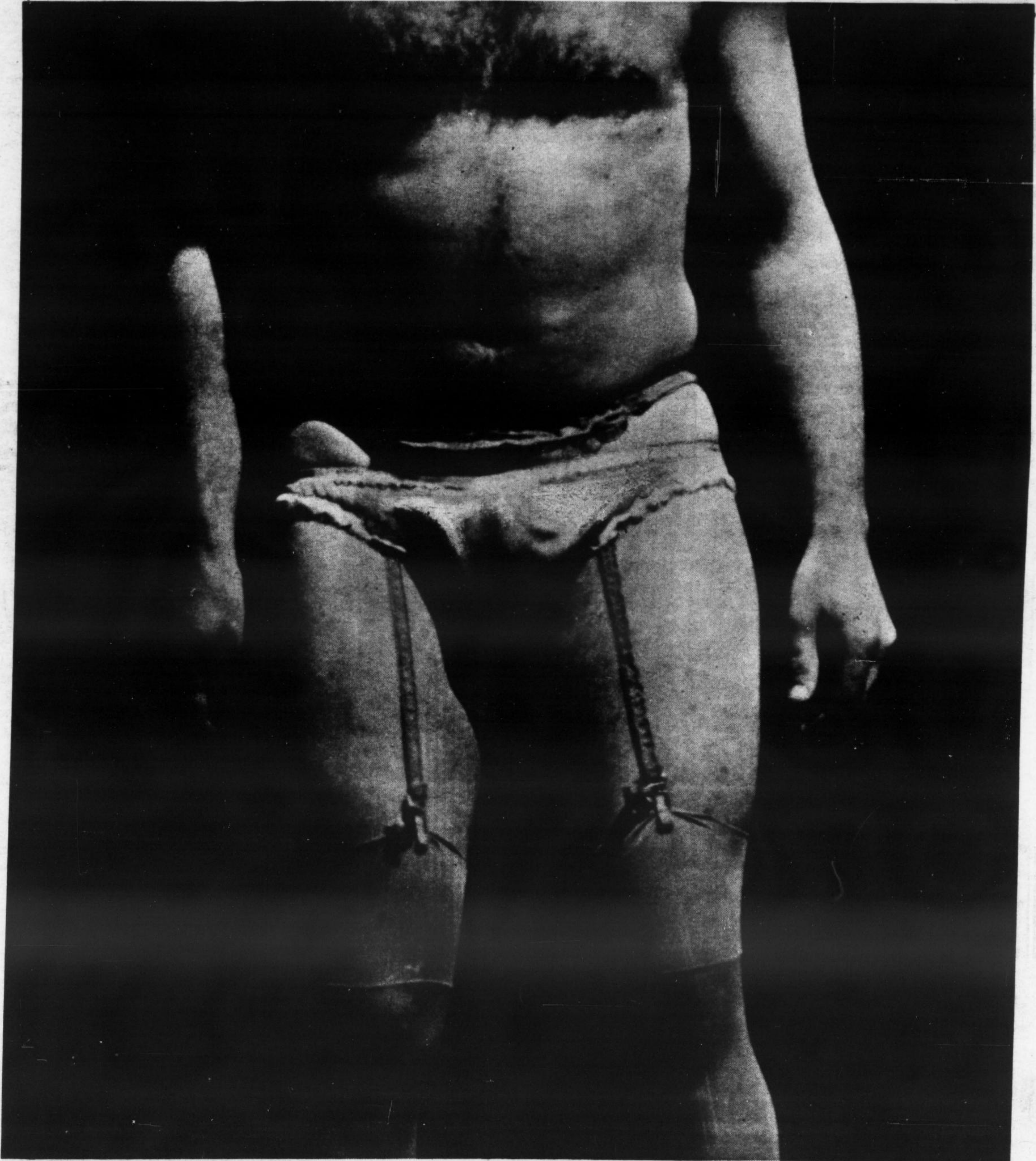


# THE EAST VILLAGE SCENERY

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 28

JUNE 11, 1969

METROPOLITAN 15¢



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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
 IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate).  
 The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Ave.,  
 N. Y., 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues).  
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## letters

### WANTS OFF THE RAG

EVO:

Will you please STOP sending this FILTHY, OBSCENE "RAG" to my son! No wonder this country is in the shape it's in with the young people, when you "gargoyles" prey on their minds with this garbage! I get a great deal of pleasure seeing it burn to ashes in the trash burner, but now I will get an even greater pleasure in refusing to pay the return postage. I am also reporting you to the Federal Government thru U. S. Mail, hoping and praying they can stop the circulation of this obscene paper and possibly put you out of business FOR GOOD!

PS—My son is a minor!

Mrs. Arthur L. Stiche  
 Pinehurst Rd.  
 Munroe Falls, Ohio

Better watch yourself, lady—the way you're carrying on, he's liable to turn into a major any day now.

Dear Chief editor,

Allow me to send this letter without any previous introduction. I'm a Japanese girl named Eiko Okusa. I'm 14 years old. I want penpal. I have a great favor to ask of you. Could you introduce me to readies (boy) of "The Other"?

I'm a pops fan (New Rock).

Please forgive me for making such a rude request. But please let me know as soon as possible. Looking forward to hearing from you soon, I will close this letter.

Good bye,  
 Your sincerely,  
 Eiko Okusa

### THE PAPERMATE CONSPIRACY

Dear EVO:

We're embarking on a national campaign, and we'd like a little promotion & publicity if possible. On all paper currency we're writing in balloons, with 3 basic slogans: "Stop the War," "Outlaw Mace," and (on fives) "Free The Slaves."

(We're operating on a limited scale in N. J. Mass. & Berkeley, but we need a lot more people to get involved. This is probably illegal (defacing currency) but we use Papermate "Flairs," which are washable. It might make an interesting court case.



Dear EVO,

I'm a voice looking for an outlook.

I CONDEMN THE SHRINK!

He is a useless, money-stealing, freak who is a blight on our civilization. He feeds people with useless phrases that they take into account and mires them deeper into themselves in a self merry-go-round. People who need people as the song goes are finding it hard to compete with this foul institution. Dear EVO, I wish you would publish this so all those freaks out there can read this and anybody out there who wants to start a committee to halt the shrink as he is undermining our civilization and giving people a ridiculous sense of fitting into this sick, materialistic cult of this country and at the same time make sure they pay out of it. I welcome you.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

Truly Yours,  
 Mel Spivak  
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

# letters

### JERSEY JAMBOREE

EVO:

I've been busted & I would like to tell all how fair the law is. First of all I was travelling with two guys back from the south to New Jersey. They were on leave then going to Nam. On the way home they were waving & throwing the peace sign to all the cops. Most of them waved back or just ignored them until we got to Jersey. Then the cops pulled us over and went through the car & our luggage. Even grabbed my pocketbook out of my luggage & we were arrested right on the highway. I got the guys off but I went to jail for two nites.

They asked me if I was a hippie. I laughed & asked what's hippie? Did you know that a hippie is someone that smells & uses drugs? Did you also know that grass affects your brain, changes you & brings on sex urges? This is what the law has to say. There's so much more bullshit behind this but would take me days to write it all.

The cops gave me my rights: no phone call until morning; told me not to get a lawyer; and my bail was \$1000, but just as a coincidence, when they found out I had enough money to hail myself out the bail went up to \$1500.

If I didn't plead guilty or work for them I could get up to 3 years in the state prison. (This was my first arrest). They wouldn't give me the address of the two guys and they're my witnesses. They told me I couldn't postpone my court date, which was only a few days away. They also knew I had no way of getting there, plus I couldn't get a lawyer because of the holiday weekend. Remember, they went thru my luggage & pocketbook without a warrant; we were on a highway.

The bail bondsman got me in the jail library & told me (in a roundabout way) if we baf, my fine would be paid for.

They still haven't decided if I was arrested for possession or disorderly conduct. What the hell am I supposed to tell my lawyer? To get ready to fight both cases?

I had them believing I was going to work for them & not get a lawyer, but at the last minute when I told them different it was instant shit in the pants for them.

Now wherever my people and me go there's always someone following us, also all our phones are tapped

I asked questions like, "Did you cops ever try grass?" Their answer was, "No!" So then when I asked, "How could you say it's illegal and be against it?" Their answer, "Even if we did like it, there's nothing we could do." After that answer I gave up. I could get more intelligence out of a 3 years old kid.

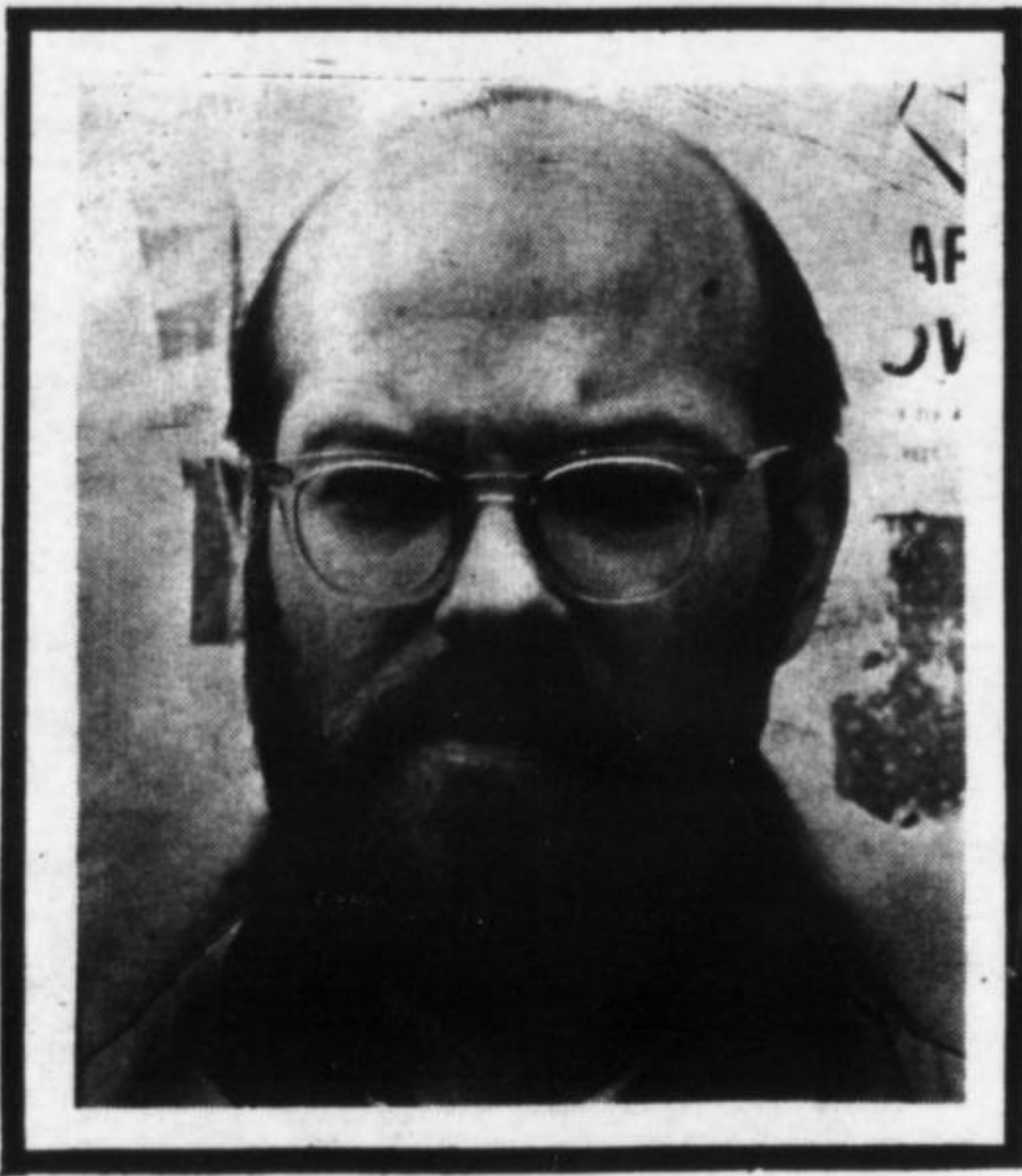
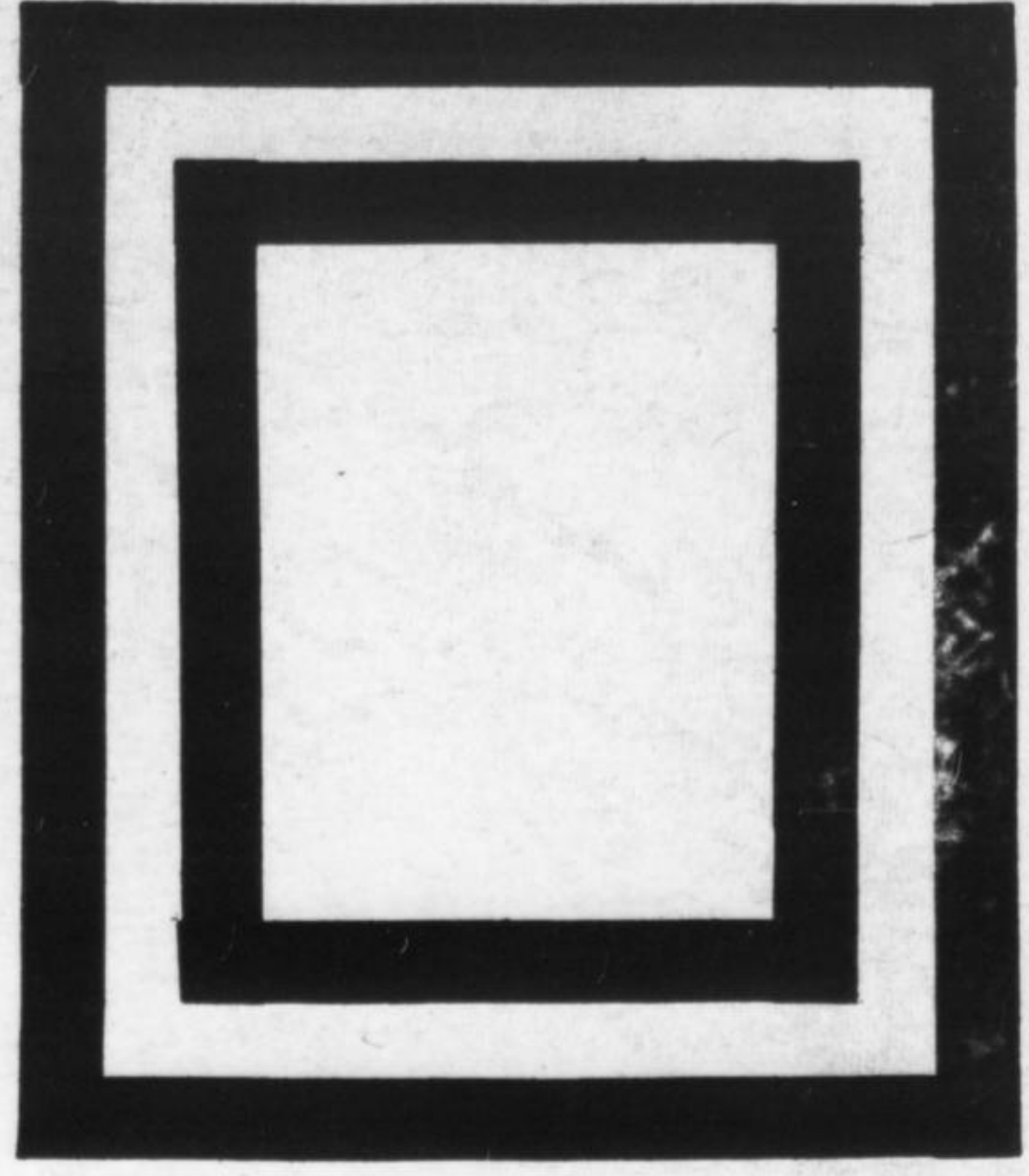
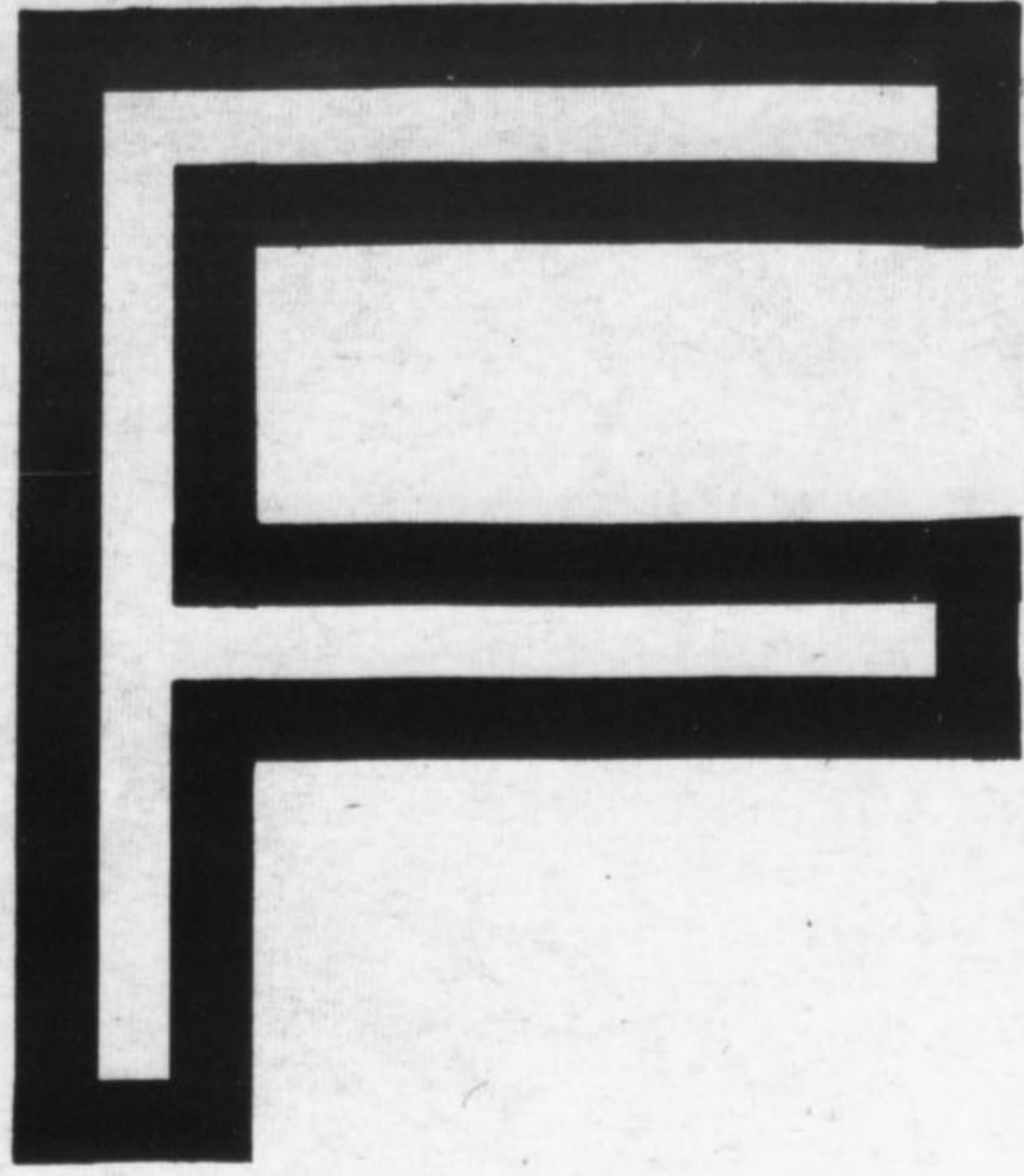
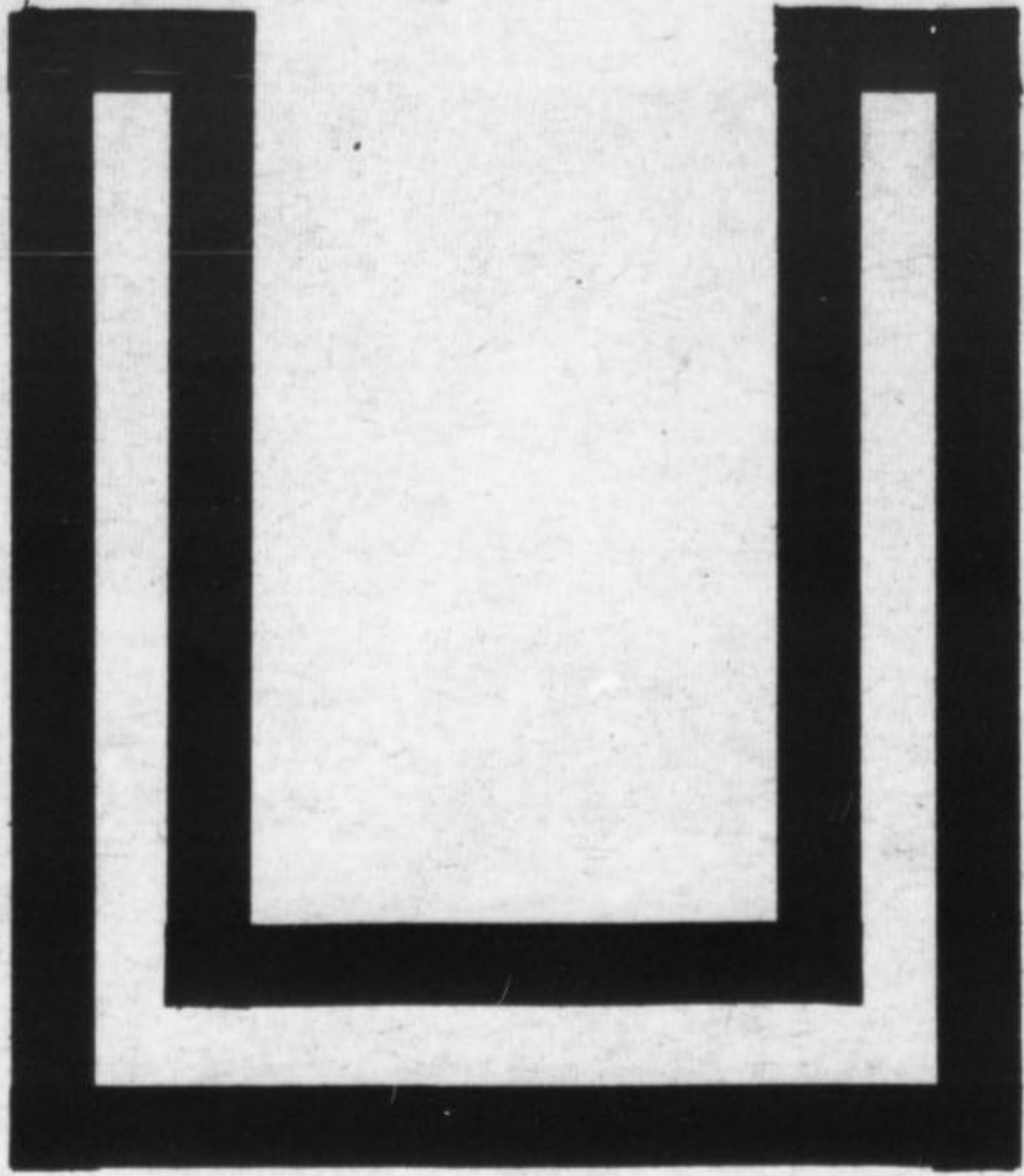
I was also told not to mention about going thru my luggage without a warrant because the cops would only lie.

All this was the advice and rights given to me. They wonder why there's rebellions & protesting constantly. As far as this society goes only asshole people live by it & dish it out. One big asshole deserves another!

Thank you for letting me speak the truth,

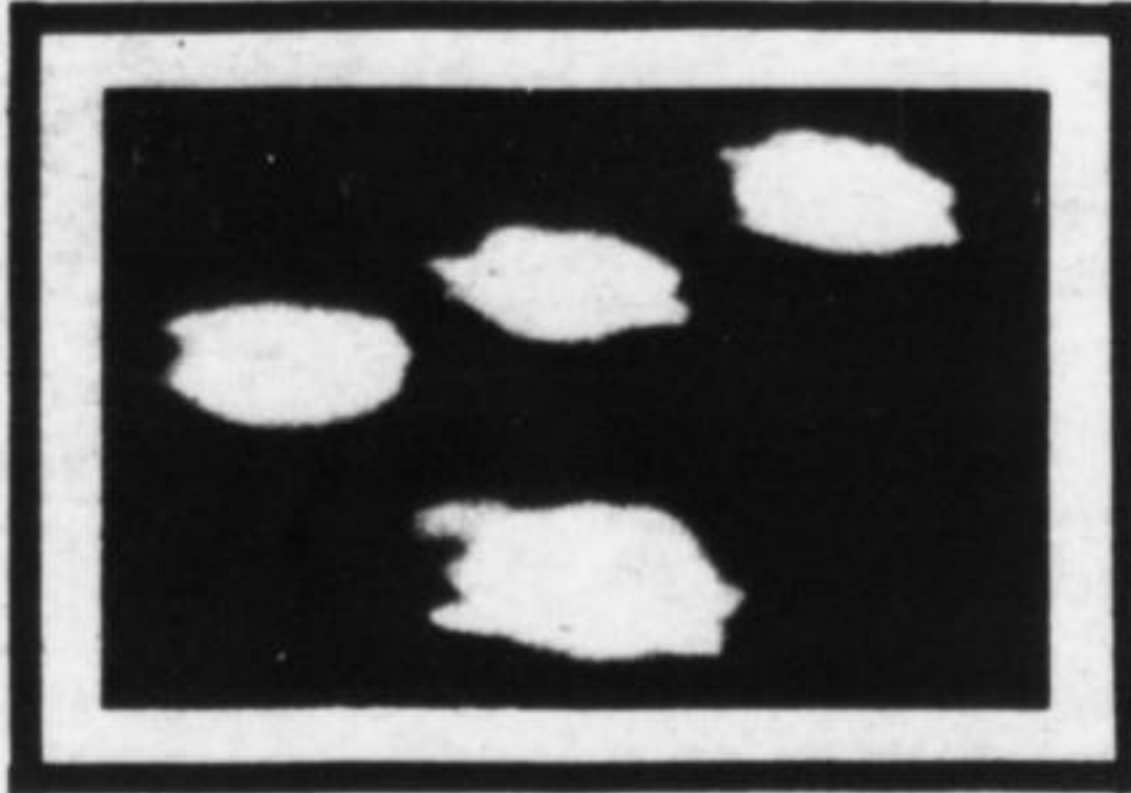
SUE

Darling, you have been blessed with the opportunity to fuck up a whole town full of pigs. Now, listen close: send us your address, PLEASE send us your address, and we will put you in touch with some excellent lawyers who have more on their minds than money. If you can verify to them any part of this horseshit the pigs put you through, you can put that whole Jersey town through heavy, heavy changes! This is the sort of thing the pigs have been doing since time immemorial. This is what the Movement's all about. Wail on us, honey.



Dr. Daniel J. Hoffenbache, former head of the President's Science Advisory Commission and now involved in research at the Palomar Institute and Observatory, was the first person approached by Miss Tyson. "She told me she had read of my interest in UFO-communication, and had read some of my papers in the *Journal of Parapsychology*—and I couldn't refuse to listen to such an avid fan," he smiled. "At the time Miss Tyson contacted me, I was engaged with the problem of creating a high-mass impulse wave capable of reaching 'deep space,' where, theoretically, whatever intelligences exist would pick it up and return it. Ideally, the wave would have enough energy to keep its momentum for 15 years, but the prototypes were still far below such necessary energy inputs. Still, the last wave transmitted never reached its own proximal destination and was instead interrupted on its flight, returned with more force than the original allotment. Several investigations and thorough rechecking of the experiment could find no satisfactory explanation. Then Miss Tyson appeared with the original manuscript-report, and the presumption of deliberate interference with the wave took on new credibility." Dr. Hoffenbache stopped for a moment, smiled tiredly, "Some believe there is, must be, intelligence somewhere in the vast reaches of outer space; some don't. Given that I am one of those who do believe, I was not ready to simply dismiss Miss Tyson's claim—although we all are aware of the long odds involved."

Tests were carried out to establish Miss Tyson's validity; extensive checks were made on her physical and mental condition, ability to induce auto-hypnotic and hallucinatory states. Her knowledge of UFO's was checked . . . Dr. Hoffenbache summed up, "She is a nice, normal girl who just happens to be able to accept strange events as possible, and seems to have been chosen as the recipient of the report for that particular reason."



ENCOUNTER AT MIKE'S BEND

EVO:

At about eight o'clock on the evening of 25 February, I was riding my motorcycle from Lund's farm in New Jersey to my friends' house two miles away. Upon entering Mike's Bend, an off road off Rt. 22, I saw a luminous spherical object about ten feet in diameter. I got off my bike to investigate. Hearing a noise, I turned and my heart came up in my mouth. A man in a silver diving suit was standing next to me. When I got my wits I asked him what he wanted. He handed me these typed reports, exactly as you see them now, just as I got over the initial shock, the "creature" disappeared into the machine. The object ascended vertically, turned Southeast, making "a spinnig sound," and then streaked out of sight.

Vivian Tyson

The following is a report on Earth beings, sampled mainly from the Island of Manhattan in North America.

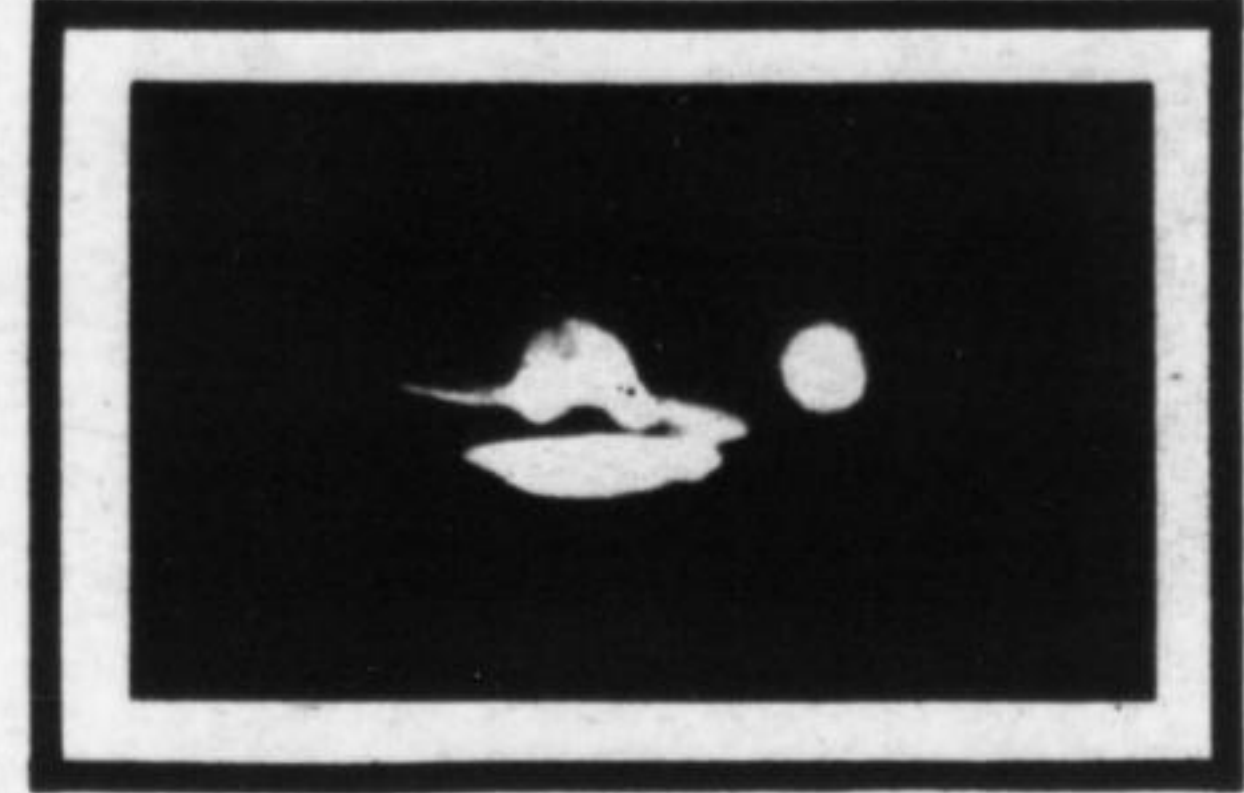
Our first thoughts were to leave a copy of our report with a museum, or with the President of the United States, or perhaps with the American Air Force Department, but we were not taken seriously, so we have left our findings with an adjutant on your planet who arranged to have the material published so that the report will be available to anyone who might want to see it.

During our study and assessment of humans, we employed two different methods of surveillance. Posing as humans, we were educated sociologically, and by returning to our original "energy" states, we were able to delve psychologically into the motivated actions of mainly two of our subjects: the General, and Manya, his daughter. All of us, four crew members, assisted in collecting this material.

Our consecutive reports:

#### REPORT ONE

I won't go into a lot detail about us. In your present state of evolution you wouldn't be able to understand anyway. That ability may or may not come in your earth time. I will translate everything, as best I can, at your level of understanding.



It was pure chance that we visited you. Planets like yours, in the inner galaxies, are rarely bothered with. They fall into the Pre-Primitive. There are millions around and they rarely, if ever, are explored, as the life on these planets contribute little to our knowledge of ourselves or the universe. They function on a level of existence which is below intelligence.

Not far from home, we spotted a series of muted red flashes on our viewer. This is a common sight from the planets in the inner galaxies. The flashes get brighter and brighter with the passing of the centuries, until the inevitable big flash comes and wipes out all moving life on these planets. I made a bet with my friends that we'd reach the planet before the big flash, they bet me we wouldn't.

There is a fable that our planet was once as primitive as yours, on its way to probable extinction, when a superior planetary being took pity on us, came down and saved us. It's a delightful little fable and my friends and I, often when we drop in on the inner planets, pretend we're going to save them. It's a silly game, but it keeps us amused while we scan the planets for life unique enough to take back with us.

Our laboratories are so over stocked with Pre-Primitive life that one must really search to find something different.

As I had guessed, we reached earth before the big flash. Good for us, as life was still intact and we were able to scout around. Whenever I explore, I like to keep a detailed chart of my findings, which is a good practice as we are preparing ourselves for professional excursions to the "outer planets" The more proficient we become, the closer to our goal: to break through the "Universe of Solidarity." Earth people think of the universe as infinite space dotted with stars. The stars you see through your most powerful telescopes, we have access to and beyond into space universes perhaps beyond your imagination. And it is there that we have now run into our most exciting discovery. Space has given way to a solid. No space person has been able to round it. It stretches, it seems, forever. Space people

(Continued on Page 15)



WINGS PAINTED  
AND  
RE-DECORATED  
ALL THE LATEST  
SHADES

WINGS IRONED

WINGS MENDED  
WHILE YOU  
WAIT  
WINGS  
POWDERED

TONSorial STUDIO

HARRISON CADY

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WOODY GELMAN

# SUNSHINE SUPERMEN!

"Sunshine came softly through my window today"

Donovan

A series of far flung calls. Strange voice.

SUNSHINE. Sunshine?

Filed in dormant file of memory bank.

sunshine?

Out of nowhere two messengers. Beautiful, loving and CLEAR.

SUNSHINE . . . sunshine? . . . SUNSHINE-SUNSHINE . . . E-WOW-SUNSHINE!!!

"I pick up your hand and slowly blow your little mind"

Donovan

by JAAKOV KOHN

The following is a talk with two SUNSHINE-SUPERMEN.

EVO—A few days before you arrived in New York, Tim Leary said in an interview: "The DNA code and the divine process have given us more and better LSD than there has been in this country." He was talking about SUNSHINE. Shortly after that you appeared on the scene in what you called "a mission of sunshine" What is Sunshine?

SSM—Sunshine LSD is pure sacramental LSD. The people who make it don't have money as their prime motive. They are godfearing, beautiful, centered-together people who want to do a good thing. The man who sold us our first tab the best description of Sunshine: he said it was meant for one to see God. He was right, that's what it is all about.

EVO — How might one distinguish it from all the other acid that is on the market.

SSM—In order to test it, all you have to do is scrape a small amount of powder off the tab and taste it. It should give you a rush within the first hour. If it doesn't — it wasn't SUNSHINE

Very little of it will get one quite high. Since it has a sugar base it tastes sweet.

EVO—Have you had any difficulties dealing it?

SSM—No. We have been very lucky, especially considering how freely we dealt it on the streets of Los Angeles and some of the most unlikely places right across this country. We haven't been busted, as a matter of fact we haven't even been approached once by the man.

EVO — How did this affect you, two almost typical products of Orange County in Southern California?

SSM—The heavier our trip got, the heavier our head got. We grew by talking to people. Mostly about LSD.

EVO—Do you limit your dealing exclusively to Sunshine?

SSM—Only Sunshine and sometimes Hashish.

EVO—Would you, under any conceivable circumstance deal any heavy drugs?

SSM—No. Not heroin or speed. We wouldn't mind dealing psilocybin, mescaline or peyote. THC we believe to be a horse tranquilizer unfit for human consumption. As to the new drug.

MDA—I heard that it is harmful and shouldn't be taken. I think that most of these "new" drugs should be left alone because there hasn't been any new visionary God trip since LSD.

Now, if you ever wanted to have a REAL LSD experience and your efforts were bummed by all the bum trips that were laid on you, I suggest that you try SUNSHINE.

EVO—Do you foresee an unlimited and uninterrupted span of production for this?

SSM—Obviously one of these days there isn't going to be any Sunshine, but right now an almost unlimited supply of it is being produced.

EVO—Would you be willing to deal any other acid or do you draw the line at the high quality of SUNSHINE?

SSM—We believe that we have been so lucky with Sunshine is because there is a very heavy Karma behind it. It isn't just a case of somebody making a lot of good LSD, even with the good motive of just getting a lot of people stoned. We feel there is a very heavy vibration which made this whole Sunshine miracle happen. It is a positive, good vibration and all the energy coming from it has cosmic original. I know some people in a very hot part of California who got busted with several hundred tabs on them and they all got off. There have been several such cases.

EVO—Can you give me some details about the production of this acid?

SSM—The guy who makes it takes the liquid LSD and the buffer agent, which is the orange-colored, sugar base powder and makes it into a pancake-like batter which is spread over a perforated aluminum sheet. When the batter hardens a bit, he punches it through the holes with a leather punch assembly. The tabs are then put in glass jars and sealed with wax. This guarantees them retaining their potency. Due to the great demand, freshness is practically assured.

EVO—Are there any imitations of Sunshine on the market?

SSM—Beware of "Orange Wedge", which started out as a relatively good product, but has been messed with since. They have put Strychnine and Belladonna and god knows what other weird, fucked-up, bad Karma drugs into it. It is extremely dangerous.

EVO—How can one distinguish between the two?

SSM—Just by tasting the powder. Sunshine is Sweet-Orange Wedge isn't.

EVO—What are your sale methods?

SSM—All we do is go out and contact four or five acidtakers. After we lay a taste on them we just sit back and wait. People will always come back. We never have to worry about sales.

EVO—In how many locales have you been dealing?

SSM—At the moment we have six, but more will probably be added.

EVO—Are you a part of a nationwide distribution network?

SSM—Not an organized one. The only organized thing about it is the copping chain. From the chemist to the man from whom we cop. If there is any other organization, it is cosmic in nature. There have got to be cosmic influences connected with Sunshine. There is a fantastic Karma to this LSD. If you get on the dealing trip and do not abuse it—trying to make outlandish profits—you realize that you have a lot of power in your hands with a tremendous responsibility for a lot of heads. You realize that you are not just selling drugs, but are selling to people a great and important part of their existence; therefore you have to make sure that your motives are guided by a central flow of positive energy.

EVO—Was this your prime motive?

SSM—In the beginning our prime motive was to make a lot of money. Since then we have seen where this LSD is at and the great possibilities that dealing it has, other than just making money.

EVO—What are these possibilities?

SSM—Above and beyond getting people turned on to good LSD, we are getting people turned on to us and to our Guru's philosophy, by which we live. We watch people go through changes and join them. We see a lot of people finding out a lot of things.

EVO—Who is your Guru?

SSM—Timothy Leary. We are definitely on his trip. Every move we make gets us higher and our

(Continued on Page 20)

# NEWS

here again for your entertainment & ours, another ½&½ news production  
our news this time is pure and simple



Lillian Gish

# BOOKS

by WALTER BREEN

**Ned Polsky, HUSTLERS, BEATS AND OTHERS, Anchor Books paperback A656, Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 224pp., \$1.45.**

Within its fairly narrow limits this is a remarkably good and devastatingly honest record of participant observation or "I was there" sociology by a specialist in deviant subcultures. Having worked in this line myself at Berkeley, I can testify that this study rings true. It is also going to contain some surprises alike for sociologists, historians of the culture, and the general public.

Polsky's thing, since his early teens, has been the dropped out but neither tuned-in nor turned-on subculture of billiards, pool halls, pool hustlers. From such seemingly unpromising material he manages not only to tell you much more than you might think you'd care to know about a 500-year-old game of skill, but also to bring to light some sociological discoveries to date neglected in technical and popular writings—discoveries which would make the book worthwhile even were it otherwise without merit.

I do Polsky no injustice by briefly summarizing some of these, as they have the "why didn't I think of that?" kind and degree of self-evident character once spelled out; and the book's principal merit—or at least that of its first half—is in establishing them. (1) The peculiarly grisly version of Anglo-American White Protestant female gentility current in the Victorian epoch (and to a slowly declining degree in rural and bible-belt backwaters until recent years) has made necessary an all-male escape environment; specifically, unmarried males needed places where they could go to relax secure that women would not be admitted, and married men needed now and then to rejoin their bachelor brethren to escape wives and female relatives. (2) In America, the frontier provided a perennial escape of just this sort. (3) Partly from female WASP and Irish folkways discouraging marriage for many, partly from other causes, there was always a surplus of unmarried males without any immediate expectation of marriage, providing a kind of permanent reservoir of members of an all-male, rough-talking, "sporting life" subculture, weakly heterosexual, largely lower middle-class and lower-class dropouts. (4) The pool hall, like the tavern, music hall, dance hall and whorehouse, tended to be frequented and supported almost wholly by this subculture. (5) The rise in female—largely coeducational—schooling during the present century, with a gradual de-emphasizing of the differences between male and female folkways, has contributed increasingly to the dying-out of the bachelor subculture. Though Polsky does not go into detail here, it seems evident that (6) pool halls, music halls, dance halls of the old type, burlesque theatres, and whorehouses all have declined—in some places vanished—because the old clientele from the bachelor subculture is no longer renewing itself. Also of interest to the general reader will be the insider's view of pool hustling as a fine art and a small-time on, in which uniquely the expert's role is to make himself seem, to the mark, like just another amateur player . . . with the main interest in the side bets. If you want to know what real sociologists are doing, as against the increasing majority of IBM-worshipping fakers, read Polsky.

However, don't bother reading his chapter on our beat ancestors ("The Village Beat Scene, Summer 1960") unless as a period piece. Even as such



(Continued on Page 17)

# HIP POCRATES

by EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

Does marijuana impair driving ability? Not in experienced users, according to a study published in the May 16th SCIENCE. Members of the Division of Research of the Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles and Departments of Pharmacology and Psychiatry of the University of Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles and Departments of Pharmacology and Psychiatry of the University of Washington School of Medicine gave tests simulating actual driving conditions to 36 marijuana fiends.

The group scored no more total errors on the simulated driving test when stoned than when they were straight. Alcohol, however, caused them to score significantly more driving errors.

The driver-training simulator consisted of a mockup of a car facing a 6 by 18 foot screen in a totally darkened room.

"The test film gave the subject a driver's eye view of the road as it led him through normal and emergency driving situations on freeways and urban and suburban streets."

Alfred Crancer, Jr., of the Washington Department of Motor Vehicles, had previously found in a five year study that a driving simulator test could predict future driving skills (an actual behind-the-wheel test could not). Factors tested during the 23 minute driving film were accelerator, brake, turn signals, steering and speedometer.

The average age of the 36 heads was 22.9 years: 7 were female and 29 male. Each subject had three "treatments." One treatment consisted of waiting in a comfortable lounge with no drug administered before taking the simulator test. The second consisted of drinking 2 Bloody Marys or 2 Screwdrivers of a concentration sufficient to cause a 0.10 percent blood alcohol level (nearly half of drivers fatally injured in auto accidents have been found to have a blood alcohol level of 0.05 percent or more). The third seemed to be a treat as well as a treatment and consisted of smoking 2 joints of a batch of marijuana kindly provided by the National Institute of Health.

More "speedometer errors" were made when stoned than when straight but in this test speedometer errors mean not speeding but amount of time looking at the speedometer. The authors of the study believe that drivers high on marijuana spend less time looking at the speedometer because their sense of time perception is altered by the drug.

"They often report alteration of time and space perceptions, leading to a different sense of speed which generally results in driving more slowly."

The conclusions of this paper coincide with observations often reported by chronic marijuana users. Some individuals greatly fear driving under the influence of marijuana; others enjoy driving while stoned and believe they perform at least as well as when straight. Driving under the influence of any drug is best avoided but it seems as if another marijuana myth has been shattered.

QUESTION: Six weeks ago I delivered a beautiful healthy baby boy. My problem is my 2 1/2 year old spayed male cat who tries to nurse from me at the same time as my child.

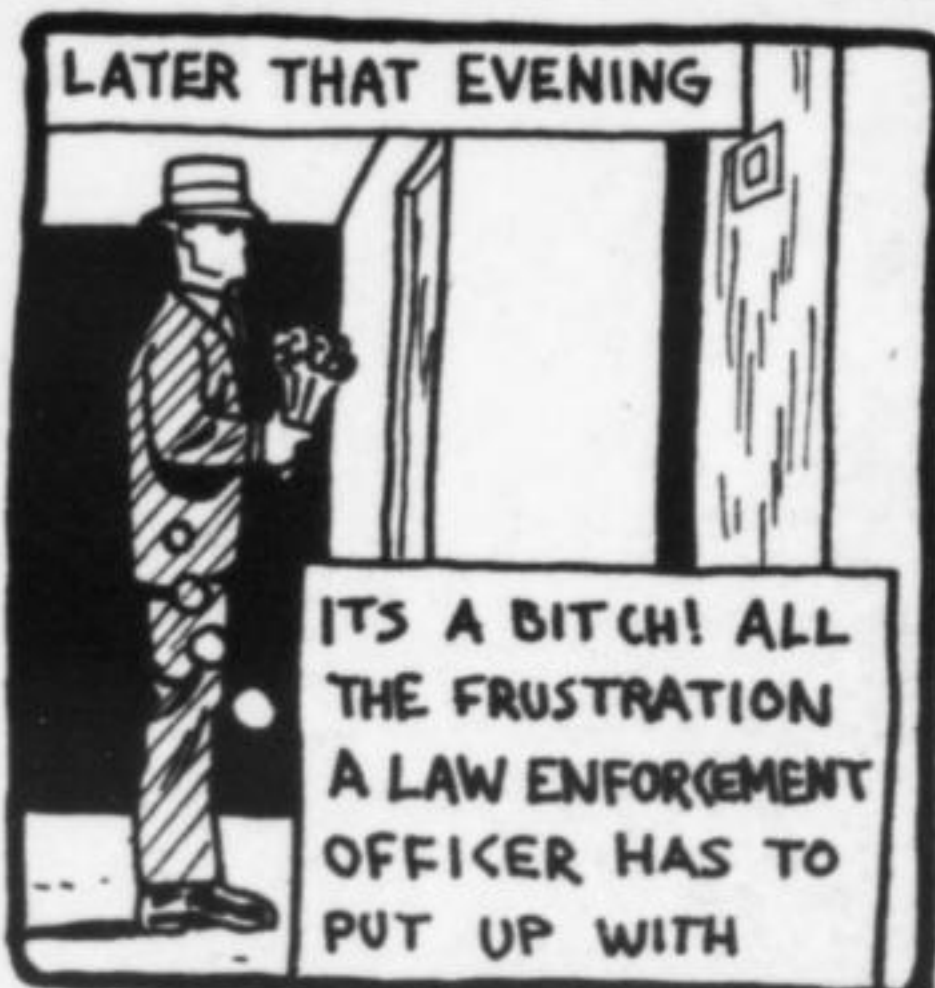
I have repeatedly kicked him out of our bedroom but he refuses to split. If we close the door, he cries so loud that he disturbs our child. I have even tried "thumbs-it" but my efforts are in vain.

My man feels that if the cat wishes to nurse, let him do so. But I really cannot dig this scene. First, I believe

(Continued on Page 23)

# MANNING

SOME CALL IT BRUTALITY  
HE CALLS IT JUSTICE



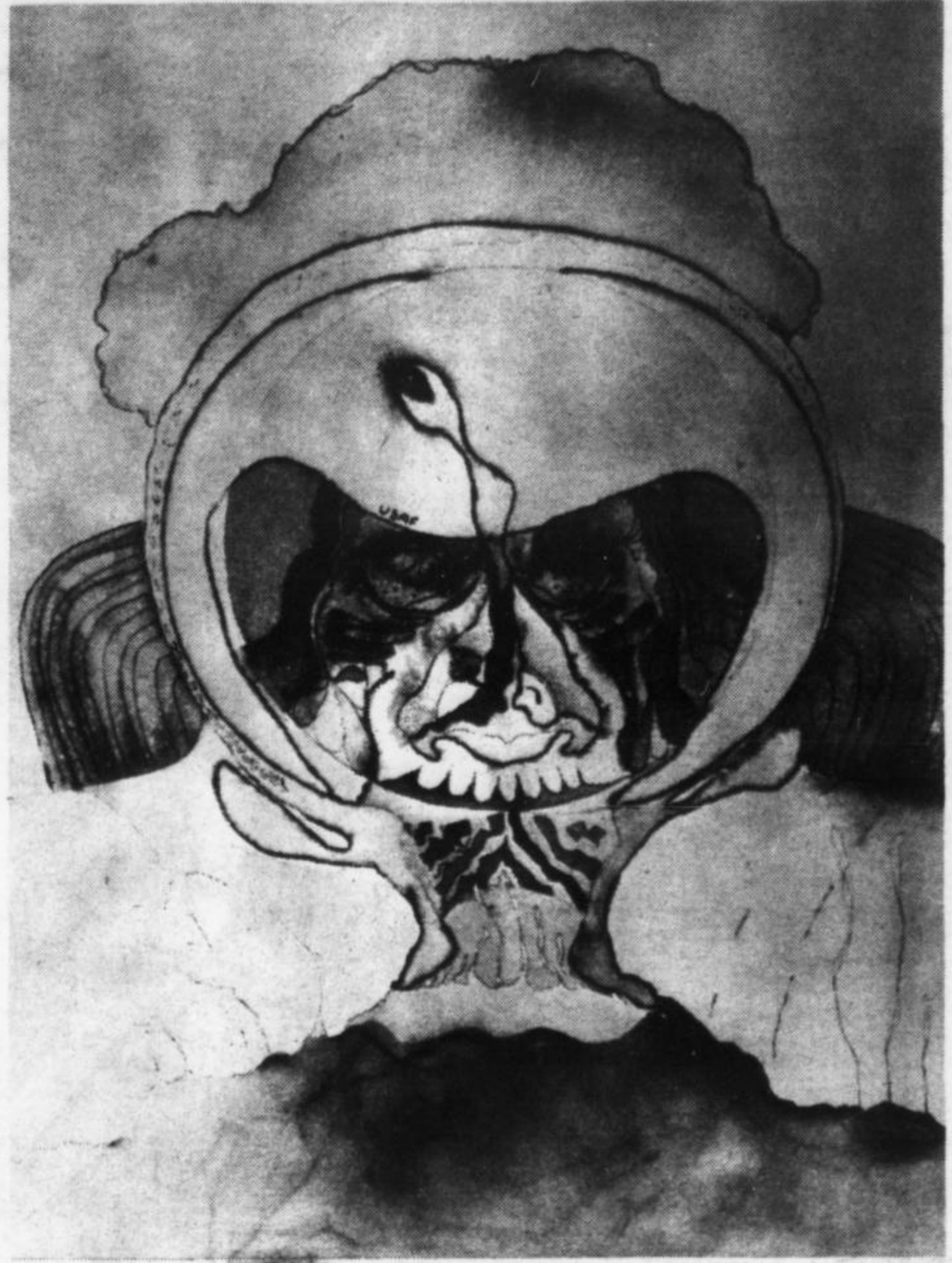


Can We Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find Will Hindle.

Will Hindle is a San Francisco filmmaker, who has been working in cinema for over ten years. His films are expressive cinema (as defined by me in EVO) on the highest artistic level; they are also some of the finest examples of cinema craftsmanship developed while working as a T.V. camera man. Hindle has six films listed for distribution in the new Canyon Cinema Co-op catalogue (which is available by writing, 756 Union St. San Francisco, California 94133), The titles are: **Non Catholicam, Pastorale D'Etes, 29 Merci, Merci, Chinese Fire Drill, FFF TOM' and Billabong.** (Listed here in the order in which they were made).

**Non Catholicam** and **Pastorale D'Ete** were both made about eight or nine years ago, and both are illustrations for pieces of music . . . much too simplified description. Hindle's catalogue blurb for **Non Catholicam** reads as follows; "a vast and vacant cathedral . . . its sanctity invaded by a running, hiding, leaping, starring, lunging, camera ever-falling with an ineffable drive toward the essence of it all. Music by Hindemith." The key words are "drive" and "essence," the film has a searching quality, it looks at and is in every nook and cranny trying to find an imperceptible something which though never seen somehow seems to be there, in the faces of the icons, in the shadow of the cross. (Continued on Page 14)

by CHARLES LEVINE



## EMANATIONS

by ELFRIDA RIVERS

Do they really possess the secrets they claim? I can't say. I learned a great deal from studying their books and lessons, but felt no pang when I finally decided that I could no longer afford the monthly dues, and when one of their very advanced, higher degrees trotted out the dismal old piece of idiocy that we were really on the **inside**, rather than the outside, of a spherical Earth. (I wonder if they have changed that view since the Sputniks and Apollo 10?) This may have been a piece of symbolic information which I was supposed to interpret symbolically, but it disillusioned me with their teachings; I am not a Theosophist either, but I accept the Theosophical motto "There is no religion higher than Truth."

Now if I am to be attacked for revealing Rosicrucian secrets, let them do their worst—but I can honestly say that, good as their course of study is, at least at the early levels, I found nothing whatever in the whole nine years which I have not read openly elsewhere. I felt right at home when Aleister Crowley was quoted to me, about the Order of the Golden Dawn, when he said that they had "bound him to secrecy with fearful oaths, and then entrusted the Hebrew alphabet to his keeping."

On the other hand, they must have **something**. A couple of years ago, I visited Rosicrucian Park in San Jose. I came as a tourist. I gave my name to no one, and in any case I had married again since then and the name I was using was not the name under which I had been a member. I had not received any Rosicrucian materials for at least three years. Nevertheless, in the darkened reproduction of the Egyptian tomb, I became aware that the member-guide was making telepathic "recognition symbols", as it were. In a spirit of "Oh, well, why not," I gave him the appropriate answering symbol—only telepathically; I made no visible motion or gesture, of course. Nevertheless, on the way out, he made one of the clearly recognizable gestures to me when I left; I was watching carefully and I could see that none of the others were so favored. Evidently he had recognized a member.

(Continued on Page 17)



I AM TRYING TO ORIENT MYSELF  
 TO THE PROW OF THE SOLAR SHIP  
 I'M LOOKING UP FROM THE  
 BOWELS OF SHIP  
 AND TRYING TO THRUST MY OWN  
 MIND'S SHELF UP PAST THE  
 FIGUREHEAD INTO THE STARS  
 THERE IS A FIERCE GLITTERING  
 THERE AND MY MIND MAKES  
 IT TO THE PLACE IT IS  
 TRYING FOR  
 O MENTAL PLACE OF  
 GRIEVOUS ENJOYMENT  
 TO TELL ME OF YOUR PLACID  
 JOURNEYING AMONG THE  
 FAR-OUT PLACES  
 WOULD BE NO DIMMING OF THE  
 BRIGHT KNOWLEDGE.  
 ANGUS MACLISE

FOR ANGUS MACLISE  
 SHAMAN SONG  
 EMBLAZONED IN GREEN FLAME  
 HOVERS  
 ABOVE OUR SOUL'S  
 AWAKENING  
 BREAKING FALSE MIRRORS  
 WHICH WILL NO LONGER  
 ABIDE US  
 THE SHAMAN INVOKES THE FEARFUL  
 GHOST &  
 MAKES HIM DANCE TO DRUM &  
 FLUTE  
 THE KNOT IS SUNDERED  
 &  
 THE SMOKE  
 DISAPPEARING  
 LEAVES IN THE MIDST  
 OF CHARRED RUINS  
 A GOLDEN SALAMANDER  
 TO AMAZE USA! -  
 O THYRSUS! O DRUM! O SHAMAN  
 CLOAKED IN FLOCKS OF PARROTS!  
 THE FEATHER NOW FLOATING  
 TO THE GROUND  
 WILL BE ENOUGH TO MAKE A  
 WORLD  
 ON  
 I PROMISE YOU.

IRA COHEN

# SCREWING AROUND TOWN

Ever since his arrest on obscenity charges some weeks ago, SCREW's Executive Editor Al Goldstein has been rating high on the paranoia meter.

"Claudia? It's you, isn't?" a Goldstein-like voice quivered into the telephone last Thursday. "I'm calling you over my new phone number—have to keep changing it. But I can't talk long anyway cause the new line is tapped already. Just listen to me: be in front of the SCREW office tomorrow morning at 11:00. Oh yeah, one more thing. Be VERY careful what you say in front of my secretary. She's so damn efficient that she MUST BE a police agent." CLICK.

Thoughts of Mata Hari and the CIA playing through my mind, I hobbled over to the SCREW office the next morning. And there, on the sidewalk were the dramatis personae: Al Goldstein, Jim Buckley and Mary Philips all of the newspaper, six mini-skirted girls and a chauffeured Black 1969 Cadillac Eldorado. The girls, neatly lined in front of the limousine, were wearing electric-blue t-shirts with "SCREW" scrawled over the breasts. Each nymphet was carrying a bundle of the latest issue of the pornzine and listening intently to a lecture by the paper's Editor.

"Our mission is Wall-Street at High-Noon," explained Goldstein. "The Stock Exchange is about the horniest place on earth and we can do alot of good by getting down there and showing them that SCREW is not dead. A lot of people, particularly police, have been spreading the rumor that since the bust, we've gone out of business."

"No such thing," chimed in Jim Buckley, co-publisher of the sexy newsheet. "Only one of our issues was considered "obscene" and that hasn't been held up in court yet, anyway. Seven lawyers have looked at this edition and swear it won't offend the D.A. We've just got to get out there and tell the people that we're alive and well."

After Al's fatherly advice, the girls piled into the enormous big-assed, block-long limousine and in ten minutes were in the heart of finance capital. Yes, 100,000 people were assembled there, but not for SCREW. On the steps of the U.S. Treasury building, Murray the K. and a six piece rock band were holding a lunch-time fiesta for Cancer and T.B. Strung across the bosom of the statue of George Washington was a non-astrological sign saying "CANCER." The organizer of the event hoped to pump \$2,000,000 by 2:00 P.M. With that kind of competition the SCREW salesgirls waded into the melee and started their pitch.

But if Buckley and Goldstein had expected a heartening reception in the financial center, they had miscalculated. Tired paper shuffers from the Stock Exchange and bored messengers from the phone company could do little more than leer at the SCREW bunnies. Walking up and down the canyons of high finance, the girls often found themselves cursed at, pinched and groped. Wall Street White Collar Workers would buy the newspaper, but they reacted with all the shame and guilt that is usually reserved for Times Square porn shops.

It was in front of the Stock Exchange, scene of the Great Crash of 1929 and the anarchist bombing of 1920, that Goldstein, Buckley and Phillips decided to personally hawk their unique product. And if was there, just as they started vending, that they ran into a short bald-headed little nemesis named John McGuire.

McGuire, father of three, ardent Catholic and hard-working All-American, was uncontrollably possessed with a rage at SCREW. At first McGuire began by taunting Goldstein, something that Al seemed to enjoy immensely. Noting a nearby TV camera, McGuire decided to make a personal stand for the Church. Cigarette lighter in hand, he lunged forward and proceeded to burn a stack of the news-

papers in Goldstein's hand. The crowd cheered.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked McGuire. "Because I'm a Catholic and because I believe that everyone — even non-Catholics — have got to stop this thing. It's because of guys like that fat one (Al) that we have crime in the streets, rape, hippies and race-riots," he answered.

It was at this point that one of the SCREW girls decided to call McGuire's manhood into question. "You're just sexually repressed," she screamed. From a far corner, a handful of onlookers cheered her.

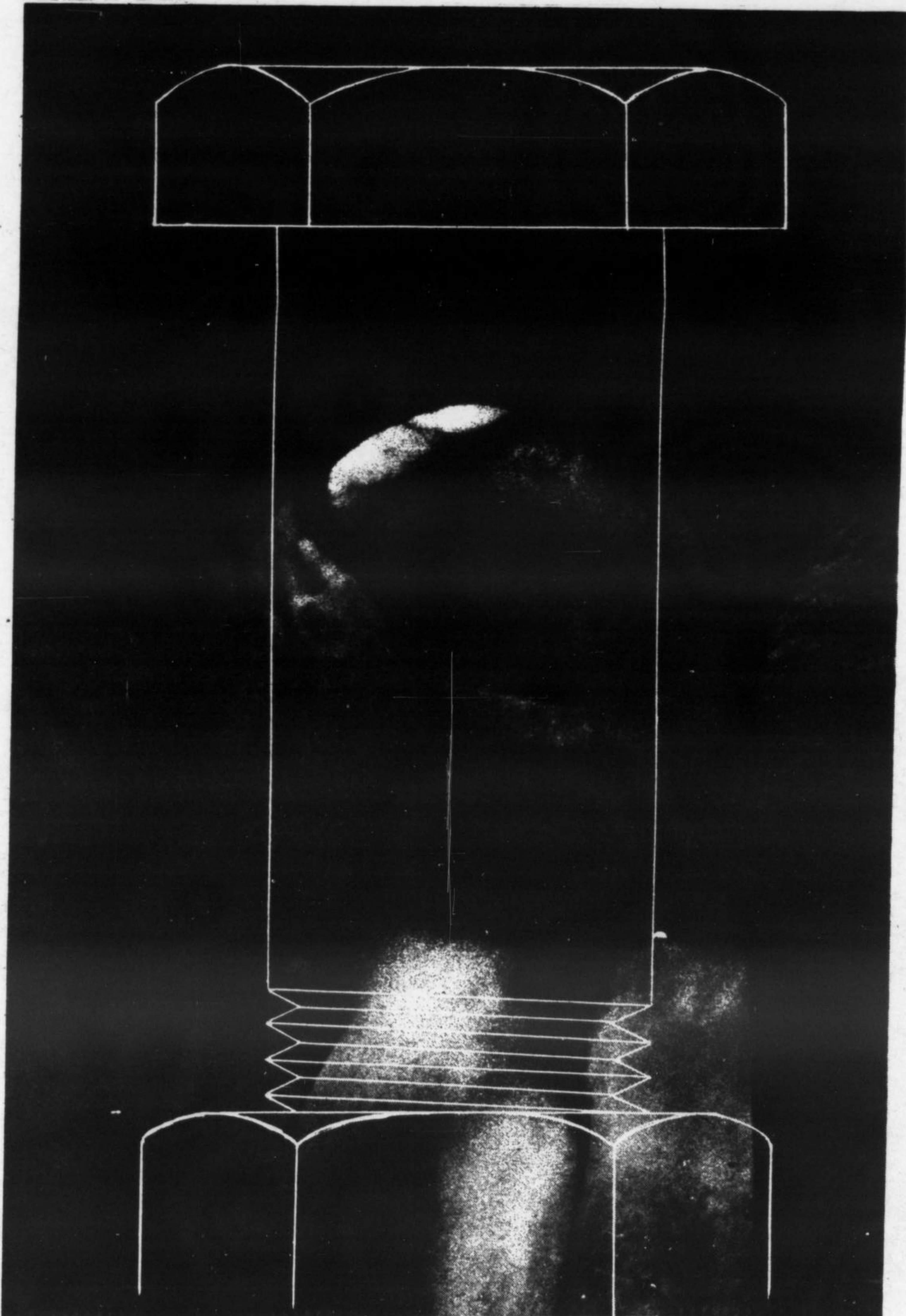
McGuire flew into a bloody rage. "You're nothing but a tramp," he sputtered. "And ya don't know what ya talking about. For your information, I hapen to be the father of three children. How's that for *sexual repression*?"

Trying to make the best of the situation, Al kept up his salespitch. "Hey! Get your SCREW. Get it before the BOOKBURNERS get their hands on it," he belowed. McGuire made another fiery pass at Goldstein.

"Look at him," boomed Al. "Look at this filthy Communist, pinko, fascist creep. Why doesn't he go back to Russia where he came from?" Deep in the bowels of the crowd, a few cheers for Goldstein could be heard. But for John McGuire, this was a worse insult that being termed sexually repressed. With God and Country burning in his heart, he stumbled forward and belted Goldstein flush into the stomach. It was then that one of New York Finest suggested that Goldstein and Co. had best leave the area immediately. Refusal to do so might result in their arrest on a variety of exotic charges including assault and incitement to riot. Not wishing to waste another afternoon in the cooler, Al organized a diplomatic retreat.

Quickly, Al, Jim, Mary, myself and the six SCREW-nymphs hopped into the waiting limousine. As a mob of thousands enveloped the automobile, the Cancer marathon provided us with background music. Like in a Beatles movie, we were surrounded

(Continued on Page 14)



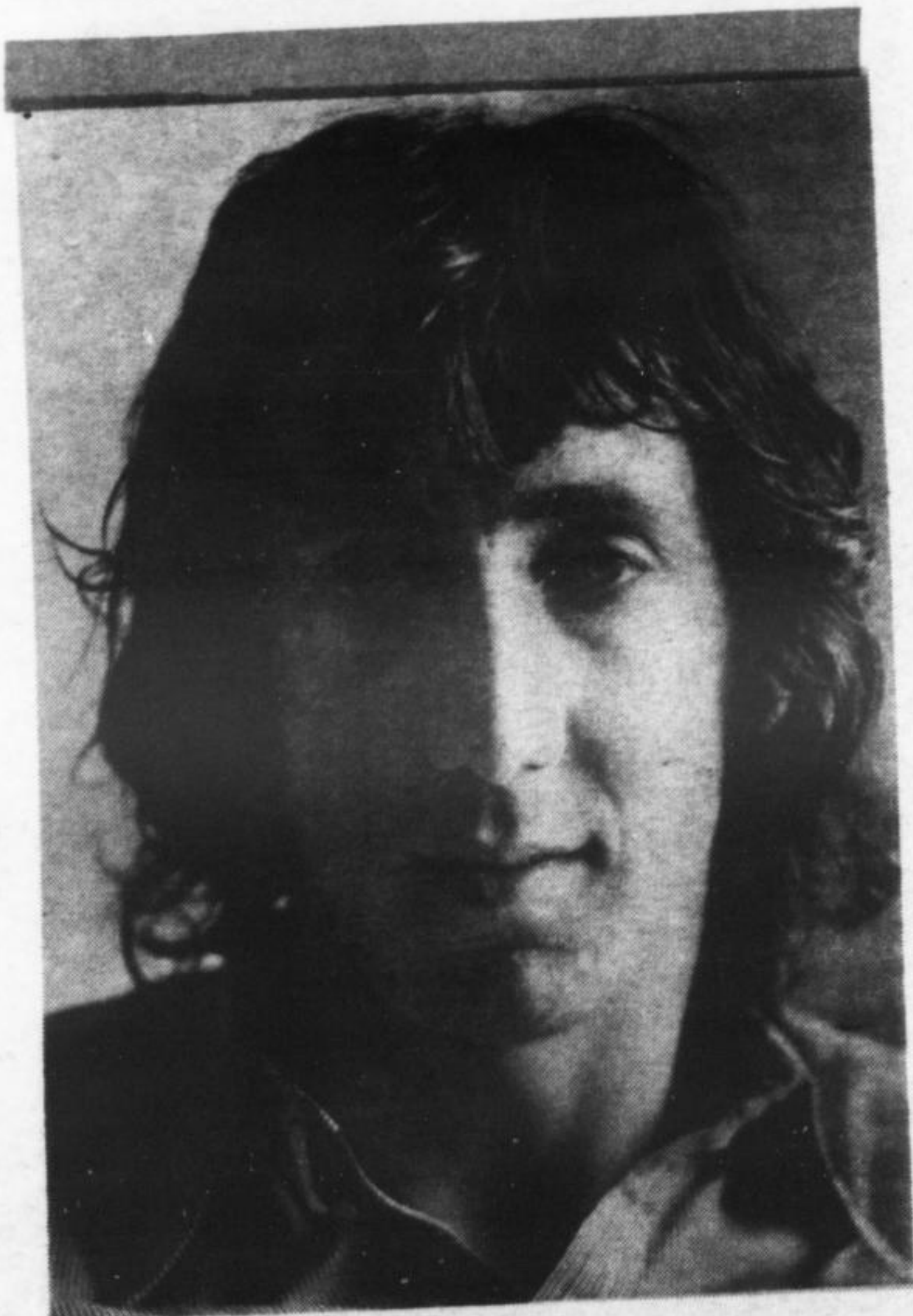


Peter Townshend on **Tommy**:

It was finished around April; we gave it a short reception in England, then brought it straight here.

We really weren't capable of doing all this before, not musically, so we did it visually, we did it with adrenalin, we did it with aggression, stirring people up emotionally and getting them involved in our frustrations . . . The album has given us an opportunity to play something which is capable — over the ½ hour on stage, say — of getting an audience up to the kind of pitch we used to achieve by jumping about and smashing guitars, the other stuff we did. Now we do it just by playing **Tommy's** a whole, it takes people along.

I spoke to a lot of blind people. I got appointments with deaf, dumb and blind children but — surprisingly—they told me not to bother, that there wasn't anyway I could possibly communicate with 'em. (Ed: 'They' are the people in charge). The main thing I got was from blind people; most of the blind people I met were really enthusiastic about the idea. They really do feel that in many ways, they've got advantages; that what is really difficult is to just walk about, to just live life, and to feel normal. But inside, they feel it isn't as bad as we imagine.



# W

The Who are one of England's top rock and roll groups, period. They came to America in the early 1960's in that tidal wave of groups, and have kept on growing, making better music all the time. Their latest release is a rock opera, **Tommy**, the story of a little deaf, dumb, and blind boy who becomes a pinball champion.

The group is Peter Townshend, lead guitar and major destructive element on stage (NB: The Who generally destroy their instruments at the end of performance); Roger Daltrey, lead singer and flute; Keith Moon, drums; and John Entwistle, bass guitar.

The interview was done at the motel where they all were staying. It was a shuttle situation, as other people were attempting to interview, speak with, and generally also interact with The Who. First was Peter Townshend, then Keith and John together, then Roger who wanted to be last and also by himself . . . What follows is straight quotes without much, if any, commentary or interpolation; i.e., parenthetical laughs, etc.

# H

Keith Moon and John Entwistle on **Groupies**: (alternating)

American groupies . . . ? They're pretty much the same as every where else. They're the most tenacious. They all can get in anywhere — they've got the ability to change their form.

Are they all exactly the same to you? I think they are, actually, there's a few that have some things to say, but not many. Because if they had something to say, they'd have somebody to say it to, instead of just comin' round to us . . . They dig it when we tell them to piss off.

You just throw 'em a pair of underpants and kick 'em out.

Your underpants? (EVO)

# O

Roger Daltrey, on **Various Topics**:

New York is a bum place, too impersonal. This whole country is incredible . . . after comin' out of Chicago, it took me 2 days to get my head together, even to think I was actually here. Outside the (Chicago) theatre, the actual city, the police—I can hardly believe it. Our driver got stopped for speedin' and they took



the whole lot of us down to the station. Just for speeding — and this is a free country . . . ?

Everybody asks me about **Tommy**, how we feel when we're doin' it on stage. When I'm in another world completely, I don't know what happens. The whole concept is sort of in here, part of us, and it's bound to be different than singin' any other song . . . We know each other very very well — extremely well — and the best thing we could ever do is let Peter have a free hand, which is what we did. Because otherwise you just get a conglomeration of things, none relevant. I really wanted Pete to do it, because let's face it, man, he's been talkin' about it fo' so long and people were saying, What a lot o' bullshit! . . . now he's done it and it's great.

I'm glad you're not talking about politics. (EVO)

Someone has to do it.

Than why aren't you doing it? (EVO)

We're not in a position to, we don't live here . . . Problems in England are so minute compared to what's happening here.

**You don't think the racist situation is bad there? (EVO)**

Naooo. It's not a racist thing a tall. The point about England is that it's full up. They're not stoppin' colored immigrants, they're stoppin' anyone immigrating — there's no houses. This really annoys me, it was one of George Wallace's things — I used to watch him on TV — he always used to say, oh, piss!, he used to say we were prejudiced, and that's not the point. If you lived there, and realized how hard it is to just to get a roof over your head, you'd see they'd have to stop people from movin' into the country.

. . . I always feel that someone has to become a leader . . . no, I don't think Peter will get into it. I don't think it'll be musicians, it'll have to be someone with — I know it's a horrible word — someone with a sense of politics. You can't just say, 'Tear it all down' — you can say it — but you got to have things to put in its place. There must be groovy people with great ideas . . .

I don't think it will be musicians; the ideas for the people who will lead might, but you need a leader, an organization. It needs these people to be together. If all the kids in the United States said, 'We ain't goin' to fight in

Vietnam,' there won't be any war! You see, there's always one stupid lit-tul sheep who says, 'Aww, I might as well go.' That's what happens, right. But if everyone said, 'We ain't going to go,' what could they do — they couldn't put the whole bloody population from 18 to 25 in jail, could they . . . So it's got to be solidarity.

**So how do you convince all these people? (EVO)**

It's just going to take time; it needs more time for a lot of these old cunts to just go away. Gettin' a few o' them out of the way and gettin' the young people in a better position. These things take an awful lot of organizing, that's why you need time. There's people who can start wars, there must be people who can finish them.

**If it is going to be an international thing, why can't you all get into it? (EVO)**

We're not strong enough leaders . . . No, Bobby Dylan isn't enough either. Lots of people have been writing anti-war songs for years, and that doesn't do much good, does it . . .? You need a Hitler figure. He turned out mad in the end, but he did help Germany at the start, the German people. Someone to say, 'This is the way' . . .



by LITA ELISCU

**They'll be in a minority in 5 years. And then they'll produce more changes — while the English kids will still be exactly as they were. (EVO)**

But in England, they just haven't got to go through it; they haven't got people in the street gassing 'em. They won't ever have the pressures so they can spend the next 10 or 12 years just getting turned on to grass and all that . . .

**But they won't! OK, you've got national abortion laws, and free dope for registered junkies, but that all came from the national legislation — they're sops. You haven't done anything about the colored people, and the youth there won't either, they'll just keep on going. (EVO)**

Yes they will! It won't go on and on — it doesn't go on and on. Look, the first big wave of colored people came around 1950 — there just weren't any before that — and you've had your thing goin' on here for — how long, 300 years? --- well, we'll work it out, too

photos by RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN



**??? (EVO)**

I don't mean leaders in that way; you have to get a true democratic process going, which there definitely isn't anymore. You've got to have leaders, some sort of government — but it's got to be a youth government and it also has to be run by the people.

**It's betting bad all over, Berkeley . . . (EVO)**

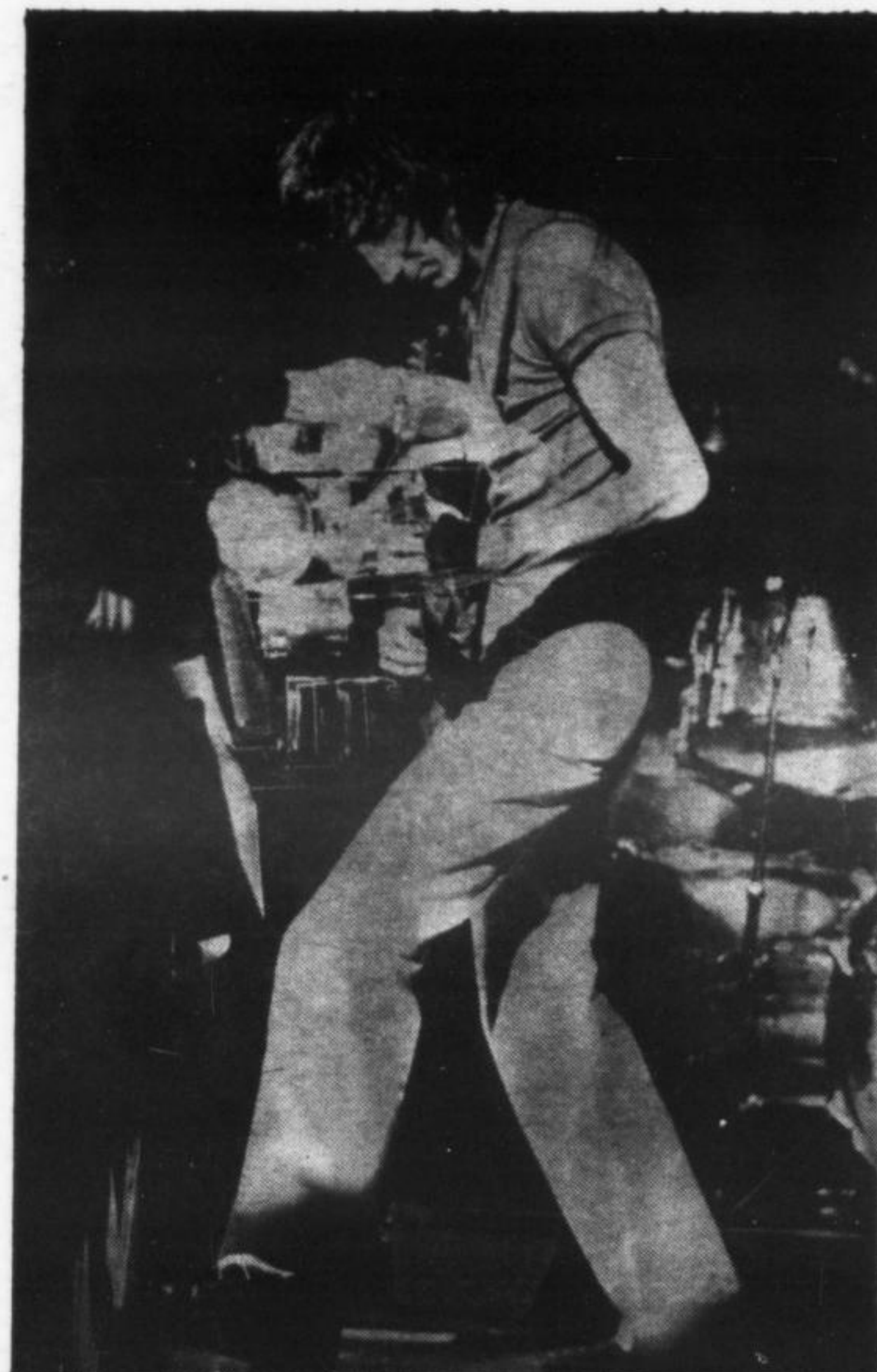
That's why I'm saying England's problems are so minute.

**What do you think your problems are? (EVO)**

I don't think there are any problems in England — the thing is, after 2 bloody world wars and god knows how many people killed, they should finally realize where it's at and become neutral because they're such a tiny lit-tul pinhead on the globe. The young people in America are so far ahead of the young people in England —

— Because of the pressures here. (EVO)

That's what I'm talkin' about; that's why I admire them here so much. But don't you realize that the young people here are still in a minority. They may be 40% or so, but what they're doin' isn't getting across, it's staying with them. The young people are saying, This is the way it's gotta go, but the old people aren't saying, Well, let's compromise — they aren't giving an inch, they're just getting worse.



**SOMETHIN' ELSE**

FRI. & SAT. (June 13 & 14) FROM 8 P.M. TILL 2 A.M.  
**"SOMETHIN' ELSE"**  
 FEATURING  
**GUESS WHO**  
 (APPEARING 10 P.M. & 12:30 A.M.)  
**COLWELL-WINFIELD BLUES**  
**ROYAL GUARDSMEN**  
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 HOST: MAL JACKSON - CONTINUOUS DANCING  
 ADMISSION \$3.50  
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## screw

(Continued from Page 11)

by thousands of screaming faces—some of them curious, seeking a touch, or some blood, or just relief from their dull lives.

"Christ," sighed Editor Goldstein. "I never expected anything like that. Now, I know what Nelson Rockefeller must have felt like in Latin America. Let's go uptown where people appreciate us."

It was decided that the group would take a walking tour of 42nd Street from Second to Eighth Avenues. The girls would sell the newspapers on the street, while Jim, Al and Mary would follow along in the Caddy to make occasional stops at important corners.

A large crowd quickly developed in front of the Daily News Building. But unlike the folks at Wall Street, this group seemed to be much friendlier. Countering the effects of John McGuire was a very pregnant lady who swore that she adored SCREW. Two hippy-looking Advertising Execs bought a dozen copies and commented that they were glad to see the publication moving again. One of the SCREW-bunnies encountered her boss and sold him a copy. He liked the paper. And then there was the man who wouldn't buy the tabloid unless "it contained explicit photographs of fornication."

Back in the Caddy and driving down 42th Street. We traveled towards Grand Central Station while flashing copies of SCREW in the car's window. On Third Avenue a bus driver stopped his vehicle dead in the middle of the street in order to fetch a copy of the pornzine. At a green light on Third Avenue, two Teamsters stopped their moving van, knocked on the limousine's window and pleaded for copies of the tabloid. Feeling somewhat like Paul Revere, Goldstein drove past Grand Central Station shouting, "We're back! SCREW's back! Get your red-hot SCREW!!!" Hundreds of folks came up to the car, to get the paper, to congratulate the publisher, to find out if it will be back on the newsstands. From a porn-shop near Sixth Avenue, SCREW received shouts of "Maazel-tov! Maazel-tov!"

"You see," cooed Al. "People do love us. We'll do just fine. But how are we ever to deal with self-righteous pigs like that guy downtown? I just didn't believe that people like that existed anymore."

Yes, Virginia, there is a censor and he's in us all.

## film

(Continued from Page 9)

**Pastorale D'Ette** is quite different; the beginning of this picture is unforgettably beautiful, the hard stone of the cathedral is replaced by the soft almost feminine slope of a hillside. There is a series of landscape shots, a hill side is perceived in the early dawn light and one seems to be propelled toward it until the crest of the hill is reached and toward another hill beyond, once again up and down to the other side; the feeling I got was like flying. Hindle says "throbbing, pulsating countryside in high summer. Voluptuous, natural, naked. Pure colors, forms responding to the pull of the sun, with music by Honegger."

**29, Merci, Merci**; made in 1966-67, was the turning point in Hindle's career; it was the first of his films made after a long careful reevaluation of his life which led him to this conclusion; from Cineaste mag-reprinted in Filmmakers Newsletter Vol-one No. 9.

"About a year or so ago I began a gush of film-making for myself. After making some 120 films for television and such). Everything since that time has been an affirmation of my belief that good films can rarely if ever, be made in the employ of others." "29, Merci, Merci," is a kind of introspective sole searching that is not often found in cinema. Here is a man making films to help himself find meaning in life and trying to discover where he himself is at.

**Chinese Firedrill** (1968). This film is an even bolder attempt to fathom his own psyche. "It was purely an exercise to see what would

(Continued on Page 19)

# ufo

(Continued from Page 3)

from all over the universe are trying to break through it.

No one, as yet, has been able to dent its surface. This is our biggest challenge, and every space buff, myself included, wishes someday to explore the "Universe of Solidarity."

## REPORT TWO

We landed on Earth and immediately turned our space vehicle and ourselves into pure energy, so that we might be adaptable to any form that the environment called for.

My friends, acting out their fantasies of civilizing the planet, went in search of the Earth's level of extinction, while I made out the first of my examining reports. As follows: There is basically one type of governing

creature here. All are identical. Bodies are in the form of solids. There is a slight variation on the bodies.

One group has an appendage on top, near the head. The other has an appendage near the middle of the body. One is female, the other is male. Our examining viewer was informed that these two variations complement each other, lock into each other and so produce more of the same species. They have no understanding of the creative process. They cannot repeat creation other than instinctively, so I would classify this species as "pre Primitive."

They refuel their body by pushing liquid and solids through an opening in their head. This is often done in the presence of other creatures like themselves. The body is bent in such a way that the middle portion of their form is caught on a horizontal structure, while another structure near the head holds the collected unit of fuel.

The solids and liquids that are placed in the head, eventually are ejected below the body in slightly different form, due to the experience inside the body.

Another practice that is common, is the customary changing of position, usually upon the absence of natural light. The body then stands horizontally, instead of vertically, with the aid of an inanimate horizontal structure.

To move from point A to point B, there appears a crossing and recrossing motion, much like a shifting X in the lower half on the body.

I noticed that two round units in the head are responsible for many movements of the body. This may be the nucelus, and I wouldn't be surprised if this area ruled the body, as when the circles disappear or are covered, the body is motionless.

My friends joined me, and had with them reports of the red flashes we had picked up on our screen. The flashes were already eating

up the inhabitants in one section of the planet. There didn't seem to be much control over them. Experience with inner planets had taught us that red flashes, if left to breathe and flourish, grew at tremendous speeds, soon dwarfing all other elements, even water itself, as it consumed the planet.

Larry (anglicized approximation of his name) suggested we go into the creatures for better

(Continued on Page 16)

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Enclosed is my money order & self addressed stamped envelope. Orders received 3 days before cruise will be held at boat entrance. See Stanley.

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All are welcome

Gay People — Straight Couples

**EXTRA!!**

DOOR PRIZES!! FIRST PRIZE: Round trip to Puerto Rico for Two.

Presented by

THE PEPPERMEN & BOB & STANLEY

I HAD TWO GREAT DATES FOR THIS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.



I WAS TAKING THIS GROOVY HIGH SCHOOL CHICK TO SEE THE GUESS WHO? AT THE FELT FORUM.



AND I WAS TAKING THIS TOUGH COLLEGE CHICK TO SEE THE YOUNGBLOODS AT FILLMORE EAST.



BUT THE HIGH SCHOOL CHICK SAYS SHE'S PREGNANT.



AND THE COLLEGE CHICK GOT BUSTED.



...I HATE ROCK MUSIC ANYWAY.



June 13-14: The Guess Who? at the Felt Forum, The Youngbloods at Fillmore East.



## ufo

(Continued from Page 15)

study. I didn't think we should take the time, and suggested we remain in our energy states and examine by Magna-Ray.

Larry finally convinced us that it wouldn't take more than a few seasons at the most, and that it would prove an excellent experience in discipline and recordation, preparing us for our big trip in the future.

So, there were four of us occupying space in what we now know as New York City. Each of us was waiting to borrow a human image. Conveniently, a long vehicle pulled up in front of us, and a man the color of all colors, ran around and opened the back door of the vehicle. Out stepped a man who was the color of the absence of color. We later learned he was a General. Out of the car behind the General stepped a female: the General's daughter. The three of us immediately "registered" (much

like the lenses of a camera), then, much like your "Polaroids," we immediately assumed the images of these people and took on their individual physical structures. We were now, for want of better titles, **Space Chauffeur**, **Space General**, and **Space Female**. Our last crew member was still "energy." It wasn't long before another man appeared who picked up the General's bags. Our friend registered the man and thus became a "porter."

To duplicate the entourage further, we sighted the General's vehicle and recreated that through image also.

We assumed our positions in the car, and as the General alighted for his hotel, we drove off down the street, an exact replica, but for the added passenger, our friend, **Space Porter**. We had no problem driving the Earth vehicle, as there isn't a moving craft that any one of us can't direct by thought control. Our plan was to stay close to the General and his party, so that we would be taken for these people and thrown into their normal way of life. An attempt to understand human experiences. We, of course, would have to be discreet, and talk and reveal ourselves as little as possible.

We stopped the car, and I, posing as the General got out and stood beside the fender of the car. Not before long an Earth creature stopped, and a part of his body jumped out at me. I jumped back, and my friends jumped from the car to assist me if need be, but just then that same part of his body slipped back into place (later I learned this was the 'hand shake'), and he said, "Good morning, General."

When one understands basic communication, there is no such thing as different languages. "Yes, it is a good morning," I returned.

"See you this evening, General," he said. The same part of his body shot out again, but this time struck him on his head.

I put my friend, **Space Chauffeur**, on his tail so I could find out where the General had been invited that evening. In becoming the General, I had taken on the General's accumulated knowledge, but not his reasoning. That remained my own. The same was the condition of my friends.

While the rest of us had been busy with the General's friend, **Space Female** was attracting her first contact with an Earth being. A male, two minograms closer to the Earth than **Space Female**, watched her from a street corner and

then made a peculiar noise with his lips. As **Space Female** looked on curiously, he skittered across the street, his head in his collar and sidled up to her. "Wanna fuck?" he asked.

(To be continued)

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## books

(Continued from Page 7)

it is pretty poor stuff and should really have been left out. The historical sociology of the beat movement—and the transition to the current hip world—has yet to be written, and it will be done only by someone who was there, which leaves out Polsky of all his 285 interviews. Like other such efforts, it suffers from his restriction to a fairly narrow segment of even New York beats, from his complete misunderstanding of the role of psychedelics even then, from his missing out on the real (philosophical/religious) significance of the beat movement and its successors. For him it was merely a total dropping out, without reference to what the beats found important enough to warrant sacrificing membership in the larger society: the same error marring the Parry "Garrets and Pretenders" study.

One does have to credit him with indicting the Narcotics Bureau's anti-cannabis propaganda as tendentious lies and falsifications of evidence, confirming belatedly what Polsky's illustrious colleagues Lindesmith, Winick and Becker had shown long before; but he seems to have fallen for the notion that psychedelics were just one more fad, as in the Hashish Club of Paris a century ago—rather than a basic element of social cohesion for many elements of the hip world.

On the other hand, he has done beautifully (albeit on a pitifully small scale) in his study of the sociology of pornography. About 90 percent of the volume of allegedly sociological or otherwise scholarly stuff produced on this subject is hypocritical justifications or equally hypocritical attacks. Even the small number of alleged literary masterpieces, from the Marquis de Sade to Genet, Burroughs, Dukahz and Henry Miller, are not ordinarily read (outside restricted academic contexts) for literary merit, they are read one-handed—differing from their Times Square paperback counterparts mostly in price. All are aimed at masturbators, not at rapists. This fact has not been talked about largely because of legal attitudes; but whatever else sociology is or should be, it is not a mere adjunct to law enforcement, and hypocritical cant must no longer be allowed to substitute for reality. Hence that essay; hence also Polsky's other major piece of inconoclast, deceptively titled "Research Method, Morality and Criminology," recommending that realistic participant observation methods be used in studying professional criminals, even to the point of martyrdom, i.e. risking jail for refusing to fink on one's informants. Sociology needs a few more people like Ned Polsky, if it is to survive at all.

## emanations

(Continued from Page 9)

So they must have some powers. But I'm blessed if I know what they are!

Q. Can you explain the doctrine of Affinities? I have just met a girl whom I believe to be my Affinity, and she says that this is an occult bond which transcends any purely mortal law, and that she should leave her husband, and I should leave my wife, so that we can be together, since God meant us for each other and man's laws don't matter. I want to very much but I wonder if this is really an occult law. J. N.

Dear J. N. — In some form, the doctrine of Affinities keeps cropping up so frequently in occult practice that there is obviously some core of truth in it. In basic form the theory is that the two people involved, usually a man and a woman, were originally one soul, divided long ago and seeking ever since for its "other half"; that in some incarnations they are together, and in others, separated. You'll find the whole theory elaborated in Plato's *Symposium*.

However, because of various karmic reasons, these souls are separated, and when one meets one's Affinity in a given life, one is apt to feel that one can't live without him, or her—as the case may be, and disrupt one's whole life, in order to be with the loved one. This is fine—if one has no other obligations. I still feel that if one has taken on another obligation, it's probably for a good karmic reason and should be honored—or else you'll be confronted with the same problem all over again in the next life.

It's also true that people with a smattering of occultism tend to undergo some emotional, or sexual, flare-up over some new acquaintance and immediately decide "This person is my Affinity"—(or soul-mate; same damned thing.) Whereupon they jump at this for a good excuse to throw over the old love and joyously on with the new. If the "old love" is ready to be discarded, and there are no complications in the form of children, mutual obligations, or what have you, this is probably all very well—but what happens when you discover that the brand new "Affinity" is just another good lay, and start looking for your real Affinity? I've known people who did this three or four times.

For a good exposition of the working out of the laws of Affinity, (as well as a fairly practical test of the ordeals which were originally used to test whether or not it was the real thing—would you be willing, for instance, to suffer various mutilations for the girl in question?) you might read, if you can find it, Marjorie Liv-

ington's novel of Atlantis, *Island Sonata*, (Andrew Dakers, 1942.) It's a little old-fashioned but has a lot of genuine occult knowledge sandwiched into the story.

In this column, questions will be answered relative to occultism, clairvoyance, magic, witchcraft, and any related matters. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be answered in the column will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. While always glad to receive questions about astrology, and answer them to the best of my ability, I cannot undertake to interpret individual charts. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, in care of the *East Village Other*.

Q. In every occult magazine, and in some that aren't, I see advertisements for the Rosicrucian Order. Do they really live up to all the claims they make? Should I join them? D.R.L.

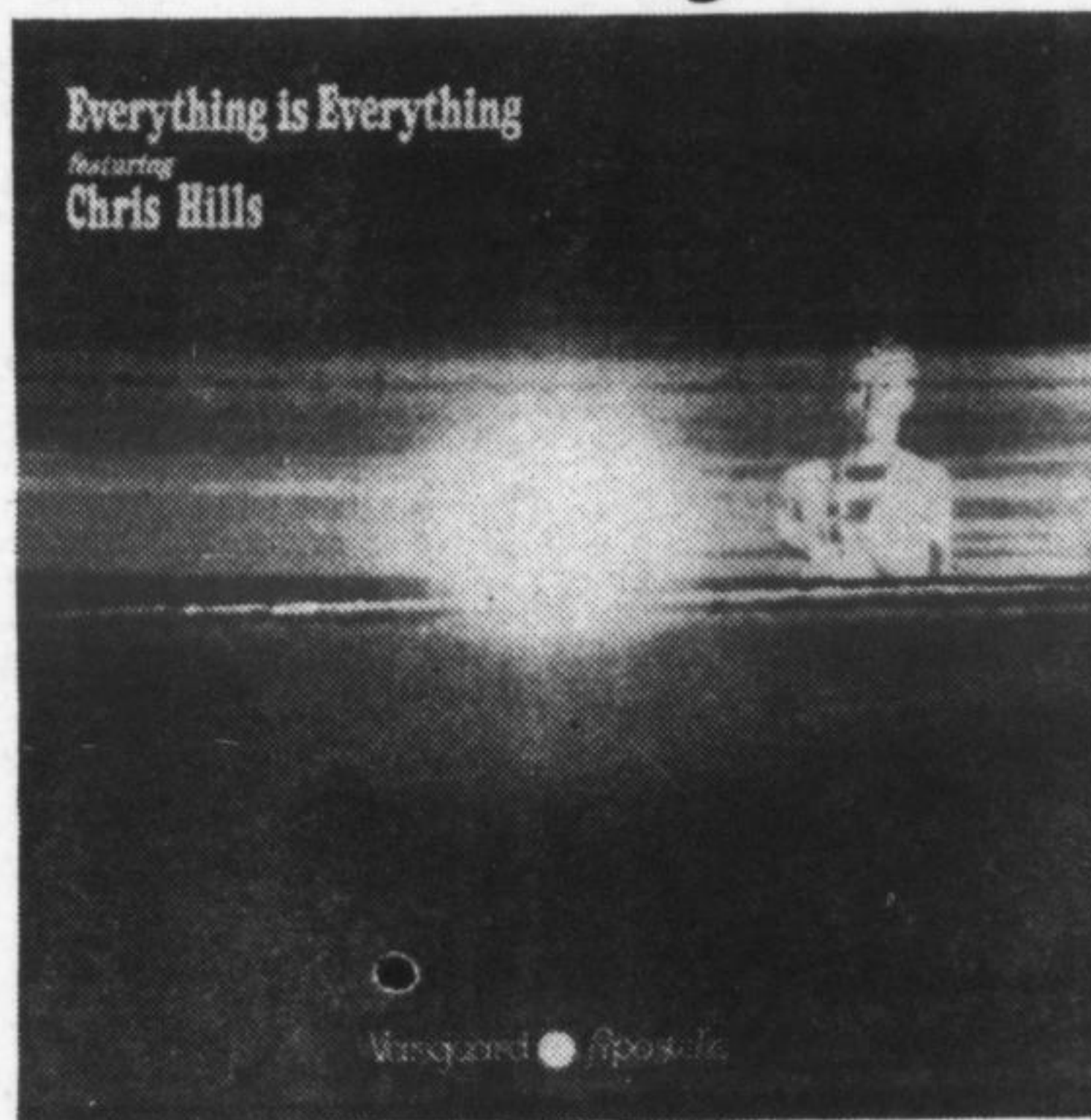
Dear D.R.L. — If they lived up to all the claims they made, they would be a direct gateway to Heaven—which is only to say that living in a modern world they have taken advantage of the somewhat dubious benefits of the mass media and of advertising. I was a member of the Rosicrucian Order (AMORC) for about nine years and reached one of their higher degrees. (Before I continue, let me remind possible members that my name will NOT appear on their rolls; "Elfrida Rivers" is a pen name.) As nearly as I can tell, they are as good as any of the open lodges of occultism can possibly be. For those who want a good, orderly introduction to the study and practice of occultism, not the study alone, I can recommend affiliating with them, without hesitation.

Like every other order which accepts virtually all comers, and which depends on advertising and the "voluntary contributions" to maintain their enormous and world-wide organization, they are commercialized to a degree which many sincere people find obnoxious. Their bulletins offer for sale not only various books, but fake Egyptian curios such as colored reproductions of the head of Nefertiti, incense, (it is good incense, I must say), candles, (ditto) and even such incredible things as envelopes already addressed to AMORC for convenience in sending in one's monthly dues! Also, as the possessor of a reasonably good (college) education, I found my intelligence a little insulted when they gave what amounted to a seventh-grade science course, although I can, of course, understand why it was necessary: they wished to be sure of the minimum level of scientific understanding in their students, many of whom appear to have an inferior education.

# Larry Coryell has recorded his head.



# And Everything Is Everything is everything.



Vanguard  Apostolic

# underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

This is the beginning of a regular weekly feature. It is a Service to help the New American Cinema. Screenings, and/or guest talks by filmmakers that are open to the public (whether theater, festival, campus or loft) will be listed free providing the subject relates to avantgarde — experimental — underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to EVO as soon as available.

To reduce unwieldy repetition, abbreviations are used to denote the region involved and the name of the theater. Full description of the codes are listed alphabetically and precede the calendar.

## REGIONAL CODE

BAY — San Francisco Bay Area, Cal.  
NYC — Metropolitan New York City area

## CALENDAR LOCATIONS

### ALTERNATE U

69 W. 14th St.  
N. Y. C. 10011

### AM-EX

American Experimental Cinema  
8 Stuyvesant St. (near Cooper Union)  
N.Y.C., 212 677-9790

### C/ELG

Elgin Theater  
8th Ave. & 19th St.  
N. Y. C.

### CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM OR C/M

The Jewish Museum  
1109 5th Avenue (91st St)  
N.Y.C. 10028, 212 749-3770

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46 Gt. Jones Street (E. 3rd St.)  
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### MOMA

Museum of Modern Art  
11 West 53rd Street  
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## CALENDAR

**HOURLY — NYC —** Films by BRUCE NAUMAN, ROBERT FIORE & MICHAEL SNOW as part of the current show "Anti-Illusion Procedures/Materials. Daily thru 6 July — WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave, NYC, CI 9-4100

**MILLENNIUM —** For the balance of the summer, Millennium Film Workshop will not operate a regular schedule but will maintain some classes and schedule showings whenever a program becomes available. All events open to the public will be listed here as soon as scheduled.

### JUNE 12 — THURSDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY and/or others — AM-EX  
MIDNITE — NYC — ANDY WARHOL: sneak premier of a new work, benefit for Film Culture magazine — ELG

### JUNE 13 — FRIDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX  
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Premier of 2 new films by ANDY NOREN, Kodak Ghost Poems & discussion — MILLENNIUM  
8:00 PM — NYC — open screening & independent shorts. 1 film per filmmaker with 2 month max, run. Contact Raffique for details. — U.P.  
MIDNITE — BAY — BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI: Before the Revolution. ARTHUR LIPSETT: Free Fall. CURTIS HARRINGTON: On the Edge. Betty Boop — PALACE

### JUNE 14 — SATURDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX  
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Friday program — U-P  
MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — PALACE

### JUNE 15 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — Buster Keaton's Go West. Arthur Lipsett: 21-87 — ALT U

### JUNE 17 — Tuesday

5:30 PM — NYC — Cineprobe: STANTON KAYE: Brandy in the Wilderness w/discussion — MOMA  
6:00 PM — NYC — PAUL SHARITS: Touching; ROBERT BREER: 69; STAN BRAKHAGE: The Horseman, the Woman, and the Moth — C/M

### JUNE 19 — THURSDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY and/or others — AM-EX

### JUNE 20 — FRIDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX  
8:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of previous Friday program — U-P  
MIDNITE — BAY — EISENSTEIN: Time in the Sun (unfinished Mexican film). VON STERNBERG: Anatahan. WALTER CHAPPEL: Flesh Tones. Plus a surprise film — PALACE

### JUNE 21 — SATURDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX  
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — U-P  
MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — PALACE

### JUNE 22 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — Grapes of Wrath — ALT U

### JUNE 24 — TUESDAY

6:00 PM — NYC — STANBRAKHAGE: My Mountain and River — C/M.

## rock-scene

FILLMORE: The Mothers, Chicago Transit Authority, Youngbloods  
ELEC CIRCUS: Slim Harpo, Ed Young Fife & Drum Band: June 11  
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Apollo: Roland Kirk  
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Scene: Slim Harpo, Alice Cooper  
Au Go Go: Ian and Sylvia

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## film

(Continued from Page 14)

come out — nothing was planned. I assume the accent voicebox and turned on the tape machine. The character unfolded sentence, by sentence. I had no idea what the next word would be, let alone what the next sentence or "plot" might be. Only one thing was kept in mind — the character was not limited to continuity. I was constantly attempting to make no two sentences link up perfectly.

From it all emerged (I was surprised to find out) a tale of deracination, of violent treatment, of the attempt of a shell-shocked mind to struggle toward (but not reaching) meaning and purpose." Hindle is in this picture himself which emphasizes my feeling that he is trying to see himself, so to speak, and not to give his ego a big lift. *Chinese Firedrill* is expressive cinema at its best.

There is a boxoffice film now playing around in which Anthony Newly produced, directed and starred, *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness*. This fatuous ego-trip made into poor entertainment is a perfect example of an actor's idea of cinema. In contrast to *Chinese Firedrill*'s deep introspection 'Mercy Humppe' is egocentric to the point of sickness. I only compare the two because I think Newly thought he was getting a detached view of himself and that baring himself to the world would bring him closer to some truth he could not quite express, he even has a dummy representing his alter-ego.

Newley has a large amount of sex in his film and he has tried to show love also, but it never really gets above base animal lusts, Hindle's film is an overwhelming expression of love, the need of love, the lack of love, the desire for love, sex is there, carnal craving takes the form of hot naked bodies embracing amidst clouds of steam, while Newley has fun in the pool-the first on-screen, underwater cunnilingus. Will Hindle is a filmmaker, and his work contains a genuine sincerity which is sadly lacking in Anthony Newley's picture (but then it is rare to find any sincerity in a box-office film).

After *Chinese Firedrill*, Hindle made *FFFTCM* and *Billabong!* in *FFFTCM*, he depicts with great visual beauty man's search for a unity with the cosmos and his upward thrust toward a supreme reality. *Billabong* (shows) the loneliness, isolation, and mediocrity of an army camp remembered from the dim past put into a visual fabric woven of old photos and pin ups, and barracks 'home movies! This could be any army, navy, etc. camp anywhere in the U.S. from 1940 to the present, the buildings and bunks are the same, dull and drab in between, nothing-existence that is familiar to anyone who has known compulsory confinement and regimentation.

This year, things have gone well for Will Hindle, he received an The American Film Institute grant which enabled him to complete another film, and a Guggenheim grant which will make it possible for him to continue his work. I think this is just wonderful. One or more of Hindle's Films will be shown by F.M.F. Cinetheque at the Jewish Museum, on Tuesday July 1st.

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**super**

(Continued from Page 5)  
 consciousness becomes more aware than it ever was of divinity and where it is really at. You can sense divinity by taking LSD, by having all your conditioning barriers broken to the point where you are totally open. At that point you become AWARE: no hang-ups and nothing is holding you back. The writings of Timothy Leary, the *I Ching* and the *Book of Tao* all complement each other. Our Guru says that each one of us has to develop his own central beat. We see him as a human being capable of mistakes and errors. This is beautiful because his mistakes don't hang him up. He enables us to grow on our own individual trip. Unlike Maharishi who says "If you want to see God follow me", as said Meher Baba and many others, Timothy Leary says "Get into yourself and you will see God". That's where Sunshine is at. It enables you to see the God within you.

EVO—What doses do you recommend to your customers?

SSM—When we sell it to someone we know has not taken acid before, we suggest half a tab. This LSD is so strong and stimulates so much energy, that more is not needed. This is pure acid, and there are 500-1000 less tabs produced per gram than any other acid. Each tab is LSD, clean clear through.

EVO—How does it compare with the original Sandoz product?

SSM—We believe it to be as pure. Sunshine is the pure LSD trip that enables one to tear down all walls of conditioning. It makes one free and therefore aware and enlightened.

We all have grown up with the idea that man is capable of using only 10 percent of his brain power. What happens when a higher percentage is being put to use? We believe that spiritual leaders such as Timothy are capable of that. With sunshine, there is so much energy to be stirred up and fired within the nervous system that enables one to put to use a much higher percentage of one's brain power.

EVO—Do you believe that the existence this acid would in any way calm and soothe the general atmosphere of paranoia and repression that currently prevails in America?

SSM—That's a heavy question. LSD makes one see God and when one sees God, one tends to become God fearing. The more people will see God, the more positive energy will be vibrated. We believe that this will bring about a change. It is only a matter of time. The real heavy people in LSD believe that we have already won and within a few years acid will be free on the streets. The LSD cult (if that's what one might call it) HAS won because more and more people are taking LSD every day. Definitely not LESS and LESS.

EVO—How much Sunshine have you taken?

SSM—For about a month, we took daily doses ranging from 1/4 of a tab to a full one. After that, we slackened off because we were getting pretty high off our activity.

EVO—Does all this interfere in any way in your daily activities—namely—dealing LSD on a nationwide basis the logistics of travel, relocation, lines of supply and all that?

SSM—I think that the consciousness is what keeps us going. There are a lot of things that come up that could easily blow our minds. We rely on the power that we can center on, because without being tuned into that we wouldn't be anywhere. We would have been busted a long time ago.

EVO—In the course of your activity you have probably acquired a certain degree of notoriety. Has this made you in any way paranoid?

SSM—No. If that was the case, we would have had to stop a long time ago. Sometimes total strangers greet us as Mister Sunshine and compliment us. We never say no to anybody. We just dig and flow. If we pick up good vibrations, we establish contact. We are patient and just wait because we know that if it should happen, it will. It always does—it always has. Things happen and we react. That's all there is to it. By doing things that are positive, by trying to be kind and generous with what we have, we believe we have better Karma. We do run our lives on a

lot of hope. We believe that if we are cool things will happen to us. After all the bread isn't THAT big a thing.

EVO—How big a thing is it?

SSM—The bread is nothing but a tool. This being a heavy trip, a lot of bread is needed to facilitate it. We put our ALL into it. It is both physically and mentally exhausting. For these reasons we decided to make our trip as comfortable and easy as we can. That's where the bread comes in. There and nowhere else.

EVO—Am I correct in assuming that Timothy Leary has absolutely no connection or foreknowledge of your activities?

SSM—He must be aware of our energy and what it is doing on earth, but he is not aware nor has he anything to do with our dealing activities. We just fell into this thing. There has never been any organized plan to run around the country selling LSD. It just happened, we assume magically.

EVO—What is the *modus operandi* of your heads?



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37 ST MARKS PL

(Continued on Page 23)

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# 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.

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## 1 — ANNOUNCEMENTS

JACK & Dale + family — D. Day came late this year—See you soon—David

WANTED: Tall, slim, young man named Tommy Ritter. Looking for him is Pat "O" from Kearny. If you would like to be found just call or stop over.

DEAR BONNEE—If you feel an inclination get in touch with K. Deitch at EVO. Alas, that address you gave me got me nowhere. Wistfully yours, Kim.

BERKELEY PEOPLE'S PARK shotgun victim just out of hospital seeks donations or words of encouragement. Write to Robert Carter 1544 California San Francisco 94109.

LOVERS of OM are now holding public meetings, Sundays, 1:00 p. m. and Wednesdays 8:15 p. m. at 251 W. 55th Street, N. Y. C. A United World without racism and nationalism, but actively encouraging interracial marriage and miscegenation, a world without money but supported economically by gift-service, a world observing the right of public nudity, and without sexual fear, and in which copulation, practiced without insistence on privacy, is sacred, dedicated in love to OM, God of gods, and a world of general peace, harmony, health, and divine service are a few of the ideals around which the the Lovers are centered. All— young, old, rich, poor — are welcome.

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when infinity frightens  
the wall  
& remorse forgets  
the ball  
Hear my Heart  
when the viper  
betrays a peak  
& an arrow meets  
the shriek  
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS Jr.

Hear my Heart  
when birds lose  
their nest  
& liberty questions  
the crest  
Hear my Heart  
when decay inspires  
the throne  
& gold bewilders  
the groan  
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Dearly Beloved: and life? What can anyone say? Fuck the establishment. Desolation row recording presents the first in a series of recordings: INSANE & ASYLUM OUTLAW BLUES. THE FIRST PUBLIC AIRING WILL BE JUNE 15, 1969 at NINE P. M. CONTRIBUTION: \$1. 141 W. 139th St., Apt. 54, 2A bus to 139th St. PEACE.

## 3 — 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.

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## 5 — PUBLICATIONS

ADULT MANUSCRIPTS, wanted by Publishing firm. Contact Miss Rossman, 673-2828.

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POETS! POEMS WANTED FOR PUBLICATION. Poetry pageant Awards \$500.00 Prizes yearly, published quarterly! Submit several SHORT poems for publication consideration. POETRY PAGEANT, Box 3677-EVO, Washington 20007.

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FEMALE figure models needed for photography workshop. Any race. Good face and figure required. Work in plush air-conditioned studio. Convenient evening hours. Call evening. 673-9406.

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MODEL with classic male physique is available to artists, after 2 P.M. weekdays. Call 744-6249.

WANTED: Groovy male models who enjoy working nude for underground film shooting immediately no pay but good exposure send pic, measurements, details to B. French, 145 West 55 Street, Manhattan.

## 7 — MISC.

NUDIST PARKS — Are visited by evenly mixed male-female groups sponsored by a prominent and ethical religion. Singles write Mr. L., Roxborough, Box 5811, Phila., Pa. 19128.

YOUNG man seeks young man for room mate. East Flatbush Area Brooklyn. Write J. Barbella 1375 East 18th Street Brooklyn N. Y. 11230, or phone 376-1804

VIDEO APPRENTICE WANTED. Underground video artist — journalist offers instruction and opportunity to do own projects to apprentice willing to learn while lugging. No pay to start. 777-5626.

## CARTOONIST

New underground comix needs stuff. Big cash paid. Send samples. Mitch 1614 Argyle Hollywood, Calif. 90028. FREE VACATION with Artist Thomas Reese, Folksingers' Coffeehouse-Gallery, 7711 60th St., Pinellas Park, Florida 33565. Dial 544-7087. Sunbathing gardens, near Gulf. Models, ac/dc, S & M, etc. Need helper.

## 8 — 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. — Steve Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C. Please, gals only.

TO NANNETTE and YVONNE—Thanks your letter, am male nudist, semi-retired, swimming on property, other sun worshipers, sincere people, NO ulterior motives. Answer Edward Salter, 186 Main St., same town

26-YEAR-OLD New Jersey professional man with sensitive, quiet outlook, desires to meet affectionate girl of small build. Interest in classical music is desirable, but not necessary. All replies will be answered. B.K., PO Box 1174, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

GAL FRIDAY WANTED. Handsome young artist needs lovely affectionate young miss to be part-time gal Friday/playmate, in his cozy studio. Flexible hrs. Fun job. Write: Lynch, 6 East 36th St., N.Y.C. 10016.

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TALL, attractive, warm honest, male white, 30, desires to meet female companion, single or divorced for romance and possibly marriage. P.O. Box 3016, N. Y. 10017.

GENTLEMAN in forties would appreciate the company of a sincere young student. Please give details and picture if possible. Thank you. Box 8, Ramsey, N. J.

COLLEGE STUDENT (Girl) wanted for easy clerical work, Sundays at Bachelor's pad. Good bread, steady. Work & Play arrangement. (Am 40, white, handsome). P.O. Box 4026, Sunnyside Station, L.I.C., N.Y. 11104.

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DIVORCED, in my late 40's, have own private airplane. Seeking compatible female for a lasting relationship. PO Box 1038, F.D.R. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10022.

MALE, weather forecaster, 41, will share interesting apartment overlooking park with intelligent girl only, rent free, in exchange for household duties. Write: A. Kane, Message Center, Chemical New York Bank Building, Sheridan Square, New York City 10014.

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& purity awakens to wail  
Hear my Heart  
(when a cloud curses the smile  
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when slavery grows into mist  
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**super**

(Continued from Page 20)

SSM—We try to follow. We read the *I Ching* and listen to people who know where it is at. We want to follow the universal law of cosmic consciousness. We don't want to follow man's law. That is what has been saving us.

EVO—Do you feel that your activity is a good conduit toward this end?

SSM—Yes, we feel that we are doing more good for more people by dealing Sunshine. We feel that we help the revolution by throwing out good vibes. All this enables many to relate to life a lot better because with divine wisdom one attains divine powers and viceversa.

EVO—Is there anything that you would rather do than what you are doing?

SSM—NO. This LSD has put us on such a far out trip that we really prefer doing what we are doing right now. We feel very fulfilled.

**hip**

(Continued from Page 7)

it is not too hygienic. Second, he has sharp teeth. Third, he presses his claws against my body.

I know that if I confronted my obstetrician with this problem he would be so appalled that I imagine he would never deliver any future children that we may conceive. He is a very good Ob-Gyn man but terribly straight!

I would be very thankful if you could answer me as soon as possible because my boobs are getting sore and I have numerous claw marks on my abdomen. Thank you so much and please believe me, although it's so bizarre, this letter is on the level.

ANSWER: I almost decided to let this one go by saying a solution to your problem could best be given by one of the subjects in the above-mentioned study. But then I realized my red-bearded veterinary friend would have information about this thorny problem.

He informed me that nursing animals is a common practice of women in many parts of the world. In Melanesia, for example, mothers often nurse pigs (and politicians can make of that whatever they want).

Cats can be declawed and defanged. If you were really interested in nursing your pet his sharp tongue spines could be filed (but they'd grow back in two weeks or so).

The most feasible solution would be to have your veterinarian prescribe a tranquilize tabby. Remember that a drug intended for a 120 pound human may not be suitable for a 4 pound animal.

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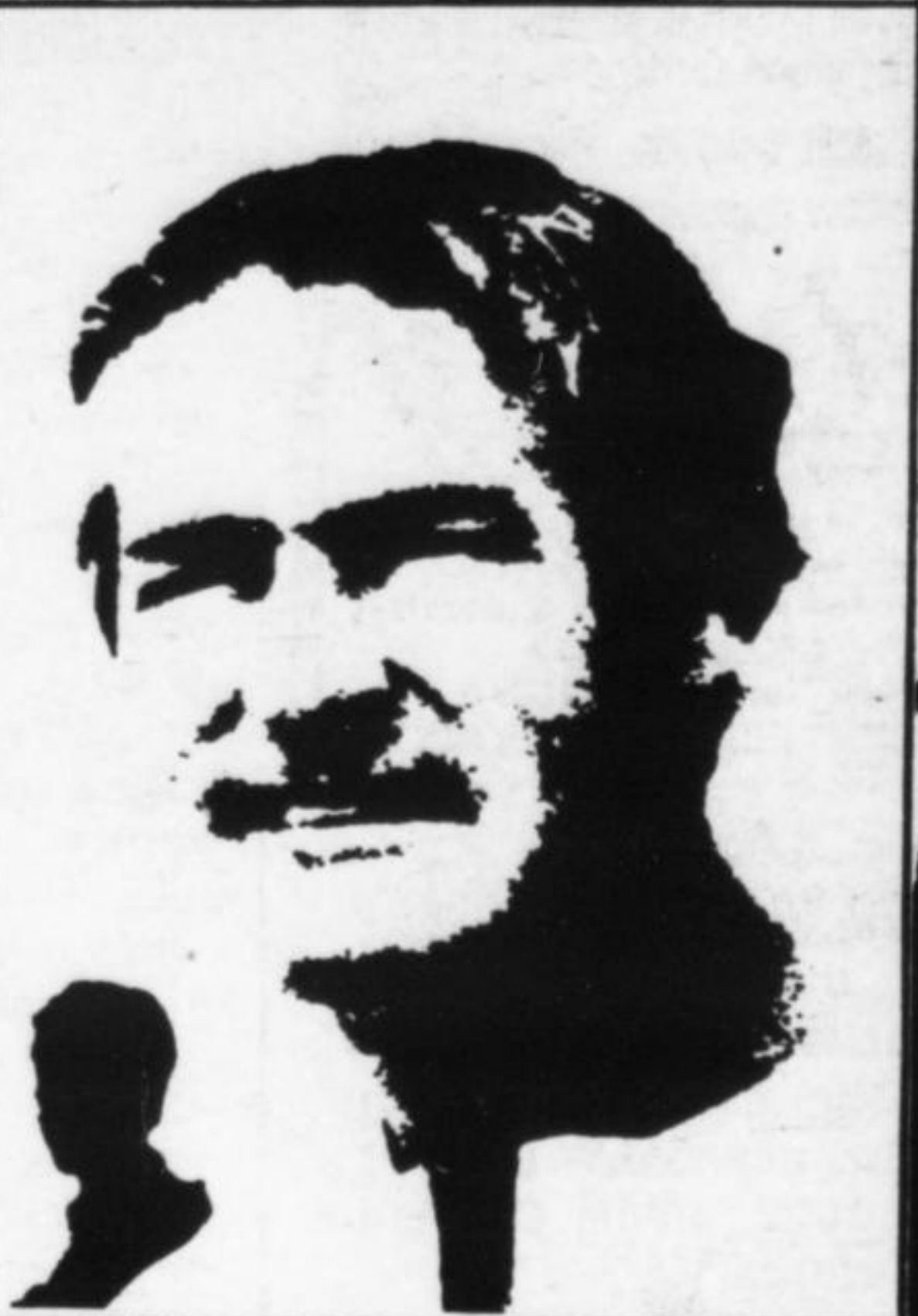
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