

THE

east
village



ARTER

Bob Gabriner
714 Conklin Pl.
Madison, Wisc. 53713

25 cents outside N.Y. 15c

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OCT. 15 - NOV. 1, 1967

VOL. 2, NO. 23

TRICARTER



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
840 W. E STREET
MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706

RIGID GEOMETRY HERE SHOWN PROGRESSING, THROUGH MAN'S MANIPULATION OF A CENTRAL IDEA, INTO PLASTIC, MOBILE AND FLUESCENT PHASES OF EXPRESSION TENDING TOWARDS CULMINATION IN FOLIATE AND EFFLORESCENT FORMS.

Bloom
316 S. Brown
A. Jones

Dear Mary Prankster:

On October 21st, a mighty Exorcism of the Pentagon will take place. Pentagons, as you know, are a symbol of evil in almost all religions. We plan to encircle that evil building with waves of beautiful people. We will play "Ring-Around-the-Pentagon-a-Pocketful-of-Pot." On October 12th (Columbus Day) a peace caravan called "Wagon Wheels East" left San Francisco. It was complete with real live Indian scouts and medicine men, compliments of Chief Rolling Thunder of the Shoshone Indian Tribe. Junk cars, stolen buses, motorcycles, rock bands, flower banners, dope, incense and enough food for the journey. The caravan will pass through some very hostile territory, and many will die on the trip. On Friday the 13th, a mock exorcism of the Pentagon took place in the Village Theater. On the 15th, a benefit to provide free buses will occur again at the Village Theater. In Washington, all religious fanatics, and your fellow merry pranksters, will meet at the Jefferson Memorial at 11:00 a.m. -- or, rather, everyone will bump into everyone else there. A few mobile sound trucks will be around, and rock groups such as JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, THE FUGS, STEVE MILLER'S BLUES BAND, MOTHER EARTH and many more, will play for a while. Then a massive swarm will begin. We will hurl everything we've got. We will dye the Potomac red, burn the cherry trees, panhandle diplomats and try to kidnap LBJ while wrestling him to the ground and pulling his pants off. We

will attack with noise makers, water pistols, marbles, bubble gum wrappers and bazookas. Girls will run naked, and piss on the Pentagon walls. Sorcerers, swamis, priests, warlocks, rabbis, gurus, witches, alchemists, medicine men, speed freaks and other holymen will join hands and encircle the Pentagon -- 1200 people for each ring. Rock bands will play "Joshua at the Battle of Jericho." We will fuck on the grass and beat ourselves against the doors. Everyone will scream "Vote for Me," and we shall raise the flag of nothingness over the Pentagon. We shall all join in the mighty OM, and the Pentagon will begin to tremble and, as our magic grows stronger and stronger, the Pentagon will rise in the air. A great cry of liberation will echo through the land. "We are free. Great God Almighty! Free at last."

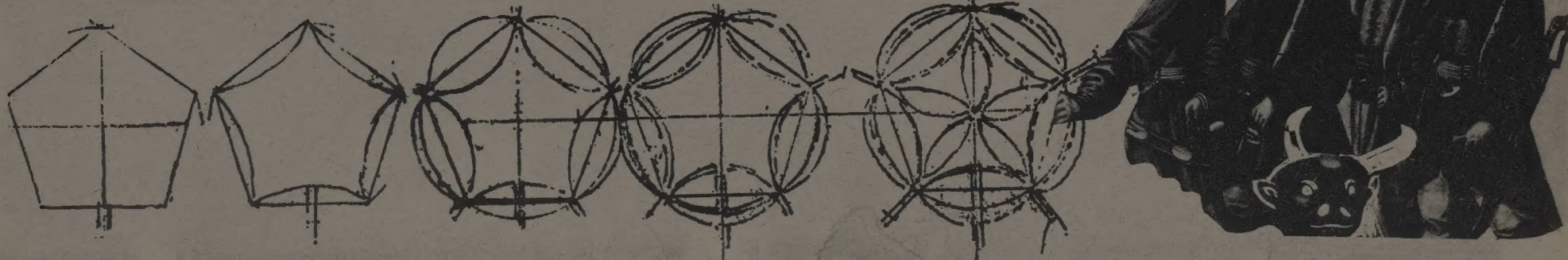
Love,

George Metesky

PS: October 21st: (1) Meet in NYC at Tompkins Park at 6:00 a.m. Free bus tickets at Digger Free Store, 264 E. 10th St. on Oct. 18th, or (2) Meet in Washington 11:00 a.m. at Jefferson Memorial. Donations to Council of Love, Box 81, Village Station, NYC 10014.

If people have car room available, they should assemble at Tompkins Square Park for the caravan.

AWAKENING OF THE PENTAGON



EXORCSM OFFICIAL CHRISTIAN FORM OF EXORCISM ANCIENT ARAMAIC

"I exorcise thee, most vile spirit, the very embodiment of our enemy, the entire specter, the whole legion, in the name of Jesus Christ, to (sign of the cross) get out and flee from this creature of God. (Cross, twice.)

"He himself commands thee, who has ordered those cast down from the heights of heaven to the depths of the earth. He commands thee, he who commanded the sea, the winds, and the tempests.

"Hear therefore and fear, O Satan, enemy of the faith, foe to the human race, producer of death, thief of life, destroyer of justice, root of evils, kindler of vices, seducer of men, betrayer of nations, inciter of envy, origin of avarice, cause of discord, producer of sorrows. Why dost thou stand and resist, when thou knowest that Christ the Lord will destroy thy strength? Fear him who was immolated in Isaac, sold in Joseph, slain in the lamb, crucified in man, and then was triumphant over hell.

"Go out, therefore, thou transgressor, go out, thou seducer full of all deceit and guile, enemy of virtue, persecutor of innocence, O most dire one, give place; give place to Christ, in whom thou hast found nothing of thy works, who hath despoiled thee, who hath destroyed thy kingdom, who hath led thee captive and hath plundered thy goods, who hath cast thee into outer darkness, where for thee and thy ministers is prepared annihilation.

"But why, truculent one, dost thou withstand? Why, rash creature, dost thou refuse?

"Thou art accused by Almighty God, whose statutes thou hast transgressed.

"Thou art accused by his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who thou didst dare to tempt and presume to crucify.

"Thou art accused by the human race, to whom by thy persuasion thou hast given to drink the poison of death.

"Therefore I adjure thee, most wicked dragon, in the name of the (Sign of the cross) immaculate lamb, who trod upon the asp and basilisk, who trampled the lion and dragon, to depart from this man (Sign of the cross), to depart from the Church of God (Sign of the cross be made on those standing by). Tremble and flee at the invocation of the name of that Lord at whom hell trembles, to whom the virtues of heaven, the powers and dominions are subject, who cherubim and seraphim with unwearied voices praise, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

"For thee, impious one, and for thy angels, are prepared worms which never die.

"For thee and thy angels is prepared unquenchable fire; because thou art the chief of accursed murder, thou art the author of incest, the head of sacrilege, the master of the worst actions, the teacher of heretics, the inventor of all obscenities. Therefore, O impious one, go out. Go out, thou scoundrel, go out with all thy deceits, because God has willed that man be his temple.

"Now therefore depart. (Sign of the cross.) Depart, thou seducer. Thy abode is the wilderness, thy habitation is the serpent. Be humbled and prostrate. Now there is no time to delay. For behold, the Lord God approaches quickly, and his fire will glow before him and precede him and burn up his enemies on every side. For, if thou hast deceived man, thou canst not mock God.

"He expels thee, from whose eye nothing is secret.

"He expels thee, to whose power all things are subject.

"He excludes thee, who hast prepared for thee and thy angels everlasting hell; out of whose mouth the sharp sword will go, he who shall come to judge the quick and the dead and the world by fire."

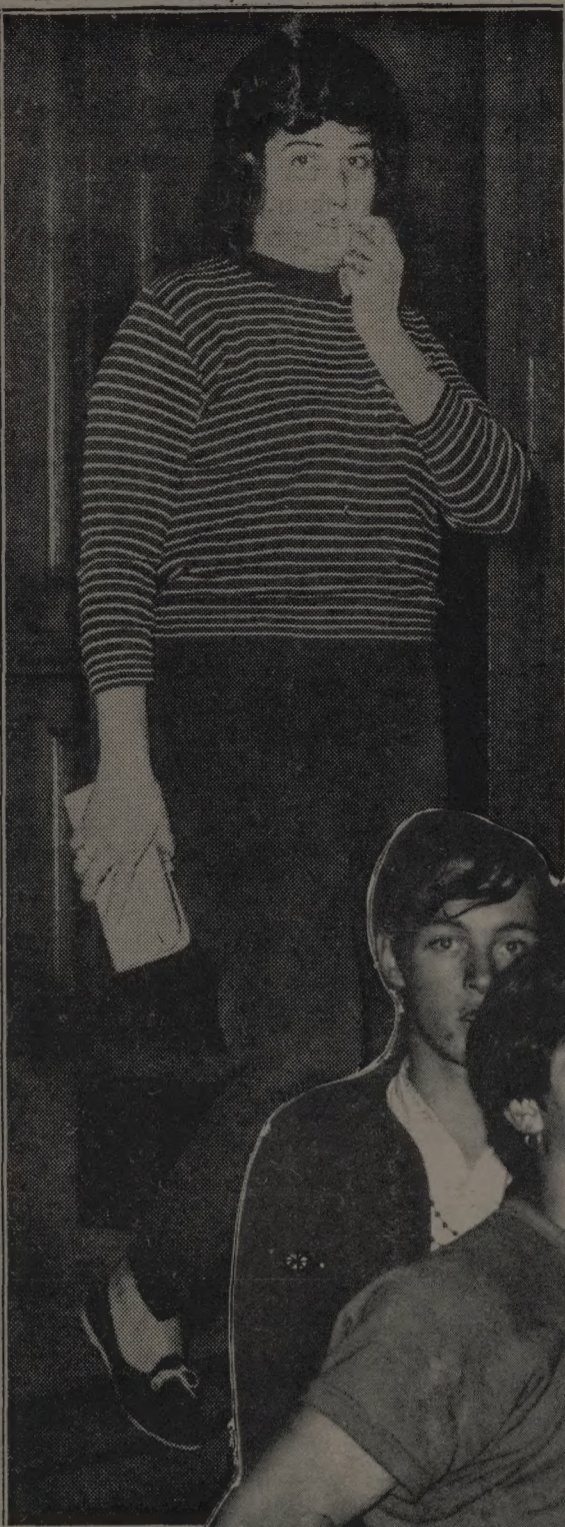
TEXTS DATING FROM 3rd OR 4th CENTURY AD. INCANTATION

The exorcisors gather in a circle holding bowls or basins of water. The spell is pronounced and the bowls of water are emptied on the ground as an indication that the power of the demons has been broken. The malignant influences have been drawn into the water which was spilled onto the ground.

Again I come, I, _____, in my own might, on my person polished armor of iron, my head of iron, my figure of pure fire. I am clad with the garment of Armasa (Hermes), Dabya and the Word, and my strength is in him who created heaven and earth. I have come and I have smitten the evil Fiends and the malignant Adversaries. I have said to them that if at all you sin against _____ and against _____, I will lay a spell upon you, the spell of the Sea and the spell of the monster Leviathan. (I say) that if at all you sin against _____ and against his wife and his sons, I will bend the bow against you and stretch the bow-string at you.

Again, whereinsoever you sin against the house of _____ and against his property and all the people of his house, in my own right I will bring down upon you the curse and the proscription and the ban which fell upon Mount Hermon and upon the monster Leviathan and upon Sodom and upon Gomorrha. In order to subdue Devils do I come, I, _____, and all evil Sacraments and the tongue of impious Charm-spirits; I have come and smitten the Demons and Devils and evil Tormentors, the Gods (Idol-spirits) and female Goddesses -- standing in serried rows and encamped in camps.

Mrs. Esther Benoit, mother of the slain man.



The High Road, Low Road End In Death on a Basement Floor

By DONALD SINGLETON

There is no way to measure the length of the twisted road that brought Linda Fitzpatrick and James Hutchinson together in the moldy tenement basement where their bodies were found Sunday. That kind of a distance is not measured in miles. It's measured in dollars, and something called family, and something called class.

First Class and Steerage

When you talk about that kind of a distance, you talk about the distance between one world and another. It's like the distance between the first-class deck of an ocean liner and the steerage deck, or the seats in the theater and the third balcony seats.

The house where Linda Fitzpatrick lived on a \$100,000 estate in Greenwich, Conn., is a sharp contrast with the tenement building in which she died. The driveway is a private road, and the location of her home is a quiet neighborhood. She rarely saw the street.

Fitzpatrick had a little more than \$100,000 in assets, including a car and a house in Greenwich, Conn. James Hutchinson, 21, was a hippie who had spent his money on drugs and alcohol. He had a long record of arrests and was known for his wild behavior.



PHIL STILES PHOTO

Slaying Of LSD His Own Turned

Stephen Kessler trial for murder

ST. LUKE 15

"And not many days later, the younger son gathered up all his wealth, and took his journey into a far country; and there he squandered his fortune in loose living. And after he had spent all, there came a grievous famine over that country, and he began himself to suffer want. And he went and joined one of the citizens of that country, who sent him to his farm to feed swine. And he longed to fill himself with the pods that the swine were eating, but no one offered to give them to him.

"But when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired men in my father's house have bread in abundance, while I am perishing here with hunger! I will get up and go to my father, and will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. I am no longer worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired men.' And he arose and went to his father.

"But while he was yet a long way off, his father saw him and was moved with compassion, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. I am no longer worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants, 'Fetch quickly the best robe and put it on him, and give him a ring for his finger and sandals for his feet; and bring out the fattened calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; because this my son was dead, and has come to life again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to make merry.

him, and give him a ring for his finger and sandals for his feet; and bring out the fattened calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; because this my son was dead, and has come to life again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to make merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew near to the house, he heard music and dancing. And calling one of the servants he inquired what this meant. And he said to him, 'Thy brother has come, and thy father has killed the fattened calf, because he has got him back safe.' But he was angered and would not go in.

"His father, therefore, came out and began to entreat him. But he answered and said to his father, 'Behold, these many years I have been serving thee, and have never transgressed one of thy commands; and yet thou hast never given me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. But when this thy son comes, who has devoured his means with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fattened calf.'

"But he said to him, 'Son, thou art always with me, and all that is mine is thine; but we were bound to make merry and rejoice, for this thy brother was dead, and has come to life; he was lost, and is found.'"

James Leroy Hutchinson, 21, who was beaten to death along with Linda Fitzpatrick in a Greenwich, Conn., tenement building by a hippie called play but a were the w on kil said, because his wife, Merri-Ann, refused a. She had gone to live with her parents in the hospital.

Linda Fitzpatrick's 30-room home in Greenwich, Conn., was sharp contrast with East Village building in which she died.

Weird World Against Him

"WE ARE ALL VIET CONG"

By Ray Mungo



BRATISLAVA, Czechoslovakia—"Lyndon Johnson will have a nightmare when he hears about this meeting," said Tom Hayden to 40 Americans and an equal number of North Vietnamese and members of the National Liberation Front (NLF). "He will have a nightmare because he has sent 500,000 men to your land to find the Vietcong."

"We will tell him he'd better leave some men at home. Because, like Spartacus, whose fellow slaves in Rome protected his hiding-place by each claiming to be Spartacus himself, I am the Vietcong. We are everywhere! We are all the Vietcong!"

And on that note, the first major meeting between Americans and the "enemies" of their government ended on Sept. 13 after 10 days here of cultural shock, political programs, and fraternal exchanges. The American delegation, led by Dave Dellinger, which included blacks, community organizers, American Friends, artists, clergymen, and full-time peace movement workers, was moved and at times incredulous at the Vietnamese morale and willingness to resist in face of monstrous military force. The Vietnamese, for their part, recognize the relative smallness of the anti-war movement but foresee its growth as the ultimate solution to the U.S. intervention in their affairs.

"We can speak to you, dear friends, as brothers," began Nguyen Minh Vy, chairman of the Northern delegation, as he threw his arms around Dellinger. Gifts were exchanged, or more properly lavished, as each side delighted in pleasing the other. Books, sketches of South Vietnam produced on elaborate underground "liberation presses," phonograph records, pins, rings made of debris of downed U.S. planes, clothing, letters from captured U.S. pilots for delivery to their families on one side; on the other, anti-war pins, books, pamphlets, and little black dolls from Freedom House. A wizened sixtyish Vietnamese woman (who kept asking "when the women will all get together") grins broadly, pointing to her SDS badge. Those of us who could spoke in French, but the Vietnamese also brought six excellent interpreters, and the Czech Peace Committee added two more.

Time and again the Vietnamese overcame American embarrassment at the apparent impotence of the conference to affect U.S. policy by insisting they were talking to the real people of America—the blacks, the community organizers, the students, the poor. These Americans, our war-torn friends said, will some day lead their people in peace and brotherhood with all the world. They said they knew the struggle may be long, but the Vietnamese will wait and watch—they have waited thousands of years already—and we must be strong and return the good fight. One Vietnamese girl had literally 200 tiny wounds from American fragmentation bombs which exploded on her elementary school while she was teaching a class. Another teacher died from a similar bombing, her 26-year-old body sheltering one of her students.

Much singing and dancing went on nonetheless, for the Vietnamese are a cultured people, proud of their arts. A North Vietnamese friend told me on our return from La Traviata at the Bratislava Opera House that opera goes on in Hanoi still, as well as dance. Astounded, I asked if the poets and writers continue to publish.

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "but when the bombs fall their writing tends to become a little—shall we say—insipid?" Hysterical laughter all around.

The Dom Rekreachie ROH, our hotel, is normally a refuge for trade-unionists and overlooks the Danube; beer and wine here were plentiful and superb. The Vietnamese and Americans alike were apologetic for indulging in such unaccustomed luxury. The former, convinced that Americans "dress very well," bought expensive suits and raincoats in Europe; they were surprised that we wore dungaree jackets and tattered sandals and complimented our "humility as well as courage."

Despite surface similarities, however, the Americans differed from their Vietnamese brothers most prominently in the extent to which their internal squabbles persisted and long, closed meetings were necessary. On the final day of the conference, Sol Stern of RAMPARTS heatedly refused to sign a statement which all but two others thought was relatively mild (explaining that it would implicate him if he didn't sign it) and insisted one veto

should cancel the statement. It did, and a statement ultimately went out over the signatures of Dellinger, Hayden, and Nick Egelson, the organizers of the conference.

At the end, 10 Americans were selected to go to Hanoi, but others may follow later. (The reasons for their selection were not made public.) Rightfully proud of their strength under duress, the Vietnamese were anxious that their new friends see their homeland for themselves. They understand frustration, had no difficulty encompassing the frustrations that Americans feel at so simple a task as ending the war, and attempted to comfort us. We were at an understandable loss to offer them tangible comfort, but Ross Flanagan of the Quaker Action Group persevered with small packages of medical supplies which were seized by Royal Canadian Mounted Police last month as they were being brought into Canada for shipment to Hanoi.

Considering the difficult political tasks ahead, though, some comforts seemed justifiable, and so both delegations joined in singing "We Shall Overcome" with locked-arms—the first time in years that a chorus of "We shall brothers be" has been sung without embarrassment—and we joined them in a snake-dance version of the Unity Song.

The final evening, a formal Czech reception at Bratislava's oldest and most elegant castle turned into a New York-style frug, Slovak violinists notwithstanding, and Vietnamese brothers clapped and laughed uninhibitedly—recognizing a cultural tradition when they see one—while the heads of state stood by, powerless to stop what obviously seemed to them a desecration of socialist realism and diplomatic protocol.

RELEASE OF NLF PROGRAM

Perhaps the major event at the conference was the release of the first NLF political program since 1960, printed in English and distributed to the American delegates. The document invites all forces, Communist and non-Communist, to join the NLF's nationalist revolution; protects "the right of ownership of the means of production and other property of the citi-

TARY DEAR PLEASE O THOU,

Glass Chiller

DO
Super Sergeant

London, London

Dear EVO:

In regard to a letter from Highland Park, N.J., in the Oct. 1-15 issue. This person says that one can get high from inhaling the vapors from a spray can of glass chiller (e.g. Frost-a-glass, Instant Icer). I'm sure that everyone appreciates being let-in on a new high, but all I can say is, "Can that shit." I would like to call his attention to an article in the Oct. 4, 1967 edition of the N.Y. Post. It pertains to the death of a little girl (age 11) in Greenwich, Conn. The cause of death was a frozen larynx. The article goes on to say that "the police dept. has had many recent reports" on the use of this shit.

Now I would like to address myself to all the people who DO KNOW where it's at. Please stick with ups, downs, grass, or any of the psychedelic drugs. Not that any of these are any better, but why fuck with something we know nothing about. Stay alive a while, even if it is spaced.

Love to all,
Richard Perrotte

Black Mail

Dear EVO:

Black Power leaders have developed a policy of no compromise. May they prosper. There has been no remedy to all the evil that has gone down on the American Negro or Afro-American.

But is it not a shame and a farce that the majority of delegates to the New Politics Convention capitulated to the Negro militants in condemning the "imperialist Zionist war"? No respect or support from these Negro militants can be gained by compromising the truth. Compromising the truth has allowed Negroes to be shit on for a hundred years.

Lily-whities who ass-kiss spades to get their support in a new coalition have been told right in front that they will not get that support, even if they crawl. So these sickies try crawling anyway.

Lame leadership such as this bodes poorly for the Third Party idea, sad as I am to see this development. Playing Uncle Tom for the Negro is not going to get any more respect from blacks than blacks got playing Uncle Tom to whites.

In any relationship, person to person or group to group, you have to keep your integrity or you are nothing. No self-interested entity is going to relate to a nothing.

Branded for Life

Dear EVO:

Have been reading your letters from naval readers. I, myself, am in the Navy, that is, until the 26th of Sept. I am getting an undesirable discharge for my admitted use of LSD and pot. As far as I know, I am the 30th one in the Navy in 6 mo. for such honors; the Navy only surpassed by the Marine Corps' 31. I am getting no travel pay, no leave pay, nothing! Only \$20.00 worth of civilian clothes and an escort to the main gate. Everyone smokes pot on the ship, and I was made offers from at least 30 people who were interested in getting acid. I have been told by several that now I am "branded for life"! Not as terrible as being a dolt for life. How ignorant are people, as to ask "are you on it," gee, a real dope addict. A fiend!

Now I wait the hours until I can make blues on my guitar again, and write rants, and be with real people. Your paper is out of sight, and I would really like to hear from other readers experiencing similar difficulties. The war is on!

P.S. No more acid until my genes heal. Does your baby cry like a cat? Wow!

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
105 Second Avenue
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 Please renew my subscription.
 I have enclosed \$ 4 for a one-year subscription.
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Name: _____
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The East Village Other will be delivered sooner if you be sure to fill in your correct ZIP CODE.

Dear EVO:

Being in the Army, my cohorts and I are in the ideal position to be envious of you for your ability and courage to tell it like it is. In this establishment, we are fed only what the higher-ups wish us to have, in all respects from equipment to news and opinions. The latter is really what I want to talk about, because I think you will find it very interesting to be informed of the fact that God is alive and well in our company orderly room, and He has instituted THOUGHT CONTROL!

Several days ago, a friend of mine was called to the orderly room by the company first sergeant, and was told outright that he would no longer think "hippie thoughts." It would seem that the rights which we are supposed to be defending don't exist in any form for us to use. What a sad state our nation is in, when the government can even attempt to regulate the ideas we have on any subject. It certainly looks to me as if George Orwell was horribly accurate in his predictions, as given to us in 1984.

I am truly ashamed that I have to wear the uniform, when I witness such a thing as the above-mentioned incident. The Army has become nothing more than a means of punishing the youth of today for not performing as society thinks he should. Creative persons are looked down upon, and talent is wasted like Federal funds to foreign aid. Narrowmindedness is rampant, and bigotry is the fundamental operational principle by which my life is ruled at the present time. I am truly trapped in an intellectual quagmire; a tarpit of petty nonsense ringed with bear traps commonly known as "regulations."

Who the hell needs Big Brother? Now we have SUPER SERGEANT!

APO San Francisco

Me!

Dear EVO,

Day nice. Room hot. Me, ugly, feel empty. Wrong, me lie. Me lonesome. Do me know what me wants? Yes, me want another. Me am far from home. Do me miss home? No. Who do me miss? Me miss another me. Does other me look like me? No. Other me be different. How be other me different from me? Other me smell, taste, touch, look, sound different.

What is me doing, now? Me is writing, listening to radio, laying on bed in hot room. Day nice. Me feel alien. Here? Everywhere. Why be that? Me not know. Do me want know why? Me think me wants know why. Have me tried figure why? Me spend much time trying find the why. Who be me? Me be man/boy. Me flesh, bone, hair, teeth, eyes, ears. Me eat, drink, cry, hurt, laugh. Me be 104-34-3471, 6655657, 5333292, 10101. Me sometime happy sometime sad. Me be well wounded. Me broken. Me seek all of me.

Day nice, two fifteen, room not nice, Eugene Oregon, USA. Nice day, hot room, no go together. Out of kilter. Head man say take two, put your head together. Me scared of guns, me take fifty. Me not remember not a thing. Me now criminal. May be put in cage. No worry me. Me am caged now. Me want go to wedding. Me no want miss the marriage Heaven with Hell. Me hot, me want flame. Fire burn all away. How do me smell when burn? How many me burned?

Me at war. Me able only fight one war at time. Which war mean more? Me war even if victory not ever possible. Me like my war. Me know me lives while war goes on. War end, me end. Other war, if me end, war no end.

Me weighted down. Me seek balance. Sometime me sink into bog. Me sucked under, almost, by whirl. Me try keep head up. Me seek lift-up in gardens, forests, and deserts. These me allies in war. Me biggest war worry be logistics. Enemy manifested in things of metal. Shiny brass, gleaming steel, chrome, lead. Much metal be arrayed against me. Me still fight, even if me doomed to fall down through bog. Me seek allies.

Larry Moore
844 Van Buren
Eugene, Oregon

Danger

Dear EVO:

Philadelphians John Fahs and Edward Yeager recently wrote you a letter (published Vol. 2 # 21) raving about amyl-nitrate. Ah, yes, this is true: it deserves the raves. BUT, they neglected to point out that continual use causes severe brain damage. For the sanity of the populace, please inform your readers of this little detail.

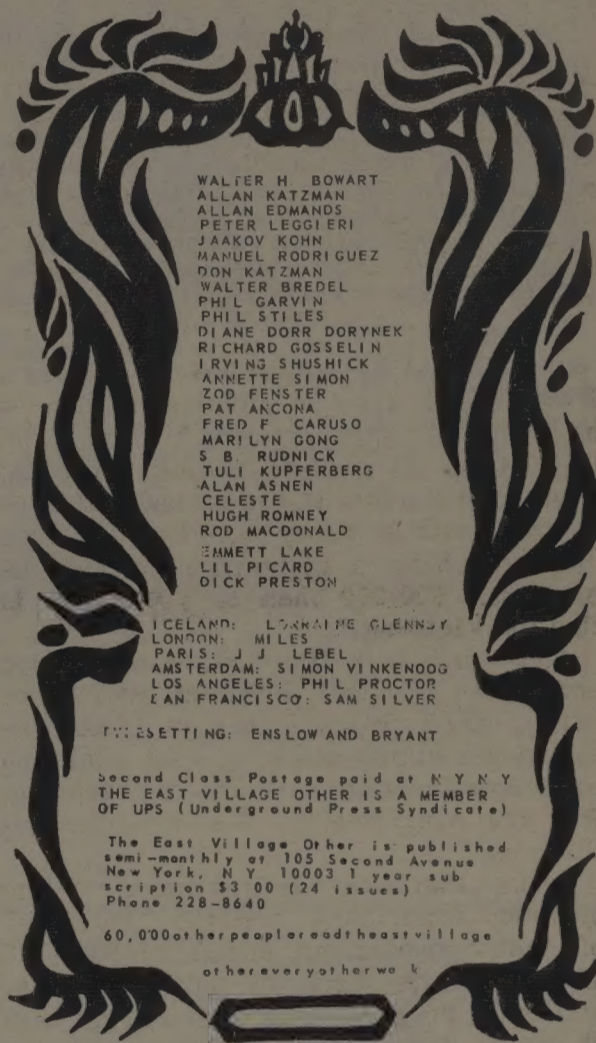
Love you madly,
Maif-mellow
from Sunny
Tucson, Arizona

Dear EVO,

How does one communicate adequately the feeling of affinity I experienced when reading Steve Kraus' 'Days in London' from your last issue? I was reading my language, my London, that indelible image I carry with me wherever I go. And in one article, you came so close to what is the very heart of IT all, that I have to register my surprise. Only a true Londoner of today's generation could appreciate the finer points your article covered. And yet, you succeed in showing a glimpse of the essence that is London. Why do I, and so many of my contemporaries, leave our city to travel, to search to the east and to the west? What is it that we search for — and why do we always return, though it may be months, years later, to the sanctuary of our home capital? The answer is there, between the lines of your article, hidden in the very nature of the Englishman.

I could add to your article and be more explicit, but I would not wish to invade further upon your valuable space and time. This Londoner expresses his gratitude for giving him this opportunity to communicate —

nostalgically,
Jerry.

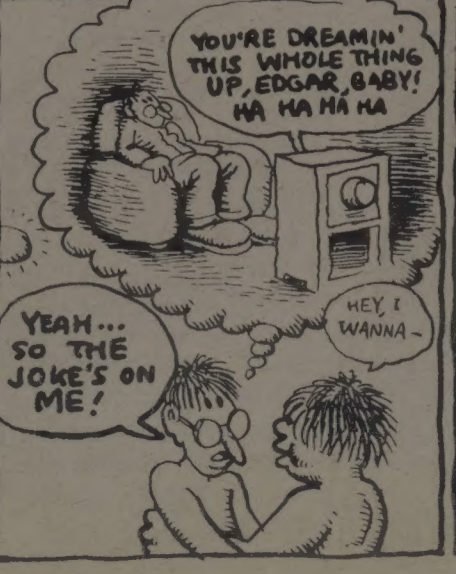
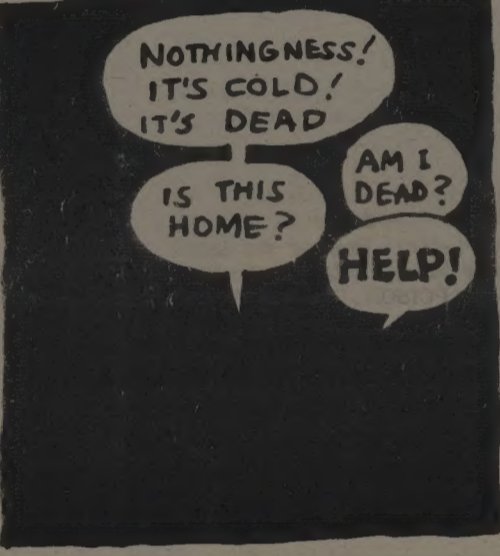
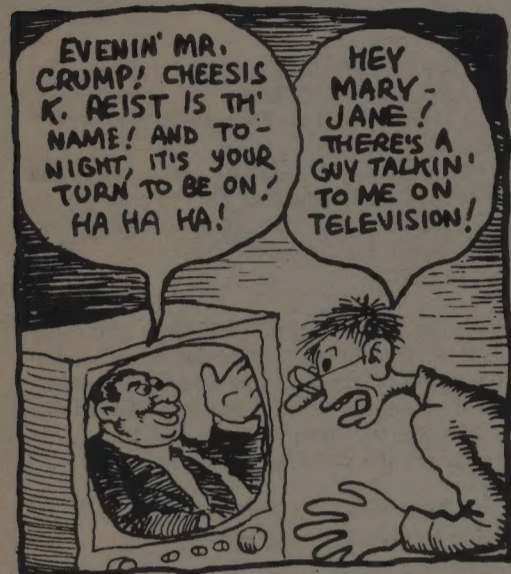
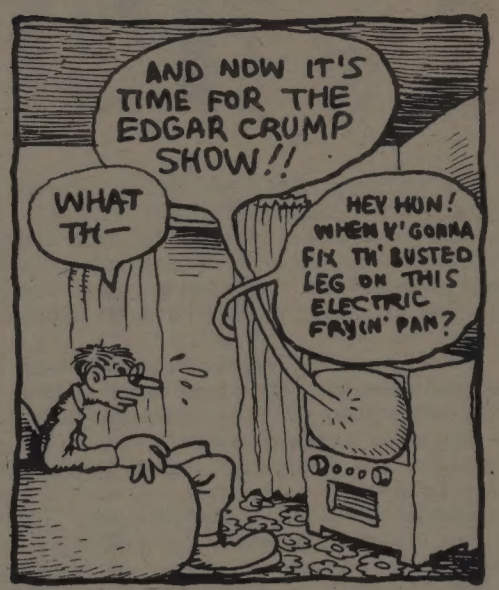
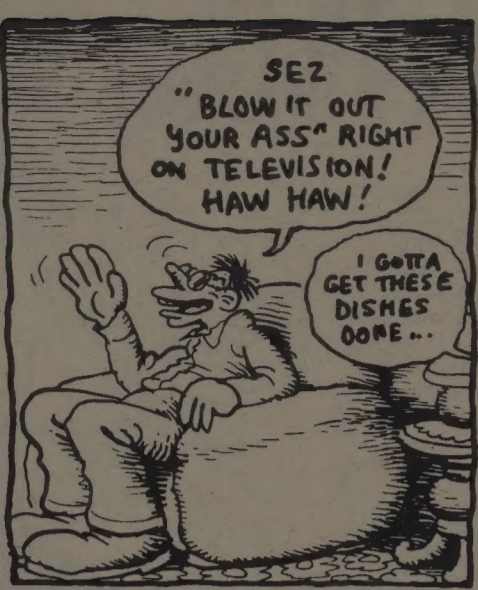


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EDGAR AND MARYJANE CRUMP

EDGAR HAS JUST SETTLED DOWN FOR A NIGHT'S TV BUT IS HE IN FOR A SHOCK!



POLICE

PROTECTION

Pay attention. Read this article carefully and then commit it to memory. It will save you enormous trouble for the rest of your life. Your authors—two attorneys—are about to advise you on how to deal with THEM: the fuzz. Never again will you run the risk of a knee in your left ball, unless it is your own.

In the past five years, the courts have clarified and expanded the rights of citizens in their dealings with the police. When a policeman accosts you, it is important to know, in detail, what he can do under the law, and what your rights are. First, some basic principles.

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER ONE: If stopped by a cop, immediately determine whether you are under arrest. The easiest way is to ask the fuzz, "Am I under arrest?", or "Why are you detaining me?" If he answers "no" to the first question, ask him the second question and add, "May I go on?" If he answers the last question "yes," walk away. If he answers the last question "no," YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. Once you have been arrested, the police must perform a number of services for you, which will be grossly irritating to them.

—NOTE: Be sure to record the badge number of the arresting officer. This is extremely important. It is common knowledge that many lunatics and sexual psychopaths frequently pose as policemen. In fact, it is rumored that, of the 28,500 uniformed policemen in New York City, approximately 21,750 have committed at least one act of bestiality while on duty, the majority most probably with a panda.

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER TWO: If arrested, YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. The police are required by law to inform you of this right. You are not required to tell the police anything, not even your name. The law can impose no penalties because of your silence. Of course, if you clam up completely, you will incur the wrath of your incarcerators, because they will be forced to conduct the entire investigation without your help. The ready cooperation of suspects in confessing, in leading the police to murder weapons, in dredging up the grass tossed down the toilet, etc., is what is meant by the slogan, "Support your local police." Let the police demonstrate how clever they are, in solving the crime entirely unaided by human intervention.

—NOTE: Remaining silent is not a simple matter. What to do to occupy your time? Suggestions: (1) Count the number of stolen television sets that the officers take home from the station; (2) Ask the officers if you could touch their badges.

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER THREE: If arrested, YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO A LAWYER. In fact, the police are required by law to inform you of this right, and furnish an attorney if you don't have one. Refuse to say anything, or co-operate in any way with the police until your attorney arrives.

—NOTE: If your attorney arrives late at night, do not expect him to be in a particularly jovial mood. How would you like it if you were having a passionate evening with your daughter, and suddenly the phone rings?

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER FOUR: If you are dissatisfied with your attorney, you have a right to another attorney. If your assigned attorney is incompetent or lazy, you can ask for another attorney. You have a right to EFFECTIVE counsel.

—NOTE: Your distaste for your attorney should be based upon objective dislike of his capacity or industry. It will not suffice to complain that you do not like your attorney's choice of shoes, perfume, or bellybutton lint.

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER FIVE: You have a right to bail. Your attorney will advise you that you can be released on bail, often very shortly after your arrest.

—NOTE: Judges will sometimes set bail at exorbitant amounts, particularly when they take a personal dislike to the accused. Refrain from throwing flowers at judges when they are setting bail, unless they are pansies. Perhaps the finest comment on the bail system was made by H. Rapp Brown, who recently said, "Twenty-five thousand dollars. That's not bail, that's ransom. Lyndon wouldn't pay that much to get Luci back."

BASIC PRINCIPLE NUMBER SIX: If you have been beaten or molested by a police officer, upon your release go to a doctor immediately, and have him examine you. This is the best way to establish proof of physical coercion. Your lawyer can, and should, have your doctor sign a contemporaneous sworn statement as to the nature and extent of your injuries. These are wise preludes to the initiation of a civil suit, a criminal defense, or a complaint to the Police Department.

—NOTE: At trial, it is inadvisable to display large blown-up photographs of the lacerated sections of your anatomy. Since the decision in the GINSBURG case, it may also be criminal to do so.

So much for basic principles concerning arrest and detention. Of equal importance is the subject of search and seizure: Under what circumstances may

the police search you, or your living quarters, and seize various objects which might excite their passion? As most of you know, federal and/or state law makes the sale, use, or possession of narcotics (including pot, LSD) a crime. Thus, the police are rather manic in their desire to seize these items as their principal evidence of your violation of the narcotics statutes.

The police may only search a person or his premises under two circumstances: (1) If they have a search warrant, authorized by a judge, and describing, with specificity, the objects of the search; (2) Incident to a lawful arrest. A search may always be made at the time of a valid arrest, and thus, the legality of the search often depends upon the legality of the arrest. The legality of an arrest, in turn, depends upon whether the police have "probable cause" to believe a crime has been committed, and that the person arrested committed the crime.

If the police have a search warrant, you should let them in. However, do not let them seize any items not described in the search warrant. If the police do not have a search warrant, do not let them in (call the police if they threaten to knock down the door). The fuzz outside your door may break in anyway, which they are authorized to do only if they have probable cause to believe a crime is being committed. It has been suggested that the only distinction between letting the fuzz in without a warrant and letting them break down the door becomes a question of how highly you value your door. This is often answered by cynics, who point out that making the cops break down the door gives you an additional thirty seconds to flush incriminating matter through the mouth of your porcelain fixture, as well as giving the fuzz chafed elbows. The more significant point, however, is that to open your door voluntarily to police who wish to search will raise the inference that you consented to the search. The basic principle to remember is that, if the search is not based upon probable cause, the evidence is not admissible in a trial unless you had consented to the search.

—NOTE: Destroying evidence is often messy and time-consuming. People have died attempting to eat evidence. One murderer, who attempted to eat an ice pick, bled for 79 hours, a fact which excited only the Red Cross, and Andy Warhol who attempted to film the event. A more effective and subtle approach is to hide the relevant evidence. One EVO subscriber reports great success in concealing evidence by placing it under large tufts of pubic hair.

Let us now see how these principles work in practice, by answering some questions sent in by readers who have found themselves in various legal predicaments.

QUESTION NUMBER ONE: I was walking along the street last week, when a cop stopped me and asked me for identification. Did I have to comply?

ANSWER: This simple question is actually very complicated. Until recently, the police were reluctant to stop people on the street, because any detention of a person would be considered an arrest, and the consequences outlined above (see Basic Principles two and three) would follow. New York and several other states, therefore, passed laws known as "stop and frisk laws," whose object was to permit the police to stop people on the street and question them briefly, WITHOUT this detention constituting a technical arrest. The only requirement the police must meet in order to stop someone is to have "reasonable suspicion to believe a crime has been, is, or will shortly be, committed." This requirement, however, is very loosely interpreted. For example, merely being in the neighborhood where a crime has recently been committed will satisfy the statute (as with the case of H. Rapp Brown walking near Sutton Place at two in the morning). The constitutionality of this fascist stop and frisk law will soon be determined by the Supreme Court, and if Justice Douglas is not on a trip, should be struck down.

The first thing you should have done was to ask the cop why he was stopping you. If he gave no reason, you should have walked away. If he attempted to detain you, he most likely would have committed a formal arrest (many policemen will shrink when confronted by the fact that they have arrested someone and may have to go through all the procedures a formal arrest requires). If, on the other hand, the cop offers a reasonable explanation of why he stopped you (a burglary was committed a few minutes ago; an alarm is out for someone who looks similar to you, etc.) the simplest course is to comply in a friendly manner (most policemen, being paranoids, simply want to test your truculence index).

QUESTION NUMBER TWO: I was walking along the street and a policeman raped me. Did he need a search warrant?

ANSWER: No, if he had probable cause. If he didn't, you ought to be grateful.

QUESTION NUMBER THREE: Six friends of mine were all tripped out on acid. The landlord, who had been attempting to evict us for three months, broke in with a City Marshall, two fuzz, and Abe Beame.

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THE REDISCOVERY

OF AMERICA:

Part III of a Series

By Dr. A. Reza Arasteh



The second stage of historical awareness developed out of the need for new and better ways to perform various tasks. The story of successive chains of inventions in nineteenth-century America is full of surprises. The historical incidents have been related elsewhere, and here we need only remind ourselves that the development of the waterways, the steamboat, the railroad, the airways, and above all, the invention and ready availability of the automobile and the power system initiated by Edison's great discoveries brought the land and its people closer. These means have been essential for the character formation of American life, and it has been both a blessing and a curse.

In the process of discovering the beauties of the land, rivers, mountains, lakes and wildlife from coast to coast, Americans learned that the other side of competition is cooperation. Out of this knowledge, a mechanism of teamwork emerged. In the process of building human society in the midst of nature, this incentive was stressed, and in the process of enforcing laws, it became a way of group expression. Thus, the two mechanisms of human relatedness, that is, the principle of individual conflict, which is covertly called "competition," and the principle of group cooperation have worked together. The curse and blessing go hand-in-hand. One may ask: how can this be? And I have asked this question myself! Usually, the situation begins with so-called competition and racing; it gathers momentum, and after much arguing, both parties realize their position and limitations; then the second mechanism, that is, the mechanism of cooperation, becomes operative. A

further illustration of these two mechanisms is reflected in American political campaigns, where mud-slinging goes on all during the election, but once the results are in, both candidates shake hands and often cooperate for their mutual interests, as in the case of Lodge's advisory position in Vietnam. The institution of the "strike," at all levels, is a mechanism of the acceptance of conflict and bargaining, and negotiation at a round table is a means which leads to further cooperation.

In a symbolic way, one can illustrate these two mechanisms by watching the flow of traffic in any large American city. Cars speed along the highway and weave in and out of traffic in a truly competitive way, but all within legal limits. At the red light, they stop. Indeed, nowadays the style of driving is representative of American character, for, in a way, once the car is in motion, the car and the flow of traffic, rather than the driver, determine the car's course. In a relative way, an American has only the choice of sitting behind the wheel or not; even the type of car he drives is determined by his economic status. When he sits behind the wheel, the flow of traffic, as set in motion by the mechanisms of competition and cooperation, governs him. So, too, in all aspects of social life in American society. In fact, to a keen observer, the type of car one drives and the way he drives it gives a good indication of his social class.

The trend in changing from a mechanism of conflict and competition to cooperation is seen in the emergence of a common interest. Common interest manifests itself in common goals and in public trust; it directs all its energies toward the realization of mutual interests. Perhaps the best illustration in American history is that of the two world wars, which reduced the mechanism of struggle and competition to a minimum and intensified the mechanism of cooperation. In both wars, the common interest, that is, victory and a common enemy (that of Germany) motivated the nation toward greater productivity and strengthened the ties between various groups. This operation was so effective that any group which could not totally commit itself, as in the case of Germany in World War I and Japan in World War II, was not accepted and kept under control.

The most difficult stage is the period before the rise of cooperation, which often appears as a storm of conflict. For instance, the period before the entry of the United States into World War I and World War II were periods of intense diversity of opinion, for people were divided in decision-making. Thus, the government of both Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt

had to make a psychological as well as an instrumental preparation, before making a final decision and receiving Congressional approval. But as soon as the decision was made and an active core of people supported it, the task of putting the decision into operation was nothing more than the utilization of all possible means, without much active resistance. Consequently, in the United States, with all its resources, it is not the solution of a problem which is difficult, but proving that the nation and a group of people have a specific problem. The success of such a conviction and the materialization of the goal are related to the harmony which is created between emotion and thought. Only the thoughts that are rooted in emotion, the source of inner motives, are capable of being fully realized.

Here is another example of the interplay between the mechanism of immediate struggle and conflict and the mechanism of cooperation in human relations. In the recent civil rights movement, the majority of the northern states have, in principle, been in agreement with the realization of civil rights, and at the same time, the majority of the southern states have resisted the thought of integration and opposed it internally. However, after a long legal struggle in which the legislature finally approved the matter, the nation realized that it had to adjust to the situation. But can the law change emotions, too? This is the change which must come through an inner evolution. Essentially, then, in the civil rights movement, the change from behavior on the basis of the principle of rejection and conflict to the state of human harmony and cooperation has been slow because people's emotions have not thoroughly supported the ideas of integration.

In politics, in religious and economic activities, there exist similar conditions for interplay of the mechanism of competition and cooperation. To reiterate and conclude, the first degree of awareness produced energy by which the early Americans discovered the territory of this vast continent and, by working on it, developed a love for it.

In the second stage, the great demands for a better means for living contributed to the second stage of awareness, which utilized the vitality of the practical Americans of the nineteenth century to produce new instruments. The history of the successions of American inventions in the second part of the nineteenth century and early part of the twentieth century has been cited elsewhere, but it is essential to state the significance of the inventions, for without them it would not have been possible to transform the vast continent from its virgin and natural state into a cultural state. To realize this ingenuity, one need only note that 339,400 scientific personnel in 1962 were engaged in various scientific projects (National Science Foundation report), and the strength of America lies within this potentiality, which is the culmination of the creative minority of the nineteenth century.

However, this very blessing—the invention of all kinds of mechanical means, which helped Americans capture the spheres of the land, sea and air, and brought about the change of various natural products for human comfort—also created a new situation whereby man began to exploit and use his fellowmen. The more control one got over others, the stronger became the mechanism of competition. The expansion of industry, of commerce, the speed of production—all required the creation of false values and false interests, for greater consumption. Work, which had established its own throne in the nineteenth century, now began to rule over men. Women, too, began to compete with men. Social laws reinforced women's desires, and their psychological make-up (that is, their previous lack of social participation) compelled them to become extremists and express their earlier deprivation without evaluating their career in relation to a happy life, but in terms of what one could get. Achievement was submerged, but competition directed toward greater material possession has gradually intensified. This simple element, the joy that one can receive from immediate rewards for the satisfaction of immediate impulse, has become so strong that "to possess" has become more important than "to be"; to compete with others far more significant than to compete with one's self for

greater self-improvement. Moreover, the outcome of this mechanism of salesmanship has been the departmentalization of life, by stressing the reality of half-born individuals as independent, and thereby creating new conflicts: women against men, youth against elders, civilians against the military, and girls against boys. The stress on diversity for greater competition and self-interest has become so strong that the principle of harmony, regardless of what the law requires, has been replaced by work, both in society and at home.

When I traveled through the Far East, I was struck by the harmony which existed between the young working men and women, and this convinced me that harmony can exist at all age levels. On returning to Los Angeles, I encountered the opposite side of the coin of human relations, where conflict and competition appeared dominant. The behavior of the airline hostess, the tone of the announcer's voice, the sexually-provocative films, and the facial expressions of the passengers—all smacked of success achieved through aggression. In conclusion, then, the second awareness, which resulted in invention, was utilized by impulsive people to bring together the intellect and mind for the satisfaction of instinct.

Furthermore, the mushrooming of greater means of production satiated the society, and the first awareness ended with the discovery of the Pacific Ocean. The result of the pre-war period was a progressing society and a continent discovered. Where was the new outlet to come from?

As I explained, a new outlet was created by the outbreak of war. Victory was the result of many factors, but without putting the entire source of American material and manpower into motion, it could not have been achieved. With victory, the energies of the war had to find new outlets. One outlet became the reorientation of energy for peaceful living conditions, and the reorientation of the war industry into consumer products, thereby creating a new situation which hastened the means of achieving material comfort in every household. The speed of this change was due, in part, to the energy which had been produced during the war period, and in part to the people's heightened psychological hunger for better things. To a relative degree, the articulate section of the population achieved this during the immediate post-war period, and it is now spreading to the lower strata of society.

However, many are now realizing that material comfort cannot be a totally satisfying mechanism of life. After the large frontier was conquered, Americans began the soul-searching problem of asking the meaning of life. Even Eisenhower has been motivated to look into America's goals and purpose.

As an outgrowth of this pressing problem, two other mechanisms have engaged American energy: (1) the destruction of Germany and Japan provided an opportunity for Americans to exercise their historical mechanism to further the reconstruction of Germany and Japan, who are already rivaling the U.S. This situation provided a good outlet for the first decade of the postwar period. (2) Churchill's coining of the term "Iron Curtain" furthered this mechanism, and put America in a situation such that they disregarded the historical reality of the world and observed the world as either black or white, ignoring the reality of the cold war.

Thirdly, the scientific revolution, which began during the war, continued until it has now created the age of space exploration. Can this become an outlet for Americans to achieve a purpose? If yes, how? If not, what can?

I believe these vital issues cannot be solved without an analysis of the international events which have occurred since the end of World War II, on the one hand, and social changes which have taken place within American society as a result of the emerging generation, and the influence of the outside world on American culture. I intend to discuss these issues in the coming chapters, under the titles of "the experience of an illusion," "the experience of a reality," and finally, "the rediscovery of America"—the third awareness and the rise of the golden age in America.





Hippie Square

(Which is more fun?)



Do hippies have a more swinging sex life than squares? What does the hippie mean when she talks about love? And sex? What is sex like when you're high on LSD? What's all this talk about her new pan-sexuality? Just how communal is her sex? What happens to her kids if the family goes out the window? Is acid turning out a new mutant generation? And what would happen if all America turned on? You'll find frank replies to these and many other bold questions in the current issue of *Evergreen Review*. Hippie Louis Rapoport, in an exclusive interview, tells it like it is — exactly like it is — on the hippie scene.

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Hippie sex is just one of the many exciting, sometimes outrageous features in our current issue. Here's a rundown of some of the others . . .

The underground play that's been blowing the minds of San Francisco audiences and is now opening in New York. The complete text of Michael McClure's *The Beard*, which Kenneth Tynan calls "a milestone in the history of heterosexual art."

Is the Square Left Doomed? Not only doomed, but dead, says Ralph J. Gleason in a passionate piece that puts down politics and puts the hippies at the very center of the radical movement to save America before it's too late.

But aren't the Hippies just dropping out? Yes, answers Nat Hentoff, who still sees hope in political action by the black poor and the radical whites provided there is enough time before "the only channel is the voice of Conelrad and the radio melts in my melting hand."

"How the War Ended in Vietnam" — Fred Rayfield's scorching satire on an LBJ press conference. "Why have we had so much trouble finding the Vietcong? Because there are no Vietcong."

Filthy Pictures Seized in London — a poem by George Dowden, a blistering indictment of a society that deifies war while calling the human body obscene.

Phoebe Zeit-Geist, heroine of our comic strip for grown-ups, bumping libidos with the Blob Princess and the Band of Incredible Lesbians.

An apocalyptic vision of America in the mid-sixties that greeted Allen Ginsberg on his return from abroad in his startling new "Beginning of a Poem of These States."

What happens at Lance (A Mag for Men) when its fiction editor, stoned on schizojuice (blood tapped from the veins of an insane Commie-fag-spade-Chinese drug fiend) concocts a story of NECKROPHILIA à la Krassner — a brand-new story by Terry Southern, famous author of *Candy*, plus exciting new fiction by Boris Vian and James Brunot . . . and many other features.

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DAVINCI WAS A MECHANIC



Walter Bredel Photo

By Steve Kraus

This is a story about two men. One is a mechanic, the other an artist. I suppose you could say that one is a man of this world and the other a saint. Not one from the illuminated cathedral windows hallowed by ancient lies, but a saint very much of our time. The story is about both of them because they are working together to bring their dreams about, dreams which have about them something of the heroic, of the legendary.

The setting is ordinary enough — a decayed block on East 2nd Street. Paint peels off the houses that stand like gaping teeth, the cavities between them empty lots teeming with rampant greenery and trash. Not far away, the Bowery looms broad, with its speeding cars and lumbering, stumbling drunks. Most of the houses on the block are boarded up; the windows stare back at you with the empty passivity of sheets of tin. The casual passer-by hurries on, little realizing what goes on in these seemingly deserted hulks. In one of them, up to some time ago, and maybe still, there flourished an after-hours club. On the ground floor and in the basement of another, Joey Skaggs and Richard Newsteder have set up their outpost of art and technology.

Richard is the mechanical part of the partnership, Joey Skaggs the artistic one. Lower East Siders who go back as far as the Easter of 1966 will remember the wood, metal and plaster sculpture of Christ on the cross which he put up that Easter on Hoving's Hill in Tompkins Square Park. And he got hauled into court for his pains. Now Joey has joined forces with Richard in a possibly unique effort to

combine the resources of modern technology and the inspiration of art to produce works such as have not been ever seen before.

You walk in off the street, and the scene on the ground floor makes you think that, maybe, you have wandered into the laboratory of some fugitive Dr. Frankenstein, or, perhaps, a submarine repair workshop. There is machinery everywhere: turret lathes, drills, milling machines; electronic components glow with unblinking green eyes. In one corner looms what seems to be the skinned skeleton of a car, but an unusual car, with huge balloon tires and strangely distorted parts. This is Richard's dream — a Grand Prix racing car with a revolutionary suspension system which will produce acceleration speeds as yet unseen on the racing tracks. It is being built to be raced at Sebring and Lemans. If the design is successful, the car, or parts of it, will be built, and the profits, or rather, that half which will go to Richard, will help artists, provide tools and materials. Richard carried the project for eight years. He built parts of the car, and, for seven years, struggled to find financing for it. A year ago he finally found a backer, who, for a half share in the eventual profits of the venture, set up with Richard the Last Place Corporation to produce the car. When it is finally built, which should be in a couple of months, it will be called The Roach. Its appearance on the track should be a sensational one, and not on performance alone; on its hood there will be painted a roach smoking a banana!

The building of the Roach is not the only function of the workshop. It also serves as a machine and prototype shop; Richard claims he can either fix or build almost any piece of machinery in existence. Below the workshop, in the cellar, are Richard's living quarters and a film laboratory, with facilities for both processing and projecting film, 16 mm and 35 mm movies and stills...

There was just too much machinery, too many distractions in the workshop, so Joey and Richard and I repaired to the Naked Lunch, up the street on Second Avenue, so that I could find out something about the two and their partnership. Over coffee, I learned that Richard was from New Jersey. He has never lived far from New York City. "You could always see the Empire State

Building from the top of a tall building." He went to Rutgers, but was dropped from its Engineering School after one and a half years even though, as he says, "I was born with an inclination for electronics and mechanical repairs." Now, he says, his ambition is, when successful, to hire only people who have been kicked out of school. "Maybe one day I will get an honorary degree and I will take it just to throw it out," he says. Medium height, sport shirt and grease stained trousers, restlessly drawing designs on table napkins, Richard acts and looks just like you would expect a madly devoted engineer to look and sound, talking about his designs in staccato bursts of nervous language full of esoteric mechanical terms.

Tall, slim, soft spoken, Joey Skaggs is a contrast both glaring and oddly fitting to his mechanical partner. He is from

Review of the Arts



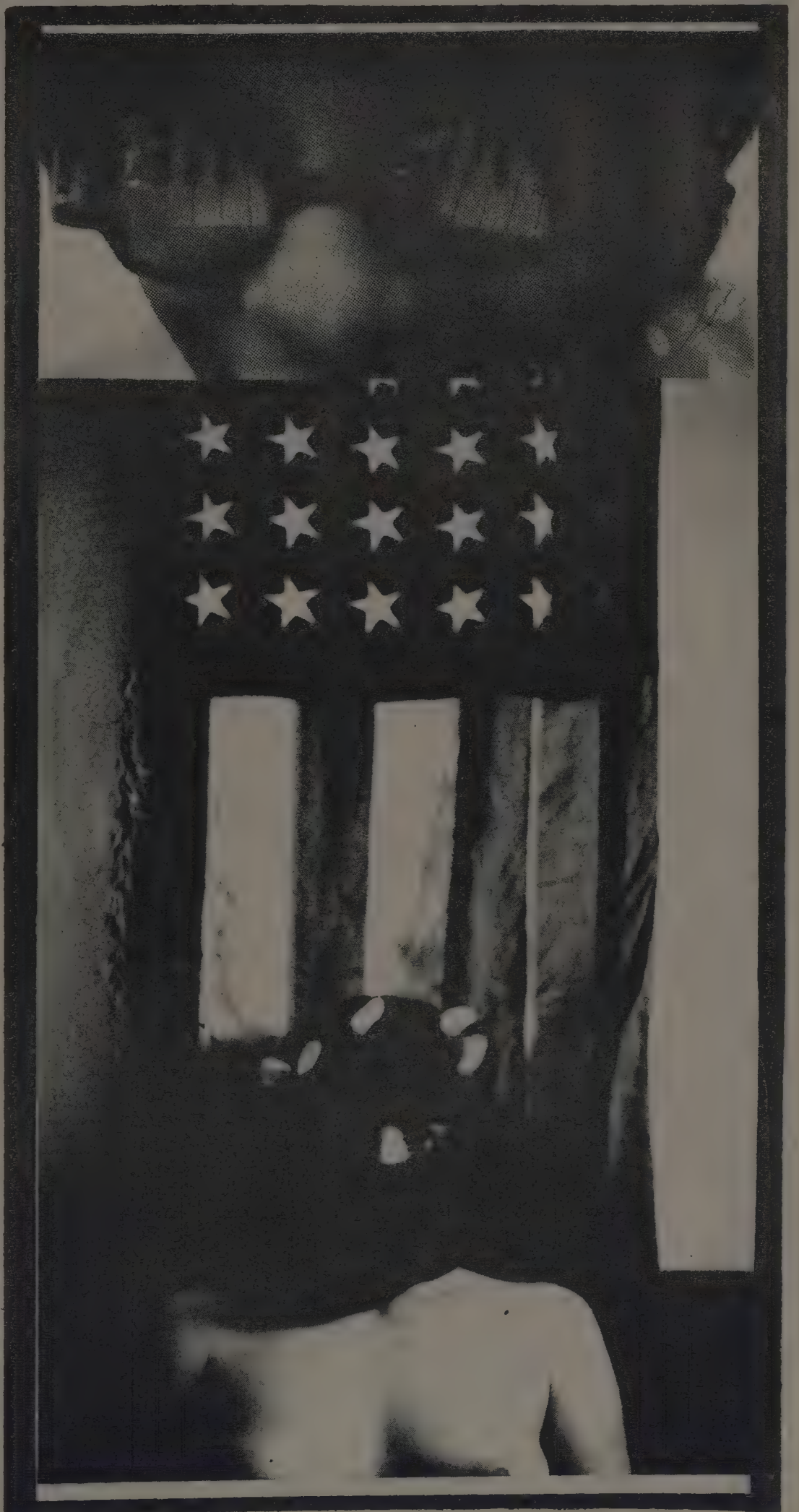
Unfuckinbelievable scene at the Bitter End. The crowd (half of them, anyway) was in the mood for a standing ovation (first set). For Chuck Berry. Chuck Berry is brown magic, man. He's a charmer. Never mind that he's the father of the whole scene, never mind looking at the Beatles' first albums on the liner notes: musical influences, Chuck Berry. Never mind Johnny B. Goode and Nadine and Carol and His Daughter Caroline and Maybelline and all that. Just dig Chuck Berry on stage. He had 4 white (young) cats backing him up, local guys, just rehearsed an hour or two together. He handled them so cool. "Hey, boy. Don't you ever play louder'n ME!" said the master to his rhythm guitarist. One of the most revealing scenes was a hip jerk, unabashedly and explicitly sex (not even sexual, even) that was to be accompanied by a drum riff. The drummer put the accent after the jerk. It was a repressive hit on the snare drum. Like, QUIT THAT. SMACK. Berry laughed. Man, he laughed. He told the drummer to get with it, not against it. The drama was intense. The drummer hit after the fact again. Berry chided. The beat kept pounding. One more hip jerk, and the drummer hit the snare on the up-arch of Berry's phallic thrust. The effect was liberating. It was scary. Up libido, down repression. Brain knots were untied.

Berry brings home the message of rock and roll. The medium is naked in his hands. The guitar has never been used so explicitly for visual effects. Jimi Hendrix approaches the approach, but from another direction: he expects, elicits the shock reaction, the thought. Jimi Hendrix is a jive spade compared to Chuck Berry. Berry is loose. Greasy. You can't catch him and tie him down. He laughs, belly laughs, at chains, brain chains. Jimi Hendrix seems to be grossing people out from behind bars. Chuck Berry is pied piping them off into the uncharted magic regions of nymphs and satyrs. God damn, he's great.

Berry plays. He's a brown-eyed-handsome tall thin kid. He plays, man. He goofs. He doesn't do the same riff twice. His leads in person are not what he played at the recording sessions. No pop-slave here. No. A man having fun, and teaching the hung-ups at the Bitter End and every other place what having fun is. People screaming out titles: play this, play that. "I've always played what I feel like." Once he started Johnny B. Goode, which was the closing number, and his back-up squad didn't pick up on it. Berry was brought down, but only for about 5 milliseconds, til he made up his mind what to do about it. He created what he wanted: electric enthusiasm. He wanted to go out with a bang. So he brought the crowd around. He did a thing called dingaling. My dingaling, my dingaling, I wanna play with my dingaling. (His dingaling is a toy his grandmother made for him.) It was a children's song, an ancient song. He had everybody singing along with him. This is incredible at the Bitter End. Uptown, uptight suit-and-tie people. "Hey, if you ain't singing, what're you DOIN'? You mus' be playin' with your DINGALING!" Everybody sang. They loved it. They loved him. He knew what he was doing. Fascinating to watch, like Johnny Carson. A cool, depth thing. You go inside his head, watching him. Process, block, frustration, creation, solution, satisfaction, artistry in living. He gave his green-eyed soul brothers a chance. A little "acid-rock" fuzz lead from the angel-faced, green-eyed rhythm guitarist. Chuck applauds him. Play tossing riffs back and forth with the shaggy-haired harmonicist. "All right. How about that. Tell

Pop, Rock & Jelly

By Emmett Lake



FILM

The Voices Aren't Joyce's

By Dick Preston



Riverrun past Adam and Eve on the way to Mary Ellen Bute outside the coach with the six insides and the coachman hollering and waving his shileleagh which way to finnegans wake thatwaway cries an ancient from the bog pointing the opposite way to the film studio and in the direction of words forrest where the master lies uneasily in his own truth and away goes Mary Ellen beautifully round in circles her skirting the unfathomable pools of abstraction and bravely boosting an odd image here and there digging into the oud sod on the edge of the forrest to carry away a comprehensible piece of this irish jig saw thats been puzzling the poor illiterarty more than the depths of the dead sea scrolls because even if you love levys youre going to have a whole lot of trouble digesting celtic wry even if dr seuss sketched the pictures on the packet

MEANWHILE

Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stair-head, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror reflected the No Cal image of Buck Mulligan as created by the hand of Joseph Strick.

—Come up you fearful jesuit, Mulligan cried to Stephan, come up and take a look at this dreadful film. God these bloody Americans. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because they come from America.

Stephan peered in the mirror to lech on the image of Molly Bloom.

—Do these women of Joyce's never get out of their nightgowns?

I thought there was more to us than this, said Mulligan, squinting at Leopold Bloom throwing an uncut kidney into a skillet. I've a feeling we've been shortchanged, dehydrated and badly indigested. We are the ghosts of ghosts. Hollow apparitions spewed from the industry's womb. Abortions of the unholy coupling of credit and culture. Dedalus, come away from the damned thing. Breakfast is ready.

AND

What parallel courses did Mary Ellen Bute and Joseph Strick follow?

Both took the word and work of another, namely one James Joyce, now deceased, and transposed sections of it to another medium, namely that of film.

Were there common factors of similarity between their respective approach to their subjects?

Both, to a large degree, treated their material in a theatrical manner that was reminiscent of both Aechalus and D.W. Griffith, though Miss Bute to a much lesser and occasionally greater degree than Mr Strick. e.g. The sequences from the Coach With The Six Insides.

Were their views on some points divergent?

Perhaps because of the lack of instructions on the bottle Marry Ellen Bute's imagination was triggered by the Joycean prose to make a work more cinematic than that of Joseph Strick.

Was there one point on which their views were equal and negative?

In their desire to adapt for the screen the two major works of the deceased James Joyce, namely "Finnegans Wake" and "Ulysses".

Was the deceased author, James Joyce, betrayed by his filmmakers?

In a word, yes.

What psalms, words of praise or just plain nice things could one say about these films?

The acting in both was good, particulary in Joseph Strick's film and was of the variety that any major theatrical company would have been proud. Also the dialogue, extracted from the works of the deceased author, James Joyce, brought to the screen such gems of polish and sophistication that sound tracks for many years to come will be wastelands of gurgles and grunts. The exposures were good. Should the deceased author, James Joyce, take any credit in these films?

In Mary Ellen Bute's film he can be held responsible for the firing of her imagination. In Joseph Strick's film for the creation of it's characters. Was the deceased author, James Joyce, exploited by his filmmakers?

THEATRE

By Allan C. Edmonds

The dilemma of the well-wishing white man caught in the midst of the Black Revolution—confused by identity-rejection, collective guilt and/or the frustration to find suitable action—is twice portrayed on the Orpheum Stage (Second Avenue near St. Marks) in George Tabori's *THE NIGGERLOVERS*. In the first portrayal a loveable but somewhat pitiable white professor, sympathetically played by Stacy Keach who was, most recently MacBird, wants to lay his body on the line in the cause of justice and humanity. But, because he has been isolated from struggle and pain, he first must receive training in self-understanding. His tutors are two blacks, Freckles and Creampuff, who assume the roles of local Mississippi Movement blacks and the bullies of cracker law enforcement for his enlightenment and to prepare him for the horror of a niggerlover in Dixie. Had he been black, he would have been born into the Movement by necessity, and his motives could never be questioned as tainted with hypocrisy or guilt. But as a concerned white individual, he must purge himself of whatever's in him of the sickness of collective White America. The White Man's burden is too heavy; he protests: "I will not allow you to draw conclusions from my whiteness. I am a certified Christian and I love you." He wants to rest, he needs time to think it out: "Let us sit quietly and do nothing for awhile." But, as there is no respite or pause for the American black man, there can be none for him either if he is to truly understand. The black tutors throw him and jostle him: America is understood only through violence. "Are they really this firm?" he asks, "are they really this barbaric? Very interesting." There is a graceful dance of a slow motion beating and our professor undergoes the torture of the Moss County Jail. This is the purging, the Jordan River of Mediaeval flagellation he had to cross over to be washed clean. Before, he felt guilty eating oysters while others were dying. He had made the most terrible faces in the mirror. He had only wanted to die on his own terms—with a glorious gesture. He now asks: "Am I a Negro now?" And, if he were, what is so glorious and dramatic about dying like a dog when just living is the most important thing in the world.

It is after dark. The cracker townsfolk are gathered outside the jail in a comfortable mob of 20 or so. The demagogue sheriff releases the Naturalized Negro with a couple of slaps on the face. The mob surrounds him and herds him to the moonlit quarry. They order him to strip. The night is poetic—a full harvest moon, magnolia trees, Spanish moss, the sounds and smells of Old Dixie after dark—but Nature is no help against butchery. The first bullet hits his breast, the second his gut, and they keep coming. The ghosts of his senses haunt him. He wants to eat again. He wants to fuck again. He wants to FEEL-feel-feel-feel-feel. Dying like a dog, all he knows is pain. He finally screams: "I don't want to be a Negro anymore." He becomes a sweet old man again.

Can there be an "I can overcome myself by denying myself"? Can a white man fight White America from the outside? Should he not try to change White America as a white man? The questions aren't answered definitively, and Mr. Tabori has illustrated the dilemma perceptively and with compassion as a dilemma. It is too easy to pooh-pooh Tabori, as the *VOICE* critic has, that he is floundering in his own guilt. Will this critic cry angrily after a Black Revolution that his daddy was a white rapist? The chorus sings: "It all depends on what you see, / What's that on the horizon? / Chickens coming home to roost, / And the bread is rising."

The second portrayal is anticlimactic in its obviousness. It is a dialogue between a very guilty white man and his dog, and his own internal dialogue; his missionary self against his white supremacist self. He ends unloading his possessions and murdering his dog (a sardonic combination of a German Shepard protection dog and a Viennese slut) in guilt-ridden fear. "The days are getting darker 'cause the dark is in your head," cry Creampuff and Freckles, two voices from the ghetto.

The entire production is enhanced by a simple set and free and graceful blocking. The Sound Masters (two guitarists and a drummer ranging in age from 13 to 17) garnish the production with masterful musical accompaniment. *NIGGERLOVERS* is one of the only plays I have seen in months that the audience discussed during intermission.

Continued on next page



me that man ain't got no soul!"

When everything was up on the high plane again, Berry did Johnny B. Goode, and everything was where he wanted it. He sang to them in French. Chuck Berry, the man whose boundaries are far beyond what his society will accept of him. Chuck Berry, whose English accent is as impeccable as Harry Belafonte's. Chuck Berry, who won't be seduced by the nothing world of status and Jacqueline Kennedy culture. Chuck Berry, who is too raw and too wise and too ancient to be Sidney Poitier, hungering for young white cunt, and sublimating all over the screen. Chuck Berry, who spent three years in jail for crossing a state line with some hot little bod who hadn't spent a legal amount of days on this earth before feeling a natural holy desire between her legs. Chuck Berry, who was very quiet in Terre Haute, Indiana, who played in the prison band, who used to read and write a lot of poetry in jail. Chuck Berry. A brown man who knows where it's at. A brown man with no illusions. A brown man who wrote HURRY-HOME DROPS IN HER EYE, about a six-year-old daughter whose mom did not agree with him. Chuck Berry. Chuck Berry. Chuck Berry. Who wrote "Hail, Hail, Rock n Roll." And knows what it means. And saw that it was good.

Meanwhile, the Chambers Bros. at the Electric Circus, emanating their definitional, danceable music at the Electric Circus, and the light and sound crew doing things to Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, that should have been on the album. The crescendo in Day In The Life affects the body and the mind at the Electric Circus. The slides are fascinating. The total thing is almost worth the people and the price.

And uptown, at the Palm Gardens, the real thing goes on. And on. The Children of Paradise sound good doing their "acid-rock" (I've never taken acid, so how could it be acid-rock; unquote) extended things. Really suck on the 56-58 stuff; the Group Image doing organic rock by feel, with smoke and strobes and boxes and every sort of person floating around the floor and creeps taking movies, and cats running around with cats on their shoulders, using their tails for moustaches, blowing minds, and chicks in nothing dresses teasing old boozers, and a spade with long hair: king of the hippies, and people linking hands and doing deep-breathing, hyperoxygenating things, and the rowdy element fighting over cardboard boxes. It's alive. It's alive the way the Fillmore and Avalon are dead already, with tourists and vacation-hippies. Palm Gardens is guts and blood and booze and pass the joint, please. It's a shot in the arm. You deserve to go there some Wednesday nite. 52nd off 8th. Buck fifty.

Before you head uptown, tho, make it to the WEEKLY FREAKLY (isn't that disgusting!) at the Village Theatre. Every Wednesday nite starting already. October 25th is going to be something we can't print, but open your ears. Eight to midnite. A sit and dig thing. Local groups who need to be dug by record company talent scouts. Local groups who would have made the Tompkins Square Park shows. Entertainment. Profits to good things. One buck. 18th and 25th this month. Dig with your eyes and ears down here, then make it to the Palm Gardens for the sake of your body.

FILM...

Continued from PAGE 14

By Mary Ellen Bute through the magic association with his name and the name of his book "Finnegans Wake," though it must be admitted that she was careful to call the film "Passages from James Joyce's Finnegans Wake." By Joseph Strick all the way down the line from the title "Ulysses" to the \$5.50 entrance fee which was, no doubt, guaranteed to help make a whopping profit and also act as bait to the purient interests of the film going public, this public no doubt thinking that for the princely sum of \$5.50 they would be sure to see Blazes Boylan putting it in.

And did they see Blazes Boylan putting it in or nay other shots of marital or extramarital sexual activity?

No. But one did, however, see a lot of very slick, very corny cuttaways.

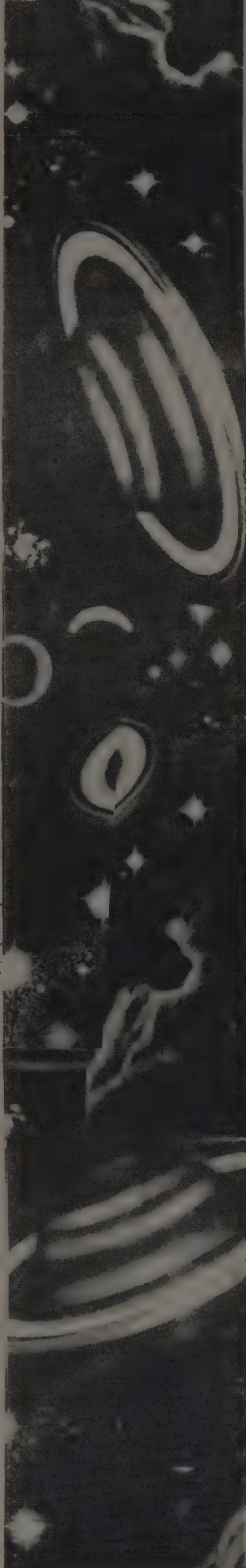
How could these films be described, in one word, which could be placed on a marque or inserted in an advertisement.

"Finnegans Wake" — Stimulating.

"Ulysses" — Entertaining.

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No because Joyce spent a lifetime using words as Picasso uses paint as Len Lye uses film and if Joyce had wanted to write scenarios he would have done so but he didnt he wrote novels which were wholly words and to fuck with them is immoral and exploitive particularly as in the case of Ulysses when 40 odd years after it's daring publication and wit its trials and problems far behind it but with its aura of sexuality still heavy in the enlightened air some sharp cookie comes along and says this could make a great film hoping that some of the genius of the master will rub off on himself because he doesn't have what it takes to write his own scenario and anyway he knows that there isnt as much money in his name as there is in Joyces though this is not to put adaptations down even though they are rarely as successful as original screen plays but to do them well you have to have something of the flair and disregard for the literal that Orson Wells has and in Joyce's case one has to literally disregard everything for what he has to offer filmmakers cannot be extracted digested condensed but must be used as a spark to fire the imagination into other untroden unJoycean paths which will then make the publics heart beat like mad because you will have said no to tradition no No.

THEATRE... Continued from PAGE 15

JOHNNY NO-TRUMP opened last weekend at the Cort Theatre (Broadway). If there has ever been any doubt that an American Theatrical Renaissance was needed, this standardized product of the Established Theatre Factory serves as glaring proof. Act One could have been a domestic serial comedy on television; Act Two (because somebody dies) a run-of-the-mill television "serious drama." The difference is that, because the action is "live," seats range from \$5 to \$10. Acting, staging, scenery, other technicalities are realistic, precisely accurate, well-done, professional, sterile and expensive. "The action takes place in the Armstrong home on Long Island in February." This fececious, hither-thither hurry-scurry, insipid and pointless Xerox duplication of suburban family anxiety serves as bread-and-circus for the consumers of Broadway Big Business. I refuse to write a Consumer Index, and I will welcome B'way press rep offers to change my bias. Meanwhile, I must conclude, that the Renaissance is struggling downtown.

OBSIDIAN, described as "a play for the whole family," is currently being presented by the Playbox Studio at 94 St. Marks Place. Reviving the Aeschylan Electra theme, the play scorches our minds with a harsh and dried up woman, alone in any company, whose only escape from the desert of her personality is the seduction of hobos, whose pubic daughter — moaning for a long-dead brother she doesn't believe is dead and crying for the justice of the Argive Tragedy — is continually in her panting way. The son returns as an amnesiac hobo, possessionless except for a vacuous searching life, and learns his identity from sister Virgay (Electra). He hadn't stayed butchered near the desert tie siding years before, and he concludes the play with the vengeance the identity demanded: he plunges his razor instead of his organ into the flushing genitals (the only moisture in this play) of his sluttish mother. The theme is ancient but rarely overdone and never a cliché — a barely exaggerated portrayal of ordinary selfish progeny rejection and what develops therefrom, blasting a gaping excavation into the quarry of most-concealed wishes and dreams. But this play is more than a lecture in Freudian psychology; it lays bare the arid emptiness that characterizes much of middle american domesticity — what has happened to the family? The lighting and set superbly suggest the barren chastity of the edge of the Southwest desert; the excellent acting with electronic sonar accompaniment bring the stage to life. OBSIDIAN can leave you breathless and worried. Produced beside OBSIDIAN is a banal irrelevant technique exercise called FOR GOD AND COUNTRY AND MISS CORRINE, a barnyard portrayal of a fairy-tale Fall from Innocence (even reaching climax by the eating of an apple) only held together by two actors: Charles Pegus who plays a hound and David Selby playing a hick.

THE FREE-LANCE PALLBEARERS by Ishmael Reed
 Doubleday & Co. October 27, 1967 \$3.95

All of the characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. But coincidence is the peg which Mr. Reed hangs his first novel on, only the names have been changed to protect the guilty. It is a novel which has long been in the making, and one which has been worth waiting for.

The Free-Lance Pallbearers is wholly a satire on white and black America, and especially on Middle/Mind/America; a kind of Walt Disney Dogpatch done in dayglow. There is no mistaking the intentions of its author. The hero, a young negro innocent named Bukka Doopeyduk, "a nazarene apprentice" seeking the faith of his forefathers - the middle class morality of the liberal lie - is just plain Parsifal doing the boogaloo through the hallowed halls of Bureaucracy in search of the "Holy Commode." His country is Harry Sam and his hero is Harry Sam, former Polish used-car salesman and barn burner, Dictator of himself and of all this "way out bringdown NOW-HERE."

I live in HARRY SAM. HARRY SAM is something else. A big not-to-be-believed out-of-sight, sometimes referred to as O-BOP-SHE-BANG or KLANG-A-LANG-A-DING-DONG. SAM has not been seen since the day, thirty years ago, when he disappeared into the John with a weird, ravaging illness.

The John is located within an immense motel which stands on Sam's Island just off HARRY SAM.

The author's vision is of a land of total excrement, literally drowning in its own shit. Harry Sam motels, projects and universities dot the skyline, characters all-too-familiar to our way of thinking people the landscape, and bright electric signs blink EATSEATSEATS, contributing to an overall picture of a land where all experience has become a commodity.

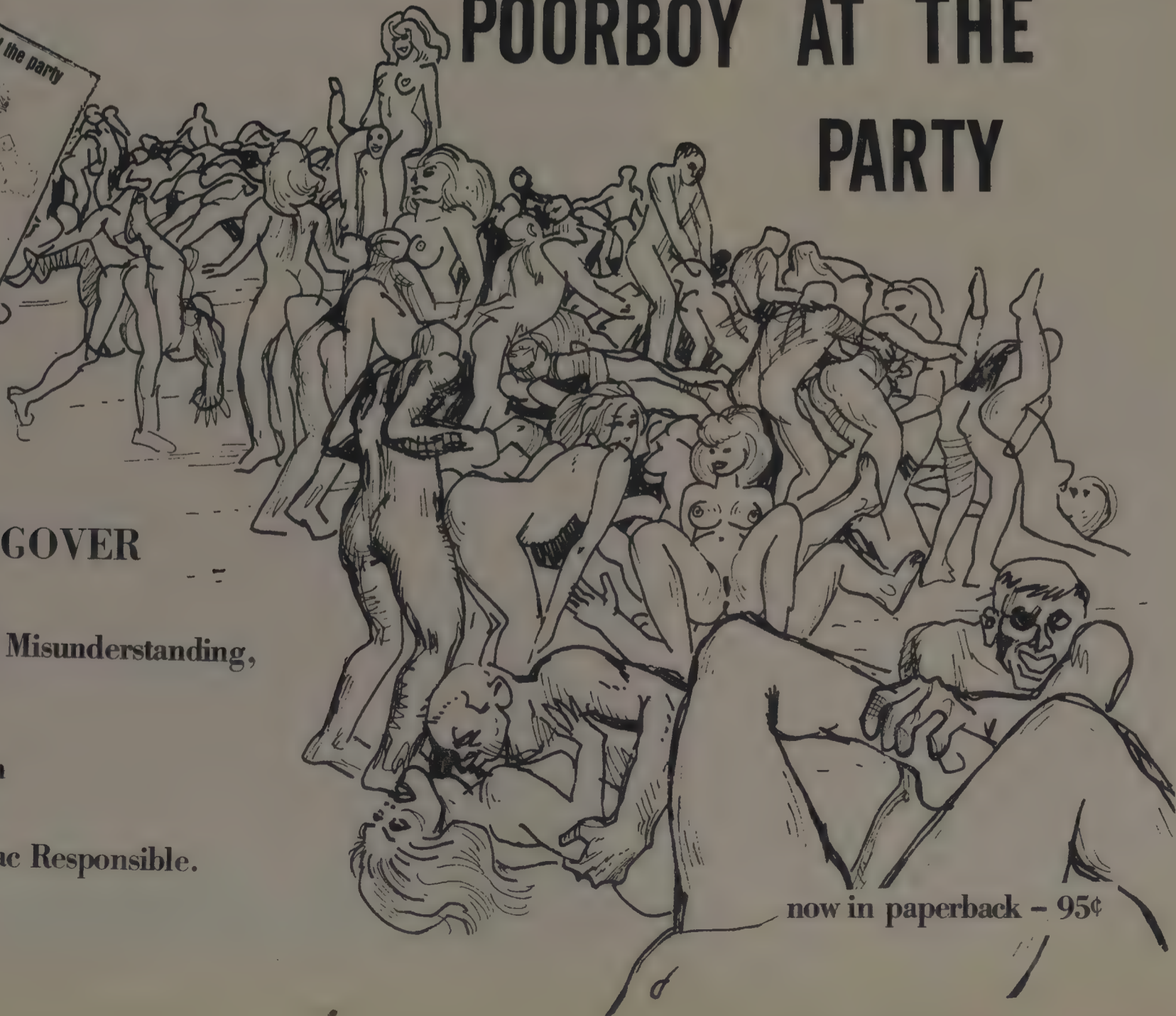
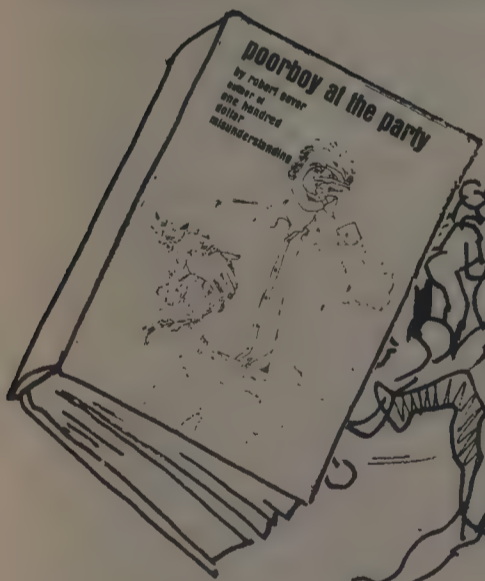
Continued on PAGE 20

BOOKS

By Allan Katzman



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"WE ARE ALL VIET CONG"

Continued from PAGE 4

zens"; encourages "the capitalists in industry and trade to help develop industry, small industries, and handicrafts"; respects "the legitimate right to ownership of land by the churches, pagodas, and holy sees of religious sects"; promises free general elections toward eventual reunification of both Vietnams, "in accordance with the principle of universal, equal, direct suffrage"; and bars military alliances with all other nations.

"You will notice that there is nothing here which mentions socialism," said Mrs. Nhuyen Thi Binh, the 50-year-old foreign secretary for the NLF, who also headed the Southern delegation. Mrs. Binh added that the NLF's program insists on five points: peace, neutrality, democracy, independence, and eventual national reunification.

Most Americans were surprised at the wording of the NLF program, which seems much too pro-capitalist in its outlook; however, the program may be a transitional step toward a socialist economy for South Vietnam, dependent on the outcome of a democratic election.

Therefore, the NLF is confident of its ability to maintain the widespread support which it now enjoys, and seems entirely honest in its insistence that the people of Vietnam be given, at last, the opportunity to decide for themselves which form of government they will have. The current program, with its assurances of private property rights, may be a compromise with the many non-socialist elements active in the body and leadership of the Front, but the ultimate program would be dictated by the populace as far as possible.

Even among Thieu and Ky's top military officers, the NLF maintains secret sympathizers, Mrs. Binh added. The Front includes at least three major political parties (Democratic, Radical Socialist, and People's Revolutionary), four major religions, and many ethnic groups.

According to Southern journalist Huynh Van Ly, from Ben Tre, the NLF is now in control of over 80 percent of the Southern countryside — excluding the major cities of Saigon, Danang, and Hue, which are governed with varying degrees of stability by the "puppet government" sanctioned by the U.S. Maps and films were presented showing life in these liberated zones, which Mr. Ly maintained include 3.5 million hectares of land, over two million of it privately owned by peasants, producing enough rice for the fighting troops without the major rice-import problem of the Southern government. (Saigon is expected to import a million tons of rice this year, and reports from Boston University NEWS correspondent Alex Jack in Saigon said that

POLICE

Continued from PAGE 8

The fuzz had a warrant signed by a Judge Crater. This crew seized the following objects: (1) 42 sugar cubes, Domino brand; (2) a 1960 Nixon button; (3) "The Story of 'O'," translated into Portuguese; (4) A large picture of John Lindsay in a miniskirt (in color); (5) Martin Bormann.

Did they have a right to enter my apartment, and can I get my objects back?

ANSWER: We can only assume that your landlord objected to your possession of a Nixon button which, though a position fully consonant with a man of taste and good breeding, is still no excuse for entering your apartment. But you leave many questions unanswered: Who is Abe Beame? What did the warrant describe? In any case, if the warrant is valid, they had a right to enter and to seize objects described in the warrant. Assuming that the warrant did not describe the seized objects, you have a right to get them back unless (1) possession of the object, itself, is a crime, or (2) the object is an instrumentality of another crime. The sugar cubes and Mr. Bormann can be seized under the first exception. Unless you have used the Lindsay picture to stimulate yourself into lawless carnal acts, you are entitled to its return. As to the "Story of 'O,'" after the fuzz have read your copy, you won't want it back.

nightclubs there had taken to a version of "greenfields" which reads, "Once there were ricefields...now there are none.")

Obviously, the necessary functions of society continue, with difficulty, in spite of the bombing; otherwise the Vietnamese would have had to give in long ago. But despite bombing heavier to date than the total bombing in the European and African theaters of the Second World War, Mr. Vy documented that even the cultural life continues. He showed films of dances and theatre performances. School enrollment is up 130 percent this year. Newspapers, magazines, even art books, continue to be published.

Vy's explanation for this phenomenon is as follows: Industry, and now schools, are scattered in small centers in the countryside, Mr. Vy said, adding that an urban economy could not have withstood the bombing so long as the North has. "When the radio says the U.S. has destroyed a factory, we assure you it was only four walls in the first place. When they say they destroyed an army barracks, it was only a building."

The DRV's four-point program for peace remains as before. Tran Con Tuong, a Hanoi lawyer, reiterated the stand; (1) The U.S. must put an end to aggression against the DRV (at which point negotiations could begin immediately). (2) Strict attention must be paid to the Geneva accords. (3) A solution to the problems of South Vietnam must come from the South Vietnamese themselves. (4) The two Vietnams must be allowed to achieve peaceful reunification between themselves.

"Our people are determined not to submit to force, not to talk to the U.S. imperialists under the threat of (resumed) bombing." Mr. Tuong emphasized; Hanoi "has no

reason to escalate the war" (as Washington has charged); its stand is "in the interests of the American people as well," Mr. Tuong stated.

The North is now receiving limited aid in heavy industry from the Soviet Union, but nothing from China, delegates said in small-group sessions. Much of the DRV's weaponry is small artillery, and both infantry weapons and larger arms are frequently salvaged from captured U.S. supplies or downed aircraft. (During the conference, word came that Secretary of Defense McNamara had announced in Washington that the DRV is receiving up to \$1 billion annually from the USSR; he did not say that the U.S. is subsidizing the South government by some \$26 billion this year.)

Perhaps the North's resolve was best demonstrated by the Hanoi lawyer who shared a joke with us at the expense of House Armed Services Committee chairman Mendel Rivers. "Please ask Mr. Rivers to come to Hanoi," he said, "and see for himself if we've been 'bombed back to the stone age,' as he advocates. We're not in the stone age, and we can't be bombed there."

AMERICAN BLACKS REPORT

The Vietnamese position as a colonized people, however, did not escape the attention of SNCC's John Wilson, who was most warmly received of all the American reporting in Bratislava on their movements. "We are a colonized people too... We know." Wilson said, "that power comes from the barrel of a gun...U.S. imperialism extends from South Vietnam to South Africa to South Carolina, U.S.A. To destroy that imperialism, by any means nec-

Continued on next page

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DAVINCI

Continued from PAGE 12

New York City, wandered all over the country, then went to the University of Kentucky and various art schools. "And got kicked out of all of them," he adds. He has just finished having a one-man show at the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy up on West 58th Street. "Well, I would rather begin there than end there," he says. Joey had 55 paintings in his show, together with two environmental rooms. He got his show, but no reviews and no sales. Now 22, Joey has been painting for years. He had his first show when he was 18, at Stanley's Bar on Avenue B. About his art, he says: "My work is not contrived, but evolved. It is not exploiting any corner of any pop fad. Art today has to be approached from the aspect of technology, otherwise it becomes a series of objects on a wall, devoid of philosophical content. That is what my contact with Richard is all about; we hope to work together combining the esthetics of fine art painting with mechanical technology...I paint the essence of something...No one has purchased my art. My riff is: art is long, life goes on, time is fleeting, what beautiful colors!"

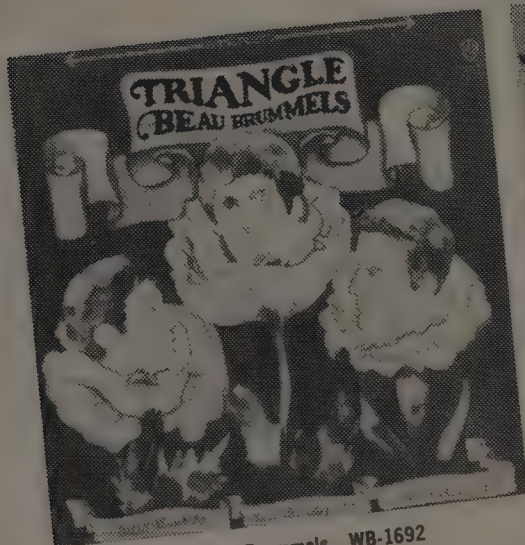
Richard: "My job is easy; my thing is clearly defined, all I have to do is to come

in first with my car. Joey's thing is abstract..." There will be nothing abstract about the fruits of the labors on the car: if it is successful, the two foresee sales of about one hundred cars a year at \$25,000 apiece. That is concrete indeed; it is certainly true that the way things are, a man with a radically revolutionary car suspension system will become successful and recognized much sooner than a revolutionary artist. But Richard is full of enthusiasm for Joey's art. He feels it is full of respect for all the forms of life which have evolved on this planet. "Joey paints motion and time," he says. "What appears to be a rainbow of color is actually a specific thought. But he does it in a way that might appear like a mish-mash. His art is reverence on canvas."

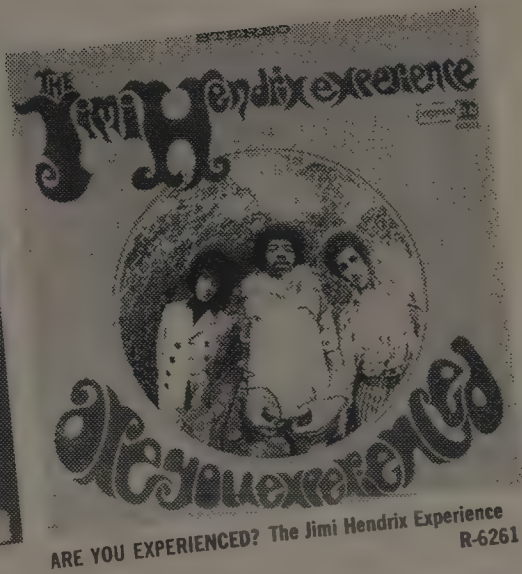
For their joint project together, the partners are in the process of creating a unique painting-cum-sculpture. It will be eight-factorial: eight canvases mounted on a self-supporting wall which will contain a silent, ghostly, invisible programmed machine which will shuffle the canvases so that they will appear in various combinations, 40320 possible ones in all. The eight-canvas 'wall' will also contain variable lights which will illuminate the paintings. "The beauty of this project is that here, you have two minds which are combining to create this production," says Joey.

There is an ironic postscript to my interview with the engineer and the artist. The night after our talk, I was supposed to come by the workshop on East 2nd Street to drive out to Brooklyn Heights, to the studio into which Joey is moving, to see some of his paintings. It was evening when I got there, and, after some preliminary tinkering, Richard let us get into his car, a German Lloyd of antique appearance and uncertain health. We set off downtown for the Brooklyn Bridge, the car coughing and wheezing through the night. The car made it to the bridge and started up its incline. A couple of hundred yards up the bridge, it gave out. We got out, and Richard began ministering to the engine, poking its insides and removing parts, just as if he were in the embrace of his workshop. Joey and I stood patiently on the side ledge of the giant bridge. Across the river, neon ads blazed on the Brooklyn side; just downtown of us the towers of the financial district lit up the night. Cars rushed up the bridge, swerved to avoid us, and sped on. Once, we got back into the car and went on a few feet at a crawl, but the car, after spurting and jerking forward a couple of times, had given up for the night. And soon, so did we. We left the car on the bridge, a note fixed to the windshield, and walked off the bridge. So I never got to see Joey's paintings that night. But I know that one day I will, and not only I, but many others in this city. For, if the city is to survive, it must belong to and welcome not only such dreamers as Richard Newsteder, but also those who, like Joey Skaggs, fight their lonely fight and dream their lonely dreams, and paint their paintings, with no encouragement from us, so that we may live and feel.

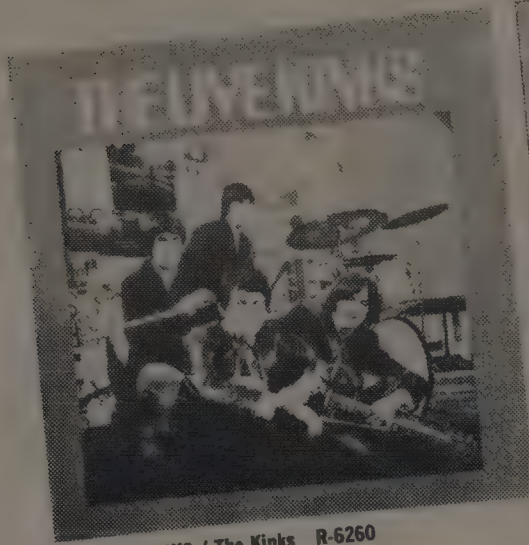
THESE ARE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



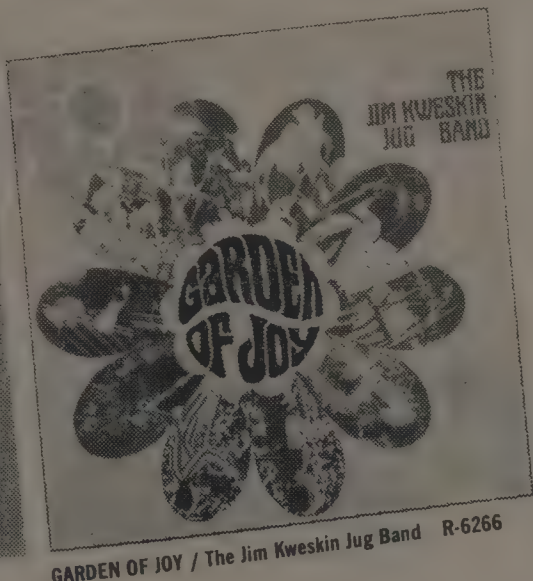
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GARDEN OF JOY / The Jim Kweskin Jug Band R-6266



CONG

Continued from last page

essary...you cannot organize or domesticate a mad dog—you dispose of it."

Wilson defined black America in four categories — integrationists, separatists, ethnic politicians, and black militants. He excoriated Whitney Young of the Urban League for being "used by the U.S. to legitimize the recent (Saigon) elections in the eyes of black people," and said the integrationists, including Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins, have been "leading black people to the slaughter." He was debated briefly by Stoney Cooks of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who said the militants' programs were poorly organized and without hope of success.

The cultural differences between Vietnamese and Americans were not so marked, however, as to obscure the obvious cultural insemination which each side was experiencing. The Americans took to bowing, using protocol titles, asking others to step ahead before them, and singing uninhibitedly. A Vietnamese interpreter who had become a friend bypassed the accustomed statement of brotherhood to say, "So long, baby. It's been a gas."

reprise
RECORDS



WARNER BROS.
RECORDS



BOOKS

Continued from PAGE 17

Into this computerized House of Ushei parades a list of nefarious journeymen: U2 Polygot, Dean of Harry Sam University who is preparing a paper for an English literary quarterly, entitled "The Egyptian Dung Beetle in Kafka's 'Metamorphosis'."

He had dropped to his knees and begun to push a light ball of excrement about the room by the tip of his nose. He wanted to add an element of the experience to his paper. You know, give it a little zip.

Fannie Mae, Bukka's newly acquired wife, a castrating bitch who refuses to cook or clean and sits around all day drooling over clean whiteman images of Gregory Peck. Fannie's mother and father, witch and warlock, who punish Bukka by changing him into a Lycanthrope. Elijah Raven, Bukka's best man, black nationalist, head of the Jackleheaded Front. Bishop Eclair Porkchop, head of the Church of the Holy Mouth, who speaks like a Black Bela Lugosi. Mr. Nosetrouble, a white neighbor married to a negress, Fannie's friend Georgia, who is the poor man's crusading communist.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Where you goin with that case? Have a little respect, fellas. The nose inside that case belong to none other than L. Trotsky who said in a speech before the cemetery at Prague said 'Blimp Blank Palooka Dookey,' and standing in a threadbare coat shaking his fist in the rain for hours, said 'Blank Palooka Dookey Blimp' and who on more than one occasion warned the ruling circles 'Dookey Palooka Blank Blimp'."

Judges, generals, the Chief of Screws, Nazarene Bishops, not to mention Nancy Spellman, who weave in and out of Harry Sam's private island via helicopters and limousines. And Harry Sam HIMSELF who is the most recognizable of all:

SAM went on television. Sitting at a workman's bench he patted a little cocker spaniel on the head. They had applied synthetic soot to his face. He took a swig of beer from a can and addressed the nation.

"Hi, folks. The MAN here again. Got a few minutes before the whistle is blown on us down here in the John, a signal for me to go back to work. Didn't know I worked, did you dumplings? Pardon me..." (He took a sandwich from a brown bag and filled his mouth to the brink of his lips with liverwurst.)

"At least all those who know me and love me 'preciates the fact that I work, which makes it come as a surprise when these people go around here bitchin' about the way I handle the workers."

"Geeze, folks, solidarity forever and o yeah while I am at it, we shall overcome. Hell, I got injured in an industrial accident once, see?" The dictator raised his nightshirt and pointed to a scar which

traveled north from the spine to his left breast. The New York Times called the speech an eloquent and poignant plea for industrial peace.

Nothing escapes Mr. Reed's unalterable language studded with Be-Bop arpeggios and poetic street utterings. America is exorcised with vehement satire, and the reader is left with only his testicles to steer by. Buffalo, Washington D.C. and the Lower East Side are done in neatly. Happenings and their phony proprietors (What the author refers to in his book as BEGINNINGS) and even the Village Voice are chewed up and spit out without immunity:

"Sure, Baby," Cipher answered. "Why, the art crowd is crazy about you. Look at what this Kat in the DEFORMED DEMOCRAT says: AFTER BEING STUMPED BY CECIL TAYLOR AND ARCHIE SHEPP IT DID THIS MIND SOME GOOD TO SEE OL BONES

And:

"The villagers were led by J. Lapp Swine, jazz critic from the DEFORMED DEMOCRAT, who romped about rousting the mob with a small torchlight between his toes. Being a double-jointed freak, he was capable of all kinds of odd contortions.

Even the East Village's own rock and roll band, the Fugs, are incorporated into this pilgrims progress of putdown:

The guests were being entertained by a group of rock-and-roll Nazarene apprentices from the Lower East Side, who were playing recorders, lutes, drums, tambourines and electric guitars. They had taken the poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Henry David Thoreau - all white men with three names, dead many years - and set to music.

Songs such as "Look at Dat Waterfowl Bending Its Skinny Neck in da Crick Ovah Dere," "Ain't Nature Grand?" or "Your Cock Was Nevah So Good but When I Laid Ya in the Calabash Field" rang out with authority over the Black Bay.

The adventures of Bukka Doopeyduk is a lesson in corruption and stupidity; the Oracle sounding the death knell of a doomed nation:

On the banks of HARRY SAM is a park. There the old men ball their fists and say paradoxes. They blow their noses with flags and kiss dead newsreels. Legend has it that when the fateful swimmer makes it from Sam's Island to HARRY SAM, these same old men will sneeze, swoop up their skiffles and rickety sticks, then lickety split to rooms of widow executioners in black sneakers. It is at this time that the Free-Lance Pallbearers will take SAM.

How ironic that it is Bukka who is SAM's undoing; the fateful swimmer who believes, beyond all evidence, in the Great Society of HARRY SAM. In that next to last horrific scene of discovery, it is

Continued on PAGE 23

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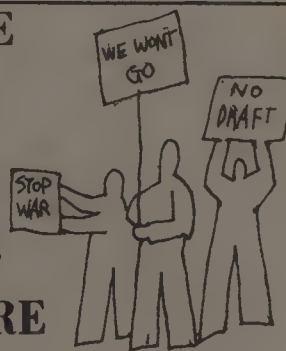
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KING KONG HONG KONG

By Bodie David

(Hong Kong) — Two black-painted all-weather javelin jets shrieked over Kowloon Bay, as a small armada of walla-wallas chugged through the green waters toward a very bedraggled-looking, two-masted yacht that once was painted white, but the American flag looked nice and crisp flying astern.

The phoenix had arrived.

"Don't you think your journey will give the North Vietnamese a propaganda advantage? Isn't what you're doing really just a publicity stunt since those medical supplies are really just a token," the press of the world wanted to know.

Bob Eaton answered this was something he could do, that if it saved one life, it was worth the risks, and he gave that answer in one form or another to all the questions. He was right. The reporters were right, too.

The press got back in their walla-wallas (motorized sampans of a sort). Eaton was confined, for a day, to the phoenix while immigration mulled over the problem of letting a passportless person ashore. Finally, after a 2 a.m. bed-check, to make sure he was aboard the phoenix — moored in a typhoon shelter among this crown colony's floating whore-houses in causeway bay — they decided that it was ok, he could go ashore, all the while insisting that the decision was not a political kick in the ass to the U.S. State Department invalidation of passport ruling. Probably wasn't. Hong Kong does much business hauling steel — some of it U.S. — to the North Vietnamese in British ships under charter to obscure Chinese companies, and in Hong Kong, business always comes first, foremost and all the time.

The Quakers on board — Eaton, Beryl Nelson and John Braxton — were serious, full of good intentions. Miss Kyoko Koda was soft and oriental and serious too. And the next day Lawrence Scott, the political plotter of the Quaker Action group assault, arrived from Philadelphia with Professor Harrison Butterworth and Maryanne McNaughton. Scott is going home in a day or two. The others will sail to Haiphong, when and if the Hanoi propagandists give the word. Two doctors are going too, but they won't arrive until North Vietnam gives the OK.

The Quakers say they want to share in the suffering of the North Vietnamese people. They say that they are doing things for the South Vietnamese people as well (a nursery school has been created

for war orphans, of which there are very few if one believes the press reports). Eaton, who sailed on the first Phoenix journey and thereby lost his precious passport, said he told the North Vietnamese he would no sooner fight in their army than he would fight in Uncle Sam's. No wonder Hanoi hasn't given its OK for the second trip.

Scott told Carl Zeitlow, another Phoenix passportless waif, to stay put in Cambodia and not come to Hong Kong, because it would cause some embarrassment for the Immigration, and besides, he was needed as a contact.

So the quakers sound like the other side in their plotting, and I couldn't help but suddenly see all the game-playing and deciding that it wasn't worth all the risks. I wondered if the phoenix saw it was playing the power game too? That David played the game against Goliath — it doesn't make any difference which side you cheer for, because the fact is you came to see the game played.

Butterworth asked me how I liked Hong Kong — he said the students from here that he teaches at the U. of Ohio all love it — and I told him that the British are fascists and that the Communists are crazy murderers who put bombs in playgrounds and blow up children, and that both sides deserved each other, and that I thoroughly dislike the place. "But there must be some good people here too," he said, "and God must be here too, because he made so many Chinese people." I still haven't figured out whether he was putting me on. I was pretty sure he wasn't. He told me his wife and three children are staying up in Hanover, New Hampshire till he gets back. I thought that was such a lovely place, and I wondered why he wasn't there in the country air, if he really wanted to do something about the suffering. But anyway, I hope David wins.

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AND WATCH MY LIGHTS GO OFF."

PRAGUE

By Raymond Mungo

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia — Prague is a poor man's freak.

Capital city of a Communist country that never had a revolution, old Praha is on the verge of its first — at the hands of the provos and angry artists wandering its cobblestone streets and insolently painting its grey facade with wild streaks.

Everything illegal — black market exchange for American money at three times the official rate, prostitution, grass, dex — is offered here, like PUSHED, on the streets, by characters straight out of B movieland.

You see, it's like this. When you get here as a U.S. tourist, you are given this nice routine about going to the central commissary in charge of accomodation (called Cedok), because there are "many persons but few rooms in Praha." (This turns out to be true.) At the Cedok, you get these nice folders that tell you to buy ALL your FINE souvenirs at the good old government tourist shops, which will cheerfully exchange your Americansky money.

Cheerfully ain't the word, brother. So valuable is the U.S. dollar, god damn it to hell, that you're immediately beseiged by unshaven types offering 35 or 40 crowns per buck (officially, it's 16) and no questions asked, no limits. Technically, you're not allowed to carry any of the bloated bread out, so forget about bringing it back to New York. But there is an income to be made here. Under current conditions, which are getting more pronounced, American hippies and other groovy types can come here, change their money at the market rate, and live for literally months on a hundred bucks, in the company of an emerging hip class.

Hundreds of streetcars run for the equivalent of three cents; hearty meals (i.e., lots of Slovak-type potatoes, tomatoes, peppers, salami and ham) can be had for a quarter; and accomodations, if you're being cushy, for seventy-five cents a night. The money-changers are also, of course, expert in trading drugs for crowns or dollars, and dealers stand nonchalantly on every major street corner, looking exactly like J. Edgar Hoover thinks a dealer should look.

Freakier by far ar the local films, all state-owned and all going for a dime (i.e., ten cents) for reserved seats. Czech

movies add to the general impressions of young men with orange hats and red buttons that read COCA-COLA, the idea that youth here has seen the psychedelic way of life as the most convenient and effective means of rebelling against what government leaders like to describe as a "hard-working people" — munching their rolls, twisting their kerchiefs, and packing box lunches for a day of collecting fares on the tram.

Unfortunately, each movie also features a compulsory 15-minute newsreel that is about half advertisements for the state, but without the inventiveness that makes late-night commercials groovy for the (U.S.) stateside head. Yeah, compulsory. First this gong goes off, see, then the doors close, the lights go out, and there you are, trapped with a quarter-hour of CZECHY NEWSY.

After the newsreel, though, comes the inevitable cartoon, and the revolutionary triumph of the local freak in revolt against the moral parsimony of the state. One cartoon sings the old song about the old woman who swallowed a fly ("I don't know WHY she swallowed the fly/Perhaps she'll diiiiiie") in a supercolor mindblowing transformation of flies into grapes, old women into cows, birds' eggs into grinning billy goats. Out of sight.

Beyond the humor, there are the straight, groovy films like "Loves of a Blonde," which achieve subtle, perfect craftsmanship and filled with a slaviv pathos which becomes all the more real in the surrounding slaviv atmosphere. Then there are the posters, all over the city, and alarmingly brilliant in the midst of such general boredom; and the museums; and the underground (literally underground) bistros with no neon signs outside (in fact, no signs at all); and the photography magazines. All, all of it so cheap that even a hippy can live like a prince (which, come to think of it, pretty well defeats the Captain Straight argument that hippies can exist "only because our culture is so affluent that they live off droppings." There just ain't no droppings here, but the diggers abound).

What Prague does lack are an underground press and decent records — in both cases, because the government makes generally available only Communist Party organs and Surpraphon records, plus Russian imports. I mean, I get my fill of Tschaikevsky, Martinu and Rimsky-Korsakov; and I'm not too gassed to read the only English-language newspaper, the

British Morning-Star-Incorporating-the-Daily-Worker, and feel for Solidarity Forever! (I'm for solidarity, understand, but FOREVER?)

There are castles here to get stoned in, and no cops to speak of to stone you out — or, for that matter, to stage a Tompkins head-busting party. And it really doesn't matter that you don't understand a word of Czech — all the groove is in the images.

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ASTROLOGY

On October 24th, the Sun enters and begins it's 30 day passage through the powerful sign Scorpio.

Scorpio rules the eighth house of the Zodiac, which constitutes sex, death and regeneration. The Scorpio is represented by three symbols, because of its complexity in nature; One symbol of course is the scorpion, another the serpent, and yet another, the Eagle. A scorpion type is capable of becoming any one of the three.

Because of this tremendous lust and passion for life, he can be the scorpion, and sting himself with his own tail and venom, or he can manifest as the serpent and be cunning and indulgent, or he can rise about the earth in the grand style of the eagle, and be above all of God's creatures.

The Scorpio's lust for life begins on the pot, and stays until a very old age. If during life the serpent uncoils in his bowels and shoots straight up and becomes the soaring eagle of thought he realizes divine spiritual (physical) ecstasy.

This sign is accompanied with a great deal of sex appeal and strength. Of all the signs, none cares less about dying, and none knows more about living.

The Scorpio is fascinating company—extremely generous—and sexually beautiful. Their lust knows no limit.

They are the loyalist of friends, and the fiercest of enemies. Resentment and jealousy are their downfall, but they don't stay down long.

The Scorpion works well with tools and metals, and makes the best of surgeons, and when religious they are as strong for right as they are lusty for the unaccepted. A good example of a religious Scorpio is Billy Graham.

At present, this should be a good period for Scorpio. In the U.S. a period of progress after a year of frustration.

In regards to future events: Terrific slump in the stock market until January or February. Watch for women in politics.

Trouble in West Germany flares anew.


The Pope in the news constantly.

Total Eclipse of the moon on October 18th.

Total Eclipse of the sun on November 2nd.

By Celeste





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Please enroll me as a member of HI! HAPPENINGS INTERNATIONAL, INC. for a full year. Send me membership card, exclusive badge and information twice yearly about happenings for members. I enclose \$5.00 for SPECIAL membership fee (after Nov. 30th \$10.00). Or enroll me now and bill me \$5.00 later.

NAME
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UNDERGROUND NEWS

NEWSHIT

Bob Rudnick

Captain Celso Franco 43, formerly in the Brazilian Navy, now the newly appointed director of Rio d Janerio's chaotic traffic system said "We may have to use violence to straighten out this disorganized traffic mess."

A Berkeley girl was charged with assault with a deadly weapon when she hit a policeman with a 12 foot stuffed effigy of Johnson the President.

A Dallas group has begun the filming of an "authentic, factual" movie about the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Exclusive rights to the District Attorney's extensive confidential files concerning the assassination has been granted the producers of the 96 minute, \$500,000 film. It is to be called "Countdown in Dallas."

Tentatively agreed to act their real life roles are Marina Oswald and Mrs. J.D. Tippit, widow of the policeman allegedly shot by Lee Harvey Oswald. Now Mrs. Kenneth J. Porter, Oswald's widow will receive a percentage of the film's receipts. Other stars include Henry Wade, District Attorney at the time of the assassination, former Police Chief Jesse Curry and the infamous Judge Joe E. Brown, who read Mad comics while presiding over Jack Ruby's trial.

20-TON TANK BUILT TO BATTLE RIOTERS

A 20-ton answer to civil disorders has been designed by a Leesburg, Va., firm. It offers air-conditioned comfort while it spews out a stream of bullets, tear gas or a mind-deranging noise.

The antiriot tank costs \$28,700 for any police department that wants it.

Bullet-proofed and rubber-tracked, it can carry 15 fully equipped lawmen at 35 mile an hour while they fire through gunports in the plexiglass dome.

"Then it can stop and let them out to go hunting," says retired Col. Rex Applegate, riot specialist and consultant to B & H Enterprises, Inc.

The Leesburg firm is headed by contractor Joe Hill. The other initial belongs to George Brown, Sheriff's detective.

They turned on the curdler -- an electronic, directional noise-maker -- and rent the Virginia countryside for miles.

"It destroys the thought train," said Hill. "At 100 yards you can't stand in front of the beam." "Clears off looters," said the colonel, "and does the gas bit, too."

Tear gas pours out of one front jet. The other jet fights fires or crowds, depending on the circumstances. Another nozzle douses flames on the tank itself.

A light rises like a periscope to flash and flood-light darkness. A heavy winch is said to have "unlimited uses." A chemical toilet is standard.

The tank will show its paces at the International Association of Chiefs of Police meeting in Kansas City.

"Some places are very touchy," said Hill. "They want it but they don't want people to see it."

Disneyland, the world's favorite plastic trip, has caused ill will and bad vibrations by adopting a good grooming code which has given the park security guards a break in the routine of finding little lost mouseketeers, and afforded them the opportunity to refuse "long-hairs" admittance into the grounds. "Long-hair" does not necessarily mean long hair. You just have to meet the Orange County standards.

L.A. Free Press

The main hassle with STP seems to be that the abortives commonly used to bring one down from acid induce convulsions in the STP subject. George Peters of the LSD Line had provided us with the following list of abortives for STP trips:

1. Dihycomn - dosage 250 milligrams by Consolidated Midland Corporation.
 2. Dilantin (without phenobarbital) dosage 250 milligrams by Parke-Davis.
 3. Ekko - dosage 250 milligrams by Fleming Company.
 4. Glutamic Acid (500 milligrams) - dosage - 5 grams by William T. Thompson Company.
- The first three can be gotten by Rx for epileptic seizures (Excuse?) The fourth does not need a Rx. Chicago Seed.....

The police now have a chemical in aerosol cans to replace billyclubs. Affectionately called "Peacemaker" phenyl-methyl chloro ketone, a highly refined form of cyanide, can render a rioter or disorderly person unconscious for up to 30 minutes.

L.A. Free Press

news view by Bill Blum

The Sept. 1 Washington Post carried the thrilling news about Chrysler Corporation's plan to train and set up in business, Negroes who want to be new car dealers. Man! Talk about the Great White Father "civilizing" the black savage.

The Washington Post, Sept. 1: "For want of an artificial kidney, a 20-year-old girl who hoped to become a laboratory technician died at noon yesterday at D.C. General Hospital.

The death of Mae Floyd hit doctors unusually hard because they knew they could have saved her life with an artificial kidney.

"Miss Floyd's doctor, Robert A. Margie, had located one at George Washington University Hospital, but two treatments a week would have cost up to \$ 12,000 a year and the hospital had no funds available to pay for her use of the kidney."

Neither of course did Miss Floyd...and so she died. And the American people wonder what the hell the hippies and the radicals are talking about when they speak of "changing the system." They really shouldn't wonder. It isn't that complex. They want a system where the nation's wealth is used for the benefit of society as a whole, and not merely for the benefit of a privileged few; they want a system in which human beings and human concerns carry more weight than cost or profit; they want a system in which Mae Floyd would still be alive.

Austin, Aug. 18. The Texas Observer, the highly respected 61-year-old liberal newspaper, has come out in favor of relegalization of pot. The paper said that laws against marijuana have become "as ridiculous and self-defeating as prohibition" and as a result there is "a spreading conspiratorial disobedience of the law and an increasing contempt for all laws seeking to regulate damaging drugs."

Greg Olds, the editor and author of the article, says that LSD would not have become so popular if marijuana's illegalization had not been so absurd. He also urges Texas legislators to discuss the legalization of the harmless, non-addictive herb.

Notes from the Underground

In the August 31 Washington Post there was an item about the North Vietnam broadcasts in English to Negro GI's in South Vietnam urging them to stop fighting. The article stated that "the broadcasts feature distorted reports of racial violence in the U.S." Oh. We get it. The "real" reports wouldn't alarm the Negro GI's. Those Commies really are sneaky, aren't they?



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Island Garden Box Office; Sterns Dept.
Store, 42nd St., N.Y.C.; Sam Ash Music
Stores: Hempstead, Huntington Station,
White Plains, B'klyn; Record Center Stores,
N.Y.C.; Hofstra University Book Store;
Adelphi University Book Store; I.F.C.
Queens College; Tri Borough Record Shop,
Jamaica; Colony Record Shop.
FOR PHILHARMONIC HALL SHOWS:
Philharmonic Hall Box Office; Sterns
Dept. Store, 42nd St., N.Y.C.; Sam Ash
Music Stores: Hempstead, Huntington
Station, White Plains, B'klyn; Record Cen-
ter Stores, N.Y.C.; House of Oldies,
Bleecker St.; Tri Borough Record Shop,
Jamaica; Colony Record Shop.

Due to a change in schedule, Donovan will
not be appearing at the Academy of Music.

Greenbergs
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organic grains, beans, flours, fruits, v.egs., poultry,
meat, cheese, macrobiotic bread, & a full line
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125 first ave. between st. marks & 7th.

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Male - Female
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4 CHANGES WEEKLY
BEST MOVIE BUY IN N.Y.
PRICE 40c - 70c TOP
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Adult's Sips

FRENCH TICKLERS

THE HAPCO ORGANIZATION PROUDLY ANNOUNCES :

"French Ticklers", fun, safe, re-usable, are now available. Sold only as a possible aid to marital sexual harmony and for the prevention of disease. Available in various styles. \$3 for one, \$2 each additional, postpaid, with full information. Up to six weeks for delivery. Hapco Organization, P. O. Box 16, Shady, New York 12479. Not sold as a contraceptive.



WHEEL AND DEAL



Your money must accompany your ad: \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter.

WEIRD

Writers, with written or other material, for work or publishing on a new magazine. New Ideas, Box Z 123, c/o EVO.

Neuk sucks up ethereal vapors. Not guaranteed (according to your temperaments) to fire mind or create a bumper. At least 25¢ by mails. Neuk c/o Bob Reis, 344-0076.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL
Second Satanic Church of America now forming. The seven deadly sins are our virtues. Guaranteed to raise hell. Box 132, Kingsbridge Station, 10463.

APHRODISIACS
Beautiful, Really Beautiful Make Love a Joy, Not a Job \$2.00 for Material & Samples to: Coman Research, Box 352, NYC 10011.

FRENCH TICKLERS. Fun, safe, reusable, now available from the Hapco Organization. See our display ad for full information. Sold only as a possible aid to marital sexual harmony and for the prevention of disease, not as a contraceptive.

this mother belongs someplace or other - it was in the Publication envelope, but I don't know what it's all about. -- Muriel

Special Services

BOSTON AREA MASSEUR. BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. PHONE 227-7071. ALSO CLIENT'S HOME.

Alexi Henti of the Boudoir gives Lesson 1 in the course. \$1.00 M.C. 04-63 Hazle, B'klyn XII Void where illegal.

THE POETRY PROJECT
St Marks Church In-the-Bowery presents

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 8:30 P.M. - LEE HARWOOD, LARRY FAGIN.
Open readings Monday 8:30 P.M. Look for THE WORLD #7. 50¢. Works by Abrams, Berrigan, Clark, O'Hara, Oppenheimer, Padgett, Schjeldahl, Torregian, Warsh, Weatherly & others, & cover by Bill Beckman.

JUST ARRIVED FROM HAIGHT ASHBURY DISTRICT SAN FRANCISCO. TEN YEAR FELLOWSHIP. COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE OF ASTROLOGY. HOROSCOPES --- PROGRESSIONS AND TEACHING. PEOPLE ARE MY "BAG." CALL CELESTE AT 475-3693 or write c/o EVO, 147 Avenue A, New York, NY.

We move ANYTHING, ANYWHERE in the U.S.A., ANYTIME 24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week. Commercial and household moving our specialty. ANY size trucks available. We operate at Insane Hours for Insane Prices. Call Anytime, 477-5626 or 477-1767. Village Trucking, 66 W. 10th Street, NYC 10011.

6th Annual ALLNIGHT LEAD-FOOT RALLY Sat. Oct. 21, 1967. Open to all types of cars. Approximately 350 miles modified continental driving. For information, write Rally International, Box 107, New Hyde Park, N.Y. Call 212-MO 2-9467 or 212-884-3638.

SOUL MATE SEARCHING?
Read display ad in this issue. CELESTE.

MARSHALL ANKER PRESENTS ANOTHER OPEN DISCUSSION AND COFFEE SOCIAL. TOPIC: "IS LOVE ALL YOU NEED?" SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th AT 9 P.M., IN APARTMENT 16 AT 211 EAST 5th STREET, BETWEEN 2nd & 3rd. ADMISSION --- CATS: \$1. CHICKS: FREE.

THERE'S A GIRL upstairs with a leaky tub and a restaurant downstairs with a sloppy cook. I want a contractor who will guarantee he can seal my 1-1/2 room apartment against bugs and water in one or two Saturdays' work. Any price within reason. No kidding. Write Nevins, 601 Lex, NYC, 10022.

CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch - no matter what your interests. Write for information or call COnTacts 7 - 2913. CONTACTS unLTD., 150 Broadway, NYC 10038.

D.A.T.E. HAS A LOT OF GREAT PEOPLE FOR YOU TO MEET. SEND FOR OUR PSYCHEDELIC QUESTIONNAIRE. D.A.T.E., 103 PARK AVENUE, NYC.

Ride to San Francisco after October 23. Share expenses. Contact Walter Budel at EVO, 228-8640.

Tired of middle class hangups? New, groovy way of meeting people. Send description of yourself and of desired date. First 100 matched free. Write: Set, Box 425, Washington Bridge Station, New York 10033.

SINGLE MEN OVER 21
Male nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine carries all info. State age, send \$3.00 to Solstice Society, Dept. V, Box 3775, Van Nuys, Ca. 91407.

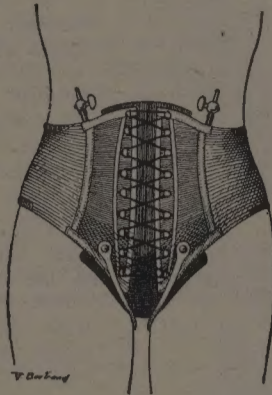
HOROSCOPES. LEARN TO DRAW & INTERPRET. 10 Classes, \$25. ROD CHASE -- WA 8-8914.

GRAVE YARD DUST
This rare mixture, developed by an Alchemist and Ghoul, will free you from evil spirits and demons. Supply limited, send \$1.00 contribution to defray expenses:
Best Ever G.Y.D.
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Mr. Romance is a dating service especially designed for physically attractive, personable and intelligent people who, while discriminating in their choices, have neither the time nor the patience to spend whole evenings at dances or on futile dates. **GIRLS FREE.** Write for questionnaire. Mr. Romance, 152 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Room 536, LO 5-3517.

For Swingers, it's **CLUB JOY!** Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated Guys, Gals, Dolls looking for swinging contacts. Just send \$1...Gals FREE. Royal-EVO, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE KEEP OUT Make your apt or business safe. Safe electrification can prevent burglars breaking your lock or window. Call 865-1636 any time.



CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch - no matter what your interests. Write for information or call COnTacts 7 - 2913. CONTACTS unLTD., 150 Broadway, NYC 10038.

D.A.T.E. HAS A LOT OF GREAT PEOPLE FOR YOU TO MEET. SEND FOR OUR PSYCHEDELIC QUESTIONNAIRE. D.A.T.E., 103 PARK AVENUE, NYC.

LOFT SECTION - IDEAL AS SMALL STUDIO - WORK IN - LIVE IN - SHARE SOME FACILITIES - CHAMBERS ST. - CALL AFTER SATURDAY - WO 2-1984.

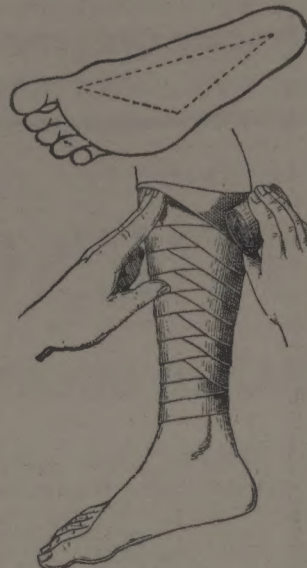
I'm looking for apartment to rent or sublet. Lower East Side. Call Peter at EVO, 228-8640.

FLOWER - POWER - PAK
24 LOVERLY FLOWERDECALS 8 beautiful colors, 2 sizes; for cars - windows - walls - doors and everywhere stickable. (Weatherproof.) Also included - 2 ankhs, 2 peace symbols in black or white (please specify.) \$2.98 for all - be delighted or your money delightfully refunded. (PSYCHEDELIC SHOP DEALERS WANTED.)

BLOW YOUR MIND, BABY!
Underground Buttons, Psychedelic Posters, & other goodies. Low prices. Wholesale too. For free list, write Underground Enterprises, 16 East 42 St., New York 10017.

WANTED TO PURCHASE 16MM COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE NEGATIVE ON ANY UNUSUAL AND BIZARRE SUBJECTS FOR INSERTION INTO FEATURE MONDO NEW YORK. GEORGE WEISS, 236 WEST 55th ST., CI 5-9896.

BUY THIS NOW. MARTIN 0-18 STEEL STRING, BEAUTIFUL NEW GUITAR AND CASE. FORCED SALE. PRICE \$250 (WITH CASE). SELL FOR \$150 CASH. EMMETT LAKE, 228-8640.

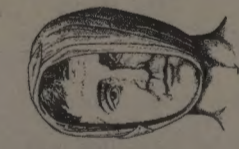
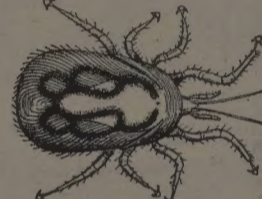


Why Not Shop Boutique, dresses and gift gallery, located on 7th street between 1st Avenue and Avenue A... Keep in mind that Thanksgiving is 30 days ahead... Bring this ad for a free Why Not button.

TIGER - CUM - TEA
Release the love light in your loins, regain your natural God-given manly firmness... Tiger-Cum-Tea, the legendary ecstatic herb of the ancient Orient, now available to Westerners to induce that familiar ecstatic stiffness of the spirit. Rejoice! Affirm your maleness! You be the judge. Enough to consume your way thru seven Vestal Virgins, only \$5, including authentic translation of sacred Vedic erotic ritual. Guaranteed, or we limply refund your bread. Do yourself and all manhood a favor, turn yourself on with this! Chicks too! Turn-Ons Unlimited, 5228 Hollywood Blvd. L.A. 90027.

New Dicephalous Dictionary! A Sex to Sixty Special. 1,669 Definitions. For Swingers, Hippies and all the young in heart. Only \$1.00 Ppd. Satisfaction or full refund! Wil-lo, Dept. 69, Corfu, N.Y. 14036.

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CALL 982-8368 (10 PM - 8 AM) give full description.
*F-200 is a nonprofit public service.



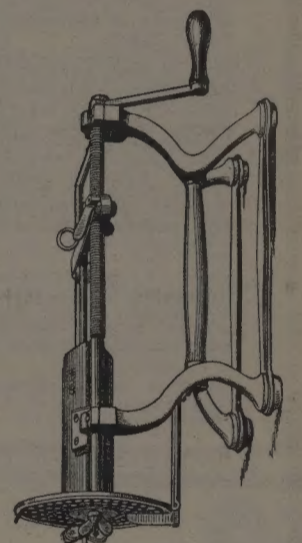
HARE KRISHNA. PROFESSIONAL TYPIST needed to type for publication Swami Bhaktivedanta's 400 page manuscript of the **BHAGAVAD - GITA.** We cannot pay much, but we assure your liberation. Also, the disciples are being ejected from our 8 room apt. a shran. next week. Religious persecution is very much alive on the Lower East Side. A large apt., living loft, or building is desperately needed. We can pay reasonable rent. Contact Brahmananda c/o The International Society for Krishna Consciousness, 26 2nd Ave., 10003, 674-7428. Also, the **HARE KRISHNA** record album by the Swami is available from us. George Harrison of the Beatles says, "The more you put into **HARE KRISHNA**, the more you get out of it. It's the buzz of all buzzes." Send \$3.25. Come and chant with us every Mon. Wed. & Fri. at 7 PM. Temples also in: San Francisco 518 Frederick St. (in Haight-Ashbury); in Montreal 3720 Park Ave. (near McGill University); in Santa Fe Seton Village Route 3; Los Angeles 5364 W. Pico Blvd; Boston 95 Glenville Ave. (near B.U.) **HARE KRISHNA**

THE TURN-ON BOOK
How to grow and synthesize LSD, Mescaline, DMT, etc. Send \$1.50 to Turn-Ons Unlimited, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90027.

NEED A MODEL? Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous gals looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: Royal Models, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.

manuscripts of articles, essays (literary - philosophical - topical) poems - novels - stories - plays - photography - art - to **ABYSS** - 110 margay st. - dunkirk, n.y. 14048.

Twin Oaks Community, an outgrowth of the Walden Two movement, was founded in June, 1967 on a farm near Louisa, Virginia. We publish a newsletter entitled "Leaves of Twin Oaks." A 12-issue subscription can be obtained for \$3.00. For specific questions, write us and we will promptly reply. Twin Oaks, Route 4, Box 169, Louisa, Va. 23093.



Painter desires model. For drawing and painting only. No photography. Call 645-7948 after 7 PM. If absent, keep trying.

MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS ATTRACTIVE TEEN-AGE GIRLS TO MODEL FOR NEW TEEN MAGAZINE. NO NUDES. CALL 989-8751 AFTER 4 P.M.

Female Models wanted for figure photography. Oriental, Caucasian and Negro. Call 254-5502 for appointment, 2 PM to 9 PM.

\$15 PER HOUR IF YOU QUALIFY! PUBLISHED AUTHOR RESEARCHING NEW NOVEL. WILL PAY YOUNG (14-24) EAST VILLAGE TYPE GIRLS TO DISCUSS (ON TAPE) THEIR USUAL AND UNUSUAL SEXUAL EXPERIENCES HONESTLY! ABSOLUTE ANONYMITY GUARANTEED. CALL TODAY (8:30-4) FOR PRELIMINARY INTERVIEW: MR. RICH, WA 5-1429.

"Rhinoceros" needs a creative bass player who can sing and travel. Don't call unless you're serious. UN 1-8625.

PHOTOGRAPHERS & DESIGNERS: Youth Concepts, Ltd. is looking for fresh young talent. For appointment call Carol Troy or Barbara Baumritter at 685-3934.

WANTED: 2 MALE, 2 FEMALE MODELS TO WEAR BODY STOCKINGS AT CULTURAL EVENT. WILL PAY \$10.00 FOR 1 HOUR. CALL 737-6927 OR 477-0462, 9-10 P.M.

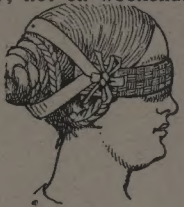
Personal A Romance of

STILL timid, STILL plump, STILL semi-hip SINCERE type damon - STILL seeking sincere - sinCERE - SINCERE slender type pythias. photo appreciated. box A-48, message center, 74 grove st., nyc. (212) 924-2676 leave your number/message.

KATHY COSGROVE MALLON - No need to hide. Mother says you can't be sent to Reformatory as you committed no crime. Please call Villa and return to school. Call Nelly.

NATALIE THANKS YOUR MOST FITTING LETTER PREFER LUNCHEON ANY DAY EXCEPT SATURDAY OR SUNDAY AVE CINQUE HOTEL YOU REFINED AND DEFINE BY PHONE OR LETTER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE CITOYEN AINE

Young married man wants to meet women all sizes, shapes, for mutual sexual fun. Call 748-7899 between 1:15 and 4:15 only, not on weekends. Peter.



MAN, HANDSOME, UNINHIBITED, 29 YEARS OLD, DESIRES TO INDULGE IN SESSIONS WITH LADY. DISCRETION ASSURED. CALL ANSWERING SERVICE FROM 6 TO 9 EVENINGS. 935-0488. ANTHONY.

Bright and beautiful companion/assistant wanted by solid citizen type swinger. End pad. PL 7-4276.

Interested in a swinging interracial dating and party group? Free to ladies during month of October. If interested, write to: O.P., Box 127, St. Albans, New York 11412.

MALE, 29, who is good looking, considerate, educated, desires intimate relationship with affectionate gal. Would like to share all good things in life. Call (212) 866-5269, weekdays after 7 p.m. or weekend.

Attractive, intelligent male, hoping for sane and attractive female, 18-24, to share West Village apt. and have his love. Call 691-5385, evenings.

Educated married man, 26, Caucasian, reasonably good looking, desires to meet shapely and attractive FEMALE, 18-25, for uninhibited erotic relationship with no strings attached except mutual satisfaction. I am tired of an inhibited wife who refuses experimentation in the art of love. Discretion a must. Write P.O. Box 1053, Church St. Station, NY, NY 10008.

Two Flower girls coming to Village would like friends on arrival. Please write Dee Goodness, 6 Alpine Dr., West Boylston, Mass. 01583.

NYC PRIVATE MEMBERSHIP CLUB, invites you to meet its many smart sophisticates. Club membership list (incl. descriptions and listings) and club dance invitation, \$2.00. WRITE: SPC CONTACTS, 130 West 42 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

Young man (23), gentle, loving, lonely - had it with hangups - seeks affectionate, reasonably attractive girl for mutual satisfaction, discovery, sharing. Call Mike, 873-2982, weeknights.

Tall, good looking, bookish man, 40, puts libido into bike riding. Wants slim, pretty lass to join him weekdays, afterward share cocktail nap-lap. Ring 247-3276.

ASPIRING ACTOR, 27, CAUCASIAN, SEEKS ATTRACTIVE, UNINHIBITED ASPIRING ACTRESS TO SHARE, FREE, HIS PAD WITH. SEEKS HONEST, SINCERE TYPE LOOKING FOR THE SAME. SEND PHOTO. T. NEWMAN 570 FAIRVIEW AVE. APT. 14 FAIRVIEW, N.J.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of CHRISTOPHER COONEN, please contact Carolyn Hascall, 205 Brown Hall, Ypsilanti, Mich. immediately.

Be an alive and loving girl! Be spontaneous! Phone 'BEE-INNN.'

Male, 34, who is considerate, healthy, presentable, and enjoys sex with shapely women, without either having to promise anything except mutual pleasure. If you are interested in sharing some warmth and happy times, call David, AL 4-5202 after 4:30.

of the American Girl To-Morrow

DEAN JESSE CALABRESE - You're still carrying trenchmouth, and will be for the next seven years. Thanks for sharing it. It's better to give than to receive.

Susan

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT MALE, WHITE, 48, (5'8", 150 lbs.), TRAVELLED, SOLVENT, SEEKS FEMALE - SENSE OF HUMOR - BLONDE, REDHEAD, TRIM FIGURE. (HIPPIES, KOOKS...NO.) MUST BE TRES SOIGNEE. TR 6-2803 (after 6)

GROOVY, VIRILE MAN OF 29, SEEKS GIRL, AGE 19-35, TO ENJOY SEX, LOVE, & CUNNILINGUS. CALL 873-6625 EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS. MUST BE ATTRACTIVE.

OLD MAN, 135 years old, likes pretty girls of all ages. Wants companion for dining, dancing, juice, pot, sex, or whatever is YOUR thing. He's 5'11" tall; 160 lbs. of muscles; dark wavy hair (long); well educated. Jim Stark, GPO 657, NYC 10001.

I'm a tall, well-built, good-looking man of 26; I like pretty, shapely women and sex with them very much; I'm putting this ad in because I want the mutual pleasure, but I do not want any of the empty promises or falseness that both parties too often seem to have to go through to get to bed with each other; if you feel as I do, call me. Michael, 989-7232. No homosexuals please.

TWO PROFESSIONAL, GOOD-LOOKING GUYS, INTERESTED IN ALL THE EUROPEAN ARTS AND ALL ASPECTS OF HETEROSEXUALITY, DESIRE TO MEET ATTRACTIVE GIRLS FOR OUR MUTUAL PLEASURES. CALL BOB AT PL 2-5632 OR 944-0142.

GIRLS - do you want to play married? Why not call so that we can discuss it. Call only between 7:30 and 8:30 p.m. - 349-9617.

S. the restaurant and WOLF-GANG/ Are bedarkened by nakedness/ For D.C. hath stifled the pang/ With the promise of cloudiness/ And the bold pulse of hollowness/ ORPHEUS JR. YU 2-4471

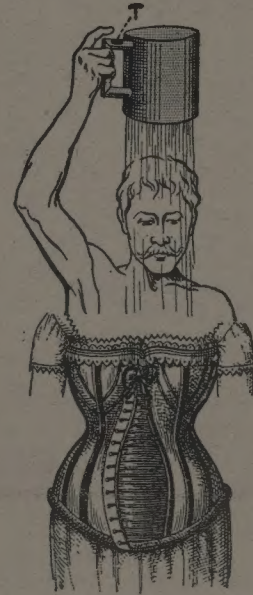
ANNABELIE MAYA ELMER - A2 police want you only for questioning. We love you, call collect. Mother and Dad. In New York call Cam, 663-6044.

Writer, 30, loves sex, on the verge of success, 6 years NYU, 2 yrs. grad psych., presently out of this world, wants to share life of woman, 21 to 35, with more than sex to offer. A great catch for the right one. Also humble. Call 259-5821.

Young, attractive man in mid-thirties, desires to meet shapely uninhibited chicks, 18-28. Have apt. in East Fifties. No queers, please. Call Ralph, PL 2-6188.

SENSITIVE, GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG MAN, 31, SEEKS PRETTY CHICK WITH BEAUTIFUL SOUL. CALL 673-4706 EVENINGS.

I'm opposed to dilatory formalities, but enjoy cunnilingus, and am looking for an attractive female - preferably from Brooklyn - with a place of her own, or the means of procuring one for day or evening. I am not sordid or doltish, larcenous or uncomely. I am unmonneyed - and this will be too costly to run again. I'm also fair and washed and 32; honorable and discriminating; and sincere and obviously friendly. Send number and best time, with whatever else; or date to meet, in the open - for safeguard and the chance to decide - with means for identifying, to Fiorito, 672 Eastern Pkway., Bklyn. 13. I own a car.



Male Writer, Artist, 44, wants woman to share nice apartment. A Jug of Wine, A Loaf, Book of Verses, etc. Vernon, 582-5295.

An article is being written about the experiences of those who have placed classified ads in EVO. If you would like to cooperate in this project, call Steve Kraus at OR 3-4757 or leave a message at PL 7-3995. Complete discretion will be used in writing the article.

Ph.D. Physicist needs loving care for two beautiful boys (5 and 1), esp. weekends on Long Island. Call (516) 924-8577 after 6 p.m.

YOUNG MAN, 29, STRANGER IN MANHATTAN DESERT (WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE...) BEWILDERED BY THE NATURE OF THESE ADS AND URGENTLY SEEKING WHAT OTHER WRITERS ASK FOR, AND BELIEVE CAN OFFER AS MUCH, WITH MORE DISCRETION. ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 21-36, IS INVITED TO TURN THIS BEWILDERMENT TO A PLEASANT, NOVEL EXPERIENCE. KOLFON, P.O. BOX 3867, NEW YORK 17.

Those interested in maintaining group family communal living unit, communicate with telephone number so we can arrange a meeting, analyze each other's motivation, intent and responses. Box 8065, Phila, Pa.

Young man, 35, well built, wants to meet ladies, 18 to 50, of any race, for sex relations. Phone MU 3-5453, ask for Jim Edwards. Leave name & where to reach you by phone.

Talented young tenor seeks patron (or patroness) to back advanced vocal study with top New York teacher. P.O. Box 187, Oak Ridge, N.J. 07438.

LOVER WANTED! V. attractive single man, 30, tall, slender, intriguing. E. side apartment, car. Wants sensual female who loves to and wants to... No hippies, vietniks or homos. This ad is on the level. Call SKIP, 421-8249, eves, week-ends.

ADVENTUROUS SINGLES - Investigate MIX, the top singles club of NY, Boston, Phila. For info on trips, wkends, parties, roommates, write: MIX, INC., 516 5th Av. NY, 693-7655.

FREE MASSAGE. Practicing masseur, 28, discouraged by older bodies, will give free massages to a few young athletes or bodybuilders -- teenagers, 20's. DAVE. BEFORE MID-NIGHT. PR 7-1769.

Young man - looking for a hip guide to visit off beat East Village haunts - include photo and interests - Write to P.O. Box 1547, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

HELP - Anyone with any back issues of "HELP" write Zed Fenster c/o EVO, 105 2nd Ave. N.Y. N.Y.

Happiness is a warm ----- Sophisticated young ladies and gentlemen are cordially invited to a ----- in. Phone necessary. Picture preferred. Discretion assured. GPO Box 2404, N.Y. N.Y. 10001.

YOUNG MAN THIRTIES INTERESTED IN EROTIC PLEASURES SEEKS TO EXCHANGE VISITS WITH DISTINCTIVE FEMALES GR 5-6936.



GENIUS WANTS INTELLIGENT, SWEET-NATURED GIRL TO BEAR HIM A BASTARD. WILL PROVIDE FINANCIAL AND EMOTIONAL SUPPORT CALL AL 4-7185.

Free, luxury 3-room apartment for good-looking, uninhibited chick. I'm moving out to new apartment, but have unexpired lease for another year. The girl I dig the most gets the pad. Call WA 4-2257 for interview.

ATTENTION BROTHER DON!! DON'T LOITER IN THIS COLUMN. YOUR LETTERS ARE PHONEY AND YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY A FRUSTRATED PARANOID. I AM PREPARED FOR VERBAL BATTLE THROUGH THIS COLUMN. Thanks EVO, T.H.

YOUNG MALE ATTORNEY at law, 27, seeks intelligent, well-groomed young woman who shares same interests in theaters, nightclubs and concerts. Offer pleasant evenings on the town. Girls with hangups need not apply. Evenings, HA 1-9847.

CULTURED, SINCERE SOUTH AMERICAN, 38, SLENDER, HANDSOME, WARM, DEPENDABLE, AFFECTIONATE AND UNDERSTANDING, DESIRES SHAPELY, PASSIONATE FEMALE FOR UNINHIBITED RELATIONSHIP AND/OR MARRIAGE. I'M LONELY IN N.Y.C. SEND FRANK LETTER. DISCRETION ASSURED. CARLOS - Box 180 Wash. Bridge Sta., N.Y.C.

Employment

\$100 PER WEEK FOR 'SPECIAL' GAL FRIDAY! Publishing executive/photographer, 33, leaves December 13 (business/pleasure trip) - London, Paris, Rome, Florence, Istanbul, Tokyo, San Francisco - 14 weeks first class. If you qualify (any race as long as you are bright and fairly attractive) you will travel, all expenses paid, "as my wife" (mine is staying home); and we will meet and swing with ultra-exciting couples along the way. Part of your job will be some nude modeling in London/Paris - \$20 per hour extra for this. Write now, telling me why I should hire you, and send good photo if possible. Send phone number so that we can arrange a mutually convenient interview. Mr. Whitehead, Box 1659, New York, New York, 10017.

YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE GO-GO DANCERS AND WAITRESSES, NO EXP. NEC., FOR WORK IN PRIVATE CLUB. MUST BE UNINHIBITED AND USED TO DIFFERENT TYPE ATMOSPHERE. CALL FOR INTERVIEW MON. & WED. NIGHTS & ALL WEEKEND - 828-8744 - GOOD PAY.

Freelance photographer available for assignments. Reasonable rates. Call 254-5202, 2 PM to 9 PM.

GOOD LOOKING GIRLS (ages 18-30) FOR MOTION PICTURE. WILL BE REQUIRED TO DO NUDE SCENES. Telephone 947-1627.

GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

GIRLS NEEDED FOR FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL, WELL-BUILT PIN-UP TYPES, ABLE TO ACT NUDE IN FRONT OF CAMERAS. \$50-200 per day. Kirtman, LO 4-3250.

Need young girl helpers for work in studio - also models and GoGo dancers. - Call Mr. Beam 245-8086, 245-9886.

GIRL RESEARCHER FOR BOOKS IN ART AND ARCHITECTURE, HOURS TO BE ESTABLISHED, SALARY \$50 A WEEK, PLUS ROOM AND BOARD. 362-7780.

Male, 40's, 5'11", 190 lbs., no modelling experience, available evenings for female artists, females studying or interested in arts: Box 10, Office, 79 Washington Place, New York 11, N.Y. 10011.

Bright, dexterous apprentice needed to assist sculptors. Oxy-acetylene experience desirable. Call eves, 475-9007.

SKINNY MODEL, under 23, over 16, must be photogenic, junior figure, 110 pounds or less, B-cup or smaller, must have clear complexion, light or dark. Established magazine photographer planning significant, quality photo book devoted entirely to one girl. Experience not necessary, but mature attitude essential: several poses will be nude but within strict limits of good taste; models who expect to pose for pornography need not apply. Project will take at least three months, two or three nights a week, one or both days each weekend. No conflict with daytime weekday employment. Low pay, possible fame. Additional compensation will include all expenses, meals, make-up, clothes and costuming purchased for model throughout project, plus complete model's portfolio of at least twenty 11 x 14 prints. Brad, 758-2871 eves.

Linda De Gacta

Please call your father. Your mother is very sick. Just talk!

Procol Harum

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 28
8:00 & 10:30

VILLAGE
THEATER

2nd Ave. & 6th St.
475-8400

ALL SEATS
RESERVED
\$3., \$4., \$5.

