. and I can't eat the trees of the grasses, so there is n goes on, bugs that can hat can. presses me very much the what man has been able out his physical universe, ty-two regenerative chem the fantastic elegance of ed generalized principles rative in the universe, the gravitational behaviours, be flying in company with the moon pulsating to des, those tides even af 's menstruating, and so are so tied up with the tem. It is very impres- want to get in this funda- of mind of how really lit- t the beginning and then to discover if we can g schemes operative and what is going on in our hat starting from just to- a little local information ng and we make a great . But we do fairly well if nce to these bigger pat- to you to be going very the way I will, but this is ound myself excited into at would happen if we st scientific capabilities, ology, and undertake to an a success, instead of with the long-held work- that there would never go around. seemingly scientifically mption coming out of a us in 1810. He was a political economics for Company. He was the first to see the data from all th. Think of your history: e, Ghenghis Khan, all the call them: they were all n the world that went on t we call the British Em- rroneously) was the first was a sphere. Now you difference between the assuming a world which y as they did in all the them, if it just goes to re an infinite number of



strategy (Continued from Page 17)

You could send it from 5,000 miles away. Now it travels at 15,000 miles an hour, therefore at 5,000 miles away it's going to take 20 minutes to get there. You also have at the same time radar eyes see at 700,000,000 miles an hour, instead of 15,000 miles an hour, so you see it leave.

You see it at a split second leaving, so now you have a duel where one man puts up his bullet and it's going to take 20 minutes to get there, so the other man sees the bullet coming and of course he gets his gun and fires his very accurately.

They have 19 minutes left so by the time the 20 minutes is over everybody has everything in the air. If you ever got this kind of duel going . . . I've not talked much about the utterly devastating biological warfare and the chemical been brought to the point where any of these three can completely wipe out humanity.

I would like to give you a little idea of where I think we're going from here. Quite clearly any design revolution is all that's changed things, and all the young people of today very properly and intuitive feel for the first time that war is really unnecessary, and you don't have the statistics to tell you why it is. You've intuited it, and you're right, cause the intuitions are very powerful, and your subconscious does begin to calculate things way ahead of your brain, so that your intuitions have been good, that you shouldn't have war and don't want war.

From my viewpoint there has never been anything called peace. Man hasn't the slightest idea what peace is. There has been what I call official and unofficial war. In the unofficial war you're in great pain and during the official war there's some cooperation and goodwill, and during the unofficial war there's none. What has been called peace is when one side has gotten ahead and from the moment it got ahead it said "Now I've got my peace and this is peace, and everybody must enjoy my peace." But very few people enjoyed their peace. The head man was never even pacful himself. So I don't want any nonsense words to myself about what goes on here.

Now, see, what is going on in Vietnam, you have the major nations of the Earth assuming Armageddon, not enough to go around, and you can't use your big tools because both sides lose. So how do you win the

war using something other than the big tools? This was a brand new challenge. So what goes on in Vietnam is an experimental warfare between Russian and the United States that has nothing to do with the Vietnamese or the Viet Cong. It is absolutely experimental, just as the Spanish War was experimental just before World War II. Both sides hoping to learn enough about it, both sides saying "We hope it isn't Armageddon, but we can't wait for Armageddon to find out how to carry it on." Therefore if you can't use the biggest tools you probably go in exactly the opposite direction. You go into all sorts of subtleties of psychological warfare and so forth. Both of them joined the war deliberately the farthest away. It's a world game here, so they joined it on a world basis deliberately the farthest away from both of them.

Now it takes twenty-two years, average, for the science phase going through the weaponry to fall out into everyday life, upping the standard of living of man. We could eliminate that completely if we were not operating just completely out of fear and leaving it to the other man. I hear people talking to me in apprehension all the time, everywhere. And I find, I say, this need not be. They at least ought to know what the stakes are, and these are the stakes: you can have a design revolution and you could have all of humanity taken care of by 1980, and this would eliminate all the basis of war altogether.

I'll give you a little idea of the way I think things are going to come out. I point out, then, that we have developed the ability to prevent ourselves from blowing ourselves up. Apparently evolution was the intent that man would keep on, therefore an antibody appeared. The antibody was the computer.

The computer is taking over all the specialization cause it can stay up all night picking out the pink from the blue faster than you can and under conditions of heat where you can't possibly operate. It's taking over all the specialization. It's going to force man back into comprehensivity where he was born and meant to be. So all of us begin to be concerned with the whole and with computerization we're going to be able to get enough information about the whole.

The computer is not any monster, and it is not going to run us. What it is going to do, however, is find the basic information for us that we haven't been able to cope with ourselves. Therefore I see the computer suddenly saving man, coming back and going to save him in

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(Continued on Page 22)



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In the current issue of Rolling Stone Magazine: the most comprehensive and detailed wartime report from Vietnam on how the United States Army has turned into a marijuana heaven, a head's paradise. From Saigon to Berlin, Adak Alaska to Guam, a survey of rock and roll and dope in today's "new-look" military.

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(Continued from Page 3)

an incredible difference in your posture, spiritual and external; how you deal with your neighbors, how to deal with the local police and how you deal with the local reporters and so forth. If you are a tenant, you are fair game whether you are mammal, whether you are primate, whether you are fowl. You have got to have the territory under your feet that no one else has claim to. We have purchased several tracts of land in the western and southwestern part of the country and we have found that we are getting higher and higher. You see it is in the mountains. It is very close to heaven. It is about as close to heaven as you can get. 6-7-8000 feet.

Q — Do you farm the land?

TL — Yes.

Q — Do you have livestock?

TL — Yes.

Q — How many children?

TL — 12.

Q — How many adults?

TL — 24. Actually there are several communes that have developed from Millbrook. I have just given you the rundown on the one that Rosemary and I have been living with.

Q — Is the commune self supporting?

TL — Yes. The fifteen young men who live in the community are individually and certainly collectively, able to go out to the American society and make enough money, devoting about one tenth of their time to support the community handsomely. The American economic system is so redundant that anyone with a grain of psychedelic creativity, can very easily do the bartering necessary, to keep the tribe going. The second lesson we learned from Millbrook is that the commune must never depend upon foundations gifts, donations, or patrons.

It's got to be done from the courage, intelligence and creativity of the commune. If the commune can't do this, they are not ready to move to the next level.

Q — Is there anything else that you would like to say?

Rosemary — Read EVO.

TL — Do as I do, read EVO hahahahah. . .

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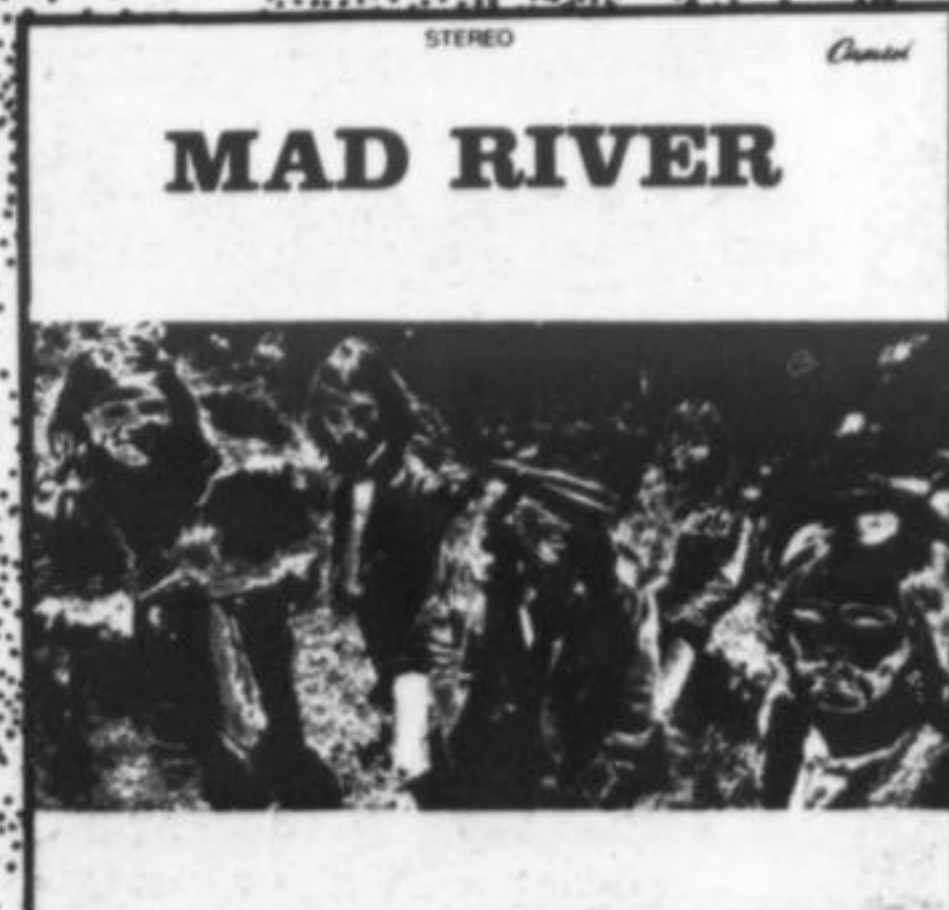
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Your eyes full of lightning, your hair all undone.
- Mad River 1:3



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strategy (Continued from Page 18)

another way, a very important way. At Southern Illinois University we are well on our way to the development of what we call world game—how to make the world work. A computered game for which the State of Illinois is now appropriating four and a half million, and twelve million total is going to go into it and I can tell you I am now in a position to know, we will get the rest of it and we will be under way. And this game will be played with all those resources and human trends and needs the kind of data we have on the World Trends Inventory in which the game is to see how do you employ the world's resources in such a way as to make all of humanity a physical and economic success.

The computer, however, does something you haven't had happening in other games because somebody comes along and says "I'm sure you left this information out," and it goes into the computer, and so we can continually keep memory of the order. We can remember every play that's ever been made—be able to say if you make that move this is probably what's going to happen, of course there are some other moves that have been made since, so it may come out a little differently this week.

It's going to show the United States is wrong. Russia is wrong, everybody's wrong, the computer shows it can come out this way, and this is absolutely contradictory to the present statecraft of these nations. In the transmission of electricity from the great energy centers our industrialization then depend on these energy networks which were very limited. The eastern seaboard if they know what the Queen Mary weighs, and yes and No. 85,000 tons. You ask what a Boeing 707 weighs and they know that. It's interesting, then, that nothing on land have we ever thought of in terms of weight, because really, the more it weighs the more you felt secure. Now then, this being so, you certainly have never ratioed performance per pound. If you don't know what it weighs, you're obviously not measuring what you're getting out of your.

I'll give you a very sharp kind of awareness: doing more with less doesn't mean trying to thin out any known piece of design. It does an alternate piece of design that gets the same result. We have today, for instance, one communications satellite weighing one quarter of a ton out-performing the trans-oceanic communications capability of one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of copper cable.

Therefore I said that in 1927 it could be that Malthus was wrong. We could be able to do so much more with so much less that we could make possibly enough to go around, and I began to make studies in 1927 to see whether that was even possible. Sure enough. The more I calculated the more it seemed probable that it really could be done.

And so in 1927 I launched into a life-time program. I tried to get people I thought would be very powerful and effective to pay some attention to what I'm saying and to do something about it, and found that they were simply too busy with the same old program; man going to make a profit this year.

And I saw that all my contemporaries had to make a living. The first thing they had to do was earn a living and hope that they could earn it at something pleasant. You had to go out and prove that you had the right to live: the assumption was that you're supposed to die and had to prove the right to be an exception and live.

Between 1900 and today, two thirds of a century, we have gone from less than 1 percent of humanity to pretty close to 4 percent of humanity enjoying a standard of living unknown or undream of by any monarch before the 20th Century. During that time the amount of metals—all reserves and all metals we have mined—summed totally per each world man has been decreasing.

It is those metals with which you build your machinery with which you do your more-with-lessing. Now because the resources have been continually decreasing you can only explain that we have forty-folded the number enjoying an unbelievable up to this century standard of living by doing more with less, because you didn't have more resources, you had less resources.

At the present moment all the resources we have in machinery and buildings and structure employed at their most efficient have only a total capacity of taking care of 44 percent of humanity. Under the present conditions of design use of our resources 5 percent of humanity are doomed to early demise having gone through a great deal of pain along the way.

What has fascinated me is that the curve, if you don't increase it any more, goes to taking care of 100 percent of humanity by 2000 A.D.; but I find that the way we are getting there is by great nations scaring themselves to death and undertaking new technologies that they haven't taken before.

These are the facts as I find them. Man in his vanity, and the various ideologies of the various governments

are saying. "Yes, we are responsible for things getting better," and no one is really assessing how this thing is coming about, so that there's a great deal of confusion about it.

I can say to you the following and you can see exactly what happens: I hear, a great many people apprehensive about technology (and I know the technology could be very much better): people are very apprehensive. So I say, "Let's remove technology." I don't want anybody with any political system to say it was the Wright Brothers or some Edison or some Marconi who suddenly changed things overnight. So I say take away all the machinery, all the pipes and wires, take every bit of machinery away and dump it in the ocean. You'll find that what the consequence is is that within six months two billion people would die of starvation.

So that isn't such a good idea. So we leave all the technology where it is, and we leave everybody who knows how to run it at their jobs.

And we're going to take away from all the countries around the world all politicians and we send all the politicians for a trip around the sun. You find everybody who's been eating keeps right on eating and with the political borders down you'll stop flying across the borders and we will be well on the way to taking care of everybody in a hurry.

I would like to talk to you about what I see going on in Vietnam right now.

I will point out to you that the scientist kept building more and more powerful hitting power. I would like you to think about a duel. You have men who purposely duelled and they stood there and they had their seconds and somebody dropped a handkerchief and whoever fired first, if the aimed accurately, killed. The other bullet didn't get away, and the other man didn't have time to fire his bullet. There was actually no simultaneity there, one got there before the other fellow might have a chance to hit therefore he might have duelled a little slower. We have the Western story, which is in all the moving pictures we have. The good man and the bad man, and the good man minds his business, and the bad man puts his hands on his gun, and the good man is always faster and gets his hands on his gun and he gets the bullet off.

Now then, what has happened with the development of rocketry and the atomic warheads and so forth is that you're at the point where you have this enormous hitting power and you could send it a great distance away.

(Continued on Page 28)

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walk

(Continued from Page 11)

he was claiming it. Merlin abandoned the search.

"It's time someone built a small hotel over Avenue A," he said.

"And we will burn it down," said someone who prefers to be known as Motherfucker. Sally the zoo blonde says tiger.

"There has been a change," Merlin says in sudden astonishment. "I haven't seen any of the hard-line old-time junkie-dealer artists I used to know. I wonder what happened. I miss them."

Then his eyes rest on the Don Weeden for Congress posters on the wall. Don & his wife & his four kids, and the kids are wearing dirty sneakers, a kind of concession to the slum as Mom & Dad and the whole family exhibit their wares. Framed photos of the Kennedy brothers & Martin Luther King are found in some home Small storefront businesses keep sprouting — Katamandu, Mikema, McLean's Scene (owned by Jackie McLeaan, the musician), Ritchie Havens' storefront with-no-name, & the Old Reliable still going strong: Jazz at Slugs; Saturday & Sunday walk around and witness the gambling in the streets & the communal feeling on the sidewalks, stand across the street from some little boys setting fire to a pile of mattresses, and stare at the adults who stand calmly their eyes into the flames. "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter" was playing at the Charles. The UAW-MF storefront on Tenth between A & B is giving away "free" clothes, the Psychedelicatessen, the Cave, and the Great Society's Leather Shop are closed down — and the "SUBS" cafeteria at the corner of A & 10 had another of its "Grand Openings" a few days ago. Getting ready for the cold, the tired, the hungry & hairy. And behind it all, under the streets sometimes, the poverty organizations, Mobilization for Youth (or what's left of it), The Great Society, and The Tompkins Square Park Community Center where Bob Collier & Company have been doing a herculean job to put more recreation, skill & involvement into the lives of Young Hope.

"So what's so subversive about the East Side?" Merlin asks. "Graffiti doesn't cause cancer." Sunday night raindrops had crouched in the moonlight before striking. What's so subversive? O.K., I have it. You dig that di Falco American flag poster . . . well, he should be arrested for defacing, defaming, demeaning the flag."

"What's so subversive about that?"

"The only subversion."

And we come to the end of an incomplete tour. Assume that Merlin walked thru Saigon on Eleventh between B & C without being pounced upon by the Vietcon, that he has been lucky with people on the streets, that anywhere can make you the plastic fantastic fool, and everywhere can break you if you don't have the proper guide.

karma

(Continued from Page 13)

ple are being asked to contribute. There will be a table at the Fillmore on Oct. 31 or send your donations to The American Committee to Keep Biafra Aliva, 2490 N. Broadway, New York City.

* * *

WFMU-FM (91.1) began as an answer to the arid waterlands of New York-New Jersey progressive stations. It is the vanguard of a new type of exciting radio. Since Free Form Radio started, response from an ever-growing audience, the music industry, and the whole media has been overwhelming. Many of the heaviest artists and personalities have expressed an interest in the station and have made on-the-air guest appearances. Included in this list are: Tom Rush, Chris Hills, Ron Pine, Nico, Steve Katz, Jim Fielder, John Sinclair, Jann Wenner, Billy Mitchell, Ten Years After, Bunky and Jake, Jake Holmes, the new McCoys, Lou Reed, and Buzz Linhart. The entire on-the-air staff is comprised of dedicated people deeply involved in the new music and the whole new social and cultural revolution.

Since WFMU is a non-commercial college owned station, sources of revenue are few. The station has grown and expanded since the summer, but the coffers will be empty as of November 30, 1968. Without additional funds, Free Form Radio will be forced to leave the air on that date. Money is needed to maintain the daily cost of being on the air, to purchase much-needed new equipment in order to ex-

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*Moving - Groovy - Mind Expanding
 Psychedelic Patterns*

- On a continuous 8mm film loop.
- Can fit any motion picture projector.
- No reel changing or rewinding.

**JUST TURN UP YOUR MUSIC AND
 TURN-ON**
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LIGHT SHOW #1 Psychedelic geometric patterns moving, changing, spinning to the beat of your music.

LIGHT SHOW #2 Fragmented beating heart, growing and fracturing until it absorbs you.

LIGHT SHOW #3 Multiple faces, progress out at you and retreat drawing you into the action.

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 38 East 57 St.
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 \$3.98 for each light show . . . all three for \$10.00
 SEND ME THE LIGHT SHOWS CHECKED for my 8mm SUPER 8mm projector.
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 ADDRESS _____
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The BUDDY MILES EXPRESS
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Free concert at the
FILLMORE EAST
OCT 31 — 8:00 pm

JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

Mc's : Rudnck & Frawley

and special secret guests

karma

pand further facilities and hopefully to increase effective radiated power from 1500 watts to 5000 watts, which would insure a clear reception of the station throughout the entire metropolitan area.

The marathon goal is set at \$30,000. Beginning on Sunday, October 27, 1968, WFMU will run a continuous 24-hour-a-day marathon, lasting approximately two weeks. Many entertainers are being scheduled for appearances during this time. Live benefits at the Scene and other spots in New York and several live shows emanating from the Workshop 90 theatre at Uppsala College are being planned. The on-the-air staff will dispense with their regular program slots to join forces in order to raise this money.

Free Form Radio is an exciting visionary concept in broadcasting. WFMU has only begun to realize its potential. There are no boundaries, and the possibilities for new and further experiments are endless.

* * *

Last year it was "Bonnie and Clyde" and "The Graduate" that reestablished an aura of hipness for American films that had long been dominated by Europeans (Goddard, Antonioni, etc.). This year, Britain tops "Blow Up" with a sleeper called "Negatives." Now being featured at the Festival Theatre on 57th Street, it is much more turned-on, has more sex and is as in tune as the Antonioni flick.

* * *

Frank Zappa, founder and leader of Mothers has signed the elusive Wild Man Fisher to record for Zappa's newly-formed Bizarre Record Compay. Zappa wants "to put out a line of records that deals with people and subject matter that major companies, so called, wouldn't take a chance on, and present it in such a way that they're given quality treatment." Wild Man Fisher has been committed twice to mental institutions by his parents — because he's different. He writes his own songs and sings. His presentation consists of . . . part singing, part screaming, part talking.

* * *

Probably the most adventurous, daring and exciting guitarist playing rock or jazz is Larry Coryell. He returns to his first love — rock and roll, this week at the Scene as leader of his own band — his first since leaving The Free Spirits one and a half years ago to play with Gary Burton. Joining him will be former members of his old band (The Free Spirits), Bob Moses (drums) and Jim Pepper (tenor). Pepper, Coryell, and Moses have all recorded solo albums at Apostolic Studios.

Continuing at the Scene is Albert King, one of the strongest performing guitarist-vocalists in blues — certainly more exciting than the horde of British blues bands playing the psychedelic circuit. Janis Joplin sat in for a dynamic set earlier in the week.

ROACHES

CZECH BORDER CLOSED TO FUGS

VIENNA (LSN) — The Fugs, New York's irreverent rock group, were turned back at three separate border points and thus failed in their attempt to get into Czechoslovakia. A press release from the Fugs says they "ran into heavy machinegun scenes at all points. Plans to jek off in front of Soviet tanks temporarily postponed and the Fugs are laying low in sullen chromosome damage until the next opportunity arises to visit their brothers in the streets of Prague."

* * *

KINDERGARTEN MELODY

MUNICH (LNS) — One of the Fugs' more delightful tunes, entitled Up Against the Wall; Motherfucker, was selected by Bavarian television for special use on a nationwide youth program. The Fugs recently ended a visit to Germany and other European nations.

* * *



Is it necessary
to talk of "fusions of traditional
folk forms," "musical innovations,"
"collective explorations,"
and the like?

Answer "no" in sixty words or less,
and play this record to
those you love.

— John Peel

terry cox
bert jansch
jacqui m'shee
john renbourn
danny thompson



THE
PENTANGLE

REPRISE ALBUM / RS 6315



ROACHES

JOHN AND YOKO: THE NAKED TRUTH
 LONDON (LNS) — A record cover showing Beatle John Lennon and his Japanese girlfriend Yoko Ono in the nude is causing trouble on the pop music scene here, according to a Reuters report.

Musical trade magazines refuse to advertise the record, called "The Two Virgins," and the Beatles' company, Apple, is having difficulty distributing it.

On the front of the cover, Lennon and Yoko face the camera in the nude and on the other side they turn their backs on the camera, still nude. The rear view was to be used in the ads.

The music on the LU is from a new movie in which Lennon and Yoko appear but which has not been released.

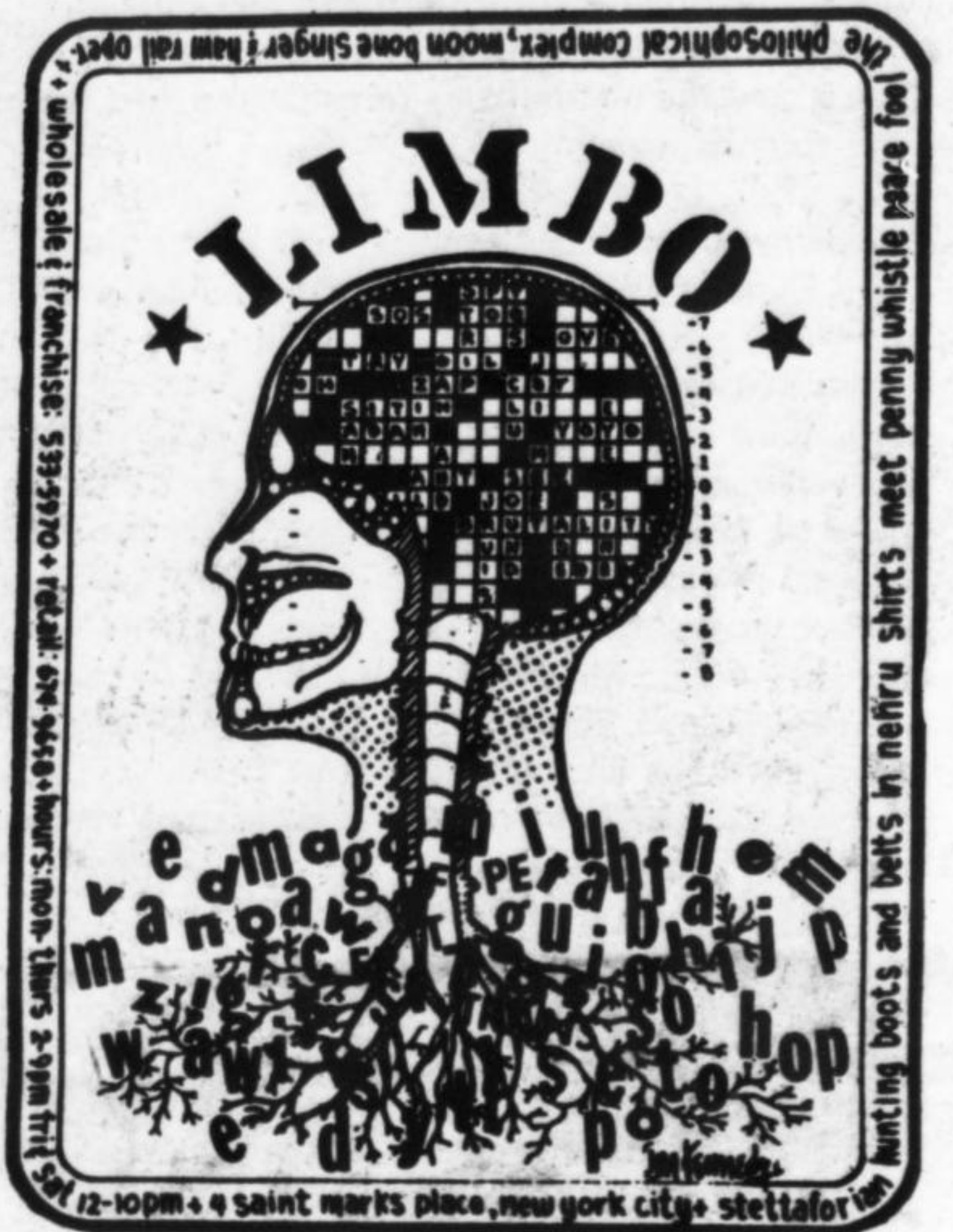
MICHIGAN LIBERATION BLAST

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 15 (LSN) — Urban guerrillas bombed the Institute of Science and Technology at the University of Michigan. Damage included shattered glass and the total destruction of the doorway to the building, but no financial estimates were made as to the extent of the destruction. According to the police, the explosion was the same kind that wracked a CIA recruiting office on Ann Arbor on September 29.

"If you hang a pistol on the wall in the first act, you must fire it by the third."

—Anton Chekov

LSD DID THIS TO ME!



OPPOSE the HUMPHREY, NIXON, WALLACE TICKET for its Pro-War POLICY!

Thurs. October 31st: We picketed HUMPHREY & WALLACE,
 NOW **Picket NIXON**

SATURDAY, NOV. 2nd

HUMPHREY'S HDQTRS. ARE AT 5th AVE. + 52nd ST.
 NIXON'S HDQTRS. ARE AT PARK AVE. + 57th ST.

Picket 1pm STARTING AT PARK AVE. + 57th ST.

Those who believe that the closeness of their headquarters is a good symbol of the closeness of their pro-war policies will picket both headquarters in one giant picket line.

MASS RALLY 2:30pm AT PARK AVE. + 48th ST.

Hear GI's and veterans speak against the war at this corner in the heart of the military-industrial-political complex. Hear of plans for massive leafletting of the polls and student strikes on **NOV. 5th**.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
 31st to 33rd St. + 8th Ave.
7pm to 8:30pm

SUNDAY, NOV. 3rd

TRIP TO FT. DIX TO HOLD A PICNIC + BE-IN FOR GI'S, TO LET THEM KNOW WE SUPPORT THEM + NOT THE MEN WHO SEND THEM TO VIETNAM.

ORDER TICKETS NOW!

Tuesday, NOV. 5th

- DEMONSTRATE AT NIXON'S POLLING PLACE
- LEGAL LEAFLETING OF MANY POLLING PLACES
- HIGH SCHOOL + COLLEGE STUDENT STRIKES

For more information, called the Parade Committee or see next week's ad.

FIFT. AVENUE VIETNAM PEACE PARADE COMMITTEE 17 East 17th Street, 4th Fl. NYC 255-1075

NAME ADDRESS ZIP PHONE

I enclose \$ _____ to help with activities.

I enclose \$ _____ for _____ bus tickets at \$4.00 each to Fort Dix.

I volunteer to leaflet polls on November 5th and 6th with these anti-war activities.



MEDITATE WITH THE MYSTIC MINOR



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barbarella...the two-thousand and one quickie

by Lita Eliseu

Barbarella is bad. Barbarella is beautiful. Barbarella is bad. If you like color, you will like Barbarella. If you take acid, you will even think it's a great picture. If you don't take acid, you will know it is boring. If you just go to sleep, you will find it among many of your bad literary dreams. When you wake up, you will not have missed anything you could have fucked before you went to sleep. Which brings us to the most essential quality of Roger Vadim's Barbarella. Everyone would love to fuck Jane Fonda. Which is not to say that Jane Fonda is the most desirable woman in the world but rather that's what Barbarella is all about. We know, from looking at the picture, that Roger Vadim definitely wants to do it to Jane Fonda, or is it Mrs. Roger Vadim? All he did was to get the best color photographer in the business (which is not to say he is) Claude Renoir, and the best set designer (at least the prettiest). I don't remember the set designer's name because I didn't bother to look at the credits while Jane Fonda was getting out of her space suit into her birthday suit. Which is, by the way,

one of many beautiful costumes she gets into and out of. I noticed Renoir's name through all the bareassit and debris (Fonda was supposedly weightless while she did her striptease but to me those boobs weighed a ton) because I'm nameaddicted. How can any college graduate ever forget Art I and II and the name Renoir?

This is not to say there is nothing in Barbarella which is not worthy of mention. There is plenty of nice set designs and color, and plenty of quasi-sadistic scenes. The acting is there, somewhere among all the distractions. There is nice music which I happened to remember being first introduced to via TV and the Dodge Fever commercial. There is a nice delicious scene for all the Marquis De Sade blood fetish freaks as mechanical dolls try to emasculate Fonda's juicy meat (breast anyone?) with their doll steel teeth. There is a funny scene with David Hemmings and Barbarella, where Hemmings plays a forgetful revolutionary. He even forgets to fuck her which, come to think of it, is the only character in the whole picture who forgets to do it to her:

THAT ONE ESSENTIAL THING that saves Barbarella from being a totally bad picture and a totally bad lay.

But Hemmings saves the day by doing it future earth style, drop a pill and touch hands. In the great space age, as Barbarella tells us, sex is ail chemical. What you might call a 2000 and One quickie. It's Hemmings' performance which convinces me among all Barbarella's sexual encounters that he is the only one who truly has an orgasm. Barbarella even manages to get it socked to her by an angel who inadvertently tells us what it wasn't like in the best dialogue in the whole picture when he says, "An Angel has no memory."

There is also a nice scene for all the mechanical freaks as Barbarella gets it done to her by the ultimate weapon of death, a pleasure machine. The machine finally breaks down before Barbarella does. Which was no suprise to me considering Fonda's performance to reach a climax was the worst bit of acting I have ever seen done in a color film category (Oscars, anyone?).

strategy (Continued from Page 22)

couldn't in any way affect the midwest, let alone across time zones. Immediately we go to 1,500 miles we can do so. Now as you generate electricity in any one center you commit so much energy to this thing and you have to take care of the peak loads that different inasmuch as new things are coming in all the time you can't really predict very much so you have to produce always a little more than is being used. What is not used has been generated and is lost.

Therefore if you can integrate networks so you go over to the next town then you find that the peaks and valleys of the two towns are never the same, therefore your rates are very much less and the profits go up to the generating companies. When you can cross a time zone you suddenly get the peaks and valleys completely balancing each other and extremely efficient and down go the costs and up go the profits.

We are underway with this system which is going to mean extraordinary integration of the power capability of the North American continent. The same thing is going to go into the computers of Russia and the United States and they are going to learn that they are going to have to integrate those networks because they'll be going from the night side to the day side and you couldn't get higher efficiency.

This means there is going to be a power network going right across the Bering Strait and just immediately north within full connecting capability with China, and China's industrialization is completely dependent upon this power. Power is the absolute key to this industrialization. The computer is going to show China and China's leaders that they just have to go into that network because they will complete their promises to their people that much more rapidly.

In the meantime let us come back to the not-well-in formed humans and their cross-breeding and the things going on in Vietnam where I see that it is simply that Armageddon thing at work. There is absolutely no stopping it except by committing yourself to the design revolution which the computer is going to show and make it very clear to you that you can arrive at the elimination of it by 1980. If the computer begins to tell you way ahead that this is the way it is going to come out you might get politicians of both sides to really yield. This is your grand strategy.

FRENCH TICKLERS

Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. have at one time or another heard of French Ticklers? But only about 5% have seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find or outlawed. We have them. You will love them. Buy direct and save. \$1.50 each; 4 for \$5.00; \$10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new "Hippy" Sunflower French Tickler \$2.00 each. Safe and wild. Dealers invited. Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.

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 3. FRAGONARD - "Boy Fingering Servant Girl" 5.00
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 6. MONNIER - "He Lying Down, She Straddling" 5.00
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 8. VON BAYROSS - "Animals & Women Making Love" (Set of 4) 19.00
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* Send check or money order to:
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It took a smart person to create it. A doctor to recommend, and us to sell it. When you go down, it stays up. Hard to beat, \$12.00. Reasonable. Show this ad to an old friend. He will always be grateful. For more information send \$1.00 (refundable on first order). Mail only.
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FOR SUGAR-FREE DIETS, TRY HORSESHIT

There are a lot of sweet magazines on the market. Some are pure sugar. Or maybe it's saccharine. Unfortunately, all this sweetness and light means there's not much around for people who gag on sweet stuff.

That's why so many of these people are delighted when they discover Horseshit Magazine. They like sarcasm. They want the hard truth served up plain, not covered with marshmallow sauce. They think that things like the gradual military take-over of this country ought not to be met with smiles, but with hard, unyielding anger. Horseshit has never learned how to be ingratiating, it's had no practice groveling; all it knows is how to hit and hit hard. So if you've been looking for a hammer-fisted magazine that goes looking for fights, you've found it.

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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

IS THERE ANYWHERE a young (to 28) slender girl, attractive, who would enjoy a really good all around relationship with a good-looking young executive (totally unsquare). I have 26 ft. cabin cruiser, enjoy fine dining, theater, hip scene, et al. Relationship can move at your own pace. Ask only sincerity, offer the same. Could develop into an exclusive, if we click. If so, call . . . Dial (201) EL ABIER Fri. 7-11, Sun. 6-12, Tues.-Thurs. 7-?

WELL-HUNG male model, 27 available, erotic, porno-graphic, straight posing. Female or male. Ladies half price. I'LL COME to you. Nick, TE 9-0076, 9 to Noon.

SLAVE, goodlooking, 21, seeks mistress (G) to serve. Cheap to keep. Inexpensive food habits. Will eat your wastes. Call Jeffrey Bly after six GR 7-8150.

YOUNG MAN, 30, seeks Puerto Rican males up to 40 for love-making. Must be hung large. Call and leave message for Donald after 5 P.M. All answered. 777-5908.

GALS: FREE APT. Turned on guy seeks swinging chick (soul or white) to share boss pad. Do your own thing here. Call evenings after 10. 246-8029.

SAILOR, 25, hung, seeks information on locations of glory holes in U.S., N.Y. - N.J. preferred. Discreet. Will exchange info. Send to: A.L. Rodgers, 110 West 47th Street, Suite 600, New York, N.Y.

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

BRIGHT young (25) man wishes position as escort to lady full or part time. Write Allen, Box 703, Ansonia Station, N.Y.C. 10023.

GIRLS - LADIES. I am white, 32, attractive clean-cut type, completely discreet and interested in stimulating correspondence, phone conversation, short meetings, etc. For a pleasant, easy-going experience, contact Dom G, Box 299, Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

GENTLE experienced bachelor, 39, seeks bright gal or threesome oriented couple 21-50 for stimulating, uninhibited mutually satisfying exciting experiences. Mornings, afternoons, evenings. — Frank, Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

COUPLE seeks pretty bi-minded girl as third side of triangle. Photo, phone to TEC, Box 2676, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

DOCILE, male, masochist, 27 yrs., needs to be dominated and abused by dominant, sadistic, savage but suave female. Am masculine, 6'1", 185 lbs, reasonably well built and good looking, educated, secure and have own pad. Call answering service. Leave name, phone, or best way of contact. Discretion, of course. All answered; I will travel. Charles Mark, 777-3131. Anything to please!

SHY affectionate overweight male, 36, wants to meet understanding females. Can give you much tender loving care of the French variety. Couples welcome. B. Smith, Box 5236, Trenton, N.J. 08638.

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.

WOULD LIKE to meet an intelligent, attractive girl (18-30) to live with a sensitive, cultured and financial independent guy. All expenses paid, of course. Interested and active in the arts: theatre, music, etc. Beautiful mid-town pad. Am involved in the things that are really happening. Extensive travel in the States and abroad. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812, let's arrange to wine and dine.

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MEN ONLY - 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
SOUL BROTHER looking for white or Soul Sister with an apartment looking for male who enjoys congenial sex and stimulating activities around the city together. Call Joe at LKW-EARX between 2 & 4 c'clock.

GALS: FREE APT. Turned-on guy seeks swinging chick (soul or white) to share boss pad. Do your own thing here. Call evenings after 10. 246-8029.

POET, half-breed, 42, 6'1" plus 6, 180 lbs., desires attractive, young nympho, not fat, to share secret sex sundaes in Village pad. No fags. 254-8979.

MALE, want to please white male gay, for his desire. Must be employed nights, and free to travel during the day. Please, give height, weight, age and phone number and a snapshot to P.O. Box 521, Union City, New Jersey 07087.

GAY GUYS need roommates, 21-40, any race. Reasonable, own rooms. Box 8625, Phila, Pa. 19101.

GOOD LOOKING, young, gay and masculine — love all sex. If you're the same or hung heavy call Steve 877-1239.

WHITE MALE, 30, wants sexy black studs for wild single or group sex — Anything goes — Phone VEA-VARA — If out, keep trying.

NICE LOOKING young male, 23, wants female orgy partner. 652-4976 before noon or after 6, 9 or 12.

GOOD LOOKING 32 year old man wants woman with own apartment for sex, day or night. Prefer in Bronx or Westchester. Call 914-DE 7-9664 in Yonkers. Ask for Anthony or leave message and number with Frank. Call 8 A.M. - 4 P.M. Mon.-Sat. or 6 A.M. - 10 A.M. Sun. Will be unavailable Oct. 25-27.

NEW ORLEANS bound??? Former New Yorker. Male. 32. Wants to meet young men, servicemen or bi-visitors. Write: Steve, P.O. Box 50323, New Orleans. La. 70150.

YOUNG MAN looking for young beautiful Japanese or Chinese girl for honest NON SEXUAL relationship. I am tired of girls who groove on themselves. Call Charles 689-9671. After 9 P.M.

TWO ATTRACTIVE males. Late 30's. Seek friendship with attractive, responsible single males 21-40 in New York and East Hampton. No hippies. Write Box HHH, East Hampton, New York.

21 YEAR OLD male looking for female or male with apartment to share. Will pay half of rent. No exceptions, no prejudices. Address letters to P.O. Box 4381, Union City, New Jersey 07087.

ADVENTRESS sought as traveling companion by South American wanderer for unhurried overland return trip home, soon. Transportation: open. Call Jorge late nights: 222-5823.

ATHLETIC TYPE youth contact groovy fifty year young man, meet others, optional films, photos. Send personal description. Box #274, Jerome Ave. Sta., N.Y.C. 10468.

BODYBUILDER, masculine, good looking, likes muscles, beach, movies, action. Groovy muscle guys send details, phone, photo. P.O. Box 541, Cooper Station, N.Y.C. 10003.

I AM SIMBAD a sailor from South America, tall, sun tanned, good looking and yearning to learn love American style; please girls 18 to 35 could you help me? I have nice pad in Fifth Ave. too. Contact MI 929-0919.

FRENCH PARLOR — Social Group invites women (21-40) white, to free drinks and cash prize. See the kings striptease, then select a queen and give her his kiss of love. Every Wed., 8 P.M. Call King, 247-5913 (10 A.M. - 4 P.M.).

DO I LIKE 69? You're fucking right I do! But only with females. Great Ray's still seeking nympho type women for oral stimulating times (cunt lapping). I'm serious, honest, discreet. You fuck well better be. Singles, marrieds and groups call 215 TR 2-0532 after 9 P.M. (Phila. Area). Travels N.Y.C.

Hear my Heart/
when raindrops envy
your tongue/
and perfume explores
the young/
Hear my Heart/
when the unknown collides
with opportunity/
and the wilderness
dances with impunity/
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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

WELL TO DO professional man 40 years of age, country home, Cadillac, yacht, good looking—tired of women who do men a favor. Seeks a girl over 25, with the following characteristics. Must be beautiful (model, showgirl type), intelligent, sexually uninhibited, unattached, with a love and appreciation for the finer things in life. If you are tired of working and enjoy the gracious way of life and know how to cater to a man — I will provide a care free wonderful way of life for the right girl. Apt, travel the works. I don't care about the past. A nymph acceptable. Write, picture & phone # please.. Country Soph, Box 314, Tarrytown, N.Y.

I Japanese girl arrived from Tokyo. 22 years old, 35-22-30. Now divorced so desperately desire pleasures from man, woman or couple. Great experience to give finest thrills to willing couple, man, woman. Will send private photo to each who sends your private photo, letter. Have alimony. Hurry: Miyuki White Head, Box 1659, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

MALE, 30, Bus. Exec. seeks white female to 35 to share one bed upper East Side apt. Full or part time. Must be attractive and sexually cooperative. No expenses. Call 988-8191. No triflers.

GREAT RAY sucks it to you! Special service for clean attractive nymph type women — cunt stimulation. Guaranteed you to cream. Single white male, 34, 6'3", 195, notorious cunnilinguist. Write 219 E. 5th St., Chester, Pa. 19013. I'm serious!

ARE YOU sufficiently sophisticated to recognize you possess erotic Id drives? Is your Ego sufficiently mature to enjoy erotic relationships? If your answers are yes, and you are an attractive female, this 35 year old handsome male would enjoy wining and dining you. Dr. Lance Loring, P.O. Box 113, Bklyn, N.Y. 11204.

EUROPEAN LATIN, 38, 6'1", medium light, unconventional, kind, sympathetic, wide range of interests, wishes to hear from younger smooth skinned man, quiet type. Health a necessity, brains not necessary but welcome. Call 677-4159, will you?

OCCASIONAL visitor to NYC seeks gal or couple, interested in folk/country music, fetishism, black arts, occult or anything unusual. Leave name and number with ans. service: Garwick, Box 55, LA 4-3050.

WEEKENDS IN THE COUNTRY — If you like to receive French Culture, enjoy sex movies, call me collect 201-GXO-HEHI. Females to 45 any race.

TO MARIA IN NEW YORK — You didn't come to Rhode Island, 7 P.M. October 12. My cock is waiting for your hot tongue. If you don't want it, this ad is for any girl who likes using her hot tongue on hard cock. Call only after 11 P.M. Sunday thru Friday. (401 R.I.) (401-245-3356). Please don't call before 11 P.M.

Follow the Sea/
when moonlight equals
the leaf/
and purity completes
the thief/
Follow the Sea/
when lightning discovers
the haze/
and a seed defends
the daze/
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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.

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.

"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.

DOCILE MALE available for sincere dominant female(s). Call 384-8471 Mon. to Sat. Phone will be answered only between 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. No males.

PARTICIPATE! Good looking leather males, enjoy indoor water sports with 2 Brooklyn Heights boots/Levis guys. Call Alan 858-6676, 9 A.M. - 11 P.M. Also jockstrap fetishists: Call!

THREE INTELLIGENT, male students at Fordham University desire good looking, intelligent FEMALES (only) for stimulating physical (if mutually agreeable), and mental activities. Girls of any race or religion, welcome! Write Box 763, Fordham University, Bronx, N.Y. 10458.

LITTLE WHEEL is here from Miami, and I love to eat out broads on my XLCH. 477-8927.

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

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

happenings

TALKS

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 2:30 PM
 The Art of the Islamic Book—"The Great Schools of Miniature Painting"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street & Fifth Avenue
 —8:00 PM
 "Peace and the Dilemma of Presidential Politics" by Theodore C. Sorensen
 N. Y. Society of Ethical Cultures
 2 West 64th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 28:
 10:30 PM
 Survey of the Collections — "Later Greek Sculpture" by Margaret V. Hartt
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue
 —8:30 PM
 Revolt—Contemporary Style
 "What Choice for the People"
 by Walter P. Reuther
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 29:
 2:00 PM
 Slide Talk — "Endangered Wildlife"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW
 —6:00 PM
 Special Exhibition Talk—"The Great Age of Fresco" by Angela W. Watson
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 —8:00 PM
 "Man and War in the Arts" — John Moore, Walter James Miller and Leonard Altman
 N.Y.U. — Top of the Park Restaurant
 Loeb Student Center

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30:
 1:00 PM
 Special Exhibition and Gallery Talk
 —"The Great Age of Fresco"
 by Linda J. Lovell
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue
 8:30 PM
 Revolt — Contemporary Style
 "Marital Hang-ups and Hung-up Marriages" by Harvey Schrier
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, OCT. 31:
 2:00 PM
 Gallery Talk — Hall of Late Dinosaurs
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW
 —2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections — "Later Greek Sculpture" by Margaret V. Hartt
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue
 7:30 PM
 "Symbolism in Astrology"
 by Jacob Levite
 A.R.E. New York Center
 34 West 35th Street (\$1.00)

FILMS

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "The Eyes of Mummy Ma" (1918) and "The Doll" (1919) by Ernst Lubitsch
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street (\$1.50)
 —8:00 PM
 Open screening 16mm experimental short. U-P Film Group
 814 Broadway (11th St.) (Free)
 —8:00 PM
 Open screening — Bring 8 and/or 16mm film or footage to show and discuss
 Millennium Film Workshop
 2 East 2nd Street
 —8:00 & 10:00 PM
 Experimental Film and video tapes
 ("The Game," "The Collections," "Foundry Girl") by Terry
 315 Broadway — 233-9159 (\$1.50)

—9:00 PM
 "Th Shop on Main Street"
 Spencer Cinema
 99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SATURDAY, OCT. 26:
 2:00 PM
 "Ore From Venezuela"; "New York —The Anytime City"; "A Tour of Grant's Farm"; "The Lumberman"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW (Free)
 —3:00 & 5:00 PM
 "The Arabian Night" (1920) by Ernst Lubitsch
 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 (11th St.) (Free)

SUNDAY, OCT. 27:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "The Oyster Princess" (1919)
 Museum of Modern Art
 —8:00 & 10:00 PM
 Experimental films and video tape
 ("The Game," "The Collections," "Foundry Girl") by Terry
 315 Broadway, 233-4159 (\$1.50)

MONDAY, OCT. 28:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "The Mountain Cat/The Wildcat"
 by Ernst Lubitsch (1921)
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street
 —3:30 P M
 "Florence: Days of Destruction"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street & Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 29:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "Madame DuBarry" (1919)
 by Ernst Lubitsch
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30:
 12:00
 "Evolution," "Why Man Creates," "Reflections," Concert Tonight"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street
 —2:00 PM
 "Bonanza at Great Bear,"
 "Call to Pleasure"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW
 —2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "Seventh Heaven"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street
 12:00 Midnight
 "Pow Wow," "Daybreak," "Short and Suite," "Fiddle De Dee,"
 (Filmmakers invited to bring their films)
 Free Store — 14 Cooper Square

THURSDAY, OCT. 31:
 2:00, 5:30 & 8:00
 "Carmen" (or "Gypsy Blood")
 by Ernst Lubitsch (1918)
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

EXHIBITIONS

OCTOBER 29 THRU JAN. 5:
 Brassi—Photographs
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

OCTOBER 31 THRU NOV. 3:
 Exhibition in Honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW:
 "World Beneath Our Feet, Minerals"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

NOW THRU OCT. 27:
 DuBuffet
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 3:
 "The Door," co-sponsored by U. S. Plywood

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 Modern 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 Presco: 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 JAN. 26:
 Rauschenberg—"Soundings"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU FEB. 2:
 "Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
 Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
 88th Street and Fifth Avenue

POETRY READING

SATURDAY, OCT. 26:
 4:30 PM
 Poetry and Rock — Kenwood Elmslie, Kenneth Koch and Anne Waldman and SUN, a high school rock group
 Soldiers and Sailors Monument
 89th Street and Riverside Drive

SUNDAY, OCT. 27:
 3:00 PM
 Kenneth Koch
 N.Y.U. — Eisner & Lubin Auditorium
 Loeb Student Center (Free)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30:
 8:30 PM
 Jim Carroll and Harris Schiff
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 2nd Avenue & 10th Street

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 4:00 PM
 Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 2nd Avenue and 10th Street

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Ron Padgett
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, OCT. 26:
 4:00 PM
 Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 28:
 8:30 PM
 Prose—Bart Gerald & Seymour Krim
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, OCT. 29:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Peter Schjeldahl
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, OCT. 31
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Sam Abrams
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

MUSIC

AU GO GO: Junior Wells, Oct. 30, joined by Dino Valenti.

APOLLO: Sweet Inspirations, Billy Stewart, Freddy Scott, Masqueraders, Gloria Walker, Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson.

BITTER END: Joni Mitchell, and Neil Young.

GASLIGHT: Scott Fagan, Carl Waxman

FILLMORE EAST: John Mayall and Bluesbreakers, Moody Blues, Rhinoceros.

SLUGS: Yusef Latef.

VILLAGE GATE: Top-Bill Evans, Down Modern Jazz Quartet, Jackie Mason.

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Kenny Burrell.

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 8:00 PM
 The Chambers Brothers and Blood, Sweat & Tears
 Fordham University Gym
 Rose Hill Campus, Fordham Rd.
 (\$3.00 - \$5.00)

SATURDAY, OCT. 26:
 8:00 PM
 Angus Godwin, singer & guitarist
 90 & 99 Coffee House
 99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SUNDAY, OCT. 27:
 8:30 PM
 Sing Out Benefit Concert
 Fillmore East

MONDAY, OCT. 28:
 8:30 PM
 Stefan Grossman
 Folklore Center Folk Festival
 Washington Sq. Methodist Church
 (\$2.00)

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:
 "The Hunter" by Murray Mednick
 Theatre Genesis
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

—"The Concept"
 Sheridan Square Playhouse
 CH 2-3432

—Sherriff's "Journey's End"
 Roundabout Theatre - WA 4-7161

—"Thea Party" and "The Basement"
 by Pinter
 East Side Playhouse
 334 East 7th Street

—"Phase Three" by Richard Cohen
 Cooper Square Art Theater
 GR 3-8066 - 982-4724

THIS WEEKEND:
 —"Looking for Rosa"
 by Jack Adler
 —"The Bottled Room"
 by M. Mathias
 N. Y. Theatre Ensemble Workshop
 2 East 2nd Street

FRIDAY, OCT. 25:
 8:30 PM
 The American Mime Theatre
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue



Richie
ELECTRIC
Havens

**oxford town
900 miles
i'm a stranger here
my own way**

**boots and spanish leather
c. c. rider
3:10 to yuma
shadow town**

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AND HARMONICA WERE ADDED
BY



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