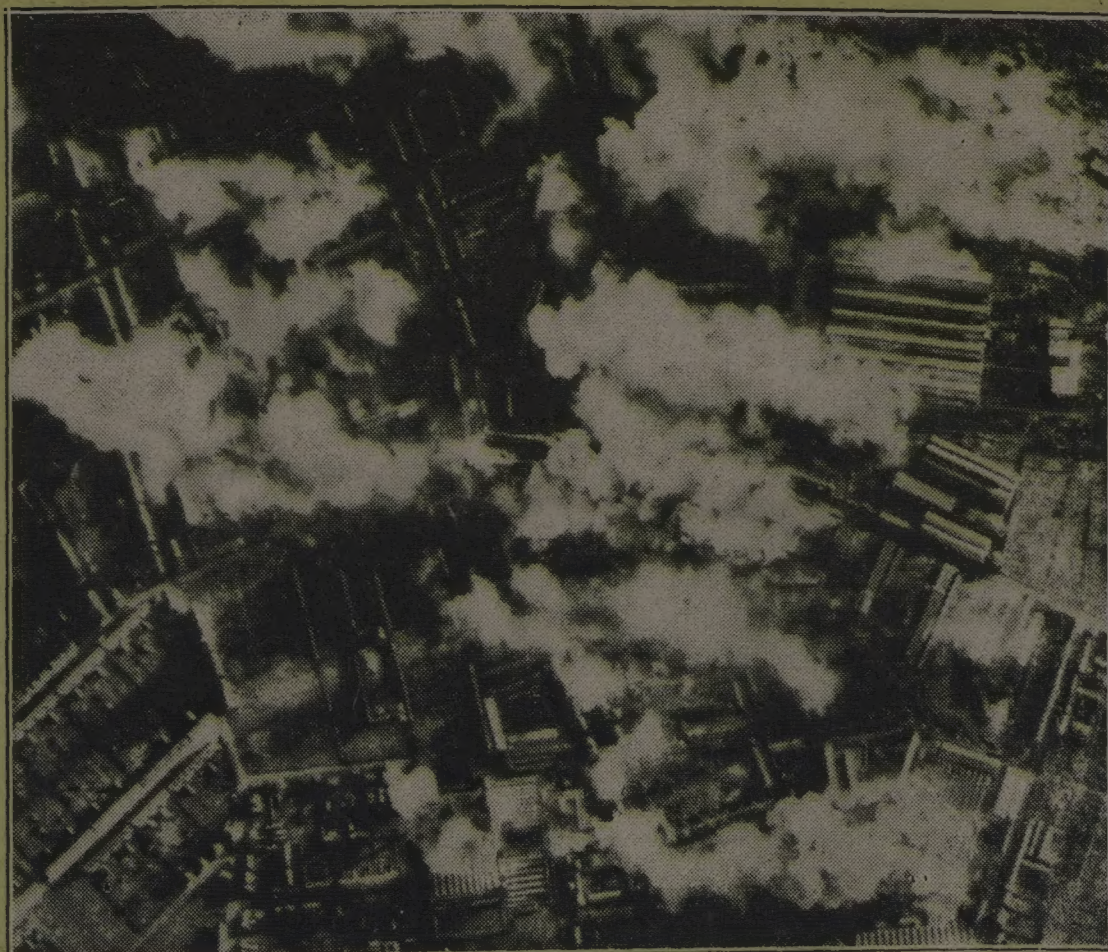


YANK PINGERS SQUEEZING JAPS ON ATTU



Japanese Smiles

These three young Japanese, who were identified neither as citizens nor aliens, were among those leaving to prepare the way at Owens Valley, far from the coast, for the thousands to come.



Bombs Away!

A Temporary Haven at Famous Santa Anita Track

Carpenters are transforming the stables at the racing plant near Los Angeles into temporary accommodations for Japanese before they are shipped to Owens Valley. Below, Japanese arriving at Owens Valley are checked in by Army officials.

2.

PETER LEOGERRI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 DICK PRESTON
 JAAKOV KOHM
 MELISSA STOUT
 ANNETTE SIMON MATRIARCH
 BARBARA SCHWARTZ
 ALLAN EDMANDS
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
 PETER MIKARAJUNAS
 S. B. RUDNICK
 FRED CARUSO
 ALAN ASHEN
 ZOD FENSTER
 GIL WEINGOURT
 WALTER BREDEL
 PHIL GARVIN
 PHIL STILES
 GERALDSTEINBERG
 BRUCE TOBIN
 TULI KUPFERBERG
 HUGH ROMNEY
 LIL PFKARD
 EMMETT LAKE
 DIANE DORR-DORYNEK
 ICELAND: LORRAINE GLENMBY
 LONDO: MILES
 PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 LOS ANGELES: PHIL PROCTOR
 SAN FRANCISCO: SAM SILVER

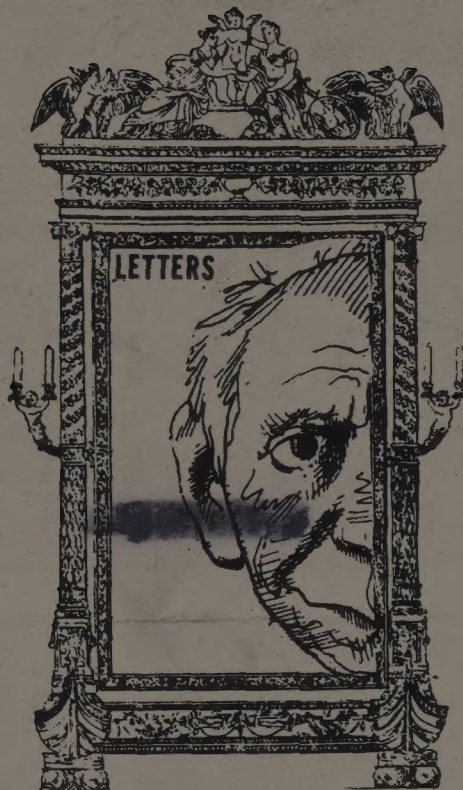
JAYE AND THE KID
 DISTRIBUTORS: ROD MACDONALD
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ROD MacDONALD

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POETS IN DREAMLAND

By GEORGE MONTGOMERY

Michael McClure is Billy the Kid

Allen Katzman is Cochese
 Ray Bremser is Dutch Schultz
 Paul Blackburn is Mayor La Guardia
 Lenore Kandel is Cleopatra
 Allen Ginsberg is Moses
 Robert Kelly is the forest primevil
 Ed Sanders is Christopher Columbus
 Gerry Malanga is Alice in Wonderland
 Robert Kelly is Wonderland
 Tuli Kupferberg is Noah

and the paper is one vast pinball machine and the bells bang and the numbers bounce off the wall and the electric is hung and all these people perpetuate their thing for all time's sake and the sands of time wink and the ships sail and the arrows go through the air and the tepees shake and the elves finally fuck and it is Alice and the guns blam pow songs and the horses and their hoofs take off and it is one grand occasion until the final alarm goes off on the waterfront and the hotel is emptied and roll call proves nothing and the end is near or here and the poets must return to their desks except for those who prefer to drink, smoke, fuck or whatever their thing and the book is closed and the land of Oz is and the silent sounds of the bashful undertaker are heard.



Dear EVO:

With regard to Sushnick's article "Life & Death" in your last issue, one additional source that should have been mentioned was the Scientific American article which tested chromosome damage using ordinary coffee in the same way that the Bellvue tests used LSD. They concluded that chromosome damage takes place with the introduction to the body of many different chemicals, with no ill effects that have been able to be observed.

True, we don't know what chromosomes were affected (as we are yet unable to identify what different chromosomes are responsible for) but then let us remember that traits which they are responsible for include such minimal ones as the curvature of the nostrils, the size of the nipple, how straight the crack in your rectum will be, etc. I don't think any one has ever taken the time to think up the countless different characteristics chromosomes are responsible for, but if and when they did, you would find that the overwhelming majority of them are of no real consequence, one way or the other.

Secondly, no where was it mentioned that chromosomes regenerate themselves, identical to their originals, in most cases within a matter of a few hours, and a maximum of 24 hours. These figures cover better than 90 per cent of all cases according to the Bellvue tests. Unlike various cells in the body which are unable to regenerate themselves at all, chromosomes do, and rather quickly at that.

Lastly, how many couples do we know of who have had "Acid Babies." As for myself, the count is in the thirties, and I can see no apparant abnormalities, and neither can the parents. For the most part, acid babies are happier, more secure, and develop faster than non-acid babies. Maybe it has to do with where their parent's heads are at, or the environment they are subjected to.

I mention all these points as one who has successfully used LSD on my own for better than two years. I have never had a bad trip, and to date, the number of trips I have taken is quite sizeable.

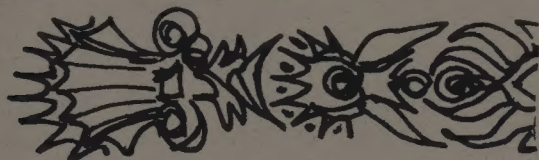
Anyone who knew me two or three years ago and hasn't seen me since would probably not recognize me, and would definitely prefer the current me to the old me before I started using acid, and let's not forget the point that I like the current me a lot better also.

Keep up the good work, and best wishes for continued success.

Very truly yours,
Mike Katzoff
 Mike Katzoff, Owner
 Village Trucking & Storage

San Quentin prison in San Francisco had a visit from the hippie community of Haight Ashbury this week. The prisoners inside were entertained outside the walls by the Quicksilver Messenger Service, a rock group, while hippies protested the imprisonment of men and marched for the final dissolution of the prison system in America.

When asked why they were marching at this time, one hippie replied, "because I fear we may be next and I don't want to drop out anymore than I have to."



Dear EVO:

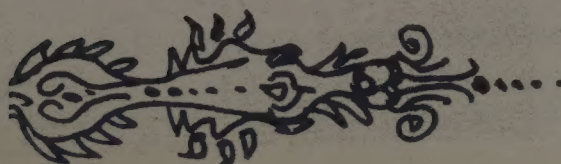
It is my belief that EVO is being made a puppet for personal goals for elected officials so that they will remain in the public eye, realizing that this is an election year and a political gimmick is needed which will creat public interest and gain votes for them. Consequently, they pray on the obscenity issue which has been batted around from one court to the other including the Supreme Court. There are other issues of major importance that need looking into or cleaned up such as illegal gambling which also includes the number's game, check forgeries, murders, and car thefts. Why can't their talents and taxpayer's dollars be guided in this direction rather than to such things as obscenity trials and other things which really don't make any difference? This is a beautiful demonstration to show what crimes or cases supercede one or the other and also how taxpayer's finances are greatly misused.

It is my personal opinion that obscenity and pornography court suits (and even an age limit on who is old enough to buy what one can buy and what one can be permitted to sell) violates our right and principal of the first ammendment which is our freedom of speech and freedom of press. Suppose I walk into a particular store which sells all types of literature and I refuse to buy it which is my right and I certainly won't get committed to prison for punishment in the highest degree if I don't buy it and the storekeeper will still remain in business because one sale more or less will not force him to close his doors.

Individual judgment is being denied because backward laws which are not in keeping with up to date times are made by highly pressured and narrow minded individuals who seek to realize personal and political means. People are being told what they can read and what they can't read and if and obscenity suit is to be pursued against EVO then I ask those public officials if it would also be wise and just for the same to be pursued against other periodicals such as the New York Daily News, a real scandal sheet, because it has more filth and trash in it than the EVO. It is just as fair to create the same situation for one as it is for the other or is the reason an obscenity case has never been created against the New York Daily News because it's located on 42nd St. and the reason one has been created against the EVO because it's located in the East Village.

In closing, I would like to say that I support EVO all the way and it is up to you to counter attack by placing these individuals on the hot seat by exposing them, only with proper proof, and by showing to everyone how phoney our kangaroo courts of today really are.

Sincerely,
Austin R. Storugh, Jr.
 New York, New York



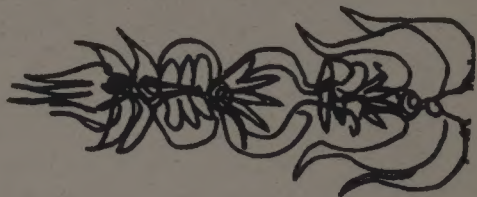
Dear EVO:

I have not the financial means to say this in an ad in your illustrious beautiful, peace, good, love paper, so could you print it in your "letters" page?

To Jim Smith in Norwich, N. Y.

What ever people may say, whatever I may say, whatever has happened in the past, whatever might happen in the Future, wherever you may be, wherever I may be; PLEASE, my darling, my lovely puppy, please know that I adore you and that I love you above all and I always will. We won't have to wait long — soon we can be with each other and your bitch mother and my shit-head Father can rot together in their status-seeking, establishment — loving world. I am waiting.

Love and peace to you
 and EVO also
Susie
 Berkeley Heights, N.J.



THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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 New York, New York 10003

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A NIGHT AT

Look out, here comes **GANGBUSTERS** — and away she goes. Imperial Rome is on the march. That's how it all ended — the **EVO** Bust Benefit at the Anderson Theatre, Monday, February 12th. Perhaps you heard about it by now? You were there? You don't care? Then why in hell have you bothered to read this far? Alright. Alright — for the record:

The owner of the Anderson Theatre has a very good thing going. At least that's what he told me. "I got a good thing goin' here. I don't want it ruined with a lot of police comin in here. I book good stuff here. Clean acts. I don't want no trash." (Note: "trash" in this instance was Ed Wode's play, **CHRISTMAS TURKEY**. As a point of reference — A few years ago, "trash" was James Joyce's **ULYSSES**. Wow! I can't wait to look in the trash barrel tomorrow morning. There ought to be some good pickins).

In other words, the guy was up tight that the cops might raid his good joint — theatre joint, not joint joint. He was afraid because the play **CHRISTMAS TURKEY** has a — well, I mean errr — well, she's sort of — **My GAWSH, THE FUCKING GIRL'S NAKED**. Look, she doesn't have a stitch of clothes on. **WOW. BOING. PWHEW.** This is something else, let me tell you. Christ man, she is out of sight. What a body **WHAT A BODY**. What? Oh yeah — anyway, after hassling with him that the play has been running for weeks at another theatre, with maximum public exposure, with no bust, no police, nothing but a few zonked eyeballs — after all this, he finally **gloria patria filio spiritu** agreed to let the show go on **BUT . . .** but she, the nudey — she with the exposed clit **AND** the beautiful breasts — ohhh, they feel sooo nice — **SHE** whose tits were a resting and her pussy purring — **THEY**, that hairy cunt and those soft tits — they had to be **COVERED**. Yes, dear friends, that's the word — covered. We all agreed. All of us. Ed Wode. The tits and cunt. Myself. Mary Mag-



Photo : Diane Dorr-Dorynek

dalene, Peter, Paul and Mary — and Joel — **EVO's** Business Manager. We all agreed to the owner that she would remain **C-O-V-E-R-E-D**. Yes we did. Oh, if there is a God in heaven, please hear us dear Lord, please. And I've capitalized Lord and I've capitalized God. Hear us oh Lord. We had no choice, and that's the truth. Please believe us dear **GOD**. **Quia fecit mihi magna** — Forgive them O Lord, for they know not what they do.

Now, God damn it — that's all there was to it. It was a simple as that. We had no choice. It was the 11th hour, and this cat, the owner of the Anderson Theatre, said this was the way the play would go on. She would be covered, "her upper and lower parts would not be exposed, or there would be no play." There was no time to consider pros and cons. No time for bullshitting about compromising art — Art? — what the fuck is that? As for compromising ourselves, it was up to Ed Wode. He knew the story. If he felt that it would screw up his play, well then — he didn't have to let it go on. Christ, it was a terrible decision for him to have to face on a moments notice. It's quite a challenge, to be confronted by so much power at a single instant, without even a pause for a momentary reflection. It meant his play

THE OPERA

going on, or not, and Ed did what he thought best. We all did.

And as for our man Joel pulling her off the stage — He had to promise the owner that he would do this if she appeared on stage, naked. He gave his word. **WHY** did he give his word? He had to — the owner had him, Joel, over that old barrel again, and was about to give it to him, and there is just so much a man will do for his country, but — and furthermore, etc. — **LIKE HE HAD NO CHOICE**. He didn't have to give his word, but then again there wouldn't have been a play, and Ed Wode had given his word, and so did everyone else. Joel believes in keeping his word, and that's his thing, his honor — and we can't crawl into his head with our bullshit.

The only thing I want to say to you Joel — please, the next time — and God spare us that there will ever be a next time, but if there is — Joel Dear, gentler, do it gently. Take her lightly. Pull her to you. Enfold your arms gently around her. Feel the crease of her back with your palms, and your fingers. Slowly slide your right hand down to the dimple of her spine. Rub it softly. Now bring your other hand down, slowly, and easy with both hands press the cheeks of her ass. That's it, knead them, like you would clay. Good. That's okay, go on — slide your hand in there. That's it. Oh yeah. It feels good. That's it. Rub 'em. Firmly. Keep it up. A little faster now. You've got the swing of it Joel. Keep it going. Oh yeah. Now open her wide, and sock it to her.





and where
he hides
and what
awaits him

FLYING SAUCERS

by Stanley Fisher, Astropsychologist

It is Oct. 1917. The country is Portugal. The place, Fatima. By all accounts, a miracle has taken place. A weird disc, thought to be the sun, turns rapidly on its axis and casts off beams of colored lights in all directions. Shafts of red light shoot out from the rim and color the clouds, the earth, the trees, the people; then shafts of violet, of blue, of yellow . . . the various hues of the rainbow . . . turning the surrounding countryside into a veritable fairyland of colored wonder . . . the gigantic spinwheel begins an exotic dance through the clouds, turning at a terrific speed, casting off the same ever-changing gorgeously colored rays. Suddenly it plunges downward in zigzag fashion towards the earth and the horrified spectators who stare with faces white as death. The disc, radiating tremendous heat, reels, earthward. The multitude, paralyzed by fear and horror, believe the end of the world is near. They fall on their knees in muddy contrition. "I believe, I believe" they shout. "Miracle! Miracle!" But when the tension and suspense have reached their peak, it halts in its downward path and reverses its zigzag path back to heavens . . .

Have we witnessed a miracle, the intervention of the deity? A prominent Bishop has seen in the falling 'sun' (filled with atomic energy) which suddenly stopped in its downward flight as it seemed on the point of crushing the people, a possible symbol of Our Lady's intervention to halt the fall of atomic bombs at a moment when it appears they are about to destroy the world. If we substitute space ship for 'sun,' and technological and spiritual superiority for divine intervention, then the parable remains intact and no recourse to the supernatural is required.

The choice of Fatima as a place for the flying saucer to demonstrate its virtuosity was no mere accidental occurrence. The name suggests the beginning of a new millenium, a merciful miraculous millenium. For Fate, (that cold Father) which forces us to face the fact (face, it) of life is giving way to its diminutive: Fatima: the love of mother for child, of unexpected resourcefulness and concern. Thus if we could read all the inner, interconnected meanings, puns, anagrams, acronyms, cryptograms and clues involved in the flying saucer

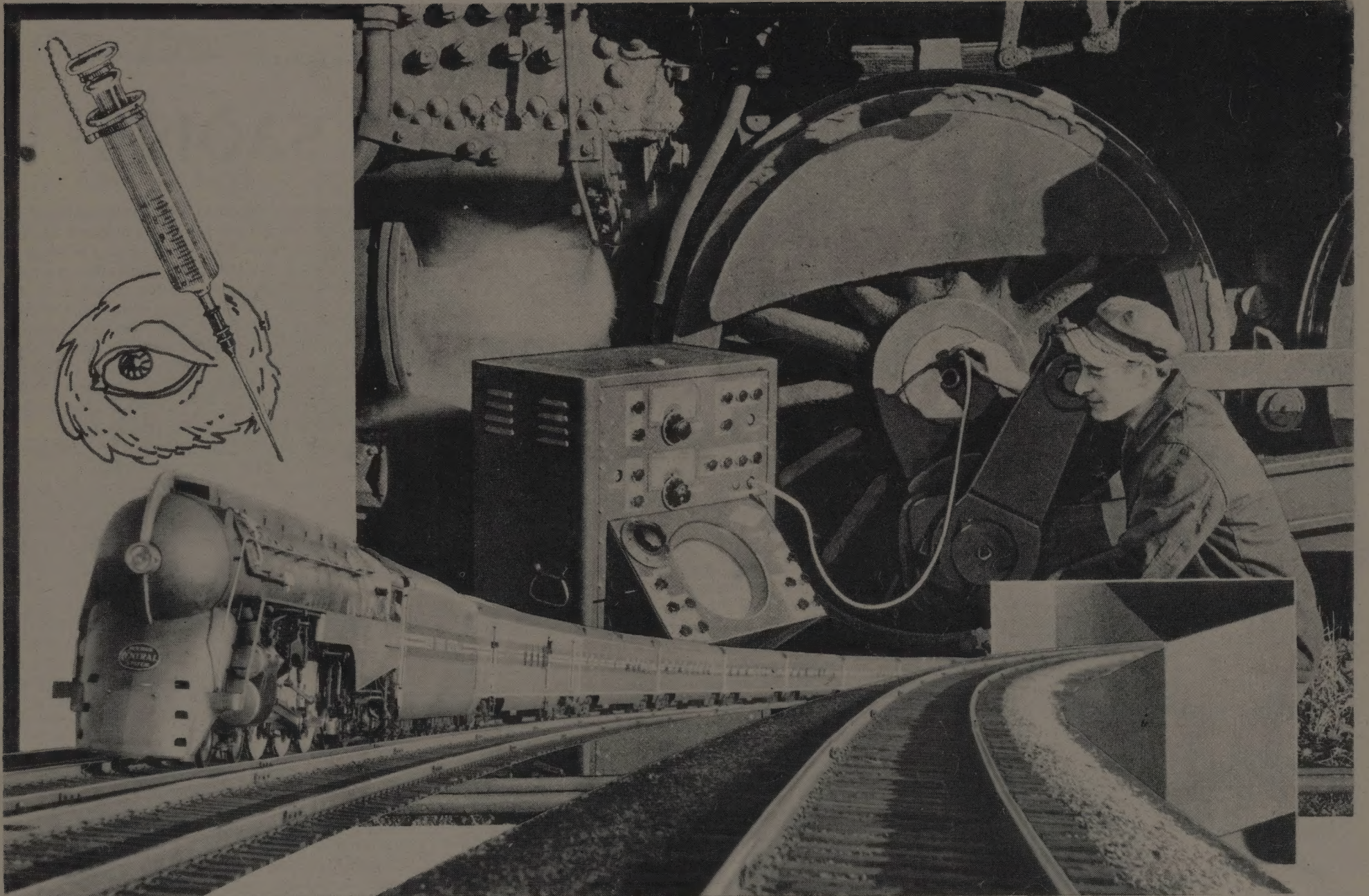
appearances, we would know the true intentions of our space brothers, including the time and place of their future appearances. This is what Jesus meant when he said that if we could see what our eyes saw and hear what our ears hear, then all the mysteries of life would be revealed to us.

Let us look beyond the circumstantial evidence with regards to an incident, a sexual abduction, that took place exactly forty years later, in the very same month of October, in of all places, shades of Portuguese and Black Orpheus: Brazil. Thus in the fall of 1957, Antonio Villas Boas, a farmer living in a remote part of the state of Minas Gerais, found himself involved as a captive of a flying saucer crew and the subject of an incredible seduction. While plowing his field at 1 a.m. in the morning, a large spacecraft landed nearby. It was round, dotted with purple-blue outside lights and had a large, glowing red headlamp on the front. The ship was the shape of an elongated egg and a rotating dome on the top of the ship turn green when it landed. Four small men appeared, grabbed a frightened Antonio and dragged him toward the waiting ship. Antonio was taken into a room of highly polished metal walls and furnishings. They stripped him, bathed him in an odorless liquid, drew blood samples from his chin, and left him in a room with nothing in it except some sort of strange couch. A grey-colored gas suddenly flowed into the room making Antonio violently nauseous. After a while, he adjusted to the odor and heard a noise at the door. It opened and in walked a woman, entirely naked; her hair blonde, nearly white, four feet six inches in height, with large blue eyes; rather elongated, chiseled nose, prominent cheekbones and a somewhat pointed chin. Her lips were thin, almost invisible.

"Her body was more beautiful than any I have ever seen," Antonio reported. "It was slim and her breasts were well separated and stood up high. Her feet were tiny and her hands were long and narrow." She glued herself to him, and rubbed from side to side. She made an occasional grunting or howling sound, very much like an animal. He became excited and had intercourse with her on the couch. After more petting, Antonio responded again. "She never kissed me" Antonio said. Afterward the girl moved away from Antonio, grunt-

ed, and another alien appeared in the room. The girl pointed to Antonio, pointed to her stomach and then to the sky before leaving the room. Antonio was now relaxed, for he knew they meant him no harm, although he was both peeved and baffled as to their choice of him as a sexual stud in their biological experiments. They soon left him on the ground, pointed to a southern part of the sky, re-entered their ship, and with a loud buzzing noise, accelerated rapidly into the air and disappeared. Antonio, today, is alive and kicking; apparently no worse for the experience, although he does not talk about it lightly as his new wife finds the subject embarrassing.

Well . . . what can we make of this bizarre event? Let us look at the name of the state in which Antonio resided: Minas Gerais. By rearranging the letters we discover a provocative phrase: 'a Gemini ass.' Beside the obviously sexual implication, it brought to mind the ass with which Jesus rode into Jerusalem (The True Slum). What about The True Slum: Jerusalem represents a universal melting pot, a place of communal intermingling, a center of integration of many races, of the breaking down of opposing forces, of the dissolving (the solving) of enmities, of the dissolution (the solution) of this Gordian Knot of our egos, the solution to the problem of separateness. That is what the lovely alien intended to indicate to Antonio when she pointed to him, her stomach and her home in the sky: The solution to the problem of separateness. Saying, in a chiding and gentle space esperanto, "Baby, that's not a space ship you're in, its a friendship." Leaving Antonio to speculate as to whether or not she would, jestingly of course, consider the birth of their child to be a virginal one, in as much as it was not consummated by any mortal man from her own planet, (plan it) but rather could be described as a miraculous event that came about through the ministrations of a heavenly enterprise. Oh, well, and what did we say were the initials of Antonio? A. V. B. A Virgin Birth! Some one up there is having some fun. And it does make me think of our own marvels of Mary. And did she say it was a Holy Ghost. Or perhaps, only to her very best friends, just a very High Guy.



The Furry With The Syringe On Top

The following was told to IRVING SHUSHNICK:

On about the 23rd. of December, I received a phone call from a fairly sexy-sounding chick, claiming that she was a good friend of a long-time customer of mine. She asked if I had anything, and I said I would rather speak with her in person. She said she'd come over when I said it was okay — I replied in an hour or so. She appears at appointed time with male companion who smells like the man, but her apparant cool, made me wonder. She asked for something for her head, and I pull out a vial I keep for visitors, roll a joint, from which she drags impressively. The cat with her asks the question: "Is that stuff real?" He then pulls out a real Policeman's badge, and said that I was under arrest. He proceeded to handcuff me, and search the apartment, and came up with quite a haul, better than \$2,000 in merchandise, and about \$700 in cash. At no time did I have any idea that he was anything but a real cop. Even the girl with him fit the part that she was playing. Anyway, when the pad had been thoroughly searched, he started rapping about not wanting to turn me in as he realized that it would hurt, possibly end my business, and that he liked me, and that he would much rather have my cooperation in busting other people in lieu of arresting me and putting me through all kinds of hassles. He then said he would call me the following morning; that he was giving me a chance to think it over regarding the cooperation bit. He didn't call the following morning, nor the following day at all. When he did call, he said that he was bringing someone with him, who turned out to be a full-fledged agent from BDAC (Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, an agency of the Food & Drug Administration). Anyway, when this guy came over, he properly identified himself with full Government identification of the type that you can't get in a Cracker Jack box. He said that as of now he would be working with me directly if I decided to cooperate with him in providing information to "bust" other people. He also said that he wasn't aware that this guy who busted me the day before, had also shook me down for the cash he took, and that if he had been aware of this, he would not have come along, as it would make him and the organization he works for look bad. Anyway, friendly Fed leaves me his name and an inside telephone number at which he can be reached, and also promises that I will never see or hear from the not-so-friendly narc that shook me down and turned me on to him.

About two weeks pass by, everything is cool. I have stopped dealing as I realized that I was hot, and known about by the man. Then out of the clear blue, the not-so-friendly narc appears at my door with a male counter part (stated that h was his partner), and they pro-

ceeded to search the pad. I had a grand total of maybe \$20 in goodies for my own personal use, which he managed to find, and therefore took me off again, this time for \$285 and a watch that I had bought the day before for \$200. Due to certain slips he made, I began to realize that he was as much of a cop as I was, yet since he and his friend had guns and I did not. I wasn't about to argue with them. The following afternoon, I decided to speak with the detectives from the precinct that covers the area in which I lived, I was told by them that this had to be handled by the Commissioner's office, as there was too much involved which a precinct would not have the facilities to handle.

By this time it had come to my attention that several people I either knew or knew about had also been taken off in similar style, meaning that these guys led a pretty busy life. Anyway, I also realized that a good guy to get in touch with would be the Friendly Fed from BDAC who made the promise that this cat wouldn't show his face again. When I got through to him and stated that his "not-to friendly Narc Friend" had come and taken me off again, he was surprised to the point that I knew there was no connection between them, and that this BDAC character was trustworthy. Vell, Friendly Fed says he will try to contact his friend, and see what he can do to get my bread back. He tries unsuccessfully until the weekend, when he is not on duty. We then run across an article on page 12 of the Daily Blues about some characters being arrested in the East Village for impersonating cops, and taking off another cat in the same way I was taken off. This obviously means that I now have no chance of recovering the bread taken from me the second time, as both "not-so-friendly" Narcs, weren't Narc's after all, and were in the Tombs on \$25,000 bail each.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the heat that was on me wasn't really heat after all, too bad that it cost me over \$3,000 to find that out, but sometimes lessons like that come highly priced. So back to the old business, or at least starting up again financially. To start out with, my old former partner owes me about \$1,400, and he is sitting out in L.A., brokering large scale grass deals, raking a percentage off the top, yet never handling anything. I head out to the coast to pick up on some of the scratch owed me, along with a few grand advanced to me by some friends for the express purpose of obtaining some well-needed merchandise for import back to the East Coast. I get to the Coast to find that my former partner has had some bad luck in San Diego and is unable to pay me off in either cash or merchandise. But he arranges for me to buy the goodies from a person he knows. This comes off sort of smoothly, I meet a cat who introduces me to a another cat who are both speed freaks. They in turn introduce me to a cat who we cop the green from. Everything goes sort of smoothly until I get off the plane in NY the following day and find three Federal Narcotics Agents waiting for me, with a full description of me and my luggage. I kind of thought there was heat hanging around, and after all

the people on my plane had gotten their luggage, and my trunk hadn't been brought out yet, I was kind of suspicious. I walked out to the car that was waiting for me, and before I had a chance to say something to the person waiting for me, three agents came flying at us, placing us under arrest for something that they obviously had not even seen yet. It was a pure case of a tip-off, and it didn't come from this end, as few people knew that I was going, and no-one knew when I was coming back to New York. The only ones who knew were back in California.

During the next few hours my partner and I spent in the Federal Building on Church Street, we managed to over hear several conversations between the agents involved, one juicy one was—"this is the fifth straight bust the KID has gotten for us. It's about time we let him off the hook!" This is what they then said they wanted from me. They realized that I probably had a wealth of information about the illegal drug traffic, in which they were highly interested, and would be willing to play along with me in return for letting me go in my own recognizance instead of a high bail which they supposedly could ask for and get. Anyway, I decided to play along with their little game, at least for the purpose of getting out with no one knowing about it, without having to put up a single penny for bail, etc. We even got driven to Federal Court the following morning in a "Government Confiscated Car," a '67 Caddy Eldorado, instead of the usual paddy wagon. Basically, we got the red carpet treatment all the way. The agents even brought us back to Manhattan after the District Commissioner in Brooklyn cut us loose—they could have made us take the subway you know.

Now I knew two "Friendly Feds." Unfortunately for me, one has something on me, and claims that if I do not cooperate, he can send me away from from five to twenty years. That the minimum mandatory sentence for narcotics is five years, with one day off for each month of good behavior. He got his point across very convincingly, as the thought of five years of what I got one night at the West Street Federal Detention House scared the shit out of me. Wall-to-wall mice & vermin, lousy food. Aside from these facts, who wants to spend five years away from a comfortable pad that took me two years to get it the way it is. Anyway, I said I would cooperate with them in any way I could.

Next day, I'm out in the street with the knowledge that if I don't come up with the information for the first bust inside of a month, I will be picked up and held for \$25,000 bail. The high bail is due to the fact that I already have a case pending in the New York City Courts, and have a youthful offender record from my childhood, meaning that the DA in charge of this case can turn the screws on you if he decides to do so.

It's for a fact that the feds know about me, and know that I can provide them with the information they want if I decide to do so. But the fact of the matter is that this is not where my head is at. The people in California who ratted on me in the first place, are the

Continued on Page 20

The 'Other War'

A Xerox from the Twentieth Century-Fox Production "EVERYBODY DOES IT"



TO KEEP A VILLAGE FREE

paranoids almanac IS poor

BY ALLAN KATZMAN, BEAUTIFUL PERSON

Key West Florida has declared war on Hippies. The police have been instructed to pick up anyone wandering the streets without jobs or visible means of support.

Chief Armando Perez Jr., of Key West's police force, had no explanation why Key West's hippie population has exploded this year — "maybe they were here all along, but now with the long hair they're much easily recognizable."

The fuss started over a recent arrest of hippies for marijuana. The Chief noted that all of a sudden that there were a lot of these types of people around.

He said he "was particularly worried about those hippies and vagrants who don't have jobs, because they were likely to steal to get money."

"Those convicted of being vagrants are given a choice of leaving town or permanently working for the city as prisoners," the chief pointed out.

★ ★ ★

Valleyfield, Quebec, Canada, Feb. 5 (LIBERATION News Service) — Four journalists from the Valleyfield College have renamed their official student publication from the Cecilien to The Sperm.

★ ★ ★

Neil Cassidy, the real live Dean Moriarity of "On the Road" fame, died last Sunday, February 4th. He died in Mexico and his body was cremated the next day. I have no information about how he died, that will be coming, but I fear it was "overexposure."

★ ★ ★

THE QUOTE OF THE WEEK: Mayor Lindsay, after speaking like a good-scout politician about the N. Y. garbage problem on "Good Guys" radio, came up with the final solution when he thought he was off the air: "CLOSE THE FUCKING DOORS!"

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

Abbie Hoffman, digger extraordinaire and Yippie, will do a series of lectures on "Monkey Warfare" at the Free School, 20 E. 14th St., starting this Thursday and so on for six Thursdays. As Abbie explains it, "Monkey Warfare is infant guerrilla warfare."

The Yippies (Youth International Festival and Theater Convention) who will be holding their own political convention in Chicago during August of this year when the National Democratic Convention meets, has created a stir among Chicago's "Blue Forces."

In an exclusive interview that appeared on Channel 13, Mayor Daley's "chief cop and intergo" between the Mayor and the National Guard revealed how uptight Chicago's establishment is about the "200,000 Yippies coming to Chicago this summer."

They have started a crash Karate program for every policeman on the force and each one of them will be qualified by the summer. The Chief of Police has also reactivated an old ordinance to deputize passers-by, who if they don't agree, can be arrested for not cooperating.

Chicago should be very interesting this summer. Already we have a bag of it blowing on us from the windy city.

★ ★ ★

The Mexican border which recently closed its gates to hippies, because of a report that they were going to hold a "hippie festival" turned out to be a rumor spread by the Government of Marijuana (Mexico to those who know).

Mexico's new middleclass are undergoing a change. They're turning on, tuning in and dropping out. Everywhere the smell of "grass," the beat of rock and the color of carnival warfare pervades the atmosphere of "Old Mexico." The Government sees it as a revolution. And I got news for them — it is!

★ ★ ★

Tim Leary, totem heretic, prosletizer of the White Mass, chemical seismograph of this brave new age, called the shots for America's psyche last night, February 12, for EVO's benefit at the Anderson Theater. In a soulblowing exhibition of master politician he blew the mind of every person, straight or stoned, within listening distance. His whole speech was a recantation of less than a year ago that there was an impossible bridge between the "peace" and the "pot" people to one of "We are all One." He stated categorically that the issue was no longer one of pot or peace, but people. "America was going down," he said, "all conflict has broken down according to generational lines, we against them, young against old, turned on against turned off. It was no longer a matter of "dropping out" but of "copping out," and he threw his wrist together in a handcuffed embrace to demonstrate, lockjawed by the law and taken off for personal beliefs.

He told his audience of his recent encounter with Dick Gregory, black comedian who was running for President of the U. S., and how he had taken up the cause. "I am barnstorming for Gregory," he said and, "We must have a black president in the United States." He revealed how he had gotten together with the "hippie" and "political" community in Berkely this winter to plan out a confrontation carnival in April in San Francisco. "We are going to confront them with Peace, Freedom, Love, and Laughter." And he let out the word that he was going to Chicago in August to stand with the Yippies when they storm the barricades of the National Democratic Convention. In less than thirty-five minutes of instant sermonette, Tim Leary had envolved from stoned reality into "the white light of conflict," his political self, and so had the nation.

★ ★ ★

The drawing I had in my last column by S. Clay Wilson, published by GRIST (The Abington Bookshop in Lawrence, Kansas) is NOT PORNOGRAPHIC.

★ ★ ★

1. THE HALLUCINOGENS
The preparation of mescaline and LSD includes discussion of narcotic and non-narcotic medications.

2. DAILY LIFE AT SING SING PRISON

3. MILIEU OF LIFE IN AUTOMATED TIMES

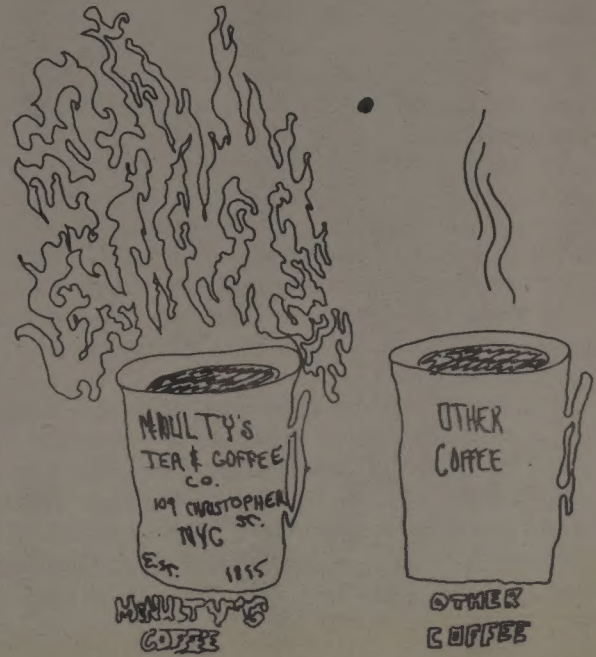
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1968 is the year of the "yippies."

A yippee is anyone who wants to be. A yippee! sounds like the name. Say it loud, and you'll see what I mean. Yippee! Yippee!!

The yippies will be in Chicago this August for the youth festival, or Youth International Party, YIP.

The yippies were born at the Pentagon last October, although they have been developing in the womb of Mother America since the late 1950's.

The yippies are the children of the middle class, children who refuse to "grow up," refuse to accept the world their parents created. The yippies have had white middle-class America, and they didn't like it.

A yippee is a stoned-idealist, moved by a vision of a future utopia. He is a romantic. It is not fear which moves the yippee; it is faith and hope.

The yippies are fighting for their own freedom. The yippies know in their bones what America has done — rivers of blood, man against man, death of spirit, denial of dignity. The yippee is free because he is engaged and committed to change.

The yippee sees America as a huge prison, with her institutions (bureaucracies, office buildings, armies, universities, schools) as bars. The yippies are drop-outs from that world. They were raised on horror stories of Eichmann, the bureaucratic cop-out.

The yippies are with the Vietnamese, peasant guerrillas wherever they are, and the black and other struggling people of America in this mid-20th century saga of the battle of Man V.S. Machine.

To America's insanity, the yippies ask: "Why?" Yippies are naive.

The answers?

"You're freaky-looking."

"The Chinese are coming."

"Watch out for the commies."

"Get a bath."

The yippee is not busy working within the system or trying to explain his actions to the Establishment or the middle-class mentality. He is too concerned with creating a clear alternative, an underground, an opposition.

He is involved in a cultural revolution. In the process he is seducing the 10-year-olds with happenings, community, youth power, dignity, underground media, music, legends, marijuana, action, myth, excitement, a new style.

The yippies are out there blocking traffic, throwing blood, burning money, tying up government telephone wires, milling in, fucking up the draft, throwing live snakes into Dow Chemical executive cocktail parties.

You probably don't agree with this description of yippee, but that's because you are a yippee, and you have your own fantasy.

★ ★ ★

The New Left created the teach-in, the hippy created the be-in, and the yippee is creating the do-in. America's first youth festival will be a do-in and it will take place Aug. 25 to Aug. 30 in Chicago's Grant Park.

If that's the same time the National Death Party meets to crown LBJ, there's no coincidence! The world will see what the youth of America thinks of the Death Party and its war games. The youth festival will be a living alternative and you can take your choice.

Imagine the sight: thousands of yippies, from 200,000 up, making their way to Chicago by thumb, magical mystery tour, bus, bicycle, car, truck, foot — from big town and small hamlet — carrying sleeping bags, guitars, blankets, food — coming together in the middle of the country at the end of the summer for a super-creative energy explosion and information exchange.

It will be a total multi-media experience. For six days we will be together sharing and learning. Every morning all our money can be thrown into big barrels to buy enough food to feed everyone. Our own Alice's Restaurant! And that tells America how we think the needs of human beings should be solved — everything free.

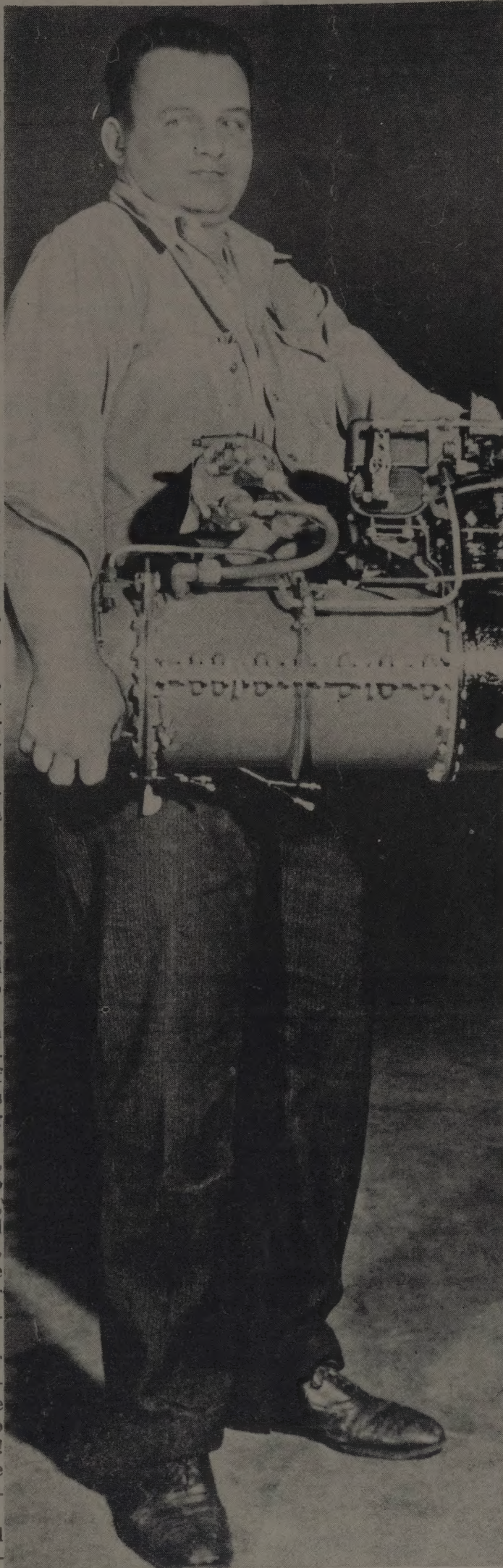
The music will be free. The performers will be playing for their community. Definite already are Country Joe and the Fish, The Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, the United States of America band, Pageant Players, Bread and Puppet Theater, Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, Paul Krassner and the Steve Miller

from a

notes

ERA

yippizolean



yippies

Blues Band. Invitations are now going out to Dylan, Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Monkeys, the Jefferson Airplane, Richie Havens, Simon and Garfunkel, the Doors, the Who, the Blue's Project, Beatles, Mothers of Invention, Mamas and Papas, Janis Ian, the Cream, and the Smothers Brothers to name just a few.

Walk across Grant Park at any time during the youth festival and you'll find:

Free mikes and soapboxes for anyone who wants to rap, and a . . .

Free mimeo for anyone who has something to pass out.

The underground papers will come from all over the country to Grant Park to publish a daily paper for the festival. They'll do it right in the park and teach people how to start and do their own paper.

Film-makers will hold workshops and show at night what they film during the day.

Continuous workshops on the draft, and how to end it will be held.

A real school for drop-outs will appear, along with art of the streets, art for and from the people. You name it. You do it. Everyone participates — every man is a creator.

We'll have yippies dressed like Vietcong walking the streets and shaking hands like ordinary American politicians. We'll infiltrate right-wing crowds with short-hair yippee veterans who at the proper moment will blow minds with speeches like: "Now, these yippies have something to say . . ."

Guerrilla theater groups from all over the country will be there. The day before LBJ arrives in Chicago we will announce to the overground press that LBJ will arrive at 2 p.m. at O'Hara Airport. And it will be our own LBJ who will be greeted enthusiastically by the yippies, honored by a motorcade through Chicago, and then on to a hotel for a press conference to announce America's withdrawal from Vietnam.

Yippies plan to paint their cars like cabs, pick up delegates, and drop them off in Wisconsin. We are infiltrating the hotels with bell-boys and cooks. We are also infiltrating the press.

We'll have our own theater-convention and nominate Bancroft P. Hogg, a pig made out of vegetables, for President and LBJ for Vice-President. After Hogg is nominated, we will kill him and then eat him. We will say to America: "You nominate a President and he eats the people. At our convention we nominate a President and the people eat him!"

The youth festival will dramatize the nation's most massive collective and individual acts of resistance. One night 100,000 people will burn draft cards at the same moment, with the fires spelling out "Beat Army." The next day all the pyromaniacs will send signed letters to the government confessing their act, and will encourage more young men to follow them.

This do-in will be unique in that it must be a bottom-up revolution to succeed. You are needed to work on it to make it happen. It will not be done for you. We have opened up a coordinating office, at YIP (room 607, 32 Union Square East, New York, 10003, New York, phone (212) 982-5090 and we are there coordinating information.

The Chicago power structure, especially Mayor Daley, is not going to be thrilled about our using Grant Park. But with hundreds of thousands of us, what are they going to do? It is our human right and we are confident of receiving a permit to use Grant Park.

That week in Chicago will be a living theater of America. King will be there, also Gregory, also Spock and the peace movement. The Democrats will probably have to travel from hotel to convention hall by helicopter. Johnson will be nominated under military guard, under the protection of Army bayonets. Even if Chicago does not burn, the mass paranoia and guilt of the government will force them to bring thousands of troops, and the more troops, the better the theater.

A lot of troops will have to stay and watch us (long hair freaks them out), diverting troops from the black community. And the yippies, being wanderers, will be all over the city.

That Lyndon Johnson and his Democratic Party cannot rule this country is becoming clearer every day. The choice is between the life of youth and the death of the Establishment. For those who don't see that now, Chicago will be an eye-opener.

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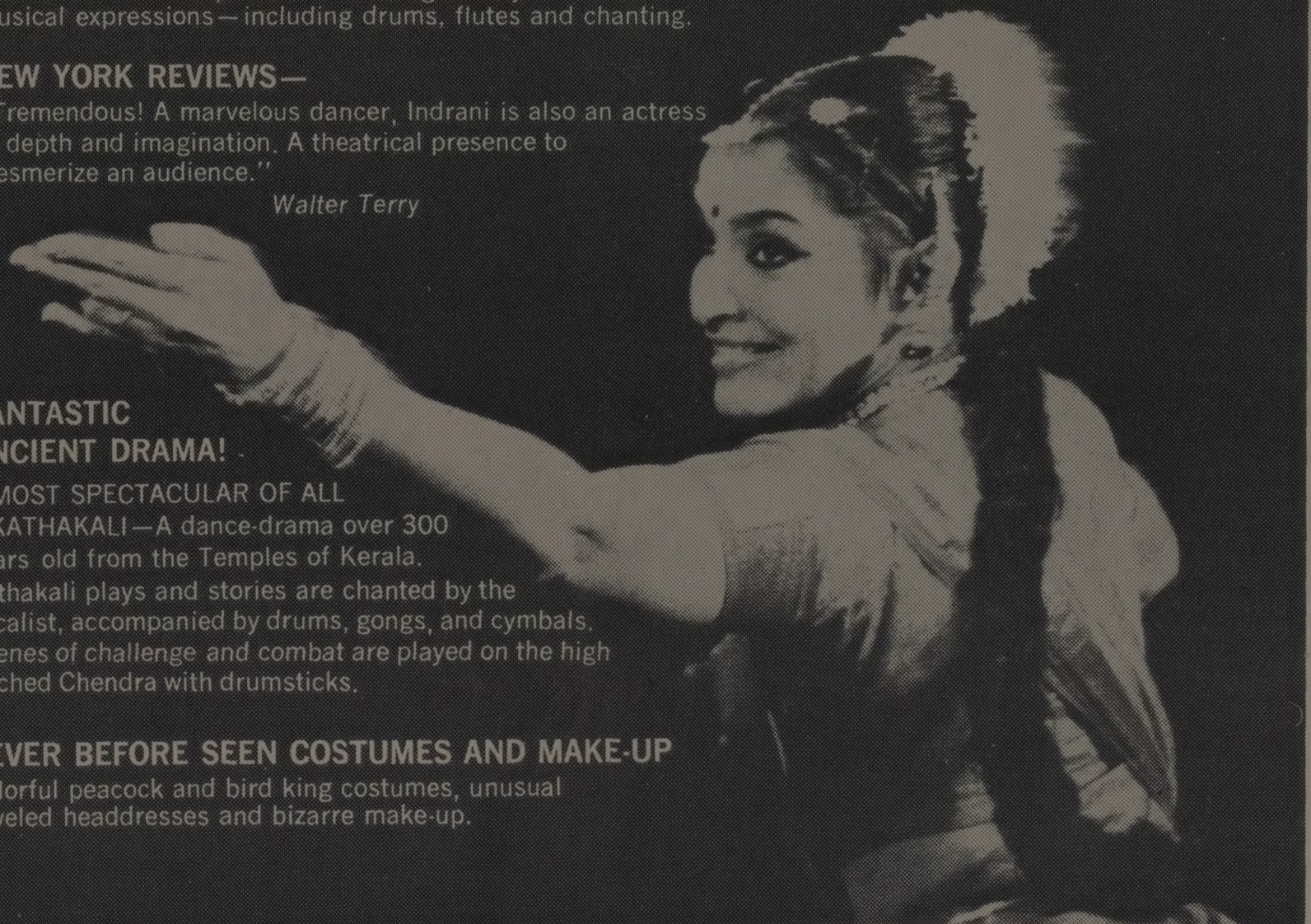
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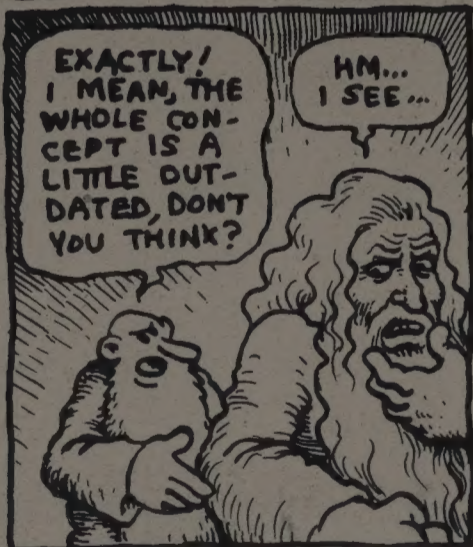
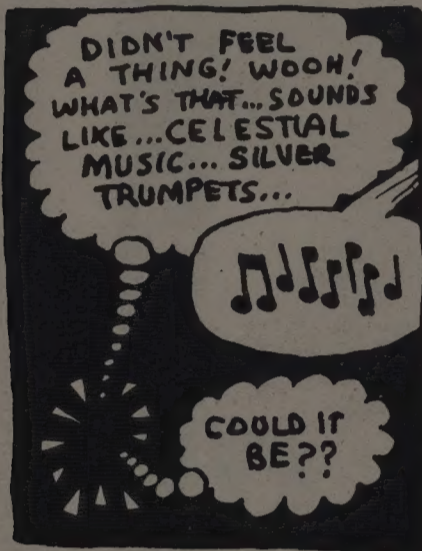
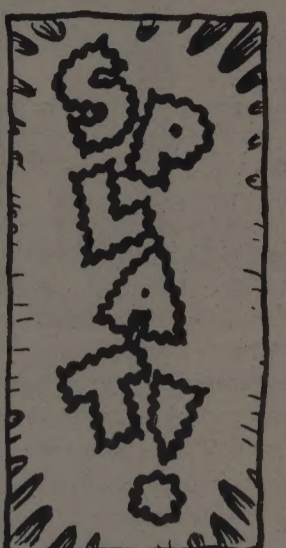
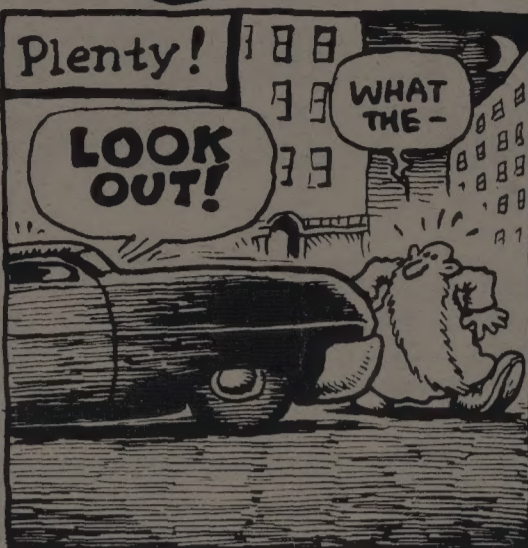
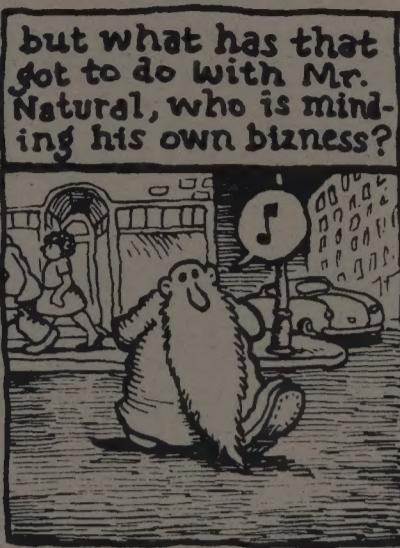
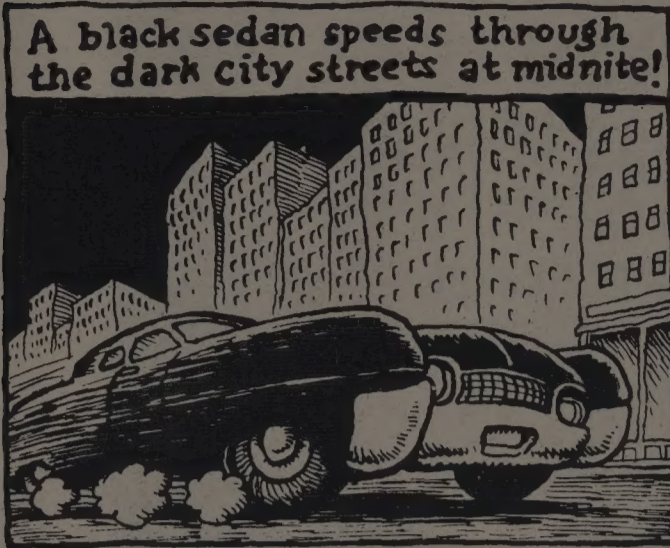
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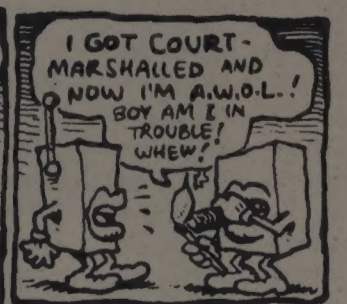
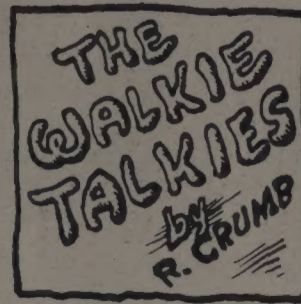
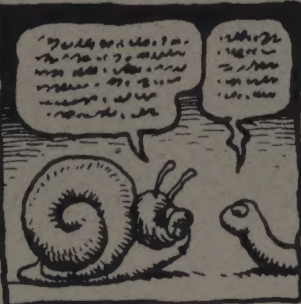
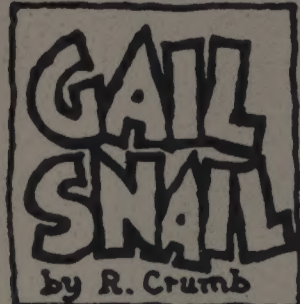
Mr. Natural meets God

ANOTHER R. CRUMB LAFF RIOT!



To Be Continued

Here's a couple six-second side splitters!



E E G G O O

If my first musical love was brief, still, it was intense. I was seven or eight years old, living on Chicago's old West Side, and would stay up late at night to listen to the WLS Barn Dance show over the radio. Maybe I was just going through some pre-pubescent revolt against my father's taste in Earl Hines and Lionel Hampton records, but I'd dress up in my Tom Mix, post war, Hollywood rerun vision of cowboy and run yodelling down the street. Eight years old . . . a chubby Jewish boy in Polack Chicago singing "Keep a movin' Dan, he's a devil not a man, and he spreads the burning sands with water . . ." in what was already becoming a stone black ghetto.

After that, I seem to draw a blank and don't even remember listening to country & western music until I was drafted and stationed down South for what seemed forever—first in Kentucky, then in Georgia. As if the choice between bad C&W or even worse top 40 over the local radio stations wasn't enough, afternoon TV was two and a half hours of Grand Ole Opry imitations. Sometimes I'd sit through a long afternoon with nothing else to do digging the twanging steel guitars, nasal voices and fancy cowboy shirts. After awhile the songs began to jell inside my head and I'd find myself humming **Dang Me** over and over as I wandered off to supper.

Somewhere in between all this, back in Chicago, I can remember going into the hillbilly bar across the street one night for a pack of cigarettes and the blast from the jukebox bringing me down almost as much as the guys in the corner bashing each other over the heads with beer bottles and using those, you know, pointy toe boots to get some good kicks in. I made it back home clutching my Camels, put some Coltraine on the box, go high, and suffered paranoid fantasies for a week—cats in cowboy shirts coming after me to cut off my beard and break my authentic Ray Charles shades.

But this is all background—by way of preface to the simple fact that I've been listening to C&W oriented pop and pop oriented C&W over the past few weeks. And if I still find myself ambivalent about what I'm coming to see as a major trend in pop music today—toward a stronger Nashville sound—well then, that's where I'm at. Hopefully, I can finish a mini-dissertation on the subject in time for the next issue. In any event, I want to use this space to rap about some of the records I've been listening to and which seem to provide a focus for my ideas on the whole subject.

First off, the Candyman. They've got to be as C&W as you can get; I mean, they're all "crackers" . . . from Alabama and Georgia and like that. And they worked for maybe two years as the back up band for Roy Orbison. Their first album, **THE CANDYMAN** (ABC/ABCS-616) has them doing all kind of different things: blues, Beatles, modern C&W. After listening to it, I wanted to see how they'd sound live and made it overlast weekend to the Electric Circus where they were playing. They did some new stuff, a few things from the LP, a couple of C&W pieces and then, finally, a fantastic I Am The Walrus that got everybody all of a sudden very still.

And this, unfortunately, seems to be where they're at: not trusting themselves, their taste, or perhaps their audience, they do Beatles' songs and imitation Beatles' songs that aren't just good, but perfect. Yet the one song on the LP that I keep playing over and over is **Georgia Pines** . . . a very Nashville tune and arrangement. Lead guitarist John Adkins wrote the song several years ago and it has everything country-rock should have: the melody is fresh and almost keening, the arrangement clean, the lyrics interesting and with just the right touch of alienation with which the kids can identify. Complete with a string intro based on **Shenandoah**, the thing is a perfect little mini-epic of disillusionment with city life.

The group does two original cuts on the album which are absolute mind blowers because the Beatles should have written them and didn't: **Stone Blues Man** and **Deep in the Night** are pure, hard-driving, middle Lennon/McCartney, but handled so beautifully that it doesn't really matter. The band is tight, and polished and they carry it off. There's some bad stuff on the record though: **Roses Won't Grow** is a tasteless pastiche of over-dubbed strings a la **Elanore Rigby**, background conversation a la **Walrus** and a banal melody and lyric. And their Stax/Volt things just don't hold up. Yet the group has incredible promise; with their new LP, **CANDYPOWER**, due now, we'll see if they go further into the country-rock thing.

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"The True Believer" (1961). Paperback \$0.60
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(published by HARPER AND ROW)

By W. F. LUCAS

The esteemed Eric Hoffer, now turned journalist with a weekly column called "Reflections" has gone a step further in his sixty-fifth year. To some in and out of the Academy he is illuminated as a distinguished lettered pedestrian whose credentials of scholarship were in the main achieved through the Public or Free libraries in and around San Francisco. Hoffer has written four respectable books, two of which are paperback re-issues. My concern is with the contents of these books, rather than public or personal hearsay, and his more recent journalistic doings.

Eric has chatted on the White House lawn with L.B.J., and more recently was interviewed by Eric Severaid on a C.B.S. Special. The consequences of these illustrious settings have undoubtedly increased his reputation from esoteric to popular. His life as a Longshoreman and occasional University Lecturer make for an added appeal. A sustained wisdom in his intelligence has a convincing glow of universal redemption in the midst of chaos. In the words of the Great Yiddish Prophets, Hoffer is a "Mensch."

"THE TRUE BELIEVER", is Hoffer's first published work in which he epigrammatically sees fit to excavate the nature of mass movements by attempting to crystalize the genesis of man's real nature as an equally contended and discontented historical beast. In doing so Hoffer uses history as a bullet proof vest to substantiate the motives of the ego, by peering into the nature of man according to an old tact of historical legacy. Eric Hoffer delights in the power of his own mind as a neo-Machiavellian who would be a Philosopher-King. His biopsy and edictful dealing with the fanatical who wish to change society gets beneath the stump of issues to a kind of Emersonian root. I do not wish to infer that Hoffer is really transcendental, but rather lucid and practical. He states, "This book concerns itself chiefly with the active, revivalist phase of mass movements. This phase is dominated by the true believer—the man of fanatical faith who is ready to sacrifice his life for a holy cause—and an attempt is made to trace his genesis and outline his nature." And later, "Discontent by itself does not invariably create a desire for change. Other factors have to be present before discontent turns into disaffection. One of these is a sense of power." The Swastika, The Hammer and Sickle and Cross are but symbols of this power. After having elevated L.B.J. on TV to the status of a being a "Great President," it is no wonder that Hoffer should be invited to a tete a tete on Pennsylvania Avenue. "The game of history is usually played by the best and the worst over the heads of the majority in the middle." Categorically Hoffer classifies the "disaffected" into the following frequency: The poor, misfits, outcasts, minorities, adolescent youth, the ambitious (whether facing insurmountable obstacles or unlimited opportunities, those in the grip of some vice or obsession, the impotent (in mind or body), the inordinately selfish, the bored, and the sinners. Even in writing about the poor he systematizes them into the following: "The New Poor, The Abjectly Poor, The Free Poor, The Creative Poor, and The Unified Poor." He gives us all credence under a spot check.

This is a slim, and well conceived thought-through opus. It is augmented with footnotes at the rear and, considering the time that it was published, his eclecticism in a torpor of bibliography reveals his diseased concern with reactionary power. After having digested and renovated his historical psyche, Hoffer's grand design could very easily be Fascistic. Yet Hoffer is too hip for that . . . as his depersonalization of human experience weds itself to a random humanization of political viscera. This saves Hoffer from what could be an ultimate overbearance of political posture. Under the heading of "Useful Mass Movements" he inter-projects by saying, "In the eyes of the true believer, people who have no holy cause are without backbone and character—a pushover for men of faith. On the other hand, the true believers of various hues, though they view each other with mortal hatred and are ready to fly at each others throat, recognize and respect each others strength". Hoffer codifies a great deal in short treatise, and requires some reflection. This aresol-bomb spirit of his, in which attempts to de-funk the funky, and the naive; has the spleen of Rasputin's compulsion, Svengali's obsession and Henry Higgin's acid judgements!

"THE PASSIONATE STATE OF MIND," was published four years later. Here Eric Hoffer gets into his emotional bag, with 280 Hofferesque aphorisms that ritually make sense. Before quoting any; I suggest a visionary-vintage that Hoffer surmounts as a persuader from the Kahlil Gibran ilk. These pieces of various reflection for their own worth are Hoffer's real intrusion into the Art of Being. The confessional pendulum defies time and rages within itself. The unseemingly optimism which Hoffer excites is a contemporary reality. The Hebrew and Yiddish Prophets from then and NOW were a mixed bag of wisdomites. Hoffer now neutralizes from a prose-polemic to some *Weltschmerz* in a more poetic sense by using aphorisms alone. There is absolutely nothing new here. But there is a creditable way of saying it. It's a funny strait that all of us sail through. We either use our sails on occasion or we turn on the deisel. Hoffer does both to a great deal of satisfaction.

"HUMILITY is not renunciation of pride but the substitution of one pride for another".

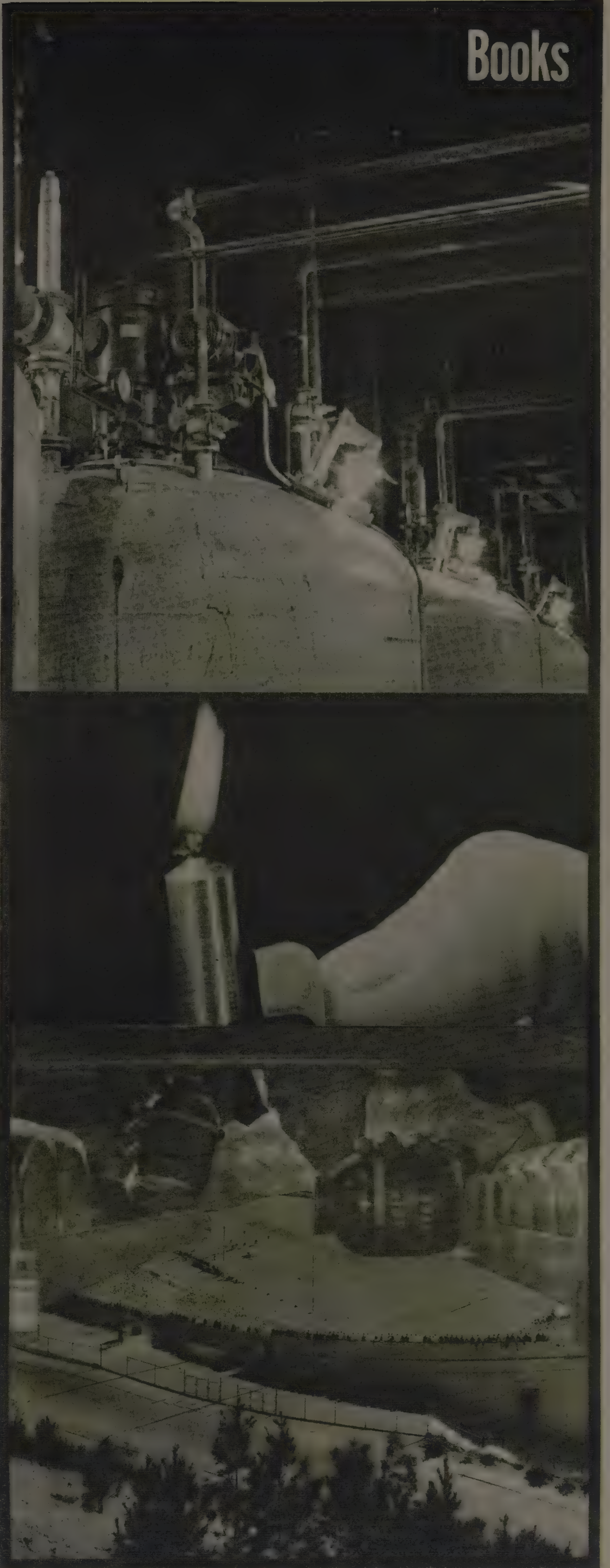
"WITH some people solitariness is an escape not from others—but from themselves. For they see in the eyes of others—only a relection of themselves."

"THE passionate are not only as a rule culturally creative, but they only make history."

"UNPREDICTABILITY, too, can become monotonous".

Like the last aphorism this reflection too can become a Chinese apple pie.

"THE ORDEAL OF CHANGE" is Hoffer's coming to life or better still, his Masculation as an Intellectual. We have the growth of a hot mind who is now really protesting and defensive. The word "Change" is the key,—from which Hoffer is no longer a dead docu-



Records

by Alan Asnen

BLUE CHEER: *Summertime Blues/Out of Focus* (Philips, 40516)

Blue Cheer was awarded the astounding honor of having the biggest advanced album sales in the history of Philips, USA.

It's kind of hard to define any record or to set it in one particular category, but usually you can find many similarities between various groups, old and new. Such is the case with Blue Cheer, who, when you hear the record—and I advise you do—may bring vaguely familiar remembrances of the Cream. They have that same fuzzy sound on their guitar pieces as the Cream and except for the fact that Cream vocals are usually solo and Blue Cheer just screams it out to you, you might possibly mistake Blue Cheer for the early Cream. They sound like they may be just as good live as the Cream.

The words on *Summertime Blues* are straight out of the fifties, and you know, the more I listen to this record the more it sounds like the Cream.

As is usually the case, I like the flip side better. Although they call the plug side *Blues*, the flip side is more a true representation of R&B, blues, soul, or whatever you want to call it. Fuck it, man, maybe I just have cream on the brain or something but fucking Blue Cheer sounds just the fuck like the Cream and the hell with the rest of this review.

TRAFFIC: *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush/Coloured Rain* (United Artists, UA 50232)

Let me start this by saying that I don't particularly like the plug side of this record. This just goes to show you what bad taste the record companies think we all have. **Go out and buy a good record for Christ!**

Ahem. Under the title and junk it says that the song is from the movie of the same name. I don't go to the movies very often, but I ain't even gonna see this one for free if its anything like its title song. Well, movies are Preston's department anyway.

This bland ding-dong starts out like a kiddie song with a bass and jumps into something reminiscent of the Rascals, then falls into something that I'll get into on the next side, then into a Cossack beat, and back around to the beginning. The record ends, thank God. (But the fucker has a good ending).

Coloured Rain is, I hope, more representational of Traffic's sound. What this is then (I've had you hanging in suspense, haven't I, sweetie?) is a—once again—Procol Harumish sound, but with more of a hard psychedelic rock beat sound thing (with a cow bell no less!). It's happier and more up-tempoish than the Harum, but like the man says, each to his own.

THE HERD: *From the Underground/Sweet William* (Fontana, F-1602)

Despite their quite obvious original sound, I can't help feeling that The Herd has some influences on *From the Underground* from other groups. After their ringing "avant-garde" beginning, they get into a Procol Harumish piano, leading right into a rock beat with an up to date Gregorian chant. You can also find a Penny Lane horn at several points on the track. The words don't mean much—probably because you have to try too hard to hear them—but the music is god.

The flip side is another original take-off on another unoriginal theme. The trouble is that too many people judge a group's talent by their originality or their lack of it. Most new groups are original and good, but they would be just as good even if they weren't original. Too many groups try to be totally original and they flop. But back to the record. *Sweet William* contains as much 50's rock (and also a detectable 30's jazz buildup) as any 45 could, and if you like the new sound on *Underground* you'll get this for a teaser. Intermission: I've just realized something, it's like this gang: I've just read this thing and it doesn't read like Playboy or even Richard Goldstein, but whaddya want, I'm only sixteen. I mean, like, these records sound basically the same. I'm not putting them down or anything, buy them all if you want, but they do sound that way to me. And believe me, if I ever, EVER, hear anything that's better and newer and more original and more POWIE, I'll tell you about it. Believe me. Thank you for holding out this long. I have.

THE OMEGAS: *I Can't Believe/Mr. Yates* (United Artists, UA 50247)

This record caught me from the start. It's kind of a mixed media music. I'll list what I heard first: Beatles, Cream, Ramsey Lewis, Chiffons, Ray Charles. How mixed can you get. I can't believe *I Can't Believe*. It starts out with a harp reminiscent (that word again) of *I Should Have Known Better* going right into a blended Beatles-Cream guitar, and that combination pops up throughout the record. But it's not rock, it's soul—I think. It's soul-rock, okay) Fuck it. Then he starts singing with sould organ back-up. And from nowheresville comes this ooooooh of Ray Charles soul-gospel choral fame. And man, they even do

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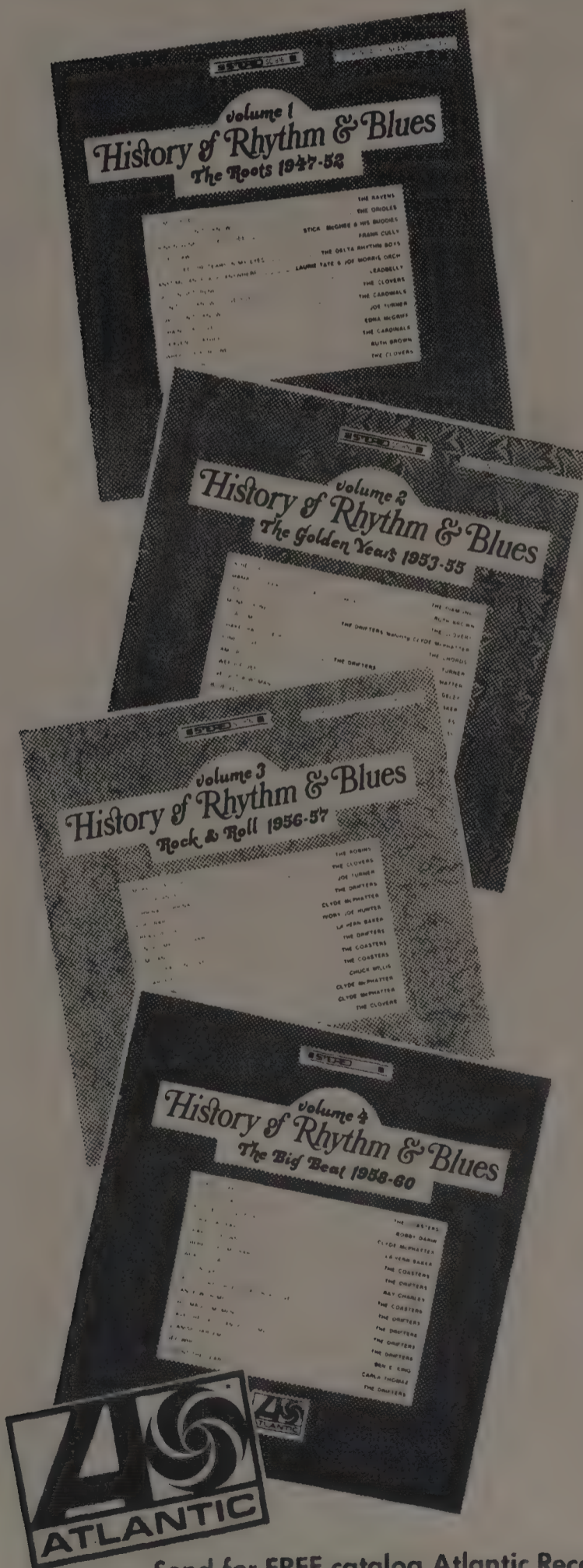
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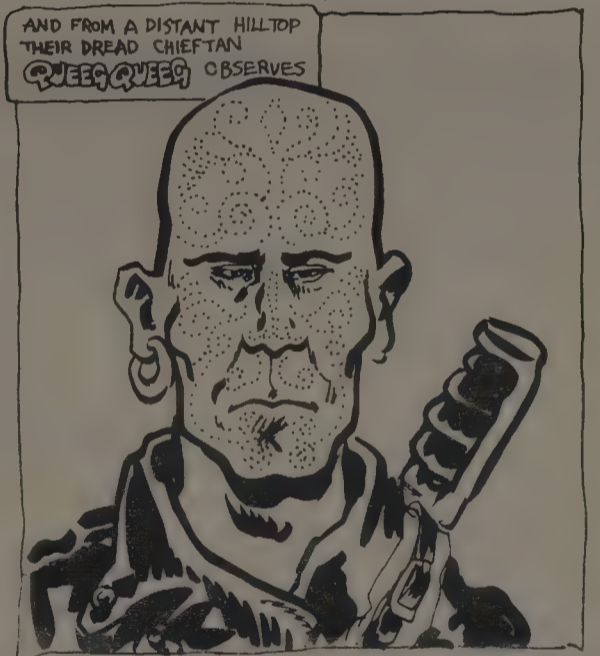
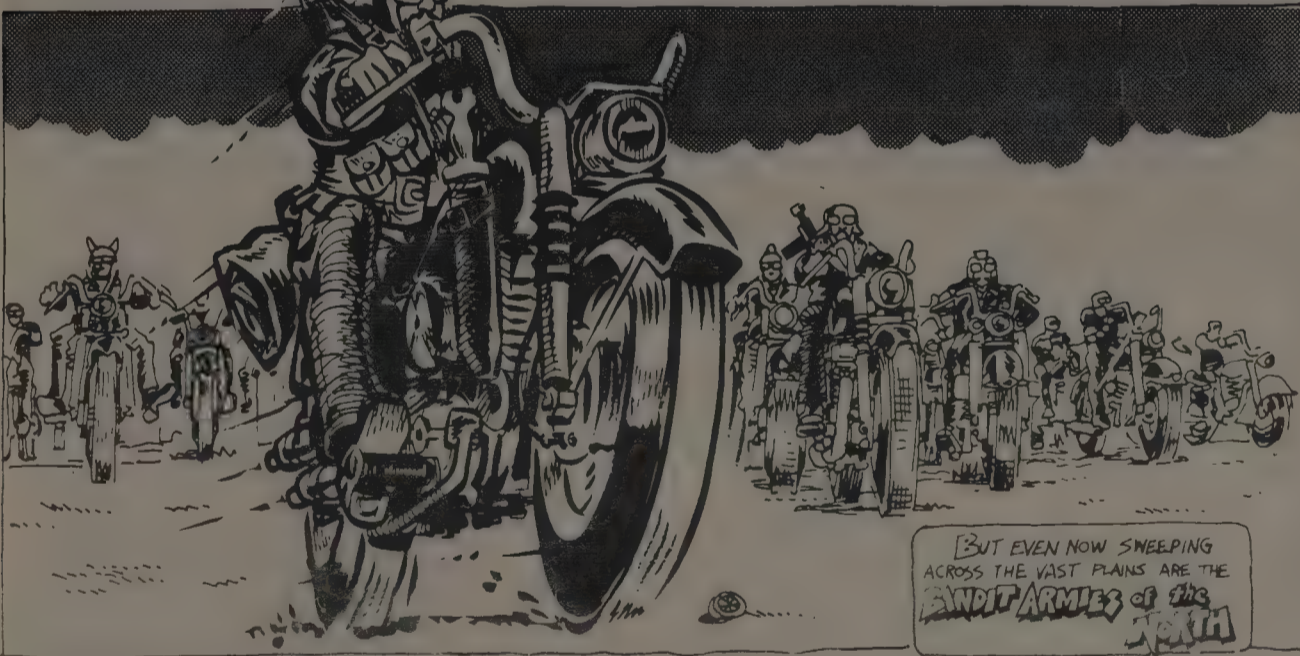
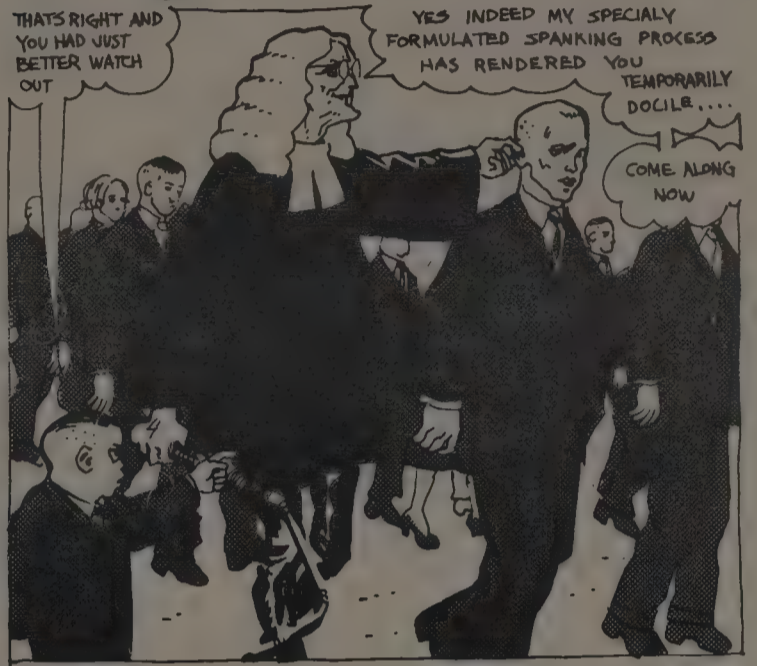
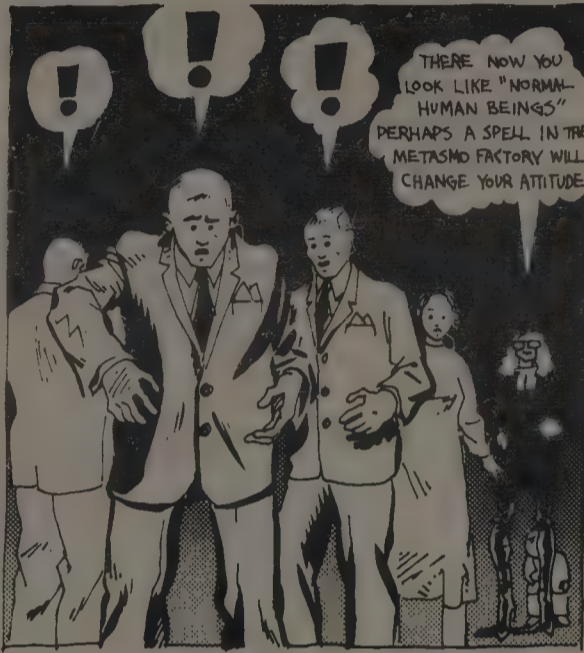
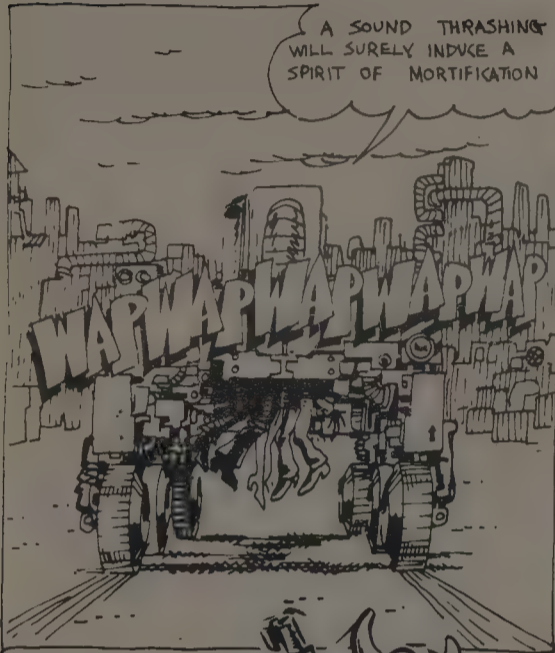
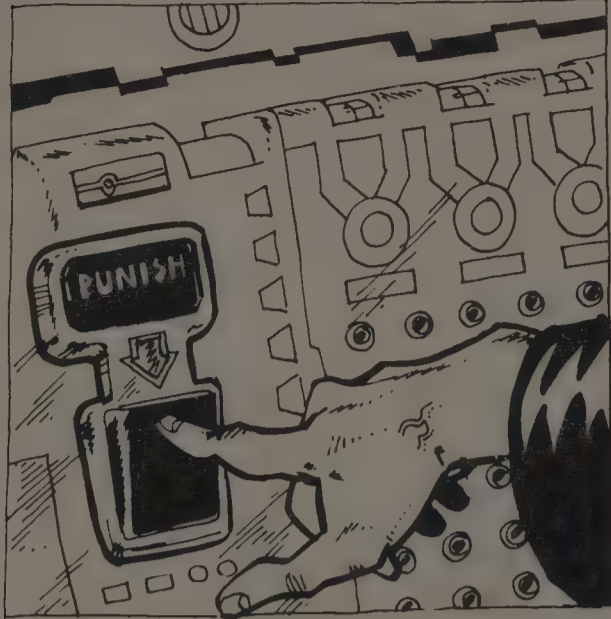
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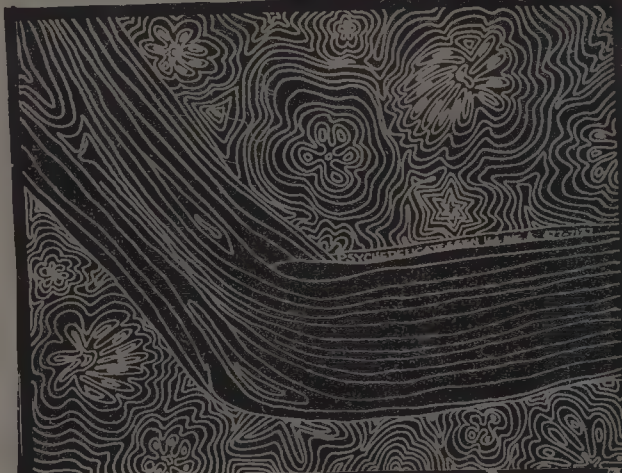
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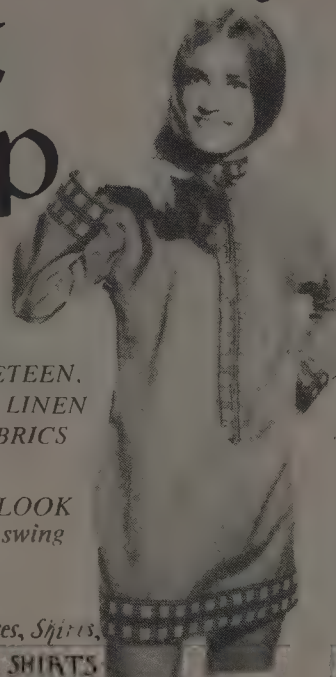
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which will dispose of the unwary. I had no such chemical in the apartment.

We talked about her wrestling and my fetish. She knew many men like me. All hustlers do. There are two groups of people who know about the total spectrum of human feeling — whores and psychiatrists. The price of a treatment is about the same—I used both.

Pearl's forearm was very strong. In the days when women beat dough for bread and cake — before the invention of the mix-masters — housewives commonly had large, smooth, powerful forearms. Pearl's upper arm was beautifully full — quite harmonious with her forearm, but not remarkably muscular. Her great strength was in her back and legs. We sat on the couch while I opened the pate de foie gras, caviar, and champagne. We chatted about our experiences in common with fastasy and fact. I toasted her in the usual way. She enjoyed demonstrating the strength of her forearm.

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"That's not the way to toast me," she said. "You must get on your knees. You must raise your glass so the top of it touched the bottom of mine. And you must say, 'Here's to you, Goddess'."

It's very odd doing something like this because not only wasn't she a real goddess, tho' in my eyes she was goddess-like, but I was her real employer instead of her real slave. She was my slave, playing along with me to create the delight of my thinking that I was her slave. But I found this elaborate play-acting a little bothersome. It interfered somewhat with my fantasy. It made it clear how artificial the situation was. I actually did want to be her slave — not, probably, the actual slave of Princess Pearl — I had hardly more than met her — but the slave of what she represented. But I didn't like all this folderol of elaborate manners. I never liked elaborate manners of any sort anyway — or even simple manners if they are repeated an nauseum. The college I went to was small, but even though it was, as institutions go, intimate, I knew only a few of the four hundred students. Little as I knew them, however, from the first day everyone was saying 'hi-ya' to me and I was saying 'hi-ya' to them. Later, when I drove sports cars, it was again in the early, intimate days, and every sports car driver waved to every other. I got sick of waving. I loved the Jaguar, Porche and MG that I had but I got sick of those other waving drivers. However, I was in no position to complain about the monotony of manners to Pearl so long as I wanted her as my goddess.

"Can you pick me up and throw me on the bed?" I asked.

"Sure," she said, without the slightest doubt creeping into her voice. She had fantastic legs. A woman's thighs can be so sudden. Even on a small woman, a very normal type of woman, not my specification at all, the thighs can suddenly burst out, expressing the surprising and usually hidden message of female bigness. The charm of the bikini is not just in its degree of revelation, but in this special quality that it reveals. Men's thighs are strong and muscular but they don't convey the sense of suddenness. It's a simple principle of physics, you have to slow down around a curve or be a very good driver. I don't wish to moralize, but I am sure it's true. Many men have been wrecked because their eyes could not slow down as they sped along a woman's thigh.

Pearl's were huge thighs. Graybeard, the publisher of XOTIK who was Pearl's boy friend — I assume, her slave — and who named a bar after her, called Princess Pearl's Bistro, kept printing photos of her long after she had ceased to charm the patrons of the 52nd St. honky-tonks — another fine memory of old New York, now replaced by the Hilton, Americana, the Equitable Life Bldg. and other objects of which a man — rectitudinous, perverted, or non-normal — whatever he may be — can never be so fond. Pearl's thighs had the magnificent, female curve in front (which is not uncommon, but which nevertheless, to me, has always been a delightful vision when revealed, like the nonetheless magnificent flowers of the countryside — the massing of day lilies along an old tar road in Connecticut — the blue cornflower of August). But, in addition to this common beauty — this common magnificence, Pearl had what was uncommon. In women who have special training such as dancers or acrobats, or who live in primitive communities, such as women who carry heavy burdens up mountains (as they did around Sorrento and Amalfi when I lived there) — or women who help the fishermen with their nets, both the front and back of the upper leg becomes highly developed, and the sudden, explosive curve of the front is supported by a harder form — a sort of bracket in the rear. There is point and counterpoint, or melody and harmony, to the voluptuous curve in front and the strong, precise, chiseled line in back. For years after I knew Pearl I would, now and then, see her again in XOTIK and I would wonder what it would have been if I really could have belonged to her, or she to me.

At any rate, when I asked her if she could pick me up and toss me on the bed she got ready with true Western vigor, tok off her dress, stockings, and shoes and told me to strip for tossing. Then she picked me up quite easily and tossed me toward the bed as tho' I were a sack of grain. Prior to this actual experience, being tossed onto the bed by a beautiful and powerful woman, of which Pearl was both, had been one of my main erotic fantasies. But on the way down I began to realize that fact and fantasy were different. While there wasn't a long time interval between the time Pearl had me on her hips and then heaved me toward the bed, there was enough time for me to realize that I had changed from a love-seeking pervert to a projectile. When I hit the bed, it broke. Fortunately I hit it on the lower outside corner and I slept in the bed, tilted that way, during my remaining years in that apartment.

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mentation, but a concern to himself—an intellectual ogre. He is now living in the state of his convictions; however slim, and like Paul Revere riding with a toothpick in his mouth. He swells in his growing-up beyond his own imagination. He plucks from this itinerant garden to sum up a conquest of intellectual being. "Make way for the people. This is how I read the statement that this country was built by hordes of undesirables from the Old World." What Hoffer has found in the real province of exposure to literature is simple himself . . . with an intrepid recognition of the humankind. This abortion of time is naturally his catalyst. He has waited; and thus it is his. "It is easier to love humanity as a whole than to love ones neighbor". The step by step into the glass world of conviction he is an alive memo for investigation. At this point Hoffer's struggle for survival and competitive urge are given final fruition.

"And no matter what anthropologists, sociologists and geneticists may tell us, we shall go on believing that man, unlike other forms of life, is not a captive of his past — of his heredity and habits — but is possessed of infinite plasticity, and his potentialities for good and evil are never wholly exhausted." Thus spoke his Nietzschean influence in cultural apoplexy. Hoffer has a robust and deliberate mind; I can imagine his original manuscript as being a kind of pure HELL. His form elicits a kind of superabundance of latent intellectual energy that I feel justified in stating his own approximation of life. "On the other hand, the scribe has been in the forefront of every movement which set out to separate the trader from his wealth. In the process, both knowledge and riches leaked out to wider sections of the population." The open air journalism of Hoffer at this point is a respiration of Menckenesque protest as a free agent of what he thinks he is . . . or might be. The scare for the lay who are unthinking is possible, however something else is brewing in Hoffer's mind. Regarding the social order of things, that is never really right. Human nature becomes naturally un-natural to his cause. There is a great deal of pain and some exasperation between his own sense of unreality on being. In fact history seems to shove his own capacity around just a little bit too much. He identifies with the mass, but remains an intellectual to the end. The change he speaks of continues to have an unconditional optimism. This book is indeed a plebian therapy for some practical purposes.

"THE TEMPER OF OUR TIME" is Eric Hoffer's latest bound exploration. These six essays originally appeared in Harpers Magazine, New York Times Magazine, Holiday, Saturday Review and Cavalier between 1965 and 1966. Methinks that Hoffer has bitten off more than he can chew. The first essay which he calls "A Time Of Juveniles" compresses mankind into a state, he calls "A Time Of Juveniles" compresses mankind into a state of puerile atavism as an historical rhapsody from which as he states, "the end of The Time of Juveniles is nowhere in sight." Hoffer's stream of consciousness seems to be trying to go around the world in 80 days. Unwittingly he exhorts the hippie movement and the lack of trust expressed in people over thirty. This piece is a convincing failure as a hit and run approach. In "Automation, Leisure, And The Masses" Hoffer now realizes that automation has finally caught up with him. In the end he clings to the Old and New Testaments as a subway rider must inevitably become a strap hanger during rush hour. "The Negro Revolution" as seen by Hoffer elicits more of a great deal of consternation. To dismiss Hoffer entirely on the grounds of being "reactionary" and bigoted in his views is an evasive cop out. Even though his philosophical testimonies emanate from an unqualified 19th century thinking. Eric Hoffer does have the facility to grasp, and hence: generalize on the state of mankind, or more seemingly the humankind. He lacks the real depth to understand the ethnic man. Be they Negroes, Jews or what have you. The tools of ethnocentricity he uses as a historical cudgel at the mercy and vanity of his own will to power. In and out of context his real diatribe is as limited as his latest scholarship. I can only respect his courage to commit himself on such issues and on that level of disenchantment is no better off than that which he sees fit to placate in an alarm of platitudes. Hoffer's proximity to field workers and Longshoremen in his days on the fields and waterfronts is a romantic absorption of sheer peasantry . . . guided with some erstwhile complexes about urban sociology. To say that "THE NEGRO REVOLUTION IS A FRAUD," is as total an irresponsibility of conviction as there is in our time. Others have said the same thing. But to support such a conviction no clear attribute of framework supports such a thesis. In the Case of Harold Cruse in an earlier review in EVO (Feb. 2-8, 1968) I stated that "Cruse . . . makes Eric Hoffer seem like a dilettante" when reviewing, "The Crisis of The Negro Intellectual." In re-reading Hoffer again, I know that my synthesis was not so far offbase. The Negro Revolution may just be a fraud, but the very tactics of revolution Hoffer deplors and that he sees in the "Negro Revolution" historically are the counter-tactics he uses in a spurious doctrinaire position of statement. In fact from what I gather, Hoffer in speaking of healing the Negro community through self help he would revive the pulantation system in the newer high-cotton of glass, steel and concrete. In the past ten years or more, more has been written on by and about Black people than some paper can stand. At least we know where Hoffer stands. This is more than we can do for others who hide behind some tattle-tale grey sheets. But just why is Hoffer so afraid? Why is it that in all quarters Black and White neo-reactionary and fascistic power dominated motives come to the forefront? Nothing is perfect or anywhere near being so in the very, very, very "Funnyhouse Of The Negro." With or without leadership of intellectual support, the masses on all strata of life from the farmhand to third and fourth generation Black aristocrat are the most concerns of modern change America has ever seen. Even the Black apologists see the handwriting on the wall. Belaboring the issue of Hoffer on Black America is almost a waste of time. What he has not said indicates no strengthening of opposite positions, but simply the flaw in his entire philosophical knot hole. "A Name For Our Age," is Hoffer's shift from mass consideration to intellectual power. He grades the intellectual on a curve of paradoxes in an American and international setting. He is so full of summaries in judgment that I suspect a naivety of style, with an intent to hold back a great deal and let our imaginations soar. Living in an intellectual society in an automated age may well be, but in referring to the intellectual hostility toward America he quotes Freud ho states, "I do not hate America, I regret it. I regret that Columbus ever discovered it." And it was Oscar Wilde who said, "The day America was born, culture died."

In upholding the vigors of the Occident Hoffer's concern for survival shows us that our present impatience, or the NOW need it at the head of the list. Pride is also a factor "what will buy souls" on the human exchange . . . and that "Rudeness has become a substitute for power, for faith, and for achievement." The injunction of morality in an amoral society is equivalent to a philosophical knee spanking. After which we run and pout, hide in closets, scheme and plot our real rebellion. Each age and time has such a big Daddy or Mommy. They belong to all ages. Getting back out to play new games beyond Daddy Hoffer is a simple matter. But after you do it so often and successfully, you could easily get bored with your own success. In other words, get a new game or get another father.

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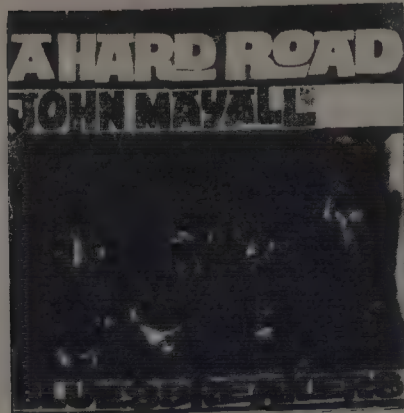
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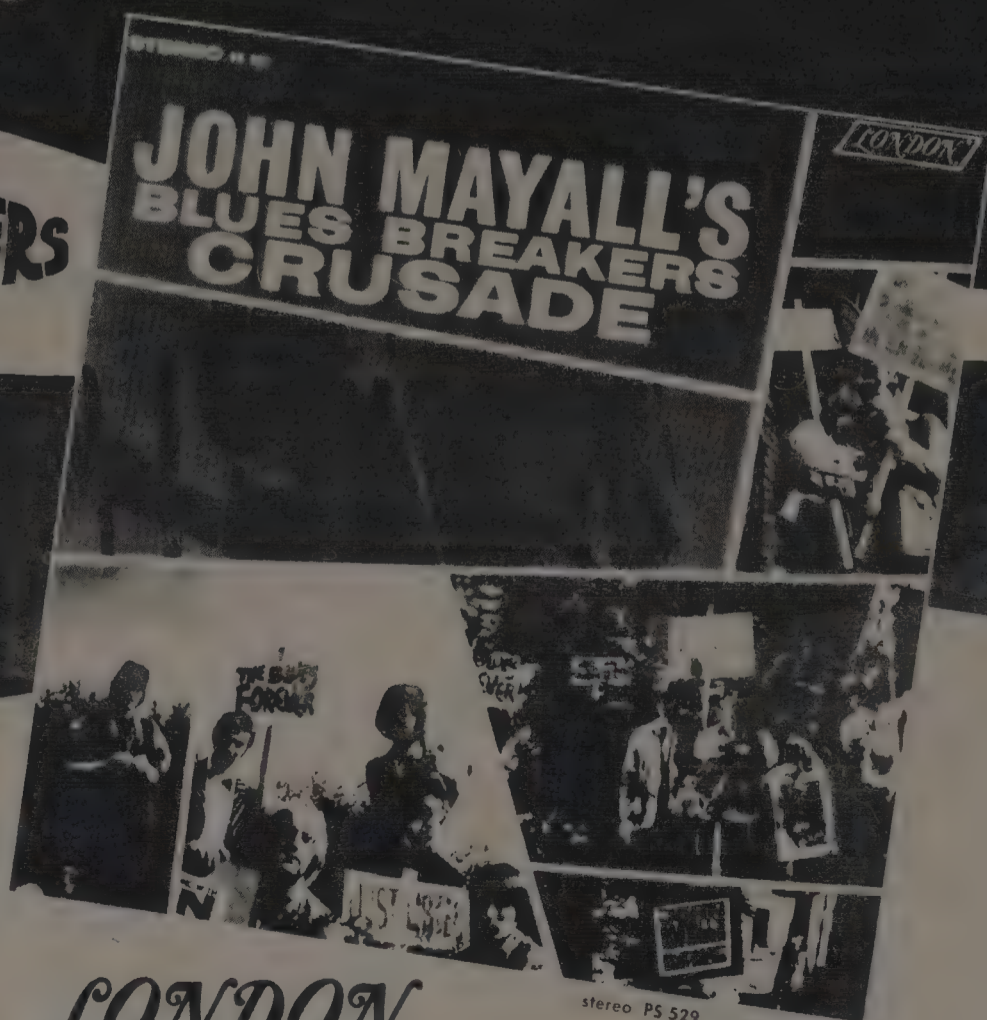
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lowest life form I have ever come across; even an amoeba wouldn't squeal on his customers.

I think it's about time we all took a stand. Let's realize full well that the Fed's aren't out to stop the grass traffic they are out to stop things that aren't profitable to them: There simply isn't enough profit in grass for everyone to get a cut. And of course, grass is simply too bulky to conceal a worthwhile quantity. I know that the publication of this article will inevitably reach the "Friendly Feds" who arrested me, but I am doing it anyway. I have decided to draw the line, and not be a rat on the people who I believe are the real people in our Society, taking chances to do something that they believe in. I only hope that some "Friendly Attorney" reading this article will offer his assistance so that I can fight this case, as I know I must do. I simply cannot become a traitor to a cause I believe in. I know that grass simply is not bad in any way shape or form, and yet there is more heat on grass traffic then there is on Heroin and Cocaine, which is factually dangerous any way you can slice it.

I mention the facts here because I want to warn all those involved in the dealing scene that you too may some day be busted. If you are, the promises made to you in return for your cooperation are generally nothing more than a crock of shit, unless you are busted big, as I was. But if you do cooperate, remember, your life will never be the same. Will you really be able to look at yourself in the mirror, and ever be proud that you were a traitor to a cause. Can you be hypocritical enough to use stuff, maybe even deal in it, and yet rat on others in the very same bag as yourself. If you do, the chain will be never-ending. As long as there are people weak enough to rat on others instead of fighting their case as I am going to have to do, then consider the possibility that grass will never be made legal, and that drug traffic per se will probably come to a halt in the very near future.

A bust of a small user who informs, leads to his connection, and so on up the line until the fuzz have busted the main man, maybe even the producer or importer as the case may be, and when the ivory tower crumbles, that's it man.

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the "na-na na na" scene. Then the instrumental and there's this amateurish Ramsey Lewis at the keys. Back to the vocal and it's the same thing only the bass is a bit heavier. Ohmigosh; it even ends with a cow bell.

On Mr. Yates there's also a detectable Beatles influence, but more in the vein of an up-tempo Michelle or Yesterday. The bass is kind of heavy on this one so watch out for your eardrums. It's a sweet and simple song and worth it. Get your hands on this record. It's quite nice.

THE BLACK AND BLUE: Come To Me/Bye Bye Baby (United Artists, UA 50245)

This sounds like something else I've heard before, but I just can't put my finger on it. Maybe I'll get back to the first side later. As usual I like the flip-side better. Bye Bye Baby has the all-time basic rock beat (bum-ba dum dum-badum daum). The record, even with this heavy emphasis on old time rock, really breaks away back into what you might call today's sound. "There she goes, walking down the street". Where have I heard that before but then it goes right into this beautiful guitar solo, and I don't care where I heard it before. It's a good piece of wax.

I'm sure I heard that first side somewhere. Well, fuck-it, I got a deadline to meet. It's a cute side and it don't sound half bad neither. In hate to say it, but keep your eye on The Black And Blue, they'll be pretty good soon.

GENE HUGHS AND THE CASINOS: (United Artists, UA 50255)

Here we go again folks. It's simpletown time. It's a beautiful record. Soul again. It ain't the best, but it ain't bad neither. As a matter of fact, it's pretty damn good—one of the best soul records I've heard in a while. It's backed by the standard gospel piano and brass section and the powerful lead singer. And it's just like I said: Standard. It's standard, the whole damn track: STANDARD! BUT I LOVE IT AND FUCK THE WORLD IF NO ONE ELSE DOES! FUCKIN BUY THIS RECORD. TEENYBOPPERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!!!

JOHNNY BARTEL AND THE SOUL MASTERS: More Than Ever Before/State of Mind (Solid State, SD 2519)

This is such a beautiful record, that I wish I had enough copies to give away to everybody. It's classical R&B, and I must've heard this record so many times on so many other records that the beat has become a part of me. There's not really too much to say about this record aside from that. Just think of all the R&B and soul records you've ever heard. The cream of them all is incorporated on this record. Buy it.

THE FORTUNES: Fire Brigade/Painting a Shadow (United Artists UA 50280)

I'll do the second side first because for once the plug side is better. Painting a Shadow is a waltz. Bleh.

Fire Brigade starts out with a fire brigade and you find yourself listening to what you were listening to on old WINS years ago with Murray the K. There's a Duane Eddy (whatever happened to Duane Eddy?) guitar all over the record, and it fits in beautifully with music that was going around just a few years ago, but I can't for the moment put my finger on it. I don't know why, but for some reason I can't get an association with the Beatles out of my mind. I have a feeling that this music moves like the old pre-Revolver Beatles music used to move, but I just can't seem to find even one Beatles song that goes anything like this. But anyway, it seems like United Artists has charted itself another winnah in today's widely varied selection of music.

Then there's the Charles River Valley Boys not so new LP, BEATLE COUNTRY (Elektra/EKL-4006). The only air play I've heard on it was KMPX in San Francisco, and they were playing it straight through, several times a day, every day for a week. I still like it . . . it's you know, charming-like the BAROQUE BEATLES album, and easily as well put together. A bunch of Harvard Square types who've been into bluegrass for years, they've put out an album of countryfied Lennon/McCartney standards that is a joy to hear.

Featuring Jim Field on guitar and vocals, Bob Siggins on banjo and vocals, and Joe Val on mandolin and vocals, they add bass, dobro, lead guitar and fiddle for an almost roccoco instrumental effect. They retain the basic vocal phrases of the originals—especially in the unisons—but substitute chords, stretch the rhythmic figures to fit the standard C&W 1/3 accents, and add a series of dense bluegrass instrumental lines over the original melodies. I don't have any favorites; everything on the album is a groove: I've Just Seen a Face, Ticket To Ride, Help, Yeller Submarine and the rest.

Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs do something along the same line in their new release CHANGIN' TIMES (Columbia/CS-9596). With drums added to the Foggy Mountain Boys usual line-up of banjo, guitar, bass, fiddle, mandolin and dobro, the Boys romp through an assortment of Dylan hits, folk classics and the theme music from Bonnie and Clyde. Flatt and Scruggs helped shape the sound of modern bluegrass, and it shows: Flatt's voice is perfect-unstrained, easy and natural—and Scrugg's banjo is always on top of the notes never reaching for but always holding.

Mr. Tambourine Man is done in a slow, rocking tempo with a relaxed instrumental background and occasional flashes of dobro and banjo. Don't Think Twice has to be the absolute and perfect version of the song; after hearing it on the LP, I can't think of any other way it could be done. Flatt stretches the vocal line until it loses its up-tightness and becomes almost gentle. Blowing In the Wind opens with an erie modal unison vocal line and then moves into some sparkling banjo by Scruggs.

Ode to Billie Joe stands out on the record because of Flatt's handling of the lyric as well as some incredible banjo lines. Buddy Don't Roll So Slow features some beautiful fiddle and dobro work. It's a shame that the drummer is unnamed as he is constantly doing interesting things throughout the album. In the end, it all comes down to whether you like the songs and/or are open to bluegrass; the arrangements, vocals and instrumentals are always fresh, bright and filled with unexpected lines and breaks.

A friend of mine turned me on to John Hartford. Ecstatic, he began to rap about this cat . . . living in Nashville . . . doing Dylanesque C&W. It seems the problem is that Victor has released his third LP, THE LOVE ALBUM, (RCA-Victor/LSP-3884) with one eye on the hippies and the other on the folks back home. As a result, the album ranges from interesting to sad, and Hartford's very real talent suffers. Side one opens with Why Do You Do Me—Hartford playing bright, sparkling banjo against bass, drums and guitar. The song is very up, bouncy, with a strong back beat over the 1/3 bass line. The lyrics are very good-explicit, sharp and controlled.

After, that, the record begins to slide into overarranged strings, that "down home" sentimentality too often coupled with C&W, occasionally trite lines and sometimes banal melodies. There are still good moments on the LP: I Would Not Be Here is a pleasant ring song ending in a Walrus tape collage; Natural To Be Gone sounds a little like a Kurt Weil thing with nice arrangement and banjo lines; Early Afternoons is very nice—Dylan without the cynicism. Hartford has a voice somewhere in between Tex Ritter and Johnny Cash, a banjo out of Earl Scruggs and a lyric imagination capable of beautiful and complex verse. He's been listening to a lot of music—all different kinds—and assimilating it into C&W. If Victor would take the chance, his next LP could be something else.

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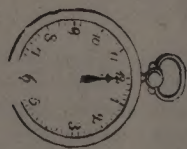
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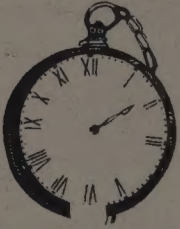
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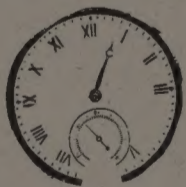
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LEAP-YEAR SPECIAL: Bachelor 25 New in N.Y. Seeks pretty girl 19 to 25 to show me this is really fun city. No time for games or queers. Call evenings 5:00 to midnight, 346-7992.

HOFSTRA graduate student nights, math, wants dates. Tutor in math, also buy you lunch etc. See you any day at 12. Box 303, Freeport, L.I.

MAN 39 with older children—no wife—wants a woman as a friend. 25 minutes from N.Y.C. Call Lund, 201-795-0017.

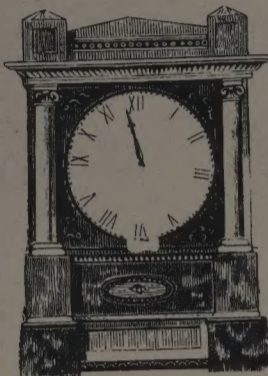
PERSONALS

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.

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.

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.

DEE M. & BRAIN. It's not a furnace but at least it takes the chill off. Nothing worse than a cold ass.



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

A. WOLF—Satisfied with everything. Call 864-1190. Saturday between 1-4 p.m., or as soon as convenient (keep trying if no answer). Please forgive the delay (due to foul-up with EVO Adv. Dept.). Love.

YOUNG, goodlooking student-masseur needs attractive female for practicing. Have modern mid-Manhattan apartment. For a free soothing massage call Henry, 245-8656, days only.

I AM a 23 year old guy searching for, and would like to begin a correspondence with an uninhibited, intelligent girl under 5'5" with very long hair. Your age is unimportant, however, I would like a girl whose attitudes are ones of empathy woven with a sense of humor. Please send photograph-will do same. Jimmy Johnson, P.O. Box 1531, Worcester, Massachusetts.

CLEANCUT young fellow desires meeting white teenage girl or attractive woman occasionally Friday or Saturday evening for uncomplicated mutual sexual enjoyment observing secrecy, discretion. Box 4895, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C.

GAY MALES want new friends? Send description of yourself, your interests, what you want, etc. along with \$2 to Mars, Box 41031, Los Angeles, 90041.

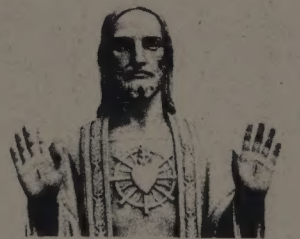
"YOUNG man desires uninhibited girl for fun. Call 737-8136, between 6-11 p.m. No homos, or insincere people please.

WEALTHY country gentlemen, bachelor, 38, desires to spend evening(s) with young girl, 18-30. Prefer girl who needs home, clothes etc. Bus. 914-667-9442, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Res. 914-664-2190. Paul.

PATTI

Please come home. Love you. Cindy sick and misses you too. All's forgiven. Phone us or contact Louis Abolafia at 477-6108.

WATCH EVO'S
ZOD
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"THE OTHERS"
2/22/68
CHANNEL 5, 1:00 PM



THE LIBERATION ARMY IS ON THE MOVE, NOW!!

"SIMON, Baby, we were potting along when your card came up. Why don't you say hello?
Julia, Doll and the gang"

MALE willing to share apt. with female good personality easy going no complications. Have rental midtown area. 247-7982.

WANTED: Beautiful Flower couples for beautiful love making. Discreet and sincere. Write: Steve Adams, Apt. No. 5, 6 Bank St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10014. Young man 25 years old. Educated and off-beat.

MATURE young man seeks sincere and affectionate girl (preferably in teens), who will be willing to share her sexual pleasures and love with me, in return for excellent financial support, true love, and possible marriage, all replies answered. Larry Kay, (516) PY 1-6557, after 6 p.m. or write me at 58 Fairview Avenue, Valley Stream, N.Y., 11581.

FEMALE roomte wanted 3 1/2 rm. apt. near 2 subways in Elmhurst, Queens. Mainly for companionship, but would appreciate assistance with rent if possible No homosexuals. Call CO 5-2200, ext. 352, Niel or DE 8-8126 leave message for Neil as to time and place to meet.

JACQUI. WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU. BOB M.



NEAT, ATTRACTIVE, relatively straight salesgirl needed for custom dress shop in East Village (1st Ave). See Fred at EVO, 105 Second Ave., 2nd floor. Call first. 228-8640.

DEE M. & BRAIN. It's not a furnace but at least it takes the chill off. Nothing worse than a cold ass.

BE AN alive and loving girl! Be spontaneous! Phone 'Bee - Inn'.

JACQUI

Would love to hear from you. Please call Bob M.

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CELESTE
722-6793



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.

Moreover, if you enter your subscription

right now, you'll become a Charter Subscriber. This will entitle you to:

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