

east  
village

# THE OTHER

35

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THE MAN OF THE YEAR  
Your Friendly Family Dealer



Cover Fashions by transformations

121 Second Ave., N.Y.C.

Red Badge of Courage

Dear EVO:

I feel slightly guilty, for I know of all the protest and demonstrations that are going on in the States today, and I'm not there to participate. But in another sense I'm very proud, for I am one of a kind over here in Vietnam. I am protesting the war also. I am doing my part over here, just as my fellow Americans are back home making their stand.

Today they tried to send me to the field. I refused to get on the helicopter. I ran. They chased me and brought me back, after some resistance on my part. With some neck twisting and back breaking, they put me on the copter - only to learn after they got me out in the field that they had roughed me up so much that I was in need of medical treatment. They put me in a stretcher, with mouth bleeding and back twisted, and flew me back to base camp.

I was drafted in the Army, but unlike my counterparts, I did not refuse induction. Instead, I came into the Army to protest. I distributed literature to the soldiers as they got off the bus in the reception station, and also told them the truth of the war in Vietnam. They listened to me because I wore the same uniform as they. I just got out of the V-N Stockade on November 13, after spending a five-month sentence for non-cooperation.

I returned to my unit only to go AWOL again. I went to a fairly large city in Vietnam called Nha Trong. I stayed with the Vietnamese people. They knew that I was AWOL, and were glad to help me.

I later returned to my unit, after fourteen days. I'm hoping to get a bad discharge and that they will let me out of the service so that I can join my fellow Americans in the great fight for peace and love in our world. Mind you, I would not accept anything else but an Undesirable Discharge, to show that I stood for what I believed in.

Your paper is great. I mean really groovy. I read it whenever I can.

Tomorrow is another day, and I will fight the Army again. Day after day after day - until peace shall prevail.

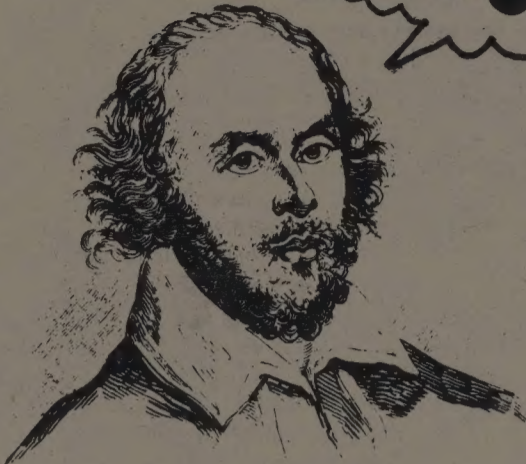
I will close for now.

Standing for a worthy cause,

Yours in peace,  
Pvt. Rick Tristani  
"C" Btry 3/16th ARTY  
APO S.F. 96374

P.S. While I was in the stockade we had a name for the place. We call it L.B.J., which stands for Long Binh Jail. That's someone else's initials too, isn't it?

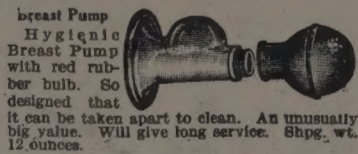
Oh God Dear EVO



## Astrological Predictions

by CELESTE

- ★ There will be an earthquake before February in an important mid-or southwest city, killing many people.
- ★ Both the Pope and President Johnson won't last till July, 1968
- ★ There will be a water and power problem in New York City before the end of January.
- ★ Reagan will be President.
- ★ Two young, well-known show business people will meet untimely deaths before July, 1968.
- ★ The stockmarket will suddenly skyrocket in February.



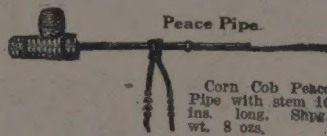
breast Pump Hygienic Breast Pump with red rubber bulb. So designed that it can be taken apart to clean. An unusually big value. Will give long service. Shpg. wt. 12 ounces.

Gone

Dear EVO:

Whoever's putting speed into acid has really got to go. What is it? A plot by the "authorities" to make us all go insane?

Love, Clymenistra



Canonization

Dear EVO:

Here's an interesting postscript to your recent "Cardinal Spellman" cover (Vol. 3, No. 3). The December 17th issue of the New York News contained a special supplement of color pictures on the departed military vicar place quite appropriately within the comic section - between "Little Orphan Annie" and "Terry and the Pirates."

Enjoy, Dennis Dalrymple Second Avenue

\*\*\*\*\*  
 WALTER H. BOWART  
 PETER LEGGIERI  
 ALLAN KATZMAN  
 ALLAN EDMANDS  
 JAAKOV KOHN  
 ANNETTE NOW IS  
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ  
 DON KATZMAN  
 WALTER BREDEL  
 PHIL GARVIN  
 PHIL STILES  
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 RICHARD GOSSELIN  
 MELISSA STOUT  
 S. B. RUDNICK  
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 FRED CARUSO  
 JOYCE MILLER  
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 EMMETT LAKE  
 LIL PICARD  
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 ORAL AND HARVEY  
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Cover Photo by Diane Dorr-Dorynek staging: jaakov

Stash Box by The Group Image

Holy Orders

Dear EVO:

We, the members of Sri Ram Ashrama, a Yoga religious community, are walking in protest, in silence, of continued police harassment. We are witnesses in a John Doe investigation of a misdemeanor to which we have all been ordered by armed men - in violation of religious sanctuary - to appear on the same day at the same time; an obvious scheduling impossibility. Prior to this time we had been appearing voluntarily at the request of the District Attorney.

We do not challenge the proper enforcement and due process of the law. We have always willingly cooperated with the civil authorities. But we do protest harassment. Our hands are tied as a symbol of our vows of non-violence and the conviction that police persecution cannot long endure in a free and intelligent society.

We wish all a Happy New Year and hope the same for ourselves.  
Guru William Haines  
Box B  
Millbrook, N.Y.

Military Underground?

Dear EVO:

Until I read your paper I never knew there was anyone like me. In fact if I had some personal contact with people like you I might not be in the Army right now. But I got drafted and like the coward I am I went. So how do I get in touch with the Military Underground?

I admire the anti-war demonstrators' faith in the American government. Some seem to be learning that we are not living in a democracy and haven't been for a long time. I knew that in high school but I don't know what to do about it and still try to follow the love route.

But there is still hope as long as there is the EVO.

Love,  
Pfc. James J. Briggs  
US 52722341  
201 Sig. Co.  
APO New York 09164

True Love

Dear EVO:

The bathroom door slightly open emits the true smell of life (hence love) shouldn't the flower children be peddling shit instead of rosebuds and daisies? They came to me dancing and singing "Chuck Robb is a transvestite" and placing garlands of sweetpea and baby's breath around my neck. And I sang back at them, "If you truly love me you can unzipper my fly (this to the nicest one) and do me." The retreated like an ominous receding tide, their wisteria earrings falling at their nubian feet. I went to the nicest one and screamed, "I love you because your chianti breath is pure sex. You love me but you want to change me. I love you just the way you are (just tell it like it is)."

Jon Oenim CPW

P.S. Nobody loves a fat girl but BOY can a fat girl love.

# TURN ON TO EVO APPEAL

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# THE NEWS FOR '68



by GARY MADOVOY

## JANUARY

Washington-Jan. 1(AP)-Richard Nixon said the campaign of Senator Eugene J. McCarthy was "another example of clever leftist duplicity." He said that Senator McCarthy was "using the name of the late great Senator Joseph R. McCarthy in an attempt to confuse the voters." He stated that it is highly significant that the first primary which Eugene J. McCarthy has chosen to run in is in Wisconsin.

Boston, Jan. 2 (AP)-Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society, said that President Johnson should bring General William Westmoreland home from Vietnam in order to use him in the pacification campaign in Manhattan.

## FEBRUARY

Washington, Feb. 1 (AP)-President Johnson today announced that he was appointing Arthur Goldberg as ambassador to Outer Mongolia. When reporters pointed out that the United States does not have diplomatic relations with Outer Mongolia, the President said he was "searching earnestly" for new channels of diplomacy. He did not say for certain whether or not the United States will establish formal diplomatic relations with Outer Mongolia.

Midland, Michigan Feb. 15 (AP)-A spokesman for the Dow Chemical Company said it had no plans at the present time to supply the Greek junta with hemlock.

New York, Feb. 28 (AP)-Hubert Humphrey was reported to have visited New York yesterday under tight military secrecy. Local political observers are speculating that his purpose in coming here was to persuade Roy Cohn to run as a stand-in candidate for President Johnson in the Maine primary.

Detroit, March 8 (AP)-Governor Romney called for moderation today in the pacification campaign in Manhattan.

## MARCH

Washington, March 20 -General Lewis Hershey, head of the Selective Service System, denied rumors that he had instructed local boards to review the draft classifications of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General Ramsey Clark, and Senator Eugene J. McCarthy.

## APRIL

Washington, April 3 (AP)-President Johnson today announced the appointment of Major General Edwin Walker as Secretary of Defense.

Washington, April 4 (AP)-Richard Nixon said he was in favor of a strong stand on Vietnam. He added, however, that he desired a Secretary of Defense who was a hawk rather than a vulture. He also added he was in favor of a strong stand with regard to the pacification campaign in Manhattan.

## MAY

San Diego, May 3 (AP)-Governor Ronald Reagan today suggested that the pacification campaign in Manhattan be extended into Brooklyn and the Bronx. Some political observers believe it is significant that he did not call for extending the campaign into Queens and Staten Island.

New York, May 3 (AP)-Governor Rockefeller again made it clear he was not a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. He said even if he were drafted, he would resist.

Washington, May 4 (AP)-General Lewis Hershey of the Selective Service System emphasized again that all draft-resisters will be dealt with harshly.

## JUNE

New York, June 3 (AP)-The Daily News said that it would no longer refer to the senior Senator from Arkansas as Senator Halfbright. From now on, it said, it will refer to him as Senator Quarterbright.

Washington, June 8 (AP)-President Johnson again emphasized that he would not change his course in Vietnam, regardless of public opinion. He warned dissenters not to confuse him with the facts, since his mind was made up.

New Orleans, June 22 (AP)-District Attorney Jim Garrison postponed plans to investigate the mysterious disappearance of Hubert Humphrey after he received a report that Mr. Humphrey was alive and well in Minnesota.

## JULY

Los Angeles, July 2 (AP)-Governor Reagan today suggested that it might be necessary to use the H-Bomb in South Vietnam. When asked how he felt about the political situation in New York, he replied that conventional weapons would be sufficient at the present time, "if strategically placed."

New York, July 3 (AP)-Governor Rockefeller and Richard Nixon narrowly escaped death when a bomb exploded at a political dinner they had been attending.

Los Angeles, July 4 (AP)-Governor Reagan warned California parents against the misuse of firecrackers by their children today.\*

New York, July 11 (AP)-John J. Cassese, head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, demanded the resignation of Police Commissioner Howard Leary. He said having a police commissioner by the name of Leary undermined the morale of the morale of the police department, since policemen tended to confuse him with Dr. Timothy Leary.

Jerusalem, July 18 (AP)-Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, in the midst of a bitter political feud with General Moshe Dayan, offered to send him to New York to participate in the pacification campaign of Manhattan.

Pretoria, July 20 (AP)-Governor Wallace was arrested here today while touring South Africa. He is charged with entering a restroom reserved for Negroes. The governor had been on his way to pick up the annual Verwood Prize for race relations.\*

## AUGUST

New Smyrna Beach, Florida, August 30 (AP)-Richard Nixon announced today that he would run for Sanitation Commissioner of New Smyrna Beach after being defeated for the Republican nomination for President.

## SEPTEMBER

New York, Sept. 2 (AP)-City Council President Frank O'Connor demanded that Mayor Lindsay allow the police department to unleash police dogs on peace demonstrators in New York City.

New York, Sept. 3 (AP)-The Daily News said that the most effective way to deal with the situation in New York would be to unleash Chiang Kai Shek.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Sept. 17 (AP)-H. Rapp Brown today called for the liberation of Louisiana.

Paris, France, Sept. 18 (AP)-General De Gaulle today called for the liberation of Louisiana.

## OCTOBER

Washington, October 30 (AP)-Representative L. Mendel Rivers demanded that the Statue of Liberty be sent back to France. He charged some of the money for the base of the statue had been contributed by a group which he described as "Communist dominated."

## NOVEMBER

New Smyrna Beach, Florida, Nov. 9 (AP)-Richard Nixon was defeated for Sanitation Commissioner by a very close vote here today.

New York, Nov. 10 (AP)-Richard Nixon today demanded a recount in the election for Sanitation Commissioner of New Smyrna Beach, Florida. He also charged that his opponent had engaged in a campaign of "garbage-slinging."

## DECEMBER

Washington, December 1 (AP)-J. Edgar Hoover said that he was against changing the celibacy rule for F.B.I. agents.

New York, December 2 (AP)-The Communist Party has chosen J. Edgar Hoover as its new General Secretary. The choice is attributed to the coming into the open of undercover F.B.I. agents who were disturbed by Mr. Hoover's celibacy statement.

Washington, December 18 (AP)-General Hershey denied he planned to induct all members of the Republican party. He emphasized that only liberal Republicans would be drafted.

\* Credit to James Wechsler for original idea of prediction.



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**and** **13** **20** **27** **7** **14** **21** **28**

**VOICE** **to announce to its subscribers and readers that as of January, 1968, it will be published weekly.**

**1717**

# FAT MEN'S CLOTHES

Wild Wally in the Woolly West



"Joe Was Down With the Car Last Sunday; He Took Us All for a Spin"

## Travel Movie: Paths of Greeley Glory

PART ONE  
BY WALTER H. BOWART

The Apache Roadman Mana said, "Let's split." Who could resist? With Dirty Mike we clambered up onto the modern prairie schooner by Volkswagon Werk. Putting full horsepower into motion, we set out on a six day trek along the paths of Greeley glory.

BIGTIME the billboard says:

MINIMUM SPEED 40 . . . RADAR ENFORCED

You take a punchcard, sold it for a hundred miles, pay the uniformed highway butler a buck fifty, and ask for a cash receipt. Scowling, he slowly counts your money and you chug on.

Onward onto Pennsylvania's macadam maze to the hills; the classic young blonde aside an ailing auto receiving succour from horny motorists; white-washed barns with magic hex signs; yellow dried corn stalks bleak against concrete silos; horses pulling sulkies on a hillside; Heryshey chocolate town USA; Harrisburg State Pen and capital—a Middletown everywhere; endless Howard Johnson's flashing plastic in the sun; Bethlehem, America, where not one, but countless cavernous steel manglers pointing great smoke stacks to the heavens offer up man's toil in pallid billows; fenced off miles posted USARMYNOTRESPASSING behind orange signed buildings near olive drab steel tanks, boxcars, saying ZERO DEFECTS; covered wagon, by GM, with the carcass of a dead animal strapped to its hood, driven by silk clad cigar chomping men, women at their side, westward bound on hair curlers.

A stop at Mechanicsburg for repairs. Our destination: Arizona, looking for Mr. Savage, the Indian from Brave New World, naked and dead, killed by chemical heartbreak of the white man's mutation.

Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar on tape playing ragas, diesel tractor trailer's roar, backfire; fluorescent tunnels boring through dark wombs, out again onto white valleys.

Wheeling—a drum set in the window of a music store breaks the rigid monotony of the 1930 time freeze. The headline of the Wheeling Gazette reads: PILLS NOT POT MENACE HERE. Wheeling—a grade B movie about truckers and waitresses in love on speed.

West Virginia fast becomes Ohio and the smell of Sherwood Anderson seeps from the hills.

### Zanesville 15 — Columbus 19

The night is a light show of red and yellow blinker detour signs to pastels of elaborate neon sculptures dancing over the countryside history.

## Reynoldsburg Ohio, The Birthplace of the Tomato

Outside the Columbus State Hospital a young girl in poncho sits in a highway patrol car being questioned by a state trooper. The by now familiar fear instantly arises with the halucinatory flash that the girl has escaped from the hospital, having been incarcerated by her parents—THE FAMILY THAT STAYS TOGETHER, for taking that "Sickodelic thing you were wearing. Since when do you eat it?"

At SHARON'S TRUCK STOP Sharon leaps from the kitchen, her little heart pounding, when the pinball machine clacks a free game. On the walls over the urinals of the truck stop are odes of love and propositions to Sharon, the lonely, homely girl who cooks the best eggs on Route 44.

### America is Kind of Tracks

Crossing the Mad River thrice, near an Air Force Museum magically located at Fairbirn, we find that Humble Oil gives ego stamps.

AXIOM: If you are without crewcut and white shirt and black Air Force shoes—BE COOL. Do not stop at places frequented by cops for they might exercise their authoritative prerogative.

Across the Great North American Continent on a highway of cholesterol at the blinding speed of one joint per hour averaging one paragraph per page every fifty miles, towards the modern oasis gas stations, all night feature: FREE COFFEE.

Suddenly, on the horizon looms a rainbow shaped giant strip of brushed aluminum which is THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST, arching across the St. Louis skyline on its way to the Statue of Liberty—the world's other most famous historically inspiring piece of bad sculpture. Coming closer to THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST we find it immersed in cow pasture amidst cloverleaves and dung.

The Post Dispatch reports two innocent children shot on a downtown street corner in broad daylight by an unknown assailant, while the Texas Disease is reported on T.V. as the St. Louis Hawks trail the Los Angeles Lakers. I remember the detective in N.Y.'s Ninth Precinct saying that homicide is the easiest crime to get away with. And why not here where the spirit is fear and the property dear.

Breakfast in Cuba, Missouri. The eggs were good, the waitress nice. We discussed China, but not Cuba, while Dirty Mike read a newspaper article on N. Y. subways, and no one mentioned Che.

A chill silenced the plains to Missouri to Joplin and

a black cloth coat pierced by a rhinestone pin got out of her Starfire 88 at a glass front waiting room and ordered a hamburger with everything to go for a bandy-legged hyper-thyroid eyed kid squatting in the back seat of the wagon. Then the bandy-legged hyper-thyroid eyed kid climbed out of the wagon, sashshayed into the glass front waiting room, stood for a moment taking it in ambled up to the jukebox, spun around and hyper-thyroid eyes blazing demanded—"Gimme a dime!"

Mama stood her ground, so Mana gave the kid a dime. Calm returned as The Kid happily punched out SUMMER RAIN with Johnny Rivers. It was the first time we heard it:

"She wants to live in the Rockies . . . Says that's where we'll find peace . . ."

"This music these college kids play," Mama Starfire 88 said to the Hamburger Lady.

"Settle down and raise a family . . . sitting here by me," sang Rivers.

"Clarence usually plays the Beatles. I don't like them." Mama went on.

"All summer long we spent dancing in the sand . . . and the juke box playing Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band."

We were leaving the waiting area with our hamburgers and malts when Mama Starfire could hold out no longer. "Are you boys the emembers of a band?" asked she. "Yep", Mana answered. "We're a hand band. Play only with our hands, no instruments."

WILL ROGERS TURNPIKE

### RAIN

We stop near Clinton, Oklahoma to get our windshield wipers fixed. We gas up and have our fill of coffee and Campbell's at a new formic counter with plastic green chairs, with arms and backs which are set too close to the counter or anyone over 5'6".

The waitress, a plump thing with a pug nose and pimples flirts with the customers telling them that the chili isn't HOT enough, all the while giggling and filling the room with genital chakra vibrations—continually bending over to show her tits through sheer black rayon uniform.

form. I notice that at the end of the counter is a two-way mirror. From the waitress I learn that this two-way window mirror is planted in the Boss' office which indicates that the boss is very interested in watching the waitress interact with the truckers who frequent this small coffeeshoptruckstop.

I ask the waitress if the boss is a voyeur. "A

# Revolutions Per Minute

by JERRY RUBIN

Are Hair Curlers Fatal to Romance—and Must Illusion Always Be Love's Little Playmate?



This is from Jerry Rubin's opening statement in a debate with Fred Halstead, presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers Party, at the SWP's Militant Labor Forum before 250 people Friday, December 29 on the subject: "What policy next for the anti-war movement?" Rubin came with two body-guards, standing at his side; Keith Lampe in an English cop uniform; and cute Judy Lampe carrying a saw-drill. Rubin explained: "I brought body-guards here tonight because we received a phone call about an hour ago." After the statements, came rebuttals and Rubin's turn. His was non-verbal. He played the Beatles' "I am a Walrus" and Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man." During Dylan, he burned his draft card and burned a dollar bill while the room broke up in excitement, confusion and outrage. It was wild! Guerilla theater!

There is no such thing as an anti-war movement. That is a concept created by the mass media to fuck up our minds. What's happening is energy exploding in thousands of directions and people declaring themselves free:

free from property hang-ups; free from success fixations; free from positions, titles, names, hierarchies, responsibilities, schedules, rules, routines and regular habits.

I'm not interested in the so-called anti-war movement — I'm interested in Detroit, Newark, campus disruptions, everyone smoking pot, people learning to speak out and be different.

The capitalist-money-bureaucratic-imperialist-middle-class-boring-exploitative-military-world structure is crumbling.

The world laughs at America's clumsy, bully attempt to defeat peasant warriors called Vietcong in a never-never land called Vietnam . . . and in America we are all learning how to become Vietcong.

★ ★ ★

For the Socialist Workers Party to organize a debate called: "What policy next for the anti-war movement?" is an obscenity. It demonstrates once more that ideology is a brain disease. This debate is hinged on the assumption that there is a specific movement that can be directed. It is hinged on the assumption that the movement needs leaders to figure out what's next.

But if there was one lesson learned at the Pentagon and at Whitehall it is that the young people didn't give a hang about the political theories, ideologies, plans, organizations, meetings or negotiations with the cops.

The activists came to act out of their own sense of what was real.

The only vanguard is the vanguard in action.

All those hundreds of hours of bullshit meetings were just that — bullshit!

It would have been better if we had spent the time listening to the Beatles.

We had more reasons why NOT to do things.

The "leaders" held back the energy of the activists.

An anti-war movement is self-defeating and a waste of time because it is negative. People want to be for, not against. We don't need an anti-war movement; we need an American Liberation Movement.

America is trapped within her own contradictions, and it is a joy to watch Huntley-Brinkley and see America squirm. The products of America are not interested in inheriting and protecting a world made

for them. We are interested in creating a new world.

The Vietnam War is an old man's war: old men are trying to impose old ideas like property, racism, military force — big countries controlling little countries — upon the New World that is bursting forth in this century.

Ah, that New World!

The people looting in Detroit.

The teen-agers who spit at the Pentagon and re-decorated it with their urine, and with slogans like: "Che Lives."

The guerrillas carrying Che's action throughout Latin America, Asia, Africa.

The thousands of young people in America beginning to ask "why" and finding out that their elders have no answers; they have only power and age.

That's not an "anti-war movement" — those are movements for liberation, for freedom . . .

★ ★ ★

All these movements for liberation add up to a massive energy force which weakens the ability of the United States to carry out the war and all her other decrepit policies . . .

I support everything which puts people into motion, which creates disruption and controversy, which creates chaos and rebirth.

Adlai Stevenson made me a radical in 1952 by picking up my hopes for change. The system crushed those hopes.

Eugene McCarthy is training the future street demonstrators of tomorrow in the futility of party politics.

The revolution is taking place everywhere.

The stable middle-class home is falling apart.

The church cannot attract its own children.

The schools are becoming centers of rebellion, and the streets are theaters of political action.

I approve of letters to the editor, peace candidates and peace referendums, peaceful marches, symbolic sit-ins, disruptive sit-ins, disruptive street demonstrations, and sabotage.

That is guerrilla war in America: everyone doing his own thing, a symphony of varied styles, rebellion for every member of the family, each to his own alienation.

The respectable middle-class debates LBJ while we try to pull down his pants.

A good question: can America be changed through "peaceful transition?"

Can the beast be tamed within her own rules and regulations? Within the electoral system, within law and order, within police permits and regulations, within the boundaries of middle-class America?

Can a society which makes distinctions between rich and poor, white and black, employers and employees, landlords and tenants, teachers and students, reform itself? Is it interested in reform, or is it just interested in eliminating nuisance?

What's needed is a new generation of nuisances.

A new generation of people who are freaky, crazy, irrational, sexy, angry, irreligious, childish, and mad . . .

people who burn draft cards;

people who burn dollar bills;

people who burn MA and doctoral degrees;

people who say: "To hell with your goals;"

people who lure the youth with music, pot and

l.s.d.;

people who proudly carry Vietcong flags;

people who re-define reality, who re-define the

norm;

people who wear funny costumes;

people who see property as theft;

people who say "fuck" on television;

people who break with the status-role-title-consumer game;

people who have nothing material to lose but their bodies.

The war in Vietnam will be stopped by the United States when the embarrassment of carrying on the war becomes greater than the embarrassment of admitting defeat.

A lot of things embarrass America, a lot of things embarrass a country so dependent on image.

We can end this war — we've got America on the run. We've combined youth, music, sex, drugs, and rebellion with treason — and that's a combination hard to beat. Give LBJ a good grade for effort.

★ ★ ★

What the socialists like the SWP and the Communist Party, with their conversions of Marxism into a natural science, fail to understand is that language does not radicalize people — what changes people is the emotional involvement of action.

What breaks through apathy and complacency are confrontations and action, the creation of new situations which previous mental pictures do not explain, polarizations which define people into rapidly new situations.

Every draft card burning is a body blow to Mother America because its impact sweeps throughout the elementary schools with the message: baby something's happening, and your teachers don't know what it is, and the draft is not sacred or from heaven, or from Washington and Jefferson, it is up to you.

The movement is a school and its teachers are the Fugs/Dylan/Beatles/Ginsburg/mass media hippies/students fighting cops in Berkeley/blood on draft records/sit-ins/jail.

Repression turns demonstration/protests into wars; actors into heroes; masses of individuals into a community; repression eliminates the bystander, the neutral observer, the theorist; it forces everyone to pick a side.

A movement cannot grow without repression.

The left needs an attack from the center and the right.

Life is theater and we are the guerrillas attacking the shrines of authority, from the priest, to the holy dollar, to the two-party system, zapping people's minds and putting them through changes in actions in which everyone is emotionally involved.

The street is the stage.

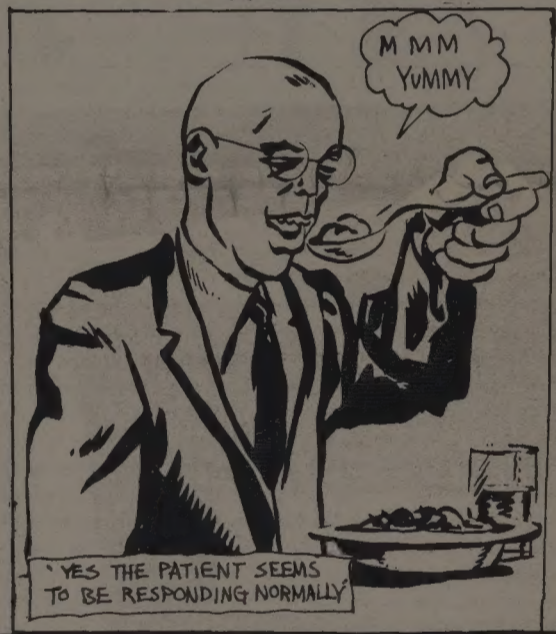
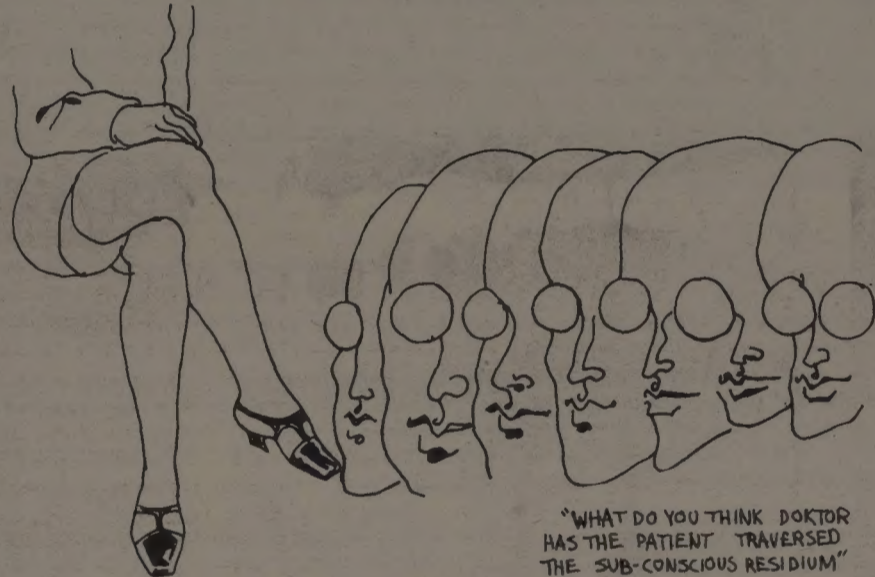
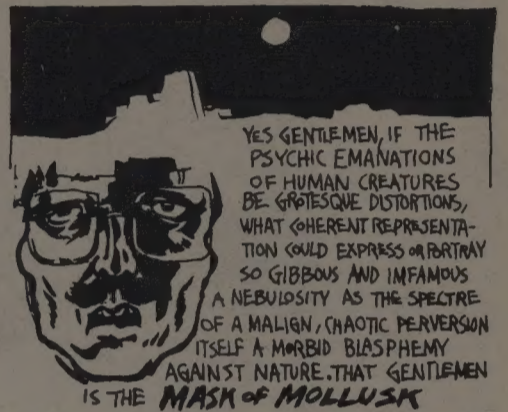
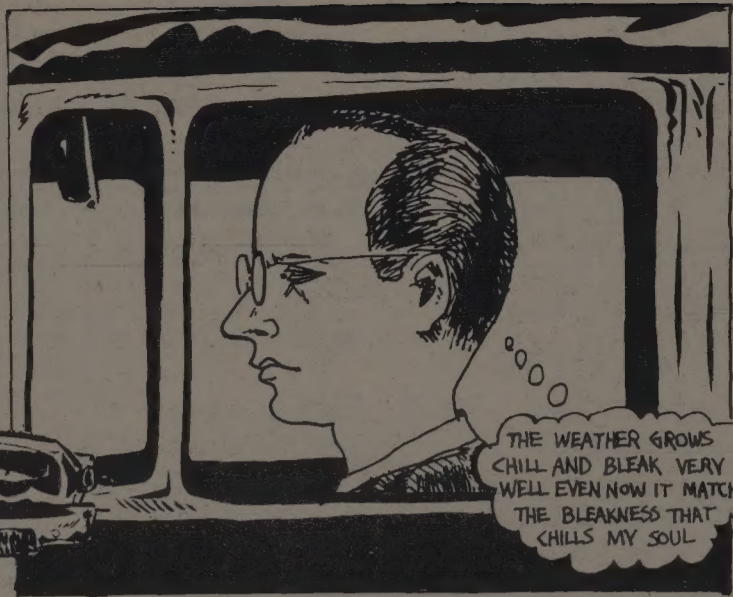
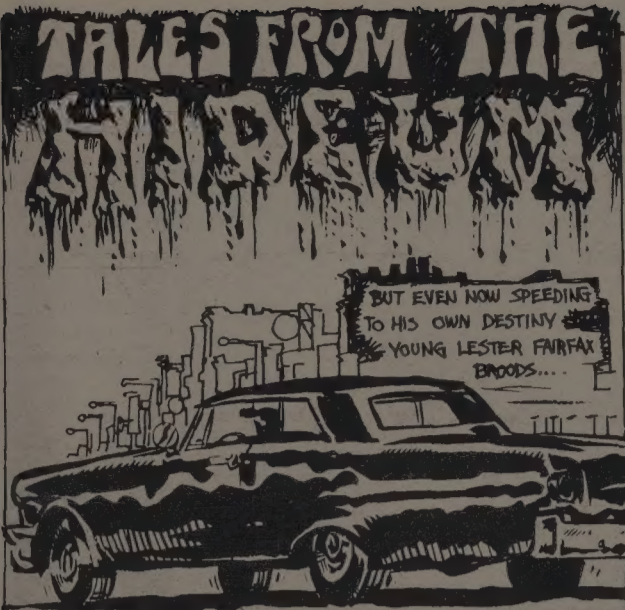
You are the star of the show and everything you were once taught is up for grabs.

The long-haired beast smoking pot, evading the draft, and stopping traffic during demonstrations is a hell of a more a threat to the system than the so-called "politicos" with their leaflets of support for the Vietcong and the coming working-class revolution. Politics is how you live your life, not whom you vote for or whom you support.

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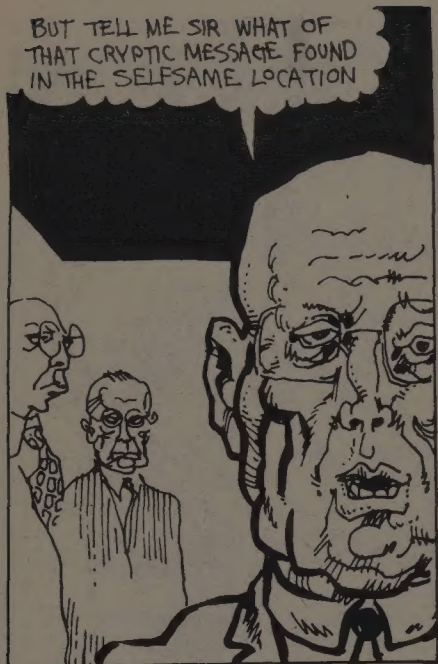
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**PERSON (3)**

... of Events: Politics (as discourse) replaces physics as science of the real. Polis is Eyes. How to make an object like yourself capable of standing attention (cf. the Secret of the Golden Flower, Merleau Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception) Give your weak single some size! Jerusalem, city yet woman, thro Emanation of the Great Albion... the reconditioning of space thru time restores quality to quantity. The sunning mundi. Nature displaced, leftward & downward turning. Esoteric (transversed) head of Lady Orzian

**MYTHOLOGER (2)**

-- the said thing narrative history: casual+ applied -- story is psychic processional. A total inventory of mans multiple experience, chance the ordinary condition, beginning (cf. Wang & Karyni, Essays on a Science of Mythology: Prolegomena). Low: the first is always the most advanced. Exercise: how to find out now

**COSMOLOGY (1)**

PROCESS... ETERNAL LIFE SPRUNG' (cf. A.N. Whitehead Process + Reality): God/appetition/affective/novelty term 'hf' is the vibratory, pulsative, undulatory or rhythmic structure of the real, the flow (what used to be called chaos or the Real)

The Waters of Tharmis (his mouth/the Covering Cherub, the fallen topology (the Western Gate is closed in the post-diluvian eon) Tharmic gravitation; inertia (loss of the animus mundi): Beulah

Heavens and their Churches (cf. Platonic Myths) of history; 3x9-27

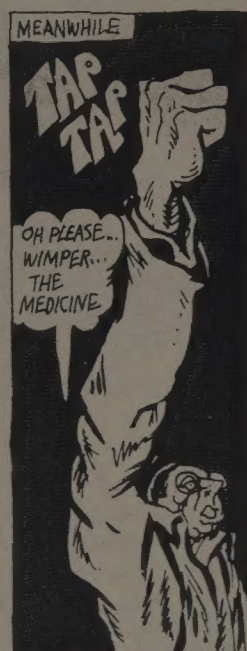
Three fold---inactive image 3x3---9 nights Orz's hell, fallen topology--generation (sexual) The time of beautiful Lavan (small of ozanz) dance of muses/living form on the appliance of the substitution condition

number: history (istorin) replaces mathematics

**SOCIETY (4)**

Polities (as discourse) replaces physics as science of the real. Polis is Eyes. How to make an object like yourself capable of standing attention (cf. the Secret of the Golden Flower, Merleau Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception) Give your weak single some size! Jerusalem, city yet woman, thro Emanation of the Great Albion... the reconditioning of space thru time restores quality to quantity. The sunning mundi. Nature displaced, leftward & downward turning. Esoteric (transversed) head of Lady Orzian

**Diagram:** A circular diagram with 'WEST' at the top, 'EAST' at the bottom, 'NORTH' on the left, and 'SOUTH' on the right. A central point is connected to these four directions by dashed lines.



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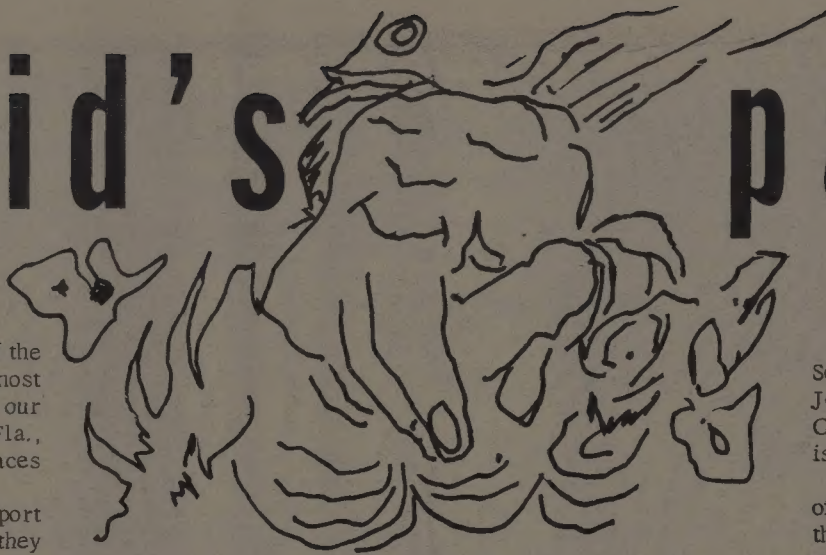
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# paranoid's paradise

by ALLAN KATZMAN



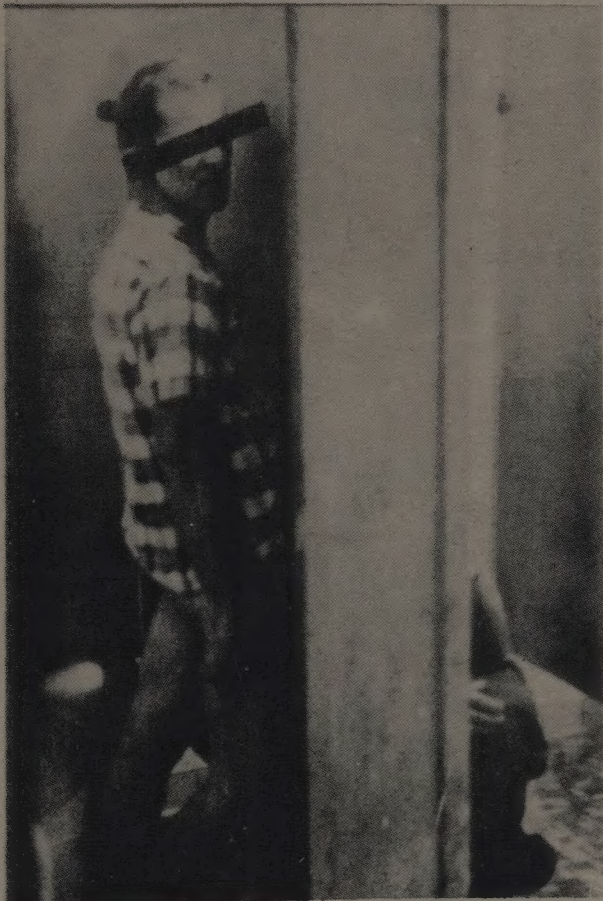
**OBSCENE:** to be ill omened. This is one of the many definitions in Webster's and probably the most appropriate for the East Village Other. So far our newspaper has been banned in Gainesville Fla., Denver Col., Boston Mass., and a few other places too numerous to mention.

As a newspaper we have an obligation to report the facts to our readers so we can make sure they do not get embroiled in the easy snares of obscenity. This type of procedure reminds me of the honest and humorous intent of army officials to steer clear their men of places that would be injurious to their morals by giving them the names and addresses of places which were off limits to them. To the dismay of all army officials these were the places that soldiers headed for straightaway.

In the interests of the free press I have compiled a list of more obvious obscenity for our readers to avoid, and knowing full well that they are better than soldiers, will enjoy to the utmost.

### SIMPLE ASSAULT

Alice Wheelwright of 1548 Wilson St. NW, phone TR 8-5678, reports about 7:15 a.m., Nov. 3, 1967, while walking south on Center Street, approaching the 3520 Center Street NW, a Negro male asked her if she was going to work and if so could he walk along with her. At this time the subject squeezed the complainant's behind and stated, "Let me feel your privates." After which complainant entered the premises of 3520 Center Street NW and knocked on the door and while waiting for the door to be opened, the subject pulled up her dress and played with her privates, after which he stated, "Thanks," and walked away. (Officer Cooper, 10th Precinct, Washington, D.C.)



This photograph was taken by a Florida law enforcement agency of a homosexual act being performed in a public rest room. Such accurences take place everyday in virtually every city in every state. It is significant that the removal of the toilet stall doors to facilitate photography did not deter these and numerous other practicing homosexuals.

### LASON v. STATE

The controlling factor to be determined is presented by appellant's first question posed in the following language:

1. "Does the one specific crime definitely defined and limited by Section 7567, C.G.L.--1927; 3534 G.S. (1906) 5425 R.G.S.--1920; Ch. 1637, Sub. Ch. 8, Acts 1868, Sec. 17, comprehend or include the action of a 76 year old, aged Indian War Veteran, feeble physically and mentally, in, after having met the two girls of 11 and 13 years of age who solicited him, went to his residence and there they both get on the bed, pull up their dresses and drop down their panties, when he in turn on his back in the same bed allowed them to diddle with his rag-like penis, unerecable, lifeless and useless except to connect the bladder with the outside world for more than six years since the death of his wife, utterly incapable of either penetration or emission, and wad it like a rag into their mouths, and then, in his feeble and aged condition impelled by the irresistible impulse, in turn he would kiss and put his tongue in the little though potentially influential and powerful vaginas?" (Chief Justice Buford, Supreme Court of Florida)

BOSTON, Dec. 20 (LIBERATION News Service)-A major test of the constitutionality of anti-marijuana laws has been defeated here by the Massachusetts Superior Court, after intense publicity and three months of deliberation.

The state court here ruled against two men contesting their arrests for possession of cannabis in a case which attracted wide publicity by contending that existing statutes against use of marijuana are a violation of civil liberties.

Atty. Joseph Oteri, who pleaded the case for marijuana, will appeal the decision. Oteri and his law firm are also defending the 11 persons arrested for selling the underground newspaper, Avatar.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 22 (LIBERATION News Service)-A landmark case to contest whether marijuana is a narcotic and subsequently subject to federal narcotics restrictions opens here next week.

The U.S. Court of Appeals will hear Atty. Ira Lowe's objections to the current laws against use of marijuana. A decision is expected within three weeks to a month.

The Court of Appeals is the next-highest court in order of importance to the U.S. Supreme Court.

LONDON, Dec. 22 (LIBERATION News Service)-Three Americans studying in England have been declared delinquent and reclassified to I-A (eligible for induction) draft status.

The three turned in their draft cards to the American Embassy here on October 16 in solidarity with The Resistance in the U.S. Four others followed their example on December 4. "The Embassy obviously forwarded the cards," Elliot Isenberg, one of the resisters, said.

No action has been taken to date against the student visas of the three men.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22 (LIBERATION News Service)-The active constituents of hashish have been synthesized by three members of the Department of Chemistry at Princeton University, Princeton N.J.

Prof. Edward C. Taylor, working with Katherine Lenard and Youval Shvo, completed what they described as a "simple one-step syntheses" in October 1965.

According to Miss Lenard, the process could easily be duplicated, but requires knowledge in organic chemistry. She also noted that it must be done in a lab, since one of the principal reactants (olivenol) IS NOT AVAILABLE COMMERCIALY.

The synthesis of a tetrahydrocannabinol isomer resulted in what was described in the report as "identical in all respects (nmr, ultraviolet, infrared) except optical activity with the natural product isolated from hemp."

The full test and description of the actual process can be found in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, 88:2, Jan. 20, 1966.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22 (LIBERATION News Service)-A fact sheet about marijuana, based on authoritative sources, has been published by the Psychedelic Information Center of Washington, D.C., P.O. Box 4958, Washington, D.C., 20008.

Copies of the mimeographed fact sheet are available, first 50 free of charge, additional at \$1 per hundred.

The Court of Appeals on December 28 declared unconstitutional a New York City law that has often been used by the police to break up peaceful sidewalk protests against the Vietnam war.

The city statute thrown out is Section 692-1.0 of the Administrative Code. It provided: "It shall be unlawful for any person...to encumber or obstruct any street...with any article or thing whatsoever."

The Court of Appeals declared the statute constitutionally vague and that "the resulting infringement on the exercise of freedom of speech far outweighs the public benefit sought to be achieved."

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO (LIBERATION News Service)-A warrant for the arrest of Lyndon B. Johnson, Robert S. McNamara, Dean Rusk, William C. Westmoreland, and other government leaders was issued here yesterday.

The criminals' arrest was ordered by a group of 246 Puerto Ricans and Americans resident in the colony. The warrant charges the government was committing war crimes, was also published in a full-page ad in the San Juan Star, an English-language daily.

SEOUL, KOREA, December 20 (LIBERATION News Service)-Dressed in traditional white mourning, 70 Korean prostitutes invaded a United States Army compound recently to demand compensation for the murder of another prostitute and her unborn child.

The women, forming a funeral cortege, invaded the seventh division headquarters 30 miles north of the South Korean capital, and demanded to talk with officials of the division, according to a report of the incident filed by Associated Press. When guards blocked access to the building, the women sat down until an officer finally came and talked with them.

There was no indication that any compensation will be paid for the death of Kim Chun Ja, 21, who was strangled Sunday. Pfc. Eugene D. Taylor, of Hawkinsville, Ga., was held by the army for investigation after being arrested in Miss Ja's room.

Another assassination witness was nearly added to the death roll recently. Roger D. Craig, a former Deputy Sheriff for Dallas County, was shot at on November 1st just a week after talking to Jim Garrison in New Orleans. Fortunately the shot only grazed his head, and he is all right. His testimony had conflicted with the findings of the Warren Commission.

A farm commune is opening in central Florida. They need all kinds of help. Anyone interested contact: Mike Williams, 947 W. Walnut St., Avon Park Florida.

Episcopal Peace Fellowship at 229 East 59th St., New York, N.Y., 10022, offers counseling in conscientious objection and alternatives to the draft besides anti-draft activity.

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# Review of the Arts

## Pop, Rock and Jelly

by JULES FREEMAN

New York is fast, baby...fast. Blink twice and you've missed it. Go to sleep and it'll all be over when you wake up. Did you ever get that feeling? Walking fast down Eighth Street to the subway and you meet this guy you know from somewhere who wants to stop and talk — tell you about all his problems and, wow, you were supposed to meet this chick maybe fifteen minutes ago and make it uptown to see the Mothers and you know you'll get hassled at the door if you don't get there early and Jesus Christ, this guy's still talking and you don't want to be a schmuck, only....

Well, that's New York I guess...and if you can stay around long enough, I've been told that you start to groove behind all of it. Only, a lot of people don't — a lot of people split and probably a lot more should but never get around to it. The Mothers of Invention were here for a while and left, came back and left and came back again two weeks ago for a set of weekend concerts at Town Hall. Originally from Los Angeles, they came to New York to make it...hopefully on their own terms because they may be the most important rock group around. They're in New York to stay now, and they should be seen... there's just too much music going on to be caught on an LP when they're on, and their earlier records just don't do them justice.

So there I am at Town Hall, nervously smoking under the "No Smoking" signs and prepared for anything since I'd never caught them live before. Turning around to look at the faces in back of me, on each side of me...and then the faces in front of me turned around to look in back of them, on each side of them and oh, wow — they're all kids. Just sweet little carefully groomed boys and girls — teen America out for its big night in New York, out on daddy's money for a Friday night in Manhattan to see the Mothers of Invention, and, later, sitting around stoned in daddy's car out along Queens Highway and into Long Island: yeah man, the Mothers... ...they're really boss. With tickets running from three fifty to six dollars, there just didn't seem to be many people I knew there and I began to feel a little guilty in my six dollar reviewer's seat surrounded by all that well scrubbed, mini-skirted teenage flesh.

Then Frank Zappa walks out onto the stage, long curling hair to his shoulders, lights a cigarette, counts the house and tells us: boys and girls, it seems that Town Hall was being used for various things until just a little while ago and the band hasn't had a chance to set up yet. Out comes a cocktail jazz group — vibes, piano, bass and drums and they're playing background music now as a lady contortionist, a clown and a juggler move onto the stage and very seriously begin to go through their routines. All this time, Zappa and the rest of the band and their road managers are lugging all kinds of stuff like crazy onto the stage: amplifiers, drums, bells, guitars, saxophones, music stands — and they're tuning up now, checking out the electronics and running in and out between the circus act and the cocktail jazz group which is trying not to get distracted by all of this nutty stuff.

And then it's over and the jazz group leaves the



**The East Village Other**

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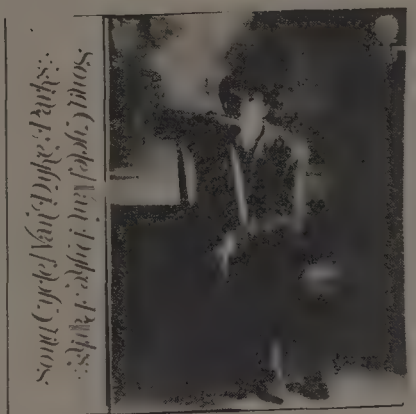


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# Film

DICK PRESTON

## ANDY'S GANG BANG



It would seem to me that what the cinema needs most, right now, is a good fuck.

Celluloid-inch by inch it moves toward the hard and hairy union. But, oh—so slowly. It's been trying to make it, publicly that is, for over half a century now. It's like a slow bicycle race between three contestants: the avant garde, the establishment cinema, and the flesh circuit. And there's a pot of gold waiting for the one who puts it in first...and a special bonus for he who can simulate the odour of cunt.

It has to be done soon, too, for we are becoming hung up on eroticism as an end in itself...and that ain't good. And coitus interruptus leads to anxiety—and that's the State of the Union.

The flesh cinema is feeding us grunts and groans and flashes of lasciviousness and always, in the end, the wages of sin are death.

The commercial cinema, with one eye on the avant garde and the other on the flesh circuit tries to play it romantic and careful...careful not to offend too many folks...careful to keep just a couple of steps behind where it's currently at.

The avant garde, spearheaded (in this context) by Instant Andy Warhol in his 25 hour marathon film "\*\*\*\*\*" at the New Cinema Playhouse, gives us all the variations and deviations but stops short of anyone actually whopping it in. The result is a voyeuristic orgy of enormous erotic proportions... a cinematic prick tease, in fact. But, if Instant Andy continues along this current path he may well be the one to break the sex barrier for us.

Its quite impossible to be objective about the content of the films—they either interest you or they don't depending entirely on your view of life. For instance, Mrs. Brigid Polk begins by being a pain in the arse and quickly degenerates into a total bore. When she was on I spent most of the time in the cafeteria upstairs. On the other hand, Nico, who is also a bore, is able to surmount this handicap and gave me a lesson in pure unadulterated ennui.

The general rule for me seemed to be the greater the heterosexual activity the more closely my voyeuristic eye followed the action. Among the sequences which appealed to me was a very white Viva bathing in a glass bath (set in the middle of a black and white chequered floor) with a dark skinned girl of infinite charm and beauty...Viva making love in the bath (there were at least six different bath sequences) with a young man to whom she hardly said a word... our own darling Lil Picard who performed her ritual of the Burning of Evil with great savoir faire...a depilatory sequence in which a young man has the hair on his chest removed by three stringy beauties (a srreal classic)...and several of the sequences where two projectors were used to superimpose one film over the other. This is a hit and miss process, but there were a great deal more hits than misses and it gave the sequence an halucinatory and tantalizing quality.

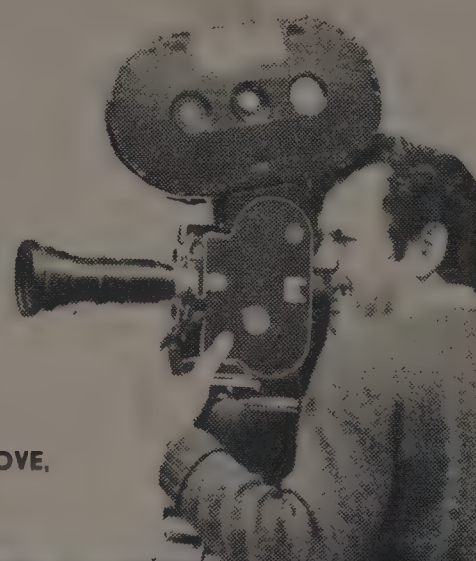
### QUESTIONS

- Are the people in Warhol's film real?
- Or are they symbols?
- Are they disguised projections of ourselves?
- Are we looking in the mirror?
- Does an obsession with eroticism have anything to do with the decline in social and political morality?
- How many films has Warhol's gang been in during the past 5000 years?
- When there are 3 people and a camera in a room, how many people are there altogether?
- Can cameras fuck?
- Is banality a fun game or is it our life force?
- Can a camp follower become a social surrealist?
- At this moment, in whose film are we acting?
- If all the world's a stage, is the audience made up entirely of actors?

And so, as the sun sunk in the west behind Nico's platitudes, I came away with more admiration for Mr. Warhol than I was prepared to admit I had had when I arrived.

## the AMAR films

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# Theatre

by ALLAN EDMANDS

## \*\*DRAMATORGY\*\*

Readers' Digest condensed books and 60-min. TV drama, fragmented by many jingly-jangly commercials, have so pasteurized and homogenized American Entertainment that an audience can come to an event and expect its collective head to be instantly and synthetically filled with the rumblings of the universe. Audiences are afraid of being bored, says playwright Charles Ludlam, because they come to the play with nothing in themselves. In his current two intermissionless plays there are enduring stretches of time awareness which are funny in initial impact, hilarious as the prolongation becomes obvious, then perhaps monotonous for awhile, finally hallucinogenic. Example: stereotype Chinese Magic Mandarin and mischoreographed ballerina Birdshitskya display for a full 17 minutes a one-two-side-close-forward-and-backward beginning dance class number, droning "Sophisticated Love" in one another's face, and hold Father Time in suspended animation. Barriers around consciousness are relaxed, and the mind is then prepared for the onslaught of forthcoming stimuli. "Our meaning alters with acceleration."

Ludlam's **BIG HOTEL** happens Saturday nights at littered, sleezy and appropriate Tambellini's Gate Theatre (2nd Avenue near 10th Street) after the evening's films are over at 12. His other, **CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE**, is perpetrated there every Friday at midnight under the assumed name of **WHEN QUEENS COLLIDE**. The belligerents of both productions are called Ridiculous Theatrical Company, and that is the same company which has earned such an evil reputation of dramaturgical labor pains for the neo-Renaissance of Theatre (remember **INDIRA GHANDI'S DARING DEVICE**).

Once there was only one Ridiculous company, but that was before the wheel-deal power games of an entrepreneur named Chamberlain and a director named Vaccaro forced Ludlam and most of the original company underground. Ludlam didn't read the contract's fine print. Threats of legal injunction prevent the Gate's **CONQUEST** from using that name or from opening before Vaccaro's anathema Bouverie Lane production---legally but not morally underwritten by chartered "Playhouse of the Ridiculous." All this has happened....Worse and worse! The flitting critics of Established Media refuse to come to the Gate after hours: "Ludlam had his chance at Bouverie Lane," they screech, yet they ingratiatingly serve notice to every bit of Neil Simon's Broadway garbage.

Showbiz truth and justice do not really warrant illegibility here. However, the work of an excellently insane company, instant psychotherapy, needs public exposure. It is the Gate's Ridiculous that has all the balls (and even cunt) of spontaneous improvisation.

King Tamberlaine of **CONQUEST**, fresh off the LBJ Ranch, conquers everything, planet by planet, bugging and imprisoning vanquished foes of every imaginable sexuality, dejected because he has no more worlds left to conquer, and destroyed in a mass orgy of shiteating, infanticide and Senecan vengeance. Stereotyped Magic Mandarin ("arl Mandalins, be they magic olr no, alr sranty-eyed gooks") slips in and out of **BIG HOTEL's** Big Hotel, bypasses the wavy dagger of villain Mr. X, and finally invokes Cobra Cunt Ceremony which is a potpourri of holy-rolling, Aztec-and-Dionysian rites and other things, concluding a super-plotted production of Hollywood grandeur impossible to completely recall. If you think everything possible has occurred in one performance, try it again another night: it's a different trip. Your preparation is what you're high on or not high on, hard-on or not hard-on. I don't know what it all means, and I care less, but this presentational and ensemble performing (I didn't notice that several principals were missing from a **CONQUEST** performance) brings theatrical communion into into the bone and sinew. Words are not; Ridiculous is.

Communion is also invoked by smashing the aesthetic distance barrier, when we can ALL, dancers and watchers, liberate the theatre and make it OUR mansion. "Violence bleeds into our city streets, our brothers and sisters, our nation, our world and into ourselves," says Daffi of **GIZMO**. "What do we want? Come and feels THAT WHICH IS at our disposal, our 3-fold rights as man. Help us evolve in spite of our broken bent chromosome toward the light of pure reason...."

Like beserk hornets the actors-dancers of **GIZMO** attacked audiences at Cooper Square Arts Theatre



Photo : Diane Dorr-Dorynek

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## Art

by LIL PICARD

It happened at Fordham. Ralph Ortiz demolished an old piano and 1000 students cheered, whistled, blew up brown paperbags and got involved in the destruction-art-action.

Many disliked it, some understood the meaning and didn't dislike it, but nobody was bored, inactive, or neutral. Destruction Art did SOMETHING. It made the crowd filling the Gymnasium Ballroom at Fordham University (where Marshall McLuhan teaches) AWARE, that destruction in this century of ours is our daily diet. And that's it, what Ortiz wants to do: to educate for AWARENESS. Make people conscious.

Destruction exists, is life, is death, is here. It directs our actions, but has to be redirected into constructive means. Ortiz makes a clear distinction between Art-Destruction and Crime. If the destructive urges of man can be lived out in form of ART, aggression becomes transformed. Violence, brutality, cruelty, wars could be killed and maybe one day completely eliminated, if man could be made aware of this negative NEED to be a destroyer instead of a constructor.

\*\*\*\*

Artist in Residence Professor Vivienne Wechter of Fordham had the courage to arrange the Ortiz performance on the holy ground of F.U. She gave the green signal to go ahead with it, and had provided a green-golden painted oldfashioned upright piano for Ortiz who is the most attacked, hated, discussed Avant-gardist in New York. (He is a candidate for an E.D.D. at Columbia University, an educator and a teacher.) He did "a destructive Realisation titled: A CONCERT. When he went about to hack with a bright red hatchet on black and white keys, the wires started to tremble, whince, shriek and make electronic-like sounds. It was the sound of a dying piano. A sound very significant when electronic sounds, amplified sounds, metallic sounds of all kinds are pounding out of instruments, and pianos seem to be "things of the past" -- to the youth of today.

\*\*\*\*

While Ortiz explained to the mass-media TV (Channel 7 ABC) group his intension to destroy the sacred object, a musical instrument, a red-suede-clad chick, Cindy Adams, did the interviewing, the commercial mass-media way. She uttered words to be fed to the millions in their living rooms: "You've got to be crazy" to do that.

But Ortiz isn't crazy. In fact he is extremely aware, daring and powerful as an artist. This is proven by his exhibition, (also at Fordham) where several of his destroyed objects are now on view. The room looks quiet. The objects mattresses, chairs, furniture are embalmed in grayish-silvery Epoxy and they are Ikons of our time and century.

\*\*\*\*

Vivienne Wechter, who was introducing Ortiz to the destructively turned on crowd of young students says, (interviewed over the phone:) "When I invited Ortiz to hack a piano to pieces as a performance of "Destruction in Art," and even provided the facilities for him to do that, I did not put the cachet of approval on this event as an esthetic form, but infinitely more important is, that I consider it a responsibility to shake the students out of esthetic lethargy and stereotype and present them with a situation which will provoke thinking and inquiry.

Continued on Page 17

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tales from the

CHAPTER 3

land of was

## LOSING A CARDINAL AND GAINING A SON

Now there was a small segment of the Was population who were neither slave nor aristocrat. These people were called the Is and were considered to be mad, degenerate and/or subversive. They received this unsavory reputation because they did not participate in the major games of Was and they made it clear that they considered all those who did to be at best unfortunate products of their environment... at the worst, homicidal maniacs. They frowned on exploitation, money was abominated and all established leaders and godheads were severely shit upon, even their own.

The rule of their game was the subversion of the establishment of Was through whatever limited means they had at their disposal. Their objectives were the abolition of the aristocracy and slavery and the transformation of Was into a garden of peace and sunshine wherein everyone could do their thing. And whilst their number was not large, their power was great because their image sparkled like dew on first roses, and King Lyndon the Gruesome was greatly afraid of them.

He was so afraid that when protocol required him to attend the funeral of the late Cardinal Killman, he had to be snuck into the city unannounced whilst the Is were otherwise engaged in a protest riot against his war with the Cong. Whilst King Lyndon sat in his pew waiting for the dignitaries to arrive, he fumed silently over the indignity of being the first arrival at such a pedestrian event as the Cardinal's funeral.

The Cathedral filled slowly and because Was was a democracy, pressure had been brought upon priests of sects opposing that of the Cardinal's to come and pay homage to his memory. The only exceptions it seemed were the Jehovah's Witnesses, who wouldn't have come even if they had been pressured and the Chief BooHoo of the Neo Was Church, who, being an Is, was automatically persona non grata. The entrances continued without incident (with the exception of one uncircumcised priest who tripped and fell over his surplus), until all were seated. The service began.

If there was anything notable about it it was that it was the driest eyed funeral in the history of Was, for the Cardinal was not, it must be admitted, a much loved figure. Indeed, if one were to judge him by the words of the ritual, he must have been a very wicked man for the priests seemed to be forever exhorting their God to forgive him for his sins.

by RICHARD PRESTON

In life the Cardinal had been the terror of the altar boys who were forever looking over their shoulders to see if his stalking shadow was within groping distance of them. On the rare occasions when he mounted the pulpit it was to mouth bitter nothings about sex, movies or communism. The joys of his life, (after altar boys) were war, stamp collecting and adding up the rent receipts from his groovy slum dwellings. Since he was probably the most mediocre Cardinal in the long history of his Church the sermon eulogized his greatness as chief accountant to his God of Multiplication.

King Lyndon, who had been dozing, awoke just in time to stifle the sound but not the odour of a large fart whose poisonous fumes rose above and through and over that of the incense. Staring gloomily at a crucifix he offered a silent prayer to his God in the hope that He would get him out of the Cathedral before the Is could remobilize its forces and that, dear God, they wouldn't interfere with the wedding of his daughter at the White Palace on the morrow. His God, who was in a good mood that day, (he had been having a lot of fun castigating the poor shriveled soul of the newly arrived Cardinal), granted his wish. The Is, repulsed by the police, retreated in great disorder and never became cognizant of the fact that the King was actually in the city.

And so, on the morrow, the sun shone on a White Palace that was free of the Is presence and filled with all the expectancy that comes with a Royal wedding. His God, although not always just, was sometimes merciful. King Lyndon was expecting to get drunk...Princess Cinder Bird was expecting to get laid...the good Captain was expecting to get shot...the guests were expecting to get bored...the slaves were expecting to be overworked, and the secret service men were expecting a plot.

After the ceremony, which was performed without incident, the guests adjourned to the ballroom, the more inquisitive members stopping off on the way to view the fabulous array of gifts which the young couple had received from every corner of the globe. Since they were far too numerous to list in their entirety, here are a few of the more exotic items; a spittoon carved out of compressed camel shit, from an Afgan taxi driver; a golden dildo carved in the shape of the Eiffel Tower from King Charles the Golden of France; a plastic imitation teakwood box containing plastic childrens toys from Ex-King Chiang. A full colour illustrated edition of the Social-

ist Woman's Guide to Sexual Happiness from King Kosygin the Pink; a quart bottle of perfume called "Red Guard Sweat" from King Mao the Red; and also, ticking away merrily, were 57 alarm clocks, a goodly number of which had quite recently had their bombs defused and removed.

In the ballroom the diplomats stood around and pretended to gossip while they plied one another with alcohol and secretly recorded each others conversation on their 007 wrist watch tape recorders. The secret service men (some of them in drag) danced lasciviously with one another and around the guests who had been marked for protection. King Lyndon using the occasion for an exercise in mass diplomacy wandered among the guests holding his bottomless glass of bourbon in one hand and breathing whiskey laden promises and threats to whom-so-ever he felt deserved them.

Mc Strange, still smarting from his demotion, gave half an ear to Baron Rockefeller III while he pontificated on the basic issues of international banking and their relationship to his family fortune.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dean Crust, stood in a corner looking more like a broken down puppet than usual. His paranoia quotient was at maximum and he felt that the wedding was, in reality, a plot against his person. Some months ago he had committed the capital sin of permitting his daughter to marry a nigger. This sin was so enormous that the King, powerful monarch that he was, found it impossible to fire him without making his own feelings in regard to racial matters public. His imagemakers, who had been working night and day to create an image of a dear old, jolly old, just and tolerant Daddy Lyndon, had informed him in no uncertain terms that any public reprisal against the Minister would totally blow his own Royal image.

But tonight, the King felt no pain as the guests began leaving and the hour for the nuptials drew nearer. The Princess CinderBird and her Consort, the good Captain, bid the remaining guests a hurried goodbye and dashed upstairs to the Royal Marriage Bed.

Out side the door a secret service man jumped to attention. The Princess entered first and the good Captain followed, leering at the man and digging him in the solar plexus as he passed and then slamming the door in his face. The secret service man quickly recovered, dropped to his knees and screwed his well trained eye to the keyhole.

Continued on Page 17

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# THE GREELEY SPIEL

Continued from PAGE 4

WHAT?" she asks. I say, "Someone who gets his kicks from watching people. A peeping Tom." "Oh," and she fills my cup with coffee lampooning a 1930 movie-star sexy.

The twangs get thicker, the cops get fatter, and you know you're nearing Texas. In the Texas panhandle the sparsely settled houses are lit against loneliness.

Endless oncoming white dashes of window lights and cars from forever flatness; the sky becomes busy with stars ringing in the chamber of your mind an ancient memory: but there is no alone.

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## REVOLUTION PERMITTED

REVOLUTION PERMITTED



Continued from PAGE 5

The economy is rich; overproduction is the problem; now everyone can dig life, and we know it. Life can be a trip.

We want a communal world where the imagination runs supreme, and where human institutions respond to human needs. Feeling and emotion will be unsuppressed. Everything will be free. People will go to museums to look at dollar bills. There will be no nations, only rich communities and rich cultures.

This generational revolt in America is not explained by Freud or Marx. It is a war between historical generations, and the future belongs to us because America is defending institutions no longer respond to needs.

We did not build CBS, the Democratic Party or the Catholic Church and we want no place in them.

The American economy has rendered white middle-class youth and black working class youth useless, because we are not needed to make the economy run. Uselessness breeds revolution. The only exciting and meaningful thing to do in America today is to disrupt her institutions and build new ones.

★ ★ ★

We must alienate middle-class America. We must get middle-class America all whipped up emotionally. America suffers from a great cancer; it's called APATHY.

Moral persuasion may work on the guilt feelings of the American middle classer; it may even win his mind or vote; but how are you going to get him off his ass?

Alienating people is a necessary process in getting them to move.

Mr. America: The War is at Home.

It is not on Huntley-Brinkley; it is right outside your window; wait, now it is inside your living room in your child's head.

Persuasion will follow the disruption.

Crisis will replace the coffee break.

When we were simply marching, and petitioning, and making moral pleas to the government to end the war, the good hard common sense soul of America knew we were only kids, that we were not serious.

Americans know how hard it is to move City Hall.

"Ah, c'mon off it, you ain't going to end the war that way" was the truck driver's likely response to vigils, marches, peace candidates, and peace literature.

Instinctively, the American knew more about his government than did the "anti-war movement."

He knew that it was way up there, made up of good-for-nothing politicians, hard to reach, and then reachable only through the language of power and violence.

When the movement moved into the streets, and began to act in the dialect of power, when the movement got tough, we broke away all those barriers preventing us from reaching the average guy. America understands Stokely Carmichael and America understands peace demonstrators fighting in the streets, and that's why we are much more dangerous than a hundred Martin Luther Kings.

(35 Cooper Square). Black-Adam Gizmo penetrates his phallic pole into the flowering funnel of White Eva Gizmo, manifesting the flesh out of a Box in black light: Gray Abracadabra child of mankind, Knowledge comes (wetly) with the eating of the Apple in mutual oral stimulation to their respective genitals, functionally divided 69. Two almost nude painted human bodies in black light try to poetically persuade the child of their "softer love" of the Truth of the Universal Illusion. Then the audience becomes fair game; are they actors or what are they? I only wish the attack were fiercer. The musicians play louder, the dancers wilder in impending Revolution, in imminent Orgasm. Spectators are pulled into an orgy which nearly gets out of control. Death comes for all---a simulated orgasm, not the other way around.

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# Pop, Rock and Jelly

Continued from PAGE 9

stage and the clown and the juggler and the lady contortionist leave the stage and only the Mothers are left. Zappa announces his newest effort, King Kong, thirty minutes long with selections from Petroushka, Archie Shepp and maybe a dozen rock and roll classics from the fifties. Zappa has been doing these rock "oratorios" for a long time now and in King Kong he uses everything from simple polytonality to splitting the band into different sections all playing different tempos at the same time. Turning around again, I'm met by hundreds of absolutely stoney eyes; it's unbelievable—the kids aren't grooving on it. Last summer in a benefit at the Village Theatre the audience went wild over the Mothers...but then the seats didn't cost five or six dollars and there was a much hipper crowd there, older, able to dig all the jazz solos and classical references.

It was different after the intermission—Zappa came out and put the audience down, very cool... very subtle. All right boys and girls, a little teenage medley for all of you. The band went through some of its older material: a parody of the Supremes and other recent rock favorites, lots of falsetto singing and rolling eyes, and the audience ate it up. Between numbers, Zappa talking to the kids. Like Stokley, he almost doesn't deserve his audience and vice versa, but the audience wants to be condescended to...wants to be put down. And Zappa knows it, is learning what he can get away with and still make it...realizes that to play his music means making an act of it. More than just a rock oratorio, the Mothers are exploring a new world somewhere between burlesque and off, off Broadway theatre.

## Art

Continued from PAGE 14

What really happened at Fordham was never reported on T.V. or in any of the daily papers or commercial Art-Magazines which shy away from truth and NEW ART which seems to be too dangerous for the established world of advertising, grants, university-academism. Art has to go Underground. And strangely enough some institutions (the Judson Church for instance and now Fordham) do take such a step occasionally. So it happened and 1000 young people watched and went about to act out the Destruction-in-Art-Ritual. On the invitation to take active part and to get hold of pieces of the piano, lying on the platform, in less than 15 minutes students grabbed larger and smaller parts, presented them to the artist to be signed, and in this action transformed "Junk" into "Ikon Art."

\*\*\*\*

Artists are reading the daily papers, watching T.V. and are exposed to the atrocities, the violence, the wars—what should they paint, sculpt, write, shape, invent, act, dance, film, compose? The truth? Or the lie? Any one aware of our predicaments, our time, our trouble, our despair; any man of consciousness and humanity must feel that wars, violence and inhumanity have to be destroyed in order that we all might go on to live, be human and artists. That's the message of Destruction in Art.

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# LOSING CARDINAL GAINING SON

Continued from PAGE 15

The Princess sat on the edge of the bed and giggled. This was the first time she and the Captain had been truly alone. During their period of courtship there had always been a man from the secret service hovering somewhere within viewing distance and so their exploratory caresses had always been furtive and nonchalant.

"Why don't you change into something more comfortable, dear," the Captain said thinking that he should get to the fringe benefits without too much delay. After all, he thought, in a couple of months time I may be lying dead in a rice paddy.

Surprise, surprise, thought the Princess and giggled again.

Thinking her giggle implied coy assent the Captain reached forward and began unbuttoning the bodice of Princess CinderBird's wedding dress. The Princess allowed him to undo a few buttons and her eyes glazed as the Captain gently tweaked a nipple.

"You know I've never really seen you," she said looking up at him from under her false eyelashes.

"Well, here it is baby," said the Captain unbuttoning himself with haste and pride. The Princess looked at it for a few moments and then said with a sigh, "It isn't as big as George's!"

The Captain wilted. Forgetting the dignity of his newly acquired title he screamed "Bitch...how dare you compare me with that Hollywood faggot!" The Princess, expecting this scene, jumped off the bed laughing hysterically.

"It's not as big as Georges...it's not as big as Georges," she chanted tauntingly as he chased her 'round and 'round the room. Now and then she permitted him to get close enough to tear off a piece of her wedding dress before she leaped out of his

reach again. The chase continued until she was covered only by a piece of lace which clung stubbornly to her midriff. The Captain pulled himself together for the final assault. Using close combat tactics he cornered her and carried her bodily to the bed where, with one wrench, he tore away the last tatters of her wedding dress.

With horror the Captain stared down at his prize. "Oh no...dear God...not that," he cried, raising his eyes to heaven. As he looked down again his hopes withered, visibly, for beneath him lay the princess, her face flushed, her hair in disarray, her eyes shining like a madwoman's, her body naked except for the snuggest little pair of black leather panties from the crotch of which dangled a small but solid looking padlock.

As he tried to rip them off he heard a sound behind him and turned to find the portrait of George and Martha swinging open to admit the inebriated person of King Lyndon the Gruesome clad in his Royal pyjamas and holding a glass of bourbon in one hand and a small key in the other.

"Take it easy, son," the King shouted, "big Daddy has the key." The Captain, not knowing whether to salute or punch the King in the face did neither and stood limply with his jaw hanging nearly to his toes.

Staggering across the room the King said "Every night before ah turned out the lights and went to sleep, ah used to get to thinking about what a real pretty piece of tail my daughter had and ah made up ma mind that when the time came round ah was going to be the first. Son, tha' time is now. Hold ma drink," the King continued as bent to undo the padlock, "and let the Man of the Year show you a few tricks."

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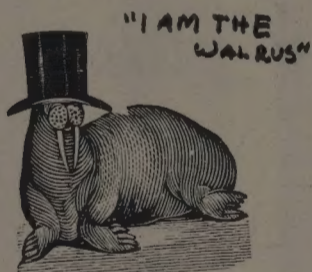


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Twin Oaks Community, an outgrowth of the Walden Two movement, was founded in June, 1967 on a farm near Louisa, Virginia. We publish a newsletter entitled "Leaves of Twin Oaks." A 12-issue subscription can be obtained for \$3.00. For specific questions,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

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A small underground folk magazine newspaper called the "Folk Bag" published about every three months. We print the music to contemporary folk songs, album reviews, concert reviews and just plain information on folk singers, etc. The money earned by the paper's profits is donated to various organizations which we feel are doing their best to contribute to the life blood of folk music and which are trying to make this world a better place to live in. Subscriptions can be obtained by sending \$1.00 to the FOLK BAG c/o Stan Leventhal, 65 Oak Drive, Roslyn, N.Y. 11576



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

Heh, all you beautiful, educated and sophisticated women and men, the BLACK BOOK exists to enliven your scene. The BLACK BOOK puts new people into your life. Get listed and get the next issue, both for 50¢. (NO names, NO addresses published.) SUITE 503-E, 160 West 46 St., NYC, NY 10036.

REPULSIVE, VILE, NASTY, AND MONSTROUS political literature assortments. Guaranteed mindblowers. Send for \$1, \$2, \$5's worth or free list. Vikar, Box 2241, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

## SLUM REAL ESTATE

SUBLET: Furnished loft, 75' x 25', Living OK, music OK, Chambers Street area. Phone Stu Krane, 774-7966. \$100 a month. No lease required. Piano, 2 beds, all sorts of stuff included. Only friendly people need apply.

LIVE-IN GROUP 212, WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Co-op Living, inter-arts spirit, pvt. studios, large fishing lake, 75 acres of woods, gallery, photo lab, etc. \$50/mo., day rates. 2 hours from New York City. 914-CH 6-8287.

## GIGS

Wanted Young Girls no experience necessary to model (figure) and also assist writer in new novel good pay. Call for Interview ask for Mr. Alexander - 674-6477. 8-12 AM only.

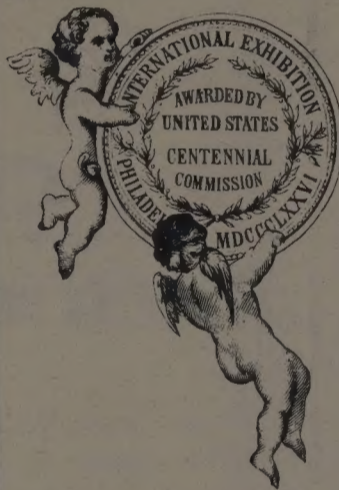


Alive theatre already producing total dramaturgy and evoking suicides wants actors, directors, writers, technicians, angels and theatricians-in-general. Dedication and devotion to theatre is essential, professional experience is not. Income not immediately forthcoming, meaningful and total performances are. Contact Ed Woode, 473-8066, or drop by Cooper Arts Theatre, 35 Cooper Square.

SWINGING BEAUX ARTS Folk-singers Coffeehouse. 7711 60th St., Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565, dial 544-7087 . . . gallery-art classes, dancers, poets. Bi-sexed director needs worker in exchange for board, nude sunbathing.

Lead GUITARIST wanted for new electric group. Must read and sing. No copouts, fuckups or preconceptions. We have concert, recording and film commitments. Call CH 3-0984.

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! NEEDED FOR EXPERIMENTAL FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL AND WILLING TO ACT IN NUDE. EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE. \$50-75 A DAY. MR. MEYERS, PL 4-1190.



NUDE MODELS \$25 AN HOUR. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. I NEED MANY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE MODELS FOR LEGITIMATE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK FOR PUBLICATION. THIS IS MY PRIVATE STUDIO, NOT AN AGENCY OR AMATEUR STUDIO. I USE UP TO TEN MODELS A WEEK. NONE EARN LESS THAN \$35 FOR A SHOOTING; ALL DAY EARNS \$75. SOME MODELS ARE USED MANY TIMES. STRICTLY BUSINESS. CALL ME AT MY STUDIO AND ASK QUESTIONS. BOB WOLFE, 255-2711.

Hip photographer & producer with duplex studio looking for young, good-looking, groovy girls for figure modeling - good chance to meet swinging people and make good money. Send photo or call - Mr. Stewart c/o THE STUDIO 830 6th Ave. NYC, 686-2616.

MASSEUSE Boston Area. Amateur or Professional. No Experience necessary. Wealthy male student needs frustrated, aching body tenderly massaged. Reply: Box 35, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

WANTED: Young ladies, 18-35, poised, friendly, great with small talk. Evening work, \$5.00 per hour. No balling involved. Phone 683-3080, 7-10 weekdays.



Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: GEORGE SOVA, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

Group 212 needs housekeeper, handyman and secretary. Will swap room and studio space for 8 hours work per week. Write PO 96, Woodstock, NY 12498.

WANTED - MODEL - EXP - INEXP - FOR BROCHURE & CATALOG WORK - WILL TAKE BEGINNER - HIGH HOURLY RATE - DIVERSIFIED POSES - 929-0234

Moving? Storage, ONE MAN? VAN \$7 per Hour. Low storage rates. Reliable, equipped movers, No Charge from garage. TR - 6 - 7287.

HELP! WANTED Sawyer Press, publishers of Ron Cobb's (L.A. Free Press) books, posters, and other good things - needs sales reps in your area. You show samples and take orders - we do the shipping and billing. Sell something you can believe in. If interested, write to us giving background, qualifications, and territory you can service. SAWYER PRESS, P.O. Box 46-653, Los Angeles, Cal. 90046

TV producer needs three negro boys in late teens or early 20s for new show. Experience not required. Call 269-3652 daytime only.

WANTED: FEMALE MODEL FOR SKETCHING AND PAINTING, NO PHOTOGRAPHY. CALL AFTER 7 PM, 645-7948. IF ABSENT KEEP TRYING.

Need young girls to take care of studio - answer phones, keep place clean. Also young girl models and go-go dancers for work. Call Mr. Shanks, 245-9886, 245-8086.

Male figure models, young \$10 an hour for photographic modeling. AL 5-2711.

Your money must accompany your ad.

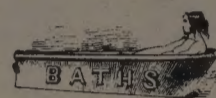
**Personal:** \$5.00 for the first 25 words; 20¢ a word thereafter.

**Classified:** \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter.



ENTERTAINMENT GROUP 2 or 3 vocalists with instruments in fabulous ski lodge in Sugarbush, Vt. - 3 to 4 weeks engagement during Jan. - Feb. - Mar. Offer free transportation, room & board, free ski lift tickets. Hip crowd, good exposure for talent, nominal salary. Call weekday evenings after 8. NYC number AL 4-9427.

## POT POURRI



FILM MAKERS: Having trouble finding someone to distribute your film? We will actively advertise, promote and distribute your 16mm film throughout the U.S.A. Call Ken Hansen at Barnell Filmlife, Inc., 516 MY 4-4545 for details.

BOSTON AREA MASSEUR HANDLES FEMALE CLIENTELE, ULTIMATE IN TECHNIQUE AND EQUIPMENT, ALSO AT CLIENT'S HOME. PHONE 227-7071.

LE STUDIO - TOP EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHERS - MODELS AND THEATRICAL PORTFOLIOS - REPORTAGE AND COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. LE STUDIO - 205 EAST 29 ST. - CALL MU 5-4268.

O-C International Most Honored Introduction Service Today Singles - Couples - Etc. Everybody Needs Somebody Sometime Want the Best - Begin with the Best Exclusive Literature. Radio City P.O. Box 327 993-1076 - Mr. Roberts



BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS and other goodies, write: Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. Then FREAK OUT!

PEYOTE CHIEF Greeting Card. Painting of Peyote leader in ceremonial costume, by American Indian artist, reproduced in full color. Others available; send 5¢ stamp for list. Museum Shop, 3753 Broadway, New York City 10032.



NEED A TERM PAPER FOR ENGLISH? HISTORY? PHILOSOPHY? SOCIOLOGY? WRITE: HABER, 1245 AVE. X, BKLYN. (11235) LOW CHRISTMAS RATES ON MORE THAN ONE.

BRAIN WASH your depression tensions and frustrations away thru the new Brain Wave Synchronizer. Many other benefits such as reducing and anti-smoking. Home sessions given. If ordinary hypnotism sessions have failed you in something try this. If you belong to a club tell them I am available to give a lecture on this higher form of hypnotism. Phone 8 to 9 P.M. only. Bell signal necessarily shut off most of time. Robert Kittredge, 201 MU 8-7412.

NOV SCHMOVZ KAPOV ? GOD ? z

SAVE HEADACHES. MONEY AND PROPERTY with SIGNS SAYING your home is PROTECTED by BURGLAR ALARMS. Fashioned in good taste...these CLEARLY PRINTED door & window signs are EASILY READ even in dim light - at night. NOT IN ANY STORE. 5 SIGNS: \$1.00 We pay the postage. For immediate shipment (checks accepted) send to SMITH SIGNS. Box 393, 229 East 85 St., New York City, N.Y. 10028.

NOW, HERE IS THE CHANCE TO MEET YOUR DREAM MATE - YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO YEARN - JUST TELL US WHAT YOU ARE HUNGRY FOR AND OUR HEAVENLY INSPIRED SERVICE WILL DO THE REST. WRITE FOR QUESTIONNAIRE. GALS FREE. MR. ROMANCE, 152 W. 42nd ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036, ROOM 536. LO 5-3517.

French Ticklers dildos and other goodies are available from German Sex Supermarket. A catalogue is available in color and illustrated for \$1.00 and worth it. BEATE LIHSE 239 Flensburg, Gutenbergstrasse 12 Germany Attention: Hermann Liebers. The preceding notice was paid for by the Hapco Organization which in no way profits by it.

Confidential photo service. Combat horny druggists. Non-commercial. Developing, artistic printing. Any subject, size. P.O. Box 402, Mair St., Flushing, N.Y.

Volunteers needed immediately to tutor and organize on Lower East Side. Many creative possibilities for service and action. For more information, contact Gail Hadley, Mobilization for Youth, Community Education Project. 677-9400, Ext. 206.

FORMING CLUB for liberal-minded couples and singles and those interested in the unusual. Nonprofit. Write to J. Brooks, 175 Ave. C, NYC 10009.

ASTROLOGY YOUR LIFE, YOUR LOVE, YOUR CAREER. Rod Chase, WA 8-8914. \$10.

Light moving, 24 hour service. Wagon plus one man \$6.00, two men \$9.00. 388-1954 or 966-1405.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellas, gals thrilling Bohemian friendships. \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interest. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

For the ultimate in massage, male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal, Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd Street between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

SINGLE? Operation MAZEL TOV is an intriguing dating project run by social scientist for alert and literate NY Jewish singles. For your FREE questionnaire write: Operation Mazel Tov, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036 (PL 7-3638)



TEA-DEALER.

I NEED A LITTLE HELP! Someone with a car or station wagon to help me move two chests (not heavy) and a mattress from 11th Street and Broadway to 7th Street and Ave. B - it should take only an hour. In return, I'll clean your apartment, or coo you a scrumptious meal (my home-made Texas chili is a specialty), or babysit (if you have a baby), or run errands - It's cold sleeping on the floor, so please call soon. Sandy 982-8962 (anytime).

### TRIPS

Two students need ride to California around Jan. 20. Share expenses - driving - ? Call Dennis or Bob 929-2949.

### FREE ENTERPRISE

PHOTOS & FILMS - All kinds. Unusual Adult Items Available. Details FREE. SAFARISTUDIO 526 High Road, London W4 England. (For Special Handling include \$1.00.)

Improve your outlook. Send 25¢ today for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE - your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assembles in minutes. with less than ten dollars of easily obtainable store parts. Send \$1.00 for instructions, drawing to: Carlton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pa.

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES POSTERS (to suit every taste, wild & groovy) BUTTONS (100s to choose from), water pipes, incense, jewelry (earrings, bracelets, ankhs, peace symbols, etc.) and a phantasmagorical plethora of additional assorted fascinating esoterica. Send now for ABSOLUTELY FREE CATALOG. RAMSE CO., BOX 5294, SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF. 91413.

APHRODISIACS Make love a joy not a job Material & Samples \$2 to: Coman Research PO 352 NY NY 10011.

### GET LOST

GIANT E. VILL. MAP 23 x 36, helps you find yourself! COMPLETE, original, 5 psychedelic colors! Gift orders filled. \$2.00 to: MAP EAST, 147 Avenue A, NYC 10009.

BUTTONS, POSTERS, PSYCHEDELIA! Wholesale to all. Hundreds to choose from. FREE mailorder catalogue. 10¢ brings it airmail! UNDERGROUND UPLIFT UNLIMITED, 28 St. Marks Pl., NYC 10003.

Individually designed WIREMAN EARRINGS by Timmy Kohn. Send \$2.00 to Box TK c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue NYC 10003.

### HOME GROWN HAPPINESS

BY MICHAEL W. MORIER

HOME GROWN HAPPINESS is the result of five years of research on the growth of marijuana. It divulges the secrets of growing dynamite grass, indoors or outdoor, summer or winter, even in the north temperate zones. You will learn to grow pot hydroponically and with artificial light. You will also learn about experimental giant and freak plants through the use of various hormones. The quality of your crop will amaze you.

Send copies of HOME GROWN HAPPINESS to your friends using the following order blanks. (Enclose \$1.00 for each copy. Add 25 cents for orders outside the U.S.) HOME GROWN HAPPINESS, Box 555 East Village Other, 105 Second Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10003.

RICK CHAPMAN - NO POLICE - YOU ARE FREE - PLEASE CALL - MOM

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

Phil Morris Vanguard of Pop Music Tues. - Sat. 2 AM - 3 AM WHBI 105.9 FM.

### HOTS

Looking for Young attractive uninhibited girl to take charge of young handsome actors Duplex Apt. Washington Mews Area. Will provide room & board & other luxuries along with sexual satisfaction beyond belief. Call 8-12 AM or 10 to 12 PM only. 674-6477.

American age 27 would like to correspond with girl interested in God, yoga, LSD, etc. with the object of having her spend some time with him in Ecuador. South America with the possibility of a prolonged relationship. All expenses paid. write P.O. Box 1042 Quito, Ecuador. S.A. enclosing photos.

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE. YOUNG, SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE INTERESTED IN EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT YOUNG FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT - BOX 640, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.C. 10017.

Accommodation offered (long or short term) in interesting apartment overlooking park to aware sensitive female, any age over 18 who might enjoy sharing same with intelligent, understanding, clean-cut male age 41. Phone 222-9424 after 9:00 PM weekdays or weekend mornings. Alex.

ROBBIE PLEASE CONTACT ME IN LONDON OR THROUGH THIS NEWSPAPER. DAD



CELESTE HAS MOVED - ASTROLOGY - ALL PHASES PREDICTIONS and FORECASTS ALSO teaching. CELESTE. Call Missi at 228-8640 for information.

Lonely medical student seeks chic, intelligent, young woman to share long evenings. Call after 6 PM ask for Bill. 534-2142

A Young Foreign Executive, well travelled and an intelligent lover of girls, seeks attractive affectionate nympho type girls for mutually enjoyable physical relationship. I would prefer a girl who is artistic, has a taste for music and has a driver's licence. If interested in a lasting relationship call UN 6-2604 after 6 pm weekdays, try weekends. No phonies no time to waste.



Girls-Women (18-45) - attractive, sensitive, highly erotic male, available for your most intimate parties - unusual and unique sexual appetite - singles or groups of girls - your desires are my pleasures - only PLEASURE SEEKING, COURAGEOUS girls call - NO HOMOS - NO WEIRDOS - call between 6-9 PM GR3-1407.

### ATTENTION GIRLS

Are you heading towards San Francisco or going West soon? Make Detroit your stopping off point for a free 2 day holiday! I am a well endowed, handsome 29 year old sterile bachelor who will model nude for you. Give French lessons and turn you on in my groovy 3 fireplace estate. I own my own business, an Irish wolfhound and a Jag. All swinging gals write soon (no men) giving arrival time, bus-car-etc. Jim 441 N. Gully Rd., Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48127. Spiritual Mysticism in sacrifices of a Most Holy Witchcraft! Help - Death has stayed 256-6112

Man 39 with older children and no wife needs a girlfriend - companion. Home every night. Few minutes from NYC, call 201-795-0017 (Lund)

CONVERSATION - LOVING, sensitive, grownup girl who delights in the hay? Chat with Nordic writer offering affection, thought, bread. Jay Roberts, 3D, 253 W. 16 St., NYC. 586-6300 (messages).

Virgin male, 26, pleasant appearance and personality, caucasian, seeks happy and sincere relations, social and sexual, with an attractive, discreet, experienced woman, 20-35, who would enjoy sharing her knowledge of love. Will make date to meet upon reply. Please write: Stewart, Box 422, Cathedral Station, N.Y.C. No men please.

David and Carole, soulmates always.

Very attractive professional man seeks uninhibited female. G.P.O. Box 1401, Brooklyn 1, N.Y. 11201.

Tall, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

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.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS - CAUCASIAN MALE, 34, Electronic Engineer, 5'10", 180 lbs. Hip but basically reactionary (no drugs or dropping-out) Seeks sincere female, past unimportant, for LONG-TIME relationship - marriage possible. Versatile, uninhibited, enjoy cunnilingus and giving pleasure, but sex secondary to emotional rapport and stability. - Looking primarily for old-fashioned love. Have unpretentious but cozy apartment in East 70s which is also in need of your T.L.C. (212) TR 9-7799 8 PM to 12 PM.

PLEASE HELP BEWILDERED BACHELOR UNRAVEL FEMINE MYSTIC, - YOU GALS ARE BOLD ON THE TELEPHONE, BUT THE TELEPHONIC DISCOURSE DISSOLVES INTO PHONEY ADDRESSES, WRONG NUMBERS, STAND UPS ETC. ONLY THOSE WITH THE GUMPTION TO FOLLOW THRU CALL 392-6042 EVENINGS, OR WRITE P.O. BOX 151, B'KLYN 11235.

Wanted: cute girl in 20s, artistically minded, to share small West Village apt. in exchange for housekeeping, occasional modeling. Box 245, Webster, N.Y. 14580.

Bill B.: Call me collect at my house. 288-9493.

JEF F.

Wanted: Girls to explore use of hypnosis to increase sexual pleasures. Female models, amateur or professional, needed also for personality research project. Phone 914-667-8991 evenings.

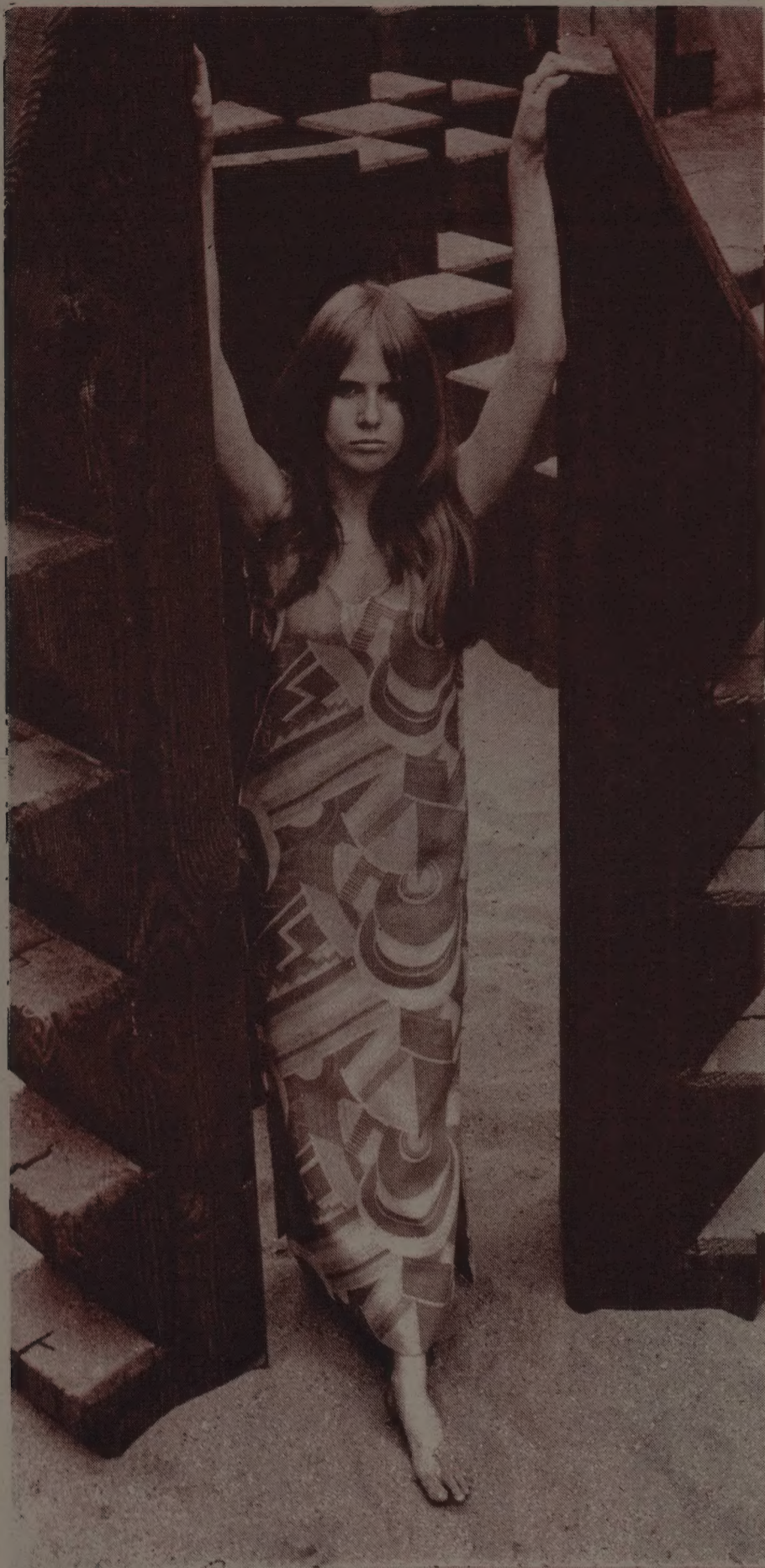
PARTY - FOR - SWINGING - COUPLES - to - be - held - in - hotel - suite - in - New - York - City. - Jan. - 13 - 1968. - \$10 - per - couple. - For - reservations - write - Annette - 1054 - West - Main - St. - Waterbury - Conn. - 06708

BOSTON CLUB BEING FORMED FOR LADIES AND COUPLES WHO DESIRE TO MEET OTHERS FOR BROAD-MINDED PARTIES PHOTOLAB AND MASSAGE PARLOR AVAILABLE WRITE WITH PHONE AND PHOTO IF AVAILABLE BOX 1485. BOSTON, MASS, 02104.

Beautiful gal - start the new year off with a bang. Join an attractive swinger for sex fun and group therapy. P.O. Box 571, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021.

### ATTENTION !!!

Dominant male wishes to meet docile female, gay or straight. We will have a whipping good time - !!!!! Contact William Stone, Box 132, 5517 Broadway, NYC



# A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

**The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress**

**Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities** (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

**Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana**

**Radio Free America**—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

**The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman**—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

**The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"**—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

**The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy**

**Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics**

**Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art**—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

**George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War**—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

**Understanding Zowie**—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

**The Fugs**—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

**A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000**

**The Writing on the Wall**—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

**Move Over, Lady Chatterley**—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

**The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh**

**Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"**

**My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt**—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

**Poets at War**—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

**Censorship Under De Gaulle**—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

**The Burgeoning Field of Space Law**

**Man, the Food's a Gas!**—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

**Anti-Aggression Pills**—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

**Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women**

**Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox**

**The Love Goddess of Kerista**—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York's sexual utopian community.

**The Black Muslim Cookbook**

**John Lennon as a Master of Prose**

**Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws**

**Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"**—A Pop Impression.

**The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism**—As exemplified by the L. A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

**Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works**—A portfolio.

**A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen**—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

**Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

**Avant-Garde** will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months—the better part of a year—for *only* \$3.99. This is a *MERE FRACTION* of its actual value!

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$3.99.

—Renew your own subscription for \$3.99 forever, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$3.99 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

# AVANT GARDE

**Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$3.99 for an eight-month subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION* of the standard \$10-per-year price!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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