

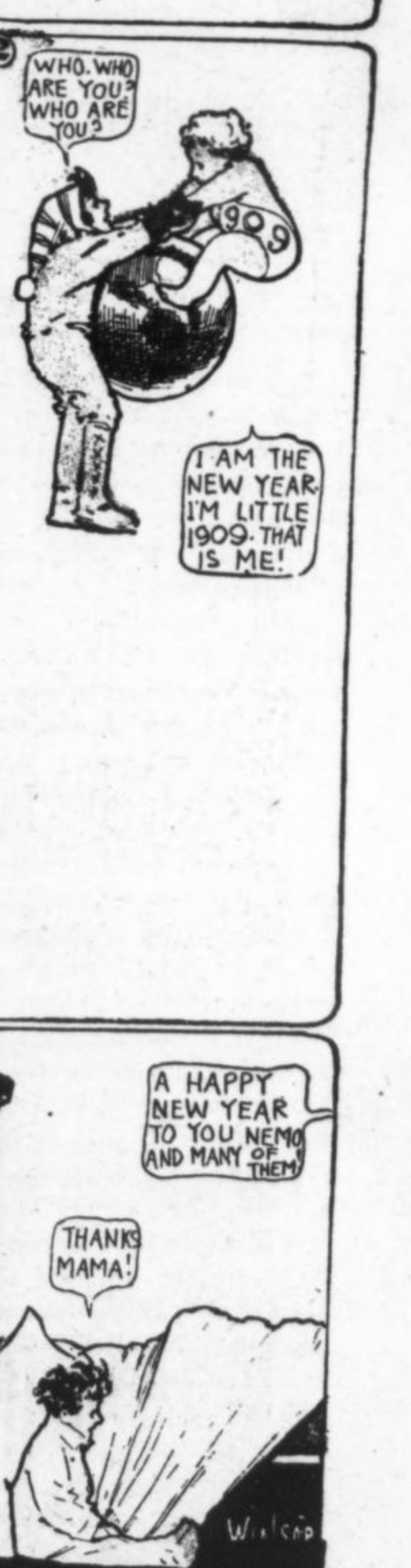
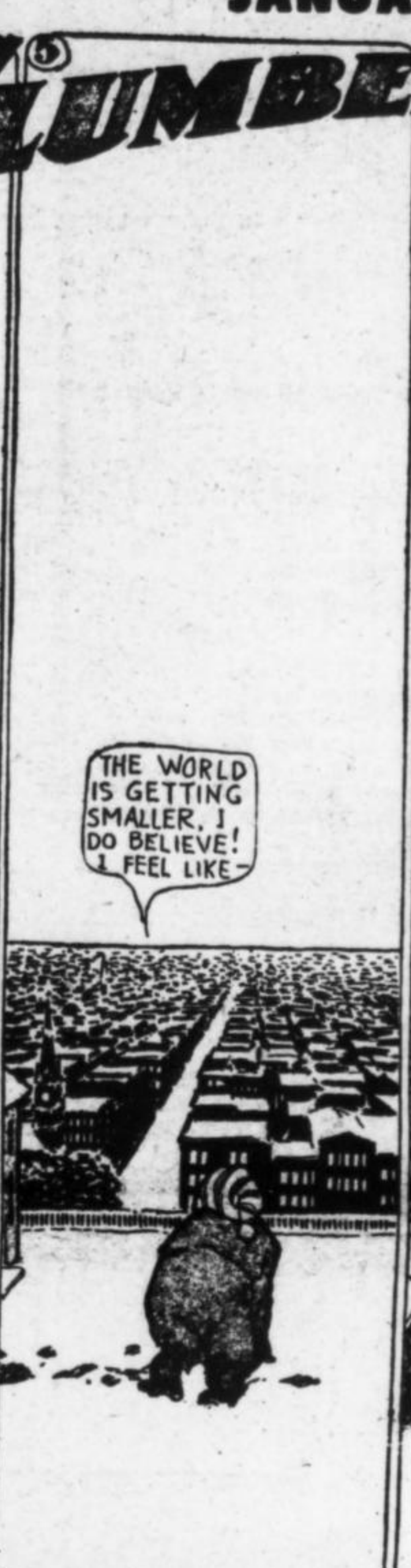
# THE EAST VILLAGE CONEY

VOL. 4, NO. 4

NATIONAL 25¢

JANUARY 3, 1969

## LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND



W. C. C. P.

PETER LEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
JAAKOV KOHN
JOEL FABRIKANT
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ANNETTE ARE SIMON
TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
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EAST: LORRAINE GLENNBY
SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE

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the verses, is called a bridge if the song then returns to a verse. In JUDE, the bridge is played twice, with different lyrics, and is those parts which he has called a verse three and verse five.

Yours truly,
ROBERT PATTERSON
East 10th Street

Dear EVO,

That series of articles by A. J. Webberman you have been running has been blowing my mind. Here are all these songs which I thought were about love or meaningless and this cat comes along and has this system which proves them to be political or messages between artists. And what does 'maintain' mean anyway? He always ends on that note . . . maintain the status quo or what? Soon he will be finding meaning in such obvious nonsense poetry as MOTHER GOOSE . . .

Well take care of yourselves and get plenty of rest

Alan Martin

Dear EVO,

I have been following (with flaccid interest) the disputation between A. Pices and A. Webberman. The cryptic Mr. Webberman contend that Lennon, in the sound recording entitled "Hey Jude", stated "For well you know that it's a fool/who plays it cool/by making his wealth a little golder". Mr. Pices, on the other hand, puts forth his version of the selfsame record. His variation, almost parallel in meanings, is ". . . By making his world a little colder".

This pedestrian combat initiated a war I feel obligated to abrogate. It shall do no side justice to continue while both sides are wrong, however substantial their false claims may be. The true phrase is neither "Wealth a little golder", nor is it "World a little colder." The uncensored true phrase, which is muffled by radio versions, is "By making his belch a little bolder".

Ned N. Berke
P.O. Box 165
Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415

Dear EVO,

This is stinky-foot!

I've been out of town touring this shit-laden country for a few weeks, and to my disgust I hear that some character from Amsterdam or Rotterdam or some damned place has the gall to claim his town has more dog-shit than NYC - EVO - this is bullshit - I'm a red-blooded 100% American and after my recent walks I can state without fear of contradiction that we have more dog-shit per square foot than any shitty little European city - and whats more-that goes for cat-shit, cow-shit, horse-shit, bee-shit, mouse-shit, and any other sort of shit including ant-shit.

EVO!! I ask you seriously what country in the world has a better right or better men to say; with pride and honesty, "we are full of shit", than these good old United States.

Love to all yours,
"Stinky Foot"

Dear EVO,

What kind of shit are you trying to hand me? On the cover page of Vol. 4, No. 2 was clearly printed, "Zowie Gang, The Funnies Are Back! Honest" Well, I eagerly lay down 15 beans and scooped up the pulp only to find that you were shitting again. Christ, when the hell are you gonna get the real comix back, with the nasty pictures and hidden phrases. I'm talking about Mr. R. Crumb and Deitch's "Uncle Ed, the India Rubber Man," or even Bode's lizards. Hell, them were the good ol' days; when a cat could get his bread's worth of side splitters. When all the cunt on the block would go red in the face, while they were coming in their pants happily. Bring back the old times, NOW!

Lew the Jew.

Dear EVO,

I've been reading your paper for a few months now, and I'm very happy with it. But how come you don't have your comic strips, "Trashman," "Nard 'n Pat" etc.. in there every week? They're funny as hell. Heck maybe even funnier. Actually we freaks, at lunch table 2 row 3, of Edison High School, really jack our minds on the personal ads. Truth really is funnier than fiction. We really wish though, that you would write more on music. No teeny bop stuff please. Things on Dylan, Hendrix and Zappa (to drop a few names) etc. would really be dug by all.

R. A. K.

Dear EVO,

As student at DeWitt Clinton H.S. in the Bronx, I must admit that it's a bitch to have to face up to a mass of grease going in and out of the school each day. We're a minority here but it seems that someone had anticipated our creation way back in 1934, when the following song was written by and for the Alumni Association.

(71st Anniversary celebration of founding of the school program—Statler Hilton Hotel, etc.)
Song No. 4 "Crash Through the Line of Blue"
"Crash through the line of blue, and send the books around the ends.
Fight hard for every yard, Clinton's honor to defend.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fight for the red and black, for we will win or know just why,
And we'll win with a vim, that is dead sure to win,
For old Clinton High."

Alfred Barron

Dear EVO,

The article about Scientology (Vol. 3, No. 50) was interesting, but it missed the point. The great strength and appeal of Scientology lies in its use of a phenomenon nowhere mentioned in the article. I refer to the belief in and evidence for the existence of what is commonly called "re-incarnation".

Western science has never been able to fit the concept of reincarnation into its scheme of things. Judeo-Christianity rejects it as a monstrosity of belief, akin to idol worship. Nowhere in the western educational system is there the slightest reference to the possibility of its reality except in the study of religions which profess its existence.

The fact is that the conviction that reincarnation is a reality seems to rise up naturally in people. A certain proportion of people believe that they have lived past lives as soon as the idea is presented to them. This fact at once excludes them from every single western system of thought or belief.

These people have had absolutely nowhere to turn except to the Eastern religions which speak directly of reincarnation. There has been a serious hitch in this process, however. The Eastern mystics have been hopelessly unconstructive. For they affirm that "the karma of past lives", as they put it, is without remedy. In other words, one must bear forever the guilt and responsibility for criminal acts in previous existences. Not only this, but the Eastern mystic does not even suggest that one may know what these acts were.

The religions of the East thus terminate in desolation and resignation. But now Scientology has come to the rescue. For within this system, which is Western and therefore constructive, one may know detail by detail the events of one's past existences and thus purge oneself of responsibility. The details are uncovered by the "auditing" process and are self-evidently true to the individual being audited.

So what is wrong with Scientology? Why does it have the aroma of fraud? Probably the only reason is its creator, L. Ron Hubbard. I think that if he is removed from its scene and if it sticks truthfully to its principles, it may eventually evolve into a genuinely helpful social machine.

Very truly yours,

Edward Dyer

Dear EVO,

It takes only a cursory examination to see your dedication to the principles of individual freedom. Good. The thing which concerns me about your paper, as does the direction of the protest movements in the United States generally, is that underpinning the obvious concern over the barbarism of our culture, the fascist mentality of most of the world—not just our segment of it—you express this concern in equally violent, authoritarian and often times repulsive journalism, art and activist programs. Is your protest validated only by donning the robe of fallen Caesar? Or do you really believe that "we who would lay the foundations of kindness cannot ourselves be kind?" I do not believe this and so I am sorry to say that although I feel a certain kinship with you, I find your endeavor less than satisfactory.

Yours for peace and love . . .
Name Withheld by Request

Dear EVO,

D. A. Latimer's frog-sticking piece (Vol. 4, No. 1) was one better-than good story. I find it hard to believe that he is "starving" on the lower East Side when he can write like that. If he's got more of that kind of thing hanging around in his head, please let it loose.

The Mad Newt Stomper

cover illustration

by

WINSOR McCAY

from the collection of

Woody Gelman

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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This letter is in violent reaction to A. J. Webberman's article in your last issue, "Hey Jude: A Message to Dylan." Webberman is an asshole. Everyone has met, at some time, people who have a weird compulsion to dissect Bob Dylan songs and put together (rather than find) a meaning.

I must admit that I myself, in experiencing these lyrics, through that there might be an overlying idea, not literally contained in the lyrics; this was that McCartney (who I believe wrote the entire song) was making a statement to Lennon, who is well known for a spaced-out detached relationship with the world.

I find Webberman's basic premise, that the Beatles have an urgent desire for Dylan to return to performing rock music, absurd. The man's last album, JOHN WESLEY HARDING, is one of the finest works to have been presented to modern music.

My major reaction to the line by line documented confusion of the author was disbelief. However, it is also very upsetting to realize that someone is capable of a connection like, "is on your shoulder" means an electric guitar which hangs from one's shoulder.

By the way, for Webberman's information, the section which follows a number of verses (usually two in a pop song), and has a different set of changes from

Jinamurti Bhikkhu is a gentle man whose deep clear eyes tend to pierce the vacuum around him. He possess the qualities we all seem to strive for in our often feeble effort at anointing ourselves with good karma of holiness — all this in groping search for our individual and collective nirvanas.

He is a feeling man of compassionate beliefs that lend him an air of quiet authority and ever steady industry. He is totally attuned to the realities of the present and his frequent protestations of pessimism are in essence the most eloquent affirmations of a deeply felt streak of optimism.

Through his sceptical pronouncements seeps a quality of love and goodwill that can emanate only from a man who has found a path of life entirely to his liking. He makes no bones about it since he is most persuasive in communicating HIS belief that his will be the road all of us will eventually follow.

Jinamurti has been a practicing buddhist since his early teens on Long Island. His Judeo-Christian family, involved in pacifism and Mme. Blavatsky, evidently granted him tolerant forbearance and understanding. It shows all over.

For the past four years he has travelled, studied and lectured all over Asia as well as in Europe, where as of late Buddhism has made considerable inroads.

In the course of his worldwide involvement J B has established close contacts with Buddhists from all walks of life and particularly became very close to the Tibetans. He knows the Dali Lama, whom he quite evidently loves and reveres.

Jinamurti's story bears telling. This in mind was the purpose of our talk.

J.B. The current situation in Tibet is that of steady regression in the field of culture, religion and social structures. The Tibetan culture is being totally annihilated. The Tibetan language is being totally disapproved of and Tibetan marriage being totally outlawed. Tibetans are not allowed to intermarry among themselves. They are forced to marry Chinese. Tibetan religion is virtually wiped out. Tibetan culture has been reduced to ashes.

EVO: What about the monasteries?

J.B.: Most of the big monasteries have been destroyed, razed to the ground. The ones which are in good condition and holding good territory have been used by the Chinese as camps, barracks, horse stables, or for prostitution.

EVO: Does the Tibetan population reach in any way, especially after the brutal suppression of the 1961 revolt? Is there an underground movement?

J.B.: Well, there is an underground movement, but it comes in different forms. You have your active underground on the borders, which is actively engaged in sabotage, like guerrilla warfare. Then you have your social warfare within the cities, but this is totally unsuccessful. Unlike in America where there is dissent and you get a few cops and a little bit of police brutality, over there, you dissent — you're liquidated.

EVO: What is the state of Chinese culture in Tibet?

J.B.: It's difficult today when you use the words Chinese culture because at present, there is no Chinese culture. Children are forcibly taken away from their parents, young children. They are sent to Chinese schools and homes in Peking, Hopei, Shantung and Szechuan and raised as Chinese, forced to use Chinese language and forced to eradicate all of their culture.

EVO: What was the fate of monks? Having made up 20 per cent of Tibetan population.

J.B.: Totally destroyed. Not more than 700 monks are allowed to practice in the whole of Tibet right now.

EVO: Are they under tight control?

J.B. Tight control to the effect that they are not allowed to perform public ceremonies, not allowed to go out in public and they are confined entirely to their monasteries. The only reason for these 700 that remain is so that visiting people (people do visit Tibet



## INTERVIEW WITH A BUDDHIST MONK

BY JAAKOV KOHN

from other Communist countries) are given them then they would feel as if they had lost faith which is very strong in Asia. Defiling the monks was mostly a psychological move.

EVO: What about the families that remained and whose sons would have become monks? Is there any clandestine religious activity equivalent to that of the Jews in Spain during the Inquisition?

J.B.: There is some. Most if not all Tibetan homes keep the home shrine even though this is discouraged by the Chinese. But there is still a strong religious fervor within the hearts of the people.

EVO: The population of Tibet is almost equally divided among nomads, farmers, and town folk. Has any change taken place in this? Have the nomads been discouraged from their traditional patterns?

J.B.: Not so much. Due to the terrain of Tibet it would be impossible for the Chinese to change their habits so they have virtually remained the same. Many have, however, fled to Mongolia where they ARE permitted freedom. China has made several attempts to take over Mongolia. Last year Mongolia signed a 20-year mutual defense agreement with Russia to prevent any Chinese intervention.

somewhat of a show to prove that there is a token feeling of freedom in Tibet. But this commonly known to be a farce.

EVO: What was the fate of the other monks?

J.B.: Many, the large percentage of them, were killed. Mass murder numbered within the tens of thousands. Many who were young and not fully disciplined and trained, were forced to disrobe. Some did flee. But not that many. It IS a very difficult trek to the borders from Tibet to India. Many committed suicide, rather than leave Tibet or disrobe.

EVO: You mentioned in your article that many of them were accosted by prostitutes and homosexuals. Was that a common practice?

J.B.: This was done since many monks would not disrobe but were physically capable of working. The Chinese felt that if they could corrupt

EVO: Is there any aid and comfort given by Mongolians to Tibetans, especially in view of the Chinese-Russia conflict?

J.B.: The only aid given is allowing Tibetans freedom in exile in Mongolia.

EVO: What are the activities of the Tibetan exiles in India, especially around the court of the Dali Lama?

J.B.: The biggest fear is that the Tibetan culture which is outside of Tibet will be lost

(Continued on Page 4)

# EDITORIAL

## WHAT AMERICA NEEDS IS SCIENTIFIC GOVERNMENT

The great irony of our age is that we have for the first time the energy, technological equipment and resources to produce an abundance and to eliminate starvation, poverty and inequity. Yet conflict among Americans for the material goods of our "affluent society" has never been more intense. The reason for this contradiction is that while we have the technological means to produce more than enough for everyone, the archaic political and economic system of this Continent will function only in an economy of scarcity and will not permit the Continent's technology to produce and distribute an abundance. In an economy of abundance consumer products would lose their 'value' and it would therefore be impossible to sell them, for the same reason that it is impossible to sell ice to Eskimos. Without the concept of 'value' our present political and economic system (here-after called the 'Price System') would be meaning-less.

As a case in point, let us consider one material without which no life could continue on this globe: air. Air has never yet been subjected to the operations of trading, financing, mortgaging, loaning, borrowing, evaluating, or any other manipulations of the Price System. Why? Because until recently its bountiful supply has never permitted the creation of a scarcity. With air there has never existed the opportunity of introducing the concepts of "value" and human labor which form the basis of both "free enterprise" and socialist economic theory. The situation with respect to air could be duplicated with any other essential product if we established the requirement of abundance.

In order to survive, albeit artificially, the Price System must solve the 'problem' of abundance by astute public relations techniques, destroying and stockpiling food to keep prices up, and reducing the productivity of our automated equipment so that a 'healthy' scarcity can be maintained. Two other great catchalls for the disposal of America's growing abundance are the foreign aid program and war. Even these enormous undertakings are failing to absorb the abundance produced by American power and machines. Why do people go hungry in a land of plenty? Because they have been conditioned to follow the rules of the system, no matter how far out of the context of reality those rules become. Americans, to date, have preferred to follow rules rather than to use their heads in demanding a logical system of governance.

### PROBLEMS ARE MULTIPLYING

Serious mass problems, incompatible with our populous, technological age, are crime, poverty, transportation congestion, poor housing, pollution, unemployment and growing racial unrest. Obviously these problems are interrelated. For example, the main factor in recent racial outbursts was the lack of jobs or other channels within the system by which Negroes could share

in the abundance all around them. The large-scale looting by Negroes and poor whites could be viewed as a grass-roots attempt to distribute (or take) their share of the abundance. These groups, at the bottom of the occupational and economic pile, are feeling the severe effects of automation first. The number of jobs for the unskilled and semiskilled will continue to decrease and the only hope for the growing number in the labor force whose services are no longer needed is the Guaranteed Annual Income or "make work" jobs, WPA style. If the GAI is adopted the anti-automation pressure which labor has been exerting on industry will be greatly reduced and industry will proceed with open throttle towards total automation. This will in turn cause the phasing out of ever more massive numbers of blue-and white-collar jobs and will eliminate substantial labor even on the executive levels. At the present, government, business and industry are only about 7% automated. Many revolutionary changes are in store for Americans by the time even 14% automation is achieved.

The present system of 'political government' is in reality so fractionated and preoccupied with individual political power struggles that it cannot mobilize itself to deal quickly and effectively with any problem of national scope. We have an immense, uncoordinated tangle of roughly 100,000 government in the United States from the local and regional levels to the federal level, including school districts, etc.

This, then is the irrational state of affairs in which we find ourselves during the Great Technological Revolution.

### SCIENTIFIC SOCIAL DESIGN WOULD SOLVE MANY DIFFICULTIES

Politics, business and religion which people historically have looked to for the remedies for social and economic ills, are becoming progressively more impotent in dealing with the new and mounting pressures generated by automation, population expansion, abundance and complexity of modern technological existence. There is no precedent in history for these developing trends, and the direction is constantly towards greater, rather than lesser, complexity, and more and more massive problems. Within a business-political structure, or Price System, the problems cannot be solved because the solutions are incompatible with profiteering, political power struggles and outdated governmental concepts and machinery.

Man has designed and constructed enormous dams, power plants, and canals, but he has never designed and constructed a total plan for Continental hydrology. He has designed streamlined trains, and magnificent railroad terminals, but never an integrated, Continental system of low-cost rail transportation. He has designed automobiles and highways, but never a superhighway system with control of traffic origination and load factor. Man has built haphazard economies and political empires, but never has he designed a self-contained, technologically controlled, social mechanism.

In other words, the design of the past has been but the design of the minutiae, the working up from the part to the whole, and not the design of the whole. With unmeasurable factors, effective social planning is impossible. Today, the predominant unmeasurable factor is 'price,' which explains why neither the United States, nor Russia, nor any other area on earth has been able to effect a planned economy.

The "free enterprise" system is man-made. Although it has become endowed with a special, almost spiritual status, it is merely one of many possible systems created by man to regulate the exchange of goods and services. A far more efficient and productive system would be one in which the concepts were consistent with scientific and technological 'know-how.'

A key concept in operating a Technocracy, as opposed to governing a political system, is "functional control." "Functional control" is not control by a group of technological elite. It is "control by technique," which means that the process which works best is adopted, and the process which is shown through performance to be less efficient, is discarded. A functional organization has no political precedents. It is neither democratic, autocratic, communistic, or fascistic. Functional control is determined only by the requirements of the job that must be done, and not by any outside consideration or influence. Instead of the location, design and materials of a housing complex or dam being determined by political factors, they would be construed and located so as to be of maximum effectiveness in meeting the needs for which they were intended.

### SCIENTIFIC ADMINISTRATION WOULD FREE MAN FROM TOIL AND DEBT

Technocracy proposes that the administration of the North American Continent be converted from a disorganized, haphazard political superstructure, all but alienated from the needs and challenges brought about by modern technology, into a highly planned, coordinated system of production and distribution, under the direction of science. The resulting Technocracy would exist only for the purpose of harnessing technology to the task of creating an equitable, abundant life for its citizens. The North American Continent is a naturally circumscribed area, and has the necessary resources, technology and technically-trained man power.

Built-in to the Technocratic design are solutions to the heretofore perplexing social problems of war as an instrument of economics, crime, congestion in transportation, poverty, unemployment, destruction of natural resources, racial and class friction, poor housing and waste. Far from standardizing man and rendering him impotent—both of which are being done at a frightening rate under the present system—scientific control of technological operations would essentially free man from toil and debt and enable him to make the most of himself, with no limits placed upon his aspirations except the limits of his own ability.

## tibet

(Continued from Page 3)

being in foreign lands, in India, in Nepal, Sikkim and Butan. They lose much of their old culture, their language.

EVO: There is assimilation?

J.B.: There is some degree of assimilation.

EVO: What is the Dali Lama doing?

J.B.: Well, he's not permitted by the Indian government to be involved in too much. The only thing he is doing is trying to seek aid for Tibetans in exile.

EVO: What is the fate of the Panchen Lama, who at the beginning collaborated with the Chinese? When he and the Dali Lama became Vice Chairmen of the People's Autonomous Region of Tibet?

J.B.: The Panchen Lama has for the past three years been in a forced labor camp. His position in 1959 was somewhat naive, he was less than 23 years old at the time. It's difficult to say what his motive was because he

felt that he was a Tibetan and that the Chinese were superior as far as arms and numbers, that he had to collaborate to a certain degree. When he felt that he could no longer collaborate he did in public denounce the Chinese regime, and did defend the Dali Lama after he had fled Tibet.

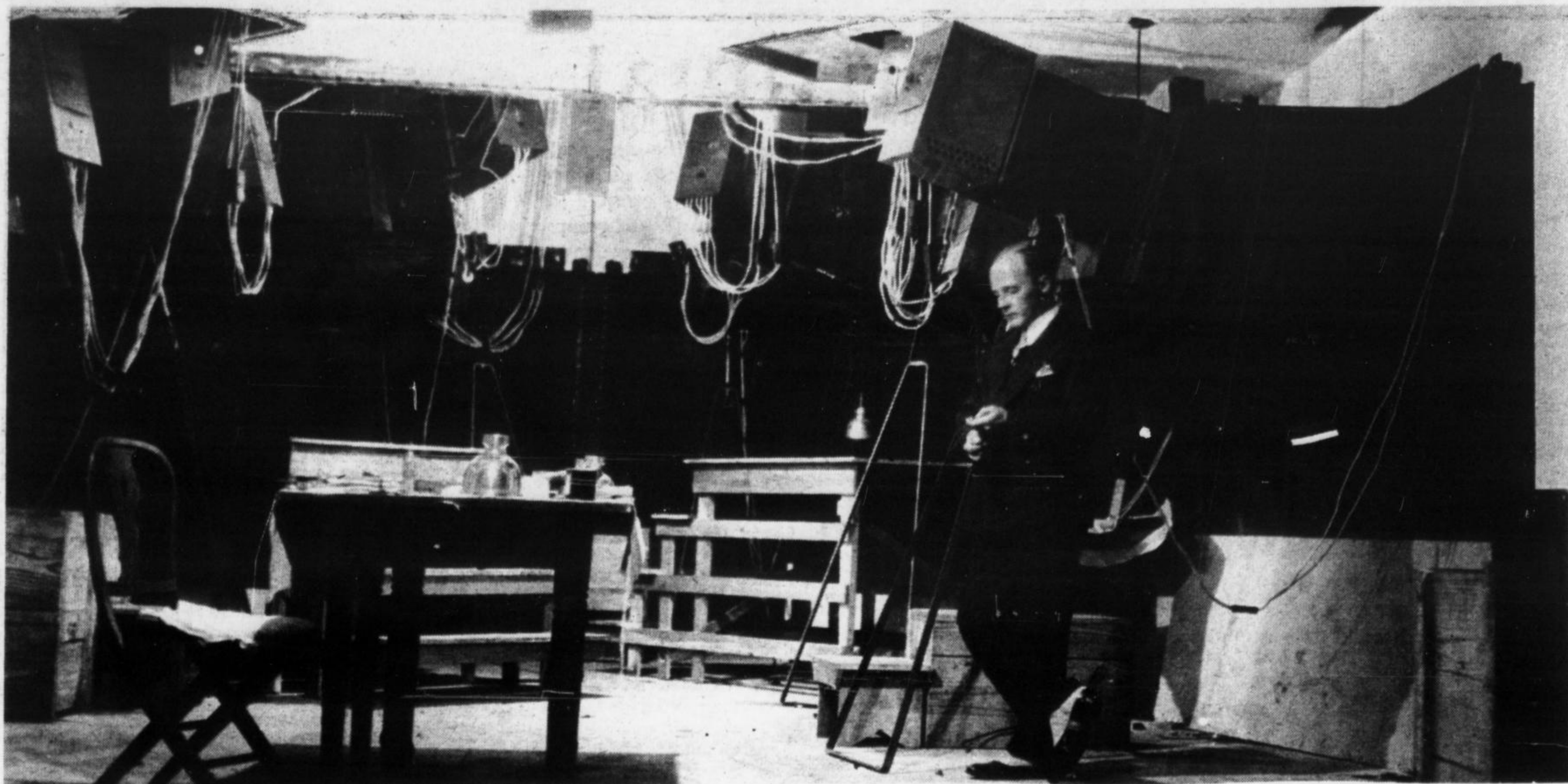
EVO: You are primarily addressing yourself to what might be done to remedy the total ignorance as to what has happened to the Tibetan people. Is there any thing you can think of, can you suggest that could be done?

J.B.: This is a question which is kind of hard for me to answer. From my way of doing things. As a rule I pursue to see what is wrong with the world and then I choose what to do about it. It's not easy to say to someone else. This is what might be good, this is how you might pursue it, because through most experiences, very few people ever follow through. But if people show a material interest, they can write to the Headquarters of the Dali Lama which is at 15 Link Road, Jangpura, New Delhi 14, India. Write. Send support, send let-

ters of encouragement. If there are those who are really concerned and are in a position to do something, they can even sponsor Tibetans to come to America. This is a problem of immigration. Most immigrants need a sponsor and it's not that easy to get sponsored from Tibet. But it's not the situation in Tibet that we are concerned with. It's the situation of many unknown injustices which go on in the world. KNOWN injustices that mankind just bypasses and ignores. There was a big roar, when the Soviet Union took over Czechoslovakia, but now who gives a damn.

EVO: We go through our scenes of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Biafra, and the Arab refugees but absolutely nothing has ever been said about Tibet.

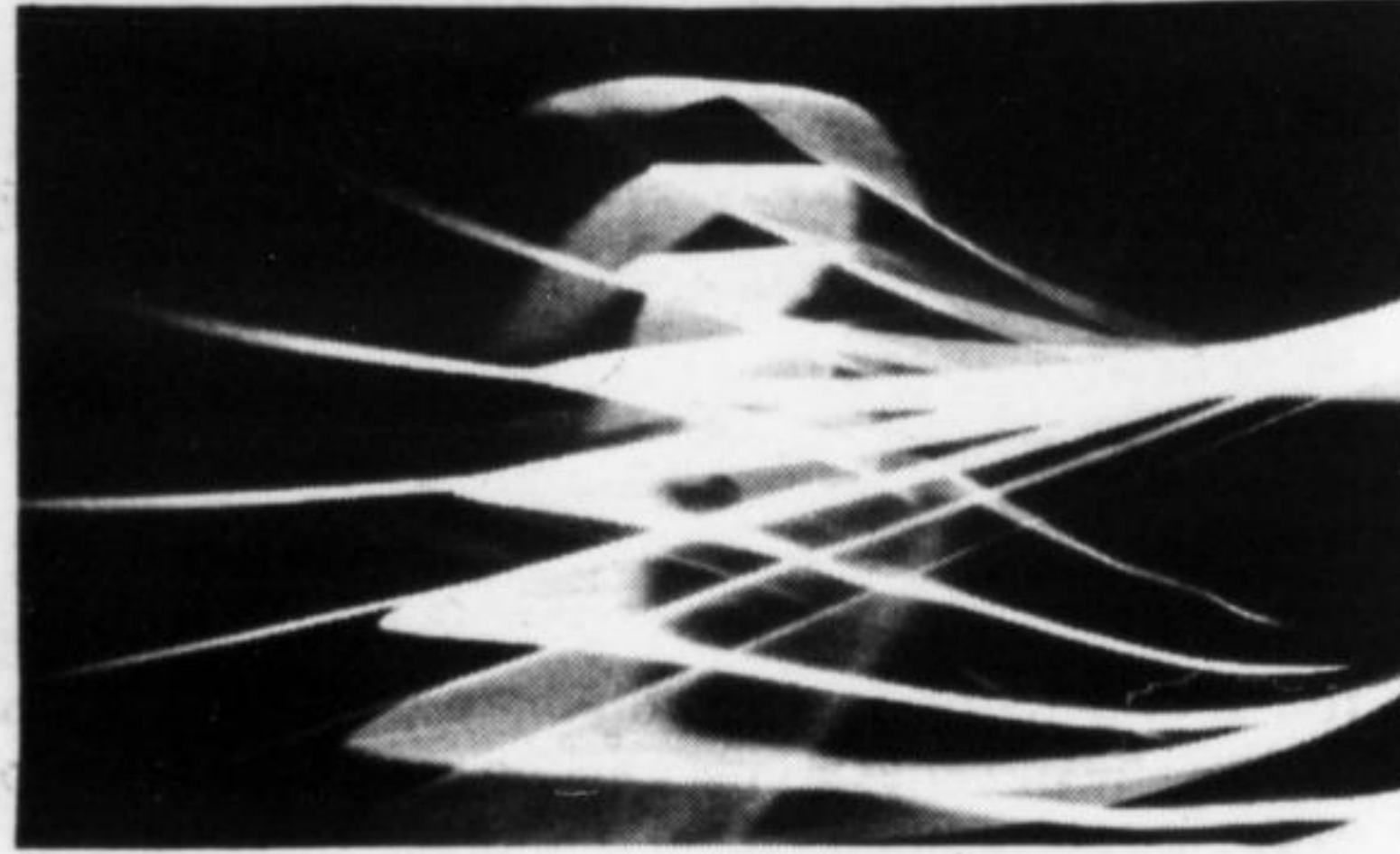
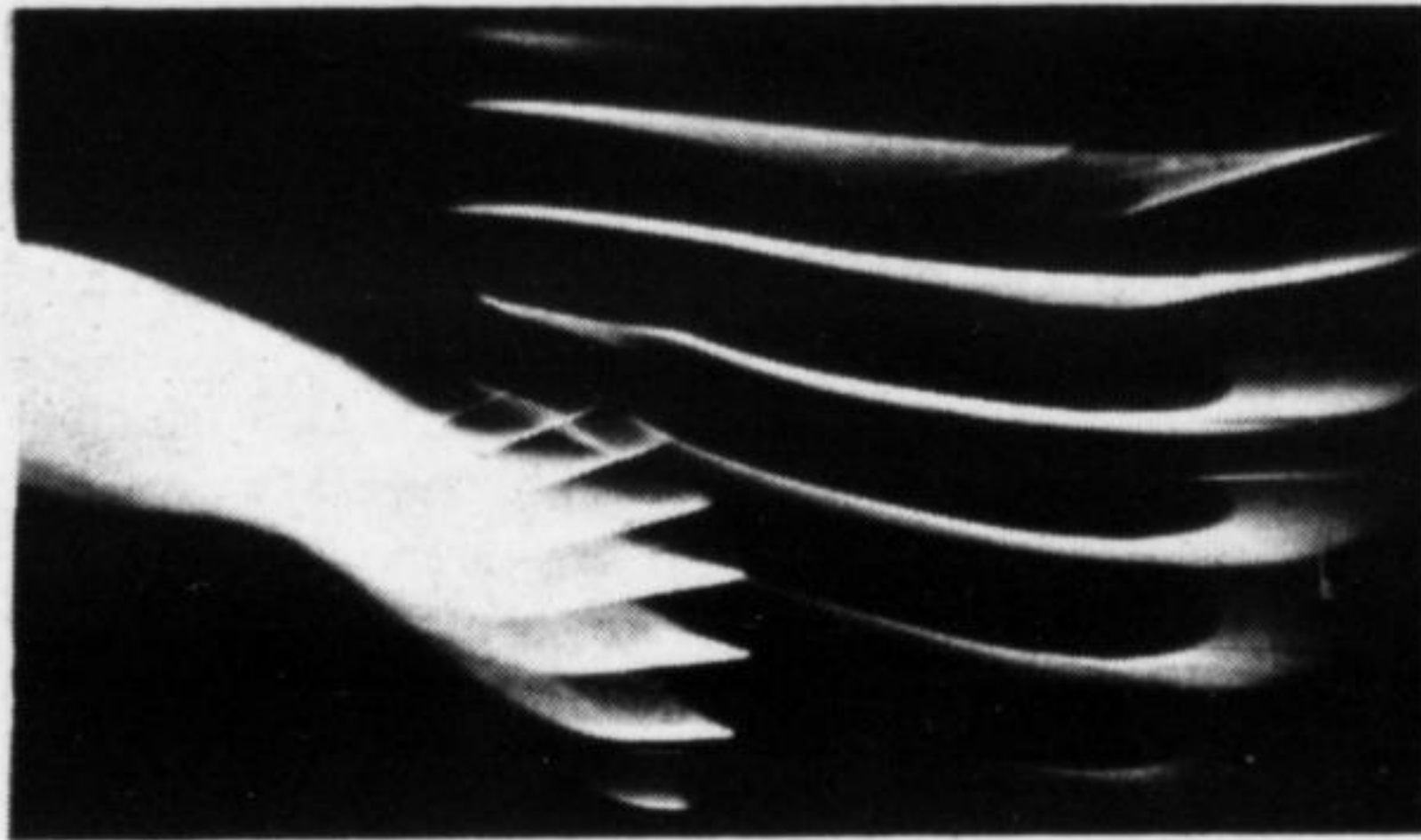
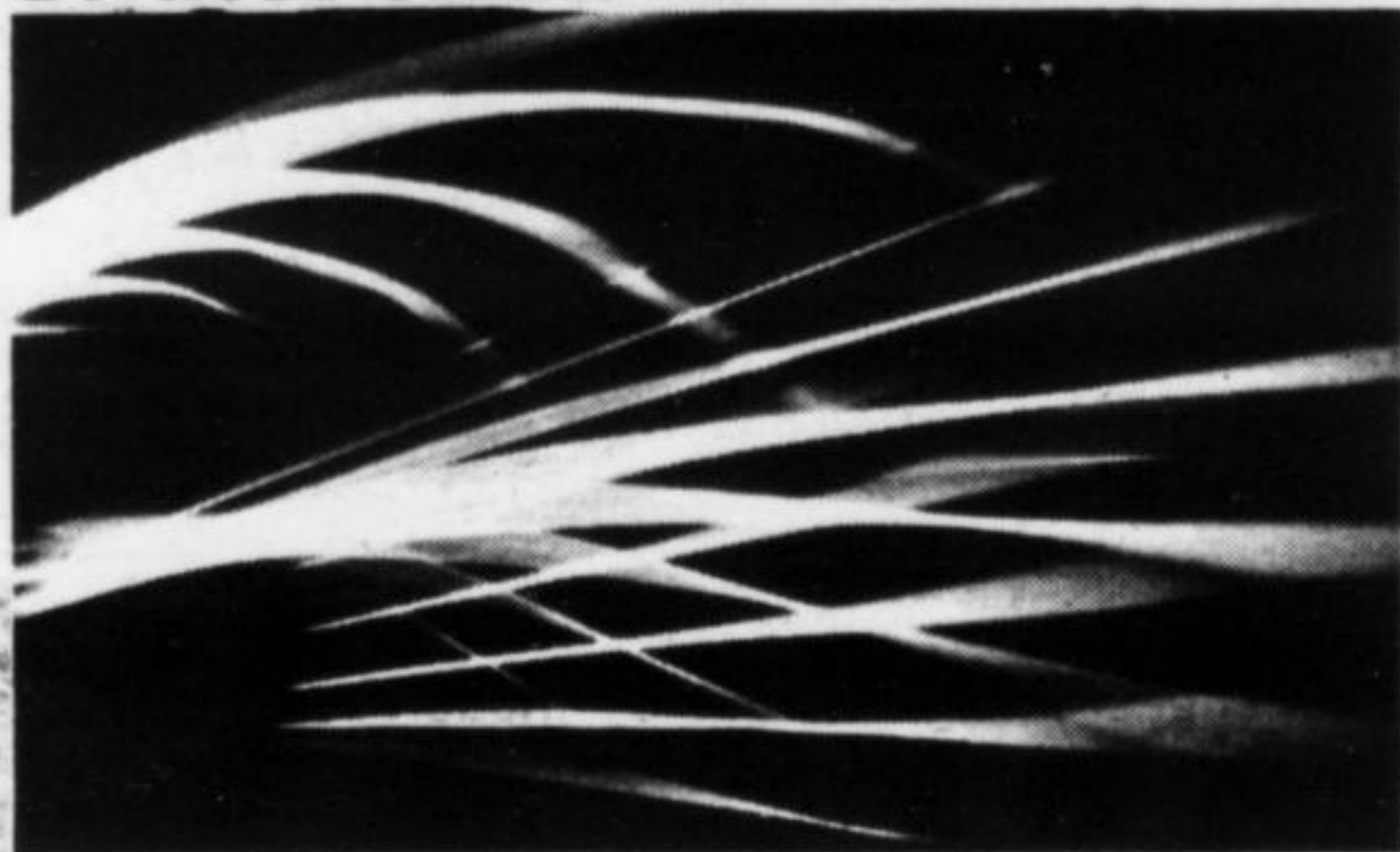
J.B.: Well, it has been said, but it's never been widely publicized. For example, Lowell Thomas has been constantly lecturing on Tibet. He has written many articles in magazines and papers about what is happening now. But most people would tend to totally dismiss it and think of Tibet as a little country with no



photos: Art Institute of Light, Palisades, New Jersey

# Theater of Light and Silent Spaces

BY RUDI STERN and JACKIE CASSEN



Thomas Wilfred was born in Denmark in 1889. He died this past summer in West Nyack, N.Y. at the age of seventy-nine. Artists know his name. They remember having seen a recorded Lumia composition at the Museum of Modern Art as children. They remember the velvety silence of the room where fantastic colors moved like a strange, molten fluid in a timeless space. They remember that his "paintings" never stood still, knew only the frame of darkness, and that Lumia was a window on a world they could respond to, a world about to be discovered.

His experiments began in Copenhagen in May of 1905 with one cigar box, a small incandescent lamp, and some pieces of colored glass. While studying in Paris this instrument became several wooden boxes, a number of lenses, and a "real screen—one of my bedsheets tacked up on a wall." To support his experiments, Wilfred became a singer and lute player. "I would sing till I had money, experiment till I was broke, then sing some more." After serving in World War I Wilfred continued his experiments and concerts in the United States. First in Huntington, L.I., then a loft on West 22nd Street, the old Grand Central Palace, and finally West Nyack. In 1919 he was able to devote all his time to "a silent and independent art of light." In 1921 he completed his first Clavilux, a keyboard controlling numerous projection effects. On the evening of January 10th, 1922 he gave his first recital with this instrument at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City. Wilfred describes it as: "... a tense and wonderful evening. But it was with fear and trembling I went out to buy the morning papers the next day. Years on the concert platform had taught me to take nothing for granted. It was quite possible I would have to spend many more years as a wandering troubadour with a crazy idea."

Kenneth MacGowan of The World wrote of this concert: "This is an art for itself, an art

of pure color; it holds its audience in the rarest moments of silence that I have known in a playhouse." Clavilux was given the misnomer of "Color-Organ" and became "a novelty, a fad, a thing it was smart to see and discuss that season." Wilfred was frightened of the dangers implicit in various dubious offers which poured in. For a number of years he played recitals in winters and improved his equipment during the off-season. In 1925 he toured Europe with his more advanced instrument. He found great interest everywhere.

He felt that Lumia should not be identified with him alone but rather that it should be a generic term for the medium and in order to encourage others to participate he founded the Art Institute of Light in 1930 as a non-profit Lumia research center. There was a supporting membership, his patents were assigned to the Institute, and in 1933 he opened a "lumia theater" in the Grand Central Palace building. Programs of lectures, demonstrations and recitals were arranged. Art students from Teacher's College and Pratt came regularly. The weekly recitals were well attended but few of those who came were artist and very few of these, to Wilfred's great disappointment, had ideas of their own. With the beginning of World War II the Institute was forced to close for the duration. Following the War, Wilfred continued his experiments in a more private, isolated way in his studio in West Nyack where he worked until his death. His last public recitals were between 1947 and 1950. From that time he created several recorded Lumia Compositions, self-enclosed and automatically cycling such as the "Counterpoint in Space, Op. 146" in the Metropolitan collection which has a 44 hour span.

"An eighth fine art is beginning its life in our generation, a silent visual art, in which the artist's sole medium of expression is light."

Like its seven older sisters, lumia is an aesthetic concept, expressed through a physical basis of methods, materials and tools. In a complete definition the two aspects must be stated separately before a composite can yield a clear picture. The aesthetic definition must clarify the artist's conception and intent, the physical one the means he employs in achieving his object."

This and preceding quotes from Wilfred "Light and the Artist" Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism, Vol. V, No. 4, June, 1947.

Wilfred thought of light as an independent art medium to be explored in silence for the expression of form, color and motion in a darkened space. His aim was to share an experience with the viewer. "The spectator is a necessary factor in the concept: a materialized vision, beheld by a beholder." In a piece entitled "Chalice, Op. 65" Wilfred dealt with an environmental experience and, according to his son, had church incense heald and blown through the ventilation system. For a ballroom in the now destroyed Hotel Sherman in Chicago, Wilfred designed a permanent light environment employing architectural projections.

"The lumia artist first visualizes his composition as if appearing out of infinite dark space; as if he were sitting in a theoretical space-ship with a large window in its nose; a ship capable of traveling through a fantastic realm of visual beauty, or of hovering motionless at any juncture of space and time to let a procession of form and color pass by its large window. . . a three-dimensional experience in space. This means that his space-ship must be transformed into a recital hall, the space window into a flat white screen, the propelling means into a Clavilux instrument and the pilot's cabin into a console with sliding form, color and motion keys."

(Continued on Page 15)

# LMNNOUGH

## UN PARLEY SET ON ENVIRONMENT

By Eli B. Enzer  
UN Correspondent

United Nations Headquarters—The physical erosion of our planet, primarily at the hands of man, will be explored and exposed in a United Nations Conference on the Human Environment.

Can you guess what river was called "clear, blue and wonderful to taste filled with sturgeon and salmon" in 1609. That was Henry Hudson's note on the Hudson, now a moving swamp. The Potomac, now an open sewer, was described by Captain John Smith in 1612 as so clear he could see the bottom in several fathom's of water.

And the Russians, as well as many peoples of the world, are equally guilty of raping the world in which we all live. Lake Baikal, the deepest fresh water lake in the world which has more than a thousand species of fish found nowhere else, is now being choked by the sulphur waste from Soviet paper mills.

The list of violations extends from the waters which flow through land to the air we breathe.

"If we have been indifferent to the havoc we work on our streams, we are even more indifferent to the havoc we work on our great world wide air shed," US Ambassador J. R. Wiggins said last week.

The Conference on Human Environment, just voted into existence in the current General Assembly, is to deal with the problems of water and air pollution, and the economic and social problems attendant to the human environment including the whole question of population explosions.

Since the UN spends about 80 percent of its annual budget for work in these social and economic fields, it is unfortunate that most news emanating from the world organization is only of a strictly political nature, just because the nature of news is always to report a fight (in the Security Council, the General Assembly of battlefields or wherever) rather than what made the fight.

But the substance of what will be talked about and studied at the Conference on Human Environment is the biggest fight of all: the fight for human survival.

Biologist Barry Commoner of Washington University was quoted by Wiggins as saying:

*"As a biologist, I have reached this conclusion: we have come to a turning point in the human habitation of the earth. The environment is a complex, subtly balanced system, and it is this integrated whole which receives the impact of all the separate insults inflicted by pollutants."*

*"Never before in the history of this planet has its thin life-supporting surface been subjected to such diverse, novel and potent agents."*

*"I believe that the cumulative effects of these pollutants, their interactions and amplification, can be fatal to the complex fabric of the biosphere."*

*"And because man is, after all, a dependent part of this system, I believe that continued pollution of the earth, if unchecked, will eventually destroy the fitness of this planet as a place for human life."*

The UN's work now begun on Human Environment is only one more ex-

ample of the slow, continual process of working to better the human lot which goes on every day in New York at headquarters, in Geneva, Rome, Paris and the Hague—the key UN branch offices.

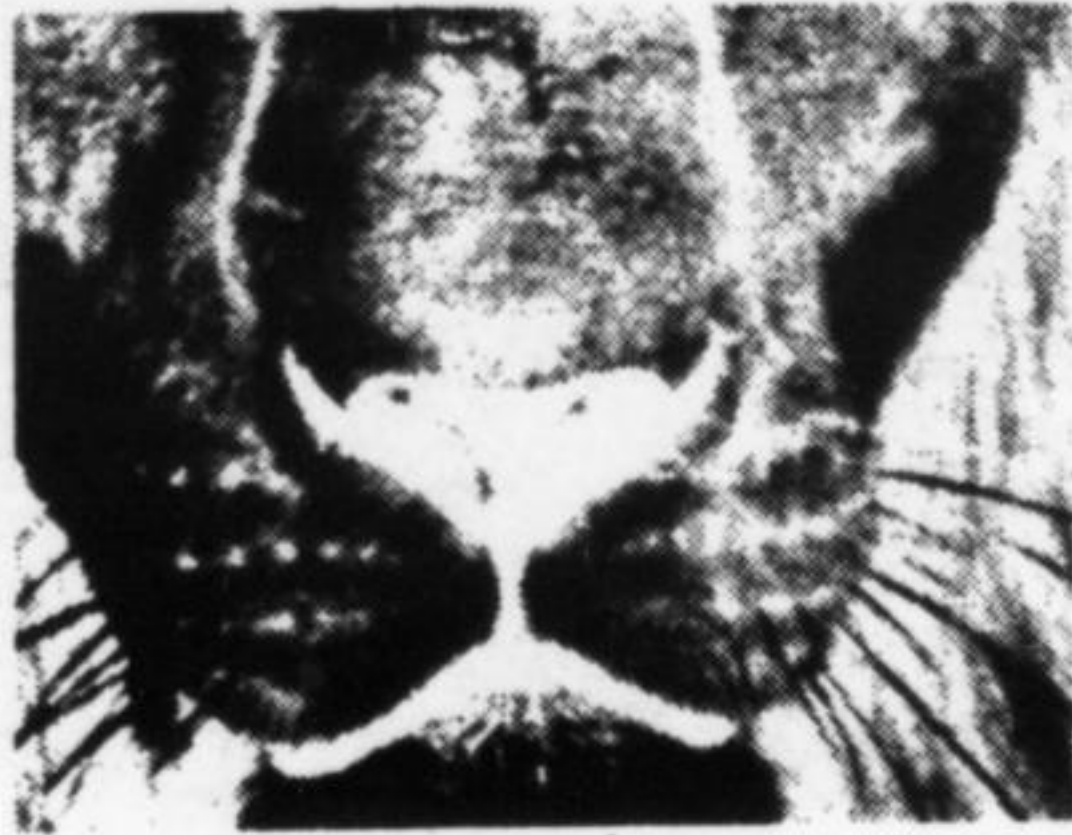
The slowness of UN work is reflected in the fact that the Human Environment conference is scheduled until 1972—four years from now!

But it takes that long for 126 nations to coordinate their plans, set their experts to work preparing studies and organizing the actual meeting.

But nowhere else in the world but the United Nations is this work being done on a planet-wide scale, and that's the only scale broad enough to be effective.

The United States of America has its scores of ecologists and demographers, but they essentially operate within our own borders to solve our own problems.

Ultimately what is needed is the worldwide efforts now moving toward realization through the United Nations.



## BUTTER CHEAPER THAN MORE M-16s

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The United States government has ordered 480,000 M-16 carbines for the Army from two different manufacturers who will be paid different amounts of money for the same work.

The Massachusetts firm of Harrington & Richardson is to be paid a flat fee of \$33,701,522 to produce 240,000 M-16s.

At the same time General Motors Corp., in Michigan, will be paid \$40,869,600 for 240,000 M-16s.

Strange, isn't it?

## AVOIDING THE FLU AND COLDS

By Art Rosenblum  
LIBERATION News Service

There is no reason why the movement has to come down with the flu just when the establishment does.

For a long time, people have tried to prevent colds with large doses of Vitamin C, but results have been uncertain. One reason for the failure, however, seems to be that the vitamin pills which are artificially manufactured are not the real thing.

Natural Vitamin C can be obtained from health food stores either in form of pills or as "Rose Hips tea."

To prevent a cold or flu from developing, I have used Rose Hips Tea but have eaten the Rose Hips rather than making tea, because boiling water destroys Vitamin C. It is necessary to eat about one tablespoon of Rose Hips (not the seeds) within a few hours after cold symptoms are first noticed. Thereafter eat as much as you feel like during the next 24 to 48 hours. My own experience and that of others has been 100% successful whenever the Rose Hips are taken within four hours of the first symptoms appearing.

Rose Hips are the seed pod of the rose and contain a higher concentration of Vitamin C than almost any other food.

## U. S. HUNGRY NOW 10 MILLION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Nearly 10 millions Americans are undernourished and many are on the verge of starvation, Dr. Margaret Mead told a Senate hearing.

She asserted that Americans are less well nourished today than they were a decade ago. U. S. government efforts have been redirected away from starving Americans to feed starving foreigners with farm surpluses which are under the control of the Agriculture Department, she said.

Mead urged that food programs for Americans be taken from the Agriculture Dept.'s jurisdiction, and should be concerned with "people not products."

Observers see a correlation between farmers' efforts to win higher prices and diminished food programs to hungry people.

It is the American way.

## AMSTERDAM ASCENSION

Simon Vinkenoog

(PARIS, Dec. 9.) Paris police are trying to find the responsible persons or organizations who committed a number of plastic-bomb attacks during the preceding nights. Interior Minister Marcellin had a meeting Saturday with General DeGaulle to decide about the measures to be taken to end the attacks. Everyone can already see the sharpened control by agents in uniform and civilian clothes on anyone looking young and a bit "strange". Forbidden left-wing organizations made known that the attacks don't originate from the left.

(Rome, Dec. 9) The beginning of the Milano Scala-Opera season was kept a simple affair this year, since Milanese students had let it be known that a show of luxury would be insulting to them in these times. The Scala Board of Directors had communicated to the visitors of the gala performance (in honor of Saint Ambrosius, patron saint and first bishop of Milano) that they'd better show up in simple clothing. For some of the old guard this fall into simplicity was so unbearable that they protested by not using their tickets. Due to the military protection only a few demonstrating students appeared; they held posters with "Enjoy yourselves, richards, this is last time" and "The poor farmers of Avola wish you much pleasure". A few ladies who disdainfully showed they didn't want to be disturbed by the demonstrators were surprised by a small bombardment of rotten eggs, rotten fruit and blobs of red paint.

A few more explosions, a few more rotten bombardments, and the world changes.

It is important to see the multiplied synchronicities; everyone is living his own story of the history of the world — we are not taken part of the way, but all the way.

John Adams could write, "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy . . . in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry and music." At this time every conscious person has to study simultaneously All of these fields; in any case find his own daily peaceful ways through the maze of distorting and confused day-by-day happenings, when the fate of Vietnam depends on the form of a table (square, oval, rectangular, or round) in the Paris Majestic hotel.

What do we do with the Street Fighting Man? How can we give him mathematics and philosophy, painting, poetry and music? For years there have been pipe-dreams of joyful celebrations, "dancing in the streets", and in a few cases and cities this idea seems to have had its hey-day already. But Now and Again; how do we turn the global desert into a one-world-oasis? Is there more than hope for a few individuals? Do we still think of Everyone in our ideas? Do we accept an existence as privileged mutants, and do we have to do away with the suffering humanity by shrugging our velvet shoulders?

How far do we enjoy freedom? Are we still fucked-up in a number of ego-games? How come we don't throw violence overboard absolutely?

Did you know that Gandhi told his friends and disciples that one should not even say 'Shame' to his opponents, even if they used brute force?

He wrote; "My credo of non-violence is an extraordinary active force. There in is no place for cowardice or even weakness. When a man is completely ready to die he will not even feel the desire to use violence. And history is full of examples of men who converted the hearts of their violent enemies by dying with courage and compassion on their lips."

It's the hardest way, the non-violent way to peace.

But there is no other way.

All the other systems of human relations FAIL. Don't see the way ahead as a road blocked by obstacles, but as a number of operations to be fulfilled for mutual benefit (and you win today's game with humility, and you lose tomorrow's game with dignity — remember?) — it's been said so often.

There are no problems, everything is perfect the way it is, and you can't even DO anything about it, but you can give and take Love, as easily as breathing.

Try it out; the only problem which keeps one man from understanding another man, and so on, the whole world through, is the problem of COMMUNICATION.

Do you hear me? This is your own self talking to you. Remember, remember. Empty hands, with a pen, or a brush, or a piece of paper, or musical instrument, worth THOUSAND TIMES the hand with the weapon. "The bullet is the logic of the sloppy thinker." That's your philosophic Master Julian Beck. He knows; Paradise Now! The only way to realize another world, is by becoming another world, your self suddenly revealed, resurrected — all the way. And gone are paranoia, delusions, confusions. Wish you well. Wish you well. Wish you well. Love Simon Divine.



## POLITICIAN AND GIRLFRIEND INDICTED FOR SMUGGLING

NEW YORK (LNS) — A Federal Grand Jury has indicted a Maryland State Senator on charges of smuggling and conspiring to smuggle 17 pounds of hashish into the U. S. from Pakistan.

The Senator, Frank J. McCourt, 33, and his girlfriend, Donna Dixon Mason Harner, are being sought abroad in connection with the "crime." The indictment alleges that the smugglers "packed articles of clothing into a suitcase containing a false bottom which they knew concealed 17 pounds of hashish in Karachi."



# KRYPTIC KAPERS

THUS BEHIND THE INNOCENT FACADE OF A SEEMINGLY RESPECTABLE UPTOWN BROWNSTONE, WE ARE ABOUT TO BECOME PRIVILEGED INTIMATES TO A SELDOM DISCUSSED RITUAL



HAIL SPIRO

THE BLACK MASS!



SPAWN OF THE DARK ONE, I OFFER HUMBLE SALUTATIONS



OUR COVERAGE OF THE CLAUS EXCLUSIVE CONTINUES; CLAUS, NOW A YOUTH SUPERNUMERARY HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GREASY OF AN UPTOWN DEVIL CULT

I BRING THEE ALSO,...



A SACRIFICIAL TID BIT!

MAMA!

I KNEW ALL THAT STUFF HE FED US ABOUT SANTA BEING A KID AGAIN WAS BUNK!

Kim Deitch

# ZOROASTER HAROLD OF FATE

HURLING TOWARD THE PLANET EARTH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, COME AN UNSEEMLY THREE!



I STILL SAY SUMTHINS MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS DEAL!

HOLD THY TOUNGUE RASH ONE, ITS TIME TO LAND

THE STRANGE CRAFT LANDS.....



VRKROOAA



CHOOGA CHOOGA

BE NOT SO HASTE-RIDDEN FELINE ONE, WE'VE HAVE TIME ENOUGH. LET US FIRST PERUSE OUR IMMEDIATE LOCALE

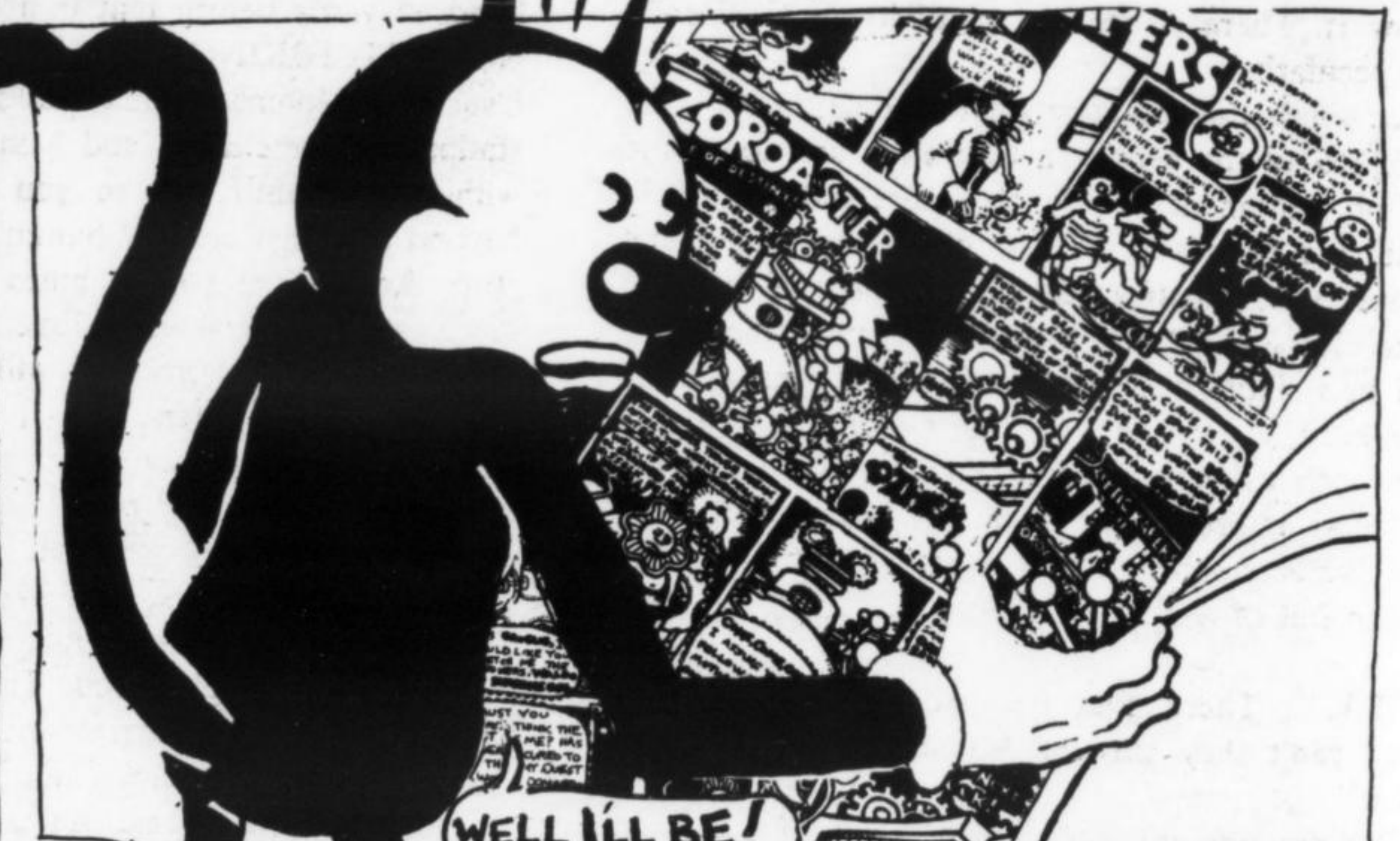
YER TH BOSS!



WELL HUNG GERMAN SHEPHERD, WANTS TO MEET HIP JEWISH GIRL FOR STIMULATING EVENINGS. CALL GR8-8640 ASK FOR PAL HAR!



BOY, THESE ADS ARE A SCR... HEY, LOOK!



WELL I'LL BE!



AH YES CAPTAIN GROGLIG, READ IT! READ IT AND WEEP!



CAPTAIN GROGLIG, IS SHOCKED BY THE PAPER'S GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF ZOROASTER'S TREACHEROUS DEEDS!

SEE, YOUR BOSS IS JUST A TIN HORN DEMAGOGUE!



YIKE!

I KNEW ALL THAT STUFF HE FED US ABOUT SANTA BEIN A KID AGAIN WAS BUNK!

DONT SPEAK SO SOON WALDO.



# DECOMPOSITION BY DA LATIMER

Slush. Slop. No heat 'cause the truckers are on strike. Shit. Flu all over. December is. Orphans huddling in tenement doorways, wrapped in rags. But the grind goes on, people scurrying all over Manhattan, slipping sneezing in the chilly yuck. . . About this time of year, every year, even the most stalwart of us waxes a little frantic. Irreproachable fine heads, famous for their cool, they commence to crack a little, it really starts to get to them, and they freak on the California Lie. 'Yeah,' they say, grinning slyly about the eyecorners, 'in a month or so, long about February, think I'll cut out to the Coast, pick up on the scene out there. Get out there with the *real* scene. Fucking City's sinking in a sea of dog shit, whole East Coast going straight to hell. Gonna go out to California, meet some *real* people, get out there where it's really happening. *Yeah!*' Here a great burst of solid affirmative nodding. 'Bout time I got out of this pointless City hassle, get out to the Coast and fix my head, baby. Just loll around the Frisco scene and get in with some fine, solid people. . . And so on, they can keep it up for hours. It really drives me up the fucking wall. Lissen, you creeps, you wanna know what California's like? What it's *really* like? Well hang on to your fantasies, 'cause I gonna tell you *exactly* what it's like.

## The Wages Of Sin

The wages of sin is California. She is suburbia come of age, the ultimate refinement of late-twentieth-century Automotive America. California is where the Automobile has become the dominant life form, and the people there are just there to drive them around; any human faculties, aspirations, handicaps or fantasies not directly applicable to the operation and maintenance of internal-combustion vehicles are merely vestigial phenomena, various desiderata remaining from earlier periods in the evolution of the Automobile. California people *know*, in their hearts, that their humanity, what little remains, in sorry trim, pardon me, they *know* that their humanity is superfluous, being phased out, and it is this subliminal brooding that accounts for the peculiarities of California As We Know It. There is no true creativity in California, just peculiarity.

So what are these peculiar people like? Well, 87.635% of the people in California are above the age of retirement. There are more old people in California than ever existed before on this planet at one time. I suspect they fuck and give birth to more old people: slap, waah, fresh out of the womb and he's sixty-seven years old with a pension from Lockheed, a '69 Rambler, and a splitlevel in Menlo Park with a swimming pool. Two mottled old crones under an umbrella next to that swimming pool wearing bikinis, sipping tomato juice, watching a station wagon full of leather-jacketed Black Panthers prowl by.

'Tsk. . . There goes the neighbourhood, Agnes. Why can't they stay in Africa where God made them?'

'It's not *safe* any more. Cough, hack, rattle, snap. Not *safe!* Can't walk down the *streets* any more. Not *safe!* Cough, cough, choke, rattle. Not *safe!*'

The rest of the people — and there are billions of them, teeming — they see all these old people driving around in their Ramblers, and they subconsciously dig where *that's* at, and this underscores the general feeling of being peripheral flunkies to their own cars. Nobody out there is worth much, that's all, they're really just hanging around waiting, waiting for Godot to come, or for night to fall. All that California weirdness is just their different ways of waiting around, waiting for Godot.

## The San Andreas Godot

Godot finds his California personification in the San Andreas Fault. California people are all terrifically paranoid, and when you get them halfway relaxed it'll all come out and they'll start rapping about the goddamn *Fault*. 'It'll slip and day now,' they'll say, grinning bravely. 'Ten years overdue, yup. Shoulda slipped in 1958. Now it's '68 — dig it? Spavin Barfer's latest chart says April 25 next spring, and Spavin Barfer predicted Kennedy's as-

My documentation is not to be impugned, I was out there in my official capacity as a writer. Wal-

lace Stegner Fellow of Creative Writing they dubbed me, I was a grad student at Stanford University without ever having graduated from college. Nowhere but in California could a dropout become a grad student. So there I was, thrust into the Literary Life like a butt into an ashtray, and I have this to tell you, the Literary Life is really from shit. 'Hemingway. . . dead,' they keep mourning. 'Faulkner. . . dead. Fitzgerald. . . dead. Twain. . . he too, dead. Sinclair. . . dead. Where are our Great American Novelists when we need them?' Why, they're all *dead*, glory to be God.

There is one writer on the Coast, and that is Richard Brautigan. One of my most treasured memories of Stanford is Brautigan finishing a reading before the Stegner Creative Writing Class and asking for comments. Stegner himself was at hand, and his first question was, 'I know it surely sells, but you must have something to offer the public other than this. . . this *merangue*.'

Stegner's first reaction to anything anybody wrote was invariably to turn to someone else and ask, 'Well, would *you* buy it?' As for the other people in the class, they were just perpetually depressed — they knew they were writing the best stuff since Sherwood Anderson, but they couldn't sell it for the life of them. The whole thing got me so disgusted I never wrote a word the whole time I was out there. The Stegner Fellowship Program was supporting me, I didn't have to write.

## Tell You All

What I did, I studied the lifeways of California, and I have come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all. You can't live there without a car, it's impossible. Nobody in California ever walked unless he was a hippie or an escaped convict. All the hippies are dead now, so. . .

Try hitchhiking in California. You gotta bum along the superhighways, the regular roads are scummed up with Geritol addicts who never pick you up and can't see too well anyway. So you find like the Bayshore freeway and go down to bum a ride. Now, a halfmile from the freeway itself is the mouth of the accelerating on-ramp, and a hundred yards before that is a big green sign says **NO HITCHHIKING BEYOND THIS POINT**. Usually this point is somebody's driveway or a gas station or something, and you can't stand there with your thumb out, so you skulk a few yards beyond that sign and try bumming along the grassy strip. And before you so much as get your thumb dry, some great armoured fuzz cruiser will haul up and two hobnailed troopers will pile out after you, hands on their holsters.

These are California Cops, the original Pigs of Antiquity. I cannot but sneer at the 'radical' shitheads of the East who call New York cops pigs. Shit, our cops are just kids like you and me. California Pigs never sweat, they are made all of chrome and cork and maple wood. They cruise around in self-sufficient police carriers with burnt-violet bullet-proof glass windshields, and each cruiser has a 30-0-06 with telescopic sights mounted abaft the the dashboard like a plastic Jesus. When they move they creak like leather, and their voices are the distillation of five millenea of human military organisation. 'What are you doing hitchhiking on the freeway?' they ask very reasonably in college-educated tones. 'Don't you know that's against the law? Can't you read signs? Let's see your identification.' Thereafter they refer to you by your first name, and you're lucky to get away with a citation and mild contusions.

And once you get a ride, it'll be like a fag or an exhibitionist. 'I have a lot of time, would you like to drive around and look at the ocean. Sure, we can visit my friends while we're out that way.' Good ole West Coast hospitality. All the barriers of sexual restriction have broken down in California, they're the freest people you'll ever meet — but if there's anything they want to do that you don't want to do, watch out you small-minded prurient bigot, you're liable to find an axe in your crotch.

Sex in California is a whole 'nother thing entirely, they call it Californication and it has its own elaborate morality, a true popular phenomenon. Like Revolution talk started in California as pop politics,

and Astrology originated there as pop science, so the New Morality began and flourishes there as pop morality. At an orgy on the Coast, the New Morality provides that the farthest-out orgiasts set the pace for the evening, and everyone else is constrained to follow through. He who hesitates is lost, he's a prude and a neurotic and ought to take more acid and meditate more and go through more changes and become a better person.

sassination right to the day, and he said the Pound would start slipping right when it did, too. Any day now, zoop, she'll slip. Be big waves of land, eight-nine feet tall sweeping right down the Marin Peninsula from San Francisco to San Jose. All California west of the Fault, and Oregon and Washington too, gonna drop 117 (or 119 or 135 or 112) feet straight into the Pacific.' I kept track all the time I was there last year: the Fault was supposed to slip on January 17, March 12, April 15, and June 5 and 28. There was a sharp tremor on February 12, but otherwise it behaved impeccably until well after I left.

And God help you if you and your mate are good-looking. You may never have time to sleep together. Every weird freak along the San Andreas Fault will be drooling to swap wives with you, and supposing you really don't want to this evening, then you're both fucked up, your relationship is on the rocks, you probably were never really suited for each other anyway. When the cat asks to ball your old lady and you tell him no, then he'll sit with you for the rest of the night reading off an itemised list of your neuroses and inadequacies, and chart out a detailed blueprint for the death and re-birth of your ego.

## Movement Founders

Yeah, the psychedelic movement sort of foundered on the West Coast. I first noticed what had happened the second week I was there. There was a party at a friend's house, and I took over a couple lids of grass, and spent a half hour or so rolling joints. So I lights up, dig it, and hauls off a good toke, and pass it to the chick on my left, who is one of the founders of the Midpeninsula Free University and formerly associated with the Merry Pranksters. 'Oh gee, grass,' she says, inspecting the joint gingerly. 'I haven't been up on grass in months. I dunno. . . Anybody else here going to smoke with us?'

'Yeah, we must be getting decadent or something,' smiles her consort, who is trying to sell Kesey's latest book — *Cut The Motherfuckers Loose* — to Viking Press. 'Everybody here's doing booze now. Nobody got any scotch, huh? Well, might as well smoke.'

'Yeah, what the fuck, smoke.'

'Smoke? Might as well.'

'Smoke. . .'

Halfway through the second joint somebody hauled in with a fifth of Gilby's and the joint got stubbed out in the ashtray. But these were the *cool* people, the *admirable* people. I'm not saying you have to take dope to be cool — before the year was up I'd mostly stopped smoking myself — but the Horrible Drug Conspiracy is no longer a threat west of the Rockies. The people who *do* take dope on the Coast, now, they're *strange*.

Macrobiotics. The *I Ching*. Confrontation psychology, a la Mike Murphy. The state of mind on the Coast is one of unbounded horror. Like there are all these cats, the really entrenched heads who moved out of the Haight to the country before the Haight went all necrotic, and they learn how to program computers and they live in shacks in the mountains with all the comforts of home. Their vision of the Good has been befouled by the realisation that America is bigger and more malevolent than could have been believed, and while they're all still good, solid heads, they have taken to embracing the most improbable things. . . Macrobiotics. The *I Ching*. Confrontation psychology.

How to describe it? This cat lives in the woods with his friends and some associated women and children. He works for some monopoly like IBM or Pacific Telephone, but this he manages to rationalise away on various grounds — usurping the system from within, balancing his existence with a mixture of straightness and headness, priming his

(Continued on Page 18)

# TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE 6th International



HE'S IN THERE!  
DONT LET HIM GET AWAY



NO ONE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT!

FROM A CORNER OF THE ROOM AN UNNOTICED COPY OF LAST WEEK'S EAST VILLAGE OTHER DRIFTS OUT THE DOOR



WE MADE SHORT WORK OF HIM

HA HA HA HA

SO THAT WAS THE INFAMOUS TRASHMAN

HEH HEH HEH!



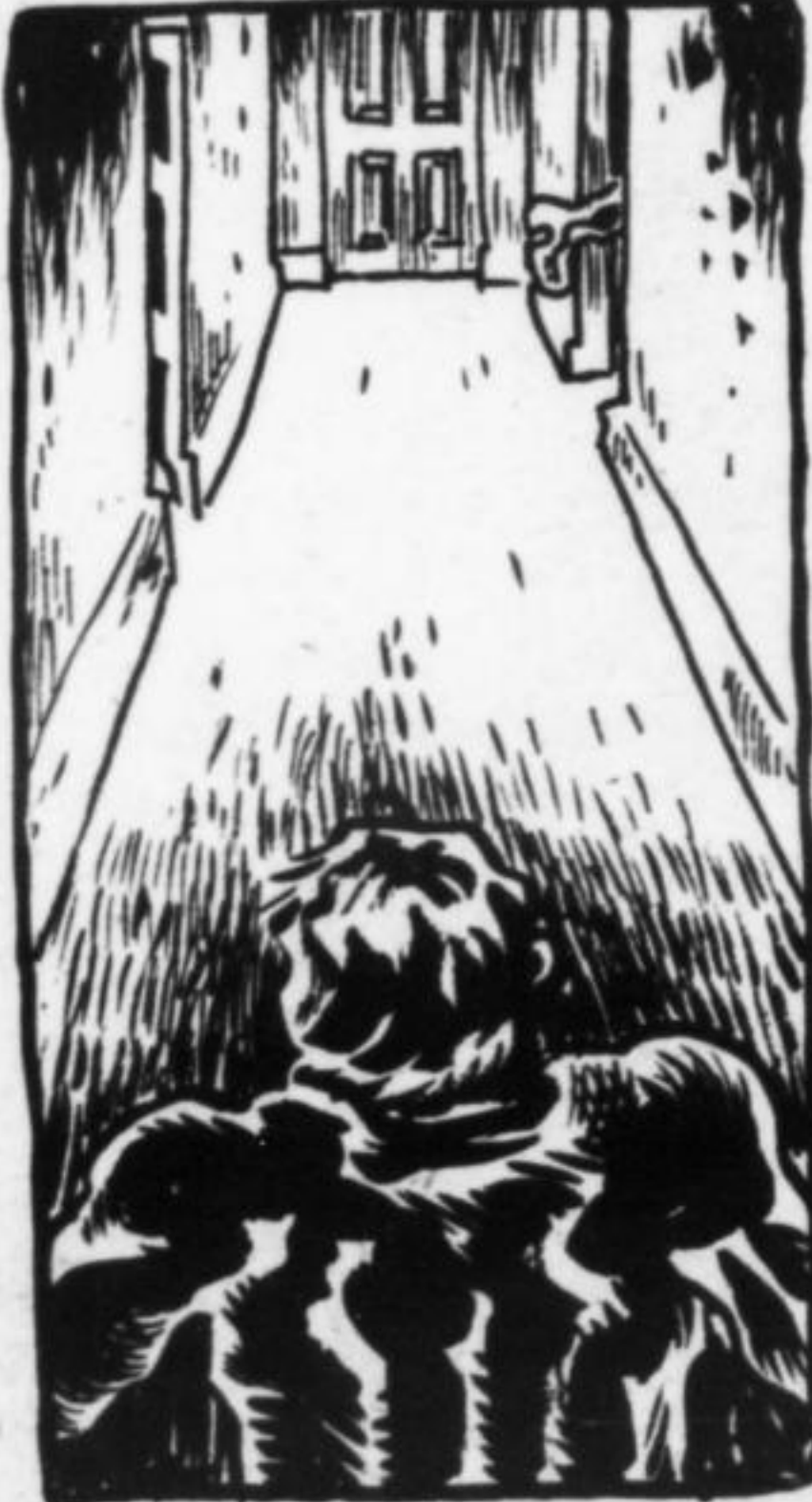
HI FELLAS



BRITATATATATAT



CHOKE



ABLATANT TARTUFFLE



STA BACK



WHAT'S KEEPING THEM?  
WHY DON'T THEY COME OUT?



FSHASHH



YGGHTH!!

GASP!



CALLING THE CENTER  
SEND IN ALL UNITS  
REPEAT... SEND...

SET IN THERE  
HURRY UP

# thilm

BY LITA ELISCU

Barbara is the titular heroine of the latest of the Traveller's Companions who are just as jolly as their name sounds although, at least in Barbara's case, not all that titty: she is barely 12, barely there, all awakening pubescence and buds. Barbara becomes intimately involved with 4 friends, a guru-hedonist named Max, Tom and Leslie (sometimes a duo) and a rotating fourth, although all numbers end up playing together. The book covers all ground patterns and gets well imbedded in fancy rhythms, symphonic arrangements, and eventually cuts its own Masterwork series as Superfuck meets Superlay . . . and then another one . . . and another one . . . not to mention the dog, or Mommy, or Daddy. Mainly, Barbara is about how lovely it would be if the world ever really got past Feiffer and all those other puritans and accepted the notion that sex-without-guilt is the only way to live, 24 hours a day. The book, ". . . aims at the total liberation of man- psychological and emotional as well as sexual . . . Eroticism is practiced (NB: Wow! is it) as a form of yoga, with the same ultimate aim in view: to attain illumination—the direct knowledge of the essence of life." If this were so, if illumination came from only the discipline of the good, to great, fuck, the world would no doubt be simpler and maybe better off. The book is part of the whole post-Freud, pro-RD Laing interest, in that realm of anxiety and need where Freud went in, and "turned the terrors to stone" using his theory "as a Medusa's head." As Laing continues, "We must now see we can survive without using a theory that is . . . an instrument of defense."

In defense, movies like *Candy* are made; good grief, instead of Barbara's great double scene at the end, Daughter going down on Mommy, Son on Daddy, there is only that ancient taboo, Daughter being fucked by Daddy, and everyone knows just how funny that is. "The mind has walls of its own." Candy just wallows in the half-dry, half-damp sphere of the dirty joke, an outlet for all-american fantasies and anxieties. It would be so nice if Candy, bless her voyeuristic non-soul, could be the Big Lie: bad, and Barbara, with her liberated, beautifully aroused sentiments, the reality in post-Hog Farm America: good.

Somehow, it seems too simple. That human nature could ever consist of happily accepting the most-right way, the easiest possible road: that runs contrary to everything — a weak statement when facing the possibility that free eroticism (not free love) might be the key. The mind does have walls of its own, and that was noted in China centuries ago, a land which tried to practice golden excess while preaching the moderate way, and finally learning it didn't work.

All of which leaves me up a tree crotch in this argument, because the original point of all this (there was one, yes there was) was to point out that incomplete realities, no matter how nice they seem, are just as untruthful and QED hypocritical as the easily seen-through lies told on the big movie screen; that it would be fun to believe Barbara was the Right Way because it is certainly the most fun and the most sensational, and we are all pleasure seekers, looking for both the sensation and the equally titillating pleasure of remembering the sensory experience, rather than having nothing to remember except a few dry laughs at some wet-dream jokes . . .

Worst of all the lies, however, is *The Killing of Sister George*, the story of three grown women who are . . . dread word, terrible taboo, horrifying pastime . . . dykes. It is fairly obvious during every minute of this rather embarrassing movie that no one connected with it has ever been near a live lesbian,

nor even read the few books around that might have helped the flick a little. There is this aging character actress named Sister George and she plays the part of a motorbike-riding nun on TV . . . while in real life, these dread appetities being what they are, she is keeping a young girl, played by Susannah York, whose name in the flick is 'Charlie' but which name appears in the credits as 'Childie.' Oh well, another example of the careful attitude of this flick. At any rate, enter Miss Crofts, an older woman of cold beauty and expensive clothes who offers Charlie a new home, as George will hardly be able to afford taking care of her. Charlie has endearing habits, such as talking to her doll Emily, and assuring her they will go play with the animals (no doubt Dr. Doolittle too) one day.

The scene everyone has been waiting for finally dribbles on to the stage . . . Miss Crofts follows Charlie upstairs to help her pack; they are alone. Charlie lies down on the bed, all blonde hair, pink skin, blue eyes. The film was taken from a play; the director, to make this point, shoots the play's scenes through cinematic windows, open hatches, doorways, overheads and etc., a nauseating array of ridiculously poor shots all designed to show that, Look ma! I'm not making a play, I'm making a movie! Highly cinematic, you understand.

Back to beddie . . . Miss Crofts come and sits on the edge of the bed. The camera manages to find a window to artistically shoot through, a window which throws Miss Crofts' face into black-widow relief so she looks like the Evil Queen (well . . . maybe) as her long scarlet nails reach out to touch that baby skin . . . and then, Charlie whimpers, opens her blouse, and moves the long scarlet nails to her breast (hardly larger than Barbara's). The camera remains riveted to the window, eye peeled and unblinking. Miss Crofts' face twists in evil displays of lust as she bends to kiss that little breast. Suddenly, Charlie is overcome and grabs her . . . and that's what little girls are made of. George walks in, reveals that Charlie is actually not a teenager, as she looks, but 32 and has an illegitimate child somewhere, thus making the best case for being a life-time lesbian I have ever heard (does it really keep your skin that clear?) and then watches as Charlie and Miss Crofts leave.

There are no conversations among or between the women — or anyone else for that matter. Heaven forfend that a dyke might have thoughts or intelligence like us folk (o forget Gertrude Stein). Just be happy that you are normal and only watching such terrible scenes . . . or have you actually thought about such things . . . ?

At any rate, *Barbara* does seem more attractive than all this, if not downright educational; few indeed are the ones who know about dogs and fogs, dykes, toesucking, and the advantages of a three-way fuck all together — most people specialize too early.

Using poetic license, or at any rate, writer's license — or if that is still too presumptuous, person-in-print license — and as an exercise to demonstrate the power of positive thinking: one might say that *Barbara* is incomplete not because it bases itself on lies, but simply because more of this kind of truth cannot be written until more experience has been achieved. So the moral of this Christmas column will be: read Barbara; go out there, into the battlefields of existence, and practice what it preaches.

Dec. 26th: The Monterey Pop Festival was presented courtesy of Leacock-Pennebaker films at Philharmonic Hall and I hope lots of people went . . .

This is not the column for it, but Ingmar Bergman's newest picture, *Shame*, will be opening soon, and it is

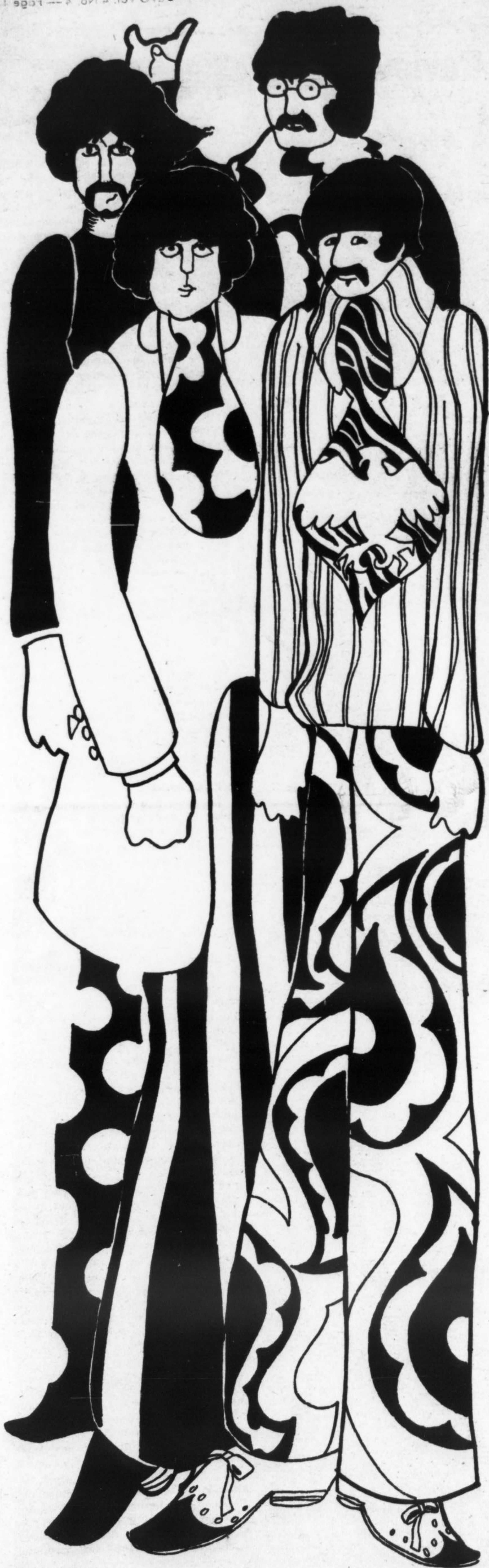
(Continued on Page 22)

Review  
of  
the  
Arts

EGO



photo by: Raeanne Rubinstein



# the beatles

BY A.J. WEBERMAN

Before you try to interpret the Beatles 2 disc set I suggest you listen to Lennon-McCartney's JULIA. In this song they tell us that "half of what (they) say is meaningless. But (they) say it just to reach . . . Julia" I think that Julia symbolizes the Beatles teen-aged, lame listeners. As I said in my HEY JUDE article (EVO Oct. 25, 1968.) The Beatles are tuned in enough to Dylan's symbolism to realize that He often uses 'she' or a girls name to symbolize His younger fans and it appears that they are now incorporating this kind of personification in their poetry . . . so the first two lines become 'a lot of Beatles songs are going to be meaningless - true - love - bullshit so that Beatlesmaniac 'Julia' will cop and get hipped by the political and social commentary which will also be there. They then go on to give us a taste of their meaningless songs—"Julia, Julia, ocean child calls me. Sea shell eyes, windy smile" ("Lame metaphors") ". . . Her hair of floating sky is shimmering, glimmering" (Useless internal rhyme) ". . . morning moon, sleeping sand" (Lame & forced aliteration). Finally they imply that the words are stoned arbitrary by humming a line "Hum. hum etc. calls me" So with this in mind we can identify the shit up front, rather than trying to interpret meaningless songs. I doubt if I WILL, BIRTHDAY, WILD HONEY PIE, DON'T PASS ME BY, GOODNIGHT and HONEY PIE have any ironic meaning, although HONEY PIE corroborates my theory that in YOUR MOTHER SHOULD KNOW (Magical Mystery Tour) the Beatles were telling us that they are going to record songs which appeal to oldtimers in a sort of last ditch attempt to get them, hip Let's all get up and dance at song that was a hit before your mother was born. Though she was a long, long time ago. Yer mother should know!"

OB-LA-DI, OB-LA-DA sounds like a single-level of irony proletarian romance: "Desmond hustles produce or something in an open air-market, Molly sings in a band, he digs her face, they get married, build a home, kids, kids help hustle vegetables etc. But in the last two lines we are told "Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face/And in the evening she's a singer with the band". What the fuck happened to Desmond Jones? He's now the drag queen of the market place! since this description is stoned-out of character for the vegetable hustler of verse one. Either the Beatles are making a statement about emasculation or they are satirizing their own level of irony.

There are 3 literal political songs in this 2 album set. BACK IN THE USSR requires no commentary, nor does PIGGIES (Harrison) . . . we all know who the 'bigot' of 'bigger' piggies are, "with all their backing" (cops, Nat'l Guard, Army etc.) clutching weapons in order to go on, living-off their fellow man—"Clutching knives and forks to eat their bacon" etc. But the line that is important here is "What they need is a damn whacking" since it becomes relevant when we come to the line "But when you tak about destruction. Don't you know that you can count me out . . . in" in REVOLUTION 1. Many radicals have jumped on this departure from the emphatic 'out' on the 45 as proof that the Beatles are Street Fighting Men after all. But I think that this change merely reflects a difference of opinion among them, with George 'Piggy' Harrison dissenting in favor of violence.

## TWO OF THE POEMSONGS

THE CONTINUING STORY OF BUNGALOW BILL seems like a railroad anti-hunting song but I think it is about Viet-nam. "Bungalow Bill" is

the reincarnation of violence in the American psyche-just as 'Buffalo Bill' derived his name from a particularly American phenomenon his antecenant does the same. So "Bungalow Bill" "went out tiger (paper tiger?) hunting with his elephant and gun" (his massive war machine) "In case of accidents" (in case he killed an unarmed civilian) ". . . he always brought his mom" (his military-establishment inspired rationalizations). "He's the all-American bullet-headed saxons mother's son" (he's a lot like the Nazis (saxons) "I was just following orders!") "Deep in the jungle where the mighty tiger lies" (in the heartlands of Viet-nam where Bill finds himself on a search and destroy mission) "Bill and his elephant were taken by surprise" (some poor native stumbled across Bungalow's path) "So Capt. Marval zapped in right between the eyes" (so that courageous superhero shot the defenseless peasant) "The children asked if to kill was not a sin?" (those who opposed the war asked him if he hadn't done wrong). "Not when he looked so fierce his mother butted in" (when he wasn't sure what to say his reflexive defense mechanism became operative). "If looks" ('look's sounds a lot like 'gooks' to me. ". . . could kill it would have been us instead of him" (Well, the cat looked like Charlie, slanty eyes and all . . .) The Refrain—"Hey Bungalow Bill who did you kill?" sounds a lot like "Hey LBJ how many kids you kill today?"

"SEXY SADIE" symbolizes America-an appealing Sadist to the English. "Sexie Sadie, what have you done?. You made a fool of everyone" (In an article in BROADSIDE MAGAZINE-Nov.Dec. 1968-now on sale @ Spa-I stated that 'the fool' from THE FOOL ON THE HILL was either LBJ or a soldier in Viet-nam, depending on context. In SEXY SADIE the Beatles continue to use this symbol. So the USA has made soldiers of us all by increasing the amount of militancy in the world with Viet-man.) "Sexy Sadie you broke the rules" (by violating the sovereignty of North Vietnam-the rules were International Law) "You layed it down for all to see" (you conducted a 'blitzkreieg' against the North and 'layed down'—leveled a lot of it.) "One sunny day the world was waiting for a lover" (Before Viet-nam everything was relatively cool). "She came along to turn-on everyone" ('turn-on' in the sense of double-cross and attack) "Sexy Sadie the greatest of them all" (America, the most powerful nation) "Sexy Sadie how did you know. The world was waiting just for you" (America, how did you know the other shits in power were just waiting for an excuse to crack down on freedom) "Sexy Sadie you'll get yours yet" (America there's going to be hastles right and left in the future) "However big you think you are" (the Roman Empire was pretty big too) "You'll get yours yet" (dig-it) "We gave her everything we owned just to sit at her table" (England was willing to give up her protest about Viet-Nam (owned in the sense of owned-up) in return for economic aid) "Just a smile woud lighten everything" (Even if our personified America would just smile on England, an act which requires very little exertion, the economic burden of the working class would be lightened.) "Sexy Sadie, she's the latest and the greatest of them all" (She's the latest master of the Capitalist world—Britain was doing the number once—and she really has it down smooth . . . or so she thinks.)

Some heavy shit, eh?

I will be on Izzy Youngs Programme WBAI 3 P.M. Sat., Jan 4,th. MAINTAIN! NEXT "?"

## kokaine karma

BY BOB RUDNICK/  
DENNIS FRAWLEY

Let's stop all this super star bullshit and get back to music. The pop world is concerned with personality not music. Wave after wave of hype shit rolls over us and most rock critics swallow it whole, kissing and gushing with trite superlatives. You can't sit back listening to record company releases and going to the Fillmore, then write about it and think you've heard all the grooovy music. Get off your ass and feel what is going down.

Valid sounds reflect universal consciousness. Music is back in the streets not the fucking concert halls. It is a disgrace to New York that it has no major ballroom. The Cheetah and Electric Circus ain't nothing more than psychedelic IBM parlors. Music is incidental to cash flow. Bill Graham's Fillmore East, in its ugly starkness, disallows body movement except when the Motherfuckers control it on community free Wednesday nights. If music is supposed to liberate you, it sure ain't allowed to in New York City.

Manhattan is turning its back on her creating free people. If most of the world is ignorant of emerging new forms of direct personal expression, the cold, concrete island deludes itself by conscious ignoring new births in people's culture in favor of the garish, superproduced, synthetic byproducts of established society.

The new is always ugly to the aging. It lacks refinement, professionalism, polish and must be sifted of its obscene, natural energy. Filtered, sterilized, homogenized with crepe paper lace and reassuring established symbols. Shock but don't stir. Reaction, only on an intellectual level, of course, but no instigation of physical action.

It is an anesthetic formula with clinical answers, the American society seeks. Titillate the brain, a tiny bit of grey matter movement, while the body hangs limp. The Age of Reason is still in power and the unexploitable is rubbish, fantasy is blasphemous, imagination is heresy. The order seeks its clean, black/white answer; promotes strict definition for the necessary categorization.

They can't go, move with the on-rushing flow of change. Their pattern of realism concentrates on anguish, pain and fear as motivating forces. A negative present dictates the future. They don't see that our helter skelter dash forward is in the active search for an exploding, mutating present/past/future of universal harmony. Everything is Everything. The cosmos does not exist only at the extending fingertip/threshold of space; it lurks exotically also, primarily within all man.

To explore these mysterious fantastic unmarked pathways of the soul, is considered the borderline of lunacy. The established church has exploited the blind soul, and the capitalist isn't interested in intangibles. But it is in the verboten world of unchecked imagination and inward virgin trails that the creative person travels.

Being liberated in the passion of pursuit, are frenzied freaks fucking in the parks creating love symphonies of joyous orgasms heard by the universal consciousness. The power to reach the Gods is with them; while the ORDER attempts its spiritual communion with million dollar metal monstrosities.

Since they fail in their jet propelled extensions of soul gratification, they distrust and fear the madman who claims the light without answers. These, it is claimed, are fantasy ravings from uncharted minds. In the very newness of ideas, The ORDER sees perversion. The emanations of creating people must be modified for our staunch, secure system. The roots of tradition are self-supporting and self-annihilating but also poisonous to the fertile grounds of imagination.

The electric Kokaine Karma can be heard on WFMU-FM (91.1) every Saturday and Sunday — 8 to midnight.



## books - nova

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

NOVA. A novel by Samuel R. Delany  
Doubleday and Company, Inc. \$4.95

Nova is Samuel R. Delany's ninth book, and he is twenty-six years old. In science-fiction circles he has quite a reputation, both for his precocity and his talent. He has also been attacked in the same circles because he has been crossing the boundaries of his genre, bringing what he knows of the "pure novel" (now a dead term) to bear on his interests. How does one classify such a writer, or his effort? The answer seems to be self-evident to this reviewer: one doesn't. Fiction is fiction, whether it is "about" the future, or the past, the underworld or the academic world, whether it is found in the library, the "good bookshop," or the drugstore.

Delany's previous eight novels were published only in paperback — no sin at all — and Doubleday has seen fit to publish Nova in hardcover, gambling perhaps that because it looks more respectable, a genuine talent will meet with a more serious reception from critic and audience alike.

It should, and such publishers should be encouraged to do more of the same, but let me say at the beginning that Nova is no great book, not even a book that you must read; but it is a serious book, a good book, and makes a fine introduction both to Delany, and to science-fiction.

Without the trappings of rocket-ships and other gadgetry, nova may be read on various levels: as an old-fashioned quest novel, as a Renaissance tale of the rivalry of two families, as a novel about a man who is obsessed as Ahab was, as an epic love story, as a novel about a man who is writing a novel, a la Gide, and certainly, as just pure adventure. You see that Delany is not unambitious.

Lorq Von Ray is the scion of an immensely wealthy family in a corner of the universe called the Pleides, in the 31st century. In his youth he has all the advantages of wealth, including his own rocket for racing competitions. But early in life he is forced to accept the responsibilities of power and wealth (in his family's case, ill-gotten) by a rival named Prince Red, who is heir to another empire, Draco, a stellar complex which includes old, tired Earth among its worlds. Prince Red has a sister named Ruby, with whom Lorq falls in love. At a party held in Paris, Lorq makes advances to Ruby which throw Prince Red into a rage. He splits Lorq's face down the middle, leaving a scar much like Ahab's. From then on, it is a race between the two, one obsessed, but curiously tranquil, and the other sheer evil, and a competition between their empires. The race, on Lorq's part, is for a substance called Illyrion, which can only be taken from the innards of an imploding sun — a nova — and on Prince Red's part, to prevent Lorq from getting the Illyrion, which would mean that Lorq would gain control of Prince Red's province, Draco.

Sounds rather trite and ridiculous, doesn't it? But then, considered solely in terms of plot, so might Moby Dick. Not that Nova is another Moby Dick, but it is more than just a hunt for a white whale, or a precious substance.

It is filled with a richness of language far above the common prose of most fiction in any genre; an inventiveness in its gadgetry that seems plausible, yet boggles the not-scientific mind; a breadth of vision that encompasses centuries so well the reader actually believes that this is what will happen in the future; and not least important, filled with a few characters (not all of them are so interesting, or filled in) that make the novel jump. To my mind, the major characters are pasteboard: Lorq is only sketched in, Prince Red is simply a cartoon of evil, and so on; the one fully developed, and fascinating character in the book is Mouse, the least of them, who can

(Continued on Page 19)



# emanations

by ELFRIDA RIVERS

Q. A group of us are interested in the old customs of many mystical groups that worshipped the Devil. We are primarily interested in conducting a black mass. Can you tell us how a black mass is conducted? Our college library has not proved much help. M. R.

Dear M. A. — This letter has all the earmarks of a put-on—hoping or expecting that I'd answer something like "Oh, dear, no, please don't, it's too dangerous . . ."

Before going into the definite instructions for a Black Mass, however, you should be clear in your own mind just exactly what you mean by it. Some so-called medieval Black Masses were nothing more nor less than the Sabbats, or regular worship services, of the old Dianic cult, whose only relationship to the Devil was that their God was horned. Details about the medieval Sabbats can be found in Margaret Murray's *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*. Recipes for magical ointments and such thing can be found in virtually any of the grimoires, and more recently, a recipe has been published for a Black Sabbat salve on page 13 (!) of the *Hashish Cook Book*. Any sufficiently uninhibited group could put on such a Sabbat, though it should properly be held at the date of one of the old Fire-festivals—May 31st and October 31st were the traditional dates. However, I don't believe it would be very efficacious, in America. The worship of ancient Gods demands an area consecrated by time and custom to their use.

If you are serious about wanting to contact the old Gods, however, you can build up force this way; hold weekly services (Esbats) at which the rites are repeated, and you will eventually build up what occultists call a "centre of power." Instructions for doing this can be found in Dion Fortune's *The Esoteric Orders and Their Work*, or in her novel *The Goat Foot God*.

If, however, by "Black Mass" you mean the literal worship of the devil as opposed to Christianity, and service of the forces of Evil, there are very specific directions available. The major purpose of this Mass is to desecrate the Mass which is the main rite of the Catholic church, and those who have done it have left very concrete instructions. However, it isn't easy. Of course, anybody with sufficient imagination can hold any sort of orgy they like, provided it is sufficiently foul, blasphemous and perverted, and call it a Black Mass. (By contrast, the Sabbats of the Dianic cult were decent fertility rites with nothing wicked or evil about them except to a Puritan or easily shockable Victorian.) However, the true Black Mass, whose major aim was blasphemy, is something else again.

In the first place, to do it properly, you must have a genuine priest, properly ordained by the church, and thus able to work with power, to conduct this sacrament. The reason is; a priest is a priest forever in the sight of God, and cannot be stripped of his priestly powers by any Earthly means. Thus a priest "unfrocked" for misconduct is simply a priest who has been forbidden to administer the Sacraments to the faithful; but nevertheless, a priest. And since no devout priest who cared a smidgin for his soul would hold a Black Mass for any conceivable reason, this means the first requirement for a Black Mass is an unfrocked or wicked priest.

Second; the chalice used must be stolen from a church. There are conflicting theories about the hosts used. Some authorities say that they must be genuine hosts, stolen from a church

and defiled before using—the simplest method being to sprinkle a few drops of urine on them. Other authorities say that you can bake your own hosts, using wheat flour mixed with blood, menstrual blood being the best solvent, and the blood of some unclean animal next best.

For altar, the body of a nude woman is required, preferably a virgin; for acolyte (altar boy) you must have a prostitute. The Mass must be performed at night (since it is against canon law to perform a genuine Mass during the hours of darkness) and done backwards; i.e. starting with the *Ite, missa est* and the benediction, and finishing at the *introibo*. Instead of exchanging the kiss of peace, a lewd gesture is made, the benediction is given with hand clasped in a fist and one finger extended, and the wine (also mixed with blood) is spilled order—to defile by reversing.

So much for the Black Mass per se. The devil can also be served by his works. If works delight God, then the best way to serve the devil is to do evil with all your heart; you might start by going down to Mississippi and helping the local Ku Kluxers lynch an innocent Negro. I'm sure that would really be doing the devil's work in the world, and he would doubtless reward you according to your merits.

Seriously—and yet I could hardly be more serious except in choosing phraseology—I can't imagine that a Black Mass would have much point except to a group of bitter ex-Catholics wishing to make their renunciation of the Church especially pointed, and perhaps to horrify the faithful.

When some people speak of worshipping the devil, as I said above, they mean serving the Old Gods—as the Dianic cults; or, perhaps, calling up the various elemental demons, either out of curiosity or to serve their purposes. If this is your real interest, you might read *The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage* (a pirated version was published in this country by L. W. de Laurence, and there are others) or any of the ancient grimoires. These methods do occasionally work—**provided the instructions are carried out to the letter**. It has its dangers, however, and they are pretty serious dangers. Not that I believe a real demon will come and carry you off to hell then and there of course not. But you will be stirring up so pretty powerful forces in your own mind and subconscious, and a nervous breakdown is the least of all the dangers you can face if you lose your nerve or get careless. The last time I knew anyone who played around with raising the old demons, he called me up in a panic, saying, in effect, that he had managed to call up the demons—and now how in hell did he get rid of them?

And that is a damned good question. Most people who go in for "raising the devil" fail completely, because of their inefficiency; they experience nothing but a god-awful letdown and turn against the whole thing as "moonshine and rubbish". They say, in effect, I've tried it, and I couldn't do it, therefore it can't be done. But even if you don't believe in the devil, and are doing it in order to **prove** it can't be done (a pointless performance, proving only that in your own subconscious you aren't **sure**), the devils in your own unconscious mind can be raised, and they're all the hell you need for one lifetime. There is good occult sense in the Faust legend. Anyway, I can't exactly say I wish you good luck; because anyone who wants to raise the devil is welcome to his company—and, frankly, as far as I am concerned, he is welcome.



**"ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST!"** **light**  
—Rex Reed

(Continued from Page 5)  
(Continued on Page 21)

**"A RARE FILM! FASCINATING AND TENSE!"**  
—Crist, New York Mag.

**"STUNNING AND HAIR-RAISING! INTENSE AND FURIOUS...IS OBVIOUSLY GOING TO TALK TO A LARGE AUDIENCE!"**  
—Canby, New York Times

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—Wolf, Cue Magazine



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**"Lumia, The Art of Light"** Art Institute of Light West Nyack, N.Y. (late 1950's bulletin).  
Wilfred saw the light artist as a composer with a new system of notation. Further analogies with music were distasteful to him, impinging as they did on the autonomy of the medium. Rather than employing standardized instruments, Wilfred saw Lumia as evolving with continually changing and specially adapted equipment. Thus each composition required a fresh approach both conceptually and mechanically. It was most important for Wilfred and for subsequent development of the medium to discourage comparison between the new art form and that of music. He saw the futility of creating Lumia instruments in imitation of musical ones. The futility of any one-to-one relationship which would invariable reduce the potency of light to a subsidiary element. For this pioneering artist light was "a longing for a greater reality, a cosmic consciousness." Lumia as a means to explore time and space. While he foresaw the light artist as being able to "direct his craft through a dance hall" this was to be but one possibility in a vast field of potential, never an end in itself.

Sheldon Cheney wrote in 1923:

"Here is the beginning, or at least the first serious achievement, of an art as primitive, as complex, as capable of varied emotional beauty as music; and its medium is light—that light which was the earliest god of humankind, which to this day typifies all that is spiritual, joy-bringing and radiant. Perhaps, then, this is the beginning of the greatest, the most spiritual and radiant art of all."

In the last years of his life, Thomas Wilfred was very pleased by the great activity in the medium of light. He encouraged young artists to find their own means of expression with Lumia and he saw in the seemingly great interest on the part of the public a good omen

**HORSESHIT MAGAZINE**

**TOILET PAPER?**

There are two kinds of magazines in the world. One kind is like toilet paper. People would no more consider saving most magazines after they've read them once, than they would consider saving used toilet paper. Then there is the other kind of magazine. Like Horshhit. No one has ever thrown away a copy of Horshhit. Now and then, some prude will lose control of himself and burn a copy or destroy one, but no one throws them away. Horshhit is printed on special heavy-duty paper and yet we've seen copies that were worn to shreds by hundreds and hundreds of readings. Their owners have treasured these copies and carried them with them wherever they went and never loaned them out or let anyone read them except in their presence. Which is a wise move, since we're always getting reorders from people who have had their copies stolen from them. When was the last time you owned a magazine that anyone was so excited about that he wanted to steal it from you? Now's your chance. But remember, don't loan your Horshhits to anyone. You'll never get them back.

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**HAPPY HOLIDAY**  
from the Daily News, Dec 24

SPELL IT RIGHT: Atrocity—NOT atrosity.

**HOW TREAT KIDNAPERS?**

"I take note," said our friend Rufus P. Belch yesterday, "of the kidnaping of poor little Barbara Jane Mackle from an Atlanta motel last Tuesday, after which the abductor or abductors buried her alive for 80 hours—that's three days and eight hours—though, to be sure, with food, drink and light.

"Kidnaping is the cruelest of all crimes, in my opinion. So why not tailor the penalty to the crime?

"I mean, what would be wrong with revival of the old medieval practice of burning at the stake, for convicted kidnapers? Make it mandatory, and stage the execution in the biggest stadium in each state wherein each kidnaping was committed.

"Or perhaps toasting 'em over a slow fire for a couple of hours, with their complaints amplified through loudspeakers, would be better. And we might even treat a convicted kidnaper to a session on the rack before putting him or her on to cook."

Without going overboard immediately for Mr. Belch's ideas, we thought we'd throw them into the arena of public debate. Take 'em away public, and chew 'em over.

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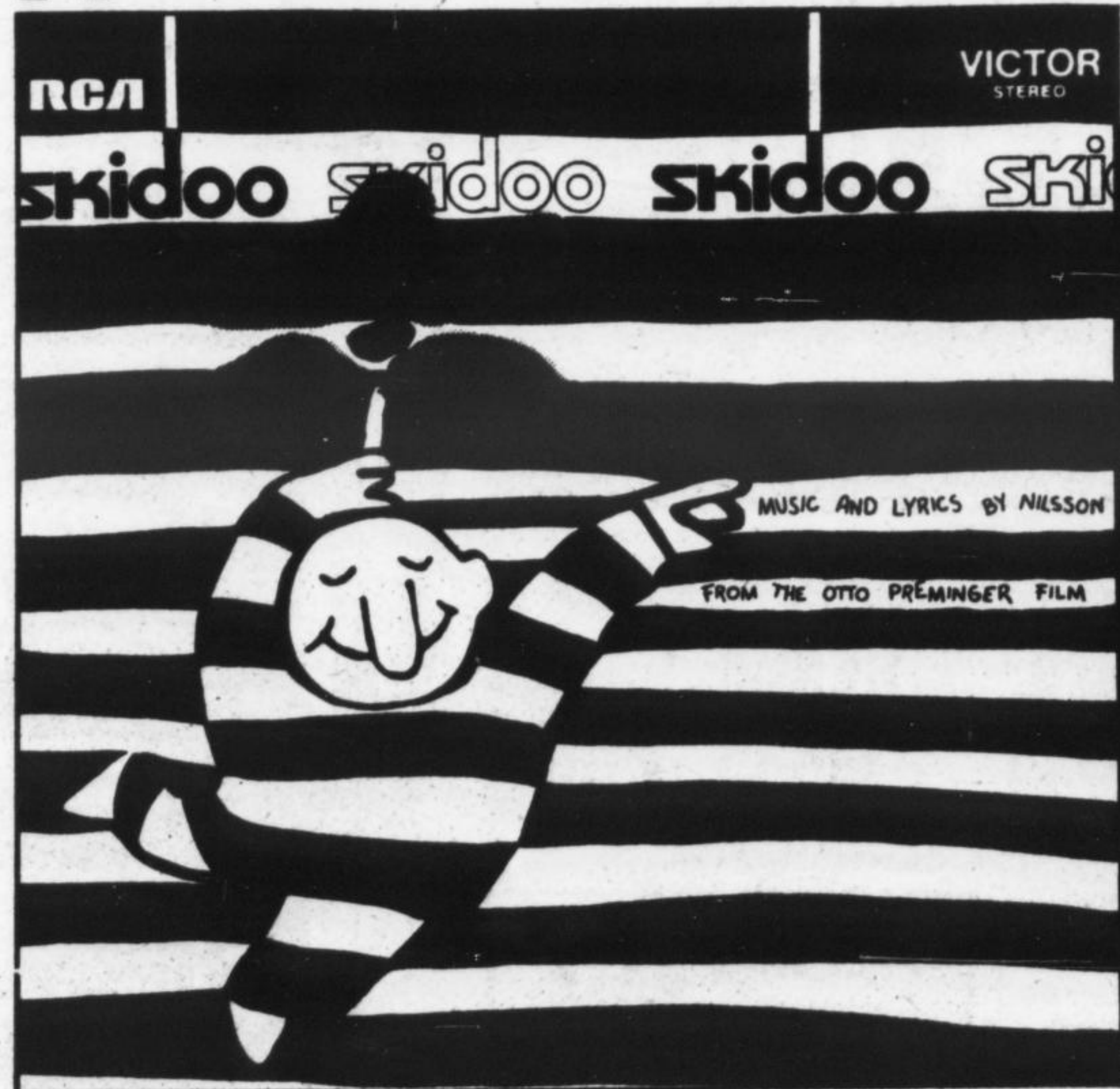
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## tibet

(Continued from Page 4)

problems and people who can levitate through the air and mix magic potions and cast spells and practice yoga, cast the I Ching and smoke dope. This is their conception of Tibet and they don't want to change it.

EVO: Do you think if something was done to bring this to wider public attention that this would have any affect?

J.B.: That's a good question: No, I don't think it would. Well, it's not what's wrong with Tibet, it's what's wrong with us.

EVO: What is the source of your information?

J.B.: The source of my information is personal contact with the Tibetan refugees both here, in Switzerland, and in India. There is a Tibetan refugee camp of 600 in Switzerland, outside of Geneva. Switzerland is one of the FEW countries which showed concern and has offered, even though it is a small country, to take 1,000 Tibetan refugees. They come by way of India. This, considering the size of Switzerland is a very good gesture. Sweden has offered to take a few. A very few have gone to Canada.

EVO: Is there a health problem in the camps?

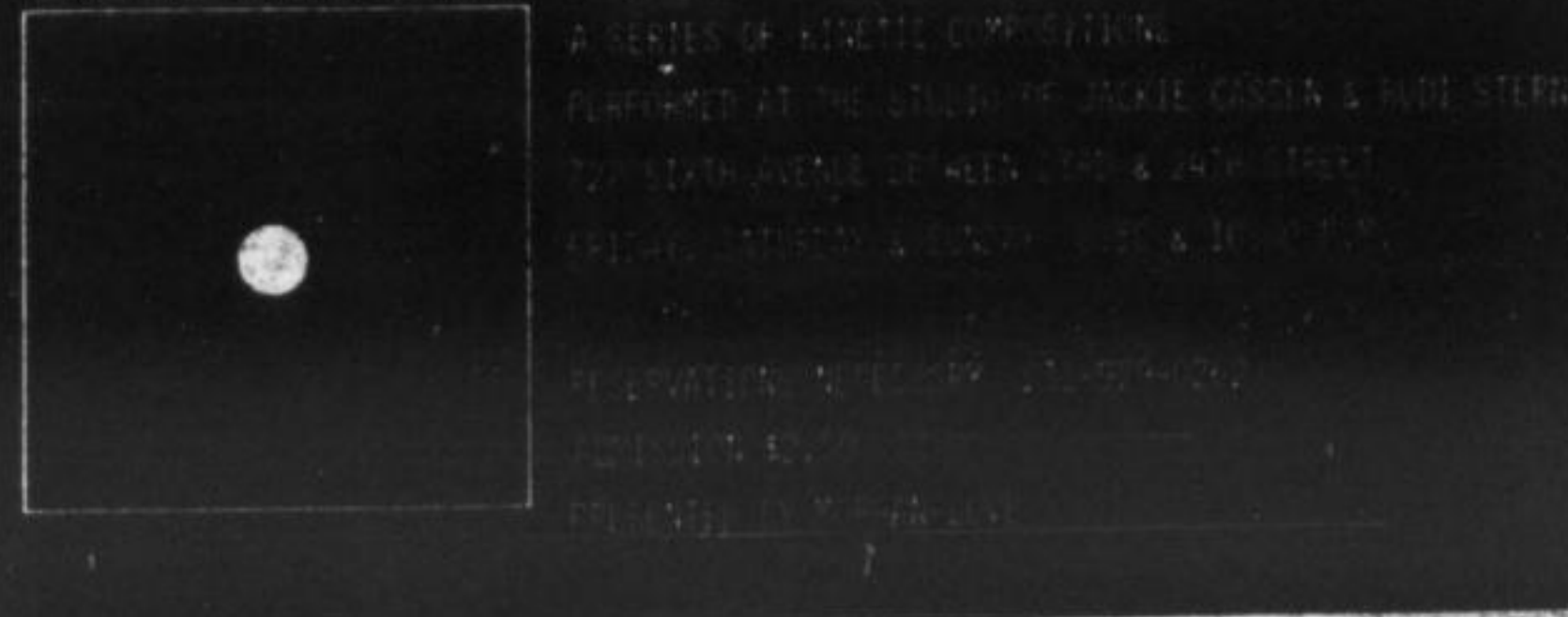
J.B.: A large percentage of the Tibetans, due to the conditions in the camps do suffer from TB and many suffer from malnutrition. Those who wish to take an interest can send medical supplies. The Red Cross to my knowledge will send specified shipments to wherever an individual wants it shipped. Whether it gets there or not, is up to the Red Cross. You can, of course, send food, money and medicine to the headquarters of the Dali Lama. As well as books, just plain writing paper, pencils, school supplies. They would like to reproduce



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their own books, to copy them, but even that they do not have facilities for. And besides, many other Tibetan refugees do produce beautiful handicrafts. If you've ever seen Tibetan rugs, they are far superior to Persian rugs. They are about 3 times as thick at one tenth the price. They're beautiful. If shops and merchants could start importing some of the handicraft of the Tibetan refugees...

EVO: That would be a positive way of trying to help.

J.B.: I don't think it will all die out. The Dali Lama and his advisors do have a prediction and a prophecy that they will again reenter Tibet. They do say that China will be crushed and that the Chinese will be chased out of Tibet, and that the Dali Lama will again reenter his country. His fear is that when the time is for them to come back they won't have their culture.

(To be continued)

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**decomp**

(Continued from Page 9)

children to be totally free of the System, whatever. . . And he won't eat nothing but greens: 'Milk polutes your system, leaves calcium deposits on your joints. Meat also is evil, it gets into the texture of your blood and renders it oily, it damages tissues in your intestines. You don't know it, but you bleed internally after you eat meat. Potatoes? Gaaah, starch, peels away layers of alveoli every time you take a bite of it.' In all of this there is some horrible revulsion with the body and the workings of the body. He casts the I Ching, too. You take two pennies, cast them six times, and get a hexagram, which you correlate with a hexagram in the *I Ching*, which yields up some airy talk or other, and refers you to other hexagrams. It is something slightly less familiar than astrology or tarot, and carries thereby considerably more weight along the head community, since nobody knows how to put it down. It also has this advantage, that the *I Ching* is less substantial than tarot and astrology put together, and thus susceptible to even more wildly crackpot interpretation. It is a glib book. Confrontation psychology? He sits around with a mess of other freaks and they tear each other apart, often to the point of tears, and they all go home claiming to feel catharsized. Breaks down all the defense mechanisms, they say. Actually, I saw it work once — once — once, the whole year I was there, for one person out of fifty or more.

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But all of this seems halfway reasonable while you're there. California permeates your consciousness with an insanity that seems to seep up through the ground, through your feet up your legs and balls and lungs into your head like spring water. All these great New York heads get out there looking for *The Scene*, and the first thing they gotta do is get a car. That's imperative, gotta get a short, and a job to keep the short in shape. The only way to stomach the job is to get an old lady to live with, and she needs a decent place to live, and what the hell, a washing machine, hang the damn payments. . . And before you know it he's rapping about the San Andreas Fault and eating boiled greens and bitter tea. Oh yeah, and reading the *New York Times* (30c a day late) and the *Village Voice* (25c a week late) and *EVO* (25c once a month) and wistfully sighing, 'Gee, New York is definitely where it's happening, huh?'

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**books** (Continued from Page 12)

create three dimensional dreams with a machine called the syryn, which he plays like an accordion. Mouse is a gypsy boy much like Melville's Pip, who gives the novel much of the life and truth that it has.

There is much more to say about the novel, but perhaps it would be better just to fulfill one of the duties of the critic: to suggest, humbly and quietly, whether the reader should buy the damned thing or not. The answer is yes, if you're curious about all the varieties of fiction — not just what the Times reviews, but what is really happening. Samuel Delaney is a professional — of Balzacian ambition, apparently — who chooses to ride the rocket of "science-fiction" to his own galaxy of truth.

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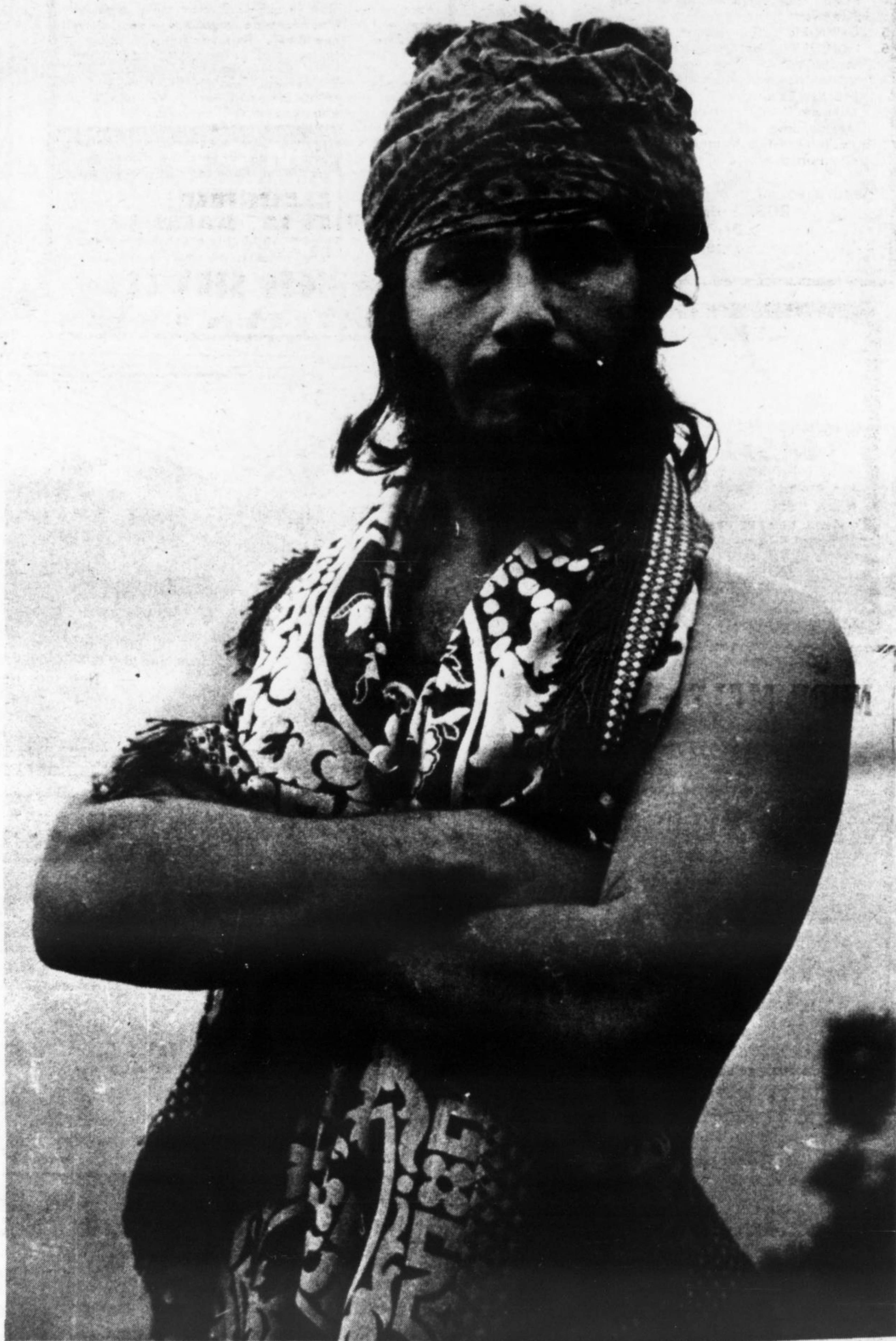
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**light**

(Continued from Page 15)

of what was to come. He discouraged artists from imitating his "style" and felt that he had explored but one path of many. He welcomed the advent of "lumia virtuosi" and in 1947 he hoped that the "Bach of Lumia" was "at least a high school student at the moment." The contribution of Wilfred and the depth of his art have yet to be fully recognized. Artists working with light owe a great debt to the man for his prophetic vision. Wilfred's window on inner, turned-on worlds is one of many yet to be revealed. He drew back the curtain on the mysteries of kinetic space.

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And EVO will bring you the best swingers section of all... Starting in January we will have a section devoted exclusively to Swingers and Models. This section will be run by Swinger Services one of the nations largest and reputable swinger service organizations. This column will be treated on a personal and confidential basis. NO NAMES, ADDRESSES or PHONE nos. WILL BE USED. We will assign you a code no. and forward all your mail to you promptly and unopened. SO HETRO OR HOMO get your ad in our maiden issue.

Remember, a clever ad will usually draw a greater response than a crude one. We reserve the right to edit and/or reject all ads submitted. You must be over 21

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Enclosed find check, cash, or money order for

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 NEW CLASSES EVERY WEEK

**thilm**

(Continued from Page 11)

Mr. Bergman's self-assigned war movie, no doubt to be compared by certain buffs to Godard's 'war' movie . . . The film is terrifying, past depression, past brutality into the realm of fascinating horror Mr. Bergman knows so well and exposes on his negatives along with his own head.

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# Wheeling and Dealing

**PERSONAL**  
 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.  
 To My Palatial Feather a mystery that exists in the depth of a smile begins when the sun screams with guile and the secret of a clouds vulnerability explodes into a glacial dream of humility when the impossible seraph of a serpents caprice betrays the untouched illusion of a cowards kiss  
 YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.  
 My stringed Atmosphere? the wine of a lords metamorphosis softened a nightmare of avarice when eleven and four explored the mountains shore  
 YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.  
 WANTED, place in or near Village for guy, tall, thin, 16 to crash in early January. Ed Casey, 321 Warren Wright Road, Amhers, Mass. 01002.  
 TIRED of being constantly disappointed, of the eternal search? Ready for sincere masculine friendship? So is this guy! Wanted: Vitally mature intelligent man, 35-45, married or single. Fit the bill? Write Box 4219, Grand Central Station, New York 10017.  
 WANTED: Attractive, girl to keep apt. Must be liberal minded and interested in French and Greek culture. Room and board. Call 8 a.m. to 12, ask for Jerry, 647-1343.  
 STERILE male 40, white, good-looking, (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs. Black Hair, Brown eyes.) with pad in Sunnyside, Queens. Looking for a very affectionate, trim, (110 - 130) uninhibited, sexually responsive girl, for intimate meeting at my pad. Extreme discretion assured. Evenings. 729-3833.  
 GUARANTEED DATES. SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE, INC. 147 W. 42nd Street, N.Y.C. Office hours 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. OX 5-0158. Room 1018.  
 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.  
 TWENTY five attractive gay males wanted to join already growing club. 18-35 only call 532-1270. Monday or Friday evenings, or Saturday 1-5 p.m.

SINGLE male member of trio, 28, seeks shapely, attractive, passive, AC-DC female, 21-30 with pleasant personality who is marriage minded. College helpful but not necessary. Must be willing to relocate or travel include full length photo and phone number. Photo returned likewise appreciated. Write A. Cannata, 41-15 53rd St., Apt. 3A, Woodside (Queens) N.Y. 11377.  
 RIDER(S) wanted, (female) to San Francisco FREE. Share driving. V. W. Leave NYC 12-25; fasttrip. Joe Michelson, 23, 5' 10", hip engineer. 914-636-0865. 7-11 p.m. ONLY.  
 HANDSOME white male, 26, will work for good fast cash in shortest time. Call Phil at 684-5468 from 7-11 p.m.  
 SINGLE man in forties would appreciate meeting sincere young fellow for country weekends, theatre, etc. I am the type who is always tempted to answer an ad, but doesn't I would especially like to hear from the young fellow who is also tempted to answer but doesn't. Please give some details. Box 8, Ramsey, N. J.  
 SEEK a female (38-28-38) to accompany me to see a Broadway play "Hair" and afterwards share a totally new experience in a cozy type atmosphere. HI-97753. Call after 10 P.M. Jay.  
 NICE LOOKING guy, 29, with hot ass wants to be kissed and hand spanked by lusty men under 50 who are understanding. No balds or beards. Before 11 P.M. anytime. 873-6985.  
 MASCULINE, Italian, desires to meet other well hung butch guys for sex and possible relationship. Nordic types desired but not necessary. Call 624-0058 evenings.  
 YOUNG man, 25, needs help. Males or females can come to my rescue. Leave name and number for David Mills at 736-8359.  
 BEAUTIFUL GIRL will pay cash for stamp collection as Xmas gift for Papa. US, UN, foreign, blox, sheets, whatever. Send with your price. Check or your stamps returned same day. Jean Goldston, 4421 Westminster Pl., St. Louis, Mo.  
 YOUNG MALE desires young butch for friendship and possible long relationships. G. Hastman, 170 Avenue C, New York, N. Y. 10009.  
 HANDSOME, discreet, white male 30, desires threesomes with emotionally stable attractive females of slight figure. Letter, photographs and tele-

phone will lead to cocktails for mutual approval. Box No. 5401, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.  
 Vulnerability NOW!  
 PART TIME Broadminded gal. No experience necessary make your own hours. \$2.00 per hr. paid by the day. Call Mr. Ma: que, CO 5-1600 between 1 & 5 P.M., Mon. thru. Friday.  
 BOSTON AREA CHICKS. Single, married, or in-between. FEMALES under 35, if you want a male or males under 35, intelligent, masculine and adaptable for one or many nights of sensual fun and/or experimentation, call 617-364-9747, after 9 P.M. No blimps, fags, or loudmouths. "Together" people only. No trainees.,  
 FINANCIALLY Secure? Male, 20, finds typical employment a drag. Seeking good bread with an off beat position very desirable. Help! No gays, please. P. Petluccione, 1944 Unionport Road (Apt. N-4), Bronx, New York 10462.  
 YOUNG, bi sexual stud! Seeks strong wild girls, males, couples! No sissys. Love to pose. And trained pets. Loves spankings, bondage! All races, sexes, size! Mr. Frank Craner, RD #2, Baylane, Cape May Court House, N.J. 08210.  
 YOUNG white man seeking white submissive couples and women who needs and like to be spanked and disciplined occasionally. Discretion assured and expected, Box 3203, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.  
 YOUNG gay, early 20's, driving to Daytona for big car race, February 23rd. Desires same as companion. Will spend a week bumming around Florida. Your only expense: your food. I'll furnished the rest. Write: R.H.S., P.O. Box 1625, Buffalo, New York 14216.  
 WOMEN: Discussion group on clitoral vs. vaginal orgasms. For invitation call Phyllis Gorden. BE 3-3300.  
 GROUP EXPT. you are invited to join in our effort (10 men, 10 women) to join in an effort to communicate feelings on a gut level. We can only accommodate 20 people (10 men, 10 women). The expt. will be run under medical supervision; trained professionals will be present. Call Phyllis Gorden 675-5778 between 12 noon, 7 p.m.  
 WELL BUILT, handsome executive, 33, has recently been divorced and is very lonely. Let's get together and explore mu-

tual interests. Box 702, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.  
 DEAR DEAN: Send messages. Anne.  
 ANNE WHO? Dean.  
 TWO VIGOROUS, young, well-built, good-looking males enjoy the sexual pleasures and seek female(s) of stature and sensitivity to be their partner. P.O. Box 4538, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C.  
 SUBMISSIVE young men, interested in discipline must be prepared to satisfy busy male executive 24 hours. Can SLL-MSEH. Leave number.  
 FEMININE, aggressive girl to teach him everything she wants, Eddie #874-6094 is sheltered, handsome, inexperienced, kindfull in need of new social life.  
 MATURE male, disciplinarian, seeks endowed female for fun and pleasure. Also help to build up novelty business and assist in operating an "Off-beat" correspondent club. Telephone: Bill, at 427-9830 for a wild unusual time.  
 SINGLE, intelligent, well groomed male, 31, liberal arts graduate. Seeks attractive, sophisticated girls, 18-40, Miss or Mrs., interested in private meetings in French, Greek and Italian cultures. Sincere, discreet and uninhibited. Your place or mine. Also interested in group activities. Phila. area. 215 MA 7-3925, 6 to 11 P.M.  
 ROOM IN PRIVATE apt. for women 18-40. White. \$15.00 a week, including breakfast. Phone, television, Manhattan area. Call Mike, 247-5913 from 10 AM. to 4 P.M.  
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 GAY, 24, attractive, and sincere. Only sexy males who are pleasant need write. Please include photographs. — Austin) Staugh, 33 Greenwich Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.  
 BOYFRIEND anemic, studious, overseas? Why be deprived, irritable, irregular? Rx: Personelle Domesticare Ltd. Keeps the fever down. YU 2-7141, Yng. Dr. Housecall. Office hrs. Free estimate, pickups and delivery.  
 LATIN LOVER, young, seeks

young and uninhibited girl who'd like to enjoy the pleasure of his hot tongue. Write: Dino Castro, 77 7th Ave. Apt. 5U. New York (10011).  
 MAN, 29, white, single, attractive, seeks woman 21-30 any race, absolutely clean body. Like to share your apartment or start one. Not a must though could meet for occasional dates. Write Box 3016, New York, N. Y. 10017.  
 ANNIE GETCHER GUN?  
 ATTRACTIVE guy, 29, seeks to meet sincere motherly girl - woman, 21-30 for dates and adult pleasures. Write Johnny S., c/o Stondby, 16 Minneta Lane, New York, N.Y. 10012.  
 BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS: Needing American boyfriends, free details. Mexico, Box 3973, M-EVO, San Diego, California 92103.  
 DEAREST Reanne—here's your message. — Dean.  
 NEED HIGH vegetarian male, honest, sincere. I'm 22, have 4 mo. baby, motorcycle, trip cook. Need home, prefer country. ZOA Rodriguez, RFD #2, Hillside Lake, Wappinger Falls, N. Y. 12590.  
 WANTED: Soulful young woman and head connection. Gemini. For sale: Bob Dylan tapes. Mono. 3 3/4 ips. \$3. Also Hendricks, Cream, etc. Call 286-1491. Write New Way Ltd., 141 W. 139th St., N.Y. 10030.  
 YOUNG STUDS interested in visiting hot climes, contact middleaged man, world traveller, comfortable pad. Photo and details, please. Bart Bossidy, 615 Caroline, Key West, Fla.  
 ANNIE PASTO?  
 WOMEN: If you're between 24 and 35, fun-loving, cultured bachelor wants to meet you. Object: dates, possible enduring relationship. Smart midtown apt. No men! Phone UF 8-4658.  
 BE SINCERE and generous. Male, 20, aggravated with every day jobs wants groovy work with groovy bread: Versatile & capable servant to rich old lady maybe. P. Petruccione, 1944 Unionport Rd. (Apt. N-4), Bronx, N.Y. 10462.  
 ANNIE DOMINI?  
 A SENSITIVE and attractive gentleman, interested in the arts: music, ballet, theatre, etc. Travels to Europe and the Islands and lives in moderate luxury, having achieved success. Is interested in meeting

an intelligent and beautiful girl (18-30) to share my experiences, excitement, travel and home. Not interested in a one nighter, but a long range relationship possibly leading to hopeful happiness. — Please phone 247-5812 and let's arrange to explore further.

HOW ABOUT some fine fucking for Christmas? Nice looking tall, witty man, 8" deep, will make a pretty, grownup girl happy. Roberts, 989-5024, JU 6-6300 (messages).

RIDER(S) wanted (female) to San Francisco FREE. Share driving VW. Leave NYC 12-25; fast trip. Joe Michelson, 23, 5'10", hip engineer. 914-636-0865, 7-11 P.M. only.

TO THE DELICIOUS salami; I have a hot knishe and a kosher tongue to go with your salami.

VIRILE bachelor, 35, driving to Miami Jan. 10, seeking young 15-35 female for companionship, etc. No faggots. After six, 628-4385.

ATTENTION: Michael Sherer. Please pick up your mail at the Village Project. 70 St. Marks Place, New York City.

WANTED PRETTY GIRL 18-21, white, bland, sexy, educated, sportive, as companion to handsome white young man for a 3 mo. trip all over South America. No prostitutes. No homosexuals. 697-0794.

I'M a very serious, creative, male writer searching for talented, passionate, creative, uninhibited, female writers to assist me in composing erotic novels—ranging from "quick money" pornography to works of great art and beauty. I'd also like to meet some unwed mothers, unattached pregnant girls, bi-sexual females, submissive or docile girls, exotic nude models, and earthy Black and Spanish girls. I'll be happy to share sex, fun laughs, or Financial profits with any girl who helps me write these books. I could also love Someone Special. Please send detailed letter, photo, and phone number to Mickey Mount, 14 West 104 Street, New York, N. Y. 10025. I'll answer everyone.

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DEAR SCABBY: How can I get a hold of some Afro-American prick? — Lily White.

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2. QUALITY gay male books, magazines, huge selection, movies, paperbacks, hard-to-get items, FREE catalogues. Trojan, Box 2121-EVO, Phila., Pa.

IF your thing includes fun in the flesh and you're 21 or older you can find your swinging counterpart(s) in the EXCHANGE. \$5 membership includes groovy club magazines for year and free personal contact ad. Don't delay, join today. THE EXCHANGE, Box 74818, V Hollywood 90004.

FOR FREE pamphlet advocating nonviolent resistance as an alternative to our present suicidal policy of nuclear retaliation as a deterrent to armed aggression write: WPA, P.O. 649, Wall St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10005.

"THE THIRD EYE Dig what's happening in the underground news scene in Connecticut! Monthly literary-political magazine. One dollar will get you three different back issues. Third Eye Printing, 41 Wolfpit Avenue 10-J, Norwalk, Conn. 06851".

WORLD GAY GUIDE—"Le Guide Gris", 191 pages, 12 city maps, descriptive, details, bars, hotels, beaches, baths, etc. 67 countries (except U. S.) 74 listings in London alone. 9th year publication, \$5, B.K. Baird, 1317 Hyde St., Apt. 5, San Francisco, Calif.

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

GIRLS wanted to pose for nude art publication \$50 per session-cash: Call: Nick or Smitty, 586-9205 Studio "J" 261 W. 54th St.

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WOMEN: Discussion group on clitoral vs. vaginal orgasms. For invitation, call Phyllis Gordon. BE 3-3300.

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

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 ..WELL, HERE... TAKE A LICK...  
 I GOT A BUNCH AS PROMO RECORDS... ..THEY REALLY FLY LIKE HELL FROM THE 15TH FLOOR WINDOWS...  
 DRUM YOU'RE RINGERS ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S CHEST, BUDDY.....  
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 AHM..M.I..  
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 IT'S JUST A GOD DAMN CIGARETTE!  
 ..HE GOT HIS START AS A BOUNCER IN A JEWISH DELI...  
 I WASN'T... I SAID I WASN'T BEING WISE... ALL I SAID WAS "HAPPY NEW YEAR"...  
 HE CAME IN AT 3 O'CLOCK, BANKED AN BLEW THA' SHIT OUTTA' OUR B-ES...  
 I DON'T CARE...  
 SPANISH FLY, WHY?...  
 WELL, HE EATS IT, MAN!!  
 WHISPER WHISPER  
 OH JESUS, HE DIDN'T!

DIG IT MAN!  
 REALLY... DOUGLAS RECORDS HAS BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY PROVED TO BE 36% EFFECTIVE IN KILLING TERMITES AND SYPHILIS BUGS...  
 SAY THAT'S TERRIFIC, I KNEW THEY SUCKED BUT I HAD NO IDEA OF THEIR SCIENTIFIC VALUES...  
 WE BEEN USIN' IT IN VIETNAM TO DRIVE THA' GOOKS' SCREAMIN' OUTTA' THA JUNGLE...  
 HUM, LOOK AT THIS, THEY QUICK FROZE FRED POLE AND MADE HIM INTO A SCIENCE FICTION POPSICLE...  
 RICHIE HAVENS WOULD MAKE A GROOVY FUDGSICLE...  
 NOBODY... INFORMED... ME...  
 I CAUGHT ONE OF MY KIDS LISTENING TO THEIR CRAP AND I SMASHED HIS SKULL IN WITH MY JOHN BIRCH WALKING STICK...  
 OKAY, I GOT IT ON THA' BEST AUTHORITY THAT HIS RECORDS ARE THE CARRIERS OF HONG KONG FLU...  
 HISTORICLY SPEAKING, I'D SAY THE DOUGLAS LINE IS PRE-CAMBODIAN SHIT...  
 62-C, WHY?  
 I HEAR THEY'RE SO BAD HE'S THINKING OF GIVING THEM TO THE PUERTO-RICONS  
 WANNA' BUY 40 OR 50 POUNDS OF GRASS?...  
 I ALREADY GOT A LAWN MAN...  
 THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE NEW GROUP DOUGLAS JUST SIGNED...  
 EVO WAS TAKEN' OVER YESTERDAY BY: 3 USAF SPEEDFREAKS, 5 JEWISH JUNKIES AND A CLAP RIDDEN PROSTITUTE...



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