

BRAKHAGE - GINSBERG - LEMAR

THE

east  
village



THE

VOL. 4, NO. 15

METROPOLITAN 15¢

MARCH 14, 1969

WELL, I TOLD  
YOU, LIZARDS  
DON'T GOT NO  
REPRODUCTIVE  
ORGANS....

BUT THEN....  
THERE'S ALWAYS  
DA OLD  
HARMONICA...



VAUGHN  
BODÉ

## POOR PARANOID'S EDITORIAL

The blind newsstand dealer on Sheridan Square never saw it coming. Someone had told him the week before that the underground press was coming to picket his stand for not carrying their newspapers. He only knew it was Wednesday, March 5th, twelve noon.

He stood in the middle of his fortress, a little island of concrete surrounding a wooden house filled with various papers and sundry magazines. He had stood there in that exact spot for the last twenty years, blind and sixty five years of age. His eyes had stopped for him a long time ago. He started his little newspaper enterprise selling something he couldn't see. He would hear the footsteps, rustle of paper, clinking of coins and know another reality was walking away. But he had his ears and his ears told him what he wanted to see.

There was the rustle of unordinary feet circling him now on his island: Voices shouting Extra.

"Get The Rat! Subversive — Pinko — Smut sheet of the underground."

"We're protesting against the newsstand for not carrying underground newspapers, Sir. Here's the new edition of *Other Scenes*. It's free, take it."

"OH! . . . Do you have an *East Village Other* there too?"

"Hey, ah . . . are you givin away, ah . . . that new one . . . ah . . . what dya call it . . . ahhhh . . . ya know?"

"SCREW."

"Yahdat's daonetanks."

Feet scurrying fast away ashamed or curious, stopping to a slow halt then moving on in the same fashion and speed of uninterested feet.

He grabbed his iron bar, the one he had always used to weigh down the *Daily News* with. In his business, the wind was the first line of assault, and now he stood there, ready for the second wave. Voices broke open upon him.

Three unidentified men at twelve noon, yesterday, beat to death a bearded youth at the newsstand corner on Sheridan Square and West 4th St. The victim was identified as Jeff Shero, editor of an underground newspaper called, "The Rat."

The three men, still at large, are being sought by the police for a motive. The only eye witness was a blind newsstand dealer.

When questioned by the police on what he witnessed, the blind dealer replied, "I didn't know his name."

"All I heard were the screams, the cry for help, and the scurrying of feet . . . then . . . the silence."

*Daily News*. Thursday, March 6th, 1969

In a daring midday raid, unidentified enemy airplanes attacked and destroyed a newsstand on Sheridan Square, killing one and leaving others homeless. The raid was believed to be in retaliation for recent attacks by American Air Force bombers across neutral borders.

The single casualty was a civilian, identified as Allan Katzman, editor of the underground newspaper, "The East Village Other." Mr. Katzman's body was found buried under the rubble of the newsstand.

The owner, who is blind, and was not present at the time, stated that the dead man must have just arrived as he was leaving.

"A good thing I didn't hear him," he said, "or otherwise I would have been killed too."

The United States government, as of today, has filed a protest at the local embassy in New York which has denied knowing anything about the attack.

*New York Times*. Thursday, March 6th, 1969

Twenty screaming women with placards reading FREE THE HOUSEWIVES OF AMERICA, beat up and raped a twenty six year old long haired youth. The incident took place at Sheridan Square at 12 noon, Wednesday. The only witness was a blind newsstand dealer who was in his stand at the time.

The victim, identified as Tim Buckley, an underground editor of a newspaper called "Screw," was taken away to St. Vincents Hospital for cuts, bruises, abrasions and treated for shock.

Mr. Buckley testified later to the police that, "he knew no reason why the women had attacked him."

"I was standing on the corner giving away free newspapers and then all of a sudden it happened."

I wouldn't have minded it so much but they were all over me and most of them were wrinkled and pock marked and had the smell of laundry detergent on their skin. It . . . It was horrible."

The blind news dealer, who was present at the time, claimed he did not hear anything.

"I'm blind," he stated, "and I'm sixty five. My wife's in the hospital with cancer and . . . ya know . . . it's been a long time. I don't remember what it sounds like anymore."

*National Enquirer*. Jan. 1st, 1969

Paul Krassner, famed Yippie and editor of "The Realist," was arrested yesterday for the murder of a newsstand dealer at Sheridan Square. Police were baffled by his motive.

When questioned by them, he replied, "I wanted to make him laugh so he would understand our protest but he refused to laugh or even look at me. So, I got mad and hit him."

The newsstand dealer was blind and never regained consciousness.

*Show Business*. Friday, March 7th, 1969

Picket lines clashed at Sheridan Square early this afternoon as underground newspaper editors fought with police and citizens.

The editors were picketing against the Sheridan Square newsstand for not carrying their publications. The incident took place when citizens inadvertently crossed picket lines.

Shoving ensued, and fighting broke out but the police were right on the scene and arrested two men for disorderly conduct; Mr. John Wilcock, editor and publisher of "Other Scenes," an underground newspaper, and Mr. Edwin Fancher, publisher of the "Village Voice," a local weekly newspaper.

Mr. Fancher stated that he was just, "out for a walk on my lunch hour and went to buy the N.Y. Post."

Mr. Wilcock, who demanded his rights when he was arrested, kept stating that Mr. Fancher had pushed first.

The newsstand dealer, who was present at the time, denied all knowledge of what was going on.

"Look . . ." he told this reporter, "I don't want any trouble. All I want to do is to sell newspapers."

*New York Post*. Wednesday, March 5th, 1969, afternoon edition.

Nothing happened March 5th, Wednesday, twelve noon in Sheridan Square. The blind news dealer didn't see a thing.

*Village Voice*. March 12th, 1969

And voices broke open upon him. He stood waiting with the iron bar resting firmly in his hands. No one was going to push him around anymore. He was old, blind, with a sick wife. He had nothing to lose. He would take a few of them with him.

"People will always betray you, if you push them too far," he thought. "It was human nature." The first thought in twenty years.

He stood and waited and listened but heard nothing. Silent again; the same old rustle of papers, shuffling of feet, clanking of coins; the same honking of cars and screeching of buses; the same rush and roar that had no visible pattern for him. No harm was done except what was already there, lying in his head from a million years of not seeing. He heard nothing — not even the crippled newsboy selling history on the corner. When questioned about it later, he said, "I never heard him once say, SHAZAM."

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JOEL FABRIKANT ALLAN KATZMAN JAAKOV KOHN SHERRY NEEDHAM MISSI DEAN A. LATIMER IRVING SHUSHNICK DAVID BODIE ALEX GROSS LITA ELISCU DON KATZMAN LIL PICARD ELFRIDA RIVERS WALTER BREEN DON LEWIS MANUAL RODRIGUEZ KIM DEITCH PETER MIKALAJUNAS VAUGHN BODE R. CRUMB ART SPEIGLEMAN BOB PARENT TULI KUPFERBERG TRINA RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN LEE KLEINBERG WALTER BREDEL JERROLD TEPPER STEPHAN KOHN ANNETTE ARE SIMON TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY LONDON: MILES PARIS J.J. LABEL AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG NORTH: THE KID SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE

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The University of Buffalo sponsoring a LEMAR (LEgalize MARIjuana) Conference: dateline, dateline . . . somehow it had that spring quality to it; taking a plane out there in the evening, picked up at the airport, going straight to the campus gym. We looked for an open door, had to walk halfway around the most enormous building. Once inside, an incredible funky smell — a gym for sure. A big room, lots of people, campus cops with their walkie-talkies and a gallon jug of beer. "How's it there, Fred? . . . Yeah. Here, too . . ." As I entered the funky smelling gym, a friendly face appeared and said, 'Come in here' which I did, into the equipment room, full at the time of 2 babies and what might have been their parents. "We are having a revolution on the campus . . . Have you heard of the Buffalo Nine in New York . . .? Well, the Buffalo Nine are —(in effect, a group of draft refusers who took sanctuary in the school's church and have been brought to trial, usual prejudiced court and rally round the flag boys). —and we are going to liberate our Student Union after the show tonight, the Millard Fillmore Room."

The University of Buffalo has a LEMAR Conference which went off as planned, full-regulation footnoted event that it was. It then doubled its consciousness and the incredible happened when the conference came to exist on both levels, verbal abstraction and concrete reality. The discussion of life-styles influenced and effected by the uses of dope in the Brave New World around the corner (getcha shit at the neighborhood market, free grapes and lots of jive, honey) suddenly was confronted by the very love child it was intent on bringing back home, on the doorstep. Thursday was panel discussion day and on Friday, all the ideas took form and existed.

It's now a week later and I'm still not really sure it's all together.

The reflection of the reality of the reflection, to be sure. Thursday saw a panel of doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists and pharmacologists, maybe a Yaque chieftain or 2, all telling what they knew, had learned and were willing to bet was the truth about pot . . . and then there was Friday, a taste of things to come; all the smooth creamy vocalizations were pre-empted, and in the post-Revolution world Friday will probably be the 7th Day. Somehow, the realm of ideas, encompassing all-time, was slowed down (thank you Timothy Leary).

It was Allen Ginsberg's turn to go first in the DRUGS AND THE ARTS BE-IN; he began with an intricate mantra, looking up when he realized his inner rhythm was being manipulated by an external drumbeat hammered at him by one of the Motherfuckers. He requested a vote and the crowd voted that they liked the drumbeat. In the confusion which followed, Ben Morea stood up on stage and delivered a typical Motherfucker, devil's advocate challenge; lusty, crude, impolite and arrogant. All the power and grace of a whale making a crashdive into a bathtub; not very beautiful but historical strategies don't have to be, and the speech was a Mason-Dixon line marking a watershed in the course of the new wave of revolution, Eastern chapter. Morea challenged the concept of Art which separates itself from the living 'theatre of operations' we call existence; Art as corrupt, politicized and hypocritical as the rest of the outmoded culture . . . a cold, blunt statement, daring everyone to separate personal action from public, ritual from habit, the reading of a poem from the need for new and more information. It was a horrible kind of logic, a furious, pressurized gesture allowing only for feeling, no time to remember the past. He finished, inertia was over, and nobody knew quite what to do about it. Illogical logic, breaking the rules to all games, yet indissmissible: questioning Ginsberg's acceptance of certain rules without

question. Everyone was made aware of a basic struggle, the need to continually redefine position and to work your ass off to keep on being aware of new changes and possibilities. He didn't give an all-right answer, nobody ever could, but Ben Morea did recognize the problem. Agree with him or not, but take a stand, be forced to make it real and act (sound familiar . . .?).

Then the MC 5 played, and if ever there was a group epiphany, church revival meeting atmosphere achieved, high energy concentration which was religious in the fanatic purity and glad-to-be-alive euphoria, it was now. Or then. Their energy remains even though the particular performance is over. More than just a musical set, this was free-form theatre, total entertainment with everything there to hear, see and interact with according to one's pleasure. Frank Zappa and the Mothers take music to a crazed, high realm of its very own, where it is possible to freak out on pure sound distilled and reflected and sometimes just poured on straight. The MC 5 take noise and sound and make it music. There is something so incredibly high energy, generous and free-spirited in the interaction of their music and everyone's response, dancing becomes a political gesture and kicking out the jams is about where it all starts. Kennedy stood on a platform in West Germany and nasally pronounced, Ich ein Berliner; the MC 5 scream C'mon, motherfuckers, kick out the jams! Same thing, same thing, although the Five are able to do a little more about the immediate situation than our purely political president could. Behind the music and screams, there is direction, motivation and freak power which nobody who gets to be president of the U.S. could possibly have left by the time he gets the office. De-legitimizing the system is a much more regenerative activity than trying to support, let alone tolerate, this crumbling chicken-

(Continued on Page 4)

coop structure. They just knows who is right and in such conviction lies immoderate strength through joy. This is music as means; of expression of a levelling process and of pressure, to push people past their normal Halmet situations when they have time to think. It's erotic, graphic and raunchy and grabs ass because the group's statistics prove that 95% will end up liking it anyway. The other 5% will fight harder, that's all. This may be Fascism of a sort, a sense fascism at the least, but it is the music of these times, a sound which only too well represents the chaos, spontaneity and needs of this new wave generation which everyone says is happening. The sound is an attempt to get people to stop thinking, because they will only react as they have done so before — comfort coming from the already-known; to make people react as the moment carries them into pure feeling. If it feels good, then do it, so long as it doesn't hurt anyone else.

**That was a basic credo: If it feels good then do it so long as it doesn't hurt anyone else.**

Conferences are called in order to discuss and discover ways and means to achieve conditions for certain possibilities to occur. Pot makes people more aware and perceptive (proven fact); it does not lead to addiction (p.f.); most of the people who smoke dope tend to also ask questions which keep it all from getting too dull (you need proof?) and the MC 5 are a logical extension, not culmination, of this movement towards securing personal happiness; free will if not freedom.

**If you really love people, make them feel happy, not free.**

**The mind has walls of its own.**

The conference came to exist on both levels, the possibility and the actuality of people influenced by the new life-style.

The Motherfuckers have an awful amount of energy, undirected and let loose upon people as the moments come to them; it would be nice if they would just kick out the jams along with everyone else, to music . . . but they won't, they have chosen the martyr's road of constant interference. Bound to get them a bad name, no one likes being shaken up all the time, and with such rough impractical tactics. Still, they manage to make people want to figure on a way of removing them, and the only viable method is, of course, to remove the problems they cry

about, either by proving the problems don't exist or solving them. The MC 5 say we are our own solutions to our problems. Hallelujah.

Friday night, the whole floor of the gym became a whirling, spinning mass of shaking flesh. The Hog Farm people didn't even have to get anyone to warm up; they just grabbed hands and soon the room was a circle, going counterclockwise and feeding off itself, speaking out and in, up and down . . . one revolution per minute, naturally. At the end of the set, most of the campus went to liberate the Millard Fillmore etcetera, while one of the Hog Farm girls quite reasonably pointed out that they would do a lot better to liberate their goddam swimming pool only a door or two away . . . oh well.

Saturday was group recovery, events Friday night going far on into the early blue dawn and requiring a midmorning trip to the local diner for hundreds of danish and milk cartons and etc. It was all very dégradé, not to mention bizarre, as the Five might say. Fast vocab:

**degradé, as in Max's Kansas City is . . .**

**bizarre, as in little women at barmitvahs rubbing tits against you are . . .**

**dude, as in that cat over there, that dude . . .**

**chomp, as in anyone who tries to maintain his cool during a superior blow job is a . . .**

Saturday evening, however, it was time for . . . well, if you saw low blue lights and a girl in a flowing dress and some tinkling bells and etcetera, you too would realize it was, "And nooooo, Tim! Leary!" which is just how she introduced him. The next day, he told me he would much rather have had the MC 5 rather than the Hare Krishna rock sortie that accompanied and introduced him, as he felt like Bert Parks after her introduction and the chosen group did little to dispel the image . . . as a matter of fact, he made a lot more sense the next day than he ever could have that night. Looking good, deep blue shirt and suede pants and sneakers, he ambled next door on Sunday afternoon, full of goodwill and acid. After a few breathtaking pauses, he covered a lot of ground, all succinctly and interestingly. Naturally. Acid helps us to remove the layers of 'culture' this ratmaze civilization tries to coat us with; helps us to become the wild animals we are underneath . . . incredible tribal, mammalian primate genetic differences which are inherent in our DNA makeup are rediscovered through acid and some hard work . . . he hopes for a 10-15 year orgy during which the buldings are razed and minerals, metal and

such are returned below the earth's surface, where they belong so that man can live in harmony with nature. Harmony, yes . . . use the language of nuclear physics to describe the erotic, social revolution going on, a revolution of erotic energy. Attraction and repulsion of particles; all politics is a faggot hassle, full of electrons with no charge, which attach themselves to groups, destroying the original molecular harmony and causing only disruption. Yeah, all politics are a faggot hassle.

Only woman, female energy, can undo the machine of this culture. Any male energy not hooked up to a female source results in undirected, misdirected energy which can only know to build a bigger machine, not remove it. . . . And then the rewritten version of Genesis; Paradise is an anthill, like the University of Buffalo; Jehovah is the runaway, renegade son who created this world, his world for his own amusement . . . the Serpent was sent by the Mother-God, his mother, to try to rectify some of the problems . . . and so on . . . then it was time to go to Ann Arbor (whynot?), and Tim Leary decided to go back to bed. Why not?

Memories of the conference: an afternoon movie, the YIPPIE film, and Marshall Efron's brilliant spontaneous lecture on the streng' relatively of a billy club and a human head, using various vegetables. Reaching an eggplant, Marshall crashed down on it, making the plant bounce, but remain visibly unchanged. Immediately, he spoke of the serious brain damage which is invisible but still insidious, then going on to a pumpkin which crunched satisfyingly, only to be replaced by a photo of someone at Chicago. At the same time event, a boy got up and tried to lead the audience in a group maneuver, a circle game, where everyone starts to chant a sound, Om in this case, and then allow new sounds to be born and grow, new gestures, new forms . . . He succeeded with a small portion of the audience, reaching a climax when some of the Farmers (Hog) came and added their energy, and then back to the original group . . . it was a lovely moment, proving again that theatre is truly a matter of what you choose to hear and see, and partake of, including the action. Theatre in the round, ultimately life, because what else can life be hoped to be except the only artwork anyone should ever try to create . . .

The Conference was a lot of fun, and more, it was a place where some very interesting things happened, a lot of enegy got turned around, give and take, and so forth. That's a wrap-up. I guess . . .

## LETTERS \* LETTERS \* LETTERS \* LETTERS \* LETTERS \* LETTERS

Dear EVO:

I know it's supposed to be a man's world, but is EVO a man's newspaper? Do you discriminate?

Christ, can't you write or draw something for the female (homosexual, that is).

I have noticed one cute drawing (about the size of a half-dollar) at the bottom of page 22 in your March 1, Vol. 4, No. 13 issue.

That picture is a rarity. You print many photos of males in cozy poses (or posies in cozies) and most of the ads cater to males.

Gay girls do exist! Contrary to belief, they have (as do straight girls) a voyeuristic streak.

What about a comic strip, strip strip!

BLU SAPPHIRE

Dear EVO:

After waiting a week for D.A. Latimer's piece on the Daily News comics, I was disappointed by the gaps in his reporting. Let me add my discoveries on the subject;

Harold Grey kicked off a year or so ago. Soon after the new artist started (and the change was noticeable) Annie had a run in with a club swinging, neanderthal cop called Sheriff Sado. Sado was after some reward or something, and went crazy after it turned out the suspect he was beating up was innocent. For a while I thought Grey's understudy was an ADA member. However soon afterward Annie came across two hippies beating each other with peace medals, while one wanted to go home, and were against parents because they were square. Oh well.

Teen-Wise! was totally left out. This is the true pinnacle of the Sunday News. I suspect it is drawn by a 50 year old Baptist minister from Iowa, who

slightly resembles the owl who flies in the last panel every week with the moral. Teen-Wise! covers everything, from college revolts to kid brothers to drugs to double dates and back again. It's pinnacle was last winter with the story of Eddie who runs away from his uptight folks to join Petal and the hippies. I won't tell you of Petal's tragic demise on an acid trip ("LSD?", asked Eddie).

The other week they had Hank cluing in his kid brother to a college riot ("Those fascist pigs! They've got no right to be here at our college!") At the end, the kid brother gives a speech worthy of the owl ("You guys would rather riot than reason"). This one is up on my wall. I forgot to save the one with the marijuana ring, but I remember the last panel where everyone threw their joints down the sewer. Pretty symbolic, eh?

The postponement of the piece on Li'l Abner was a cheap trick to make us buy another copy of this newspaper — I'd rather save my money for Rolling Stone.

And if the News editorial position is just an excuse from which to sell their advertising space, why can't the same be said of EVO?

JOSEPH L. STREICH

The Editors Lash Back: We are sorry to learn of Harold Grey's timely death. Latimer felt that the Little Orphan Annie strip lately had been mildly out of character, particularly the ones you describe — in his former life, Grey rarely dealt with such sensationalistic issues ash hippies, sadism, etc. — and elected not to include them in his discussion. As for the extraordinary Teen-Wise! we felt that its constructive impact upon today's guidance-starved youth could only be sullied by publicity in a paper of this shoddy calibre. Oh, and if Rolling Stone is your trip, by all means don't waste your bread on EVO.

Dear EVO:

Your issue of March 1 carried an anti-Semitic letter in my name. It started in part: ". . . the black citizens of this city have taken enough from the jews. If you were brought up in my neighborhood you would hate the jews also."

This letter is a straight forgery. I did not write it and it does not in any way represent my point of view.

I would assume it was a provocative act by someone who would wish to slander me for the stand I have taken in support of the fight for black and Puerto Rican control of the schools of their community or, perhaps, because of the anti-Zionist stand I have taken in regard to the Mideast conflict.

My stand in favor of community control of the schools and my opposition to the reactionary course of the Teacher's Union officialdom has, of course, nothing in common with anti-Semitism. Nor does my support of the Arab revolution and political opposition to Zionism.

I oppose the imposition of a Zionist state on the Palestinian Arabs because it tramples on their right of self-determination. I also oppose Zionism because I regard it as a means whereby the imperialist powers use the Jewish people as a pawn in their Mideast power game — a game that can result in disaster for the Jewish people.

One of the reasons I oppose the policies of the officials of the Teachers Union is because I believe they are contributing to a situation that inevitably feeds anti-Jewish prejudice.

As a revolutionary socialist I am opposed to all forms of racism and prejudice, including anti-Semitism.

PAUL BOUTELLE

SWP Candidate for Mayor of the City of New York



## DECOMPOSITION BY DA LATIMER

# CHE!

By LENNOX RAPHAEL

Directed By ED WODE

Starring:

Lary Bercowitz ..... Che  
 Jeanne Baretich ..... Mayfang  
 Paul Georgiou ..... President  
 Mary Ann Shelly ..... Sister of Mercy  
 Set designer, Don McAdams; costumes, Sait Mune-  
 yirci; and introducing *Chilli Billy*, the Son of  
 King Kong.

★ ★ ★

Now here's a swell dirty play opening this Wednesday at the Free Store Theatre, 14 Cooper Square. Watch some while there's still time. My pal Lennox Raphael wrote it, and about a week before the play opened he lent me a copy of the script to take home and peruse. This was a mistake. I got comestains all over it. Walter Kerr deplores this sort of thing, physical audience involvement in a drama — I mean, I involved my own personal homonuclei in Lennox's play even before it opened, you can't get much more physical than that. I mean, you take an exchange like this —

Mayfang: Revolutionists eat pussy

President: Revolutionists have good assholes

— it fairly *cries* for involvement. Not that there's anything overtly horny about the dialogue in *Che*, just that, well, I think Lennox could write about lipsticked cigarette butts, used Lipton flow-thru tea bags, stained glass windows, *anything*, and inflict thereby a lifelong fetish for lipsticked cigarette butts, used Lipton flow-thru tea bags, stained glass

windows on the reader. The man is dangerous.

Lennox can make *anything* sound horny! Last spring he wrote about the Grand Central Massacre in *EVO*, and his prose was a vast tryptich of luminous translucent blue pigs frothing nubile adolescent naked teen-agers with maple wood pikestaff-dildoes, it was blood mixed with semen, the fragrance of an elderly matron's bidet, the warm trickle of saliva down your balls . . . *The President's lips clasping around Che's balls, slurp slopple slap slap slap slap . . . FELLATIO PERFORMED ON STAGE IN OFF-B'WAY THEATRE . . . COP COMES IN PANTS BEATING LAD, 14! LAD COMES TOO!*

What shall we do to Lennox for this? Bury him neck-deep in flowers and broken bottles? Naw, he'd dig it. I suggested this to him, and he got all over thoughtful: 'You know,' he mused in his Jublinal slur, 'broken bottles, that's a very dramatic thing. Maybe if we had broken bottles around the stage . . . Or if I had them fucking on broken bottles . . .'

Actor's equity would be up his ass for that. He has Ed Wode directing *Che*, and it was Wode who inaugurated this whole current Broadway nudity with *Christmas Turkey* last spring. If fucking on broken bottles should become the next *In Thing* on and off Broadway, hell, that'd fuck up all the cheesecake photos in Earl Wilson's theatre column.

Speaking of cheesecake, it's clear that this Revolutionary extravaganza was deeply inspired by the notorious photo of Che's corpse on a table being ogled by necrophiliac Bolivian generals. Have you ever been assaulted by a necrophiliac Bolivian general? It must have been ever so prurient for Che, lying there with his eyes and fly open, the innocence of his cause now eternally consecrated, like a marble nymph in Forest Lawn. You should see him now, in Lennox's play, being fondled and murdered by the President of the . . . of the what? There's a question for you. What President alla time must hafta stand naked? Lennox's President wears noth-

ing but a strip of bunting rolled like a sash about his waist. There's a clue. His lover-adversary Che wears Vietcong-style pajamas, *only red* rather than black. Mayfang, the secret agent, wears a silver leotard with transparent plastic bubbles over NIPS and SNATCH. The Sister of Mercy comes on stage wearing a black lace nightie and panties, which she straightaway doffs, to the disappointment of us black lace freaks. Chilli Billy gets to wear an ape suit, play an electric guitar, and speak one line during the two hours and forty-odd minutes from curtain to curtain, sans intermission.

Audience involvement is encouraged: the seats in the Free Store Theatre being uncommonly uncomfortable, it might pay you to lie down and masturbate. If you're shy about such carryings-on, Lennox says he's offering a special deal two nights out of the week: for \$3,500 you can buy up every seat in the theatre and attend the performance alone or with a hand-picked group of intimate friends. If you're shy.

Also along the lines of audience involvement, Hare Krishna freaks will be happy to learn that toward the end of the play there occurs a long 'OM' communal sing session. At this point the various tensions of the play have built up to the point where the Karma simply *has* to be kneaded smooth, or else a grotesque murder will happen on the stage.

The murder happens in any case. At the close of the production, Che and the Sister of Mercy lie dead in the footlights, with the sobbing President embracing both of them. Me, I don't know what I'm talking about, but I was moved by this. The play was an intricately choreographed coming together and falling asunder of forms, emotions, rites and ideas — at the end, the stillness and the sobs are unbearably lovely.

But there's one thing that bugs me . . . Lennox has no understudies for his actors. What happens if one gets the clap? Must the show inevitably go on?



photos by: Raeanne Rubinstein



## I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION.....

*Allen Ginsberg is first, foremost and everlastingly a human being. He is completely attuned and in tune with every nuance of our lives—here, hitherto and hereafter. To many he is many things, to some he is, to some he isn't.*

*For nearly a quarter of a century his has been the voice and then the body that hipped faculties, boob toobs and garden club ladies to the reality of times that are achanging. To a generation of young and free he has sidically pedagogued a sense of truthful openness interspersed with a boom of rowdy, loveaching pezzaz.*

*In his animated serenity, he exudes familial knowingness. That makes being with him an A-in all the way.*

EVO — Allen, what have you been doing?

AG — Learning music. I am learning to read, to notate and write music. And I am beginning to learn some harmony. I am putting Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience" to music.

EVO — What is your assessment of whatever is going on? In many people's minds you occupy a special position in the "movement."

AG — I think that's a lot of crap. I'll probably be the first person whose head will be chopped off if the movement will ever get to power. After Le Roy Jones chops his own head off he will chop mine off.

EVO — How do you feel about the post Chicago and post Washington political state of affairs?

AG — I feel like a coward. I haven't been to Washington. I was in Chicago. I don't know. I don't feel very coherent at the moment in those terms.

EVO — This past year the action was very much on the political level.

AG — What action?

EVO — Start with the Pentagon.

AG — If the exorcism was political, then politics changed quite a bit. That kind of politics I wouldn't mind. The exorcism was successful.

EVO — After the exorcism consider Yippie.

AG — Yippie was basically new, unreal in a sense. It was a poetic creation but it wasn't on a high order of poetry because it was artificial. It didn't rise completely from the unconscious. It wasn't created by itself. Take the military imagery the Yippies employ. I don't like the toy guns. This is silly yet pathetic in its own way. It think this has caused more trouble than it is worth.

EVO — I think the whole orientation toward political activism means playing the old game not on one's terms.

AG — It depends on what you call political activism. If the exorcism of the Pentagon is political activism—then I buy that.

EVO — How do you feel about those who wage revolution on the TV screens. The Media warriors?

AG — I am one. The media does to a great extent control mass consciousness in America or is, so to speak, the mass consciousness in America in a sense that world is a large organism, like the human organism is connected by nerves, so the media is the neural factor. The Media,

with all the electric wires and filaments and television screens and loudspeakers, is reechoing consciousness. So everybody who enters into the body and tries to pull switches and change imagery around and alter that consciousness, is doing an interesting job. Maybe a crucial job. Some neolithic theoretician said that we have to get completely out of that large electronic body and return to the individually individuated separated human consciousness, rather than getting lost in the artificial environment of the electronic universe. All this boils down to whether it was a good idea to play footsie with the media and shift imagery around. To the extent that middle class American consciousness (bookworms, imagery, forms) is controlled by the images constantly related to by television, radio and the press. It is probably a good idea to get into the media and switch images around, offer an alternative imagery, make a different sound vibration, make a different picture juxtaposition and break up the thought forms. Till they reflect something nearer to the quixotic flux of actual human consciousness. Working within the media is a form of light magic and it is necessary as long as one has media around. As long as one has Liberal-Maoist hopes for reforming the world and still maintaining a technological superstructure. Call it liberal Maoism if you will. One may have to get into the media and play white magic and use propaganda. I do.

EVO — And very efficiently.

AG — This is a private area where I tlay in my own soul or expect neolithic solitude or total metaphysical isolation. Death. Where politics doesn't really matter. Where cosmic consciousness is all important and where the political flux has nothing to do with cosmic consciousness. Where consciousness isn't really conditioned, as the marxists would say. I think there is an area completely outside of politics.

EVO — That area is steadily increasing.

AG — It is all so paradoxical too. I remember a gathering in Grant Park where everybody got together. The Yippies, the Blacks, some McCarthy people. There was an almost psychedelic sense of liberation of consciousness. It was like being high on Yoga. There the political form did influence the consciousness and opened it up. The people there got that same elan individually without the political breakthrough or yogic breakthrough. I don't put down political action.

EVO — Just that YOU can't see yourself strictly in that bag as so many people assumed. There was even talk of you running for Congress.

AG — That was brought up by EVO. I had nothing to do with that. It was an EVO irony.

EVO — During the elections I thought that an end should be put to the solitary presidency and suggested instead a triumvirate consisting of Tim Leary, Dick Gregory and yourself. I thought it to be a perfect combination of good heads capable of handling the chores on hand, not to mention the perfect ethnic balance it represented.

AG — Probably, except that the difficulty there is whether we or anybody like us would have the executive and technological competence to

beginning organizing large scale social forms. That's a pretty hard job to do.

EVO — I believe that combination to have been able to match any other available alternative.

AG — Look I am having problems just trying to organize our farm. My executive competence there seems to be lacking. I don't believe Tim, Dick and I are known for our executive competence. However the people that are noteworthy for their executive competence are the people that work in the Pentagon, so I think we ought to give them the job. Right now I am for the theory "Power to the Pentagon, Power to the military industry" Ha, Ha, Ha. It seems they don't want to lose their jobs. Apparently that's what it is all about. They get \$100 billion a year. They want to hang on to it and therefore why take it away from them? Why not give it to them except since this is the Department of Defense and since now the main enemy is the planetary ecological imbalance — which is the ecological imbalance — and so a planetary disaster is confronting us within the next two decades. Since we have got a big Department of Defense which wants to work real hard and believes in a 9-5 and their interest in technology is to get their rocks off by organizing things technologically, there is a big technological job for them to do. So I say give them 100 billion a year and send them defending the earth from ecological imbalance. Then I ask myself, "Is that really the truth?" All these people in the Pentagon do have the ability to stay there 9-5 and sit and work so that their talents are gonna be needed.

EVO — The only solution short of abolishing the whole system would be to get people who feel into executive positions. Therefore the triumvirate.

AG — There are enough people who feel but the heavy weight of the ecological imbalance is the big job, the big problem and people with sensitive feelings aren't enough.

EVO — What would be enough?  
AG — Sensitive feelings plus. Plus large scale field awareness. I don't think anything human is enough any longer. You need a big IBM machine to know what to do because the whole thing is already a big IBM machine. The whole planet is operating on a mechanical structure that's unbalancing the temperature of the planet, among other things. Causing an eczema on the skin of the planet. Polluting all the water courses.

EVO — What about people's minds?

AG — Polluting people's minds. Poisoning people's livers with chemical synthetics that cause, like all poisons, mild hallucinogenic effects. DDT accumulates in the liver, so probably everybody is walking around slightly out of their skulls on a bring down bum trip hallucination caused by DDT as well as the smog. Now that the technological imbalance is so vast, it would take a Pentagon type organizational machine structure to be able to figure out what the feedback of the technology has been and how to correct it IF the whole technology is viable to begin with, — it might not be. The thing may be collapsing under it's own weight. It may be the cause of all the screaming in every direction. Right wing, Left wing, Capitalist, Communist, Madist. Everybody may be reflecting not hopeful social revolutions or reactionary holding action but may be instead reflecting the actual breakup of the already overpopulated machine structure which is burdening down the surface of the planet. The Tower of Babel is falling. I have talked to some architects and engineers who don't think the machine civilization is viable. Gary Snyder is presupposing that it is going to break down and that we better practice up on neolithic living conditions. The title of his new book is "Earth Household."

EVO — Yet many people are still hung up in the old frame of references and therefore they choose to see you as a leader of sorts with political implications.

AG — I'd love to be a leader with definite political implications but it is beyond my competence. It would take somebody like Mc

Namara who has the mind to sit down and reorganize all those statistics. It may take someone like that who got us into it, to get us out. It is all their fault. I don't care, I am ready to die. Ha, Ha, Ha. Concentration Camp or cancer — it is all the same. Auto crashes are the worst. They hurt. I got a whole new take on my body. Maybe sex is not so useful after all. The more fun you have with your body the harder it will be to cut off. It's like being a body junkie. If you got the body habit and then the supply of body will be cut off. The meat supply will have to be cut off. And it will have to be cut off sooner or later as Burroughs has been saying all along. Why then invest all those hopes, fears and desires in the body? I have been wrong all along in promoting meat joy.

EVO — Do you feel it is wrong?

AG — Definitely in promoting meat joy and dependence on the body habit.

EVO — What alternative do you foresee to the body habit?

AG — I have been reading a book on gnostic religions by Hans Jonas and he says that the whole phenomena of the universe, including the body, the Pentagon and all is actually a big mind trip created by Jehovah who is a monopolist monopolizing all creation. The jealous god, the angry god. It is a very complicated matter. As Kerouac said a long time ago — the universe does not exist in the way we think it is. In a poem I wrote called "Who to be kind to" there is a promotion of orgy politics, but having experienced orgies and car crashes too, I begin to suspect that feeling good in the body is not a sufficiently stable location for identity since the body can't feel good permanently. It is going to feel bad and die of cancer or something like that. So obviously you can't put all your eggs of consciousness into the idea of feeling good in your body, belly or head or somewhere because it may be that there is no place to put your eggs in.

EVO — I think cosmic consciousness the only alternative.

AG — Yes, I was defining cosmic consciousness. I was trying to identify it with sexual consciousness — sexual pleasure. That's what Whitman did and as Blake did to some extent. I think that that led me astray somewhere. Pleasurably so but on the other hand to balance that pleasure you become completely subjected to body pain. If you insist on cultivating bodily pleasure you are also cultivating bodily pain — in a sense that you are making a giant choice for pleasure and you are going to be pained if you don't get it. If you get car crashes instead of cock sucks. So sensational kicks of that order are not enough to build the universe on, much less a stable political society. So for that reason I wouldn't be a very good persistent. I was wrong all along.

EVO — That is a matter of conjecture.

AG — The question is what would be positively interesting. Burroughs has been like a purist as far as I can see, all along. He began denouncing the green goo sex trap a long time back. In 1961 in "The Ticket that Exploded." That's what the whole cutup was. The intent of his cut up system was to cut up his thought forms, cut himself out of old habitual melancholy, nostalgic erotic longings. Then he applied it to political images too.

EVO — Do you think Burroughs succeeded?

AG — Yeah, because I went to bed with him in Chicago. His manners in bed were much improved. He is less worried about the whole thing. He is having fun rather than grasping and craving. He was taking it with a grain of salt. Almost in a picaresque manner rather than in the manner of a haunted aging queen that he used to see himself as. As a matter of fact seemed almost younger because he was so carefree. He is getting to be a good lay.

EVO — That is hopeful indeed. If you can get through whatever he went through over the past 25 years and finally get to a point where you become a good lay — what better things could happen to one? As always, you have been travelling lately all over the country. What's the shape of people's minds?

AG — One interesting thing that I just came from was the Pornography and Censorship Conference at Notre Dame. Peter and I were the keynote speakers. We left before the mace exploded. What was interesting was that mace was used on students in a movie theatre to prevent them from seeing "Flaming Creatures." The abuse of mace and the use of police violence has gotten to be so great that it is being used within an aesthetic context, not even politically. They are macing people whose aesthetic ideas they disagree with. It was the first pornography conference of any university. I think that this will be the next big thing that universities will come up with. Bringing all this previously forbidden material right onto the surface to be examined at a conference so that everybody can see what it was that had been previously suppressed. They will be able to discuss it openly like you are supposed to in a university. You can't have public discussion unless you have the evidence in front of you. That's why they will have a very groovy thing like teach ins and be ins. They will have pornography festivals.

EVO — Porn—ins.

AG — Meat ins. It might cure people of their preoccupation with sex.

EVO — We have come a long way. Who could have ever imagined a Porn-in at a catholic bastion such as Notre Dame?

AG — People who used to put down pornography used to say they did it because it would take the mystery out of sex and cheapen it. They thought that nobody would be interested. Maybe they were right all along. That means that they were sex fiends all along.

EVO — We were talking about the state of peoples minds.

AG — They take too much speed. Too many people are taking too many chemicals. Too much speed and junk, which are ridiculous because they don't lead toward any kind of understanding. Probably too much pot and too much acid. There seems to be an entire class of people who take too much of everything. It is like overeating. Acid is really harms less but if you keep taking it too often you have so many different visions of so many different universes you never integrate them.

EVO — So many people take it so indiscriminately that they simply don't have enough time for visions.

AG — Right. It seems to me that the problem with acid is to integrate the visionary perception that seems visionary, with daily material that manifests existence. About a year and a half ago I took an acid trip in Wales and got into a big plastic nature thing where the sky was like the breath of the earth and the earth was breathing and the movements of the trees and the grass were like filaments on the earth moving to the breath. I got very much involved with nature, ecology and the result of it all was that I got the farm. It has taken me 1 1/2 years to live out that perception and concretize it to a point where my daily life is equivalent to the height of the acid perception. I wouldn't want to take another trip until I had completed that one.

EVO — How does New York compare with the rest of the country?

AG — What I see on St. Mark's Place is probably not even representative of the subtle private lives of Bronx adolescents. It must be enormously subtle. Recently I met a kid on a plane heading for the Peace Corps. Really a beautiful blond haired western boy of 22. He looked absolutely apple pie square except that he had something about his eyes that was extremely open and curious. I got into a conversation with him: as it turned out he was an old Texas acid head. 22 years old, completely undistinguishable from a normal american boy and yet completely an agent for the gnostic powers. It has come a point where people are so adept to the acid culture that they are able to take it and function normally without anybody being aware of it? What would happen if everybody would get a butch haircut and go in disguise. It certainly would be very

# high school CONFIDENTIAL

By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Sixteen year old Ronald Dicks is an activist and an organizer. During last Fall's teacher's strike, he was instrumental in organizing students at Taft High School in the Bronx in a successful effort to keep that school open. When the strike finally ended, he helped found a new student organization, CAUSE (Culture, Awareness, Unity, Self-sufficiency, and Empowerment). His activities and the fact that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dicks, are community leaders in the decentralization fight won him the lasting enmity of the United Federation of Teachers. Last month, Ronald Dicks was suspended from school.

Taft High School has one of the largest UFT chapters in the city and it was the local's chairman, Mr. Maurice Russeck, who initiated charges against Dicks. The grounds for his suspension are flimsy — unauthorized distribution of literature — and will probably not hold up in court. But whether or not the charges are upheld, the action will have a disastrous effect on Ron Dicks' future. Dicks has not been to school in over a month. In June, he must take three regents examination if he

is to graduate next year and go onto college.

Ron Dicks began to be the object of special attention last November when the school strike ended. Because of their anti-union activities, Ron Dicks and other student leaders seem to have been singled out for harassment by some members of the Taft faculty.

The first incident came when Ron was reprimanded for handing out copies of a Taft student newsletter, "The Light of Darkness." Dicks was told that he was not permitted to distribute UNSOLICITED materials to other students. Next, he received a pink slip for refusing to salute the American flag. Teachers seemed to enjoy goading Ron on and one insisted on constantly calling him "boy" — an action designed to create an incident.

Last month, Ron Dicks was walking to a morning class carrying some copies of the *Black Student Union News* with his books. He ran into a friend who asked him if she couldn't have a copy of the BSU paper. Dicks obliged and handed her one. The UFT chapter chairman, Rosseck, spotted this exchange and immediately ran to the principal's office to

lodge a complaint. Within an hour, Ronald Dicks was summoned to the Principal's office.

In a room filled with teachers and administrators, Dicks was informed that he had been suspended from school and that he had better leave the building immediately. It was strictly illegal, he was told, to hand out materials, even if they were requested. The principal, Francis S. Manopli, insisted that the content of the Newsletter had nothing to do with the suspension. (Leslie Campbell's infamous poem was reprinted) but simply that no student was allowed to give anything out at his school.

"I was told," Dicks recalls, "that they didn't care what I had been handing out. No student was allowed to give out anything — not baseball cards, no homework, not books, nothing. I explained that this girl had asked me for the newsletter. But they said that it didn't matter and that I better leave the building right away."

Dicks was furious. He knew his rights, one of which was that he could not be suspended except in the presence of his parents. Doggedly, he insisted that his parents be called and told of the action. The principal responded by calling the police. But Dicks refused to leave the building and so finally his family was called.

Ronald's parents demanded an immediate hearing at the District Superintendent's Office. The hearing amounted to a star chamber procedure. Superintendent George Paterson told Ron Dicks that the suspension was really all for his own good. He said that Ron was an "idealist" and that perhaps "professional counseling" might help him become a more suitable student for the New York School System. Dicks' anger was almost uncontrollable. "They were trying to tell me that I was crazy just because I was fighting for freedom."

During the course of the hearing, some talk emerged about the possibility of transferring him to another school, but he, Ron Dicks, wants no part of such a deal. "You see," he explains, "I feel that I have a job to do at Taft. Moving to another school wouldn't change anything. I would just move from one racist institution to another."

Last week, some of Taft's students and their parents decided to hold a demonstration to protest the suspension of Dicks and another student leader, Ronald Smith. During the course of the protest, seven pickets found themselves under arrest, two of them needing hospitalization for headwounds.

At this point Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo came onto the scene. He was deeply disturbed by the whole situation. "As far as I can see, the suspension of the kid for distributing literature is based on a technicality and I don't think it is valid at all," he said to the *New York Times*.

Ron's attorney, Ann Garfinkel, intends to fight the suspensions out in the court. In the meantime, militant High School students all over the City find themselves, at the mercy of arbitrary decisions made by school administrators. Some UFT members are bitter about the support that radical students, white and black, have given to the community in the decentralization fight. And some are seeking revenge.

The teachers union sees itself as a guardian of academic freedom and "due process" in the City school system. (Isn't "due process" after all, what they struck, our schools over last fall?). Yet, UFT members have been remarkably silent and perhaps even complacent, in the violation of academic freedom for New York's school children.







# Where the Hippies have gone

By WALTER BREEN

It's a pleasure once in a while to settle a rumor either by confirming it or by demolishing it for good. This time the rumor was that the Hashbury had moved to the Hawaiian Islands. I spent ten days there during January and can testify that this is where it's building up. No Free Stores, no Free Clinic, no Hip Co-op yet, but they will probably be started as soon as enough of the right people settle here, as the vibrations are just about right. The visitor from the mainland (which is what Hawaii people call the continental USA) is most likely to get his first impressions of Honolulu area at the Domestic Arrivals building in the airport. It is a quite startling sight here, even as on busy tourist-choked Kalaniana'olaha Ave., in Waikiki Beach, you will find more bare feet than sandals, and almost no ordinary shoes; more shorts than long pants; more long hair than short; nearly as many sideburns, or mustaches as hairless faces; almost no female victims of beauty-ops; and almost no socks or neckties, except among the occasional Mafia members (who are seen more often in the Fancy Expensive Hotel districts on the other islands) and the small colony of financial district people. Many of the faces, even when not given to overtly hip behavior, are recognizably from the Haight. In the airport, even as at every allegedly straight shop in the islands, you will find locally made love beads (which they call "seed leis," pronounced lays) and other items usually found only in headshops over here. The so-called aloha spirit, usually explained as "welcome, visitor — you're at home with us," often becomes very close indeed to the vibrations of San Francisco back in 1967. Sooner or later you'll find your way to the International Market Place, a huge outdoor complex of small bazaars, fronting on Kalakaua Ave., right in the middle of the Fancy Expensive Hotel district in Waikiki Beach. Follow your ears and find Pepperland, without any of the Meanies. A few feet to left of the main

entrance is a place called the Gauguin. Don't bother going in; you can see and hear the rock groups (some plastic, some good, none yet really great) from the low stone wall just outside, where many of your brothers and sisters will be sitting every evening. Gauguin's management is fairly uptight because it is trying to attract a big-money clientele; yet it has made no fuss about the dozens of rock devotees who are getting the same entertainment free a few yards away, which is just as well. In fact, nobody makes a fuss in the I.M.P. area; The Man is around, uniformed and sometimes in plain clothes, but there has been no hassle. Sometimes if you're standing on the sidewalk outside, he will tell you to move, preferably to go into the actual Market Place grounds, so as not to obstruct tourists on foot; but that is all.

Follow your nose once you're in the Market Place grounds. Also keep your eyes open, look friendly and wait for your brothers and sisters to show up. Some will be wandering around looking for what they used to find on Haight Street; others will show plainly that they've found it. Nobody among the tourists particularly notices day trippers. Some of them are wearing ecstatic garments, often handmade, of the kind you're likely to see only once or twice at a Sheep Meadow be-in. But they're less startling in a city full of "psychedelic" shirts.

Stay off Hotel Street in downtown Honolulu; it is the local equivalent of Times Square or Lower Market Street, complete with gypsies, whores of all three genders, pushers of speed and smack, Mafiosi and assorted con men. On the other hand, near any of the local beaches you'll find real people. Don't judge them by the surfboards — so-called psychedelic stickers are too much of a fad to prove anything about the kids using them. But it is rather mindblowing to find streets looking like Beverly Hills and inhabited by the most amazing ethnic mixtures you could imagine, often redolent of International Joy Smoke. And it

is also mindblowing to find dozens or even hundreds of people introducing themselves in some such fashion as "I'm Larry — I'm Pisces, Aquarius, Cancer," meaning Sun in Pisces, Moon in Aquarius, Cancer rising point — and expecting you to give your own three signs. (If you don't know them, go look up the Good-avague paperback "Write Your Own Horoscope" and follow directions. I was lionized because I knew the method as well as how to interpret charts). Everybody is into astrology, I Ching, and meditation; many are into the Western Esoteric Tradition as represented by Dion Fortune, perhaps even more now than into Zen or any of the Indian or Japanese systems. There is a Hare Krishna group, and I got well off the ground chanting with them right on the Avenue early one evening.

Black power has not hit the Islands; and in fact the people I met are generally not into politics at all, which is just as well. They are much more concerned with their own heads. Part of that is surfing, which they call "riding the waves;" it's a lot more than a competitive sport, it's a real elemental encounter. I recall that of a group of ten ecstatic surfers I met in Lahaina, Island of Maui, six had Sun in Pisces and the other four either moon or rising point in Pisces, which is a startling confirmation of theory. I'm not into surfing myself, but watching the free films at the camera shop in the I.M.P., and watching surfers in action at several of the beaches, I could get some idea of what they are experiencing, and it's genuinely something more than human in scale and intensity. Year-round proximity to the Pacific Ocean does things to you and doubtless it has contributed to the life style more than anyone even here realizes.

Many of the brethren have moved out of the Honolulu area. (pop. 651,000). There are plenty of isolated little communities where people do their thing in peace and quiet, especially near the North Shore of Oahu island, and on Maui. There one gets away from the godawful little

(Continued on Page 22)

# NEWS

Prepared by ELI B. ENZER

## Mideast Action Delayed Until Eban Visits U.S.

**UNITED NATIONS (EVO)** — Knowledgeable sources report that the four power talks on the Mideast will purposely drag on until Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban completes his two visits to Washington later this month.

Eban is expected in Washington about the 12th of this month and then again on about the 21st. No final decisions on the United States position on a Mideast settlement is expected before then.

According to this timetable, the first publically announced sessions of the four powers — the US, USSR, France and England — would be sometime in the week of March 24, or shortly after.

Currently several unannounced and secret sessions are being conducted on a bi-lateral basis, especially between the Nixon administration and the Soviet legations in Washington and here at the United Nations.

But there is also a large element of quarreling over just what the four of them should discuss once they sit at a four-sided table.

French sources said that President Nixon expects to present an American plan which would not dictate to the Israelis or the Arabs, but would seek to persuade.

It was understood from these sources that the Mideast situation was the prime topic of discussion when Nixon and President de Gaulle met earlier this month in Paris. It was also stated that the Mideast was discussed at length during both sessions between the American and French leaders, em-

phasizing the importance that the two nations attach to reaching a peaceful solution to the explosive and malingering crisis.

The recent shelling of the U.A.R. oil tanks in the southern sector near the Suez by Israeli forces after numerous UAR generated shooting incidents was not considered a major new problem but rather an extension of the prevailing tensions.

Late last week, the four powers were reported to be odds with one another over how they should proceed in their talks, and there was an implied threat that the United States may not join in the talks unless certain ground rules were observed. The details of these American proposals were not revealed.

However, indications are that the four powers talks will start probably in April barring any major strategic action by the Arabs or Jews.

Israel, meanwhile has quickly snuffed out her political crisis brought on by the death of Premier Levi Eshkol.

The selection of Mrs. Golda Meir is seen as a compromise solution until elections are held later this fall. The showdown then will be between Moshe Dayan, considered a rightwinger in the context of Israeli politics, and Yigal Allon, now deputy premier.

Israel is a socialist country, and always has been since the East European Jews came back to Palestine. Dayan and Allon, both native born sabras, have very similar qualifications to lead Israel. But Dayan is a man who quit the kibbutz (collective) in favor of the moshav (where the land is owned individually, and that is rightwing in Israel).

Unless Israel is to suddenly change her entire outlook toward development, Allon appears to be the certain winner.

## RUSSIA AND CHINA FIGHT FOR RED AITLE

**HONG KONG (EVO)** — Several factors point to a showdown between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China over the leadership of the red world, analysts here report.

The battle of the Ussuri river even carries the threat of open warfare along the 4,000 miles of border shared by the two nations.

Perhaps coincidentally, the Chinese spelled out their current position in articles in the latest issue of Peking Review, the theoretical journal of the Maoist regime.

Chairman Mao's latest instructions, the Review said, are: "Serious attention must be paid to policy in the stage of struggle-criticism-transformation in the great proletarian cultural revolution."

It also said the instructions were: "In making plans, it is essential to mobilize the masses and see to it that there is enough leeway."

Observers here at China's side door think that Peking has detected a weakness among the Soviet leadership because of Moscow's retreat in Berlin, their relatively mild behavior in Czechoslovakia as well as in their efforts toward disarmament with the United States and the agreement to work toward a Mideast settlement.

These actions are heresy in the Chinese lexicon of values, and merely a sell out to the imperialist forces. By making deals with the imperialists, that is, the Khrushchev line of peaceful co-existence, the Soviet has abdicated its responsibility to international communism.

The Chinese people now are being told to follow "the great policy of grasping revolution and promoting production and other work and preparedness against war."

In the lead article of the Review praise is heaped on two groups who followed Mao's rule: "Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people."

Significantly, one of the groups was praised for risking their lives in a chemical fire in Heilungkiang province, the one which was involved in the Uussuri river fight.

The second group were People's Liberation Army men who lost their lives in a landslide along the Szechuan-Tibet road, that is, near the Soviet border area in Western China.

It is now reported that Chinese troops and militia units are being deployed all along the entire frontier areas (while the Russians are stepping up their civilian defense training).

The coming Moscow-planned conference of world communists, aimed at asserting Soviet leadership, now is fully challenged by the Chinese who apparently feel that Moscow can offer them only limited resistance.

The Chinese people are being told daily that promoting production is like being in a battle; military terminology is the rule for almost all spheres of life.

"There is no construction without destruction," Mao says. "Destruction means criticism and repudiation; it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction."

Mao practises what he preaches, and the evidence of this is the cultural revolution in which Mao risked the established order of his party and his government (and to a much smaller degree, the army) in order to raise the sense of political consciousness of the 700 million Chinese people.

One must accept the premise that Mao is absolutely sincere in his belief that Marxism-Leninism is the solution to world problems or one can not understand the Chinese at all.

The entire cultural revolution was aimed at making the masses selfless — an idea also advocated by Christ among others. Hence the praise of factory workers who risk their lives to save a machine, or soldiers who keep a road open in a landslide, or fight a chemical fire. "Wherever there is struggle, there is sacrifice," Mao says. "When we die for the people, it is a worthy death."

This is what the Chinese people are being taught. Even a casual observer can detect the enormous difference between this philosophy and what is being taught and lived in the Soviet Union.

And which road the communist world chooses to follow will determine, in good part, the course of world history.



## OTHER NEWS SWEET LIFE

**RUTLAND, Vt. (EVO)** — Ma and Pa are still brewing up kettles of maple syrup in defiance of the overwhelming trend toward industrialization of agriculture, a recent report states.

Contrary to the prevailing systems of agrindustrialization, eighty-seven per cent of the maple syrup producers in these United States directly marketed 50 per cent of their sweetness from their own farms. They used other retail outlets to market much of the balance (direct mail and additional roadside stands).

The farmers also provide home delivery. (Imagine the maple syrup man coming by your door every other day!)

The report also found that the better maple syrup — produced primarily in Vermont, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin — was packaged by the farmers, while the poor quality drainings were poured into drums to be later packaged by food distributors. Only 54 per cent of the drum syrup was considered of table quality, the researchers from Pennsylvania State University said.

The 46 per cent balance of drum syrup is used in the manufacture of products simply labeled "maple syrup," omitting the word "pure."

The report said "probably in no other agricultural product does such a high proportion of producers retail such a high percentage of the product."

This also means, although the report did not say so, that the farmers — the people who do the work, are getting most of the profits. Middlemen are out.

This phenomenon in maple syrup conflicts with the current pattern in United States farming which is now heavily subsidized (not the syrup farmers) and mechanized which has had the net effect of destroying most of the small farms in America. Flying the banner of efficiency, the United States has created a plastic world of food for America's consumption.

First the soil is stuffed with chemical fertilizers. Then the crops are planted with hybrid seeds which emphasize size rather than nutrition, good looks rather than tastiness. The harvested crops are stored until the price is right (high), with some crops simply left to rot if necessary.

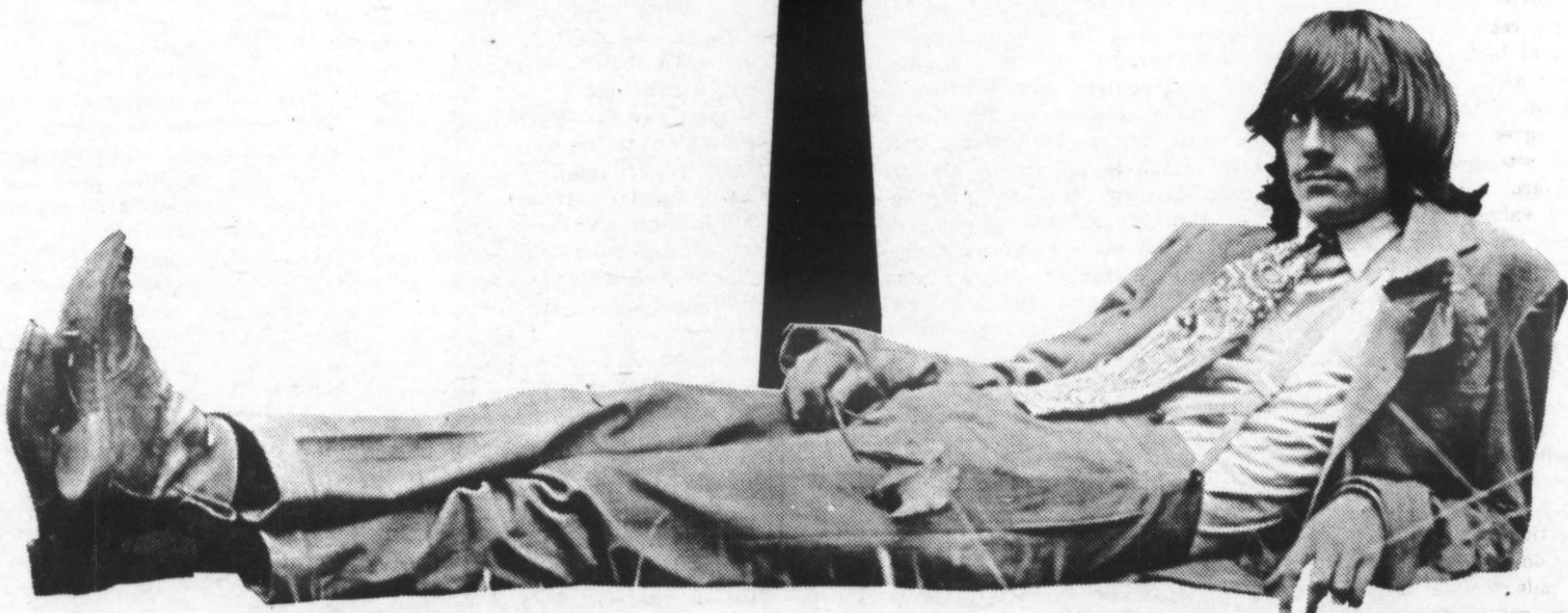
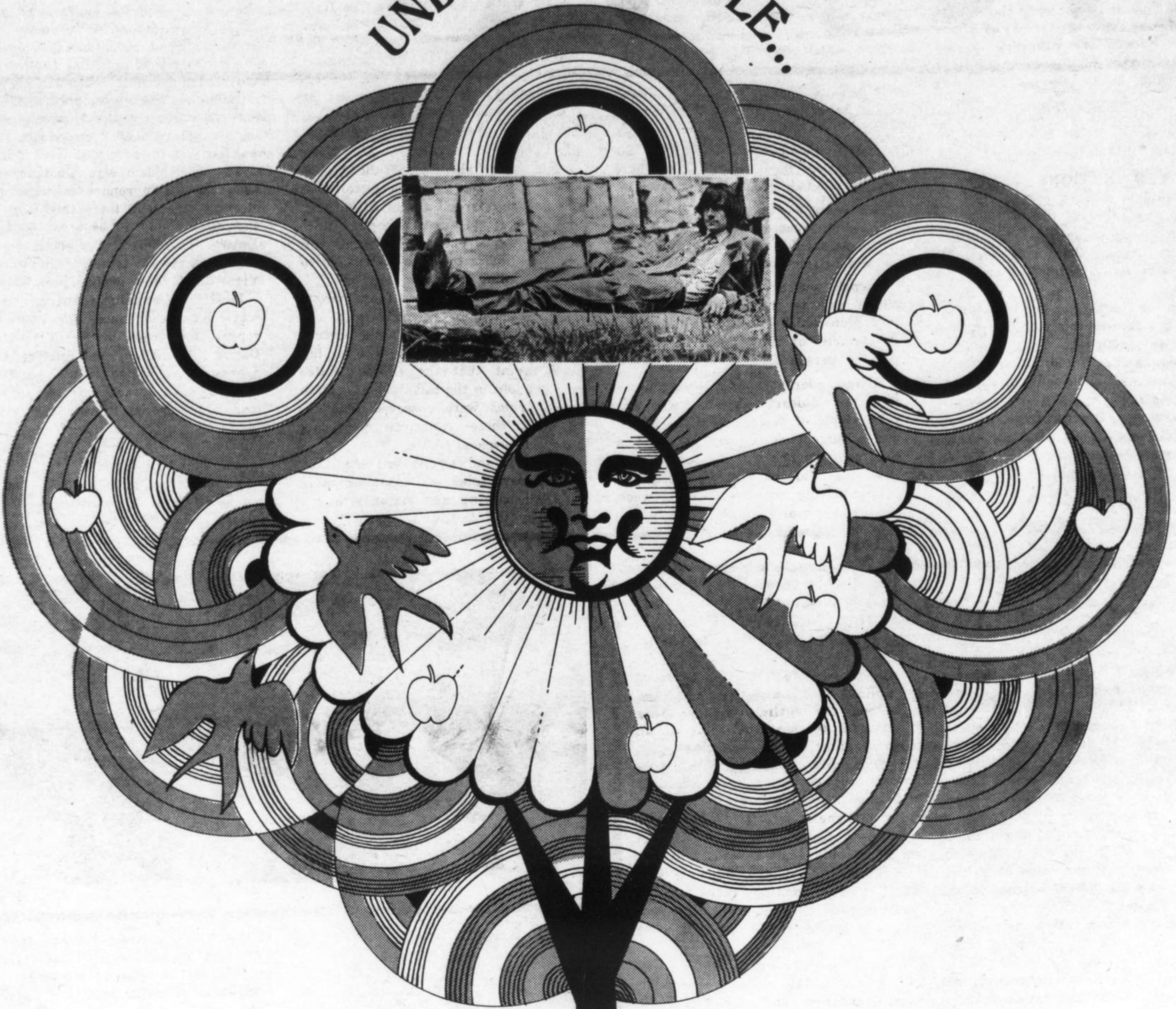
Fruits and vegetables are plucked long before ripeness, crated and shipped in refrigerated vehicles and stored until the supermarkets can put them on the shelves wrapped in plastic packages.

Other foods are canned and injected with chemicals to retard spoilage and destroy taste as well as vitamin values. If one attempts to purchase fresh food, he pays a large premium for the privilege.


The result has been, as several studies reveal, that America is a nation of over-fed people who suffer from malnutrition, or under-fed people who die from malnutrition. Only the joggers survive.

(But for how long? — DA)

UNDER THE APPLE...



**JAMES TAYLOR**

sings on 

# KOKAINE KARMA

the bone-chilling loneliness, isolation, and desperate feeling of urban winter is waning. The villain is a perverted society which ignores ecology, creating as much havoc with our spirits as lifeless water and plastic air rot our bodies. It is time, brothers and sisters, time for A COMING TOGETHER, the rebirth of spirit as we take music out of dark rooms into the freedom of nature. Rock 'n Roll, dope and fucking in the streets are the circus ring attractions of a new culture. Freaks are swarming on the hillsides, toking on the mountain tops and sucking in the streams. Righteous Brother G. C. Crawford, the Oracle Ramos, the Rock of Zenta himself, exhorts us to "Get Down!" "If we can't get it on in 1969, we ain't never gonna get it together."

The seeds of a new culture were watered during the winespilled years of bohemian isolation, tilled through thick pot smoking beat generation wandering through labyrinths of alienation. The first blossom of a positive life style burst out in a psychedelic summer of love. The period of hibernation is over and the separate energy forces are coalescing for a coming together for the second flowering.

Freedom Spring of the Zenta year 1 was coronated at the "Third World Symposium on Drago" sponsored in Buffalo by Miké Aldrich's LeMar (Legalize Marijuana) International. It was domi-

nated by the life style festivities of our society, not by pallid bourgeois panel discussions. The communal energy forces of the Hog Farm, Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers, and Trans Love Energies — MC5 were the power divine of the conference creating a carnival of music, love, dope, dancing, and communication that concluded in a minor orgy which included as participants four White Panther ministers and a notorious Yippie leader.

Rather than the mere mouthings of revolutionary, alternative life styles, the tapestry of the new culture was exhibited as a totality — 24 hours a day (if even days exist anymore) an integrated pattern of behavior pulsed throughout the conference. the Motherfuckers were magnificent, initiating the Socratic dialogue of our times as they challenged anyone whose sociopolitical philosophy was rendered bullshit by contrary action. They drummed out panel discussion when it degenerated into a virtuoso mantra performance session by Allen Ginsberg and what at first appeared to be a table full of his disciples. At that point Archie Shepp, the great black music magician, lifted his arms shouting "more drums," and began singing as the Hog Farmers snake danced with and through the audience. A set by the MC5 was so intense that Jerry Rubin abandoned rhetoric for dancing, he and

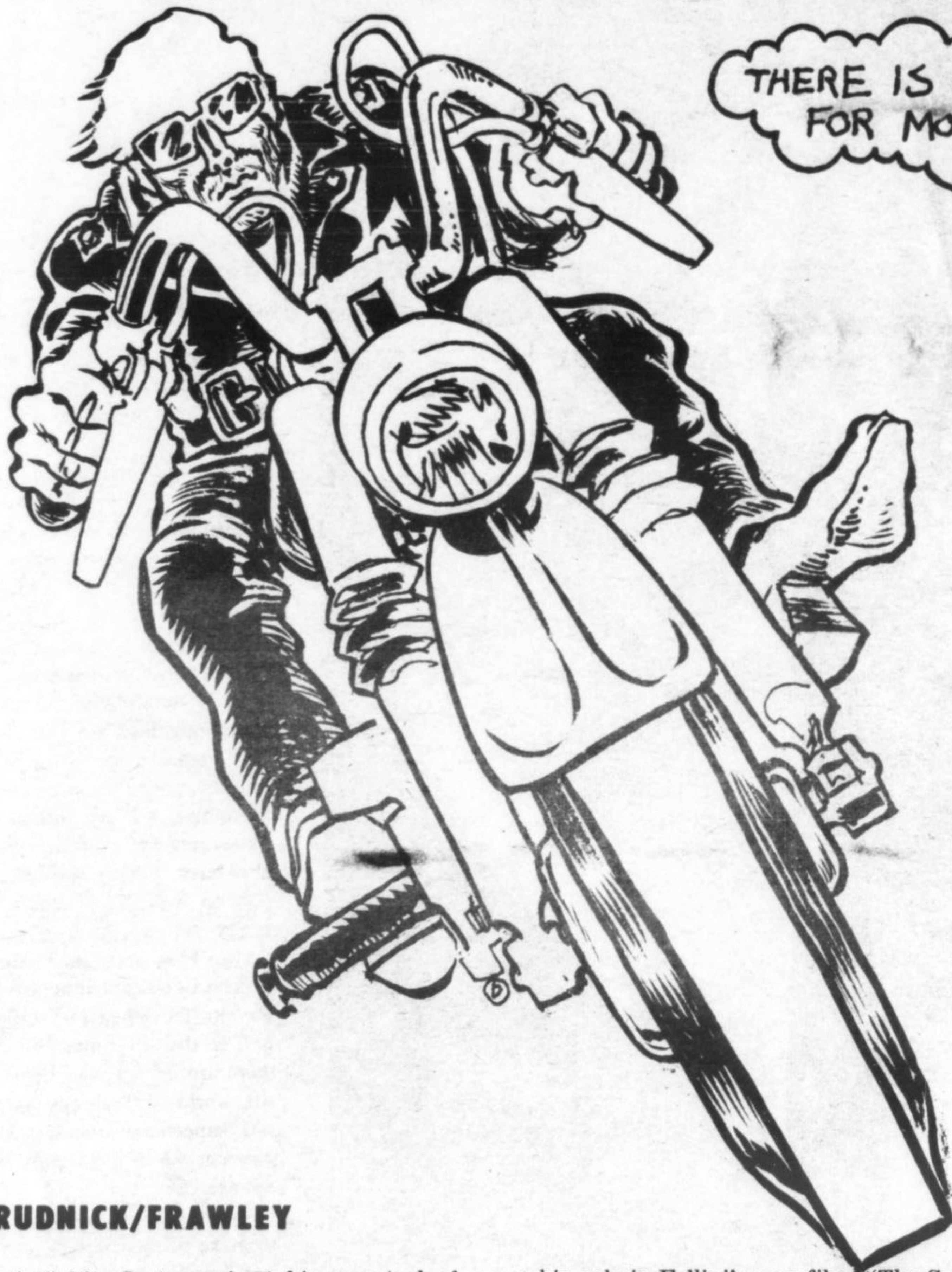
Nancy leaping out of their minds into their bodies.

Pun Plamondon, White Panther Minister of Defense, greeted the militant midget leader of the University of Buffalo student revolt as the crazed Rubin's bodyguard.

White Panter Buttons hare honkie hexes.

After the drug conference, the Hasidic guerrilla joined the Kokaine Karma Conspiracy and over 2,000 freaks for the final midwestern appearance of the MC5 held at the Detroit Grandee Ballroom. (The 5, a gang of American deviants, will be shaking out the shit, tromping over turds at numerous sex worshipping sock hops for our neighbors up and down the west coast.) Invited by the band to speak, the media master and most successful movement tactician, who is, ironically, about to be indicted for conspiracy in the Chicago pig riots, brought the aware, young crowd to its feet, screaming and shaking clenched fists as he ended his short power-charged speech with "The more I hear music, the more I want to dance, and the more I dance, the more I want to make revolutions."

Benefits for underground newspapers are meeting places for the community. Dances held last month in Chicago for the Seed and Ann Arbor Argus were the successful focal points of peoples'



BY RUDNICK/FRAWLEY

up the bullshit. Just people, taking control of Their Own Lives, flushing away all the honky crap. People are getting their lives together. They're fucking sterile, decaying cultures in the hairy ass. They're fucking them in high schools, cities, colleges, countries, dance halls, government buildings, army bases, and counties. Pass on all their rigid, geometric, glass and steel institutions. We are creating a new culture. We are relearning the existence of our souls. IT'S TIME TO TESTIFY!

Nico, chanteuse of the surreal, has come home from Europe with the new surrealist cinema in her pretty pocket. She turned down

a big role in Fellini's new film, "The Satyricon" because the whole Dolce Vita-time machine enterprise struck her as "dirty." Instead, she is doing a film for Philippe Garrel, dynamite young French surrealist whose first big film, "Virgin's Bed," features the beautiful Pierre Clementi (of Bunuel's "Belle de Jour" & Bunuel's new "Milky Way" & Bertolucci's "Partner" — one of the crucial stars along with Jean-Pierre Leaud, of the European revolutionary cinema). Garrel joins Nico in New York shortly and they will start the first 70-mm (!) spacy crazy movie in Manhattan and go on to finish it in six Southwestern deserts. Yes . . .

Meanwhile, viva is helping to demolish the Hollywood industry by starring out there in the first major studio (prestige foreign director) production made entirely with any union-operation. We can say no more.

The astonishing Brigid Polk, titan of television and cinema, is becoming New York's best known artists' artist. She is shy of exhibiting, but among the latest projects of the Big B are the Famous Cocks Trip Book (hard-edge outlines) and the Famous Come Trip Book (stained and signed pages) and the Draw-With-

combined energies. They turned into ecstatic, religious events. Feeling is Believing.

"... so all must say in their hearts I must learn to do all things with the love for the art form will it happen on earth? how can I live to see its life or how may I better its chance of ever happening. Music painting writing and inventions are the forerunners, these such tools help to make the art life equal for all for me music allows one to integrate on all social living and it is this form of living I hope to live the art form of living.

Ornette Coleman

Records albums are artifacts of our culture. They document the most effective means of communication-music. A new quartet of spiritual explosions have been allowed to reach the people by the hipper heretic moguls who because they control the entertainment business, almost control our music. Impulse has just released that label's first Ornette disc. The great innovator of modern music, Ornette encouraged by the challenge of his son, a twelve-year old drummer who debuted at the age of 10 on his father's The Empty Nox-hole for BlueNote, and the direction-value-force of music on the liner notes.

"Ornette Denardo is hard to keep up with if you don't tell him what to do. The most valued element in today's music is the many free forms not having a place you must return to end what one plays or sings this to me is the New Music one who likes to play or hear their music return at a given time or bar might be missing their most rewarding thoughts and feelings having to train their expression with a clock and number form. No form in music causes one to play had it's the limit of one's own form that puts one on the side line of performing. I must write to those who read these notes that whatever our difference may be I am sure if we learn to make the art form of living for all we'll have less to be without and a life of perfection to live by.

Ornette Coleman, 1969

Our music will bring us together.

FEEL Sun Ra's "Nothing Is," his third record of ESP. FEEL the new Jewish Joseph Jarman album, his second for Bob Koesters's Delmark label. Impulse's third Albert Ayler release, New Grass, which includes a new version of "Ghosts" ranks in importance with Coltrane's albums Pharoah Sanders' "Tauhid," and the works of Ornette, Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp and Mike Manter's Jazz Composition Orchestra must be played on every progressive rock FM station in the country and purge the pop columnists of all their nonsense drivel. Ayler is a religious man — who has fused spiritual exhaltations, the excitement, intensity, passion, intimacy and wit of soul, funky jazz, gospel, rock, bebop, rhythm and blues and avant-garde sounds into a harmonic new form, a dynamic direction for music. He plays tenor, sings, and uses electric bass, a soul chorus and universal melodies to infuse a spiritual message of "love, peace, and understanding!" "Harmony" It is holy music that tickles the archetypes of our cells. You can feel the body reacting to it. "We must get ourselves together soon or there will be nothing left."

REJOICE, Brother, GET DOWN! COME TOGETHER! The kids, niggers, freaks, scum and lunatics are doing it all over the world. Getting their energy forces working with each, the intergalactic world brain. We are One. Our collective strength is to the tenth power beyond the sum of our individual strengths. Creative Explosion. Everywhere people are doing it, throwing

(Continued on Page 20)

# EMANATIONS ART

## ELFRIDA RIVERS

In this column, questions will be answered relating to magic, spiritualism, occultism, witchcraft, astrology, and similar matters. Questions which, for reason of length or general interest, cannot be answered in this column, will be given a personal answer if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, in care of the EAST VILLAGE OTHER.

Q—Will taking L.S.D. help to develop my psychic powers? R.J.

A—Dear R.J. — I suppose that depends on whether you have any psychic powers to develop. However, in general I would say that the careful use of L.S.D. can be one way — not the only way, perhaps, or the best way, but definitely one way — to enhance or develop such powers.

I suspect that LSD, like other similar drugs, simply turns off the conscious mind. Many people, even those who are extremely psychic, are prevented from using their full powers because they are skeptics or because their conscious mind is continuously questioning, intellectualizing and rationalizing what is happening. The psychic faculties are functions of the deeper consciousness. A watched pot, they say, never boils; and especially the more intelligent psychic in this society where we are trained to use our "reason" constantly) tends to watch himself continually to see what he is doing. A little intelligent skepticism is a good thing; it keeps one from being naive or credulous. But the person who is continually asking himself "Did that really happen, or did I just imagine it?" or "Is there any possible rational explanation for what happened?" or even "Am I going to be able to be psychic?" will switch off his psychic powers as fast as he turns them on. That is why the ordinary person cannot just say "I want to be clairvoyant" sit down, open up and be clairvoyant. Some method must be used to turn off the ordinary, everyday conscious reasoning conscious) psychic faculties of the mind. This is probably why Rhine, in his ESP laboratory, gets such equivocal results and why even good psychics tend to "go stale" after weeks of laboratory experimentation; they get anxious, bored, or overstrained.

Some people can turn off their consciousness by means of meditation and mental stillness. I am convinced that all the different "methods" of psychic training are just this — different people have discovered, by trial and error, ways which work, for them, of turning off the "ordinary" consciousness and opening up the inner consciousness. They believe they will work for other people, and teach them, and before you know it another "occult school" has opened up!

LSD tends to turn off pre-conceived notions of what a person can, or can't do. There is a very good book called **LSD, THE PROBLEM-SOLVING PSYCHEDELIC**, which illustrates this particular facet of LSD very well. I don't want to get involved in the arguments pro and con about LSD. Suffice it to say that I can think of no rational reason for NOT taking LSD except that the "powers that be" can put you in jail for it. However, some occultists — Meher Baba, the Maharishi, and such people — insist that taking drugs prevents any occult achievement. My reply would simply be that this is a free country and they are entitled to their opinion. Certainly there are other ways of psychic development; and in an Eastern culture, without the stiffly ingrained "scientific" and "rational" brainwashing given to European and American children, such dynamite mind-blasting techniques as LSD may not even be necessary. However, for a certain type of mind reared in the strait-jacket of a normal American middle-class or lower-class education, the gentle techniques of meditation and

(Continued on Page 21)

## NEW VOLCANO FOUND UNDER MODERN MUSEUM

by ALEX GROSS

The relations between the Modern Museum and the protesting artists are entering a more crucial stage. Although the artists are doing their best to show patience and understanding for the museum's position, there is every indication that its curators are doing their best to ignore the artists and the problems they have raised. Recently the artists sent the museum a letter listing only those points which could be answered with a simple yes or no by the museum. Not only did the museum withhold this simple yes or no, they also chose to interpret the letter as meaning that any points not listed were no longer at issue. Actually, very much the reverse is true — many new points have now been added to the original ones, involving not only nepotism in the museum-gallery network but misuse of museum space and funds. As the protest against the museum is a deep and growing one, it is not surprising that new ideas should be gathered as the movement expands — all these points and others will soon be raised at the public hearings.

The protest against the museum is growing and will continue to grow on every level throughout the country. Last week's eminently fair article by Grace Glueck in the New York Times has brought many offers of support, and it is more than clear to everyone except the Modern that the time is ripe to discuss changes on a broad public basis. Much remains to be done, and artists and critics alike are digging in for a long struggle which will not be won in a single demonstration.

At a time when the Modern Museum ought to be listening carefully to what is going on, they would appear to be making preparations to brand all dissenting artists as philistines and ruffians — they are also busy writing subtly cajoling letters to individual artists in an attempt to create dissension among them. This is a fatal mistake, and it is to be hoped that there are people on the museum staff who will realize this in time. But apparently there are others who believe that the art world will simply go on in its old superficial manner at the very moment when it is ready to erupt in change.

What is the general public likely to make of this contest of wills, which will surely escalate in the months to come? What are art-lovers, art-buyers, and (if one dare mention them) art-dealers likely to conclude when they learn that the great majority of working artists no longer has any trust or respect for the Modern Museum? The Modern has striven for almost forty years to build up the position of immense power and prestige it now enjoys, yet all of this may be irrevocably altered in a few week's time by the intransigence and unwisdom of the museum's directorate. Left with its per-

(Continued on Page 22)



photo by: Lee Kleinberg

# EGGBOYS



**MAN'S RISE TO CIVILIZATION** as shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval times to the coming of the Industrial State. By Peter Farb.

by DON KATZMAN

Unlike Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" which bestows upon the Indian a cloak of romantic nonsense that applauds them for their unwarlike instincts and non-competitiveness or Andrew Jackson's denunciation of the Red Man as a "heathen soul" who should be eradicated for their inability to assimilate, Peter Farb's knowledge of the American Indian is at all times an understanding of a disappearing culture which were human in all things pertaining to their own existence and to those of an alien civilization. This is one of the many aspects that makes Peter Farb's book a brilliant account of the history of a culture and that which destroyed it. His ideas are fundamentally of a common sense variety, yet filled with a great anthropological knowledge and feeling for the Indian heritage. From the very beginnings of chapter I, Farb lays the foundations of the Indian's innocence in his confrontation with White civilization.

"Some of them paint their faces, some their whole bodies, some only the nose. They do not bear arms or know them, for I showed to them swords and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance."

Other chapters follow in sequence, from the growth of the primeval band to the complexities of nationhood, with great literary clarity and a grasp of basic facts.

Farb's theory is that the Indian's rise to and fall from civilization was inherent in the culture that the Indian himself had adopted or created and not because of such things as environment, which can either limit or expand the possibilities for a culture, nor theories such as ascribed to by Freud, Benedict and Lorenz which are highly personal, individualistic and "white oriented." Farb's approach is also a group approach. It is encompassed in the idea that great men do not give rise to great civilizations but that great cultures give rise to men whose civilizations have given them the ability to create what needs to be created.

Another factor which adds to the brilliance of Farb's literary excavation of the Indian culture of North America in his interwoven tale of a great and enduring tragedy. Western civilization is a word in Farb's book that we must use sparingly when confronted with the barbarity of the White man. To state that the Indian, in general, was barbaric, is another jingoism inherent in the White man's propaganda. The Cherokee who inhabited the lands of North Carolina and Tennessee had adapted to the White man's culture with great swiftness and in doing so amassed great wealth as though they themselves had invented the theory of Capitalism. They were a highly literate people with a gift for trade and agriculture but with their own customs and religion. The White man, in Washington, as well as in their own home states, denied these people the right to

their inheritance. They forced the Cherokee from their homes, confiscated their lands and wealth which consisted of "22,000 cattle, 7,600 houses, 46,000 swine, 2,500 sheep, 762 looms, 1,488 spinning wheels, 2,948 plows, 10 saw mills, 31 grist mills, 62 blacksmith shops, and 18 schools," and force-marched them westward to settle among hostile elements while barbarically reducing their numbers through starvation and disease. These last two tactics were commonly used by the White man to deplete the ranks of the Indian warriors. As early as 1763, Lord Jeffrey Amherst, his Majesty's commander of the British forces in North America, used the disease of small pox to defeat Pontiac and his Ottawa braves — the first record in Western civilization of the use of biological warfare.

The final phase of Farb's book is a pointed and direct inquiry into why civilizations fail or are lost forever to Humanity. It is also a scathing attack upon the White man's civilization. In the last chapter of Farb's book entitled "Societies under Stress" the quote from Chief Black Hawk's surrender speech to his American conquerors is one that sums up the Indian tragedy as well as the white man's.

"The changes of fortune and vicissitudes of war made you my conqueror. When my last resources were exhausted, my warriors, worn or down with long and toilsome marches, yielded, and I became your prisoner . . . I am now an obscure member of a nation that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The pathway to glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on yours, and that you may never experience the humiliation that the power of the American government has reduced me to, is the wish of him who, in his native forests, was once as proud as you."

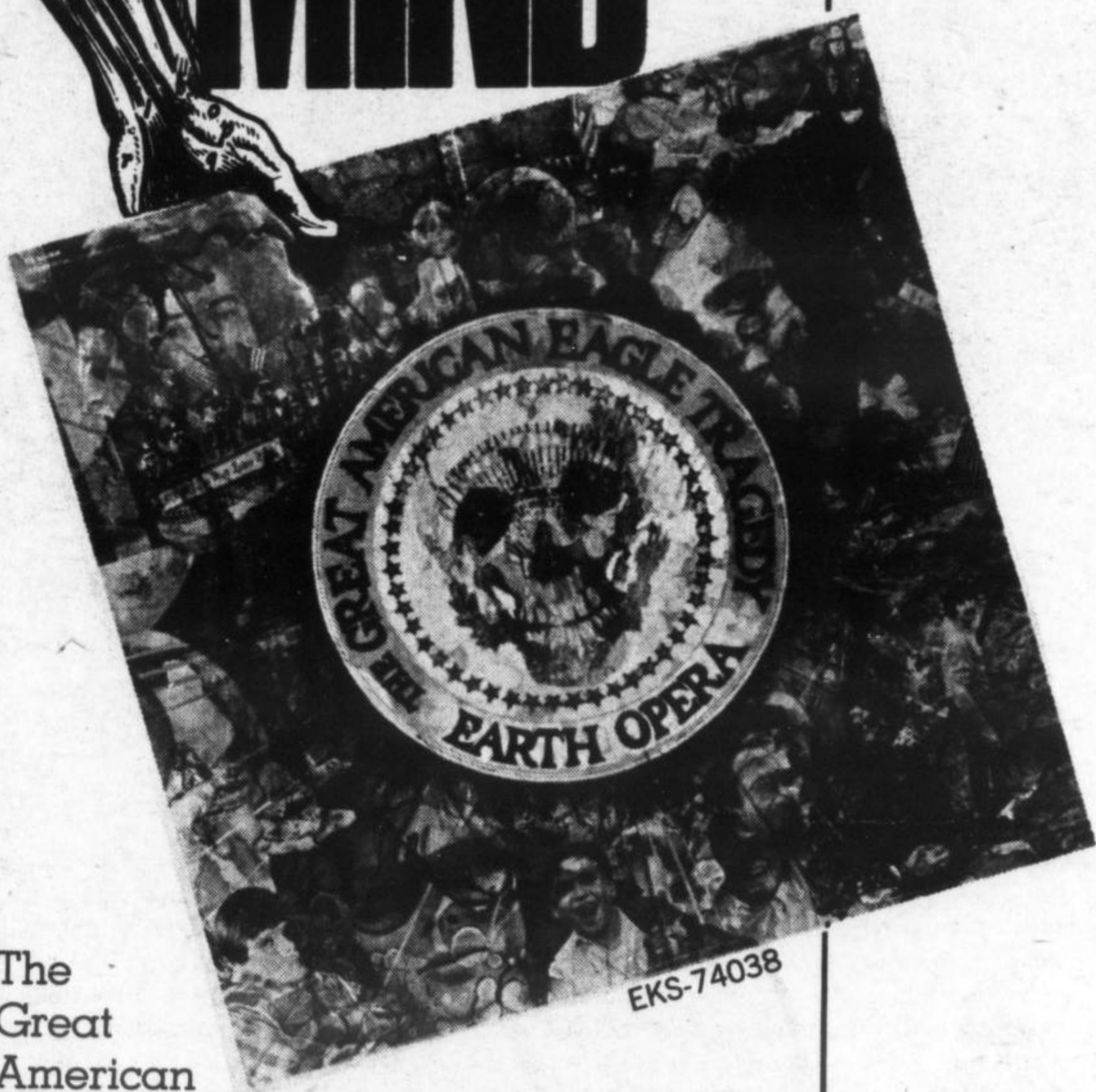
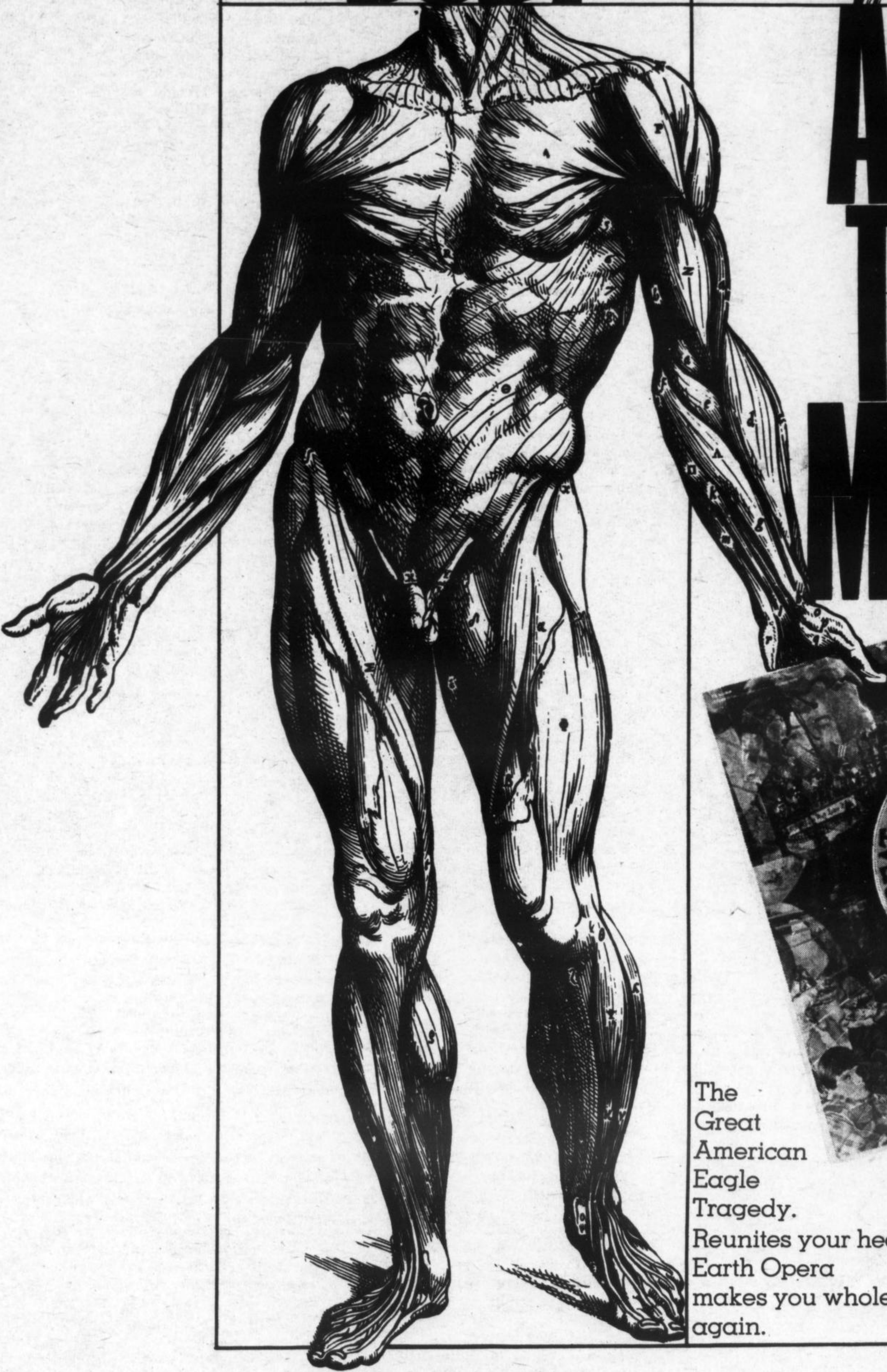
If we do not have records that reveal the Indian's own barbarity on as large a scale as the White man, it is not because he was unwarlike but because the Indian never attained as much political control over a diversity of people as had his conquerors. If we hear of tales of the Indian's generosity to their own and to the White man, it is not because he was ignorant but because the Indian's status, wealth and prestige depended upon how much he could give away to others and cared little for the fortune he could amass in a lifetime. If what He gave the world was the legacy of a vast agricultural produce and medicinal herbs, it was not because he was altruistic, but simply because He had to grapple first with the environment in the best way He knew how. If we find that what little is left of Him is disappearing from the face of the earth, it is not because He is broken in spirit or still believes in the divinity of hallucination by the use of alcohol and peyote, but because the White man does not believe in the preservation of other cultures but his own. It is Peter Farb's contention that we must preserve what is left of these and other cultures.

"To do nothing now is to let our children lament that they never knew the magnificent diversity of mankind because our generation let disappear those who might have taught them."

**THE  
BODY**



**AND  
THE  
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# A Stan Brakhage



I feel a brief introductory explanation would be helpful to those readers who have not yet had the opportunity to see these new films by Stan Brakhage. They were premiered at a Sunday morning Cinematheque presentation at the Elgin Theater in New York on February 23, 1969. Brakhage personally introduced each film and answered questions after the screenings. "The Horseman, the Woman and the Moth" is a hand-painted film. "Love-Making" has four parts: a man and woman making love, dogs making love, two men making love, and the romplings of nine naked young children doing their thing. Jack Ebratt and myself (both from Millenium Film Workshop), sitting in different locations and, unfortunately, at some distance from the front corner where Brakhage sat and spoke, each taped his comments. I worked from both tapes to transcribe this and occasionally there was noise simultaneously on both tapes. Missing or indistinct words and/or interpretations are italicized and in parentheses. Because he spoke expontaneously I eliminated those pauses, ah's, etc. that were not needed. Otherwise the text is verbatim.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO THE SCREENING OF HIS FIRST FILM:

"This is the premier of both of these films. First is 'The Horseman, the Woman, and the Moth'. And, this is the case, to me, where it is the first myth since 'Dog Star Man' that I have made. And it is a film where I have made a hundred and eighty some frames, hand painted, using pen and ink techniques, and growing molds in controlled fashions on film, and crystallization, building crystals, or rather crystal structures on film, wax crayon techniques, and, in fact, the whole gamut of chemicals and preparations by hand that I could . . . The whole gamut. Whatever I choose to be necessary has gone into these frames. Now these 180 pictures then, constitute for me something like keys, in let's say on a piano or a harpsichord. And these keys

are then played upon, this 6 seconds film is then extended in this play on them to about 25 minutes. And the major source of inspiration, musically, here is, the harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. But the film itself is silent. For inasmuch as I feel that transference has come for me all the way over into the visual. In a way, these 180 keys could have been played upon, ah, forever. I think they would not have stood up forever, these particular 180 images (?) playing on forever. But at least I exhausted them for myself in this series of themes and variations of themselves. But as they involved content, visual content, in a way that music does not, they also tell a story. So that it would be hard to see, follow through all these stories in one single viewing this morning. But it, my sense of it is that they contain, many, many-stories, I might say a thousand and one; I can say that there were 96 absolute stories that I was following in editing them. And also these stories will have variations within them. But it is a new concept of story I'm speaking of here and, the whole of it in that sense (it) might be myth. So, anyway, I've told you now the working procedures of it and whether it succeeds in this or not I don't know. But we will see it now."

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO THE SECOND FILM:

"The second film is named 'Love-Making'. I think the word here is important because, some of you may already know this first section of this film that was finished . . . the first section was finished about 8 or 9 months ago and then was released by Grove Press in 8mm—was shot in 16—but was released in 8mm through their book club. And then, since that happened, I added 3 more sections to this film so that it now stands as completed in my judgement at 45 minutes in length and composed of 4 distinct sections. But I really think of it as, as one whole work. Ah, again this film is silent, has just been completed and this is its premier."



# Premier

transcribed by: Bob Parent



photo derivations/design © Bob Parent

Following the conclusion of the screenings, part of the audience started to leave before Jonas Mekas announced that Stan Brakhage would answer questions from the audience. There is considerable interference on both tapes at the beginning of this section and, at various other points, a question or comment evoked sustained laughter that carried into the ensuing sentence. The first question was almost completely obliterated but Stan repeated its essence in the beginning of his reply.

Brakhage: "She asked about if I always set myself very formalistic experiments. Ah, I don't like the word experiments because it doesn't mean anything to me or problem either. I like the word problem even less. But I mean, apropos of formalism, I mean I feel that there must not be one movement or one, one fragment of the composition that isn't necessary in the making of the film so that every part of the screen or every cut or everything must be of the perfection of movement as we come to expect from, say, baroque music, at its finest. So in that sense I'm sort of a formalist, I guess. But that this arises not by planning something and then photographing it to fit these forms, but out of the necessity of the developing form. I mean, even in the case of 'The Horseman, the Woman and the Moth.' I have a hundred and eighty frames and I have had

them extended for various lengths and in various orders through the labs. And then I have taken and followed (in) these images what they told me they needed in developing; and so that then stories that arise out of these combinations of images, arise from the nature of the material itself; and even in the making of the original hundred and eighty some pictures, I follow very much that one line engenders another line and one shape evokes another shape and I follow along the line of, of . . . in that way. But formally, I mean in that just simply in the sense that there be no shape or no line or no extension of the shot, even by one frame, that I don't feel is essential in the making. So, in that sense, I'm a formalist . . . Yes?"

Q: "Stan, I was interested in what your relationship was to the children; that is, to what extent they were aware, ah, what was happening during . . ."

B: "Well, they were aware. Actually what happened is 5 of the children are Brakhages and 4 boys came to visit. And so, particularly for my 3 oldest children who are all girls, this was some occasion! And these are very close friends of ours and they came from Omaha to visit with us, stay a few days. And so the children played many games. And then one evening they had, as children will do if you have no prejudice

against it, I mean they had all taken off all their clothes and were dancing on the bed in the bedroom. And their parents and Jane and I came in and looked a little and came out. And then I went up and got my camera and went . . . As when we came in and looked, they kind of got a little embarrassed or hesitated in their play. But then, ah, because there was no censorship, they go on doing what they're doing, as children will in any activity where there is no censorship. So I went up and got the camera and I went in. Now this is another problem when the camera comes in. I was amazed that it wasn't more of a problem for the 4 visiting boys. For my own children, they have seen the camera as such a common thing in the house constantly aimed at them and everything else, that it's no more to them than if someone's brushing their teeth or taking a drink of water or whatever. I mean, the camera is just quite often around. But the 4 visiting boys at first, ah did slow down the whole activity and they became a little self-conscious. But I have an ability too, because I also so much assume the activity of photographing is natural. I have this ability to just be in the room and be photographing and after a little while it doesn't interfere. I think I share this with many photographers, certainly, for instance, Leacock talks of being able to do this, even with perfect strangers. So, on some of the things, they're aware of

(Continued on Page 18)



**ginsberg**

(Continued from Page 7)

interesting. I can take it and function normally but it is very heavy.

EVO — To me an acid trip is still something that I choose to prepare myself for. I prefer to be attuned to myself for the particular trip that I am about to take. But then there is such an indiscriminate, or rather what would seem to me to be indiscriminate use of acid that I often wonder as to the wisdom of my preference.

AG — Perhaps that's the better way to handle it — indiscriminately. I never did it indiscriminately.

EVO — I did and functioned quite well, but then to me a trip is so much more than just functioning.


AG — That already amounts to a generation's experience. From 1945 to 1969 is a quarter of a century. 1945 was when Huxley published his book. I first took peyote in 1951.


TO BE CONTINUED

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**karma**

(Continued from Page 12)

Your-Tits Paint Kit and the Draw with Your Luck Paint Kit.

The American Legion is a right wing front for the Mattachine Society. It provides a place for booze gulling, honky fag fetishists to hang-out.

An "erotica festival" will be held in New York City, April 13 and 14. Coordinated by the elusive Lita Eliscu, sex crazed creator of columns in The East Village Other and Argus, the genitally directed duo of days will feature porn, lights, music, dance, film, theater in multi-mixed sensual phantasmagoria.

KOKAINE KARMA has always been the creation of more than one mind and the production of more than one body. Writing of a lonely art form which for rational centuries was the only creation outlet for an alienated, linear intelligencia, is a solitary extravagance during a time of working together. The role and method of scribe must be relegated to the category of archaic perversions of historic and cult interests like jerking off in Kokaine Koma.

\*\*\*

The Electric Karma on WFMU-FM (91.1) combines this week with the Friday night Danny Fields show to present a Kokaine Blockade. Friday, Saturday, Sunday night. Guests include cartoonist Vaughn Bode, scum-scoop playwright Lennox Raphael, and Diamond Mother. Raphael's play Che opens tonight.

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**emanations** (Continued from Page 13)

the like may not be enough to free the individual of the conscious and continual watchdog of "reason." In these cases, the use of LSD may very well be the only thing which can free the sensitivity from its iron corsets, and let the "person inside" come out and discover that there are more things in heaven and earth than he ever learned in high school and college.

Again and again, through these columns, I receive questions involving some special point of astrology, such as "I have Venus square to Saturn; what can I do about this?" or "Can I do anything to overcome the bad effects of having Scorpio rising?"

I can only repeat that without seeing a complete chart, even the best astrologer in the world couldn't answer such questions. However, nothing in a chart is invariably "good" or "bad," although some planetary configurations are generally more favorable than others. For instance; Jupiter in Gemini is usually a bad position for worldly success or riches; yet in one chart it may be coupled with a poorly placed Mercury, and an affliction to the rising point, and mean that the person will never be able to make any money because he doesn't have the brains or the good health to do so;

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while in another chart, a well-placed Saturn and a strong Mars in a fire sign may mean that with hard work and drive, the person may manage to meet all his needs and live in modest comfort, and in yet another chart the Jupiter in Gemini may simply back up other signs of idealism, and show a character to whom money and material success are meaningless, a man quite content to live from hand to mouth, wanting nothing but a little food and a roof over his head.

Probably the commonest misconception among people who are just starting to learn about astrology is that Saturn invariably represents "bad luck" or "malignant influence" in a chart. Not so — not by any means. Saturn in general shows the relation of the individual to time and discipline — in short, how hard he will work to overcome handicaps and setbacks in his life. Saturn opposed to Mars usually means a weak character without much drive; but depending on the other configurations, it may mean a Milqueteast who always gives in — or a peaceful person who finds better ways to settle arguments. Saturn opposed to Venus is usually described, by people who don't know any better, to mean "unlucky in love" — but it may very well mean (as in my own chart) that my marriages (both first and second) are with men emotionally handicapped in some way, so that tremendous extra amounts of patience, self-discipline and self-control are necessary to keep the relationship from disintegrating. In this case, therefore, the bad placement of Venus and Saturn simply means that one of the lessons I am expected to learn in this life is that love is not always easy, but must be backed up with self-discipline and hard work to make it into a continuing good relationship.

These small examples cannot begin to indicate the complexity of a complete chart; but it should show the futility of asking anyone to interpret one minor aspect as "good" or "bad." I am not a professional astrologer, though from years of working in related fields I have learned a tremendous amount about it, and I cannot make up anyone's chart or interpret it offhand, without much more data than a

letter can give me. The study and interpretation of a chart is a lengthy business and can't be done without all the facts at hand . . . and anyone who tells you differently is talking through his, or her, hat.

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# The Nice

**Ars Longa Vita Brevis**

Newton's first law of motion states a body will remain at rest or continue with uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by force.

This time the force happened to come from a European source. Ours is an extension of the original Allegro from Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.

Yesterday I met someone who changed my life, today we put down a sound that made our aim accurate. Tomorrow is yesterday's story, and art will still be there, even if life terminates.

Keith Emerson, The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis  
The Nice

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art

(Continued from Page 13)

manent collection (which might be well consigned to a special wing of the Metropolitan to make way for livelier exhibits) and whatever guest shows they could dredge up, the Modern might eke out the rest of the century as a hobbling old crone, its image of yore never to be recaptured.

As of now the Modern has never looked more ebullient and alive — the current Machine Show is highly successful, but even this exhibition, which was the work of an outsider, was nowhere near as well-planned and hung as other shows of this genre. This is one reason why many of the artists who helped start the protest were in fact tech artists whose work is hanging in that very show. Anyone interested in seeing a model of how a tech art show can or should be hung and what magic it can create should visit the Otto Piene exhibit which just opened at the Howard Wise Gallery. Here, on a small scale, can be seen some of the mind-opening contrasts of light and dark, movement and stillness, excitement and calm which can be attained in this new genre of exhibition.

At the moment the differences dividing artists and museum, although there are many of them, could be settled by the museum giving in on a single point. The artists feel that a public hearing must be held, sponsored by the museum, to be followed by detailed work in smaller groups, while the museum insists that committee work must come first followed by publication of its conclusions, with no public hearing and no assurance that the conclusions will be acted on. The artists feel that a public hearing is absolutely necessary, both to allow all points of view to be heard and to publicize the need for change. If the museum gave in on this point, it would represent a great step forward towards understanding. The hearings will be held in any case, but it would be a sign of good faith if the museum were to sponsor them.

It may be asked what will replace the Modern Museum, if go it must, as not only its detractors but its curators seem hell-bent on making happen. Some people at the Modern seem to feel that since they already have Bracque, Picasso, and De Kooning, they needn't be bothered hanging any of the newer upstarts — only direct and immediate intercession from the trustees can check this suicidal attitude. But in terms of a replacement for the Modern, it is perhaps significant that a new organization is now being formed which calls itself MUSEUM.

MUSEUM already has 150 members and describes its main aim as giving "the artists greater autonomy in our society" — it proposes to sell artists' work without taking any percentage of the price. It also proposes to offer a meeting place for artists as well as information on jobs, housing, and grants — no style or mode of art will be excluded, and all members will have a chance to see their work exhibited. The financing of this venture is based on membership fees, publication, services and rental payments. Anyone interested in further information should write to MUSEUM, BOX 382, COOPER STATION, NYC 10003.

The mere existence of such an entity as MUSEUM shows how many lively ideas are in the air, ideas which not even the Museum of Modern Art, as powerful as it may be at present, can afford to ignore if it wishes to still be powerful in the future.

**BRITAIN EAST**

37 ST MARKS PL

hawaii

(Continued from Page 9)

crackerbox houses meant to be sold to putty-faced lodge brothers from South Dakota, and into farmland, green swathed cliff and beach cottages (some evidently fairly low in rental — especially when far off the main highways), even a few intentional communities.

I specially recall one little house near the North Shore, where I was taken by Ken Rosene of Young Hawaii (the nearest thing they have to an underground paper — joyously hip in cautious language). The road leading to it ends at a billboard proclaiming PRIVATE PROPERTY, NO TRESPASSING — but with borders of beautiful handpainted flowers and "welcome" in small Art Nouveau lettering. Inside are artists Lance and Mike Cantrell, who are best known for dance-concert posters (some were seen on the Haight in 1967), but whose paintings on canvas, panel and translucent plastic, in baroque shapes, often suggesting stained glass windows, are splendid and worth traveling seventy miles to see. Were they in any local gallery they would be snapped up in a few days; as it is, people do travel there

from all over the Islands. (I would have bought a couple of them if I'd had enough spare cash and any convenient way of getting them back here). They have turned the whole house into a kind of hip museum/gallery/temple; it is one of the more beautiful man-made places in the Islands.

There has been, to date, one large-scale Be-In, "Sunshine Music Festival" at Diamond Head Crater. New Years Day 1969. Twelve thousand ecstasies, with music by a dozen or so local groups, costumes by hand, cheek by jowl and pot by kettle, created San Francisco vibrations for twelve hours without the slightest hassle, and the smoke rising from the crater was for once not of volcanic origin. A lot of people are awaiting the next one, which should be sometime around the Spring Equinox if they are lucky — or the Summer Solstice if they aren't. There is no co-ordinated program for presenting rock concerts; here is a golden — well, paper money — opportunity for anything along the lines of Family Dog to come out to Honolulu area and start importing groups from mainland. The most likely place for them to do their thing might be HIC (the Internat'l Center) or one of the hangars at the airport.

If you do go there, by all means tour Oahu from east to west, north to south, taking several days; don't try to bring any recognizable vegetable products into or out of the Islands, aside from seed leis, and orchids or other plants officially sealed in plastic bags. The reason is not general uptightness or anything — it is that the Agriculture Dept. has become alarmed by contamination from unwanted bugs or plant species, and in particular there is some peculiar soil component (virus?) which makes pineapple growing impossible on the Big Island of Hawaii, and they don't want this to spread to the other islands via tourists. As pineapple is one of the big crops, the other being sugar cane, this is

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# hawaii

(Continued from Page 22)

understandable enough. Speaking of pineapple be sure and have some, fresh cut; next to commercial canned stuff it is as midday next to night. Ditto with passionfruit (which isn't everyone's thing despite its ancient phrodisiac repete) and papaya (don't eat too many — they're laxative).

Speaking of which, nobody starves on Maui, between free fruit and catch-your-own fish which you can cook on any beach using driftwood. Government homesteaders — who are supposed to be native-born — retain their orchards on the explicit condition that they interfere with nobody picking up windfalls or tree-ripe fruit for their own use. Many of the totally dropped out have gone to Maui, where there are no big towns. Some stay in boats harbored at Lahaina, others have migrated to a community on no map, called "The Banana Patch," on Route 40 near Kokomo; to find out about this, make the Lahaina waterfront scene in late afternoon, preferably with wheels or at worst a rented bike, and don't get uptight when The Man asks for ID. If you're new there and have no other place to stay, say you're at the Whale's Tale, which is a rooming house (day-to-day or longer) for surfers; you'll probably visit there anyway. Any room number, 3 through 10. No investigations are made; they merely want to know names and addresses. (They gave me a free ride back to the hotel to save me another 2 miles of walking on the beach road at night). On the other hand, don't bother with the Big Island (Hawaii proper) for visiting, as it contains too many uptight Resort People; the Kono Steak House has been picketed for refusing service to beards despite admitting they paid and were quiet, ditto a local hotel. Lucky for them the kids' weren't darker!

If you have 60c or so and are really hungry, order saimin even for breakfast, and prepare to be royally surprised. Few haoles (non-orien-

tals) ever order it; and a large bowl will feed two hungry hobbits or three at a pinch. I wish restaurants of this kind had been available on the Haight; the food is excellent all over the Islands.

A few liberal straights are beginning to see what the scene is all about. Only in the Kailua-Kona area of the Big Island, and Wailuku on Maui, is even feeble resistance organizing against what is described as an influx of hippies. Call a boy a surfer and he's A-OK; call the same one hippie and he is an object of suspicion. What is "Polynesian paralysis" in straight is "laziness" in anyone else. But despite these few sneers, public opinion is slowly veering between amused tolerance and interest. A YWCA-sponsored panel, Jan. 22, on marijuana featured Dr. John Stephenson of Straub Clinic, who said — the others mostly agreeing — that legalization was essential if only to protect users from Mafia-made grass contaminated with jimson weed (which can be fatal), amphetamines or heroin. They also brought out that this would be a way to get it into the motor vehicle laws so that other drivers would be proected against unwise uncoordinated heads; if people smoke, let them do it at home or in places they don't drive back from, even as when they drink.

I've said nothing about the scenery: most of it is really beyond description unless one is a nature poet, and too many have tried anyway. Much of it, like Lao Needle Park on Maui, is still unspoiled, and one can get high from the sheer beauty of it all. The Shadow is in the distance, though: Honolulu has occasional smog (from jet planes and trucks), and Laina has a villainous exterminator's truck, whose clouds of toxic smoke render Front Street uninhabitable for a few hours several evenings per month. But for the rest, the beauties — millions of birds, fantastic floral growth, sea in Van Gogh colors — are worth all it costs to see. And when you get there, give my love to all my brothers and sisters.

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CIRCUS just doesn't fit in. We know it, and we bought up this space just to have a place to spill out our troubles and know that at least someone was listening. God knows, it gets lonely sometimes. For instance, just look at our name. CIRCUS. It's horrible, but we were born with it, and the publisher says it's too late to change now. Then there's the way we look. Slick pages. Color photos. We're the only rock-oriented magazine to do that: Out of It again. And since we use good paper rather than newsprint, we don't crumple up and turn yellow in two weeks like the rest of the gang. You can actually save us for years. But then, who saves magazines these days anyway?

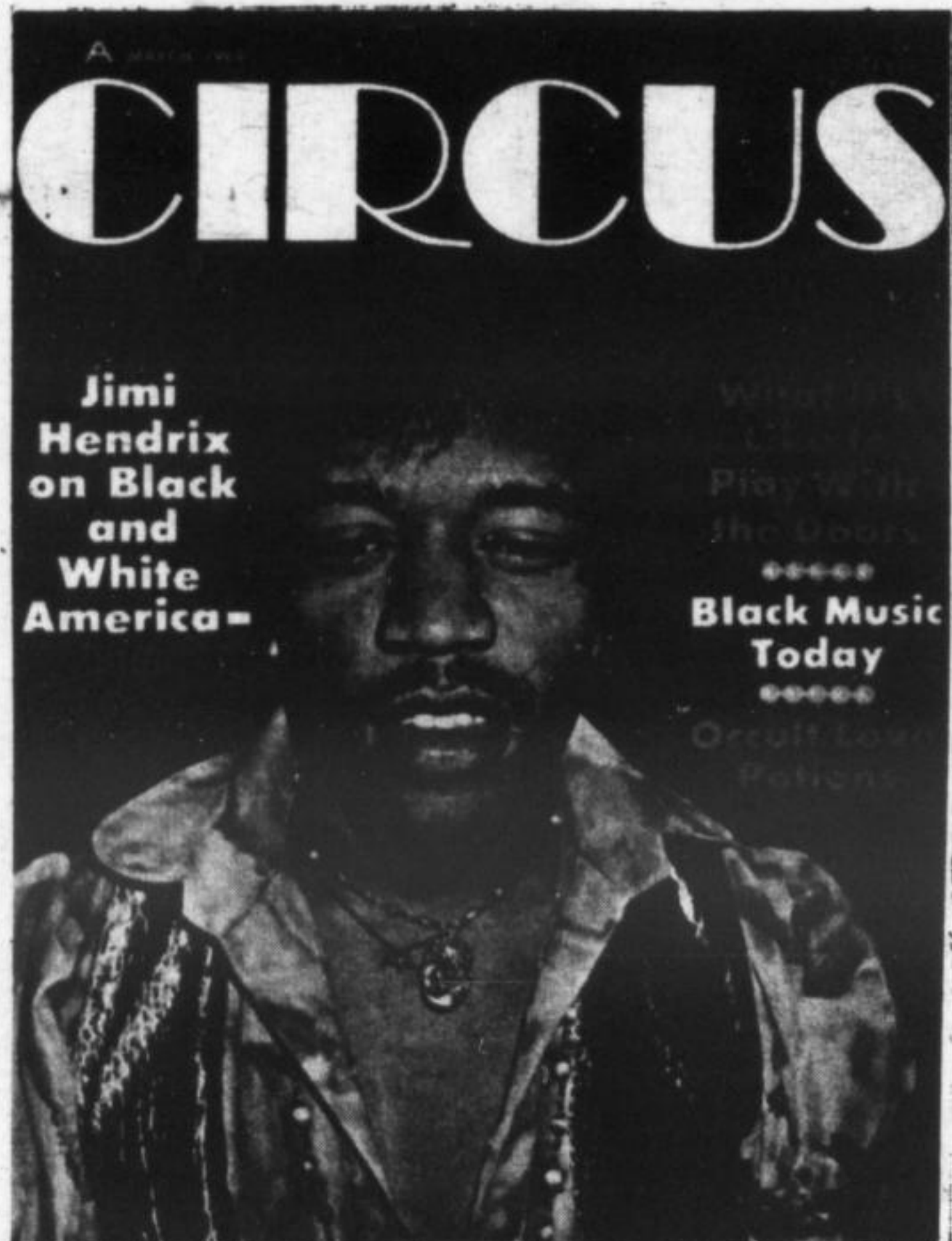
And now there's our distributors. They used to accept us, but it looks like we blew it with them too. All we did was to quote some people like Jim Morrison talking about girls and the MC-5 on Revolution, expressing themselves the way people usually do when they're excited or pretty angry. We figured it was important to let you know what these people are saying, without changing the way they say it. Our distributors feel it's more important not to offend anybody, especially Mom, Pop, and the PTA. So now our March issue is unavailable in many cities. And we're getting lonelier.

We'd like to feel that someone understands. We'd like to feel that there are others out there as weird as we are. If you were to send us fifty cents and a nice note, we'd be delighted, after recovering from the shock, to mail the March issue out to you.

Misfits that we are, we'd probably even pay postage costs.

Circus Magazine 201 E. 42nd St. New York, N. Y. 10017

# THE MISFIT



Some of our March contents:

Tony Glover raps with Noel Redding: "America's very uniform; it's like Nazi Germany except that it's modern."

Paul Nelson interviews with Steve Winwood, Peter Townshend, Tim Hardin and Country Joe McDonald: "Janis and I spent some time together, then we parted ways, and she asked me to write a song for her."

Jimi Hendrix on black and white America: "Everybody's going to have to get off their ass . . . we're going to use our music as much as we can."

What really went down during a recent Doors concert: "I glanced into the wings, figuring that the fuzz were about to swoop down and carry everybody off forever, but they just stood there. Either they didn't hear it or they didn't believe they heard it."

The incredible MC-5 on the new American Revolution: "We demand a free music that will drive us wild into the streets of America, yelling and screaming and tearing down everything that would keep people slaves!"

Plus record and cinema reviews, color photo sections, etc. Can you dig it?

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25

# wheel and deal

words, 15c each additional word. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

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

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

PLEASE type or print all classified and personal ads. EVO.

THE CLASSIFIED advertising (Personal & Business) deadline is Friday noon for the next Friday's publication.

WE WILL return all ads using letters instead of telephone numbers.

ATTENTION: Rock, Soul, Psychedelic bands needed to play at Brooklyn area dances, further details call afternoons between 12 and 1 Ernie Nardi OR9-3000 Ext. 363.

INGRID/BLUE met you on 11/22. Look 4-4 several times. Not sure of home address — Ithaca? Want to hear more of Farranto and you. Please contact no matter what. Tom Walker J., P.O. #89, Penns Grove, N.J. 08069. Phone collect 609-299-0685.

TABLE TOPS, 2226 Third Avenue (Between 121st & 122nd Streets) New York, N. Y. 722-9610. Uptight we ain't anymore. "Dig It" uptown, where the hapening is Wednesday nite, guest nite party with the stars live, name entertainers dining, dancing and etc.

HEAR MY HEART when the monster remembers a violin & the storm obeys an origin Hear my Heart when the fool finds a melody & the barbarian prays for a remedy Yu-2-4471. Orpheus Jr.

HEAR MY HEART when a prince admires the marshland & evil crowns a wonderland Hear my Heart when the carousel explodes into a claw & stone dissolves into evermore. Yu-2-4471. Orpheus Jr.

THE SWITCHBOARD needs operators and researchers. 674-7160.

SACRIFICE A JOINT THIS WEEK. Help our communal farm buy land. Send \$1.00, become honorary member. Crow Research, Box 706L, Veneta, Oregon, 97487.

ZOE Call Steve or Gord at OXY or Braun Hall or Box 407.

DAVID — Are you and Linda safe and well? Do you need anything? PLEASE PHONE RA9-2037. Very worried. We love and miss you. Mom, Bill, Otto.

GOD AND THE HOMOSEXUAL: A personal Testimony. Talk by Roger Dean, Sat. night, March 22, 8 PM. Waverly Bldg., NYU, 24 Waverly Place, bet. Washington Square East and Greene Street. Free.

IF YOU know where BRIAN CURTISS who was at Fort Belvoir, Va. in 1963 is now, please call 867-1346 evngs.

### SPECIAL SERVICES

SPECIALIZED astrological services. — Accurate charts. Consultation. Realistic interpretations. Reasonable fees. Walter Breen YU 4-2808 or write c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue, New York, New York.

GIRLS! don't let it happen: Avoid a premature formation of lines and wrinkles on your face due to nervous tension. . . . learn BODY RELAXATION. Join our 12 weekly classes of relaxation, sensory awareness and non-verbal communication. Call any time DELOS INSTITUTE: CO5.2525.

PUERTO RICO; Saint Mark's South is the Caribbean's only bathhouse run by men for men only Above the Rialto Theatre, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PERSONAL TAX SERVICE. Don't miss a TRICK! Don't carry your important papers all over town and wait in lines. Let us do your taxes in your home. To check fees or arrange an appointment with one of our FRIENDLY interviewers, just call 369-5848 from 6-9 p.m. Appointments available evenings and weekends.

THE EXPANDED FAMILY is exploring a new social unit, a reaching out to others, a minor clan less structured & more privacy oriented than the commune, more intimate than the multi-cousined Victorian family. If you are stably married (children, too?) and wish to link yourselves with other, similiar units, you can join our discussion groups. P.O. Box 415, NYC 10032, 923-8640.

GIRLS: Too many men problem at our HYPNOSIS WORKSHOP. \$ 1.00 for those coming 8 PM singly or in groups bringing this ad and livening things up by socializing and mixing. Men and all others \$3.50. Learn self-hypnosis for smoking, learning better and quicker, obesity, etc. Get acquainted with your subconscious mind for unknown talents, real desires, etc. Perhaps you were even someone else in a previous life. Hypnosis can help you if you are a writer or poet. Be greeted by our poetess hostess. Hypnosis principle can help you if you are a saleswoman. See hypnosis in action. If you have been bored by other groups and gotten nothing out of them come here. You won't be disappointed. Wednesdays, 111 E. 14th St. Fridays, 77 Columbia St., Apt. 20 L. Masaryk (blonde brick apartments). 674-0583 (day of Wed. session out most of time).

### BUY & SELL

.GIVE A DAMN & E.M.K. in '72. Buy these BUMPERSTICKERS (50c. each). BUTTON (25c. each). Also 330 other buttons, BUTTONS & BUMPERSTICKERS MADE TO ORDER. FREE catalog

## ROD CHASE ASTROLOGER MA 4-4652

to all. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. NYC, N.Y. 10036 Tel: 581-4199.

### PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING

World's largest selection, advanced electronic systems, highest engineering quality, largest strobes, home, college, & commercial applications, catalog 12c. stamps: RockSonic Corp., 22 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

### SHOPS AND INDIVIDUALS.

Earrings. Very beautiful. Silver and hammered brass. Write to E. Gardner, 525 Hyde St., Apt. 15, San Francisco, California, 94101.

BLOW YOUR MIND, BABY! For our fantastic free catalog (wholesale & retail) of underground Buttons, Psychedelic Posters, Hip Jewelry, Incense and loads of others turned on goodies, write: Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42 St., N.Y. 10017 . . . then **FREAK OUT!**

### PHANTASMAGORIC TURN-ON!

Discodelic lamp creates ultimate mood! Kaleidoscope of color, motion! Endless combination of colors, shapes. \$7.50 postpaid. Charisma Unlimited, Box 3, Avon, Connecticut 06001.

BEST turn on. Why should you let the man stop you from enjoying yourself this year? Supergrass makes a groovy inexpensive gift your mind can enjoy. Supergrass looks like, smells like and gets you there like the real thing. And yet it's a 100% legal substitute for pot. DIG our fair prices: 1 Lid—\$2.00, 3—\$5.00, 7—\$10.00. Send your bread to: ON THE SPOT 907 N. Harper, Box 3, Hollywood, California 90046 (Uncond. Guar.).

SMALL cozy groovy pad for sale located in downtown Brooklyn only a few steps from A&S Dept. Store. Sale includes all furnishings, linens, drapes and Zenith television plus accessories. Only responsible buyer considered. Rent \$60.00 month. Will sell very reasonable or exchange for automobile in good running condition. For information call 643-1770 after 7:30 PM. Ideal for one or two working girls.

CUSTOM MADE LEATHER JOCK STRAP — Made while you wait and molded to your body — all black leather — \$15.00. Norman Knight, Ltd., 17 E. 13th St.

### PUBLICATIONS

NEW SEXUAL Freedom League publication. POSITION. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034-EV San Francisco 94114.

FOR recent issue of America's best homosexual mag., send \$1 to Tangents, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

BHAGAVAD GITA AS IT IS, a new translation with commentary by A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, with essays by Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, and Thomas Merton, just published by Macmillan. An important book for all who seek transcendental awareness. 318 pages. Paper bound \$2.95, hard bound \$6.95. FREE with each order a 1969 Calendar for Transcendental Life. Send this ad with payment: ISKCON 61 2nd Ave. N.Y.C. 10003 HARE KRISHNA.

TURN ON with the famous TRIP OUT book, sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make Peyote, DMT, cannabis, mescaline, LSD, etc. Do it now! Send \$2.00 to TRIPS UNLIMITED, Box 36347-EVO, Hollywood, 90036.

HORSESHIT MAGAZINE sells like crazy. Now you can sell Horseshit at school or work. Make real money! Write for information. Equine Products, Box 361-E, Hermosa Beach California 90254.

### MODELS

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

YOUNG HANDSOME NUDE MODEL, WELL HUNG, available NYC for your desires, late March-April. \$10-25 per hour depending on demands. Write NOW stating telephone number. I will call. Box 1038 AFB, Cannon, New Mexico.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALES NEEDED NOW! Model for LEGITIMATE FIGURE PUBLICATIONS. Call Bill at WA 4-5688 9 till 6p.m.

TV producer needs several well built Negro studs 18-27. Must be well hung and versatile. Call CO 9-3652 keep trying.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models experienced and non-experienced caucasian, negro, etc., for illustrations of dresses, etc., book covers, pin-ups, figure for magazines. Call 1-6 George Sova, 133 Fifth Ave. 9824150.

COMING to San Francisco? The number to call for male models is 986-0156 over 25 to select from—young well built, an hung, Versite remember the number 986-0156.

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

MANY Attractive girls needed for models in quality figure arts publication. Some models used many times Excellent pay same day. Strictly business. Experience not necessary but models must be 18 and over. 24 hour service. Call Al Fox 586-9205.

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

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

PRODUCER of sex exploitation pictures needs attractive girls for immediate shootin. Please telephone JU 6-2187, Sam Lake Enterprises 630-9th Ave.

GIRLS needed for photographic nude figure modeling no experience necessary. Earn \$30 per hour. Call Almark Photographers 661-2781.

### MISC.

CHICKS AND GUYS — Turn on to your own hair. Young, talented male stylist will style, cut, color, curl, etc., your hair in your own pad. Prices reasonable. Call 877-2010, evs 8-11:30 P.M. Manhattan only.

NEED COLLEGE COUPLE, broadminded. High I.Q. graduates or undergraduates to help colored college couple during 10 weeks summer sessions. Salary open. Send details. J. B. Box 7, Hollis Station, L. I. 11423.

JOB WANTED. 23, type 60 Selectric; can sell man'e wear; handle front or service bar, straight or gay PIT or F/t. Day or night. Other abilities. Money isn't too important - atmosphere is; it should be hip and congenial. Leave number for Jeff Richards, #152, at 777-3131.

NEED fender bassist, drummer, and guitarist for soon-to-be significant and wealthy soul/rock group. Call Alan M. Bane in N.J. 201-744-5354. Only 20c from N.Y.C.

DRUMMER, organ players, singer seeks gig and/or to form a group. Draft status 4F. Can play 8 nights a week or go on road. Have drums and Hammond B-3. Interested only in experienced musicians who are serious about their music. Phone (201) 744-3219. Keep trying.

### IMPERSONAL

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 Sun, Rise & Purity"  
the defiant rhythm of depth  
dazzles with a mesmeric breath  
when the veneration of twi-light  
blossoms into fearful starlight  
while a pioneering paradise of  
recovery  
longs for a barren song of  
sorcery.  
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

EAST Village leather craftman  
32 dynamically striking Leo w/  
Taurus rising working-out of  
large live-in loft. Desires young  
creative groovy chick appren-  
tice who would like to learn  
to work with leather and share  
my brown rice, grass, hash &  
double bed on these cold lone-  
ly winter nights. Call any hour  
533-5469.

NICE MAN LOOKING to meet  
girl for love and sex. Girls will  
be treated with. Utmost respect.  
Call evenings 8:30-10:30 Man-  
ny. No homosexuals. 677-2564.

I am blinded, but a swing-  
dinger. Would like to meet girls  
to swing-ding with me. P.O.  
Box 575, New York 11, New  
York.

ARE YOU a sweet-voiced lass  
who likes to relax on rainy/  
snowy late afternoons? I'm tall,  
artistic, 29 7/8. Box 2404.  
GPO, NYC 10001.

MAKE a friendship turn into a  
beautiful everlasting relation-  
ship. Good looking gentleman  
24, desires to meet a woman,  
20-35, for a compatible sexual  
relationship. Be sincere —  
that's the best start. Sind  
phone # to BARRY, P.O. Box  
3955, Grand Central, New  
York 10017.

SWINGING bachelor with groovy  
pad in 20's looking for out of  
sight female roommate to share  
this end pad. Only serious  
minded need apply. 679-1898  
(NO GUYS).

YOUNG MAN (25) plans ex-  
citing uninhibited trip of Eu-  
rope. Plans to be gone at least  
a year. Seeks attractive in-  
telligent girl 19-25, as com-  
panion. Call Lenny evenings at  
966-3032.

"WHO NEEDS FREUD, Krafft-  
Ebing or Queen Victoria. Girls!  
What's your favorite bizarrerie?  
Male with big ear and warm  
heart willing to listen. 581-  
0412."

20 YEAR OLD, brown haired,  
blue eyed, guy desires broad  
minded chick for lasting rela-  
tionship in my pad. Like dark  
lovable girls (Spanish, Molloto,  
Italian). Am hep on dominant  
and docile scene. Groove on  
satisfying submissive babes  
with invigorating intercourse.  
Light-skins, one-niters, teenies,  
material-minds, collegiates,  
career girls, and prudes keep  
your thing! Include photo.  
Write Tom, 1900 Hennessey  
Pl. Apart 5D Bronx, N.Y.

WRITER in 40's looking for  
sexey, uninhibited gal to assiat  
him in proof reading etc. This  
gal should like to work a little  
and play a little. Should be free  
to travel some of the time.  
\$100.00 per week plus expenses.  
Call, Bob, 628-4583.

NEEDED: Attractive, shapely,  
affectionate girl (18+) to enjoy  
better things in life and have  
intimate relationship with tall,  
sincere, considerate, young  
exec. G. Metzger, SRI, Box 11,  
Prince Station, NYC, 10012.

INTERESTED in meeting petite  
women who desire multiple  
orgasms, write Bill Miller, 16  
Minetta Lane, Suite 1, New York  
City 10012.

APARTMENT NEEDED by very  
good looking young man. Blue-  
eyes, 5'8" 140 lbs. 24 yrs. old  
sincere and beautiful in many  
ways. Will share all expenses  
with female only. Send photo  
and phone to: Box 898, Radio  
City Sta. N.Y.C. 10019.

TALL, attractive, male, 27,  
looking for uninhibited girl for  
fun and mutual sexual delight.  
Discretion assured. Call Bob at  
499-1711. Men-telephone jer-  
koffs don't bother.

GIRLS — Archer is back from  
a long engagement from down  
under. Archer is back. That tall,  
dark, and handsome white ex-  
ecutive offers satisfaction and  
gratification unparalleled. As  
you like it. Don't wait, act now,  
all girls will be accepted for  
this thrilling experience with  
the king of them all. Write to  
me, include phone number if  
possible. Discretion assured.  
Steven Archer, AAA-1 Service,  
943 Columbus Ave., NYC, N.Y.

IF you are a white female, 21-  
35, and attractive and if you  
are capable of offering love and  
affection in return for love and  
affection and would like to  
enjoy the better things in life,  
then contact this tall, hand-  
some man. 966-4944, 10 AM  
to 4:30 PM Mon to Fri. Michael  
Simon.

HANDSOME Italian, 34, in-  
telligent, white, looking for a  
woman (18-40) who enjoys  
copulating. Discreet. Have own  
pad. Write Tony, Box 2163,  
Grand Central Station, N.Y.,  
N.Y. 10017.

GUY wants groovy chick, to  
ball with, have OWN PAD.  
Leave name & phone number.  
Let's make the scene for 69,  
sex all the way. Contact Gerty  
at 982-0076.

TALL, handsome artist 32, 6'2",  
185 seeks very lovely, very  
young lady to enjoy beautiful,  
warm, tender sexual togeth-  
erness with me in my cozy  
Manhattan studio. No men  
please. Call 685-1541.

DISCRIMINATING females only  
your quest for total satisfac-  
tion both mentally and physi-  
cally is over if you are white  
21-35, thin, intelligent and at-  
tractive, and are interested in  
getting together with a tall,  
intelligent, handsome, sensual,  
generous man, 38, call 966-  
4944, 10 AM to 4:30 PM Mon.  
to Fri. Milton Mansfield.

HAPPY go lucky, handsome  
white male, 35, looking for a  
sharp woman, 21 to 40 years  
old. Must be nice looking and  
built well, who is not getting  
her full share of sex. I guaran-  
tee to satisfy her every sensa-  
tional Lou Mack, 277 Canal St.,  
N.Y., N.Y. 966-4944.



COLLEGE STUDENT, (Girl) for  
cleaning Bachelor pad with  
some clerical work. Sundays or  
Saturdays. Good bread. Work  
& Play arrangement. Am 40,  
white. Reliability a must.  
Evenings 729-3833.

#### UNISEX

MALE 30, white seeks young  
masculine guys, 20-25 mus-  
cular and goodlooking for oral  
servicing only. Write Box 1544  
Grand Central Station, New  
York City 10017.

YOUNG MAN of 22 seeks young  
male companion for travel in  
Europe. Send photograph and  
back ground to: Box 2363,  
New York 10017

YOUNG BOY, age 20, sucks  
young boys 18-23 for fun &  
sex. No queens. Send photo  
and phone. P. O. Box 163,  
Parkchester Station, Bronx  
10462, N.Y.

NEWSPAPERMAN, 56, seeks  
uninhibited, YOUNG, homo-  
sexual collaborator for interest-  
ing project. Details, phone,  
photo, if possible. Colin, 142  
East 49th Street, New York  
10017

YOUNG MAN, 25, warm, in-  
telligent, compassionate, col-  
lege graduate, sense of humor,  
seeks same to 30 for friend-  
ship and companionship's sake.  
Please write P. Andrews, Box  
431, Planetarium Station, NYC  
10024

PHOTOGRAPHER — typist part  
time for gay publication social  
club in exchange for free mem-  
bership. Write Box 260, France  
Amerique, 1111 Lexington Ave.,  
New York City.

FORMER COLLEGE ATHLETE  
needs modelling or other work.  
Interested meeting young white  
athletic college men, under 30,  
for part-time or long-term as-  
signments. Call 744-6249  
evenings and weekends.

HANDSOME Italian 38 bi sexual  
well hung wants to be serviced  
by masculine or butch guys.  
Home in morning 9 to 2 only.  
Discreet, Photos please. Box  
121, Hasbrouck Heights.

SLAVE MALE 26 yrs. needs  
master who digs it hot & dirty  
also animal training. Dave P.O.  
Box 603, Times Square Station,  
N.Y. 10036.

WHITE, SPANISH, ORIENTAL  
boys, 18 thru 23 (no older),  
gay or straight, wanted by boy  
for happy weekend sex. Send  
name, address, phone, photo:  
James Wilson, 350 E. 91st St.,  
N.Y.C.

WANTED: Real men 18-30 to  
satisfy my "womanly desire"  
I am: Male, Butch, 25, 5ft. 8  
inches, Waist 28, Brown hair  
and eyes, Lumbee Indian. Since  
this is a serious advertisement  
only correspondences received  
with a photo and phone will be  
answered. Same returned.  
Write: Lee Godwin, 47 West,  
90th., Street, New York, N.Y.  
10024.

HOMO trucker 33, blond, well  
built good looking. Tired of  
butch front. Wants freak sexual  
experience with aggressive  
bearded, long haired males un-  
der 35. In city nightly. Anything  
to please, teach me. P.O. Box  
333 Newburgh, N.Y. 12550.



MALE, WHITE, 27, Versatile,  
hung, wants to met same for  
fun. Photo and phone if pos-  
sible. P.O. Box 480, NYC  
10011.

MALE, would like to correspond  
with white male gay. Must be  
handicapped, age from thirty  
to forty five. Please, mail pic-  
ture in first letter. To post. Of-  
fice, Box 521, Union City, N.J.

THE GROOVIEST GAYS in town  
come to our parties. 18-32 only.  
NOT orgies. Call 877-9490 for  
details.

FRENCH BOY, 22, artist 38  
would like to hear from gay  
gentlemen. All letters answered.  
Send stamped self-addressed  
envelope, (minimum 6 lines) to  
Box 260, France Amerique,  
1111 Lexington Ave., New York  
City.

#### S & M

TRULY docile male will obey  
commands from sincere domi-  
nant female(s), masters, sad-  
ists, disciplinarians. Will serve,  
obey faithfully, no matter what.  
Phone if possible write P.O.  
Box 375, Brooklyn 11211, N.Y.

HANDSOME, hip photographer,  
26, wants to meet attractive  
young chick, or guy, interested  
in civilized mutual spanking  
sessions. Write: Box 823, New  
York, 10009. Phone number as-  
sures reply.

#### GROUP GROPE

VERY bright, very beautiful,  
young couple invites beautiful,  
bright girl to their bright, beau-  
tiful, big house to make love.  
852-3997.

GROOVY bisexual guy, white,  
early thirties and very well hung  
seeks super sex-males, fe-  
males, and couples. Phone and  
photo, if possible. Box 529,  
Lenox Hill Station, NYC, 10021.

SINCERE CHAP (17) seeks  
friends male-female (18-25)  
for soul and sex. Discreet  
answers assured. Photo-details  
to box 35c, 400 East 56th St.  
NY, NY., 10022.

COUPLE white 30-39 both AC./  
DC. Love to really swing with  
couples and singles, any race.  
Love French, Greek and any  
culture. Wild parties and sex  
any way. Write Glamk, P.O. Box  
6094, Norfolk, Va. 23508.

GOOD-LOOKING, bisexual guy,  
white, masculine appearance,  
good build, well hung, versatile.  
Digs chunky-built fellows for  
reciprocal satisfaction. Also  
swings with gals and couples  
in every direction except S/M.  
Box 472, New York 10011.

TWO playful gals/guy invite  
ready, willing, able couples  
bi-singles to join play. Over 25  
preferred. Address, phone gets  
reply. TRIO c/o Box 175, Radio  
City Station, N.Y.C., 10019.

#### RUBS

UP TIGHT?  
COOL IT MAN.  
CLIMAX YOUR DAY  
WITH A MIND BLOWING  
MESSAGE BY PIERO  
BY APPOINT — 10 a.m. to 10  
p.m.  
CALL 734-5094.  
STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

FOR WOMEN ONLY — young  
HANDSOME ITALIAN MASSEUR  
will satisfy your tensions and  
RELAX YOUR BODY. Also help  
you to develop firm body —  
call for appointment before 8  
a.m. or after 6 p.m. — Mr.  
Geno. PL 9-6483. Women only  
please.

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

FOR that extra sensational  
climax call Peter, PY 9-0277  
and go "up up and away."  
(International variety men  
only).

CLIMAX in manipulation varie-  
ties for relaxation, men only.  
Call Maurice, PW 9-0277.

#### 15 — FLESH MART

NEED an escort for an eve-  
ning \$25.00. Massage \$25.00  
Session. Model \$20.00 Session.  
Hot, sexy, handsome 23. Call  
Artie Haber answering service  
for appointment. JU6-6300 leave  
name and number.

GAY CRUISERS CLUB Safest &  
grooviest way to meet NEW  
GAY GUYS hundreds of per-  
sonal ads from all 50 states  
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Queen's Quarterly

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NYC, Female Box No. 6024J

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ID: OK. I'm attractive, septia septia?, no Black, butch, 24, 5'11 1/2", 147 and I'm searching for a white male, 20s. Phone number please. That's it.

EGO: Is it? What happened to the rest of you?

ID: The rest of me? That's it, man. That's it.

EGO: Are you ever lonely?

ID: Mr; Course not. I'm always bumping into somebody.

EGO: Do you ever feel anything for them?

ID: Yeah. Right there.

EGO: Ouch!

ID: Well, you asked me.

EGO: I guess I did. Let me ask you something else. Where do gay people go to die?

ID: What're you layin' that on me for?

EGO: Don't you ever think about it?

ID: Sure. You're dead when you start keeping score. That's death to me.

EGO: And what's life?

ID: Sex.

EGO: That's all?

ID: That's all it can be. Old Mother N. saw to that.

\*\*\*

Gay. Plastic. Plastic. Gay.

EGO: Why does it have to be that way?

ID: Why?

EGO: Somebody tell him.

NYC, Male Box#5603J

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**TEACH ME TO LIVE**  
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**COUPLE DYNAMIC FORTIES**  
Handsome couple. She educator, he executive, desire encounter with counterparts. Experience hetrosexual but she experimental. Amateur photographers. Will answer all. Recent photo and phone a must.  
NJ, NYC, Couple Box#K5441J

**THIRSTY HIRSUTE MALE**  
Young 40's, submissive, seeks well built guys with unusual interests.  
NYC, Male Box#J5263J

**DRESS ME UP**  
Light Negro, 28, 5'8", skinny, 120, intelligent, sincere, quiet, desires wealthy mature white women to furnish expensive wardrobe in exchange for versatile continued relations. Any age. Discreet.  
NYC, Male Box#J5270J

**STRONG DOMINANT MISTRESS**  
Seeking males and females to serve as my slaves. Get down on your knees and write now!!!!  
NYC, Female Box#5411J

**LOVES IT ALL**  
You name it, I crave it, interested in everything. Can also dance and fulfill all your needs. State desires and please send phone with a self addressed envelope. Can also travel.  
NYC, Female.Box#2353J

**YOUNG BEAUTIFUL COUPLE**  
Finally left straight life behind. Eager for anything and everything from discreet sincere couples, unusual singles. Every letter carefully considered and answered.  
NYC, Couple Box No.5560J

**SEEKING THE UNUSUAL**  
All females, trans-sexuals, and female impersonators, who are interested in female lingerie and female hygienic items made of rubber. Photo and phone not required, but will be appreciated.  
NY, Male Box No.5561J

**WRITER SEEKS PATRON**  
or Patroness in exchange for companionship and light duties.  
NYC, Male Box No.M5562J

**PHOTOS PHOTOS PHOTOS**  
Gay guy, 30, correspond other gays, travels frequently, possible meeting. Extensive photo collection to swap. Will answer all who send photo.  
OHIO, Male Box No.5580J

**HANDSOME MALE STUDENT**  
Brown hair, blue eyes, will submit to exotic discipline by attractive white female. All sincere answered. Discretion assured.  
MASS., Male Box#J5375J

**SEEKING GUIDING FORCE**  
Male college student, goodlooking, intellectual, quiet, loner, sincere, seeks lasting relationship with mature, well adjusted, financially secure, personable man or woman with Manhattan apartment. While I am neurotic, you should preferably be able to cope. My goal is professional writing; our goal should be the mutual enjoyment of as much life as possible. Interests: Physical yoga, health foods, cinema, theatre, any intellectual discipline, security, growth. Please include phone number with reply.  
NYC, Male Box#J5369J

**PROTECTIVE BACHELOR**  
Fun loving, aware bachelor, early 40's, white, 5'11", 168, protective, and sensitive, would like to meet an attractive, mature, unencumbered gal, 25-34, who has a fulfilling vocation and is now open to a new friendship.  
NY, Male Box#K5425J

**GUARANTEED TO ANSWER**  
Attractive gal, enjoys everything, all cultures with all genders, be they male, female, or couples.  
NYC, Female Box#2384J

**PHILADELPHIA AREA FEMALE**  
22, 5'7", 130, 36-24-36, attractive, brown hair, eyes, seeks satisfying times with generous gentlemen. Have apartment and car. Phone please, will call on receipt.  
PHILLY, Female Box No.5577J

**VIRILE MIAMI EXECUTIVE**  
Handsome, 30's, well built, clean living, versatile, seeks attractive, passionate female for indoor fun and games. Photo and phone please.  
FLA. Male Box No.K5587J

**EXOTIC WEST INDIAN**  
Male, tall, 30, slim, very muscular, tan complexion, desire to meet caucasian female for mutual pleasures. Extreme discretion assured. Photo and phone would help. Will answer all. I am very sincere, no gay or jokers please!  
NYC, Male Box No.5579J

**PROFESSIONAL EARLY 40's**  
with unusual and original mind seeks pretty young woman, 28-38, who sees life as a complex and sublime equation. My own equation reads in part: (strength + belief in self ÷ tenderness + concern) x (exotic eroticism + sensuality ÷ lack of middle class guilt) x (devilish daring + playfulness ÷ loyalty + affection) x (semi-Bohemian + swinging views ÷ belief in the best of the bourgeoisie) x (equality of the sexes ÷ male ascendancy + female submission as a charade) x (money making but not too madly ÷ mad merry making with money) x (adult love ÷ love for children) x (artistic appreciation and talent ÷ interest in clothes + interior design) x (elegance ÷ lack of compulsion) x (knowledge of the unconscious ÷ the unconscious as a friend) x (sexuality + orgasm in the most brainy and imaginative way ÷ the intelligent brain as belonging to the body as a whole) x (life as a cosmic joke ÷ life as a glimpse of "God") = Love + maybe marriage. If you figure it that way, write.  
NYC, Male Box#5604J

**SEXY AND PRETTY**  
I'm a female, 28, blond, 34-23-35, sexy and pretty (so they say). Interested in getting together with ac/dc gals and guys. I have a handsome male friend.  
NYC, Female Box#5140J

**THREE FOUR OR MORE**  
Tall attractive housewife, nympho type seeks singles. With or without husband. Will exchange photos. Write soon.  
NYC, Female Box#2370J

**INVOLVED IN CAUSES?**  
Divorcee, 33, attractive, petite, seeking dynamic committed and involved men for stimulating friendship.  
NYC, Female Box#2286J

**Hetro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section is for you. Use order form at end of section.**

**TO PLACE AN AD  
IN THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week Free. Mail ad and payment to: **Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226**. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

**THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER**

**Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types  
All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves  
Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet**

**Devoted to the Arts of  
Swinging Modeling & Dancing**

**TO ANSWER AN AD  
IN THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

**WE WILL FORWARD:  
1 LETTER FOR \$1  
6 LETTERS FOR \$5  
15 LETTERS FOR \$10**

Send cash or money order with letters to: **Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, NY 11226**

**NOTE: THIS SECTION IS NOT RUN BY THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, BUT BY SWINGER SERVICES, ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST DYNAMIC CORRESPONDENCE MEDIUMS. PLEASE ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR IN THIS SECTION. ANY QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS SECTION SHOULD BE SENT TO SWINGING HEADHUNTER, P.O. BOX J, BKLYN, N.Y. 11226 PHONE 467-4261**

**YOUNG PASSIONATE  
BEAUTIFUL**  
28, slim, full breasted, 36C-25-35. I'm anxious to meet groovy couples to 40, versatile girls, singles. Husband approves and joins. Phone, photo please. All answered.  
LI, NYC, Female Box No.5590J

**ENLIGHTENED BUSINESS  
COUPLE**  
Desires female friend to 30, able to discuss French and Greek philosophies in warm fun loving atmosphere. Write and send photo.  
NYC, Couple Box No.5591J

**LONELY WHITE MALE**  
Bachelor, mid 30's would love to meet sincere girl for dates. Desire to form meaningful attachment.  
NYC Male Box No. K5552J

**GOES THE ROUTE**  
Male, 38, grooves with swinging guys an gals, couples, to 40. Leather, nylon, the bizarre and exotic, Greek and French arts. Photo appreciated. All answered.  
NYC Male Box No.M5553J

**BEAUTIFUL SEPIA  
BOMBSHELL**  
With nympho like tendencies, seeking rugged, virile type male who went to the head of his French class. Don't answer this ad unless you're sure you're man enough to do the job.  
NYC, Female Box #2618J

**SWINGING FEMALE 22**  
Very affectionate and understanding, desires to meet swinging males 22-40 for intimate meetings. Discretion Assured.  
NYC, Female Box #5136J

**HAS BIG APPETITE**  
Young girl, 22, wants to learn how, please show me. I am sincere.  
NYC, Female Box #2331J

**OLD MAID SCHOOLTEACHER**  
27 years old, with limited experiences. Am tired of the same old routine, desperately wants rugged men to show her how to enjoy the good life. Do you have any suggestions? If so, please write, I will answer  
GEORGIA, Female Box #5424J

**TIMID BUT CURIOUS**  
Shy lady, 25, interested in finding new satisfaction with gentle, understanding man. There must be a better way.  
NYC, Female Box #2342J

**FREE FOR LADIES**  
Ladies seeking men for romance, marriage or friendship, advertise on these pages free. Take advantage, fill out coupon and send today.

**SWINGING FLORIDA  
VACATIONS**  
Handsome successful, masculine bachelor, 30, invites one to three swinging chicks to share plush tropical pad, boat, ElDorado, for Month or longer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Age to 30. Well built females. Photo and phone required.  
FLA. Male Box No.K5554J

**SENSUAL, WELL  
ENDOWED**  
Handsome, educated, wild sense of humor, early 40's, seeking young, intelligent, passionate, uninhibited, exsistely beautiful girl for romance, companionship, possible lasting relationship, any race, white, oriental, black, green, even striped. Photo and phone desirable.  
NYC Male Box No.M5555J

**VERY SOPHISTICATED  
EUROPEAN**  
Tom boyish girl, would like to hear from refined female, 25-30. I am very broadminded but square too. Intelligence a must.  
NYC, Female Box No.5556J

**CHUBBY CHASER**  
Male, 40's, thin, seeking heavy-weight hairy men, straight or gay, to pleasure them. Fatsos welcome.  
NYC, Male Box No.5557J

**CONTACT IS ASSURED**  
Dynamic, beautiful, bouncy boxum Brunette, 42-27-39, desires to meet generous friends who are sincere and really want to meet me. Can provide photos till I can see you in person. Phone please  
NYC, Female Box #2379J

**VERY SINCERE GAL**  
Desires meeting swingers of both sexes and couples. Am very bi and enjoy groovy times. Have a little financial difficulty. Will answer all.  
PHILA, PA, Female Box #2385J

**ALIVE AND AWARE**  
Friendly female loves to meet friendly people. Am tired of insincere people who just take and not give. To my generous friends I will send photos and I'll know you are sincere.  
NYC, Female Box #2380J

**BLACK LEATHER  
ENTHUSIASTS**  
Two males, mid 30's sharing village pad, seeking attractive s/m males, females who either give or take. Photo and phone.  
NYC, Males Box #5312J

**YOUNG BEAUTIFUL SHOWGIRL**  
Blond, ac/dc, 39-23-39, seeks attractive females, males, and couples that are ac/dc and enjoy sex in all forms. Photo and phone please.  
NYC, Female Box #5135J

**BIG APPETITE-  
THIRST**  
Goodlooking, French arts enthusiast, water sports fan, seeks same with exceptional equipment for fun. No hustlers. How about "food and drink", your place? Replies with equipment. Photo, details, phone answered first.  
NJ, NYC Male Box No. 5558J

**SHARE A PLACE**  
Young groovy male seeks young groovy girl for roommate. Come walk the pleasure grounds with me. Photo and/or phone.  
NYC Male Box No.5550J

**NOTE**  
The swinging headhunter announces its new "State of the Week" deal. If you live in one of the States listed below, send in your ad with payment for one week and we will print your ad the second week FREE. You must use our ad order form in the last page of this section. This week States

**TEXAS  
MO.  
IND.**

**YOUNG ATTRACTIVE SINGER**  
5'10", 170, seeks affectionate woman to 40 to learn all she has to teach.  
NYC, Male Box No.5585J

**DOCILE MALE**  
Mature, while, discreet, seeks dominant female or group of females. Will obey all your commands and discipline. Available at all time.  
NYC, Male Box No.5586J

**GAY ORIENTOPHILE**  
Caucasian, early 30's, masculine, discreet, will move to NYC later this year, would like to correspond and meet gay oriental only, any age. Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Thai, other?  
CALIF. Male Box No.K5587J

**YOUNG LADY NEEDED**  
Young man, 35, has experienced gay life and would like young lady to see what the straight life is all about. Phone and photo, if possible.  
NYC, Male Box No.5588J

**SLEEP OVER  
TONIGHT**  
Two well built bachelors, 26 and 28, plush pad, seeks young slim girls, built women for fun and games. Photo and phone appreciated.  
NYC Male Box No. 5551J

**UNDERGROUND FILMS**  
Professional photographer, looking for Vassar type girl for Ivy league guy for uninhibited film. More than one film in mind. Photo and phone please.  
NYC, Male Box No.5582J

**YOUNG SLIM MAN**  
seeks young masculine man to 28 for companionship. Please state interest. Phone and photo please.  
NYC, Male Box No.5583J

**YOUNG BUDDING MASTER**  
Interested in extending his experience with obedient kittens of either sex or in groups. Photo helpful when answering.  
NYC, Male Box No.5584J

**LARGE FELLOW  
WANTED**  
White male, 30, slim, would like to hear from heavy set males, over 260 pounds only. Have own apartment.  
NYC, Male Box No.5548J

**PHOTOGRAPHER WITH  
IDEAS**  
Straight photographer wants female and male impersonators. Must be pretty and handsome for legitimate photographs. You can have great photos.  
NYC Male Box No.5549J

**VERY PASSIONATE GIRL**  
Sincere sepi, deaf, 38, 36-36-36, wants cultured, matured, passionate, generous, white male. Must be able to relocate. Passion with love to age 50's.  
PENNA, Female Box No.5589J

**To Advertise in EVO'S Swinging Headhunter Section,  
Please use this Form.**

Type or print clearly. Ad replies forwarded promptly and sealed. This section is most discreet. Your identity is always kept confidential.

Leave Blank Code Number	Headline		
25 (Min. \$5.00)	26 (\$5.20)	27 (\$5.40)	28 (\$5.60)
29 (\$5.80)	30 (\$6.00)	31 (\$6.20)	32 (\$6.40)
33 (\$6.60)	34 (\$6.80)	35 (\$7.00)	Additional words 20c each

**Ladies, looking for men for friendship, romance,  
or marriage? We will print your ad free.**

**THIS WEEKS STATES: MISSOURI, TEXAS, INDIANA**  
Full Payment (Minimum \$5) Must Accompany Order.

**THE SWINGING HEAD HUNTER, P. O. BOX J BKLYN. 11226 DEPT. 314**  
Enclosed is \$....., please publish my Discreet & Personal Ad for.....issues.  
I wish to take advantage of your Free Offer by placing an order for 3 consecutive insertions. You will publish 4 times.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
I Am Over 21 \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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