

VOL. 3, NO. 40

NATIONAL 25¢

SEPTEMBER 13, 1968

# THE FOOTWEAR





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**by CARRIER PIGEON**

LETTERS

Dear EVO,

Living in a veritable desert called Mississippi, I thought I would write to your publication in hope of reaching the outside world.

I was prompted to write by the man staring over my shoulder, lovingly known as Uncle Sam the junkie, on the cover of the March 8-14 issue. It was sent to me by a friend, whom I can no longer reach, and who is my principal reason for writing. Her name is Betty Acker and she and a friend live together, named Naomi Schiroma. My last letter came back "addressee unkonwn". After what happened to "Groovy" and the chick with him, I wondered if something had happened to her. If anyone knows please write to the address below.

Sincerely,  
 Barry Walton,  
 1501 Park Avenue  
 Yazoo City, Miss. 39194.

Dear EVO:

Those fuckin' Chicago pigs were circumcised (EVO, Vol. 3, No. 39).

You mothers know that ain't Kosher

R. J. C. in N. Y.  
 from Miami Beach.

Dear EVO,

If you had a choice between being President or being Christ, be President saying you can't tolerate pain and suffering and you're old enough to be His father.

Dear EVO:

I was not in Chicago—and I will regret it to my dying day—though I am also glad, now, that we couldn't raise the time, cash, or courage to go. I did lose a lot of sleep watching the convention coverage which bemused rather than appaled me. We were losing our critical faculties, lulled by the fabulous unreality of it as filtered thru NBC, but a sudden shock of realizing that happy Hubert and Tricky Dick (a sister act if ever and saw one) were running for President—arrgh—we have to do something. So watch out boys, the Commandos are joining the war.

Regretfully,  
 Mother D who loves to the last.

Dear EVO:

For those of you who participated in the political processes of our country, who supported and prayed for Robert Kennedy, Gene McCarthy, or George McGovern, I submit that you paint your campaign buttons black . . .

BLACK a color of mournings for the death of democracy in the pig-town of

Chicago. . . .

BLACK a color of warning, warning that if the black flag of anarchy must wave over this nation before the people rule again, then wave by God it will!

We shall overcome,  
 someday . . .

Gentlemen:

I read the EVO every week and enjoy it. I like to read the ads, but there is one thing about them I don't like. I'm queer.

Suppose you were Jewish or Negro and read an ad saying, "Bachelor female over 21 to share his pad. No kikes or niggers." Would you like this? Of course not. Now just substitute the word "fags" for either or both of the pejorative nouns in the above ad and you will know what I don't like about the E.V.O.

All I ask is that you have your advertisers eliminate the words "fag(s)" and "queers" from their ads. "Gay" or "homos" are just as informative and doo not carry the note of contempt the others do.

You will probably note that I say I am queer, but object to being called "a queer" and the plural "queers". This may seem irrational but for some reason there is a vast difference between saying "He is queer," and "He is a queer." It seems to me that the latter is uneducated usage.

Yours sincerely,  
 ZZZZZ

Dear EVO:

Please be advised that in the August 30th issue Stan Fisher (NEPTUNE IN THE NEWS) adds 22 and 19 and gets 31. I think it equals 41.

Don't work too hard Stan.  
 Love,  
 Mike Schweinsberg

Dear EVO:

I urge and implore Sen. Eugene McCarthy to introduce into Congress an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to establish presidential primaries to be held in each of the 50 states, in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. This would be a lasting courageous and splendid contribution to our nation in this century . . .

Raymond Earl Watson  
 Louisville, Ky.

Dear EVO:

In answer to "Compassionate Jim" who calls for cutting hair, buying suits and getting jobs to infiltrate Big Brother, I say that you cannot win a social revolution by conforming—only by defying in great numbers, the more the better . . .

Snooglemick Yippie

**FUBAH** is an old military term for Fucked Up Beyond All Help. Ironically it also describes the state of mind in Chicago. Head about their adventures in this realm.



Were we waiting for Chicago? OR was Chicago waiting for us?

It is one A.D., a week after the death of Democracy, and I still can't get Chicago out of my mind. And why should I? BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE REVOLUTION.

It all seemed like a somnambulistic paradise where a piece of highly devised fiction came true. And to prove it, the high priests of Literatti were there: Jean Genet, William Burroughs, Terry Southern, Norman Mailer, and Allen Ginsberg. And God knows how many unknown greats and minor writers.

Chicago was like a splitting headache; the pigs on one side and a shaggy handful of us on the other. The lines were neatly drawn a vortex created, and the energy made to flow counter-clockwise sucking in millions of asleep bystanders who were standing about greedily following their daily habits. The dull thud on the head, the fiery burning in the nostrils and throat, the searing sting to the eyes, the yelling, the cursing, the pain and misery, the joy: Who were the enemy? Who were the ones that were mad and insane?

I felt myself splitting apart in Chicago. I felt the blackjack and the mace. The gas and the billyclub I saw it all. What were those policemen so mad about? I saw his twisted face, swarthy in the moonlight, a slickshortsleevesweatershirt of green covering his top bicep as his right hand held the blackjack and chain and leaned heavy through the open window.

He came down on my right arm hard, thuds to my wrist and right shoulder, rapid black mass and thud celluloiding before my face. He sputtered, "MOVE! MOME! MOVE! MOVE!" over and over beserk words cascading the empty highway through Lincoln Park. I felt nothing but his eyes' pool blackness and spitting of his insane command wet on my surprise open mouth. I emmitted no pain, no fear, looked at him — straight at his eyes — refusing to duck the blows or to explain, wondering what he was afraid of, and finally spoke to him, enunciating loud and clear, "What do you think you're doing?" He stopped . . .

straightened to attention from his leaning over into the open window to hit me, and stared. I sat there in the same command position which had not moved throughout the last couple of minutes of blows, as he stared at my military air force jacket from Limbo. The expression on his face broke open. The uniform fit but who was I? Suddenly others came out of the side of darkness, smashing at the side and front windshield. I rolled up my window. The glass shattered, flew at my left hand, a slight nick but a constant flow of blood. Now I stared, watching the glass fly past me, noting their angry faces, the expressions which made their noses, lips, and skin contort into rows of hard mounds of earth exploding up from the surface of their flesh. What were they so mad about?

I was not brave. All I wanted was to know WHY (?). They suddenly stopped as insanely as they began. Jay Levin, who was sitting beside me and driving, rolled down his window and explained to them that our gas line to the carbtorator had slipped and we were getting very little acceleration. They let him out of the car to fit it, not caring to notice his green police press card from the New York Post safetied to his jacket. One of them leaned through the open window to look me over. I looked at his black framed glasses. as he looked at mine, both curious.

"Where are you from," he questioned.

"New York."

"What are you doing here?"

"Press."

"Where's your I.D.?"

"Can I put my hand in my pocket?" I asked. Luckily my press card was in my left hand pocket, my right arm being totally useless.

"What are ya gonna do? — Shoot me?"

"That's not my business," I replied as I pulled out my I. D. card and put it in front of his glasses. He put a flashlight on the card and looked. He nodded his head and I placed the card back in my pocket. He saw that all he was going to get from me was Name, Rank, and Serial Number.

All this took place on last Monday night under huge amounts of T.H.C., majoun and Pot. Most of it was from the graham crackers and honey that they had been handing out in Lincoln Park during the day.

Monday was a weird day. It was a day when everything began. It was the first day of the totalitarian police state and the first day of the work week. MONDAY.

Tom Hadyn of Mobilization had been arrested earlier afternoon while sitting under a tree in Lincoln Park. His buddha behavior was considered by the "pigs" as "disorderly conduct." Fifteen hundred of us immediately marched to the other side of town to protest at the jail. We marched past chanting; Richard Goldstein from the Voice on my right, observing and participating; his long hair goldenlocked and defiant. We walked past; the peace sign and victory mudhra extending through our second and third fingers, the cry of "pigs" and "oink" stacattoing the noise. We marched to Grant Park in front of the Conrad Hilton, climbed up the hill to a statue of a General Logan on his horse, mounted and hung flags from the



# POOR PARANOID IN CHICAGO

by Allen Katzman

huge porous sculptured stone. The police came in slugging, smashing, knocking people in all directions. They became frustrated and angry when one of us climbed to the top of the statue, almost unreachable from their pig grasp as he shouted peace and made the sign of victory. We cheered and then he fell; the police pulling him down to the ground and fracturing his arm with their clubs. We stood around yelling, stabbing the "pig" with our verbal barbs.

The evening came on and we found ourselves back at Lincoln Park, nine hundred strong. People standing or sitting around campfires, singing, discussing; getting stoned; twelve circles formed like twelve tribes each with its own special trademark.

At 10:30, I made a full sweep of the park, walking northward from LaSalle Avenue where medical units of the Hospital Committee on Human Rights waited to serve, neutral in white uniforms and red cross armbands. They had been taking a bad beating the past two days. Daley and his pigs had refused to recognize their neutrality, had pointed them out as leaders of "the Kids," and had confiscated their hospital vans. I heard one of them explain to a newsman and curious bystander: "We are neutral. We'll help a policeman as well as any other injured person."

There were about at least 300 more people on the outer edge of the park: The curious, the seekers, hordes of newsmen and camera crews ready to go into the abyss of the park when 11 o'clock curfew came and the "pigs" made their sweep of the park. The media coverage of the last four days had brought down a conglomeration of Voyeur Cong curious about experiencing it all. I noticed some of our own in helmets on the corner; an observation post out in full sight watching if the police would come from their direction. There were no police in sight. I strolled back into the park to see if anything new had de

veloped and to take a walk on the far north side of the park away from what was happening to see if the police were there.

I ran into Alen Ginsberg oming in the center of the park with hundreds of people around him and the news cameras and lights focused on his every move. I stood at the outer edge of the circle and watched and OMed silently. Unlike the day before when he had caught me just watching and yelled out to me "Katzman start Oming," and I fell to my knees willingly and became part of it, this time I stood watching, playing reporter.

I continued on, going away from the rest, deeper into the park where the silence bunched itself in shadows. The moon barely made it through the dark clouds but I noticed a sickly dressed Mad. Ave 3 button type in neat summer grey; his slick blonde beauty treated haircut, his pug nose standing important: His coarse capone voice graveled through the darkness to 4 N.B.C. cameramen with yellow helmets standing towards the right of him.

He was a public relations man from the Sheriff's office and he was railing against the unfair treatment of the Police by the Press. The N.B.C.er's stood motionless, agreeing with what they were now listening to. This time they would not be beaten up. They would come in, behind the police and they would have safe conduct through the police lines.

Suddenly a crowd of "kids" were milling around the group and confronted the single factor that stood out of place. "The kids" knew that salesmen types had no place in the park this time of night. And the "kids" also knew while some people would be Oming, sitting around, observing on corners, that others would be seeking out the "pigs" beforehand and confronting them.

The sheriff office salesman paled for a moment upon being discovered then regained his composure as the kids shouted abuses at him and terrorized his obvious criminal conditioning. He retreated closer to the TV pressmen and behind a tree, hugging it close to him for protection. The "kids" stopped and stood there as if paying homage to the safety of the tree which he now held up as a shield and which they now respected refusing to give injury to it. I walked past, knowing that the P.R. man was in good hands. Flower power would be respected.

I continued down the path until I came to the edge of a lake and walked along a riding path. I passed a parking lot and noticed some well dressed teenagers getting into shiny new cars ready to pull out when it all came down. I continued further until I spied the police calmly waiting in a gully; 200 strong, their blue uniforms starched, billy clubs gleaming white in the moonlight. I heard them communicating short wave to other policemen in the cultural institute and a barn behind the zoo both located in the park and both appropriate places for "pigs."

(Continued on Page 13)



the efforts of our 7 man team in Chicago. Read about their adventures in this issue.



# Lilah

by Lita Eliscu

The Legend of Lylah Clare: Overnight she was a star. . . over many nights, she became a legend.

It's the kind of movie whose greatness lies in the bad parts; this is the quintessence of all the Hollywood movies, and those moments which made them memorable so there is nothing but bad parts. Here is The Director, living with the memory of The Star he created ("I made you! do you hear! I, I made you — without me you are nothing!!!!") and a live reminder of this past, The 'Friend of The Star' — a part-dyke, part-junkie accented cocker spaniel bitch ("I luff you, Lylah. . . small delicates kiss. . . or," If you do zat to hairs, I will punish you. I swear it!"); there is The Star: a onceshy, twice-tried girl who gradually becomes The Real Star, whom she is supposed to look like. Kim Novak gets to play Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Jean Harlow, and a little Marilyn Monroe — or is it Marjorie Morningstar? — with even a little bit of real Kim Novak thrown in — regarded from another angle, there's a lot of Kim Novak sticking out — she wears dresses cut just like her bras which are cut just like her boobs which are really nice and match her blue eyes.

There is the archetypal Movie Producer ("We make movies! not film! Moo-vees, schmuck! Not film (ych)!") who makes money. And a whole host of others: the little jew who discovered the original Lylah Clare and has somehow stumbled across Elsa Brinckmann-alias-Cameron (Kim to her friends), a shy girl maybe from Brooklyn. Myron or whatever his name is gets the idea that they should make the story of Lylah Clare's life, using Elsa: That's the plot of the movie.

'Lylah Clare' lasts a little over two hours, and every minute is so great that it's hard to find a way across & down the page to convey the grin that starts on your face with the credits and gets wide enough to eat the whole screen, all flavors and all comers (try Lylah Clare on your tongue; the syllables roll. . .)

For some reason, many of the voice are dubbed over the soundtrack, which has a disconcerting effect. Could it be because:

- 1.) The original dialogue was not as good (bad) as this?
- 2.) No one could keep from laughing while the film was made?
- 3.) It adds to the general disbelief and confusion?

One likes to think it's for at least all three of these reasons. The movie is playing at the Loew's Sheridan, 7th Ave. and 12th St; Loew's all around town: the State on Broadway, the Orpheum on upper East side, and 83rd St. on upper West side.

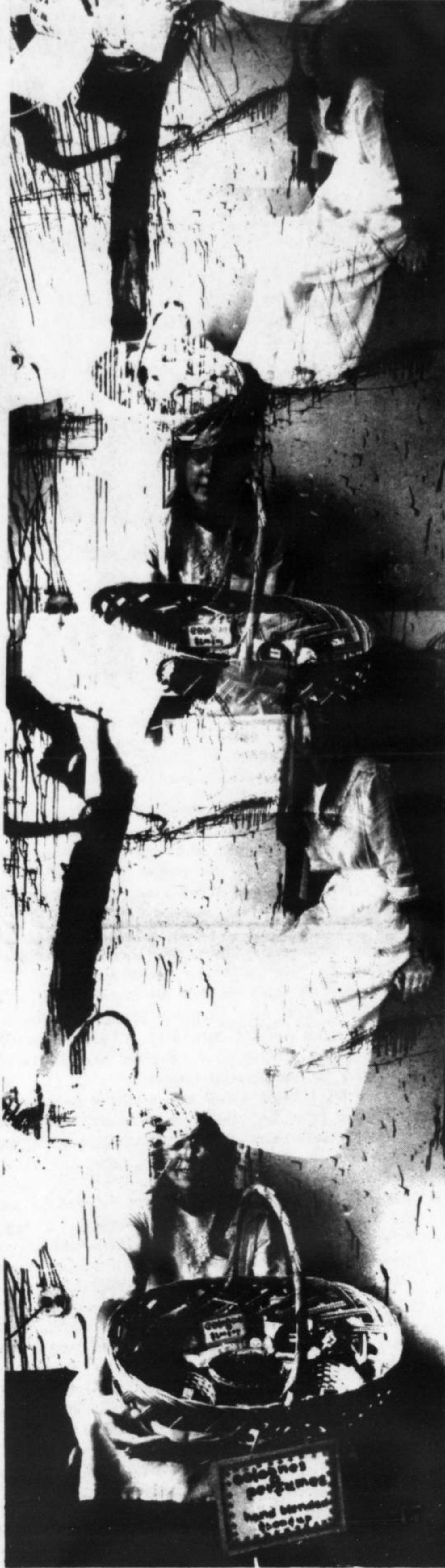
....Hugs and Kisses is Post-Petulia which may be the problem, for it is a quite good movie, only all these great, sensitively wrought-up parts never quite meld to make the movie memorable; instead there is only a chinese-food condition afterwards, as though somewhere in between the last theatre seat and the stale air of the street, the main substance disappeared, leaving names of various dishes.

What is there to say about pain and indifference, of people not feeling for and about other people. . . what is there to show, to reveal, to lay bare and sloppily, rawly just-there. Everything metamorphoses during the after-moments: bitterness becomes acidity; an aura if sinister, chilling terror dwindles to simple, Pinteresque boring indifference (does anyone really care what happens to the tramp, the 'Caretaker', after the curtain rings down. . .?). There is just no cumulative effect, only glancing blows with enough time in between to recover rather too fully.

In the movie, there are Eva and Max, husband and wife, and John — star and only boarder, who moves in for a few days, and then just stays, for undescribed but indispensable reasons. Above the bed of Eva and Max hangs a photo of Eva in full fashion-model regalia: she wears a pyjama pants outfits, sitting on her haunches, her legs spread wide and her smile turned-on. It's hard to miss the full-size blow-up when ever you enter the room, and the camera never seems to forget to focus on this — so regard this photo as a key to the marriage going on full tilt underneath it. John at one point finds a bird of his own, a blonde chubby type, who takes over with him; they throw a party to which they invite only children. But what a bunch of wise little bastards they are, all sitting at table quite jaded, and one little boy slyly fondling Eva's knee under the table, others coldly regarding the adults who are flustered and unused to being aware of children at all — could they know that Eva doesn't want to have any children yet?

# Strawberry Love

by Trina



Susanna is a beautiful red-haired Sagittarius from Grass Valley, California, who makes perfume in a loft near Canal Street. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings she puts little bottles of perfume in a basket and, wearing a dress that she made of an old lace curtain, she sells them on Saint Mark's Place.

A trip through her enormous white loft was like a trip through an old apothecary shop. I found strange, oddly shaped bottles which when unstopped gave forth odors of lime, strawberries, and an aerosol can full of something called Earth! Susanna even had a great jug full of a man's perfume as yet unnamed, and smelling like Lime Rickey.

Lately she's gotten into cosmetics, facial moisturizers and cleansing creams. ("You know how icky commercial skin creams feel on your skin? That's because they're made with mineral oils. Mine contain only animal or vegetable oils. The big companies know these formulas but they won't use them because they're too expensive. I'm looking for a backer so I can manufacture them myself.")

The moisturizer smelled expensive. The cleanser, in a plastic tube, smelled clean and was swimming pool turquoise. Susanna grabbed my pen.

"Let me give you a TV demonstration!"

As I watched in horror she scrawled all over her arm with my pen. Then she applied the cleanser, and the mess came right off. Blue magic!

Susanna told me how she started almost four years ago when she met areal little old perfume maker who let her in on his secrets.

SUSANNA: After that I learned mostly from trial and error. Books are good, but then again not good — trial and error is expensive but you can make such discoveries! And you develop imagination in your nose — a whole nose vocabulary. I finally stopped smoking because it deadened my sense of smell.

ME: And of course you use only your own perfumes and cosmetics?

SUSANNA: Of course. The only other perfume I even like is Chanel's Russian Leather. As for my cosmetics, the moisturizer helps wrinkles but a lot has to come from inside. If I'm tense I get wrinkles on my forehead; when I relax they go away. I'm not doing makeups because I don't think that's gonna be what's happening for a while. The important thing now is to be naturally beautiful. Now that I'm not as poor as I was and can eat I've gained 10 pounds and everyone is telling me how great I look and I feel healthier.

ME: Tell me about your adventures as a perfume peddler.

SUSANNA: Well, I was gonna put my perfumes in a baby buggy and wheel them around but I couldn't find one so I got myself a basket and something called a "basket license." It was hard at first because I'm sorta bashful but I've made a lot of friends on St. Mark's Place and learned a lot about people. I sell most to boys and girls on dates and after that, to single men. I don't think I've sold more than two bottles to women over 40. They disapprove of me so they act as though I were a hippie beggar. And I had a terrible time on Wall Street when I tried it one day. They all had the same attitude towards me as the old women on St. Mark's Place. The only people who bought from me were old men who felt sorry for me.

I noticed a funny little ring among the more exotic Persian-antique-silver rings on Susanna's hand. It was a heart shaped stone the exact pink of Strawberry Love. (Her most famous perfume, a bright pink liquid which smells like a sort of heavenly strawberry jam.)

SUSANNA: Oh, that. I got it in a box of Cracker Jacks. I hate to think of when it finally breaks.

foto-montage by Diane Dorr-Dorynek

This is a Swedish movie, which means that there are subtitles, but the visual language is sophisticated and cosmopolitan, extremely so. Few causes are given preceding any event, in true fashionable newspaper style: People cry, scream and are sad with no given reason; they just are. Decisions are put off until they must be decided, and then they are, in as theatrical and outlandish — and somehow sane — fashion as anyone might wish.

Unfortunately, it is the final image which is so heavily Pinterish and only increases the heavily floating sensation which trickles off into unimportant uncertainties.

The movie is at the Beekman, 65th and 2nd Ave.

The Fourth Wall is an improvisation group, to be reviewed next week, but to be seen currently at Theatre East, 211 East 60th, Tues-Sun at 8:40. Also, on Wed and Fri at noontime, on 59th and 5th Avenue, in front of the Plaza Hotel (where the action is). Really, they

like hecklers, and interferers — to stretch a point — or better put, they like participators, even if a little noisy.

Le Grand Panic Circus is still in town, go see the animals and hermaphrodite, at The Extension, inc., 277 Park Ave. South by Calvary Church, this Fri-Sun at 8:30, tel: WA-4-8400.

This is a different kind of circus.

The Chelsea Girls is still on at New Cinema Playhouse, and this is just a reminder for those who missed a flick which ranges from great cocktail conversation openers, to cocktail-conversation quotes.

—Ondine, posing as a Pope, to dykey confessor: "Tell me, I'm the Pope."

—Girl, etc., to Ondine: "All right"

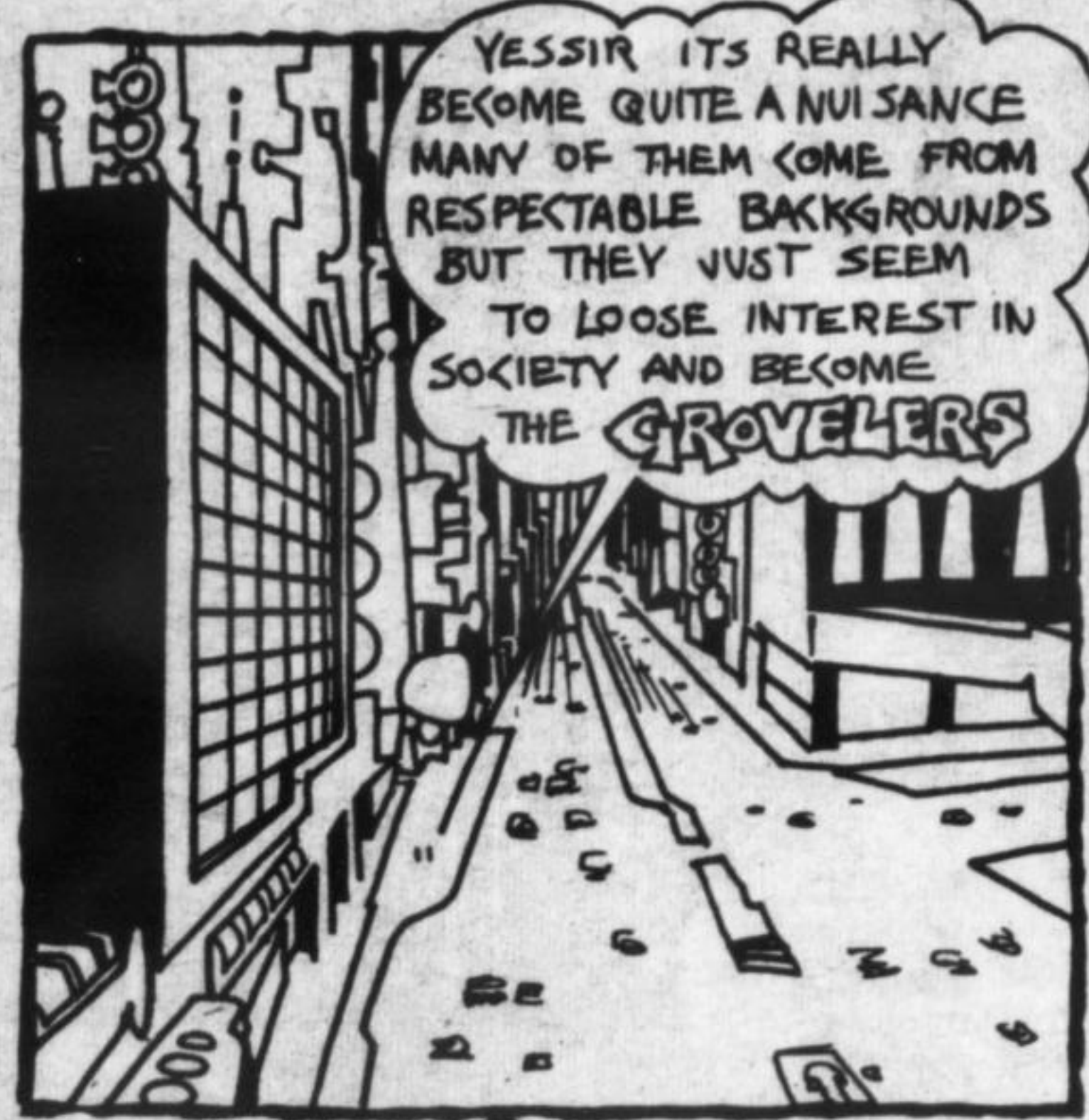
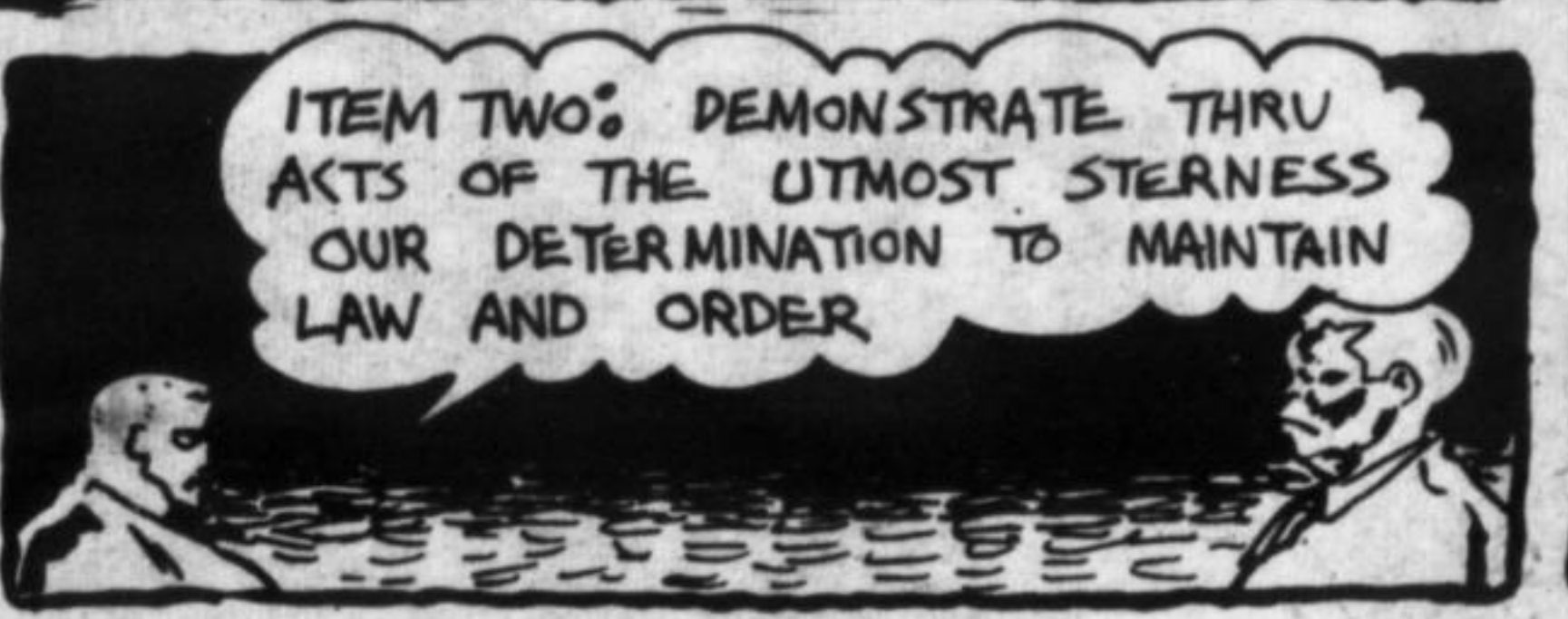
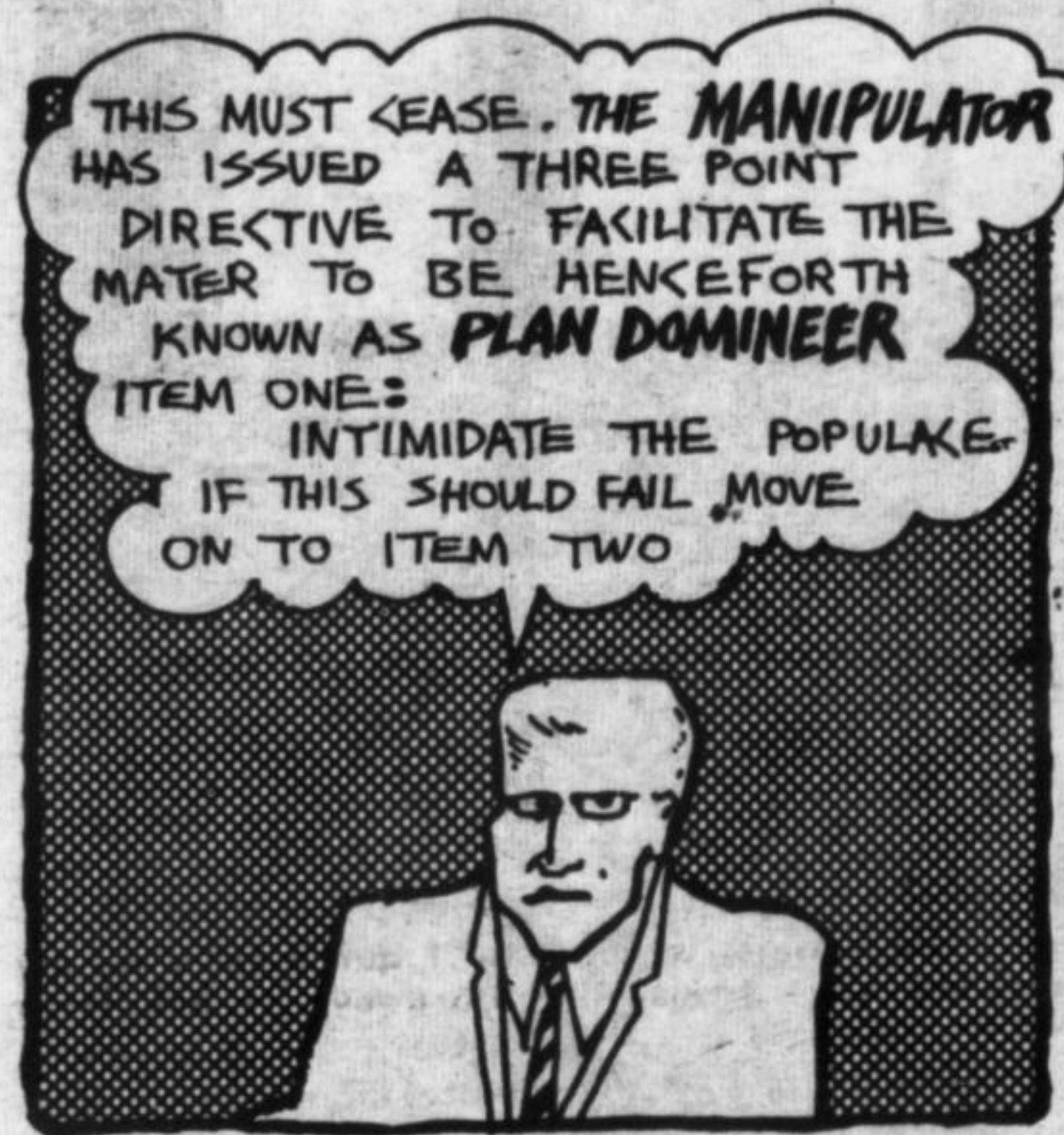
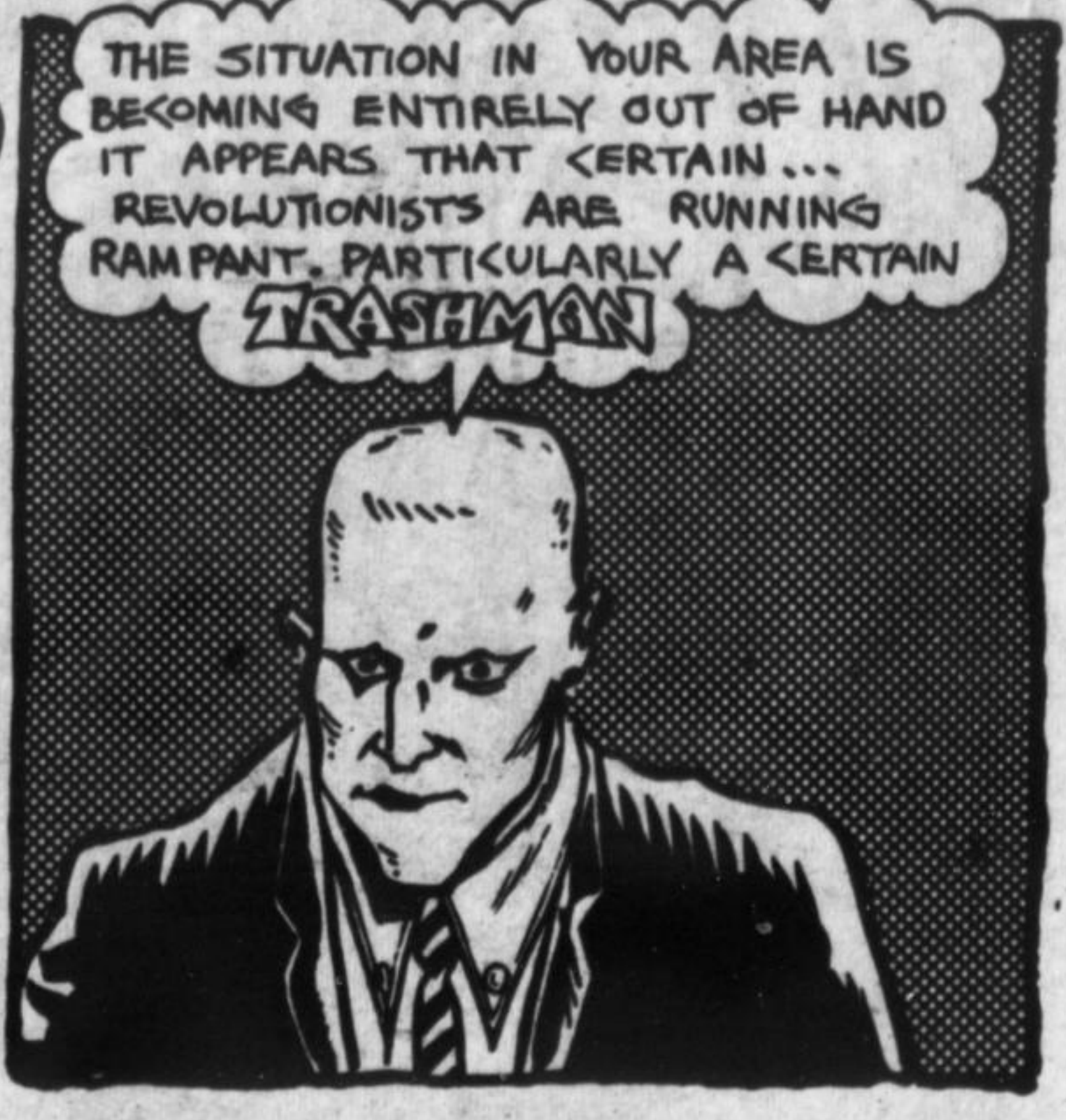
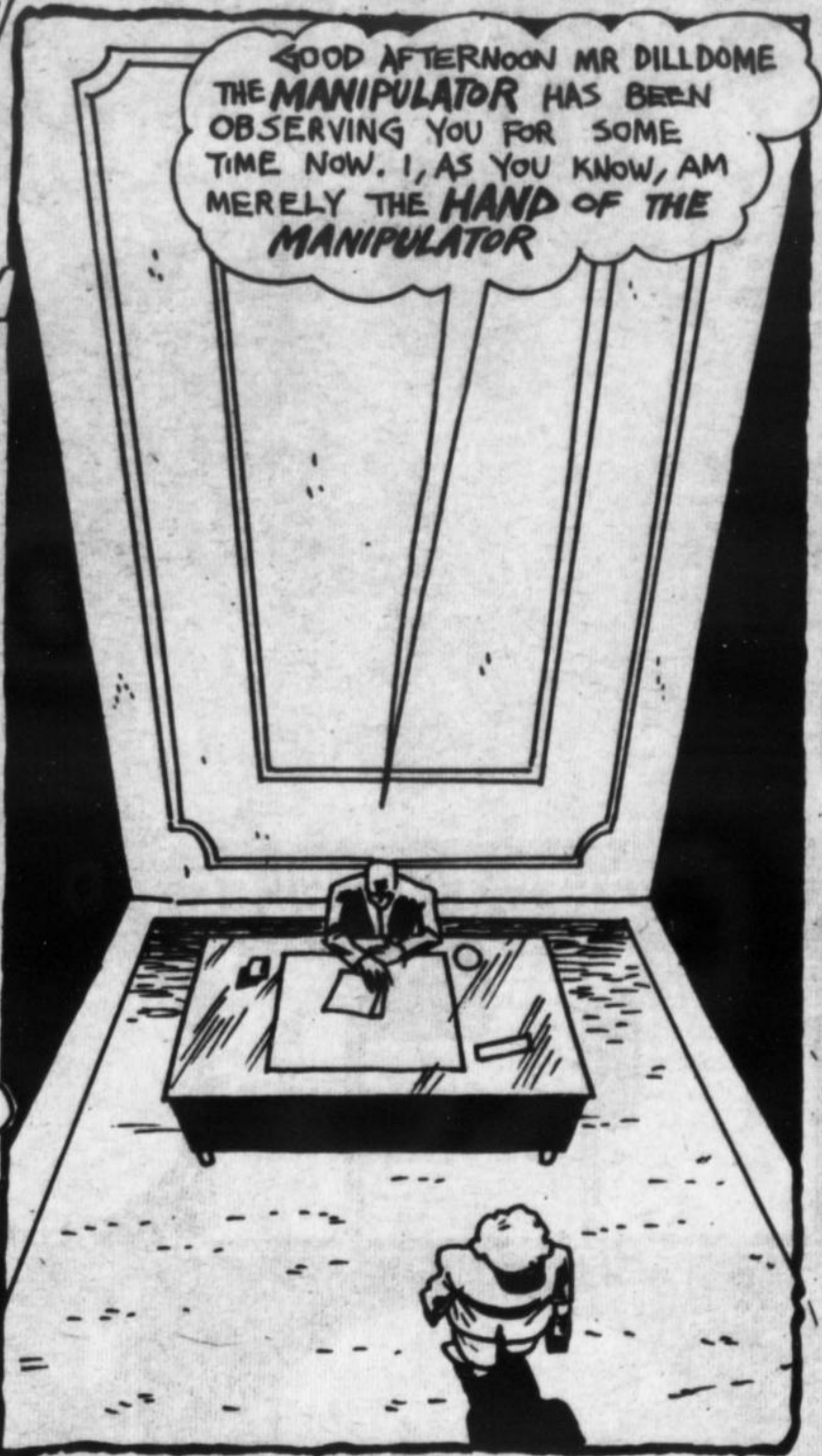
—O: No, no I'm not a real Pope — I'm an art student.

(Continued on Page 15)



# TRASHMAN

AGENT of the 1<sup>st</sup> International







NEW ALBUMS FROM LIMELIGHT/THE ELECTRONICS OF YOUR MIND

# LIMELIGHT

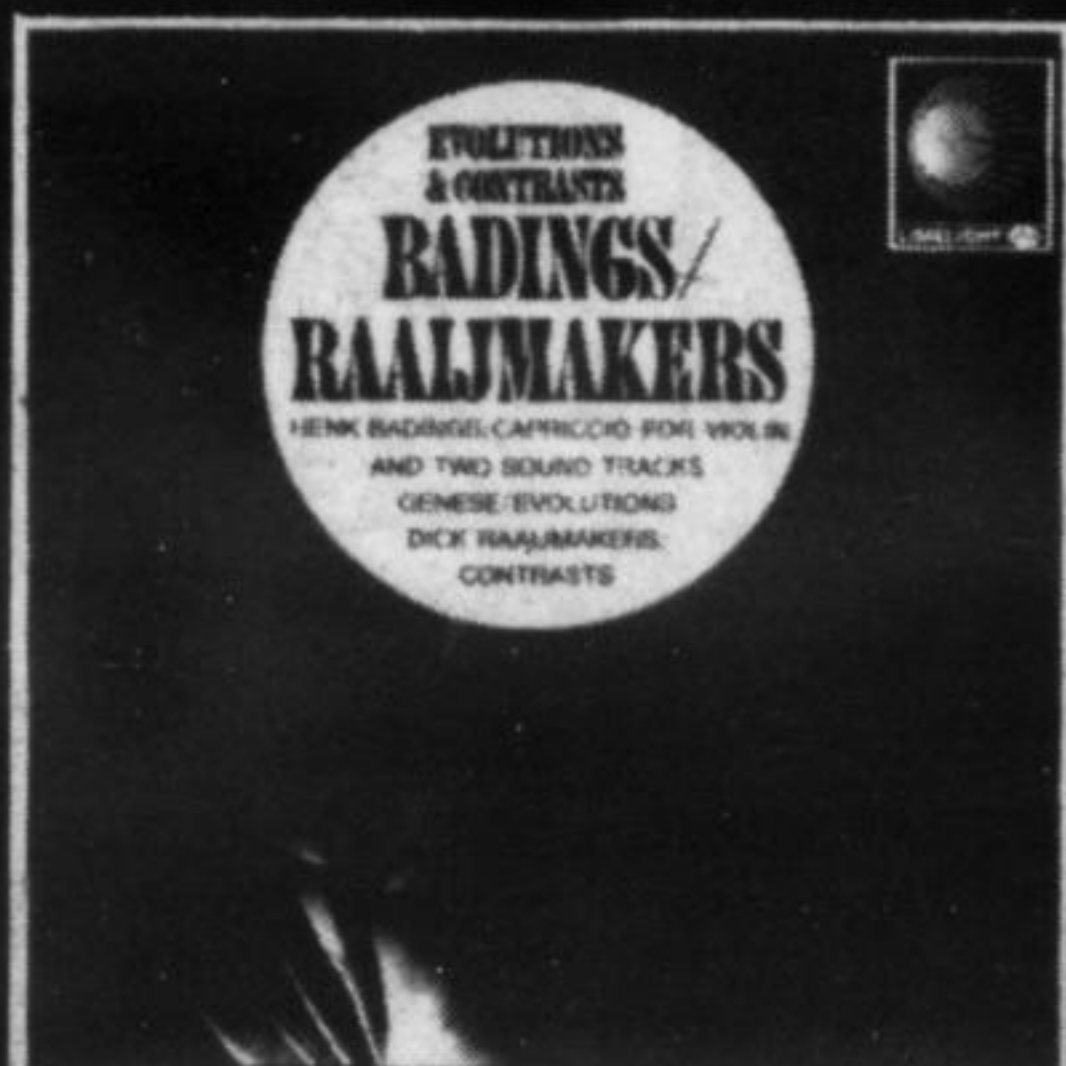


WICK MARK MEN  
THE WICK MARK MEN

WICK MARK MEN  
The Wick Mark Men  
combining the two  
of a kind  
LS 86054

SANTUR, TUNBUK & TAR  
MUSIC AND  
DRUM RHYTHMS FROM IRAN  
VARIOUS

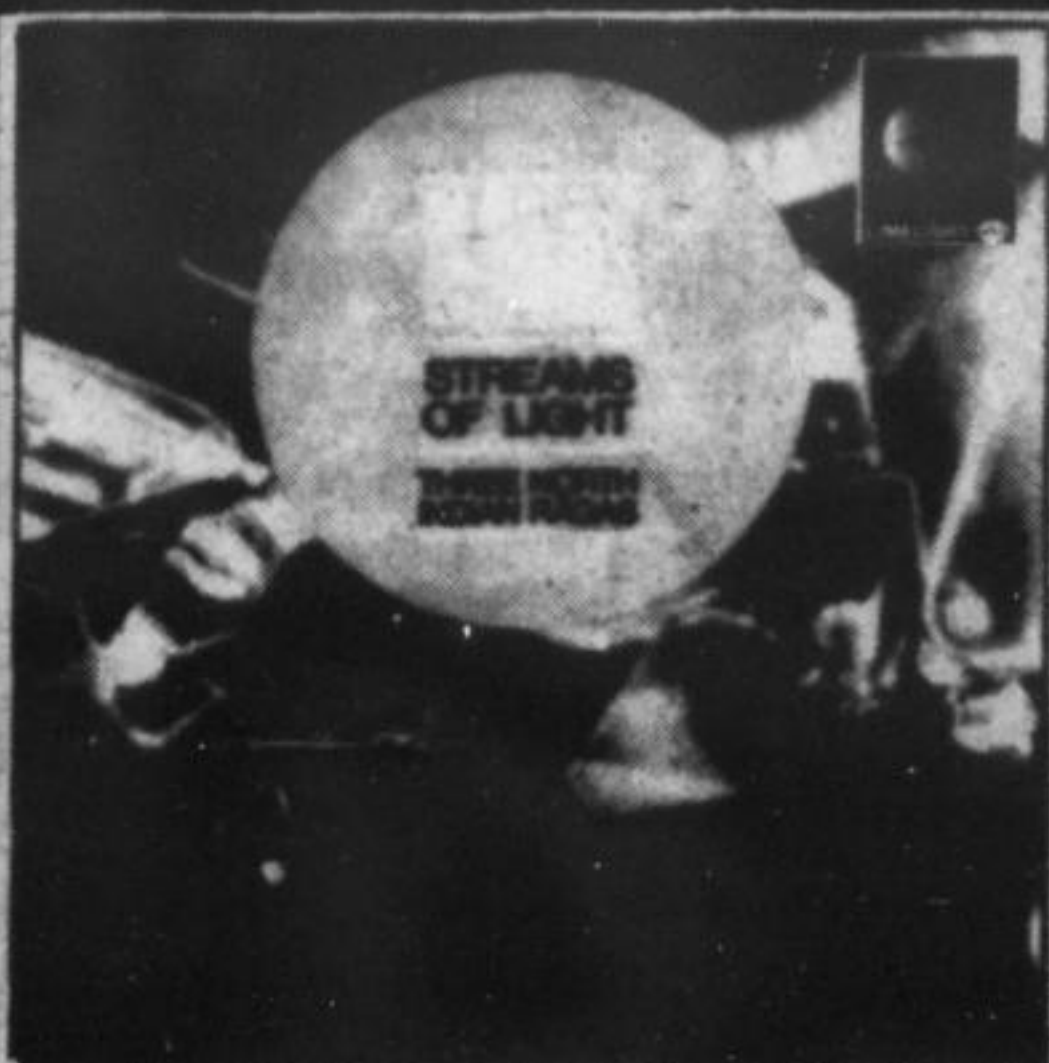
BAYÂTE TORK on Santur (dulcimer)  
PAHAT WÂNI three gymnastic rhythms on  
Tunbuk (goblet drum) MAHOUR on  
Tar (long-necked lute) BAYÂTE  
ESFAHAN on Nay (flute) ZORKHANE  
gymnastic rhythm and chanting  
TCHAHARGAH on Setar (small lute)  
SHUR on Tar — Recorded in Iran and  
edited by Deben Bhattacharya  
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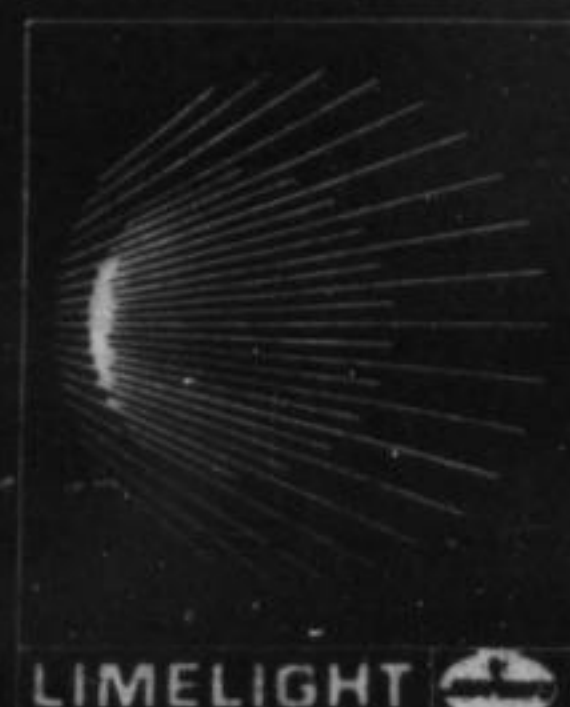
BADINGS/RAAJMAKERS  
EVOLUTIONS & CONTRASTS  
HENK BADINGS/DICK RAAJMAKERS  
EVOLUTIONS: sine wave, sawtooth, noise  
and pulse generators, modulators, filters,  
reverberation apparatus, concrete sound  
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# HUMPHREAK

by DA Latimer

## HUMPHREY IN NEW YORK FOR LABOR PARADE: SECURITY TIGHT

People did a lot of walking around the streets last week, once the Democrats fell out at Chicago and dumped the Vice President onto Manhattan, to inaugurate his Walk All The Way To The White House. What swell kind of fancy Midtown hotel let out a floor of suites to one Hublert Horseshit Humphreak and staff? Why, the Waldorf Astoria to be sure, and out front there Friday night lay nearly a hundred cops with paddy wagons, waiting for nearly fifty chanting, sneering, spitting, profanity-using terrorists to get out of hand. **DUMP THE HUMP! DUMP THE HUMP!** What a noisome canard, the way they use the word 'Hump', what profanity, what evil cocksucking shit: 'The profanity, the filth that was uttered night after night', was in the opinion of Hublert Horseshit Humphreak, 'an insult to every woman, every daughter, indeed every decent human being', and it is 'something that bears down on people over a long period of time, so that the Chicago police became...'

The tear gas can burst behind her, she was choking and she couldn't see, she ran straight at the police line, holding her scarf against her face, she charged them! What do you do when you see a girl running at you, head down, choking? Why you take out your club, the cop took out his club, and you seize her by the scruff of her sweater, he seized her so, and you hit her and you hit her and you hit her and you hit her. . . . 'You cocksucker!' The guy behind her was also choking and blind and shuddering, but he got nearly on top of the pig before three other cops grabbed him and hit him and held him down in the ground and hit him some more. One of them stooped down and sprayed his face with Chemical Mace from a distance of four inches, and then they wearily dragged them both off to the paddy wagon. It bore down on them after a while.

However, it must be considered that, 'Many of them came in their Cadillacs and their Oldsmobiles and their Chevrolets. I don't think there were many poor people there.' To own a Caddy or an Olds or a Chevy, understand, you have to be rich, the saying has it, and if you're rich, then what are you doing protesting in Chicago? Poppa Lyndonbane, of whom Hublert Horseshit Humphreak is just a protegee, thimerest shadow, stood up Texas-high before an assemblage of Labour Leaders in the year of 1967 and said this to them: 'Now I'm not going to stand up here and say to you that you never had it any better, but you know and I know that you never had it so good.' This is almost as funny as the thing that Hublert last spring blurted, when he said, 'Let us stand up once again as we have never stood up before.'

But no, they never had it so good, and to show us how really good they got it, they paraded up Fifth Avenue las Monday, Labor Day, led bravely by Hublert Horseshit Humphreak himself, flanked both port and starboard by fifty policemen. With George Meany to his right and Harry Van Arsdale to his left, Hublert centerpieced a trudging triumvirate of crookedness, starting that long Walk All The Way To The White House.

It was the city's first Labor Day Parade in five years. The turnout was not as good as might have been expected, with crowds only one or two people deep on most of the sidewalks, and the only great clumps on the corners of fortyfirst and fortythird,

where the sidewalks were cordoned off by police barricades lest some crazy-headed pacifist blow our beloved Vice President into little wet pieces with a hand grenade or something. Humphreak stood up on the reviewing stand with Mayor Daley and Controller Cantello, reading fortune cookies. One of them said:

'She pulled over backward so that her head was supported by two pillars, one on top of the other, so that she could easily see every gesture. Then she closed her eyes and lost herself in the voluptuous caress of the in-and-out, up-and-down, round-and-about motion of the warm asparagus spear. From time to time she would open her mouth to gasp with pleasure, or to tell him to go on eating, whereupon she would open her eyes and savour the delicious pleasure of watching the unfortunate slave munching away at the asparagus which was too hard, but which was impregnated with juice from her oozing cunt.'

Hublert had a good chuckle over that one, and other one said:

### THE CITIZEN KNOWS VOTE FOR HUMPHREY IS VOTE FOR BETTER LIFE

Neither of them had any vestige of redeeming social comment, and both violated prevalent cultural concepts of decency, and they should have been burned.

A few nights earlier, last Wednesday, a few terrorists burned their draft cards on Times Square, under the Allied Chemical Tower, during an anti-Daley demonstration. People wandered around the square, between two and three hundred at any given time, chanting **DUMP THE HUMP! DUMP THE HUMP!** On the yonder corner of Seventh Avenue a cluster of faggots formed around the lamppost, and the talk got onto to politics, naturally. 'I wanted Gene,' one of them complained, 'I wanted him. All that silver-grey hair, tsk. . . He reminded me of one of my johns.' On the other side of the square, on Broadway, fifty or sixty counterdemonstrators lined up shouting get a bath and get a haircut. (Just like you have to be rich to own a Caddy or an Olds or a Chevy, all anti-establishment people need baths and haircuts.) Some of them threw eggs, early on in the evening, and when a batch of young rednecks swarmed over the barricades ready to kick shit out of the demonstrators, the police asked them to please leave. When the draft cards were burning, the cops stood around smiling, admonishing the kids not to sing their fingers.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PEACE!

WHEN DO YOU WANT IT?

NOW!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PEACE!

WHEN DO YOU

'I want a piece,' mouthed a little guy in a dirty port coat and Nixon chin. 'I want a piece of ass!' That shut them up quick. The little guy who wated a piece of ass also wanted Pat Paulsen for President. Why dontcha elect ole Pat, dammit? He'll take carea you all. He'll outlaw all the "Keep off the grass" signs.' This little guy was a junkie, but he was a good American, because in any contest between doing something worthwhile and watching television, all good Americans will get a can of beer and turn on the tube. They never had it so good either.

Hublert Horseshit Humphreak watches the tube too; while people were being clubbed outside of his hotel room, he was watching himself get nominated for Presi-

dent on the teevee screen; when a filmclip came on showing the violence downtown, he switched to a different network and watched the nominating speeches. His wife appeared at one point, and he rushed to the tube, knelt, and kissed the screen, saying, 'Oh Mom, I wish you could be here. Isn't she beautiful? Wave to the Vice President next time a pig clubs you, you might be on television.'

Later on, he suggested the Ford Foundation might set up a panel of intellectuals and specialists (Eric Hoffer, et al?) to probe into the Chicago violence, both cops and kids. If he had been a man of any balls at all, he might have suggested this while he was still in Chicago, close to Mayor Daley — but Hublert, darling, is Hublert, and he is not another thing. And

### HE TRIES TO COOL DOWN OVER DALEY

'The Mayor did not want another assassination in Chicago,' he said 'We had intelligent information from the Secret Service, the police department and the FBI of a possible assassination,' he added. 'I was contacted by an assassination team and supposedly to be taken care of,' said he. Now assassinations are not the sort of thing happens in New York, they just don't happen here. If enough people could have been gotten together, we might have mobbed Humphreak, we would have been happy to kick shit out of him, but I think nobody wanted to kill him. Nevertheless, the cops cordoned off the reviewing stand for a few hundred feet, and directed all demonstrators to gather up a fiftyseventh, because their signs blocked the view of others, you see. So what we did was, we threw the signs away and watched the parade.

People who dig Meany and Van Arsdale are bound to be real bummers, and this parade was only the most inspiring Labor Day parade Humphreak had ever seen. We were not amused when the ILGWU, for example, depicted the new dignity of the American Negro by a contingent of twenty black youngsters marching along in blue Revolutionary war dummer boy outfits. I was watching this at the corner of forty-first with my old lady, trying to keep her from being groped, and when the spade next to us saw those blue patriot outfits, he blushed as nearly as his melanin pigment would allow.

A moment later, though, when I gave the peace sign to a chick in a gold bikini who was perched on the back of a convertible, she replied in kind. AFTRA is maybe turned on, which could have been bad for them if it had gotten around to the Vice President before the parade; the two vocal anti-war unions in town had to march at the very tail-end of the parade, and so passed the reviewing stand a couple hours after Humphreak split to make a teevee tape.

The Meany-Van Arsdale people kept coming along, all 125,000 of them, long after Humphreak had left. Most of them were really choice, a bunch of teenage Korean War vets. Every freak along fifth avenue was encouraged to take a bath and get a haircut. My old lady and I were walking along the other side of the street from Saint Patrick's when the Electricians drew up abreast of us, two hundred strong. She was wearing black, my old lady, in commemoration of Humphreak's foriegn policy record, and the Electricians took note of this, saying all two hundred of them:

(Continued on Page 9)



# "The news of the world is not good."

by David Bodie

"The news of the world is not good," Pope Paul VI said earlier this week.

On the face of it, the Pope appears to be right. But the pontiff represents the good and honest in men, and therefore he would not be likely to look for the power pattern that has been woven in recent weeks in East Europe and Southeast Asia.

Consider these factors:

Disregard the snide remarks and evaluate Chinese Premier Cho En-lai's observation that the Soviet maneuver in Czechoslovakia shows that the Moscow leadership and Washington agree East Europe is within the sphere of Russian domination, and the United States shall do nothing to alter that fact. The two powers also have now agreed, Chiu says, that Southeast Asia is American territory — a concept long held by Secretary of State Dean Rusk. (Rusk thinks any nation which borders the United States must be under American control, that the American border reaches wherever Pacific waters splash, and that includes the China coast.)

President Johnson initially created fears that Rumania faces imminent attack by the Warsaw powers, but then allowed it to be known that intelligence sources report no troop building on either side of the Rumanian border. A quick reading of headlines would leave a person with the impression that Johnson warns the Soviet to stop "crossing borders" and the Russians call off the invasion. But in fact nothing happened except that the American voter believes the President has frightened Russia. (Valerin Zorin publically says there will be no Rumanian invasion.)

—The Russians, still being vilified as this is written, are showing that they are allowing the Czechs practically as much freedom (a relative concept) as they had before August 20. The new Presidium, expanded to 21 members, has only two who are considered completely pro-Moscow; the new Central Committee, dominated by "liberals," reportedly has Soviet approval; and press censorship, originally feared disastrous to the liberals' programs, has proven so mild that it is hardly noticed. In sum, the Western press, which strangely enough was not restricted, will soon realize that the Russians did not have "another Hungary," that the Soviet acted with a sense of moderation (within the context of their own and East bloc terms). The Czech official leadership already recognizes this phenomenon, and now acts with Moscow.

The people of East Europe have recognized that the situation is not so dreadful. Several reports say that vacationers are returning to Prague and elsewhere, the bureaucracy is functioning.

Meanwhile Rusk had a special session with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin, and it was separately revealed that the East German forces withdrew from Czech soil within hours after their arrival last month.

Nearly simultaneously Moscow's ambassador to Bonn, Semyon Tsarapkin (formerly the Russians' chief disarmament negotiator) asks for a special conference with Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, the second such meeting in two weeks. "It would be nice," Tsarapkin reportedly tells Kies-

inger, "if we could be friends."

Vice President Humphrey revealed at his press conference immediately after the Democratic convention that Sen. Edward Muskie's campaign role would be like Humphrey's own in the 1964 election, that is, Muskie would carry the day-to-day campaigning and the Vice President would make quick visits to major, newsmaking sites (a formula already practiced at New York Labor Day parade). But why would a vigorous man such as Humphrey not campaign, especially when President Johnson is still in office running the presidency? Is it possible (probable?) that a special role has been assigned to HHH, an international role in say the fulfillment of a nuclear arms pact?

Tsarapkin again urges the Germans to support the nuclear disarmament pact (a pact Humphrey has pledged s-"mind and body" to achieve) and accept East Germany's August invitation to discuss and negotiate all Germany's problems, and especially trade relations.

Pravda, the Soviet newspaper, details to the Czechs why Prague should trade with Russia (Soviet oil is cheaper to buy, etc.) but implicit is the alternative that the Czechs might look West.

Russian diplomats, American news agencies and newspapers report, are actively reassuring Western nations that they too are interested in expanding the detente and Czechoslovakia does not alter this, but one must remember that the Soviet is the most potent economic force in Europe.

The Russians, meanwhile, have been unusually silent about the Vietnam situa-

(Continued on Page 9)

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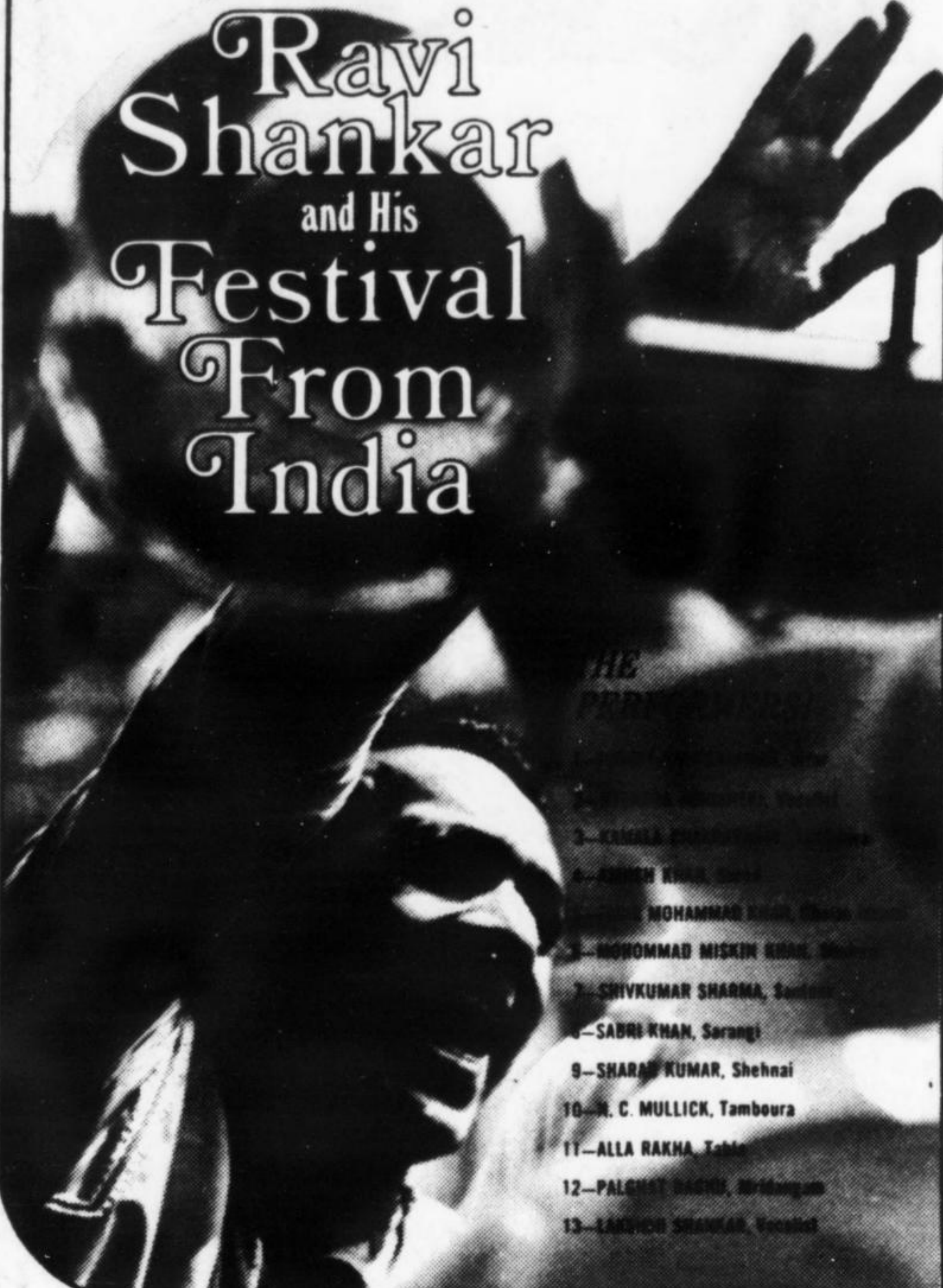


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## news

(Continued from Page 8)

tion in recent weeks, while the American government gives every indication that a new Southeast Asia policy is being prepared. (Disregard the Democratic platform which is merely the final act of a tragic play).

Vice President Humphrey keeps repeating that he favors a new Vietnam policy, but he has not, at this writing, revealed what it is. But George Wallace, the third party candidate, states that he would alter his Vietnam policy since the Joint Chiefs of Staff now say they do not favor any further escalation of the war.

On the war front, B52s have staged enormous raids near Saigon on the premise that Viet Cong may be massing for a raid on the capital city. But the U.S. military mission also says the raids are based only on the speculation that the Viet Cong are massing with North Vietnamese regulars, no on intelligence. And this leaves the U. S. free to say they have driven off the Communist forces-something like unilaterally stating we won the war.

The White House announced earlier this week that Johnson, after a month's vacation, would return to Washington mid-week for a full-dress National Security Council meeting and a Cabinet session. The topics: East Europe, Vietnam, the Paris talks.

The Harris Poll this week disclosed that while 65 per cent of the interviewees favor a strengthening of NATO forces as a result of the Warsaw Pact invasion, 88 percent think that a way must be found for the United States to live in peace with the Soviet, and the interviewees were evenly divided on whether Washington should demand that Moscow withdraw. In sum, Harris says the American people are ripe for a deal with Russia.

At the same time the Chinese know that they can not force their kind of revolution on another people, it must come from the masses to be effective, and so it is improbable that Peking would now expand its role in the Vietnam if Hanoi calls off its part of the war China will probably do

all within its power to get Hanoi the best deal North Vietnam, can wrangle at the negotiating table, without having China being officially at the table.

So altogether the factors seem to set the pieces in motion for a new international chess match with the cudgels of power still firmly in the grip of the administrations who now checkmate the world.

Of course, the people for whom the Pope speaks have been disregarded, and for them the news of the world is not good.

## humphreak

(Continued from Page 7)

**HERE'S TO THE GIRL THE BLACK MINISKIRT!**

**HIP HIP HOORAL!**

**AND HERE'S TO THE GIRL WITH HER!**

**HIP HIP HOORAY!**

It was all I could do to keep from giving them the finger, and since I didn't exert myself. . . BOOOOOO! they said. One of them cried, 'Get a haircut,' and I replied, GET BENT!' So we walked all the way up to sixty-third, my old lady and me, to where Richard Nixon lives. He was home, but there was no sign of him about the street. It got us going, and the conversation went something like this:

'The trouble is,' she said sadly, 'if you keep putting Humphrey down, look who gets it.' She stabbed a thumb toward where The Big Dick lives.

'You think people listen to EVO?' I asked her. 'Besides, I put Nixon down too, don't I? Perhaps because of me, all the people who originally would have voted for Humphrey will be so turned off asto vote for Nixon, and the people who would have originally voted for Nixon will vote for Humphrey, and all will be the same, the bloody same, no matter who wins.'

'I don't know,' she mused. 'At least Humphrey's not an out-and-out racist. . .'

'No,' I admitted, 'he's not. What he is a crook and a liar and a murderer. He can't be elected, it's a be immoral.'

'You think Nixon's not all those things?'

'Yeah. . . Yeah, he is.'

'Well then?'

'Aw, sit, it's emotional,' I owned up. 'I gotta put Humphrey down because I hate him. I hate that cocksucker, I HATE him!'

'You don't hate Nixon.'

I thought for a moment. 'No I don't hate him.' She raised her eyebrows 'I don't hate him, I feel contempt for him. Ooooo, do I feel contempt for him.' I shuddered. 'Baby, there are two billion brain cells in my head, and if every one of those brain cells were the size of boxcars laid end to end, and if the word "Contempt" were printed on every nanoangstrom of every one of those boxcarsized brain cells, all that contempt be as a grain of salt next to one one billion billionth of the contempt I feel for Richard Nixon. But I hate Humphrey even more than that. It's emotional.'

We walked back to fiftieth and watched the peace kids take up the tailend of the parade.

**DUMP THE HUMP!  
DUMP THE HUMP!  
DUMP THE HUMP!**



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# GET A WHORSE!

by Lennox Raphael

Perhaps she is the sweet kiss of fire that burns like good loving.

False eyebrows, polyester & resin, false teeth, everything false like her smile riding up to you like a vision of spiritual famine. Miss America is hideous, all teeth & death & raving fire of blood her furious hands stretch from no good to no better, her tongue is mined with steel.

What woman in her right mind will tote Miss America across the country, take that bitch along, be her taker thru the swamp?

Candy does it, Sir, with her calling card: Kande Brandewine-Montgomery (pronounced Candy) is a sculptor who supports her craft as a showgirl at Bimbo's, a luxurious San Francisco nightclub. She is currently driving her motorcycle coast to coast with a colorful, politically relevant, life-size figure riding tandem.

Kande explains, "Partially because the will of the people was greatly ignored during the Johnson administration, our country is vexed with not only a deceptive wearisome war abroad, but also major internal dissensions which threaten to escalate dramatically if the American people are offered no meaningful choice in the coming election. My sculpture is a symbolic conglomerate of political possibilities which appear imminent, and is a personal expression of concern about the increasing polarization taking place in our country."

Kande will be in ..... near the ..... of August, and will contact you in case you would like to interview her.

**KNOWLEDGE IS THE KEY TO A BETTER TOMORROW.**

Then from the start. Bimbo showgirl. Arrived Manhattan Tuesday of the Democratic Convention, that bloody one, that one. Left San Francisco August 1, hit Seattle, Missoula (Montana), Rapid City (SD), Ames (Iowa) then Chicago, she got there before Humphrey & Hayden, and left before the pigs started snorting. Illinois Chicago, Illinois, people kept repeating all week, all week long it was Chicago the Evil. But Chicago was nice to Candy. Miss America was home. No pigeration.

"I was so surprised. People were so cordial & loose. I just couldn't understand it."

But New York City, shit!, she can do without it.

"Men. Oh, the men are horribly wicked. Everywhere I go I get fantastic hassles. You know, New York drivers — men, I mean — would get into my lane, and . . . OH, THEY HAVE TRIED TO RUN ME OFF. These fantastic hassles. And the kids are so uncouth. Tried to steal my helmet. Little boys. Funny thing is, I don't think they realize that I'm against all this" war where the Recognized Dead is interred & Unrecognized left to rot.

"I don't have a sign . . . I don't carry a sign saying what I'm for an against."

Maybe people are just curious. C-U-R-I-O-U-S. No, she shudders, Miss America hurrah. "And there's so much noise here. People use their horns so much. And the men, the men are slob. So loud. And their mouths are always open. It is

the most unbelievable city I've seen in my life. But it is not good place for people trying to sel an idea."

Candy looks at Miss America. Oh, she broke. She is breaking. Tape her up. "I'm going to leave her in Chicago." Oh, yes, she's returning to Chicago to see someone. "I can't carry her any further. I'll be glad to be across the country without it. I'M SO SICK OF HER I CAN CRY. Maybe," she says to a friend, "maybe John will want it."

Ideas & urbanity. The Midwest was "unbelievably cordial. . . . still a belief in keeping ideas alive. . . . people may not agree with you, but they do let you do your thing. And they can listen. People abuse me in New York. . . . state of the free & home of the brave."

And Miss America? "This is a nazi helmet. . . . black & white. . . . half & half." Hide & seek. . . . yes, it represents the racial polarization. . . . I mean this is what America seems to stand for at this point. . . . this separation. To say that I disapprove of the way the white power structure does its thing is pretty mild."

Miss America holds the globe with Vietnam staring at you. "And the boots matches mine. The britches I got for \$1.39 a pair. Walk around her. . . . look at her."

"Yest," I say, "she's really fantastic. And what kinda look is that on her mug?"

"Carnivorous. That's why she's holding the globe."

"Is she about to eat it?"

"Essentially. That's why she's holding the globe. Why else?" And to her friend: "Look, I have a new face that really turns men out especially those with castration complex," fingerstretch our mouth wrinkle your lips become 90 years ancient with a body that 28 years old, "BUT MISS AMERICA CAN'T DO THAT THO."

Candy, in San Francisco, she couldn't keep her mouth shut, people wanted her legs open & her mouth shut, but she opened her mouth & closed her legs, and hussie has the only key. Sorry, Mayor Daly. She wanted McCarthy or McGovern. Across the country she rode the bike pinned to her crotch. She saw one aunt & two aunts, and one thought I was my husband. Oh, Miss America, "I have to keep her until Chicago," Candy says to her friend, "there's this guy who wants to get her into Time. . . . otherwise I'd give her to you . . . can have her hanging from her ass on the ceiling. She deserves that. And the bike? "A BMW. . . . a nazi bike. . . . 250 cc. . . . most people have bigger ones. . . . isn't imported anymore. . . . people kept asking: you getting across country on that? . . . bullshit! . . . . two girls made it on a 50. . . . and I myself made it from Phoenix to Chicago on a 90." Seven years riding, grew up in Midwest "like Mr. Dylan. The country I was brought up in is called Midwest. . . . quote!"

Mis America stood at the crossroads of love, and with & without were painful.

"If it makes any difference, say this helmet saved my neck." The spill. Nice day, corner, grave, spill, no way to stop, bike bent, miss america messed up, Candy bloodied, but the pilgrim did not turn back, she. . . . "As a matter of fact I was wearing these britches. Here's the hole. Tar really says something. Had to wash it couple of times." Hole in jacket too. Miss America broke arm in couple of places, leg scratches, "Too bad. She's an ugly bitch anyhow."

And Bimbo? "Real fancy place." Candy just got out of college Sculpting was her

first major. . . . pre-med, psychology, painting, ceramics the rest. Married on Sadie Hawkins Day this year, February 29. "I couldn't wait another four years. . . . adamant about that." They threw pies at the reception. Mother got hit by pie at back of head. Such a sport. And Bimbo? Bimbo has had a girl in the fishbowl for 37 years. Businessman's eroticism. "All you're required to do is shave & keep your knees together." Candy is naked downstairs & "mirorthrown" like the workingman's mermaid upstairs where the businessmen froth along with those who envy businessmen. So they think she's all naked, she opens & closes without opening & showing, "And if you do it right nobody can see a damn thing — and I do it right!" Loves it. Lots of free time to study. Put her thru school, & was putting her old man thru school too. She never stays more than ten minutes in the bowl.

She is interviewed at every stop. What does the Press want to know? "Technical stuff. How long I've been on the road. Shit like that. What I think of the city."

"What are your measurements?"

"Measurements? . . . really don't have anything to do with what I'm doing. I didn't do this to attract men. Girls either. Nobody has asked that tho. I'll give you that. But don't bring in the sex angle. Has nothing to do with it. I hope it doesn't. I'm trying to make a political point. I would like to think if I were a man I would be able to do it." Ride ocross country with Miss America & her quadrilateril smile.

"To tell you the truth," she whispers to her friend, "I don't know. All I know is I can't get anything to fit." And she has to be back in Frisco September 13. "Say I'm sick & tired of the whole fucking thing. Glad when I get home. . . . may leave country. . . . Chicago Democratic National Convention frightened me. . . . not safe for thinking people for anyone . . . . For what happens if the thinking people get violent too?" Candy spent months making Miss America, First she was nude, but clothed after King's death in Memphis, Tennessee, and she had this idea, "kind of 1/2 ass, but my husband would have talked me out of it," she, she Kande (pronounced Candy), Lady Candy Godiva on a BMW, she would hit the road naked to make her point stick Jack where it hurts. Maybe she would wear a special kind of perfume. But that's all . . . then King had to be killed. "Yes the long stretches 22 hours on the road is no fun. Can't stay with friends. . . . have to keep going. . . . friends cried . . . . I have to go to the next town before. I can get my nervousness down. . . . therefore tension all the time. Next time I'll fly if I have the money."

MEASUREMENTS: "All it can do is put chicks uptight, and make men think I'm available. No, no. I have a thing against measuring. It's similar to a grading system I think." But she's a beautiful woman. "Beautiful woman?" That's bringing sex into it. "Just beautiful." Better. Thank you. New Yorkers laugh at her, try to run her off. "Get me mad when they stop in front of me on the green light. But I have to realize it's my fault too. But they'd do the same to Cinderella in a pumpkin coat — so what the fuck."

So far spent \$160, \$100 left.

How heavy is Miss America?

"I'm no judge of weight," Kande says, "She needs a bath."

Miss America hurrah, or die.

(part 2 next week)



# VINEYARD SCUTTLEBUTT

by Jaakov Kohn

One of the funnier sideshows of a very unfunny circus in Chicago were the scenes in the Massachusetts Delegation between John Kenneth Galbraith and former Governor Chub Peabody. Until the last minute, Peabody, the Humph's man in Boston, tried vainly to exclude Galbraith, a McCarthyite, from the Delegation.

As might have been expected, Peabody, whose mother was one of the most prominent busts during the Freedom Rides in the South, tried to follow the LBJ-HHH line to a T. Only Galbraith did not make it easy for him.

Just before the vote on the credentials of the Alabama Delegation, Galbraith's booming voice was heard clearly by neighboring delegates:

"Chub, Lyndon is watching over you on this one. And so is your mother. Now Chub, if you don't vote right, I am going to tell on you to your mother."

In this case Chub did vote right because after all, God, Mother, and apple pie are still with us.

If one listens to all the copout talk by cops and related interests, one might assume that nerve gas, Mace, and similar law enforcement agents are nothing but humanitarian ("beter than getting shot"). The man loves you, dig. Former Flight Lt. Cochayne of the Royal Air Force found out differently, and the British Defense Ministry seems to be in agreement with him.

Ever since he sniffed some nerve gas in 1953, the poor chap has tried on three occasions to do away with himself, suffered numerous nervous breakdowns and is generally in a state of chronic, irrational depression.

It seems that while serving in 1953 in the secret weapons dept. of the Chemical and Microbiological Laboratories in Porton Downs, one of the scientists turned him on to nerve gas and things haven't been the same for poor Lt. Cochayne (what a name).

"One evening, after a mess party, one of the scientists asked me to escort him to his laboratory. We were both a bit drunk, I might add."

"When we got to the lab, he opened one of the jars, unscrewed the glass top and said 'Here's the filthy stuff,' adding that there was enough there to wipe out Salisbury."

"Go on, take a sniff."

"Like a fool I did. An involuntary action, I suppose. The next think I knew was that I'd collapsed on the path to the squash courts and had to crawl back to my billet."

According to the medical records of the base, the first doctor that saw him found him suffering from Myosis (pinned pupils) and prescribed codeine, of all things. No good. He quit the service and emigrated to Australia. Still no relief from the depressed misery that has become poor Lt. Cochayne's lot in life. The exact number of his commitments to bughouses over the past 15 years has escaped him.

It might be aded that his efforts to get the government to pay him disability payments were totally unsuccessful. It took Parliamentary intervention to elicit the Defense Ministry's admission that Cockayne Job's lot might be attributed to his involuntary sniff. The peculiar thing is their version; "It ocured as a result of a field experiment to assess the vulnerability of tanks."

Is that any way to run an empire?

The concept of the crucifixion of Christ has had from time immemorial multiple meanings.

For the true believers it has been an image behind which they practice and propagate their faith. For the goldmerchant it is an endless pot of gold, for the comen who peddled phony chips of the cross, it has always been the source of a sure hit. For the mosochist it is nirvana. For Joseph DeHavilland it was all combined.

After having been found nailed to a wooden cross in a London park, De Havilland, an interior decorator assumed full responsibility for the bizarre adventure.

"I am a Catholic and it was my idea. It has an element of mysticism to it and the pictures we took are going to be sold."

The outrage of it all is the total lack of understanding shown by the cops. To add insult to injure, they indicted DeHavilland and his two crucifiers with "causing greivous bodily harm."

Some let others do it, some do it unto themselves. What's all the fuss about anyway???

One of the more interesting epitaphs of the blood-letting in Chicago was Chet Huntley's decision to renounce once and forever his latent political ambition — becoming Montana's junior Senator.

One might wonder if last week's spectacle made it any easier for him to write to his Montana mentors that politics wasn't his cup of tea. "I suppose that from here on I shall be concerned with broadcasting."

Good night Chet and sleep well.

When a druggist, in the course of an armed stickup, offered his bread, his robber contemptuously rejected his offer. All he wanted was some Seconal. The scriptfiller gave him all he had — 300 capsules.

Lacking charity, the ingrate called the cops who busted the tranquil robber without any resistance, needless to say.

Some of the feedback the Pope is getting is a result of his birth control edict is pretty sad.

"After six years of marriage and four rhythm babies, we had decided that our only alternative it total celibacy" writes one believer and his wife. "Our life has become a battle to stay together in a personal way, despite the contrary battle we must wage to stay apart in a physical way."

"The present polarity strikes us as both confusing and depressing. We sleep apart, we avoid each other's presence, we stifle the words and gestures of tenderness that would blossom into sexual love."

"Sexual activity, instead of being directed by charity, becomes directed in such cases by the weird and distasteful principle of just so much and no more. What one is doing becomes the center of psychological focus and the person is lost in the process."

How would the Pope of all people know what the poor cat is complaining about??

From the Vineyard Gazette:

## MORALS CAN'T BE JUDGED BY APPEARANCES

Editors, Vineyard Gazette:

I certainly agree with Edward Dangel that summer transients who are guilty of criminal offenses — who are lewd, wanton or lascivious in speech or dress — or who are hippies or dope users — are destructive to the peace of an Island summer. However, I also feel that in their eagerness to weed out the undesirables, the Island police might sometimes be guilty of overzealous persecution of any young per-



"So, what do you expect?"

son with long hair and shabby clothes.

Many of these young people are working long, hot hours in semi-skilled occupations to earn money for the next year in college. Most of them prefer coffe to liquors, do not use dope and have a healthy respect for fair laws and ordinances. The custom of their times is to wear extremely informal clothing, almost a poverty costume, both as a protest against too much emphasis on material values and as common sense in a rugged job. Long hair, although upsetting to the older generation, is a small divergence which might be forgiven as a temporary affliction which will pass in time.

I would hate to think that a young man with a neat haircut, in proper jacket and tie, could get by more easily with any infraction of the law — drunken driving, littering beaches, immoral parties, etc., yet I do believe that they are far less bothered by those in authority who have no way of judging their morals except by exterior appearances. In the future, unless proved otherwise, let us believe that it is possible to be young and untidy as well as idealistic, intelligent, and responsible citizens.

Alison Palmer

Who ever claimed there isn't one just man in Sodom?

Saying of the week;

"Religious hookers are good to ball because the statues always hit you on the head and the candles are burning."

Lenny Bruce





# Janis Joplin. Big Brother and The Holding Company. They're going to wipe you out.



It is a blues voice, ragged and painful but somehow beautiful and moving at the same time, a voice which has learned from Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington and Esther Phillips and Big Mama Thornton ... but it is a voice unique with Janis.

(She) totally abandons herself in each song, coming on very gutty and completely overpowering ... Each performance has the agonizing intensity of a woman giving birth. *Pete Johnson—Los Angeles Times*

Janis Joplin is the greatest white female singer around. *Rat*

Janis Joplin is where it's at, where it's been and where it will be. *Hullabaloo*

Her singing is a celebration—her voice and body hurled with larruping power that leaves her limp. And this member of the audience feels that he has been in contact with an overwhelming life force. Part of that life force is an open sensuality. *Nat Hentoff*

Janis is fire ... one feels heat and sees red sundowns. Janis sings with her body—rough, gutsy, possessed. It is an incredible experience to hear Janis sing. *Eye*

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## paranoid

(Continued from Page 3)

I stood across and watched and suddenly realized it was past 11 o'clock curfew. The police were preparing to make their sweep. I panicked, afraid I would be caught in the sweep before I could warn the others. But I caught myself and calmly deduced that our first rank were out there and would warn most people and that the people toward the southern tip of LaSalle would need the warning. I decided to circle the park from the north and outflank the police. I kept walking. There was no one in sight and this time I was completely alone. I suddenly noticed how huge the park was and that I didn't know any part of the terrain in this section. Suddenly I confronted a lighted traffic sign on the side of the road with all the drugs of the evening hitting me full force, I looked up. The sign read, "WRONG WAY." I immediately turned around and ran back towards the direction of the police. They had broken column formation and were now forming an assault line.

I noticed some youngsters in a car who were watching as the police pulled out. I knocked on the car window and when I told them (somehow feeling embarrassed at the moment) that I was from the East Villa Other. I was sucked into the back of the car with open questions. They were friendly, cynical, and they were waiting for two of their friends who were still in the park. One of them was ready to go out of the car when a policeman threateningly gestured us to get out of the park. We pulled out and they dropped me off at the corner of LaSalle. For the few minutes we rode together, they expressed their dislike for their own police force, their experiences with them, their concern for their friends and the fact that they had warned them, and wished me success with the coming battle.

I got off at the corner observation post. Its appearance had taken on a different hue as it started to be come inundated within the last half hour with people outside the domain of its function. Not having enough time to seek out one of my own among the crowd. I simply stated in a clear voice that the police were making their sweep. As I ran towards the park, I noticed about twenty priests with red cross arm bands on black cloth, and their white collars heading for the park to help the fallen and the injured.

I ran down the slope towards the center and heard the shouting from afar. People were standing about waiting. The battle had begun. The front line had met the police and the second and third ranks stood motionless and uncommitted.

I stopped and turned to my left when I heard French being spoken. It was Jean Genet and William

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# paranoid

(Continued from Page 13)

Boroughs. Some youngsters were asking Genet why he was here. "My presence here," he replied, "was an American mistake." An apt summation, I thought at the time and recalled his statement of the day before, "I took some nebutal last night to forget I was in America."

Now I was remembering as my high reached its peak. Allen Ginsberg was in front of me again, still O.Ming, still in a circle. Then the gas started bursting and the police began clubbing people. Plainclothesmen, undercover agents who were in the park all day and mostly conspicuous, were, undercover of dark, pulling people into bushes and beating hell out of them. The confrontation went on for almost an hour until the police pushed us out onto LaSalle Avenue.


We stood across the street, some taking off to other areas, some standing around baiting the "pigs" as they lined up with shotguns waiting for the next order.

I went back to my car and ran into Jay Levin. We jumped in and waited for anyone else from EVO who might show up. I watched as a Press photographer went up into the air like a rubber ball because he dared to take pictures of the "pigs." I heard his cries as the dull crack of sticks reigned on him in a torrent of revenge. When they finally stopped, he lay there motionless, camera broken, film sprawled on the sidewalk. His consciousness scattered to the street lights exposed in red drops falling and sliding along his scalp and face.

The "pigs" started to move in. We stepped on the gas and rode slowly down LaSalle, turned left back into the park as the police erected a road block to cut cars off from turning right on Clark Street, where the "kids" had taken to the streets.

What were those policemen so mad about? I saw his twisted face, swarthy in the moonlight, slickshort-sleevesweatershirt of green covering his top bicep as his right hand held the blackjack and chain and leaned heavy through the open car window.

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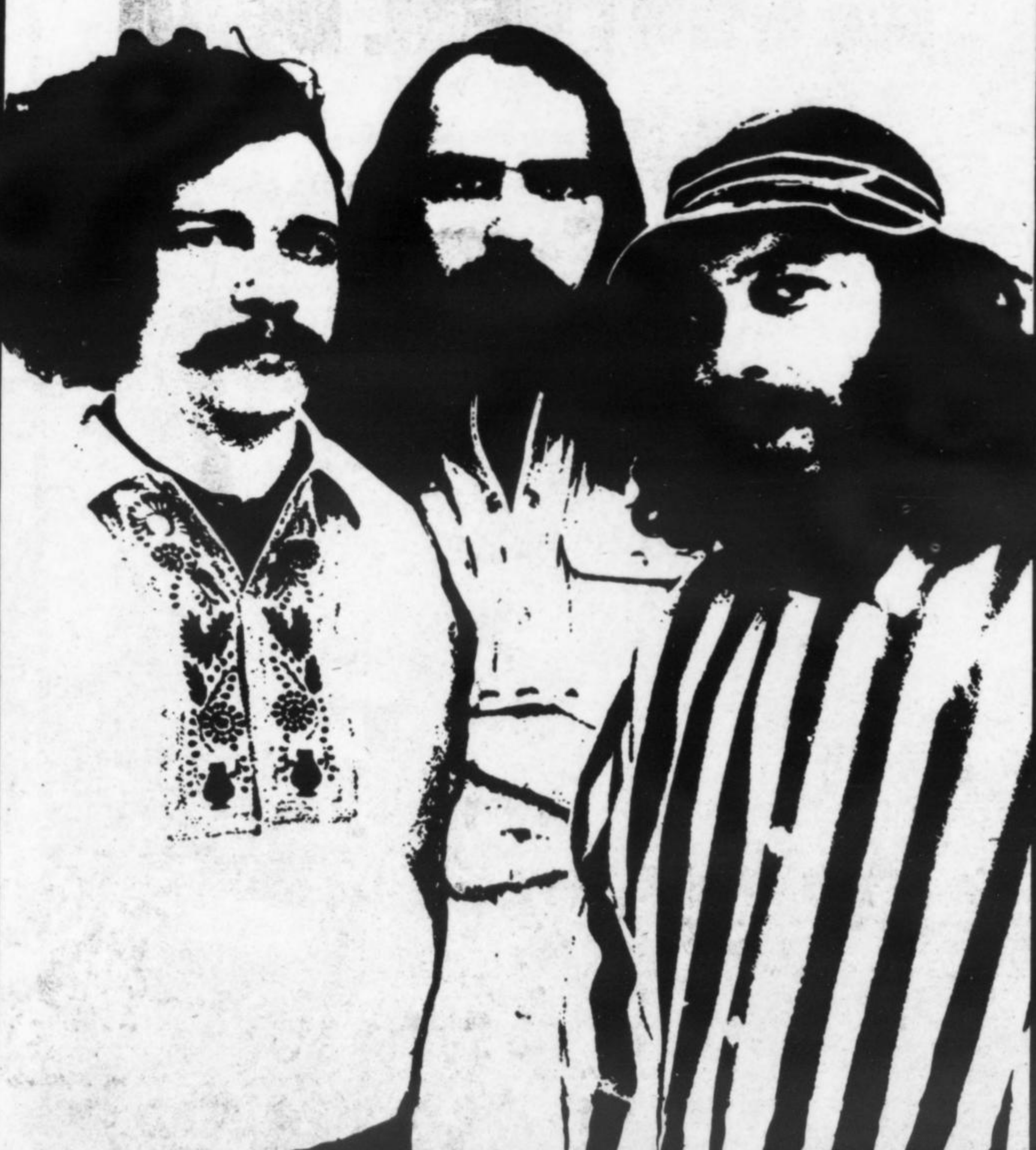
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# thilm

(Continued from Page 4)

—G: Then what are you doing?  
 —O: I'm posing.  
 That's not an exact rendition, but it'll do.  
 New Cinema is on 42nd between 6th and 5th, but nearer 6th.

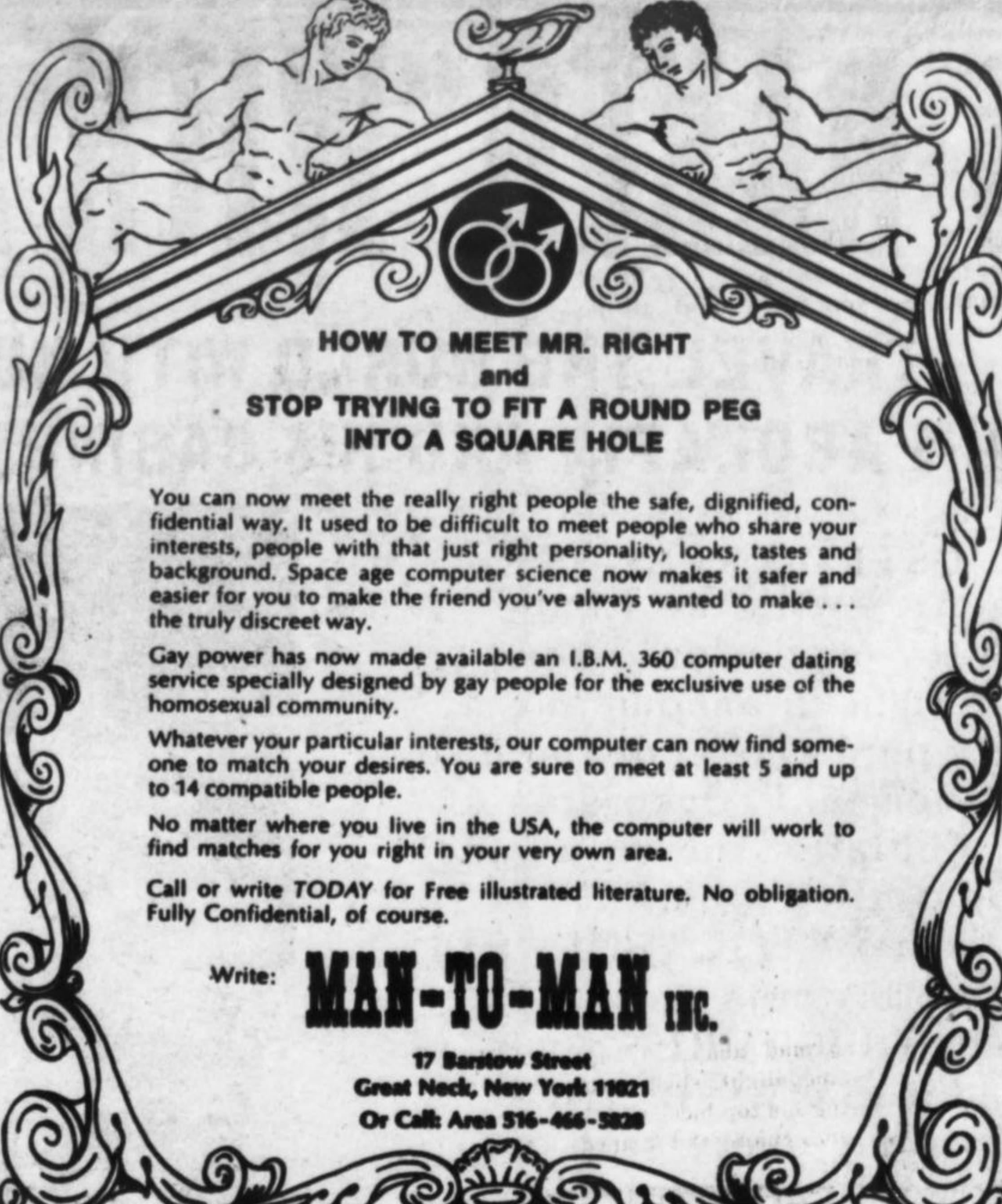
Bleecker St. is going to have the Marx Bros. on for two weeks. This weekend through Tuesday: *The Big Store* and *A Night at the Opera*. Whoopee.

The Thalia's Film Festival runs through October; this weekend includes "Swedish Wedding Night and Godard's *The Married Woman*, and next Saturday, *Nothing But a Man* and *Point of Order* — which seem to balance each other nicely.

City Street Theatre Ensemble will have *Meanwhile* and *Meanwhile and Meanwhile* on at Jacob Riis Park, 8th and Ave. D semi-mprovvised scenes of ghetto life, so the title really fits, there.



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## HIPocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

**QUESTION:** My husband drives me nuts every night. His right leg sort of jumps every 30 seconds on the dot (trying to put myself to sleep I timed it). He used to chew and grind his teeth but since he got a pin between his two front teeth and it hurt him—he stopped . . . but replaced that with scratching his head and rubbing his arms.

I've asked two doctors about this. The first just said my husband was nervous (obviously!) and the second gave him a prescription for some kind of pills to be taken before bedtime. He said that if they didn't work for my husband, I should take them. Very funny, but my problem still isn't solved because he still jumps, scratches and rubs.

What really puzzles me is that his leg jumping seems to be worse after he's spent a quiet day doing nothing but relaxing and sleeping. If you could print an answer I'd sure be happy—and so would two of my married friends who have similar problems.

**ANSWER:** Most people have had the experience of feeling themselves jump or twitch just before falling asleep. The cause is unknown—perhaps it's from a reluctance to leave the state of consciousness we know when awake.

The University of Chicago School of Medicine has recently begun a study of another common and little understood domestic malady—teethgrinding. The first reason to be considered may well be disturbing thoughts or dreams.

A hip skydiver told me recently that his woman sometimes grinds her teeth at night. He attributed it to marijuana withdrawal.

**QUESTION:** Recently I came down with non-specific urethritis or NSU. My doctor told me that NSU was non-communicable yet he advised me not to have sexual intercourse for at least a week. This sounds self-contradictory to me. Is it?

If left untreated will NSU eventually clear up?

**ANSWER:** Non-specific urethritis may cause the same initial symptoms in the male as gonorrhea—itching, burning and a discharge from the penis. But microscopic and bacteriologic examination of the discharge does not show the characteristic coffee-bean shaped gonococcus bacteria which causes gonorrhea.

Since no one organism can be shown to cause the symptoms, this troublesome ailment is known as a non-specific urethritis (NSU). Treatment usually consists of broad-spectrum antibiotics such as tetracycline. Often, the treatment and the drip continue on and on and on. Your physician advised against sexual intercourse in order to lessen the possibility of irritating the already inflamed tissues.

The Cream does a song called "NSU" which consists, in part, of what seem to be wails of anguish.

**QUESTION:** Please don't laugh—I'm very serious! My boyfriend has a perpetual hard-on. He is 23 and I've never met anyone like him.

It's absolutely amazing. We make love, he ejaculates and still pulls out with a hard-on and wants to start all over again, leaving no time in between.

He could do this all night, if it weren't for my getting sore. It bothers me because I recall reading some time ago about a physical ailment causing a perpetual hard-on. I also recall it supposedly causes great pain to the male, not to mention the soreness it can cause the female.

**ANSWER:** Priapism, an abnormal state of continuous erection of the penis, can be caused by several diseases or by trauma to the spinal cord. The condition is commonly observed when a man is hung (literally—not as described in underground classified ads).

One of Balzac's *Ribald Tales* concerns a woman who brings a hanged man back to life through an unusual method of resuscitation.

But your boyfriend is not diseased—you just turn him on. The use of a lubricant may prevent or relieve soreness.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o The East Village Other.

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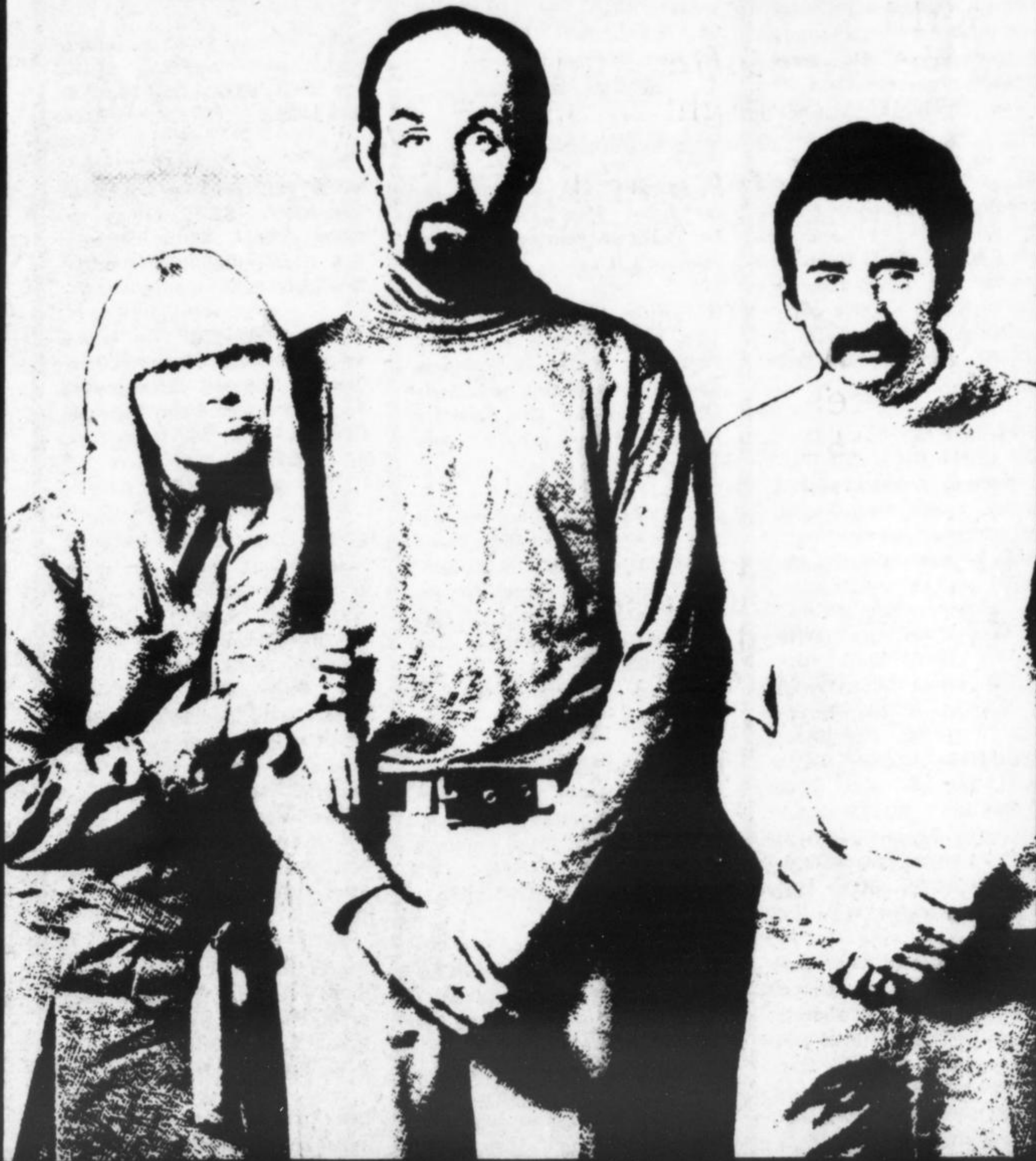
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"**CLUB POM-POM**" — Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies. Communicate \$1. Details 25c from: Pajekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

## PUBLICATION

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## EMPLOYMENT

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**FESTUS** needs lead guitarist, organist, horns and female vocalist (Tine Turner, Marjorie Hendricks style, harmony). No hangups, own equipment. Original material, requires more than common musicians. Call Pancho, 477-8448.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**, experienced, looking for females who will pose for figure studies in exchange for prints. Contact Irv at 751-1250, Ext. 324. (Females only.)

**CREATIVE** filmmaker needs girl for experimental film. New techniques in movie of female form. Non-commercial use only. Call Jon Van Linden, 777-3131 for appointment and interview.

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# WANTED

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Love Poetry of Eugene McCarthy

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

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

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

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

London's "Theatre of Eros"

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

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

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

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

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

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

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

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

Concrete Poetry: The New Hard Rock Verse

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Electric Banana Tickle: Latest Pop Invention

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

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstores

The Natural Superiority of Racially-Mixed Children

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

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

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

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

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

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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