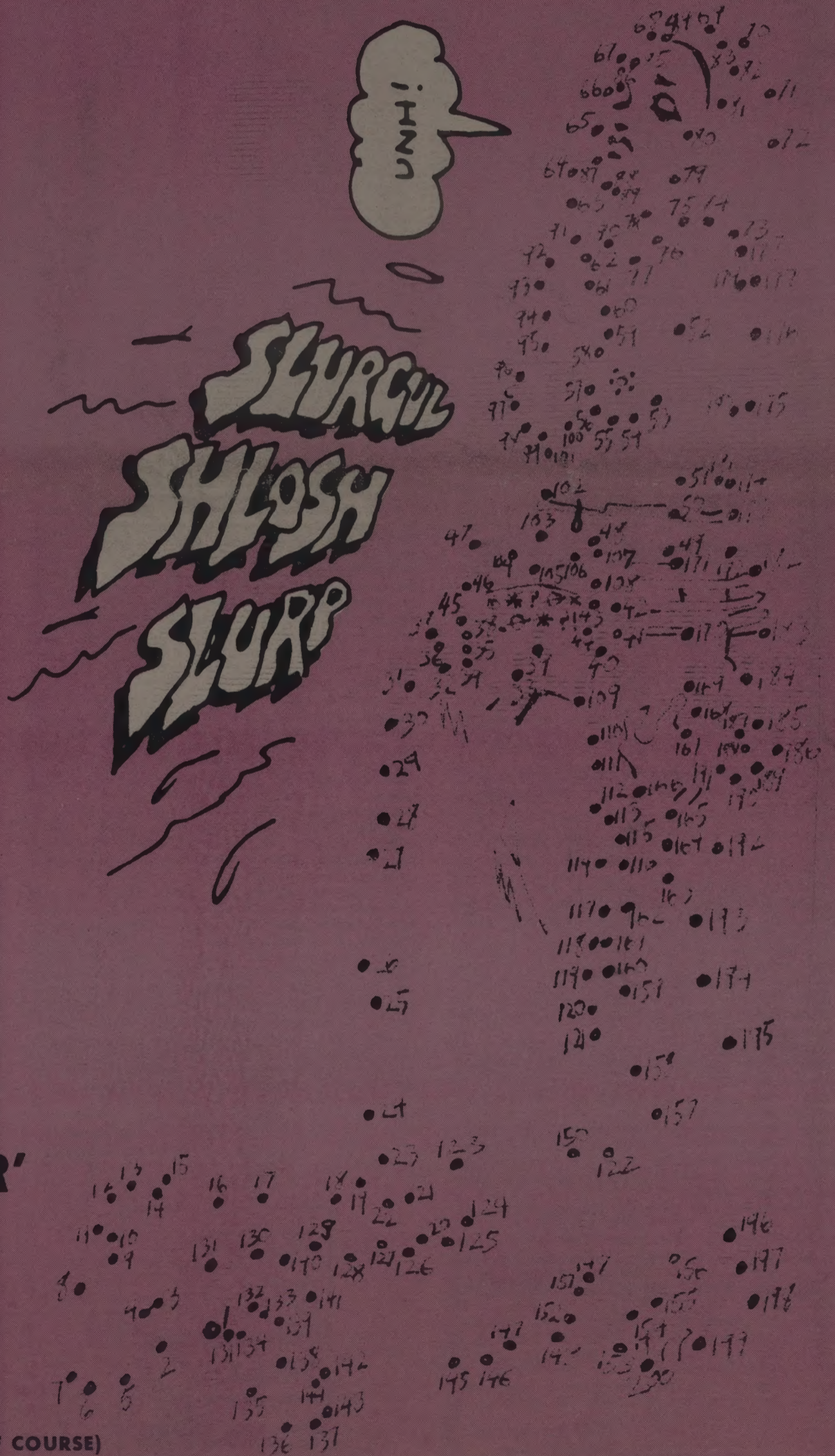


THE east village OTHER

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YOU CAN BE ARRESTED IF YOU DRAW THIS



Lesson One: 'THE LAST SUPPER'

SEND COMPLETED ART WORK TO:
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District Attorney
Municipal Building
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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REALISM STRIKES!

Dear EVO:
 The harassment of EVO seems to parallel what Lenny Bruce experienced. The authorities couldn't very well get him on the basis of his social, political or religious irreverence, so they busted him for obscenity instead.

As with Bruce, the real obscenity in EVO's case is being practiced by those sworn to uphold the law — district attorney and judge alike — in their irreverence for the First Amendment guaranteeing freedom of the press, and for the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling that alleged obscenity must NOT be taken out of context even if it succeeds in arousing the prurient interest of the reader.

Of course, individual rights existed philosophically before any official laws were concocted, and one has to question seriously whether the state has any justification, beside power for its own sake, in limiting Freedom of Horniness so long as it is exercised without coercion.

All the rationalization of the would-be censors boils down to the fact that what they are really against is pleasure.

Best,
 Paul Krassner
 The Realist

Dear EVO:

If any of your heads are going to use coins for weighing nickel bags, I suggest that you correct the figures given by "Pot Head" in the Jan. 26 issue, page 2. Use his figures and you'll get in trouble.

Use new coins and figure the weights as follows:
 Cent — 3.1 gram or 48 grains.
 Nickel — 5.0 gram or 77.1 grains
 Dime (silver) — 2.5 grams or 38.5 grains.
 Dime (clad) — less, and variable: don't trust them for weighing.

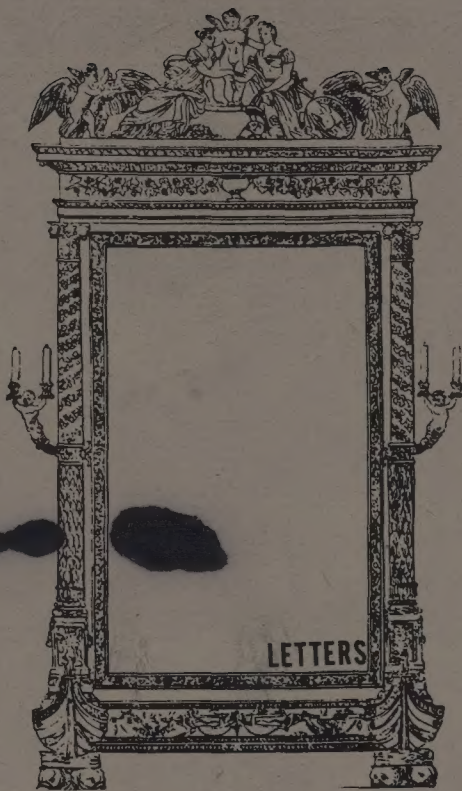
Quarter (silver) — 6.25 grams or 96.4 grains.
 Quarter (clad) — less, and variable: don't use them for weighing.

Half Dollar — try and find them, then save them — don't bother with clad ones.

Four silver quarters plus one cent make 28.1 grams, which is just 1.5 grains short of an ounce (433.5 compared to 435). Ten silver dimes and a cent should weigh the same. If there are clad coins among them, they will weigh much less.

I'd recommend that you start using the West Coast measure of lids. A standard lid is one ounce. An honest lid is more likely to weigh 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 oz., uncut and of course unmanicured. Going price in San Francisco was \$10, and no oregano need apply. Around here — forget it, man. What they call "Acapulco Gold" around here looks and smells as though it had been grown in poor soil in some Bronx basement using sunlamps, then cut with male plant, oregano and catnip. It is certain that the stuff never got nearer to Acapulco than it did to Madagascar. Strictly lawn fertilizer or stable sweepings. But then some people can get a suggestion high even from that. Fine for them, but it encourages that kind of cheap swindle.

Love, and stay cool
 Displaced Head



MARTYR

Dear EVO:

I am a soldier now serving in Vietnam, and presently with the infantry. Prior to coming into the Army I served as a senior reporter and worked with the editorial staff of my hometown paper. Since my major in college was journalism, I find that I look for accuracy and veracity in the publications I read.

A friend of mine back in the U.S. sends me on occasion various underground publications in which I came across the January edition of your paper. As of now I have not come to any conclusions about the war here in Vietnam. I am still in the process of vacillating the facts concerning this controversial problem.

I would like to refer to your January issue (EVO, Vol. 3, No. 5) which contains the letter of Pvt. Rick Tristani (the protesting soldier in Vietnam). After reading the letter, I noticed that the APO number was the same as mine. After checking in the APO Directory at the Post Office here in Cho-Lai, I learned that the unit which he was in was not far from where I was stationed.

I felt that this was a perfect chance to find out how accurate and valid the underground press stories are. So after borrowing a jeep from my company to use for the P.X. (Post Exchange), a friend and I went off to see if we could locate Pvt. Rick Tristani.

After getting lost once, we found the unit to which he belonged. We asked a person where we could locate Pvt. Tristani, and he in turn pointed towards a group of tents on a hill not far from where we were standing, but he said that we may not be able to speak to Tristani because of the fact that he was under guard. We walked up to where his tent was and walked in. The tent was occupied by three people. A P.F.C. came up to us and asked who were we looking for. I said that I would like to speak with a Pvt. Rick Tristani. Just then a person with a full mustache and hair that was unusually long for a soldier approached us and identified himself as he. His guard seemed nice enough. He let us speak with him a while until someone came in and notified him that he was to meet with his lawyer. I am only disappointed that I could not speak with him longer, and I won't get a chance to visit him again for I am transferring back to the States.

After speaking with him for the short period of time that I did, and also speaking with other members of his unit about him, I can truly say that the letter you published of him in your newspaper was found to be genuine.

I find this brave young 21 years old man to be highly intelligent and strong in his convictions. Never before have I spoken with a person so vehemently opposed to this war. To actually go and sacrifice his freedom by being imprisoned and to stand for what he believes, and to receive the harassment from his fellow soldiers, and still maintain the equanimity which he possesses. I asked him how he feels of his grave situation and he stated, "No sacrifice is too great to achieve peace."

After seeing and speaking with a person like this, and knowing what a man will do for the sake of peace and not attention, I feel assured now that my search for the truth of this war will come much easier.

Yours truly,
 SP/5 George E. Alamayer
 APO San Francisco 96374

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Dear EVO:
 We were smoking and picked up a dead cockroach, thinking it was a piece of hash and smoked it.
 We wished to let you know of this excellent new high.

G. D.

To Whom It May Concern:
 Your paper is an oasis in a world of such complete madness as the one we live in.

It is just too bad that your paper cannot reach more people.

I have written something that sums up the feelings of my friends and I. Here it is:

IN MEMORIAM — THE WORLD

In this world full of shit there is no beginning.

And no end.

Just this endless purgatory.

If there was just a hell where one could be consumed and die, but this middle, this nothingness . . .

This world is the eternal cop-out.

The endless suffering of nothing.

WHY? WHY? WHY?

Thank You,
 Sincerely,
 Jane Meckwood

BOLD NEW PITCH

Dear EVO:

The Far East is much different than anyone could ever imagine. Everywhere I go I am asked by all sorts of people about Hippias and LSD, even in jungle villages. It is something strange and magical.

Recently in Nepal a group of visiting Hippias built a large Temple on the outskirts of the Capital city Katmandu.

In most of India as well as Ceylon, Malaya, Singapore, Japan, Thailand, HongKong Hippias are a common sight and now the local people are behaving like Hippias and you can imagine the feeling of universal Brotherhood one gets to see Malay, Indian, Chinese, Thai, etc. all behaving like flower children and spreading LOVE warfare wherever they go.

The old order can no longer withstand another 20 years of free thinking, the longer people think the less the chances of Bullshit to perpetuate itself.

One more note: Can you imagine my feeling when in a desolate area of Malaya I came across a young boy reading Thoreau, Ghandi, Lao Tsu and questioning me on what I have read of the American poet Alan Ginsberg?!

I am planning a brief sketch of the Far East which I hope to finish in Hong Kong. But tell all your friends that they should "GO East Young Man! Go East!"

I hope to be back in the Village sometime this year or next and will see you.

In all that is Good and Holy,
 Rev. C. O'Hara
 Somewhere between Ipoh and
 Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia.
 Jan. 27, 1968.

for heavy congestion

Dear EVO:
 Have a nice end of the world day. It's coming up so stay tuned. Don't worry, we'll all meet downstairs. (Don't pack clothes. It'll be too hot.)

Peace and love,
 Semoane

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THE EVO REPORT

an
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by BRUCE TOBIN



EVO NEWSDEALER BEING ARRESTED, AR RAIGNED AND CONVICTED IN BROOKLYN.

Deponent states that during the period from Nov. 3rd, 1967, through Feb. 2nd, 1968, Deponent and other officers known to Deponent did purchase from the defendant Burns, a newspaper dealer at the above location, a paper known as "The East Village Other," which contained obscene material.

On Feb. 2, 1968, Deponent bought an "East Village Other," from the defendant Burns, said issue being dated Feb. 2, 1968, and Deponent discussed said issue with defendant Burns who said that he knew that the paper was obscene.

At the above time and place the defendant Acerno delivered to the defendant Burns 75 copies of the "East Village Other," dated Feb. 2, 1968. After the defendant Acerno was advised of his rights he stated that said paper was filthy and he would not let his kids read it. Deponent seized from the truck driven by defendant Acerno, 1000 copies of said paper.

The above is the formal complaint filed by Ptl. Stanley Shapiro, D. A. Squad, on Feb. 2, 1968 at 2:30 p.m. The following is defendant Michael Acerno's statement:

"I went to deliver papers to the stands. I went to the dealer at Court Street (Burns). He says he's out of papers. I go to get some more. When I get back, this guy flashes a badge and says he wants to talk to me. He says he isn't going to arrest me or anything, he just wants to talk to me. He said he might have to give me a summons. We go across the street to a building, up to the 5th Floor where he talks to me.

He has a lot of back issues of the pages there. He says the paper is filthy, and I said 'If you think that is filthy, I'll take you back down to that stand and show you five magazines that are so filthy, I wouldn't let my daughters read them. He then calls up the legal department. I couldn't hear much of the conversation, but I did hear the word 'pornography' a couple of times. He calls up again, and after a while, as he is about to hang up, I hear 'Okay, then we'll be able to arrest him.' He hangs up, and then he says to me: 'I'm sorry, but I have to arrest you.' At no time did he inform me of my rights."

If this were all there was to tell, if we were now quietly awaiting our trial, then the above contradictions would just be further rumblings from the lion's lair. Unfortunately, there is more to tell. The lion is out hunting, and EVO is its prey.

We have received numerous telephone calls from our dealers throughout Manhattan saying that they have been approached by men identifying themselves from the license department. These men have been question-

ing the newstand dealers about the East Village Other, and then asking to see the dealers' licenses to make sure they are in order. The intention of such intimidation is obvious, and that the dealers have received the message can be seen by their refusal to sell the paper. We were also notified by the president of one of the largest newstand dealers associations that he was going to remove the paper from his stands.

It must be noted that these actions by the dealers are not the results of a legal order from the city. No such order has been exercised, but the proper inference from the right quarter suffices to tighten the juggernaut Mayor Lindsay's special assistant Sid Davidoff, contacted the license department and reported to us that the license department knew of no such action by their men. We then spoke to the Chief Assistant District Attorney of Brooklyn, Elliot Golden. He likewise knew nothing of any officers approaching the newstand dealers. When we asked that he look into this matter, considering it was his department who instituted the original action, he suggested that we contact the license department again since it seemed that there were persons "posing as license department men."

In order for a newspaper to be declared obscene, the court must show that it appeals to a prurient interest, that the material is patently offensive, and that the publication is utterly without redeeming value. These findings must apply not simply to one item in the paper, but overall, to the publication in its entirety. The court will be hard pressed to prove these points. There is also the fact that the defendant was not informed by the arresting officer of his rights. And further, there was no warrant for the arrest and seizure. Certainly the District Attorney was aware of most of these facts when he began his action. Still, he proceeded with a public complaint. It could be that as of late, life around the D. A.'s office has been too quiet. There is no sizzling grand jury investigation immediately pending, and the Mafia is vacationing in Florida and the outer islands. Life for the D. A. is getting dull, and worst than that, the public might forget him. Thus, he reminds the voters that he is still plugging away by making a seizure of obscene literature. If it were not for the aftermath with the newstands, it would be easy for us to accept this line of reasoning.

However, in the light of the newstand dealers' intimidation, without court action, we become aware that the issue at hand is not one of an ordinary obscenity case, but rather will little EVO be able to withstand the power and the majesty of organized crime? Do these criminals belong to the local, state, or Federal governments? Are they members of the Mob who want to take over our distribution? Do they represent the Union which wants 'in,' and is serving advance notice? Or, are they all bedfellows in the rape?

Since the seizure there has been considerable talk on obscenity and the right of free press. If we discuss free press, we should first speak of free society, for without this, what does free press mean? It could not exist. America does possess a free press in her curious way. Surely the New York Daily News is free to publish what it wants. The New York Times is so completely free that it can afford to omit whatever it wishes. And the East Village Other will most likely be judged favorably, and told that it can continue publishing. All of this reflects the nature of our society, and one can conclude that, most assuredly, freedom does exist. We are all guaranteed the right of free speech: the Daily News and the New York Times who are in unanimity with the existing social order, and the East Village Other — the voice of dissent — who are opposed to that order.

Since the laws of the land uphold the right of free speech through the precedent of the 1st Amendment, the Establishment must seek other means of suppressing the voices of dissent. To be sure, there are many instances where it does succeed through the courts, and some day it may even succeed with the courts in abolishing the Constitution altogether. Until then, when it fails to suppress us overtly through its laws, it must resort to covert means as in this instance.

What is at stake is not free speech, but our lives. Free speech is a tenuous phrase. It can be a front for getting at someone. The courts may uphold our right to say what we want, but the powers that be will attempt to choke us to death before we say it. This is what is happening to us now through this action with our newsdealers. Without the distributors and newsdealers circulating our newspaper, we could choke to death.

We turn to you, our friends and readers, and say that what is now happening to us is at this same instant happening to you. As we are deprived of our right to say what we like, you are deprived of your right to hear it. They may have knocked the wind out of our sails, but it is only for the moment. We are not gagging, nor will we allow them to gag us. We are in the process of carefully mapping out our strategy. We will do whatever is necessary to insure the continued publication and circulation of our paper, at no expense to its content.

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"So he did the strongman on the devotchka, who was still creech creech creeching away in very horrorshow four-in-a-bar, locking her rookers from the back, while I ripped away at this and that and the other, the others going haw haw haw still, and real good horrorshow groodies they were that then exhibited their pink glazzies, O my brothers, while I untrussed and got ready for the plunge.

Anthony Burgess, *A Clockwork Orange*

NOTES ON TOT

This is a love scene of the future. A teenage gang gleefully going at it. The magic wedding of sex and violence. How far in the future? Perhaps only four more LBJ years away. For the face of the *pax americana* casts some light on the dark side of the so called Sexual Revolution; a side show not in the communal pads of the East Village, but, perhaps, in the bedroom of Washington.

There is an essential connection to be made between politics and sexuality in mid twentieth century America. They go hand in hand, reflecting each other along the way. Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots are Made for Walking" could be interchanged with a Westmoreland statement on the war. A note to Hanoi could pass as a new American love letter. The message is the same. Not simply, surrender or else, but rather, surrender and you'll be lucky enough to get a twist of the arm, a flick of the whip. Sado-masochism. S and M. I beat your back, you enjoy it. Totalitarian sex. Sex as powerplay.

Powerplay on any level requires the same basic ingredients; objectification, dehumanization. The woman as object (ie. the plastic tits of Playboy Magazine), and the enemy as subhuman (ie. those gooks aren't like U.S. No A bombs dropped on Germany). There are always parallels between the public and the private. LBJ's hard line, and the leatherwhip whorehouse of Newark New Jersey, among whose clientele, "some of the most respected

members of the community." Just fantasies being acted out on different stages, a la Genet's *The Balcony*. We can't all be President.

Everyday, television suggests the implications. On the late night news, a Vietcong leader is shot through the head by a soldier standing right next to him. His body hits the ground, then zip! a leering chick is socking it to you with a hairspray commercial. Next, some air force pilots, out to napalm the north, and two hours later are back in the swimming pools and prostitutes of Guam. Let us make a collage: dying Vietcong, TV model, air force pilot, oriental prostitute, ashen faced newscaster, bed, masks, whips, camera. And what does one imagine the specialty whorehouses of Berlin under the Nazis were like? Much different from Newark New Jersey? Or Profumo's London? Or, for that matter, Rome before the fall?

Totalitarian sex is somewhere near the center of the whole idea of decadence. The society crumbles, and those with the most to lose hold on tightest. Pressures build. Habits of efficiency remain. The greatest amount of sensation in the shortest amount of time. A crack of the whip, or the whip's sudden sting. A bad night's sleep and back to the office. A taste of the night lingers, perhaps, in the orders of the day.

Master and slave — one of the oldest relationships of all. And man has a nasty habit of returning to it, no matter how circuitous the path. Now, there are many variations on the theme. Macrocasam and microcasam. The master white race out to "free" the enslaved. And lets for a moment return to our Jersey cathouse. A very Nordic looking blonde (check Esquire for her picture) runs the show. The accoutrements are strikingly military; uniforms, boots, black leather. A bank president arrives for a whipping. He's made a killing on the market buying Dow, so in a good mood. But his stare is blank, there is something vacant about him, he's not quite together, there. But the whip will bring him back

ALITARIAN SEX

to life.

But all this, we realize, is just an overt/pervert scene which even Esquire and Time can get their keenness around, risking nothing, putting up false Issues for a mock scrutiny and judgment. Arriving at slick, hip piety, and moving on to another Issue, ie., napalm, blind orphans, situation tragedies; Hubert Humphrey rhetoricians all. But the sadism and masochism of the work-a-day world is not to be confined to the leather shacks of Jersey or Park Avenue. The S and M dynamics on any given afternoon at, say, Max's Kansas City does well surpass the best that spanking can afford. What of the burned out hordes about Warhol, or the FAFA — fuck after famous arteests — or simply the everyday turned aroundness of camouflaged affections.

So, in the public and private weal, a whiff of the torture room, the dungeon. The one dimensional logic of sado-masochism is omnipresent. Not relationships, but things transacted; not I-Thou, but I-it. Given our foreign policy, and the quality of daily American life, it isn't surprising. Things are, perhaps, building to a crisis. But for the moment, the situation seems clear. It can best be typified by a certain scene from Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*; Slim Pickins, straddling a falling H Bomb, an orgiastic Texas yell on his lips.

Matthew Kahn
February 1968

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PEARL, THE INTIMATE Sadist

A SERIAL COPYRIGHT WALTER K. GUTMAN

I have had three experiences with the loss of intimacy during my life. One was the stock market, the other was art, and the third was my involvement with maso-sadism. I might add there was a fourth experience of which the three named above were specific parts — that was being a nut. I used to consider myself pretty nutty. Those were in my Walter Gutman days. People would say "Walter is crazy" — my wife would say, "You're crazy" — I would say, "You're crazy." One time, when leaving a part of the West Coast where I had visited my son and his wife, my son looked at me, then at the other travelers in the terminal, shook his head in exasperation, and said, "You're the craziest looking person here."

The Walter Gutman days were before my Hawk Serpent days. The Hawk Serpent days really haven't occupied many full months or years or even many full days. Hawk Serpent is sort of a miasma or genie which came from the midst and may well go back. No one knows he exists unless I tell them — I continue to look like Walter Gutman and certainly in many official or legal or family ways — on my American Express card, for instance, or at Bloomingdale's or Bergdorf Goodman's that's what I am — but Hawk Serpent has a cohesiveness which Walter Gutman never had. He may sound insane but he isn't. He matches what he does, whereas one of the problems of Walter Gutman, one of the things which drove him nuts was that he didn't match what he did. For instance, the name Walter, in the original Teutonic-saxon, meant 'leader of the host.' He took a lot of girls to dinner and he wrote a market letter for several Wall Street firms which people remember because it amused them and it did have some profitable ideas. But that is all the leading of hosts that he did. Probably the respectability of the names Walter and Gutman was an important part of the reason why he became a noted financial character — because he said so many things which weren't respectable but just as the authorities were about to smack him they got confused because he also said so many things that were. In other words, he made money for the firms who employed him — although there were many wagers among the partners that he would drop the stuff that created trouble and stick to investments which he really was at times good at. They didn't realize that he was Hawk Serpent and neither did he. It wasn't until most of his Wall Street career was over that he understood this.

The Hawk came from his wanting to call his second son, if he had one, Hawk. He disliked European names. Hawk is very Indian. I mean American Indian. It has a war whop in it. Not that I am warlike. But we used to read a lot about the Indians when I was young. The comic strips, the movies were full of cowboys and Indians.

When I walked, I walked with my feet straight instead of splayed out at an angle from the heel. That was the difference between Indians and white men according to authorities like Fenimore Cooper and Ernest Seaton Thompson. Although Chicago didn't have either Indians or forests, where I went in the summer there were both. The Indians were, to say the least, peaceful. They earned pittances from the summer visitors by selling sweet grass baskets. But still they were remnants of a dangerous people — a people tamed only recently. Once you tame anything courageous, dangerous and simple minded, you are bound to have a sort of awesome affection for this. We realize we had been very cruel to the Indians. That only made a young boy admire them more. A young person is likely to be sympathetic to anything which has been treated unjustly because he too is battling against an adult world.

Maybe this is why the name attracted me. The Indians loved hawks, as for that matter did the medieval white people — a shrewder group obviously but also romantic. The name serpent, however, had a different origin.

It came one day when I was inside a woman. I can't tell you her name so I will give her a name like Tender Tiger. I first thought of calling her Tiger Lily because her skin had lots of light freckles and she often dyed her hair a soft red so between her skin and her hair and her soft, speckled eyes she is in a way like a tiger lily, or maybe it's more accurate to say like a day lily. Tiger lilies are actually quite rare — they grow rather exclusively and secludedly in the woods but day lilies are hardy. They are redolent and common. They are also as beautiful and refulgent as they are common. T. T. or Tender Tiger was quite common. She reminded me of many women I had seen in Vogue and Harpers Bazaar. I remember the first night she stayed with me — the beauty of her red hair and hard, petulant face, softened by sleep, and her beautiful outstretched body under the sheet in the morning. It was a separate sheet from mine, a separate bed — I didn't sleep with T.T. for quite some years after the first morning, but I was so excited to have such a beautiful woman in my place — it was like the first time I had noticed tiger lilies or daisies — or even many other things — in maple trees — or stone walls — or a grove of red oaks — or the cross on live oaks — it is really such an extraordinary thing to have such beauty so near you.

So when I went out to get some fresh things for breakfast I bought her a beautiful orange sweater with sequins.

T.T. had staid with me that night because she was running away from a boy friend. She loved violence but

peace too. She was as mixed up as I was. The boy friend was very acrobatic — he liked to jump from the floor to the middle of a wall and then somersault back to the floor. I thought he sounded great. T.T. was quite acrobatic too — she was an excellent dancer but without professional persistence, and no one had told her at the time that there was some other place to dance than in some professional milieu. I didn't realize until many years later that she really had the soul of a charming housewife. It would have taken considerable perception to have realized that, considering her facade. And so the years went away. I really wasn't prepared for her when I first met her — she was in a way like my first orchid — I didn't believe she was a real flower. She was in some ways rather dirty — or at least she looked as though the chemical industry had made soot into a very fine film and she had found a way of modifying her color slightly by putting the film on. And she told me about smoking hashish and it frightened me the way it probably still would most people. I was the victim of literature, in other words. Actually I doubt that she ever smoked much — she was not really at all given to dissipation — just to excitement. It was not for some years that I had enough friends who took narcotics of one sort or another to feel that hash was not so startling. If she had not been so exotic to me we might have been in love and a lot of different things might have developed than those which did. But I was exotic to her too. I was an elderly, rich man. She was very suspicious of me for a long while, but she was attracted to me too partly because I was perverse. I was fascinated by strong women. She didn't look remarkable strong — she was just quite large and very beautiful, but she was in fact unusually strong. A dancer's legs one expects to be strong, and she could pick my two hundred pounds up without trouble — but quite a few women can do that. Her arms, though graceful and even wandlike, had immense tensile energy. The strength of women is quite underestimate and in our day only secretly admired. She enjoyed my responding to this secret of hers. It was a surprise she had, and I particularly enjoyed it. Long before we slept together we had erotic play. One time she stood over me and dropped cherries in my mouth. She had a comic spirit. I enjoyed this happy composition of perversity and comedy too, except that after a while I got tired of catching the cherries. Sometimes they would miss a bit and hit my nose or just bounce off my lips onto the floor. The number of cherries you can catch so that you enjoy them is limited.

Finally she decided she wanted to sleep with me. I don't remember that her initial efforts were too exciting. I had gotten used to things the way they were and I didn't adjust too quickly. For one thing her body was not really as extraordinary as her excitement — though I must say that later when she gained weight and also acquired a certain sort of passionate despair because I wasn't willing to be the rich old man who would leave his wife and marry her, she was extraordinarily voluptuous. But she didn't give me my other name until long after that. Then one time when I was inside of her I could see my penis, not as a penis and not as something physiologically inside a woman — I did not fantasize the delicately tinted walls of the uterus or my penis creeping, or pushing up them or between them and finally exuding its sperm into her, into this place locked into the grandeur of her hips — I did not have such an easily built, logical literary fantasy — but suddenly my penis was a serpent — not a coiled serpent, or a hissing one, certainly not a venomous one or a powerful cobra-like one — but a white serpent. Part of its body was raised, and its mute, vague head wavered slowing in the springtime. It is hard to describe a feeling in words — to translate what is intense but tactile into the precision of sight, and it is hard to relate the many meanings of serpent which have something to do with intercourse, with the thought of serpent which I had because serpent means a different thing the way I felt it than it can mean looking at some examples in a snake house. But at any rate, after that I called myself Hawk Serpent.

Virginia Zabriskie once said to me: "Walter, you are so strange. Perhaps the thing that will be remembered most about you is your strangeness. You never belong, you never commit yourself — people use you." This was not news to me, except it never occurred to me that people bothered their heads about me. I know people use me, but then I also use people. I am not so innocent. Maybe my motives are more obscure. Some people really have very obvious motives. In all the details of their lives they never do anything unless there is something in it for them. Not just in big things, but in the tiniest things as well. They won't go to a party unless they are assured that it's going to be fun — they won't take a chance that one minute of their lives may be wasted. It doesn't occur to them that the whole thing is a waste anyway — that they will disappear — really disappear — be forgotten — even if they have done some god things for which it might seem they would be worth remembering — there is just too much to remember. Life is all a matter of passing the time. Life creates time. There are many ways to pass time — tender ways, hard ways, daring ways, foolish ways, bright ways, famous ways, extremely simple ways — like lying on the ground under an old apple tree and watching the clouds go by. They can be so luxurious. The grass can be so luxuriant. The shade of an old pasture where nothing can be heard, to which no one will come, from which the cows have long since gone — and I am thinking of the first beautiful pasture that I know — what is left now are the few stone walls and the apple trees which were planted where there was a gate in the wall. The blossoms still come, the apples still grow and drop — some fall — and the grass is still thick from the manure of the cows which stood shade there and ate the dropped apples.

And then, there are ways to pass the time as I did with Princess Pearl.

EGGO

PUBLISHING by Renfrew Neff

Maurice Girodias, the French publisher credited with having set off the liberation movement against literary censorship was asked to answer the question *Is Sex Dead in Literature?* If Girodias didn't know, who knew? After all, almost three decades have elapsed since he stepped into the role vacated in 1939 by the death of his father, Jack Kahane, owner of the old Obelisk Press in Paris and first publisher of Henry Miller.

The success and subsequent effects of the Girodias—inspired revolution are obvious to anyone who walks past any bookstore in the Times Square area these days—only the quality is lacking, for the Kahane-Girodias axis was one of incredible foresight marked by a strong sense of destiny. In retrospect the Kahane-Girodias assault on censorship appears to have been the highest level of literary strategy; their “generals” were Henry Miller, Genet, Nabokov, Durrell, Kazantzakis, Donleavy, Burroughs, Beckett, and Southern, other “ammunition” was *The Story of O*, *L'Image*, and the works of de Sade. In the '40's and '50's when these writers and books were first published in Paris by Girodias' Olympia Press, they were called “dirty books” by the titilated public and “pornography” by the censors and legal guardians of public morality and private prurience. Looking back over the incidents of court trials, police harassment, and arrests, one gets the impression that in those dimly lit ages the Public read Girodias' books with one hand, while the Censors maintained a certain detached decorum by chain-smoking instead.

But as the enlightened, emancipated, pilled-in '60's race toward the God-help-us '70's, quality literature seems to have exhausted itself trying to keep ahead of life in the exotic realm of Erotica. Its frayed whip has been handed down to cheap paperbacks with lurid covers, its garter belts and high heels have been stolen by the pulp magazines, its voyeurism non-fictionalized and catapulted to the top of best-sellerdom via *Human Sexual Response*. Eaten, beaten, and degraded, serious erotic literature would seem about ready to strap itself into its own shoe and sink into fatigued, apathetic slumber. Maurice Girodias, the Grey Eminence of *haute stroke*, must have an opinion on the state of things today.

Neff—Tell me, Mr. G., is sex dead in literature?

Girodias—No.

N—Would you care to elucidate?

G—I beg your pardon—

N—Sorry —

G—It's stuffy in here.

N—Should I open the window?

G—Yes, thanks. Any more questions?

N—What do you think of pornography these days?

G—Miss Neff, do not pronounce that word in my presence.

Please. What is this interview for, anyway? Pornography?

May I ask what you mean by that?

N—Well, I don't know—dirty books. Dirt for dirt's sake, commercial eroticism. You have to recognize the existence of that notion—what one means by the word pornography.

G—I really hoped we could avoid that boring conversation. What do I call pornography? Unhealthy curiosity, in short. There is no other definition. Obscenity is in the eye of the censor, nowhere else. Let me try to express this as simply as possible—When people are legally forbidden to read books about sex or perversions they become attracted to them simply because they *are* forbidden. This creates an economic activity, open or clandestine, in which obscure gangsters turn themselves into publishers, disabled truck drivers become hack writers, and so on. Pornography becomes a national industry—Just look at the American paperback production. May I have another drink? I drink a lot, you know, but not that donkey piss—

N—Donkey piss?

G—It's so fetid, you know—Anyway, the only solution is to institute total freedom, as the Swedish government did several years ago and the Danish government did recently. When this is done the bottom literally falls out of the market. No one is interested anymore; the scandalous, provocative nature of so-called pornography is completely lost and dirty books stop selling as such. This is such an anciently established truth that I'm a little ashamed of repeating those old remarks. But it is important to proclaim the reader's, as well as the writer's right to total freedom. It is wise, it is logical, it is healthy. It restores some measure of dignity, too, to the democratic system of government—





Collage: by Anita Steckel

MEDICINE

by RICHARD PRESTON

If you're male and you've not had it before, it begins with a slightly warm feeling in your urethra when you take a piss. It heightens your pissing consciousness, just a fraction . . . but it's nothing . . . you don't even think about it.

Next time though, the warm feeling is much more pronounced. You wonder what on earth it can be . . . maybe you drank something? It goes away when you stop though . . . it's just your imagination.

Now, there's definitely something wrong. It was even a little painful. Could it be . . .? Ridiculous . . . you've only been making it with your old lady . . . and the chick in the next block. No whores . . . nothing dirty like that. It couldn't be . . .? Of course not.

Eventually though you have to face up to it. You've got the clap. And it isn't something you've created . . . It's something you caught. And it wasn't from a lavatory seat . . . (said a renowned physician, only one man caught it from a lavatory seat, and he's a liar.)

But where did you catch it? Not from your old lady, she wouldn't be balling anyone else . . . not from the chick in the next block, she wouldn't be balling anyone else either. She's such a nice clean girl . . . your old lady is so clean . . . you're so clean. Except that now you've got a dose. And so probably has your old lady . . . and the other chick. WOW. How could they do it? I mean, like, don't they have any standards . . . making it with some diseased creep that just crawled out of some filthy venereal sewer . . . and passing it onto you. Why, it simply isn't cricket. *One* of those bitches must have passed it onto you . . . but which one? Did she know she had it? Did she do it deliberately? Your paranoia quotient rises 10 points. You consider yourself blameless . . . a victim

coated artery.
T. MICHAEL REWAK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
Nilsson's photographs are incredible!
I was awed by such an eye-opening experience.
JOANNE DELIA
Chicago, Ill.

I would fly standing on my head if it meant avoiding surface travel by car, train or bus.

PAM LAMBERT
Iowa City, Iowa
FRANK STELLA
Sirs:
Your article on Artist Frank Stella ("A New Cut in Art," Jan. 19) is a fas-

. . . but you may have passed it onto one of them . . . Oh, God! You've got to fess up though, and wow, is your old lady furious . . . fancy suggesting that . . . And so is the other chick. But everyone is very anxious to visit the doctor.

After the initial shock and the penicillin starts doing its job, tongues become a little looser. Some people it seems have been getting a little extra on the side . . . tut, tut . . . and I thought you really loved me . . . Everyone suddenly discovers a mania to track this thing to its source . . . telephones calls are made and those who answer are saying "Oh, God, no . . .", just like you did. And the beat goes on . . .

* * *

According to the N.Y.C. Dept. of Health, the statistics on Gonorrhoea are steadily increasing. In 1957 there were 11,479 REPORTED cases. However, please note that the Health Dept. estimates that only 10% of cases are reported. Therefore the revised statistics for 1957 should read 114,790.

Based on this estimate, the figure for 1966 is 312,340. On N.Y.C.'s population of 8 million, including children at the breast and old folk in infirmaries, the mathematical chance of you, dear reader, contracting this disease is 3 in 10.

However, Dr. Eric Gordon of the N.Y.C. Dept. says that many people, particularly homosexuals, contract the disease many times during the course of a year . . . some as many as ten times. This would of course reduce the statistics. But by how much?

Also, one should remember that it is mainly those over 15 and under 45 that are most likely to become actual statistics, and this would considerably reduce the overall population figure. So, the figure of 3 out of 10 may be quite reasonable after all.

It would seem to me that Gonorrhoea is approaching epidemic proportions.

The Health Dept. does not seem to be too worried though as they say that men will report for treatment within 7 days after contact owing to the intense pain. With women, however, the situation is slightly more complex because it sometimes takes longer before the disease makes its presence felt. Particularly since the woman's thing always seems to be having some sort of discharge or other.

However, the Dept. of Health is not too worried. According to them the problem would solve itself - if only people would stop being promiscuous. Their solution is moral, not medical. If you'd just stop balling someone else besides your old lady and/or old man, you could solve it yourself. Of course they would probably be happier if you took a vow of chastity, but . . .

Moreover, and as if to prove his point on the promiscuity issue, Dr. Gordon pointed out that the incidence of Gonorrhoea for the "hippy" area of N.Y. (the lower east side) are double that for the rest of the city. It is not particularly important that hippies are probably less than 10% of this population.

Curiously enough though, the increase in cases of gonorrhoea parallels the decline in funds for preventative propaganda.

The cure is simple. A couple of shots of penicillin will do it. Admittedly you can't fuck for a week, but in general the disease is far less debilitating than asian flu. What then is the problem? Why does it continue to increase?

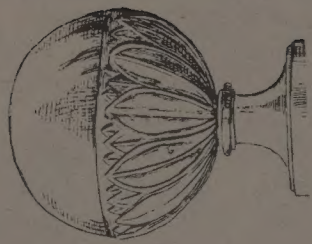
The answer is simple. Guilt, ignorance and fear, most of which could easily be overcome with an intelligent and widespread propaganda campaign . . . and with a majority of the effort directed toward women. But it has to be a good campaign and maybe an expensive one and they have to stop using promiscuity as the number one cause for the increase. We are living in an age of greater sexual freedom and its glory should not be clouded by any erroneous issues of guilt. People must be taught (from high school and up) that it is not serious . . . that it carries no disgrace . . . and that they must tell their sexual connections IMMEDIATELY they suspect that something is wrong. The promiscuity issue only leads to sexual guilt . . . to thoughts about the wages of sin . . . proof positive that sex is dirty . . . that mother was right . . . that at last you've got your just desserts. That the person you caught it from is a filthy beast. And the one you gave it to? Oh, dear . . . she has to be told. But why does it have to be you who tells her? You know she'll misunderstand and that she'll think you're a filthy beast too. So you put it off until tomorrow when maybe you'll feel a little better . . . a little bit braver . . . perhaps . . .

ADDENDA

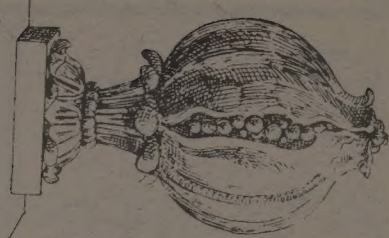
Since I finished this article the N. Y. Times has published a Dept. of Health report showing that Gonorrhoea was on the decline in 1967. However, they quote figures for only reported cases which, as I said before, are an estimated 10% of the actual cases, and they have revised their statistics for 1966. Looks like a white-wash job to me.



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MONDAY
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CHARLIE MINGUS
AND OTHERS

ADMISSION
\$7.00

12

LIBERATION ARMY

OR 4-2350

ANDERSON THEATRE
65 2ND AVE.

8:00 PM

POOR PARANOIDS ALMANAC

by Allan Katzman



WE PROPOSE A CULTURE EXCHANGE: (garbage for garbage)

America turns the world into garbage
It turns its ghettos into garbage
It turns Vietnam into garbage

In the name of universal principles (democracy,
human rights)
In the name of the fatherland (Collie dogs, New
England churches)
In the name of man in the name of art
in the name of money

America takes
all that is edible, exchangeable, investable,
and leaves the rest

The world is our garbage. We shall not want.
We lie down in green pastures. The rest lie
down in garbage

And we play as we make our garbage
Beethoven Bach Mozart Shakespeare
to cover the sound of our garbage making

And we exclude the garbage from our palaces
of culture
And we will not allow it to marry our daughter
And we will not negotiate with it or let it take
our ships.

But we are faced with a revolt of the garbage

A cultural revolution
garbage fertilizes
discovers itself

And we of the lower East Side have decided
to bring this cultural revolution to Lincoln
Center — in bags
Is not Lincoln Center where it belongs?

Assemble to
collect garbage 5 p.m. February 12 at
(9th Street
between C and D)

Then march to Lincoln Center

Be at Lincoln Center by 8:30 p.m.
for the garbage planting ceremony

Up against the Wall Mother*Fucker
and into the trashcan

A Valentine - Brotherhood - Gospel Caravan
will make its way into Hippieland on Wednes-
day, February 14th, for a Sing-In at Beha
Junior High School 60 on East 12th Street
between 1st Avenue and Avenue "A."

Making their second appearance by popular
demand will be recording artists
"The Mellowtones" and the exciting
"Converters"

The show is sponsored by the avant garde
Parents and the admission is free.
Refreshments will be sold.
Starting time is 8 p.m.

Sandy & Caroline Paton, folksingers will pre-
sent a program of American Folkmusic, Friday
Night February 9 at 8 p.m. at the Loeb Stu-
dent Center of NYU at West 4 street & West
Broadway.

This concert is part of the monthly series
of programs which is co-sponsored by the Loeb
Student Center Program Board and Pinewoods
Cdss Folkmusic club.

Following the concert there will be a song-
swap in which audience members are invited
to play and sing.

Admission to the concert is 75c. This includes
refreshment.

There are one hundred and ninety-three living species
of monkeys and apes. One hundred and ninety-two of
them are covered with hair. The exception is a naked
ape self-named *Homo sapiens*. This unusual and highly
successful species spends a great deal of time examining
his higher motives and an equal amount of time ignoring
his fundamental ones. He is proud that he has the big-
gest brain of all the primates, but attempts to conceal
the fact that he also has the biggest penis, preferring to
accord this honour falsely to the mighty gorilla.

From "The Naked Ape"
by Desmond Morris

And so there we were, scurrying around like a bunch
of naked apes on Wednesday night, January 31st, doing
our weekly routine of putting out the next edition of
the "East Village Other." Nothing New! Just a bunch
of kids having fun, suddenly caught up in the process
of "making a living."

It was the 53rd edition of the newspaper and we were
the 193rd of our kind "doing our thing," wanting "to
know" just like our namesakes. We were even thankful
to our parents for giving us the chance of managing to
keep the human race alive up until now so that we could
get our turn to look around and see what it was all
about.

For us, it was just a little matter of getting on with
the job. We were printing the newspaper on a weekly
basis, for an audience who we felt were absolutely nor-
mal, (160,000 of them, if you figure there are four
people who read the paper for every one person who
bought it). But we also realized that there were others,
some of them "sickies," who did buy it but most of
those we were sure were the ones who were in power in
this country. For us, it was not a matter of being "ob-
scene", it was just a matter of telling the majority of our
readers what they already knew.

And so, like I said before, there we were and sud-
denly there was the District Attorney of Brooklyn,
Aaron Koota.

It all happened Friday, February 2nd. We were sit-
ting around the office with nothing to do, our second
day of rest, after having just put the paper "to bed."
This was our usual routine for Friday, since it was the
day the newspaper "hit the newsstands." The phone
rang (not an unusual occurrence) and we expected it to
be one of our "faithful" readers, to tell us: "Wow! That
was a great front page you had. You really gave it to
Johnson!" or "That article on 'Sex in Siberia' was too
much!" or "You mean to say that 4 out of 5 people in
this country are really afraid of the moon?" or "Man!
Did you ever read 'your' newspaper stoned!" or the
once-a-week usual standby, "You fuckin' dirty commie
perverts!"

But this day was different, on this day it was the
N. Y. Post calling, one of our "faithful" newspapers
(You know one of the HARTY HARH and KEEP UP
THE GOOD WORK types)

"Did you hear?"

"What?"

"You got busted in Brooklyn."

"Why? Who?"

"Detectives from the Brooklyn D.A. seized 1000 co-
pies of your newspapers and charged the newsstand
dealer, James Burns, at the Brooklyn Municipal Bldg.,
where, by the way, the D.A.'s office is located, and
Michael Acerno, your deliverer, with 'Possession of
obscene material'."

"What obscene?"

"Assistant District Attorney Elliott Golden said that
your current issue depicted 'an act of sodomy.'"

There was silence for a minute and then a scurrying
of feet as we all ran to pick up the newspaper, and start-
ed looking through it page by page.

"What sodomy?", I exclaimed in a puzzled vice.

"Yeah! I don't remember any illustration in the pa-
per of a guy ramming a girl up the ass", trebled Zed
Fenster, our eighteen year old from the art department
who because of his age was a little unsure of himself.

"Sodomy doesn't just have to be that", lectured Pete
Legerri, our twenty five year old editor and legal ex-
pert, "By legal definition it could mean any sexual act
which is considered illegal by definition and statute."

"OH!", we all exclaimed.

"Well here's a picture of a girl completely nude with
her 'tits' and 'pussy' showing," suggested Alan Asnen,
our sixteen year old all around genius and researcher."

"Asnen . . ." I shot back ". . . when are you going
to learn to use the words 'breasts and vagina'."

"Oh Wow, Katzman, your just as stupid as WE
(meaning young people) are!"



pp's

"That's right! And don't forget, it's what YOUR rebellion is all about."

SCORE TWO POINTS FOR DADDY IMAGE

"Hey! Here's something in your column, Al," piped up Barbara, our secretary.

I looked down. She was pointing to a picture of a pen drawing of dwarf-like pirates walking on the body of a naked giant newly slain, and sticking their knives and swords into his obviously erected penis.

"Oh no, that's socially redeeming," I confidently confided, "It's a comment on the article above it, the one I wrote about the high-jacking of the S.S. Pueblo. The pirates represented North Koreans, the giant was Uncle Sam. It was a graphic comment of how uptight the majority of Americans were about the incident."

"Boy, Katzman!," piped up Asnen, this time with revenge dripping from his eyes, "You sure go out of your way to explain something as obvious as a prick."

"Yeah!," I shouted back, a little anger breaking through my voice, "I do take the long way around but in the end it's the same orgasm."

Asnen's face fell, his sixteen year old body slumping into the position of old age. At this rate it looked like he would never grow up to be a well adjusted kid.

"Here it is," our other 23 year old secretary Melissa eagerly chimed in. "It's in Spain's cartoon, 'Brink of Doom Comix'."

We looked down at the top of page 17, the third panel from the left. There before our eyes was the evidence, the crime of the week; the drawing of a naked woman known to our readers as Miss Kathy Nesbitt, upper class debutante, in a vertical oblique position, all bound up, with the words 'UNH!' penned to her mouth, staring up at us; while Big Don Pernel, an all around good joe with his all-american james bond 007 attitude to the world, on his knees and his head deftly buried between the legs and in the crotch of America's idea of Miss Pauline Purity, with the words SLURGIL, SHLASH, SLURP, emanating from the back of his head.

"Oh Man!," our eminent cartoonist and fellow criminal in question, Spain (Emanuel) Rodriguez spoke up, "He's only praying!"

"Definitely," Peter Leggeirri ordered, "AND REMEMBER THAT—'Lest We Forget'."

The telephone again disturbed our routine. This time it was the N. Y. Times calling up to get a quote from us about the bust.

"Oh!" I said, "I hope the D.A.'s enjoy reading it. Personally I think it was stupid of them. This kind of action will only get us publicity and friends. Besides if he wanted to punish us why didn't he come to our office and spank us. Now as it turns out we're going to have to go over to his office and spank him."

For a moment there was laughter at the other end of the wire. "Well," I happily thought to myself, "even the N. Y. Times has a sense of humor. Maybe there's hope."

I hung up the phone and we all started getting busy locating our lawyer and getting our newsstand dealer and deliverer out of jail. At about 8 p.m., I left the office and went home. But instead of watching my daily diet of television, I picked up Desmond Morris's new book "The Naked Ape" and began to read:

THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE LIVING SPECIES OF MONKEYS AND APES. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO OF THEM ARE COVERED WITH HAIR. THE EXCEPTION IS A NAKED APE SELF NAMED HOMO SAPIENS.

"Knowing-Man," I thought, "was surrounded by so many others, a planet of apes, or was it the other way around. Maybe there was a new species, now just recently discovered, the 194th, 'Known-Man,' or maybe District Attorney Koota of Brooklyn was really a chimpanzee or a gorilla, the one hundred and ninety-first or second."

It certainly was something to think about.

The following are interesting press releases I received and present for my readers edification:

Dr. Sheridan Speeth, inventor of autotelic toys and environment, had an interesting run-in with our glorious government when he was working for Bell Laboratories a few years back.

At that time there was a great concern over how a United Nations commission could police and control nuclear blasts underneath the earth's crust. There was no way of telling from seismograph readings the difference between an earthquake and an underground nuclear explosion.

Speeth had devised a method whereby speeding up the seismograph reading he could teach anyone to differentiate between the sound of an earthquake and the sound of a man-made blast.

The experiment was immediately shelved as classified and Dr. Speeth was relieved of his duties at Bell.

* * * * *

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL

WEDNESDAY, 24 JANUARY 1968

Twenty-second session

United Nations Office at Geneva

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL

610th MEETING

Questions relating to the control of psychotropic substances not under international control (barbiturates, tranquilizers, amphetamines, etc.) (7)

The Commission took note of document E/CN.7/509 and adopted unanimously the draft resolution (E/CN.7/L.300) proposed by the Working Group urging Governments (a) to prohibit all use of LSD and similar hallucinogenic substances except in medical or scientific institutions directly under the control of the Government or specifically designated by it; (b) to restrict the use of such substances to approved medical or scientific purposes; (c) to prohibit all import and export of such substances except between Governments or between authorities or organizations specifically approved by Governments for such import and export; and (d) to consider appropriate measures to prevent the use of lysergic acid and other possible intermediate substances for the illicit manufacture of LSD or similar hallucinogenic substances.

Statements were made by the representatives of Yugoslavia, the USSR and France, by the Chairman and by the representative of WHO.

The Commission adopted unanimously a draft resolution (E/CN.7/L.301) on national legislative measures for the control of psychotropic substances not under international control, submitted by Canada, France, Ghana, India, Japan, Meico, the USSR, the United Kingdom and the United States.

Statements were made by the representatives of Mexico, the United States, the USSR, France, Hungary, Morocco and the United Kingdom, as well as by the representative of the Secretary-General and by the representative of WHO.

Statements in explanation of vote were made by the representatives of the Federal Republic of Germany and of the Republic of Korea.

Statements on the relation of road accidents to the abuse of psychotropic drugs were made by the representatives of France, the United States, the USSR and the United Kingdom, and by the representative of WHO. The Commission decided that the matter would be considered at its twenty-third session.

The Commission concluded its consideration of the item.

Abuse of drugs (drugs addiction), in particular its economic and social aspects. (5)

The Commission proceeded to discuss a draft resolution on the abuse of cannabis (E CN.7 L.299) submitted jointly by Canada, France, Ghana, Jamaica, Japan, Mexico, the United Arab Republic and the United States. Statements were made by the Chairman, by the representative of WHO and by the representatives of the United States, the United Kingdom, the USSR, the Federal Republic of Germany, Yugoslavia, France and Morocco.

The Monterey Pops Festival which was so successful at Monterey last year has never accounted for the \$210,000 they made off it.

Everytime the officials are approached about it they evade the issue. I think in the public's interest they should make their records available for public viewing.

The United States Students Press Association recently had a taste of YIPPIES at their recent meeting in Washington D.C.

When they sat down in their auditorium to view pictures of the Vietnam war a man announced over the P.A. system that he was Captain Smith from the Washington Police Department and that everyone was under arrest for showing contraband films. Needless to say pandemonium reigned until the college kids figured out it was just a hoax perpetrated by the Youth International Festival and Theater.

The week of meetings climaxed with a confrontation between Eugene McCarthy, Presidential Nominee and Jerry Rubin, revolutionary and peace freak.

Rubin ran up on the stage while McCarthy was giving his professorial spiel and showed him the headlines of the N. Y. Post which read "Viet Cong free 2000 prisoners from Saigon Jail." Rubin kept it up by stating how great he thought it was and didn't McCarthy agree. People from the audience yelled strange things like "Free Peanut Butter! We want Peanut Butter." Then

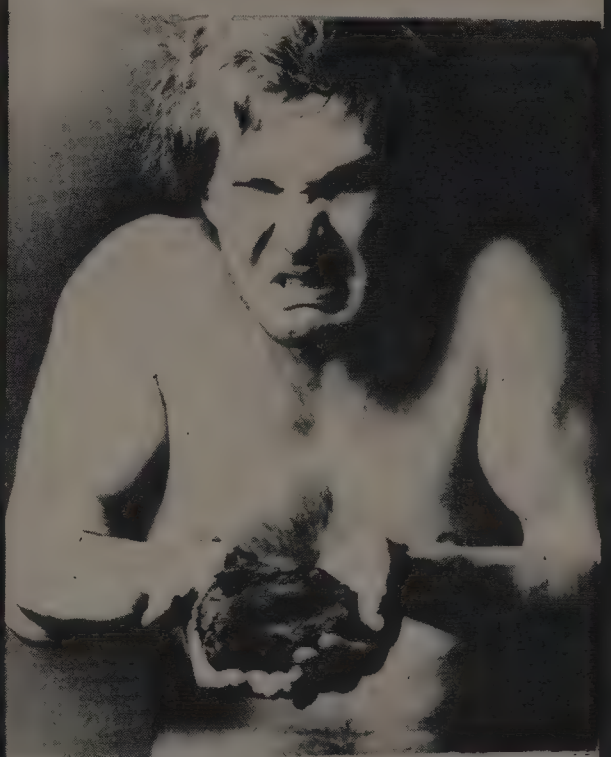
someone brought up a coffin onto the stage filled with "McCarthy For President" buttons and dumped the contents onto the floor. At that point McCarthy split. The Yippies had made their point.

* * * * *

The Avatar in Boston has been busted again. This time they arrested nine people for disturbing the peace to anything they could make up. In the fine words of the avatar, "Fuck those Motherfuckers!"

A new magazine out called NEUK, Dutch for you know what, can be purchased for 25c from B. Reis, Box 454, Forest Hills, N. Y.

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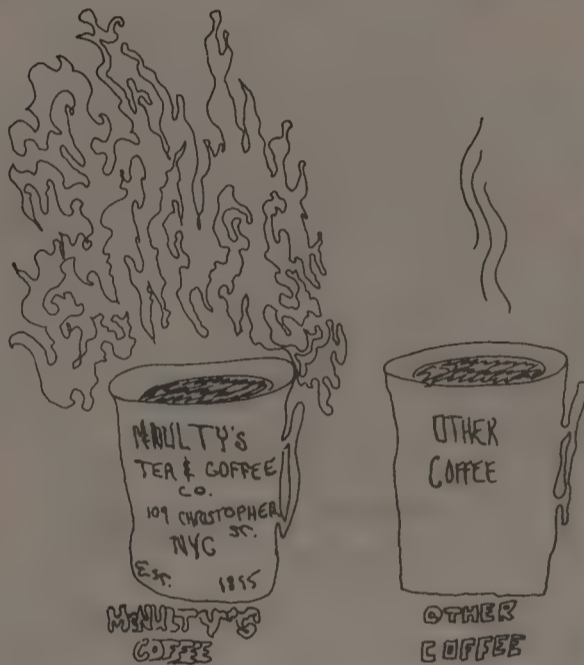
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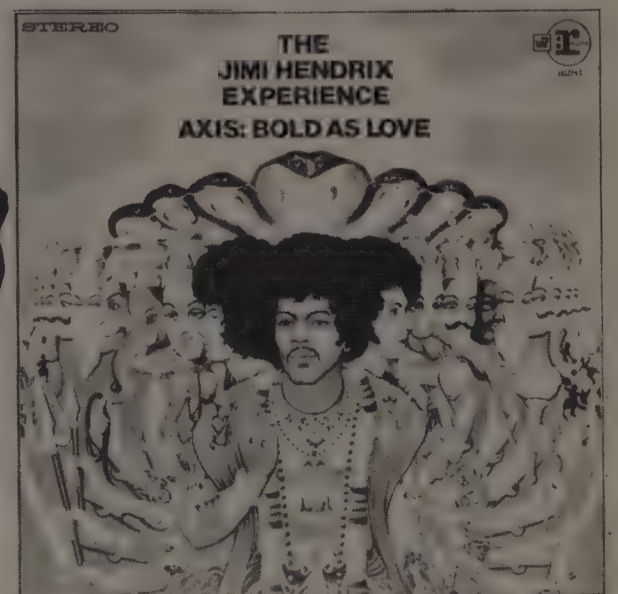
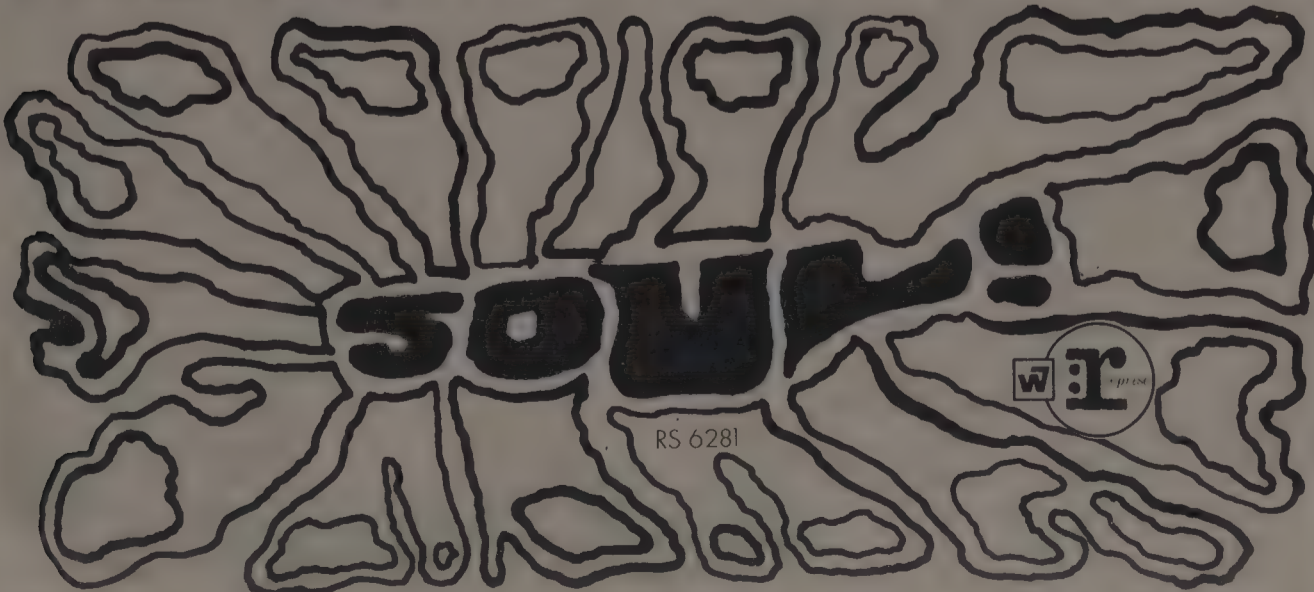
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OH?

IT'S ALL EXTREMELY COMPLEX... SO MANY FACTORS ARE INVOLVED... I COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO EXPLAIN IT...

I'LL BET!

BUT! BUT?

I BELIEVE I AM FINALLY AT LAST GETTING CLOSE TO THE REAL HEART OF THE PROBLEM!

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AH YER NUTS!

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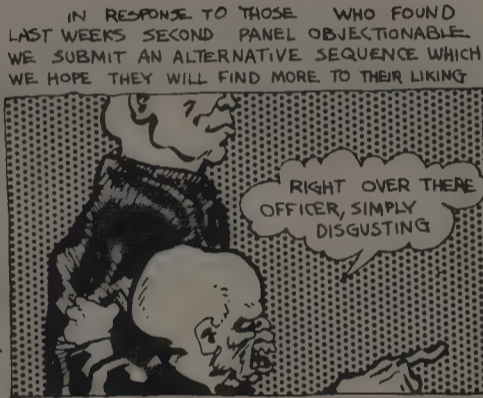
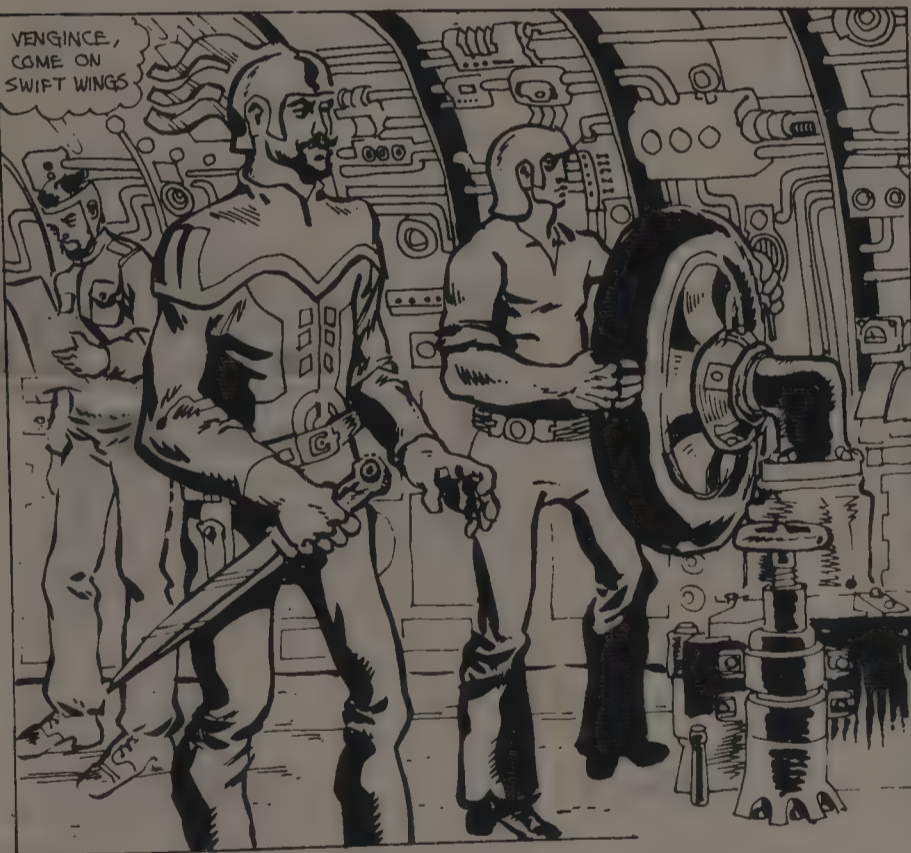
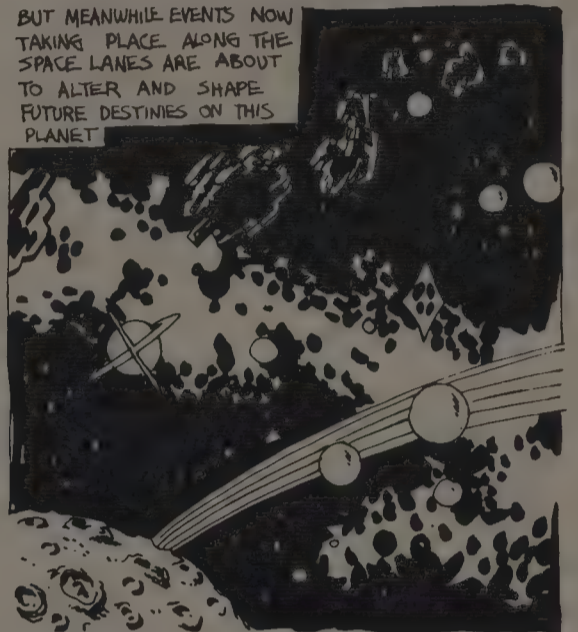
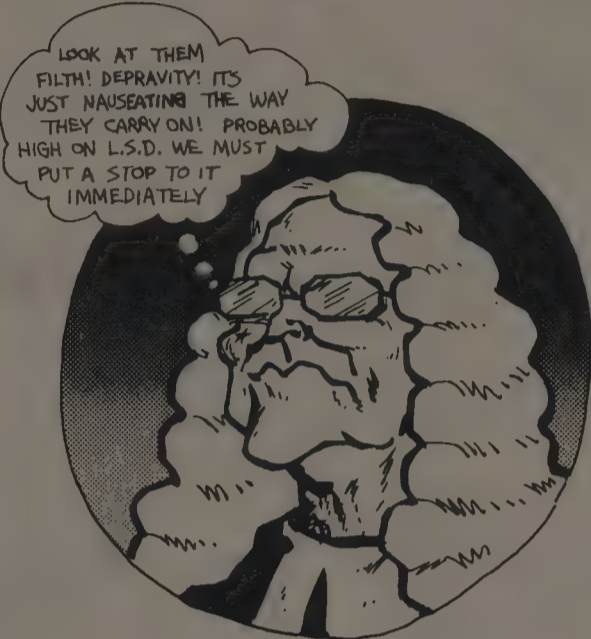
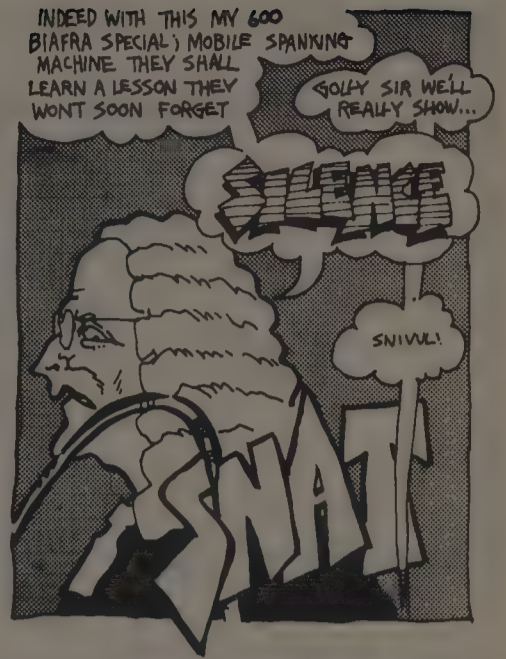
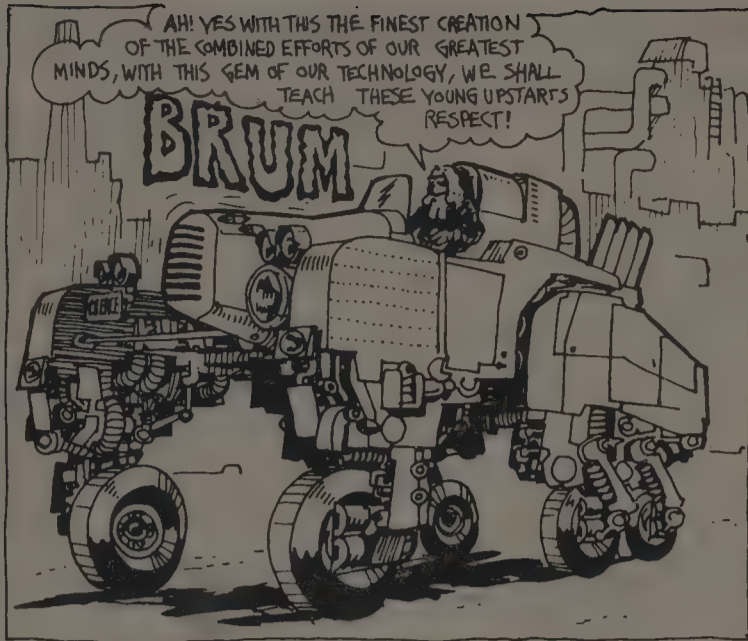
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SADIST

Continued from Page 6

But first I have to clear this up about the demise of the three or four intimacies. The stock market, for instance, after the big crash of 1929 and the little crash of 1937 became a very intimate place. It never got on the front pages any more — the volume was often less than a million shares a day — in other words, about a twentieth of what it often is now — the board rooms were empty and comfortable and there was no renown in being stock broker — it wasn't even a humble type of occupation like being a carpenter — it was just something that nobody was interested in. Why was it? Well, why bother with that story. As for art — it had a higher social rating but as for something that occupied people's minds — it just didn't. People who went to the museums were about

as numerous as people who worried about the American Indian or the old Scottish game of curling. As for masochism — that is the story of Pearl; and as for my being a nut — I was, as far as I know, the only non-sensible person in those days. There were plenty of psychos and neurotics, but that is not what I am talking about. I was non-sensible. Psychoses and neuroses are deviations from the rational. They represent rather standard deviations. I was neurotic too; and still am. I have lots of standard neurotic traits but what I'm talking about is another quality. Call it non-sensible. In other words, I was overrational. What is generally included in the conception of the rational is doing what you are supposed to do. I did all of that too — but I had a tendency to do what I wanted to do without asking people's permission. This sounds rather sensible and I had better not try to analyze the peculiar reputation I had with myself and others too far.

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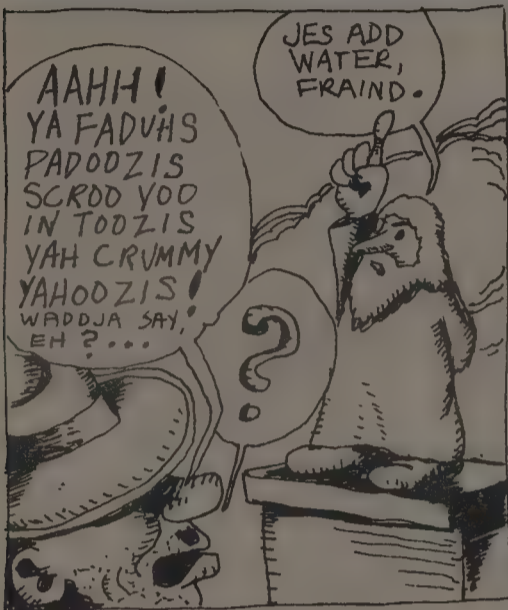
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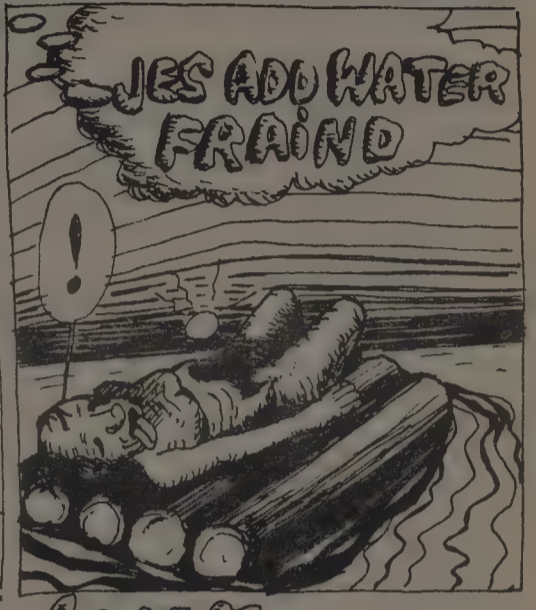
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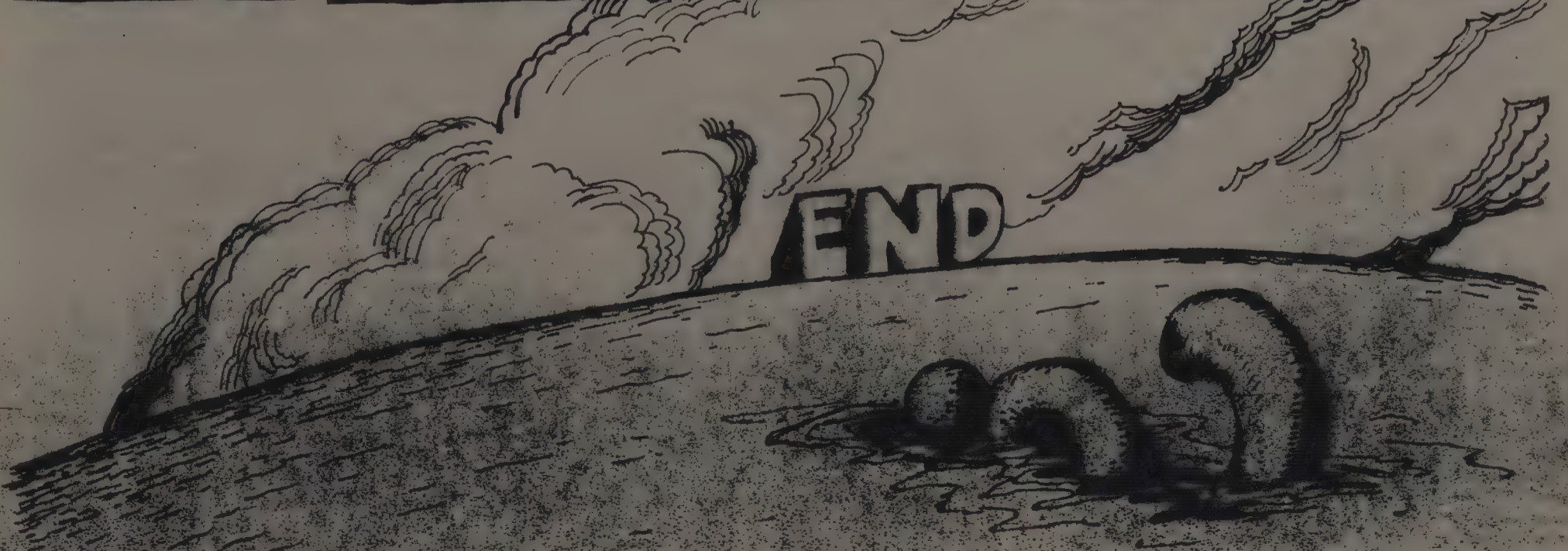
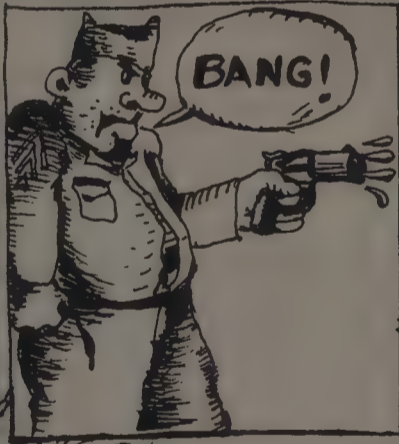
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three



four



PUB

Continued from Page 7

an adult-citizen is no longer treated as an irresponsible onanist. The Danes and Swedes have set the example, the British at first showed a lot of intellectual courage, but now they are retreating under pressure from ultra-conservative elements in that country, and the French—My God, the French. They have regressed dismally in the other direction and for reasons that are clearly and exclusively of a political nature. French censorship today is probably more exacting, meticulous—and insane—than, say, in Russia or Portugal.

N—What do you think will happen in America?

G—What has been accomplished here in the past ten years is truly immense, a moral and mental liberation of extraordinary proportions. Fear, frustration, puritanical ignorance, sexual and intellectual jealousy—all those bad habits have nearly been disposed of—nearly, but not quite. There is still an awful temptation to blur the issues and restore the old, conventional view. It would be a disaster if this country and its institutions were to revert back to the influence of uneducated blackmailers and senile educators.

N—What about piracy? Why have your books been pirated in this country so often and so easily?

G—That's a bad scene, I must say, but the explanation is very simple. The American copyright system is one of the most incoherent and unpractical pieces of legislation ever enacted. When an American author is first published abroad, he loses his right to an American copyright forever, unless his book is reprinted in the United States within five years. When most of those books were published in Paris, France was not yet a member of the Universal Copyright Convention which defines these regulations, but what is more important, in those days most of my books were absolutely unpublisheable in America.—Most of the novels in question were not reprinted in the States within five years simply because it was impossible. Consequently, those books—and Henry Miller's are a good example—were copied, stolen, and pirated by a bunch of cheap operators, particularly on the West coast where a San Diego firm called Greenleaf simply copied them without paying a cent of royalties to the writers, who in turn were not entitled to protection of their and artistic rights under the American judicial system. In the case of *Candy*, several pirates copied the book and sold more than eight million copies of it without paying a cent of royalties to the authors—who happen to be American citizens.

N—Tell me one thing, why didn't you come to the States ten years ago, even five years ago? Why did you wait until now to start publishing in New York?

G—The answer is a bit complicated, but there is no doubt that if I had been present in New York, and active, all of these problems might have been prevented. I should have been the first one in America to publish the authors I discovered in Europe, but with the publication of *Lolita* by Putnam in 1959, the censorship barriers here began to dissolve, and it took only four or five years after that to make all my authors acceptable in the States. But I can assure you that five or ten years ago it was not easy to edge your place into the professional circle in this country. They are mighty jealous, those publishers. Those who made a fortune by stealing my books were anxious to keep me out of the way, and the others, the straight ones like Grove, for example, were full of nice words and compliments, but they were uneasy—I had found more great books by American writers in less than ten years than they had found in three generations, and I was nothing but a fucking Frenchman.

N—And now after three years in New York you have succeeded in turning yourself into an American publisher. What happened?

G—You know, trial and error; then finally success. I am fantastically obstinate, you see. It is both a terrible fault of character at times, but also a very good quality at other times. What can I say? I managed because I knew this third publishing venture would be the real thing. I am completely fascinated by what's happening. I know once again I am fantastically lucky after that last crazy dark period in Paris. One thing I know is that it will take me less than a year to set up a substantial publishing venture here in New York.

N—Another drink?

G—Yes, of course, Miss Neff. You know, sex is not dead in literature, but it has been buried.

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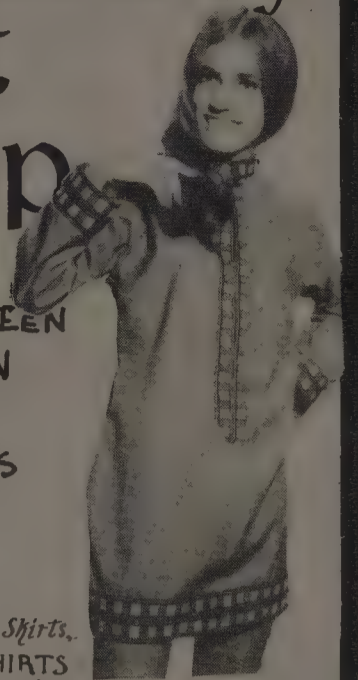
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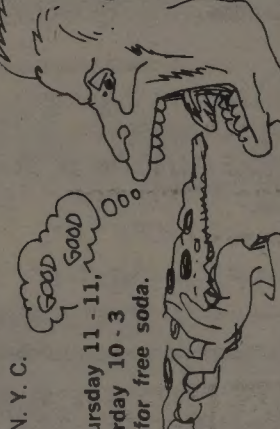


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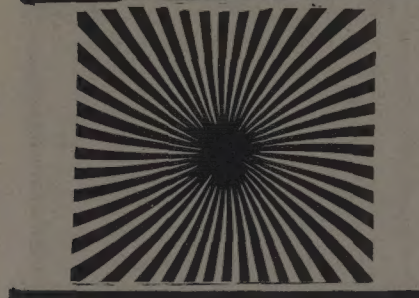
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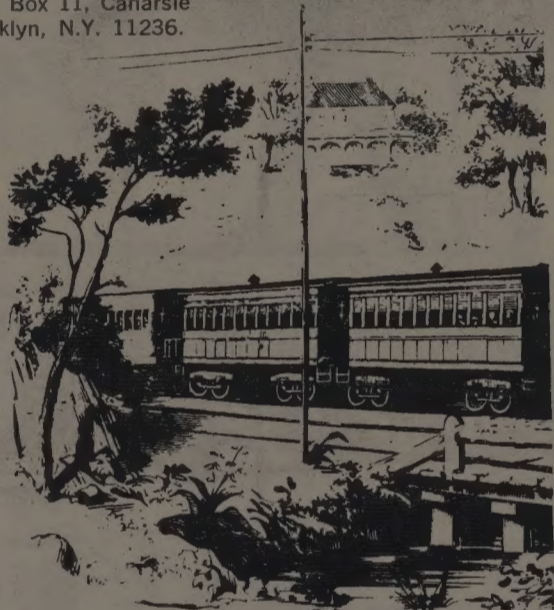
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HEH, all you beautiful, educated and sophisticated women and man, the BLACK BOOK exists to enliven your scene. The BLACK BOOK puts new people into your life. Get listed and get the next issue, both for \$1.00 (NO names, NO addresses published.) SUITE 503-E, 160 W. 46 St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036.

FOR Swingers, it's CLUB JOY! Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated Guys, Gals, Dolls looking for swinging contacts. Just send \$1.00. Gals free. ROYAL - Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.



Subscribe to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals — for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions — plus newsworthy articles on allied subjects. 52 Thrilling Issues: \$8.00 cash or M.O. — JUSTICE, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231. SAMPLE COPY \$1.00.

"SIZZLING ADULT TABLOID" New-Bold, Daring! Broadminded. News, Personals, Sources Hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231

ADVT.

Solve your life problems spiritually. Contact us and experience wonders of Ancient Mysteries of the highest supremacy. The world renowned African Science on Occult Accessories, Amulets, Kavachas Seals, etc. Just the best for your problems - Satisfaction guaranteed. Free Catalogues. Apply: Dr. Williams, Wisdom Bookshop, Box 294, Yaba, Nigeria.

A GIFT FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES "The Founding Pig" by Aymon de Roussy Desales. Send name, address and \$1.75 (25c add. outside N.Y.C.) to France Dist. P.O. Box 556 Cooper Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10003 allow ten days for delivery.

CAN WE GET YOU LAID? No, you'll have to do that. We can sell you "The Swinging Set." 24 pages containing 200 personal ads, candid photos and offers. \$1.00. Lillian Marsh, Box 1125, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

SUNYATA might be called a Buddhist magazine of poetry; IN STILL is composed of 16 picture poems by Paul Repts; GENTLE ANGER is a book of nearly twenty poems by Tyndale Martin. Each publication can be obtained for 1 dollar, postpaid, from SUNYATA magazine, P.O. Box 1012, Montreal 3, Quebec, Canada, or at local bookstores.

ANNOUCEMENTS

PORNOGRAPHY or high art? The art nouveau Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents two lurid plays by Charles Ludlam: "When Queens Collide" - Fridays at midnight. "Big Hotel" - Saturdays at midnight. Tambellini's Gate Theater, 2nd Ave. and 10th. Admission \$2. No photographs may be taken during performances.

WOULD you like to watch Big Brother? Come to the Anderson Theatre Feb. 17th.

NEEDED: Ride to San Francisco. Will Share expenses and driving. Leave around Feb. 10. Call Ruth, 263-8970, after 6, keep trying.

and

PHOTOGRAPHER seeks couples with young children, beautiful girls with interesting jobs or hobbies and beautiful female hippies. Magazine stories. Strictly legitimate. Call Molnar 691-4544 eves. or LO 4-3250 to leave number.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs Chinese, Japanese, or Eurasian girls for Book, \$20.00 per session, some nude work required Call 254-5202 from 2-8 p.m.

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

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

NEW PHOTOGRAPHY studio opening. Needs children (male) and young men models, age 13-21. Call Jerry, day or nite, GR 5-4787.

GIRL SINGER wants to join or form Rock Group. Call Dyan, bet. 8-10 p.m., 854-4184.

TV PRODUCER can use three husky negro males in forthcoming production. Late teens or early 20's - no experience necessary. Call 269-3652, daytime only.

GIRLS-NUDE modeling, magazine photography \$30 - \$50, phone for appointment. Lee at Studio "A", Thurs., Fri., Sat. 1 to 9 p.m. 279-6452. 68 W. 39th N.Y.C.

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.

BUY @ SELL

THE NAKED MALE. The newest, grooviest studio offers photos, color slides and movies of handsome young nude males. Free Selector Catalogs. E.S.P. Dept. 842-A, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

ADD THAT ZING, ZAP, AND ZONK TO YOUR PRIZED POSTERS WITH FRAME-UP INC., 34-21 56th St., Woodside, N.Y. 11377.

"CLUB POM-POM" - Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communicate \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

IMPROVE your outlook. Send 25c today for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., N. Y. C. 10003.

WANTED: Advertisers for THE NEWS PROJECT an underground newspaper circulation 15,000. No experience necessary. Phone 445-7500 ext. 406 or BO-8-4251 for details. WE NEED BREAD.

ANCIENT Japanese - Swiss bird warbler - imitate birds - a real thing - crack your brain - post paid anywhere 25c to Egregie-sis Egil, 3212 4th St. S. E. Minneapolis, Minn. 55414.

FILM MAKERS - WE WILL VIEW YOUR 16 OR 35-MM FILMS WITH OR WITHOUT SOUND FOR POSSIBLE NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION. CALL FOR APPT. (M - F) 10 - 3 P.M. Mr. Eggart 674-6480.

IMPROVE YOUR IQ as much as 30 points in a few hrs. with these simple tricks and exercises based on actual tests. Amazing results. Satisfaction guaranteed \$2. Madison, Grand Central Station, Box 2296-E, N.Y.C. 10017.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL includes complete instructions for building Strobes, Color Organs, Light Machines, etc. Send \$2 to Lightworks, 409 East 6th St., N.Y.C. 10009.

SNOOPY FOR PRESIDENT, LUCY FOR FIRST LADY. Buy these and 10 other Peanuts-Buttons. Inquire, call or write - Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N. Y. C., Tel. 581-4199.

CADILLAC 1951 Hearse - This magnificent vehicle is in absolutely showroom condition, with only 19,100 original miles, \$495. 201-228-1986.

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, drawings to: Carlton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pa.

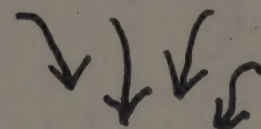
TITS AND ASS 8MM COLOR FLICKS OF O/O SIGHT LOVELY NAKED GIRLS ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE 25c. LOTUS, BOX 323 TIMES SQ. STA., N. Y., N. Y. 36.

BLOW your mind, baby! For our fantastic free lists (wholesale and retail) of UNDERGROUND BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS and other goodies, write: Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. Then FREAK OUT!

BUTTONS, Posters, Psychedelia. World's largest button wholesaler. Hundreds of titles on psychedelia, sex freedom, and peace themes. 5/\$1; 12/\$2 250/\$20, 1000/\$75. Free picture poster catalogue. Also: bell, Zodiac pendants, dow-glo bells, Zodiac pendants, day-glo paint rits, etc. Underground Uulift Unlimited, 28 Saint Marks Pl., N.Y.C. 10003.

IF YOU'RE sick and tired of reading classified ads, turn to page 5 and read some unclassified.

CASH PAID. Two upright pianos wanted. Sutter's Golden Nugget, Elizabeth, New Jersey, 201-355-9602.



AD RATES are Personal Ads \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads, \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c a word thereafter. A telephone number must accompany.

deal

SPECIAL SERVICES

MOBY GRAPE & PROCOL HARUM invite you to their performances Sat. & Sund. at the Anderson Theatre, 2nd Ave. & 8th Street. See Page 5.

DATE has been matching New Yorkers for over two years; accurately and quickly. Join the fun - send for the free DATE questionnaire today. DATE, Box 587, Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C. 10009.

CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch with anyone for any purpose business or pleasure. Send for free information and application forms. CONTACT unLTD. 150 Broadway, N.Y.C. 100038.

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

LIGHT moving. 24 hour service, wagon plus one man \$6.00, two men \$9.00. 388-1954 or 966-1400

CELESTE. Astrology. All Phases. PREDICTIONS and FORECASTS Also teaching. CELESTE, 362-7637.



PHOTOGRAPH or paint a beautiful young couple posing nude together . . . or she alone. Body paint optional. Serious amateurs / professionals welcome. — Private sessions arranged: Unique Model Service, BE 3-5949.

ETERNAL LIFE? Lay Metaphysicians; Nature Philosophers, Other Seeks EXISTANCE has an ALTERNATIVE other than DEATH. Presentation Programs Sunday evening, February 11, 18, 25, 8:30 for the address, call AU 6-7225 after 7 p.m. or 982-6282 any time.

PHIL MORRIS Vanguard of Pop Music. Tues.-Sat. 2 a.m.-3 a.m. WHBI - 105.9 FM.

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

SWING with BUNNY CLUB. Send for club bulletin listing descriptions and desires of modern adults looking for new friends. Only \$1.00. ROYAL-BUNNY CLUB - Box 11, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11236.

PERSONALS

MANHATTAN man, 39, 5'7", slim slightly greying, neither handsome nor brilliant, but personable and intelligent seeks warm shapely, uninhibited, attractive companion for occasional matinee, movie, theatre, supper other pleasures. Please, no bitches. Exchange photos. J. M. Box 94, 10011.

YOUNG 28 year old man desires to meet same-must be settled and masculine. Call Gene after 6:00 p.m. 628-7597.

MAN 29, seeks tall, pretty woman, object: That mixture of desire, intelligence and tenderness which links one person to another. Write: Apt. No. 3J, 330 E. 83rd St.

GAY GUY desires girl for transition to heterosexuality. Please call 429-9065, bet. 5 & 6 p.m.

NEATNESS IS LIFE. NEATNESS IS LIFE.— MR. DANZIG.

5 (INDIVIDUALLY and en masse) college educated, suave, men-of-the-world, and affection starved in this veil of tears are looking for several personable, intellectually and morally broad-minded women (individual or en masse). We range from 20 to 23 and are looking for women of the same age bracket. Call 732-5700, ext. 276, bet. 5 and 7:30 p.m., ask for Bob.

PHILOSOPHICALLY inclined? Philosopher has discovered the SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE. Call AU 6-7225 after 7:00 p.m. for details. THIS IS NO JOKE! WORLD PEACE BY MAY.

CHUCK BERRY AND THE ELECTRIC FLAG want you. They'll be at the Anderson Theatre 66, Second Ave., Feb. 23, 24.

YOUNG, attractive, intelligent female wanted for Box Office Work, Call WA 9-8998 or apply in person at Anderson Theatre, 66 Second Ave.,

PROFESSIONAL man, 29, wanted young, warm, uninhibited, intelligent WOMAN 18-35, to share bright apt. on a mutually satisfying basis. No Homo's. Call Bob after 6: Phone 672-5804 or write: Bob, Apt. 4, 41-70-74th St., N. Y. 11373.

STOP! Attractive girls 18-40 desiring an above average male swinger for uncomplicated balling; I'm white, 30, tall, muscular, handsome, big and expert at the art of cunnilingus and coitus in all their pleasurable forms. I'm available any time for intimate dates. Call BR4-1829 between 7-12 p.m. Ask for Ray. Please no phonies or fags.

MODELS needed for Photographic illustration 1. Heavily bearded man to pose as prophet, 2. Girl for nudes and seminudes, must be exceptionally appealing, 3. Girl & man with well groomed hands. — Weller Studio 924-3045. Please telephone for appointment.

DEAN BORAK

Canceled my trip. Am getting apt. New furniture in Village. Want you to be happy in your own way. I love you. Call me at hotel.

Mother



LIVE-IN GROUP 212, WOOD-STOCK, 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.

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

MOVING? Storage, ONE MAN? VAN \$7 per hour. TWO MEN PLUS VAN \$10 per hour. Low storage rates. Reliable, equipped movers. No charge from garage. TR 6-7287.

EAT AT friendly exotic Mindy's Luncheonette. Relaxed atmosphere inexpensive. 117 Second Av. (cor. of E. 7th St.)

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

MALE MODELS wanted to pose for physique and nude magazines. \$10.00 hr. Send name, address, telephone. Boxholder, GPO Box 1704, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and 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.

DOMINANT young man wishes to meet docile female, or couples interested in erotic pleasures. Write Dave Krupin, 788 Arnon Av., Bronx, N.Y. 10467.

INTERNATIONAL ultra select men, women, couples with similar unconventional desires modern cultures, no discrimination. Personal literature confidential. Mr. P. Radio City Box 327

GIRLS: NAME YOUR SCENE. Love feasters will turn you on. ALSO: COUPLES, THREESOMES, AND OTHER SEX GROUPS. Nude parties, photography, gentle and understanding virgin initiations, S and M, all esoteric hangups. GIRLS: DOES YOUR LOVER COME TOO SOON? Imagine ten guys coming inside you, one after another! Imagine the ecstasy of your body writhing under the expert loving of five handsome nude men—all at once! Cocks, breasts, cunts, tongues, asses—all moving together in erotic bliss. Under 30 only, but the younger the better—teenyboppers welcome. Straight, gay, or AC/DC. Write something about yourself and send it with your phone number, and if possible, a photo to: Box 406, Radio City Station, N.Y.C. 10019. To the men who replied to our last ad: write back if you can bring girls with you.

THE - TIMES - They - Are A Changin - but . . . My search goes on for a sensitive, soifful chick who'd dig relating to isolated, creative, good-looking, male 31. 673-4706.

NICE looking, sensitive young man wishes to share fine room, West 70's with friendly, shapely female. Mainly for financial reason \$25 MONTH. Stewardesses perfect. 877-2641 evenings.

LIBERAL, unaffected, educated, discrete, masculine number, Frisco arrival, 28, tall, Latin-European, seeks right male contacts. Serious replies, exchange details, photos: Box 12, N.Y.C., N.Y., 10472.

SWINGING party for broad-minded couples. To be held in CHICAGO Hotel, Feb. 17, 1968. \$8.00 a couple, reservation, Box 4663, Main P.O., Chicago, Ill.

A QUIET type college student (20, good looking) would like to meet an experienced woman to teach him the more exotic aspects of sexual entertainment. Call Karl: UN 4-9004.

JIM NICHOLS: Father gone. O.K. to contact us at R. R. 3, Box 271, 30 N. Rose Av. Lake Zurich, Ill. 60047. Bob.

A 28 YR. OLD attractive unaffected male, reality oriented and emotionally rooted, coming to N. Y. area, seeks same for relationships, emphasis on latter qualities. S. G. 1418 Conlyn St., Apt. 418, Phila, Pa.

WANTED attractive chick (under 22) who is heterosexually willing and cooperative to spend a few delightful day (Feb. 16-18) with bright student in luxury apt. in Philadelphia area. All expenses included "P.R.C." person to person collect. 215-885-2329.

RANDY GREER. Please call your mother. Everything cool. No punishment. Contact parents, this paper or Louis. Abolifia.

NICE LOOKING YOUNG MAN, 25, WHITE 6'5", 195 LBS., CLEAN, GOOD BUILD, STEADY JOB. BLACK HAIR, BLUE EYES, NEW IN N.Y.C. SEEKS: SINCERE YOUNG GIRL, ANY NATIONALITY) HAPPINESS IS TO LOVE AND BE LOVED! HONEY WHERE EVER YOU ARE JUST A PHONE CALL FROM YOU AND YOU AND ME MIGHT SHARE A LIFE TIME OF HAPPINESS. IF YOU'RE LONG DISTANCE CALL COLLECT 212-584-8690.

BOSTON professional man, age 28, married, but unconventional with respect to the establishment; desires attractive female of similar age for sexual relationship. Write: Box 159, Wattertown, Mass.

WANTED—Attractive girl 18-28 for fun and love to accompany me to ski resorts (learning to ski). Nice weather, we can party aboard my 38' triple cabin cruiser. Am fair complexion, colored, handsome, 5'8", 34 yrs., well endowed and loves to get in the high-air. Call nites only 7-10 week days. FU 6-3202.

MALE, 38, seeks uninhibited female partners for mutual sex relations. Age and race no barrier. Send phone, No., name, and address to: R. Dear, c/o C. Sklar Co., 183 Madison, New York City.

INTELLIGENT, handsome, young man seeks a friendly, uninhibited, non-prejudiced, non-bigoated female. Write P.O. Box 127, St. Albans, N.Y., 11412.

WE WOULD like to meet people and see the country. Two young gay, butch, etc., guys (21 and 22) doing America. Will you show us your city and/or provide shelter? Please write: P.O. Box 45105, Chicago, Illinois 60645.

ALL YOUNGISH neophyte prehip females (preferably petit) who desire experimental conjrality with incurably herto sexual worldly co-thinker-co-swing-er. Call 226-1999, after 6 p.m.

HANDSOME, well, developed Brooklyn Negro seeks girls, ladies and women for a long deep relationship. Please call 859-5768. No men.

David and Carole, soulmates always.

LOOKING for pretty femine Bi-sexual girl who could enjoy the understanding and security of a relationship with attractive, tall, masculine, bi-sexual man, 28, in the arts. Desire companionship (possible marriage), fun, sex, sharing and absolute truth! Please write with photo and let's discuss limitless possibilities of such a permissive arrangement, Box 380, N.Y. 10036.

YOUNG hung stud debonier but decadent seeks relationship with luscious wench - refined but not reformed. Write Barry, EVO, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009.

MALE nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine and monthly newsletter. State age, send \$5.00 to Solstice Society, Dept. V., Box 3775, Van Nuys, Calif. 91407.

BACHELOR, considered good-looking, 5'10", 160 lbs., 40 yrs. (passes for 28), college grad, owns very comfortable 4 room co-op with terrace, in Man. Extremely open-minded and honest (in all areas). Would like to meet sensitive girl, 20-30. G.P.O. Box 1410, New York, N. Y. 10001.



CAN WE GET YOU LAID? No, you'll have to do that. We can sell you "The Swinging Set." 24 pages containing 200 personal ads, candid photos and offers. \$1.00. Lillian Marsh, Box 1125, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

HIGHLY creative, solvent, once married single male. Pisces March 16th if important to you. Own great village pad. Hip, turn on, but bathe regularly, change sheets often. Have non standard mind and face, well built but no muscleman image. Definite take charge type, no woman brutalizer. No sex hang-ups but like and need it more often than average males. Like life, love, beauty in all things. Looking for sensitive female whose past Experiences with men have been disappointing. Age, race no barrier. If you're spiritually and physically capable of absorbing my imaginative, sensitive yet aggressive love making style a revelation of self awaits you, only if you're ready for it. One of the last of a fast dying breed, the non-faggot male challenges you to behave impulsively and spontaneously for a change you're long due for. Fags, fatties, telephone masturbators, jokers stay away. Write for quick reply. Photo helpful. Or call SP 7-9580 M. Sanders, 1 University Pl., N. Y. C. 10003.

WRITER, Poet, Zennist, 19. Fed up with the prep scene, desires correspondence with sexy, intellectual girl, 16-21, to go on from there. Write: B. Jameison, Tilton School, Tilton, N.H.

TWO Columbia juniors seek 2 attractive girls to share domestic sexual relationship and apartment but not the rent. NO FAGS. 866-6439.

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.

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 outdoors, 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. I. HOME GROWN HAPPINESS, Box 555 East Village Other, 105 Second Avenue, N. Y. N. Y. 10003.



Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to the bi-monthly magazine *Avant-Garde*. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading *Avant-Garde* is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of windchimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

What makes *Avant-Garde* such a carnival of the senses? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First of all, there's *Avant-Garde's* editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. *Avant-Garde* steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to *Avant-Garde* the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus *Avant-Garde* serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensual," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." *Avant-Garde* is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, *Avant-Garde* devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to

the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, *Avant-Garde's* Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, *Avant-Garde* is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does *Avant-Garde* feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Miller, Ginsberg, Tynan, Updike, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In short, *Avant-Garde* is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to *Avant-Garde* are not cheap. They can't be. *Avant-Garde* is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions sell for \$10 per year.

However, right now, while *Avant-Garde* is still in its infancy, you can order a **Special Introductory 8-Month Subscription for ONLY \$3.99!!** This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.

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AVANT GARDE

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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!*

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