

# THE east village **OPENER** 35

Feb. 23-29

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Weekly

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# Dear EVO

Dear EVO,

The whole middle-class structure in the United States thrives on mis-guided standards; they possess a Brown-Shoes value system which the present generation will not tolerate. The bigots who advocate violence and strong arm tactics as an essential dogma are becoming rather bewildered by the constant verve and fervor of the peace marchers.

Right?

Appreciate, then, why it was a bummer when I read *Shake 'em up tonight!* by Jerry Rubin (Vol. 3, No. 9). Here was an article laced with approval when referring to violence as a method of revolution. Shame. Hardcore pro-violence? Don't get me wrong—many excellent points were demonstrated throughout this dynamic article. However, when it came to logical conclusions, bad vibrations were prevalent.

Eg:

Yes, yes, tho we have upon us a generational conflict, let's not "create our own insanity" by sanctioning all the bullshit and sadistic methods found in the plastic society we're trying to revolutionize. America is going to be humanized without a bloody fight, but, as the English would say "it's going to be a 'bloody' good fight." And, it already is. We have 'em on the run by killing 'em with a kindness they don't understand. Love.

Reform Universities? The Universities have helped more than hindered in this movement; if only in providing an expansion and exposure for our culture or a means of escape for those previously caught up with mini-minded thoughts. If there are degrees to be burned, those who earned them should burn them. Rather than concentrating on the organization of a YIPPIE march this fall, why not embark upon a nationwide campaign of "Earn it then Burn it." Not limited to University degrees, but H. S. diplomas, webblows badges, you name it. Now, that's Anti-Americanism.

Stop migrating to California. We must work toward liberating Utah, Vermont, Indiana, et al. Let no one over 34 be able to say "It can't happen here."

The Heat? Let them arrest us, every one of us. They'll never even try. Just where do you put peace loving, friendly, non-violent people after they've already filled every fuckin' jail and hold cell in America. (Guaranteed meals on the house.) And, as an aside, the trumped-up charges of vagrancy, possession, et cetera just aren't holding up in court . . . where, baby, it's tried under the constitution. And tell me if that doesn't freak 'em out. Their own GOD/MOTHERHOOD/AMERICAN FLAG Constitution is fucking them up but good.

And, what's the rush. Time we've got. Every person, working or non-working, we win over to our side is one more LOVE/PEACE/TURN - ON/TAKE - OVER Thought Vote (during this election year) for the intergalactic computer. I agree, it's damn easy to start thinking of physical revolution. But, don't lose your cool.

Don't play it straight.

Love-in-Revolution  
 Bill McCann  
 Miami, Florida

Dear EVO,

I am a sailor now stationed in Viet Nam. I am 20 years old.

I am writing to you to request that you send me a subscription to your newspaper, (or what ever).

I am somewhat a square, not totally but mostly so. If, newspaper is a misnomer, please over look it for what it is. I have only just started a self "corner rounding" campaign and as yet don't know its proper name or classification.

From reading a couple of issues of a shipmate's, I have found EVO to be a perfect abrasive to transform me from a cube outsider to a spherical believer.

It's refreshing, amusing, dead serious and totally real. Also I respect the people who work to make it what it is, for their courage to put to use their constitutional rights to "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press". No other newspaper in the United States can, or will, do this without balking at the fear of reprimand from from our "Great Society."

I'm not saying that I agree completely with some of the statements made by your readers or you. But in 98% of statements I find meaning, truth, and even sound reasoning. Not only that, you cover that minor two percent with 200% of fine (though somewhat shadowed) psycho-therapy, whereas you give us a vent for our pent-up emotions and amusement for that unhumored real us.

If you've read this far—Thanks for hearing me out.

Respectfully

Jay D. Osborn, SN  
 First Division  
 USS Colleton (APB 36)  
 FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601

Dear EVO,

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! Your whole paper is fantastic. It's such a comfort for me to know there are other people out there who know the need for a complete revolution. But most of all you are speaking right out in the open. Your articles "Tales From The Land of Was" are so fucking beautiful. Words can't express the emotions I feel for your thing. All I can say is WOW! If you need any financial aid I will give you what I can (which is very little, \$10 or \$15). I Love You.

Steve Argila

P.S. Contact me if you want the bread.

Dear People,

Getting run down is a drag, so get some Absorbic Acid in powder form (Vitamin C) at any drugstore. It needs no prescription and is inexpensive. It builds up resistance and increases energy. It's especially good for heads, because grass uses up large quantities of Vitamin C in the body.

Love,

Ralph & Eleanor

Dear EVO,

Your paper is a real "groove". However, who is this Lorraine—self-styled Foreign correspondent? She has alot of interesting things to say, but she should stop fucking America. What other type of propaganda does she want our boys to spread, Communist maybe? Lorraine reads like a Pravda pussy. I suggest that she try foreign correspondence from Russia, Red China or North Viet Man. Maybe, she should try *Living* in these countries such as several other disillusioned people did. Only then will she know why we are where we are.

Sincerely,

D. A. Mullane  
 Bergensfield, N.J.

Dear EVO,

Issue number 9 busted in Brooklyn? It may be coincidence but I have yet to receive my subscription copy of that issue. I have number 8 and number 10 but no number 9 with its affront to Brooklyn morality. Could the U. S. Post Office have gotten into the act also? At least one other subscriber has told me that he too lacks number 9.

And since I'm writing, I'd like to take issue with Matthew Kahn's article "Notes on Totalitarian Sex" (Vol. 3, No. 10). The paragraph he quotes from *A Clockwork Orange* is not a "love scene." It is rape, plain and simple, and is seen to be such by all involved. For what it's worth, Burgess used his knowledge of Russian in writing the novel and most of the strange slang used by the teenage protagonist is nothing more than rough translation of appropriate Russian terms. Thus the quoted section, with inserted translation, read:

"So he did the strongman on the girl who was still scream, scream, screaming away in very good four-in-a bar, locking her hands from the back, while I ripped away at this and that and the other, the others going haw haw haw still, and real good good breasts they were that then exhibited their pink eyes, O my brothers, while I untrussed and got ready for the plunge."

But what I really want to know, is where is number 9?

Peace,

John R. Pavia Jr.  
 Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Dear EVO,

Amazing. Mail coming from Key West, Florida, where the Air Force and Navy are stationed, is stamped "Pray For Peace."

Save us! Jesus.

Love,  
 Vicki Pister  
 Stetson University  
 DeLand, Florida

EVOFUCK

Just goth the issue for Jan. 26, Feb. 1, 1968. IN REGARD TO THE ARTICLE ABOUT "MaharishimahESH YOGI". I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR STATEMENTS LIKE: "Queen Elizabeth nod of head. Shit-eating grin. He's goofing on us." "Man, this guy turns me off.", + "That guy gives me a pain.". WELL I WOULD LIKE TO INFORM YOU THAT: YOU TURN ME OFF. PLEASE CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION I've got better things to dig on than garbage like you.

Dick Krapt

Box 344 Lincoln Hall  
 Ohio University  
 Athens, Ohio 45701

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
 105 Second Avenue  
 New York, New York 10003

#### NEW WEEKLY RATES:

Please enter my subscription.

Please renew my subscription.

I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.

I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street & Number: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

The East Village Other will be delivered sooner if you be sure to fill in your correct ZIP CODE

Dear EVO,

"Interbrain de Schafer" will start weekly experimental 180 seconds (3 minutes) broad band T.P. (telepathy) casts from

G.M.T. 04:01 ± 00:15 Sunday, 4 February 1968.

(=E.S.T. 23:01 ± 00:15 Saturday, 3 February 1968).

—Set your watch on the hourly signal.

#### PROGRAM

04:01:00 Five (5) simple images repeated at various speeds

:01:15 Five (5) prime numbers.

:01:30 Two (2) ideas, emotions, or feelings

:01:45 Message or goodwill to friendly telepathic beings (intelligent and sentient) in universe, expressing desire for contact. Please reinforce this thought by thinking similarly during specified 15 second period

04:02:00 Channels open to receive from anyone anywhere

04:03:00 Acknowledgment of receptions if any

:03:55 Greetings and sign off

Written acknowledgments of reception details will be appreciated, please send them c/o East Village Other. Indicate apparent location of the source, of the T.P. casts and YOUR exact location.

Love,

INTERBRAIN DE SCHAFER

Dear Sir:

Granted, due to circumstances beyond your control (?) you were to present to that large group of your friends a bastard version of Christmas Turkey by having the girl clothed. Nowhere was I informed that I was to see a censored version of this play. The ad didn't tell me this, there was no announcement from the stage before the play, no notice of this was posted at the box office. Did you expect to fool all your friends????

You know what's really sick? This girl was pulled off stage not by the cops, not by any censors, not by the management, but by YOU—at a benefit to raise money to help you survive while fighting a censorship charge.

Disgusted.

Willy Switkes  
 713, East 9th St.  
 New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Please cancel my subscription. thought you might represent the literate young, but you are a farce—a filthy farce I might add.

W. R. Vath  
 St. Meinrad Seminary  
 School of Theology  
 St. Meinrad, Indiana, 47577

## A civics lesson on homicide

Allan Katzman

The game of 'Monopoly' begins with 'GO' but Tim Leary began it with 'the word.' In an unprecedented press conference at the offices of The East Village Other on February 21st, he officially announced to the media at large, local, national and international, that 'an alliance had been made between the Peace, Black, Flower and Women movements in this country.' From that moment on the game became History as Leary conjured up the constitutional 'We.'

'We,' he stated further, 'are in a revolution: a life force of peace, fun, love and laughter against the menopausal, metallic, middle-aged minds that run this country.' He demonstrated this truth with his own experiences of being harassed by the police, federal, state and local, the last few years for the personal crime of taking into his body harmless but illegal drugs. His use of the word 'crime' at that moment was jumped on by one hungry reporter who said that Leary 'had conceded he had committed a crime.' 'Yes,' he replied with the assuredness of a Daniel in the Lion's Den, 'like the jews were a crime in the Germany of the 30's.' He had made it plain, 'Yes,' they were being purged for their drugs, for their color, for their beliefs, for their life force and 'Yes,' they would not stand for it.

He revealed to the press his recent meeting with the 'black power' movement in this country. 'We are not in agreement over the means,' he said, 'nevertheless they endorsed my endeavor to change the country by non-violent ones.'

The press conference began to take on an air of believability as reporters leaned over their pencils, notebooks, microphones and cameras to make sure history would not stop. There was silence for a mini-moment as the picture took on perspective.

There was Leary in the eastern center of the editorial offices of The East Village Other, lotus-positioned on red cloth with incense and candles burning to his left and right provided for him by a ponchoed, long haired and bearded youth by the name of 'Saint Michael,' while a picture of 'our fearless leader,' President Johnson, his face collaged on the top of Hitler's uniform giving the traditional nazi salute as the face of ex-Premier Ky hangs out of his pants subtly like dead meat, surrounded by his comrades in arms, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman.

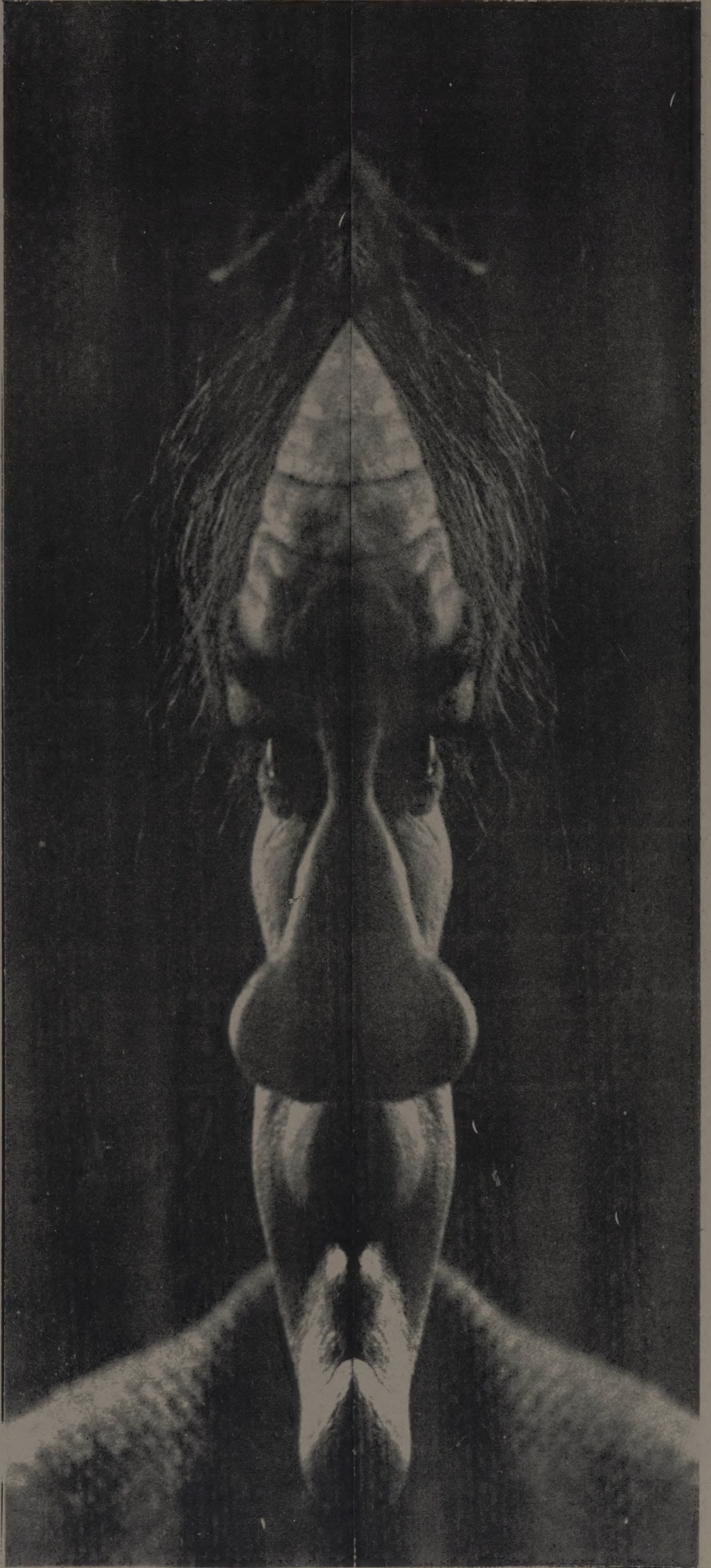
And in front of him there were the fourth estate believing and listening now as if the next moments were real.

'We are going to Chicago,' he went on, 'in August to demonstrate our Life Force before the Death Convention of the National Democratic Party. The kids are coming and they will laugh, dance and make merry. They will block the streets, stop the traffic and nominate their own candidate.' Abbie Hoffman at that moment added that, 'Country Joe and the Fish, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seegar, Janis Ian, The Fugs, Phil Ochs, Judy Collins, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Blood, Sweat and Tears and the Steve Miller Blues Band would definitely be there and others were starting to join.' Jerry Rubin concurred by sounding their war cry, 'YIPPIE' (Youth International Party).

A reporter interrupted the direction of conversation by asking why Leary had chosen the offices of The East Village Other to make these announcements and Leary replied, 'Because EVO is read by millions of people through the Underground Press and the 120 college newspapers of the Liberation News Service. These are the people who are involved in it. We are in the majority.'

Suddenly Leary was interrupted by a woman reporter from UPI with her two motion picture cameramen. She sat down before him and crossed her legs trying to imitate his position but only managed to appear as if she were playing with some toy that had suddenly been spread before her on the floor. 'What do you mean the Women Movement?' she nervously twittered. 'Are they going to go to Chicago, too?' she machine-gunned again. Leary leaned towards her and enveloped her into a smile. 'Well, dear, you'll be there, won't you?' It was too late, her face dropped-she would, that's why she was here now. And that's why they were all there. It was too late, Leary had already cast the dice and the game was on.

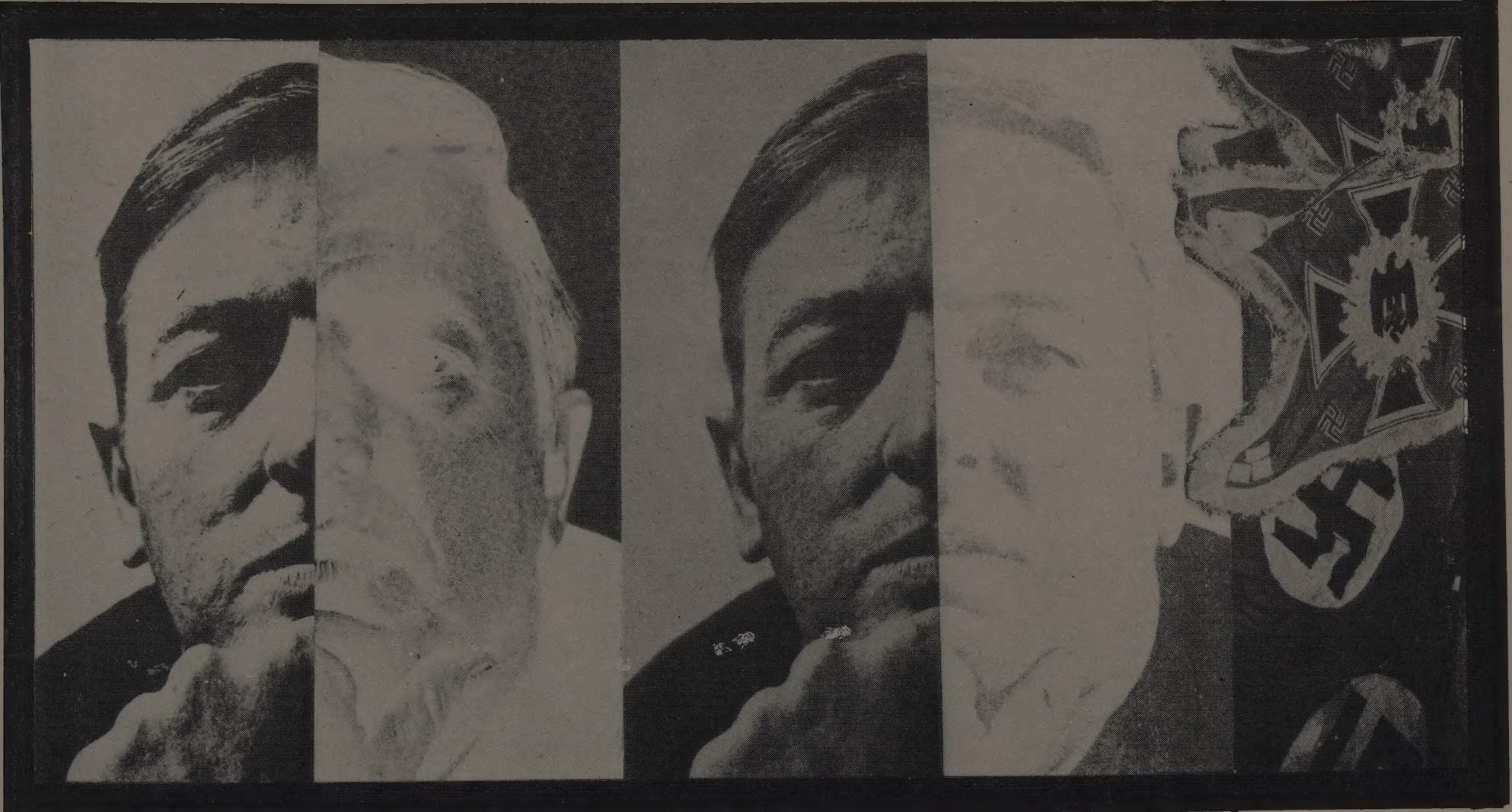
3  
Behind marble vistas  
the masses huddled  
in rickety firetraps



# IT ALL BEGAN ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY

## WHEN MY MOTHER MET THE ROTO-ROOTER MAN

By Alice Furloud



Last Tuesday evening at eight, Professor William F. Buckley Jr. strode, head modestly lowered to avoid adoring eyes, through the crowded lobby of the New School for Social Research (with four Books-clad henchmen providing interference), affably accepted a proffered copy of a student radical paper with the headline "HOW TO ACHIEVE A SUPER-LEFTIST ORGASM," and hurried out into the night.

No pickets met him outside with signs saying: "BUCKLEY EATS NAPALM"; no one shouted "Fascist Beast!" There was not so much as a sullen murmur from a single Trotskyite. And I think Buckley must be shaken by this weekly goody-goody scene. Because why did he come all the way downtown to teach "Issues and Problems of the City: A Conservative View," squandering all his best lines on a handful of punks when he could deliver them to millions, soldiers and civilians, through all the media that are giving him so much time and space he can't even use it all? This man has more exposure than anybody except Peanuts and he's teaching night school to a class limited to 45 so he can "get to know them"? The only way it makes sense is that way uptown in his regal eagle nest, Buckley had this picture of himself coming down to challenge the infidels, bravely walking right into the stronghold of old-time solid leftism, the New School! Beards, rope belts, shades of Corliss Lamont, holy relics of Jack Reed. Why Alger Hiss is teaching a course there right now! You could sink your teeth into some intellectual controversy there — more fun than a lot of sissy debates with pre-schoolers like John Lindsay.

But if Buckley saw himself as Samson among the Dagonites, deploying his gleaming wit in a classroom full of earnest sweaty types shouting "What about the workers?" his students in Course No. 71 must have been a letdown. This reporter, who does not like to stand out in crowds, had to take off his Franco-Prussian War tunic and borrow a complete young-lawyer costume, have a haircut and practice a cornflake-fed uptown look in front of the mirror, before joining the group a second time. There are a lot of nice girls in their late 20's out of Sarah Lawrence by J. Walter Thompson, the almost extinct type that lives with a female roommate and has boys over to brunch. There are about fifteen real young-lawyer types (or will the secret hippies please stand up?), right down to herringbone tweed, matching vests, homburgs and Mark Cross briefcases. One of them has a watchchain. There are two dear old ladies hiding their tennis shoes in their galoshes and several lady welfare workers, driven to extremism by occupational frustration, perhaps. Poor Buckley was obviously not prepared for the collective super-rightist orgasm that greets even his farthest-out utterance, such as should people on welfare be allowed to vote, or how progressive South African prisons are. This classroom of teachers' pets seem to agree almost aggressively with their guru. Each point Buckley makes in his sepulchral-St.-Paul's-southern voice is met by a chorus of "Umhms" and head-noddings. Even the Two Interrupters seem to be interrupting only to amplify. One is an intense welfare lady

who apparently has the gout, because she delivers all her interruptions from a slumped position with one unshod foot propped on the arm-rest of the chair in front of her. "But the effects of the Miranda decision are already being felt!" she will holler, just as Buckley is warming to the climax of a great Gibbonian sentence, and then off she goes with case names, dates, ranks, serial numbers. The other interrupter is a young, earnest fellow of the type that is handed out, one to every Gov. 1 class, each freshman year. He writes his ideas down on a long yellow pad and then reads them off: "And sir, couldn't you also say . . ." These are the only people who ever say anything at all (with the exception of occasional lawyers who correct their professor, using a lot of Latin, on a point of law once in a while), and they can be counted on to stop Buckley in mid-word at least six times each during the session. At first he was cheerful and patient at being dragged down so relentlessly from the general to the particular; he is a very kind man, and one who can grasp your point of view before it is even pointed; and he would busily pick the peas out of the ashes of these people's arguments, fit them neatly into what he was saying and carry on. But lately the Two Interrupters seem to be getting him down a bit; he sneaks a look at his watch during Mr. Gov. One's act, and when he is again allowed to have the floor he rushes nervously on, waiting for the other shoe to drop. He has developed clever ways of getting around Mrs. Gouty Welfare such as "Hang on to that point!" or "I am approaching that point obliquely, but I promise to arrive." But every week, although his brilliance is untarnished, he looks a little wearier, and he has apparently given up hoping for the solidly reasoned opposition that never comes. No longer does he say eagerly at the midpoint of some ingeniously built-up house of cards, such as a possible plan for abolishing the Fifth Amendment bolstered with a quote from Lord North: "Do you accept that?" Accept it! Nod-nod go the heads. They know not what they're accepting, having only digested the first half of one sentence, but they would not want to make him go all over it again. Perhaps he feels a little sad arriving all alone in triumph at the end of a complex thought.

So why is he doing this teaching bit? To publish the lectures as a book? But a lot of this material is already in "The Unmaking of a Mayor"; he even brings it to class (in a plain wrapper) and reads from it, unidentified. Anyway another book it not what we need from Buckley yet awhile; in book form he can be strictly Edmund Burke without the laughs. No — he came for the above-mentioned challenge, to run up, conversationally, some very intellectual conservative "presumptions" as they might be applied to urban problems and see who would salute. He just wasn't expecting everybody to salute, though. Why, even the girl at the registration desk sighed, when I approached with my \$30: "Oh, golly, I envy you!" and bumbled that she subscribed to *National Review*, a magazine people used to ask for in the low whisper required for buying an embarrassing article of hygiene. Et tu, Nova

Scola!

Fear not. I do not think this scene indicates a resurgence of the right. This class may look like the Minuteman's picnic, but I don't think they would know a conservative presumption from a debauched hospodar. It's TV that brings them in. To McLuhanize a bit, the poor print-oriented gook thinks he's coming over hot, but actually his students are receiving him cool. He comes into their tribal huts once a week, one of their own homey totems along with Joe Pyne and Emma Peel, a familiar dropout from the Gutenberg Galaxy. What they're taking in is the image made flesh: the frightened-kindly smile, the donnish tousled hair, the cautiously correct ties. (Anybody who has made a study of Mr. Buckley's ties — diagonally striped, without exception — might justly wonder if they signify his subconscious craving for a regimented society, despite his libertarian protestations. Otherwise why, to take just a few examples, would he wear consecutively to class the ties of the following regiments: The Royal Inskilling Fusiliers, The Brigade of Ghurkas, The East Kent Buffs, The Duke of Cambridge's Own, and a corrupt version of the Royal Army Dental Corps with a mustard stripe added? To help free Mr. Buckley from his inhibited-neckwear complex you readers can go to Tie City and buy him a liberating tie — the six-inch-wide-fields-of-yellow-daisies type for 79c — and send it to *National Review*, 15 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016). Does he live with bread like us, feel want, taste grief, need friends, they wonder, as he prowls, bent, stiff, and Monsieur Hulot-like, in front of the blackboard, the familiar BIC pen held in a paralytic grip, talking of paradigms and simbioses. Does he ever have to take out the garbage? Has he ever seen garbage? Perhaps he thinks it's hat stuff that James Baldwin dumps on John Lindsay (or how did it go in that speech the papers got all wrong?)—something like confetti. They relish such tidbits as the one when, arguing the case against having any public schools at all, Buckley described with nostalgia his own early education, being tutored at home along with Audrey and Jayne Meadowes (I swear!). Then there was the lovely time when he opened his lecture on crime by dramatically asking a thickset cheery little man in the front row, whom he introduced as Mike MacGowan, to describe an experience he had had "since this class last met." Mike stood up and told a horrying story about a friend of his who had been knifed to death in a bar by two negroes, just before Mike came in to have a drink. MacGowan left the room before the class was over, and Buckley called out to him: "Where, Mike?" "12th and Fifth," was the answer. Immediate vision: a Mercedes Grosse Pullman, purring at a corner, laprobe and Pekingese ready, Mike with his black peaked cap in the driver's seat — well, you have to get your low-life reportage somewhere. That particular Tuesday Mike sped his boss off to a private showing of "In Cold Blood" to which he had been invited by Truman Capote himself, who received his guests in the screening room wearing a specially-designed Cardin jacket with a fur-lined hood

# POOR PARANOID

by Allen Katzman



February 18th, Sunday, the Haight district of San Francisco had a mind blowing visit from the riot police without benefit of incident.

A crowd had gathered in the streets of Haight Ashbury when a dog was killed by a speeding automobile. The police felt it an opportune moment to practice their new riot control equipment and techniques. They marched into the district, several hundred strong, with plastic bulletproof shields covering their bodies and salt guns and mace hanging across their shoulders. The street was cleared in a matter of moments with the use of gas. Three hours later the Free Theater was raided while almost two hundred people inside were gassed. There was no reason for the raid except that the theater was chosen as a pre-planned point to practice dispersion of crowds from a closed area.

The stage manager of the Free Theater who was there at the time of the incident, noticed two policemen "in federal uniforms" drop through the skylight a couple of minutes before hordes of gasmasked police entered the premises. No one was hurt but it also seems no one was arrested and no excuse was given for the necessity of police in the area.

San Francisco is now undergoing a news blackout due to a newspaper strike and none of the above incidents were reported there or on the east coast. The police activities, as far as my sources and witnesses claim, seem to have been federally coordinated. It is interesting to note that almost four weeks before the Haight incident took place, city and state police officials from all over the country had met in Virginia with the CIA to discuss the "possibility of a national police force federally coordinated." It is also interesting to note that the first confrontation of such magnitude took place in a state like California which to my mind best represents the psyche of America in '68 since it is the most obviously polarized, politically between left and right, than any state in the Union.

★ ★ ★

Governor Rockefeller was on TV, Monday, February 19th, to give reasons for the State taking over the garbage detail of New York City. He pre-empted his statements by referring to H. Rapp Brown's appearance on the news minutes before he made his statement.

Brown had told the TV viewing audience, "Let them bring in the troops and the police, we're ready for 'em." Rockefeller followed Brown's quotes with a quote from an "intelligent and level-headed union mediator," that "At the point Federal troops and police are brought in to settle union disputes, is the point that all labor is united."

Rockefeller had made his point succinctly. He was not going to be responsible for a "revolution" in America by making the workers more frustrated than need be and viable for reconciliation with other diverse and unsatisfied elements in the country. Brown was neatly cut off from a salvation situation and tucked back into his closed bag of "racial nationalism." The Governor had cooled out New York for the summer leaving the "Black Revolution" alone and cut off. What will happen this summer is now strictly up to H. Rapp Brown.

★ ★ ★

I'd like to take this space to thank 7nslow and Bryant, our typesetters, for services rendered beyond and above the call of duty.

★ ★ ★

Qちゃんスクーフ



"The Gods are ANGRY"

The YIPPIE Festival in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention is snowballing. This week Janis Ian, Pete Seeger, Judy Collins, Richie Havens and the American Expeditionary Force have decided to lend their talents. Chester Anderson, publisher of San Francisco Communications Company has agreed to go to Chicago before the summer to help work on the festival.

Also YIPPIE needs artists to design posters for the Chicago Festival. Call 982-5090 or 228-8432.

★ ★ ★

Following is an interesting letter which tells you WHERE ITS AT:

Dear Mother and Dad,

It has now been three months since I left for college. I have been remiss in writing and I am very sorry for my thoughtlessness in not having written before. I will bring you up to date now, but before you read on, please sit down. You are not to read any further unless you are sitting down. Okay?

Well, then, I am getting along pretty well now. The skull fracture and the concussion I got when I jumped out of the window of my dormitory when it caught fire shortly after my arrival are pretty well healed now. I only spent two weeks in the hospital, and now I can see almost normally and only get those sick headaches once a day.

Fortunately, the fire in the dormitory and my jump was witnessed by an attendant at the gas station near the dorm, and he was the one who called the Fire Department and the ambulance. He also visited me at the hospital and since I had nowhere to live because of the burnt out dormitory, he was kind enough to invite me to share his apartment with him. It is really a basement room, but it's kind of cute. He is a very fine boy and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married. We haven't set the exact date yet, but it will be before my pregnancy begins to show.

Yes, Mother and Dad, I am pregnant. I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents and I know you will welcome the baby and give it the same love and devotion and tender care you gave me when I was a child. The reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boy friend has some minor infection which prevents us from passing our premarital blood tests and I carelessly caught it from him. This will soon clear up with the penicillin injections I am now taking daily.

I know you will welcome him into our family with open arms. He is kind and although not well educated, he is ambitious. Although he is of a different race and religion than ours, I know your oft-expressed tolerance will not permit you to be bothered by the fact that his skin color is somewhat darker than ours. I am sure you will love him as I do. His family background is good too, for I am told that his father is an important gun-bearer in the village in Africa from which he comes.

Now that I have brought you up to date, I want to tell you that there was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or a skull fracture, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant, I am not engaged, I do not have syphilis, and there is no schwartz in my life. However, I am getting a D in History and an E in Science; and I wanted you to see these marks in the proper perspective.

★ ★ ★

Reverend Finley Schaefer of the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York announced on Channel 4, 9:30 a.m., Sunday, on a show called Protestant Heritage, that his church will have an "open door policy" for all peace groups; will be a sanctuary for draft resisters complete with dorms and kitchen facilities; and that from now on will refuse to pay federal war tax on their phone bill.

These proposals were approved by the Church Board on behalf of the whole congregation. It is the first overt act by any established church group in the country and should be highly significant in the up and coming election year.

★ ★ ★

VISTA (Volunteer program of the Office of Economic Opportunity) has denounced publicly, across the nation, the war on poverty as a "pacification campaign to keep the poor quiet" and called for President Johnson to "end the war in Vietnam now."

★ ★ ★

The National Review has come out in favor of the legalization of marijuana.

★ ★ ★

The Supreme Court of the United States has reversed the decision that Lenny Bruce was obscene at the Cafe Au-Go-Go in New York.

★ ★ ★

The Day They Raided Stony Brook will be reenacted again on February 26. Look for it in your local newspapers.

★ ★ ★

## COCA-COLA COMPANY WORRIERS ABOUT HUNGER

ATLANTA, Feb. 9 (LIBERATION News Service) —Coca-Cola Co. says it is introducing a new drink to combat malnutrition. The beverage, called Caci, is being test marketed in Rio de Janeiro, according to a report in the Wall St. Journal. Caci contains protein and vitamins, the company says, presumably to distinguish it from its better-known product. "We are all becoming increasingly aware that two-thirds of the world's population suffer from some degree of malnutrition," J. Paul Austin, Coca-Cola's president said in introducing Caci.

★ ★ ★

# pearl the intimate sadist



COPYRIGHT WALTER K. GUTMAN

Pearl and I became good friends at \$50 a friendship. One time, when she walked out, she said archly: "This will pay for the new floor in my bathroom."

Pearl lived at the old Hotel Lincoln, but she had a place in the country. She asked me to spend a week end there. I would have gone had I been a different sort of person. Pearl belonged to a very 'in' group. People of burlesque—hustlers of carnivals—snake dancers—are an 'in' group as tight as there is. I knew I could not belong to this world and also that I could not bring Pearl to mine. She had, at her country place, a mother, a daughter a horse, a Great Dane, a goat, and her snakes. I couldn't imagine myself wandering into this eccentric, and in a way enormous, organization with the Goddess. I don't like visiting too much anyway—but if I am with the golf club set, or the brokerage house set, or the scientific set, or the art set, I know what to expect and how to edge my way around. A lot of times, with the Park Ave. set or the Fairfield County set, I've been rude and bored and unpleasant, but at least I knew how to do that—but with the burlesque set and with Pearl's family and her growing country house, paid for in part by me, I didn't think I could fit. I couldn't imagine how I would be with Pearl's mother—what would we talk about? "You should see your daughter toss me on the bed." And the horse and the Great Dane—I had an idea that Pearl would want to get me on that horse and I hadn't been on a horse in a long time. And the Great Dane. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" came running into my mind. Not that I haven't known Great Danes. I used to go to Sunday school with a flock of seven dogs, including a neighbor's Great Dane. I was too timid to tell most of them to go home. Animals have always loved me—it brings out a very subtle form of sadism in them. The animal now is the boss—a confrontation is not going on—the animal knows that if he tried to declare himself boss in a strong, declarative way, then the force of civilization would be concentrated against him, but he is boss in a different way. He licks my hand, he jumps up and with his wet nose nuzzles my cheeks—he brings me a ball—I toss and toss—or she purrs in my lap and yawns and gets up and stands on my thighs so that her claws dig into me a little bit, or the horse follows me around—the dog follows me around—they all know that I cannot do anything because I am supposed to be a nice man who likes animals. Much has been written about how animals really know how you feel—the dog will bite you if he knows you fear him, or a horse will buck you off if he feels uncertainty in the saddle. That may be—but as with us there are many grades of feeling—many more subtle ways to understand and respond—and the type of feeling that I have about animals is just the sort that arouses their all enveloping but sadistic love.

Pearl truly loved animals. One time, when the circus was in New York, the lion tamer gave her a cub. The cub separated us for a time. It scratched her behind badly and she was out of show business or my business for several weeks.

Another time Pearl made me kiss her snake. It was at George's Blue Room, a honky-tonk on 52nd St. whose dear memories are now sadly gone. I got there early waiting for Pearl's first act. The place was rather empty. She came across the dance floor, from the dressing room, winked at me with one of her big blond winks and said, "Come and kiss my snake." Of course I could not refuse. You cannot refuse the commands of your goddess and hope for her blessings. That is one of the obvious rules of the religion. Besides, I felt that snakes that are danced with are, somehow, kept pretty tame. In other words, I was sure that Pearl could command the snake as well as me. We walked across the dance floor to where there was a large box. Pearl pulled up the lid of the box the snake was kept in and there was a typical, large, snake dancer's snake. Its head was raised the way a snake's head is raised. It was a rather small head, I thought, with a big body. I kissed the top of its small head. The snake was unimpressed. All I can tell you about the tactile sensation is that a snake's head is cool. Pearl closed the box and I went back to my seat and waited faithfully for her act.

George's Blue Room was a favorite spot for Pearl. She seemed to feel that it was a very prize place to be booked. So George got to know me well and seemed to feel that I was the right sort of patron for his establishment. Consequently, when I came there one night with a large group of investment bankers, he gave us a table for eight at the edge of the dance floor. There was a convention of some sort of bankers group going on and one of my friends from Boston had gotten me attached as a guide for the evening and so I guided them to George's Blue Room. The group was sizeable in numbers and they were all large men. Investment bankers usually are large men. For one thing, a good many come from New England which has been a center for investment banking ever since the Yankees began to pile up capital in the sailing ship days. After the Civil War, when the rich planters of the South were crushed and their capital gone, New England and New York became the centers of American capital and, along with the capitalists of Britain, France, and Germany, financed the development of the West and also the building of the South. During the first World War, America paid back all its debts to these European bankers and then Europe became indebted to us because of the vast extravagance of the war. Then New England and New York became the great capital markets of the world. New York was more concentrated and spectacular—when one speaks of New York in

this sense the mind becomes focused on Wall St.—the rest of the Empire State, like Utica and Troy and even Buffalo and Albany, becomes lost in a foggy view. Between 1914 and 1929, after which date the supreme national power (financial) of New York began to end, one thought more than anything of the corner of Wall and Broad where the Morgan Bank was. But while New York had immense, concentrated and vivid power, New England, and especially Boston, had a great deal of quiet, unostentatious power. It was in Boston that the mutual fund business started and some of these bankers at George's Blue Room were mutual funds officers. But the important point is that they were all big. They were all bulky young men, descendants of bellowing captains of the whaling and clipper fleets, grown a little soft because they were bankers instead of sailors, and conservatively tailored—but they were all big. When they sat, very upright, on George's small chairs, they formed a sort of fence around the table.

Pearl came out and I introduced them to her. They were all very pleased to meet her. I had quite a reputation in banking circles for being a wild one, and for knowing strange places and big, shapely blonds. Pearl was not unworthy of my reputation. Actually, as in many other ways, I felt my reputation was greatly exaggerated. I was no expert on smokers or on orgies—many of them, I am sure, knew things more underground than I, but I spoke a lot more, especially in my Weekly Letter, which was issued at that time by Goodbody & Co., about what I did—not specifically about Pearl and her snakes, but about other things which were very near the snakes—and so I had this reputation which, at times, I was hard put to keep up with.

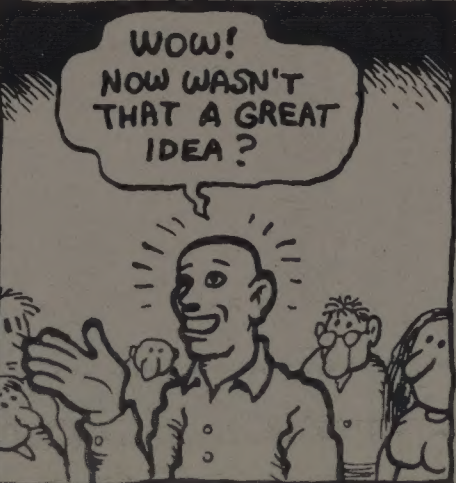
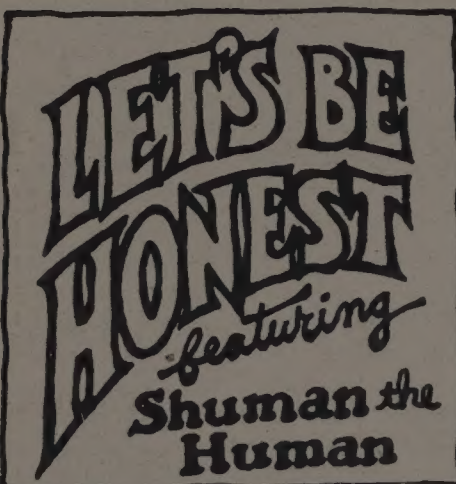
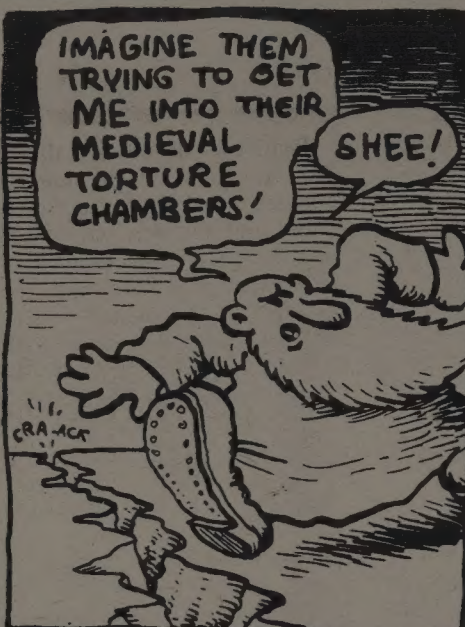
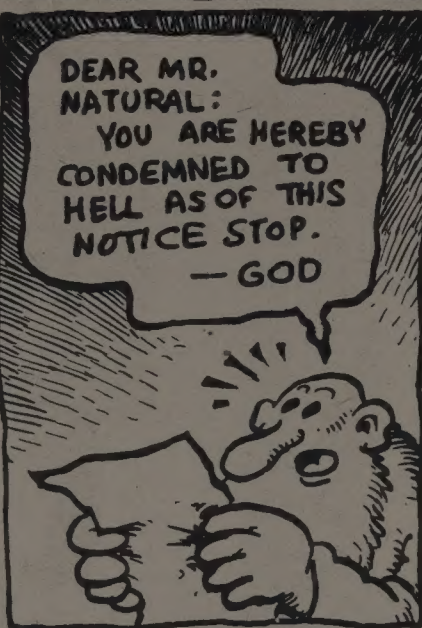
Pearl began to dance. She held the large creature in her arms, she put it on her shoulders, she wound it around her neck so that it was a huge, coiled necklace, she looked at its dull, little face, sticking her tongue out at it, as it stuck its tongue out at her and then the snake let go. I had forgotten this connection between reptiles and birds. It splattered the floor of George's Blue Room with a concentration of white fluid which only a thousand pigeons could have equaled. The fluid ended very near the chairs of some of the investment bankers. They were cool but nervous. Eroticism had ended for them. Pearl's face was suffused with happy mischief. I never did ask her whether a snake charmer can get the reptile to do this on purpose.

Pearl once opened a whore house of her own. Perhaps this is an exaggeration. It wasn't a house, it was an apartment. Her partner was Betty. I went there only once. I don't know how successful the enterprise was.

Betty was prepared to give the same dominating services as Pearl and she had the same symbolic routine—such as the domineered, like me, getting on his knees and lifting the glass to the bottom of the goddess' glass

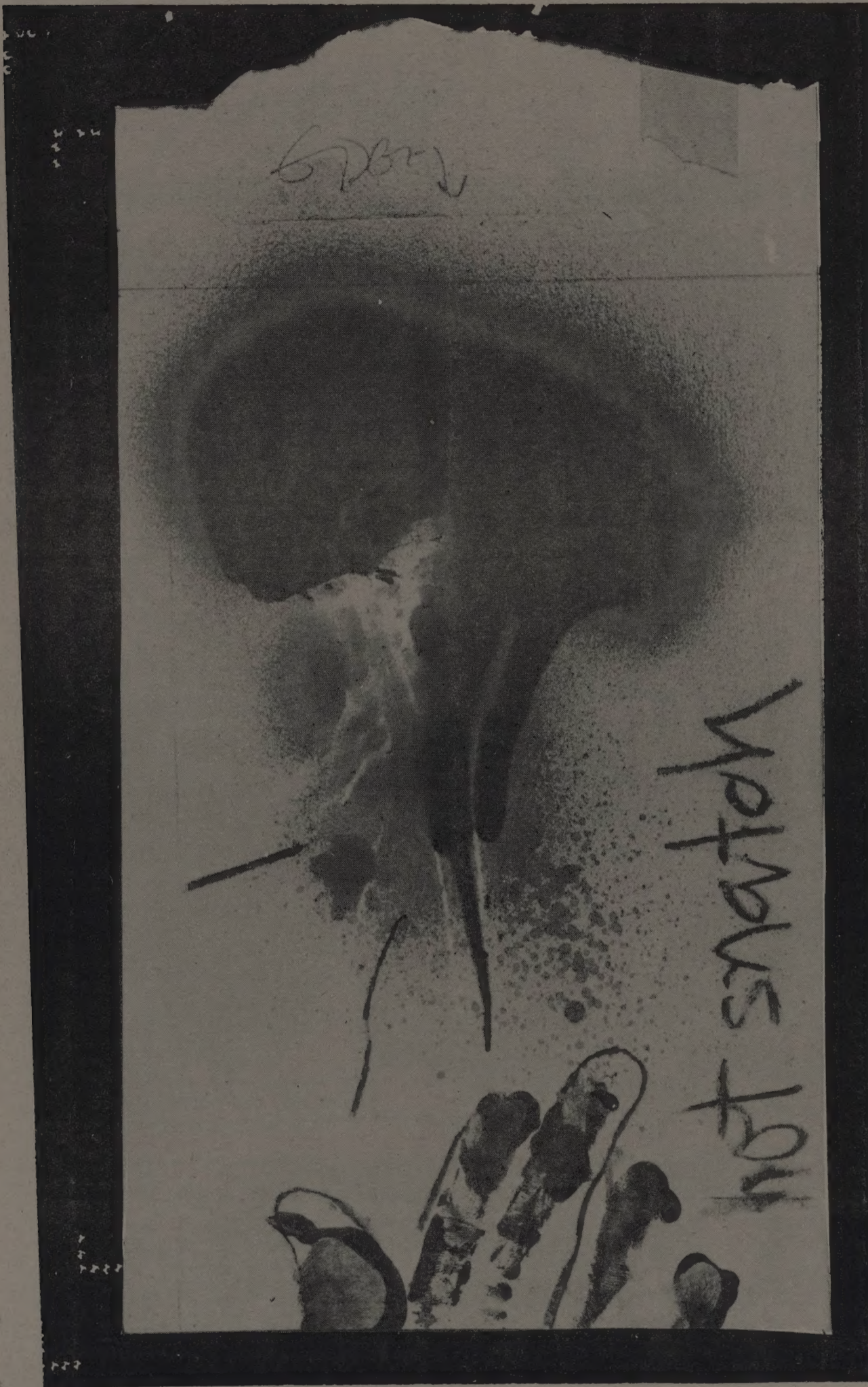
# Mr. Natural gets the bum's rush

—AN R. CRUMB CREATION



# AS A PART OF ITS MANHATTAN PACIFICATION PROGRAM, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IS CONSTRUCTING A CONCENTRATION CAMP ON AVENUE D

by Irving Shushnick



EVO has received information that the 9th Precinct is in the final stages of constructing a detention area with a capacity for 300 people. It is situated somewhere between 11th and 13th streets, between Avenues C and D, in a reconverted warehouse.

Information regarding an impending "major sweep" of busts in the Village area have been related to me ever since the fateful night when the East Side Eatery was illegally busted, and a total of 28 persons were arrested. The people who mentioned these bits and pieces of information to me are from various walks of life, and have access to different sources of information.

Thus, little possibility exists of it all originating from the same basic source. It is believed that the bust will come within the next few weeks, and the number of arrests will be 300-coinciding with the size of the new detention facility.

To begin with, the two police precincts covering the Village from the East River to the Hudson, and from 14th Street to Houston) normally have a TPC — Tactical Patrol Force — compliment in the area of ten men during the week, and maximum of 20 men on weekends. This number has been increased to somewhere in the vicinity of 50 men in the West Village, and increased to an unknown number in the 9th Precinct (East Village). The two precincts also have a very high number of "loaned" squad and undercover cars from the motor pool. These are assigned to high crime rate areas, or areas where something "BIG" is brewing. Also, there has been a heavy acquisition of paddy wagons.

I have recently spoken with four people I know, all of whom have been "R.O.R." (Released on own Recognition) by the Federal and local narcotics police. It is ironic that in all of these cases they have been given the same deadline in which time they have to provide these authorities with information which will help them bust other people. This deadline was Monday, February 19. Obviously a common deadline between the local and Federal authorities should indicate something of immediacy to them.

Lastly, if you have paid any amount of attention to the local media-Daily Blues, the Times, etc., Radio and TV, you will have noticed an unbelievable increase in the amount of attention being given to psychedelics and pot, more than ever before, and it is all negative.

Considering the degree to which the Government does control the media, such supporting negative attitudes towards drugs might also be a hint to the impending, or inevitable "major sweep" that is rumoured to take place in the very near future. As one who is involved in this scene, I would simply caution those who might be put up-tightly by a bust of this type. If you are up-tight, you have a reason for it, and maybe that reason should be removed from your pad, or should be left at home when you are on the streets. Any dealing that you do should be done with as much cover as possible. Of course, be extremely careful when you go looking for anything in the way of new customers—your first new customer may be the Man.

In the process of verifying the facts contained in this report, I called the 9th Precinct, and asked to speak with Deputy Inspector Fink. I was told that it was his day off, but that I could speak to someone in his clerical office.

"Hello, this Lt. Colonel, yes?"

"Hello. Did you say Lt. Colonel . . . Lt. Colonel who, sir?"

"Lt. Colonel."

"Yes, Lt. Colonel . . . but Lt. Colonel who, sir? Who am I speaking with?"

"LT. CLONEL. C-O-N-N-E-I-L. What it is that you want?"

"Oh, Lt. Connell. Thank you. I'm from the East Village Other, and we have information that was given to us concerning some activities of your department. I—"

"I have no comment."

"But I haven't told you anything so far."

"I have no comment, whether you tell me anything or not."

"Thank you, sir. Have a god day. Goodbye."

## ANTIQUE CLOTHING HARRIET LOVE SHOP

Hudson seal cape; tan silk suit; 1910; 5 men's frock coats, 1908; green silk long Edwardian dress; Shirts; Ties; Muffs; Blouses Underwear; Velvet dresses and coats; Shoes Bags; New items every day.

128 W. 13th St.

OR 5-3368

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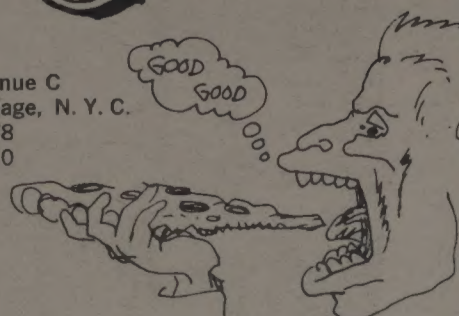
New . . . Now . . . Group Session:  
\$5 First Hr., \$2 each additional hr.  
Private Studio & Model \$20 hr., \$12 half hr.  
MONDAY NIGHTS 6 to 10 PM

\*NUDE SKETCHING CLASS (no instruction)  
\$3 first hr., \$1 ea. add'l hr. Membership \$2 yr.  
Monday Nite . . . continuous sessions.  
Come anytime. Beginners welcome.

STUDIO "A" 65 W. 39th St. 279-6452

## BIG "G" PIZZA GARDEN

130 Avenue C  
East Village, N. Y. C.  
674-9678  
674-9410



Bring in this ad for free soda.

Open Sunday - Thursday 11 - 11,  
Friday & Saturday 10 - 3

# EVO

## POP, ROCK & JELLY

By Jules Freedend

After pissin' and moanin' for maybe an hour because my name didn't go on the column last week — understandable since, after some wiring in the building blew, the paper had to be put together by candlelights — I got my head enough together to make it down through the ten-degree Saturday night cold to catch the show at the Anderson Theatre.

Big Brother & The Holding Co., B. B. King and his band, and a group called the Alluminum Dream were on, playing to a packed house. I won't go through the changes the management put me through before I could get in; the whole "I don't know, should we let him in? After that EVO benefit and then what they said about us . . ." thing.

But it was 12:30 before I could sit down and the Dream was just finishing their last number. People are rapping to each other, shifting their overcoats around in front of them, in back of them, on their knees, the floor, any available seats. And then this voice comes over the sound system to announce B. B. King and everything gets suddenly quiet.

The back up band comes on first: all very black and very 1950's hip in their skinny grey continental suits. They go into some kind of Motown **Beautiful Balloon**, with organ, tenor sax, trumpet and drums, and — wow — it's almost like being back in the 50's.

Then this big spade cat in a sportshirt comes out and begins to play around with the amplifier and guitar. The audience starts to applaud and he smiles and walks off the stage. Over the sound system: "Ladies and gentlemen . . . B. B. King" and the audience begins to applaud again.

King comes out: tuxedo, patent leather pumps, the whole thing; picks up the guitar and they go into a rocking version of **Help The Poor**. They do a nice, medium-up tempo **I'm Going To Stop Living** that has King doing some beautiful guitar lines — his voice going up and up into falsetto breaks all over the melody.

On a slow blues with tenor and trumpet riffing behind him, it's all King's show and he knows it. It doesn't even matter if the brass are sometimes sloppy on unisons and don't stretch out. King is playing the melody with his left hand — grandstanding — doing things like hold notes for two and four bars . . . and all the time singing: "I don't want a soul, baby, hanging around the house when I'm not home . . ."

**Heartbreaker** is beautiful, much too short, but with King doing some long, light Memphis blues' lines on guitar. Then he's rapping to the audience — the organ and drums keeping time behind him. Laying down chords, he goes into: "Brothers in Korea, sister's in New Orleans . . . treat me mean, baby, I'll keep lovin' you just the same . . . yeah, sweet sixteen . . ." And then the audience is up, applauding as he leaves. With the brass riffing in the background, he comes back, does a funky **Sweet Little Angel** for an encore and goes off again.

Frantic moving around on stage and then Big Brother & The Holding Co. come out. The response is fantastic: for a house filled with "teeny-boppers" and media-hippies, this is where it's all at. Janis Joplin dances around the stage, Sam Andrews begins to play with the amps, James Gurley is tuning up, Peter Albin just standing there — fingering his bass while Dave Getz brushes his pony tail out of the way and settles down behind the drums.

They go into an absolutely electric **Coming Home** that has the house crawling with nervous energy. Janis does a little Presley shuffle behind the mike . . . coaxing, screaming, shouting out the lyric. They do **The Cuckoo** with the lyric sung slow against a fast, syncopated back-beat, and a long beautifully developed guitar solo by Albin.

After doing Andrew's **Farewell Song**, they go into **Roadblock** — a driving gospel C&W thing with a guitar break by Gurley that shades off into avant-guard jazz. He throws notes together so fast that it ceases to be melody and you begin to experience it as pure energy: a kind of white noise that takes off the top of your head.

**Combination Of The Two** has more fantastic Gurley energy runs with the volume way up . . . the whole thing sounding at times almost oriental. **Ball And Chain** is a nice, slow blues which gives Janis a chance to work out. It got the audience on its feet screaming for more, and Janis closed the evening with a mean and evil **Down On Me**.

After the weekend, I was able to set up a quickie interview with Peter Albin, the bass player, sometimes guitarist and vocalist with the group. We rapped about the Coast, some people that it turned out we both knew, the rock scene and



# ADVERTISING !!!!!

By Stephen Kraus

"Photographer needs models — swinging couples — sexy — increase sexual pleasure — young girls always welcome in great pad — let us share the pleasures of the French arts — young stud — women: discover the joys of cunnilingus — looking for bi-sexual girls — timid young man seeks dominant females — guy with 14 inches wants to meet big breasted girls —" And so it goes, every week on the back pages of EVO, in the "Personal" ads column of EVO's classified ads.

Are these ads hoaxes, or are they on the level? At first glance they do seem to be put-ons. But why should they be? We live in an instant age: add water and you can have tea, coffee or bouillon. TV sets spring to life at the touch of a button, jets span continents in a few hours and, with the help of a satellite, you watch something happening half a world away. Why not instant sex, companionship, love . . . Like many other readers of EVO I wondered about these little ads that bloom every week with the hope of meeting willing, enthusiastic partners for a wide variety of doings. So I suggested to the editors that the subject would bear some looking into. As a result the following comparatively chaste ad joined its more purple cousins in the Personal column: "An article is being written about the experiences of those who have placed classified ads in EVO. If you would like to cooperate in this project, call Steve Kraus at OR 3-4757 or leave a message at PL 7-3995. Complete discretion will be used in writing the article."

I got a lot of calls, and I interviewed some of the people. None of us is average but, perhaps, these do form a composite picture of the people who place the ads. My first interview took me all the way out to Forest Hills. Pete (this, like the others used in this article, is not his real name) lived in a modern, high rise apartment house. The apartment was littered with radios, tape recorders and other electronic paraphernalia, posters covered the walls . . . I interviewed Pete in the presence of his petite, curvaceous wife whom he had met, at a bar, it later turned out, some time after he had placed his ad. He himself was a reasonably good looking chap of about thirty-prematurely balding, kind faced . . . Over coffee and crackers with chopped liver I read a copy of the ad he had placed: "Girls-creative, interesting man with wide range of abilities seeks to meet sensitive, attractive girl 18-26. Let's have dinner together. Guaranteed fantastic time." This was followed by a post office box number and a phone number. "At the time I placed the ad," Pete told me, "I was working hard, I was lonely; I had trouble meeting people . . ." Once the ad appeared, all hell broke loose, as he put it. There was an immediate response — he got 20 calls within two days. Oddly enough he only got a couple of letters. One was a long and rambling narrative from a girl who recounted a harrowing story of her romance with two twins both of whom died, one while surfing and the other from a over-dose. Another sent out a questionnaire and a profile of herself. Pete filled out the questionnaire and sent it to her. Months later he got back a mimeographed summary of HER experiences, together with a checked note that the respondent was not what she was looking for.

Many of the calls came between midnight and five in the morning. A guy called up and offered to "set up a party" for him for a price. He met seven or eight of the girls and screwed most of them on the first date. There was a secretary, a school teacher, a girl who lived with a room-mate and a monkey, somewhere on the Lower East Side. There were many calls from homosexuals who — unsuccessfully — tried to talk him into playing it their way. Most of the girls ranged in age from 18 to 21 but some were a few years older. I asked him about his impressions of their motives in answering his ad. "It varried," he said. "One was a gold-digger; she just wanted me to spend money on her. There was one who was new to New York. I would say most of them were looking for companionship or love. None of them was more than average looking. I met them in various places or went to their apartments. One girl was an out-patient in a mental institution. She was about 18, bright, not too attractive. She told me she had already answered many ads and screwed many guys she had met that way. Another girl called me at four in the morning. She said that from the exchange of my telephone number she could tell that I lived in Forest Hills. So did she. She said she was feeling very passionate and wanted to come over and get get into bed with me . . ."

Some time after he had placed his ad, Pete found himself between jobs. He had time to himself, to wander around the city. He visited several of the girls he had met through the ad and screwed them again. But with none of them did he establish a longer-lasting relationship.

He admitted that he had placed the ad not only to get laid but to find someone he could care for and be involved with. From the way he looked, from time to time, at his wife as she moved about or sat at the table at which I was writing

Continued on PAGE 17



# Filming The Two-Backed Beast And Other Insects

By Dick Preston

Mr. Joseph X is a pornographic filmmaker and distributor. He operates from a loft building in Brooklyn, and the sign on his door might read **Acme Production and Service Co.** It doesn't, however. There was nothing I found that made Joseph X different from any commercial film producer. He was not a monster and if he was hung up sexually, he kept it to himself. Like other men in his profession he was a slave to what he thought the public wanted and his occupational objectives were the satisfaction of his customers desires and a balance sheet which showed a healthy net profit. Prior to the interview he ran a couple of his films for me. A description of one should suffice.

Establishing shot of woman masturbating with an electric vibrator. Man enters to catch her in the act. He snatches the vibrator and throws it in the waste basket. He undresses and she sucks his limp penis. She undresses and he returns the favour. They fuck in three different coital positions — with close-ups. The film concludes with what appears to be a mock orgasm. The film, like the participants, was overexposed and the acting was terrible and self conscious. It was almost entirely without erotic content. Only the extreme close-ups had any beauty.

EVO. Tell me, Mr. X, how long have you been making films?

X. Nearly ten years.

EVO. How did you get into the business?

X. Well, before I started here I used to work in a film lab in mid-town Manhattan. And while I was there hardly a week went by when some creep didn't ask me to run off a few prints of dirty movie for him.

EVO. And did you?

X. Oh, sure . . . always ready to make a couple of extra bucks. What was funny though was that while I was making these prints, the lab itself wouldn't touch any thing that showed as much as a bare tit. I began thinking that maybe there was a lot of money to be made out of this. So I set myself up here. In the beginning I only worked nights, just doing the printing, but later, when I got into the production end of it, I decided to quit my job and work here full time. It's nice to be your own boss.

EVO. What made you go into production?

X. There's more money in it. When you're just printing you're pirating someone else's material and generally it's stuff that's been around a long time. Most people that buy the stuff think they're connoisseur and they get very up tight if they buy something that they've seen before. If you want to make money in this business, you've got to come up with stuff that's new.

EVO. But doesn't your stuff get pirated?

X. Oh, sure . . . there's always some creep around that's out to make an easy buck. But it doesn't happen until I've flooded the market with the material.

EVO. Where do you shoot your films?

X. Generally in a rented apartment. And I try to never use the same one twice.

EVO. Where do you get your cast?

X. It's not so difficult now, but it was a real problem when I first started. Then I had to use the stars of the business . . . I guess you'd call them that . . . and they weren't very good. Much too professional . . . only interested in money.

EVO. What do you mean by professional?

X. Well, the women were generally frigid and they rolled around like they thought women did who enjoyed it but when I got the film developed they looked like they were being tortured. And the men were generally enormous and had to be sucked for an hour before they could get a hard on and then when they actually came to do it they went at it like it was a 9 to 5 job.

EVO. They didn't have much imagination?

X. Yeah . . . that's it. Imagination. But they had staying power. That's why I call them professionals. It's no good having someone who shoves it in and them comes. That's o.k. for a commercial but not a film . . . (laughter) . . . if you get what I mean.

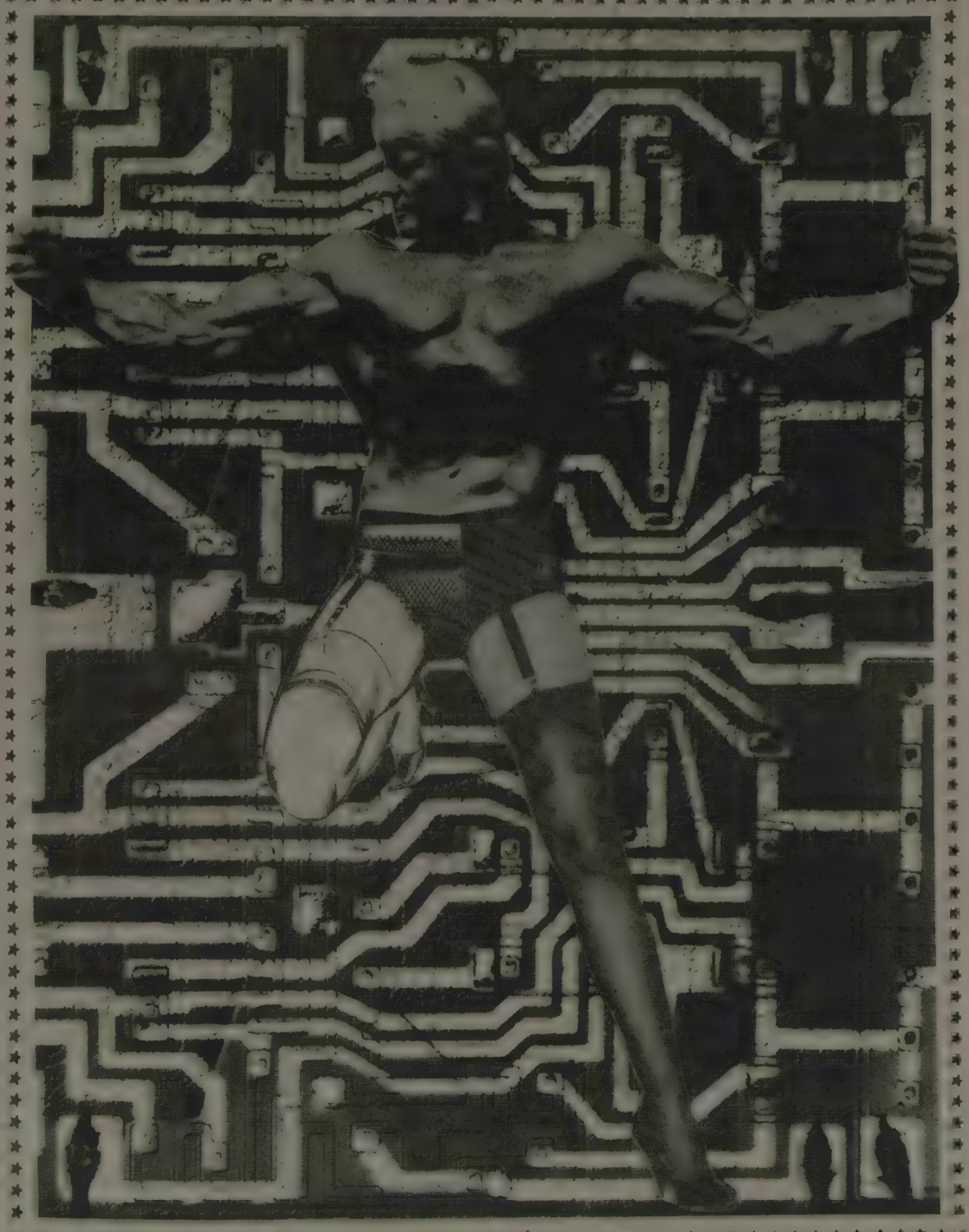
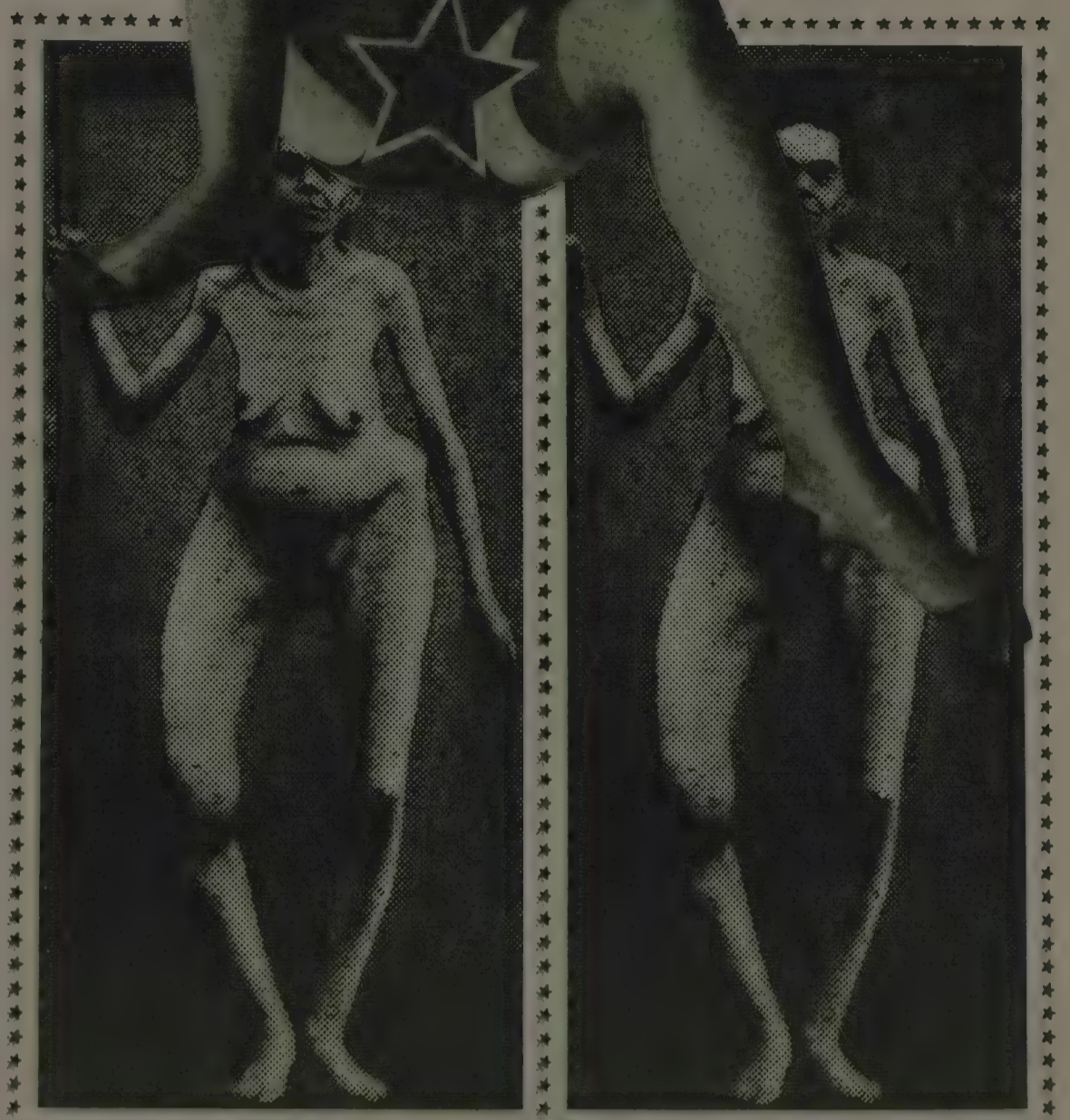
EVO. What happens when they do that?

X. You just have to sit around until they get hard again. Sometimes I get the girl to help them, and sometimes they do it themselves. Sometimes you have to wait a hell of a long time.

EVO. Do you ever do anything to stimulate them?

X. Oh, no. I never go in for anything dirty like that.

EVO. Tell me, why is it easier to get people now than it used to be?



# THE little PHENOMENA

By Douglas Blazak



Literature is now a wheel of fire and it's burning a new cycle into the skulls of more people than even before — mostly young people who first heard of gas chambers instead of jolly ice cream cones & ferris wheels. There is more direct communication, more involvement in life, more concern for the acts & paths of man in literature than ever before & 90% of this fire is located in the little magazines & small press publications that slither out of ungodly mimeos & bread-sucking offsets & even out of a few ambitious speed-veined hand letterpresses.

Three of the magazines most infested with the fire are ENTRAILS No. 4 (\$1, 283 E. Houston, N.Y.C. 10002), HORSESHIT No. 2 (\$2, Scum Pub. Co., Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Cal. 90254), & THE WILLIE (50c, c/o 1379 Masonic, S.F. 94117).

ENTRAILS is edited by Mike Berardi in lieu of Gene Bloom (busy proselytizing inmates of Sing Sing while serving out a grass bust) & is simply loaded with insanity, ennuï slayers & dementia cacklers. Read about the new identification procedure called "Dick-printing." Read about the hilarious judge who said "1½ to 3 years, Sing Sing." Read about the nun who said "FUCK." Read a review of the 1967 Spring/Summer Sears Catalogue. Also, a reprinting of the hard to get underground creamery, Hunger, by E. R. Baxter, plus fantastic prose & poesy by Fred Dawson, Sid Rufus, Charles Bukowski, Rich Krech, Harold Norse, Willie, Runcible Wagner & even myself.

HORSESHIT is a magazine not recommended for children or idiots. It can, in words as well as drawings, stand up to our Animal Farm in D.C. & say FUCK YOU & refuse to creep off in fear of pot-shots, cream pies or Jack Rubyisms. Nearly all the art work spreads our toad glum faces into radiant laughter sparklers & there are two MUSTS as far as prose: "The Last Words of Jefferson Monroe Before He Was Torn To Pieces On The Floor Of Congress" & "A Killer?" "Yes, Sir." "One Of Our Soldiers Is A Killer?" "Yes, Sir." "Good God!" a story that picks up the ax where Dalton Trumbo (JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN) put it down.

The last little jewel is THE WILLIE, a maverick little mimeo that has more guts than Sam Bass robbing a 90 m.p.h. Santa Fe super chief. The whole pleasure of this wild-ass death stomper is the spirit of its editor, Willie the Snort Gobbler, who is a minor legend in S.F. — land a la Kerouac. Wear asbestos gloves & red shades when you pick up this rag — IT IS HOTTER THAN FIRE! IT IS THE UNIVERSE'S WHITE LIGHT! Complete with reviews, statements, ejaculations, etc. by Willie, & poems by Bukowski, Brown Miller, Kent Taylor, Geo Montgomery, Steve (Earth Rose) Richmond, Norse, Jesus Christ, d. a. levitation, Wagner, Cauble, Grapes, Kiennolz, Wantling (& myself, again) this magazine, available at all bookstores, butcher shops & Cosmic Pastry Parlors, is the greatest bargain Woolworths never thought of!

★ ★ ★

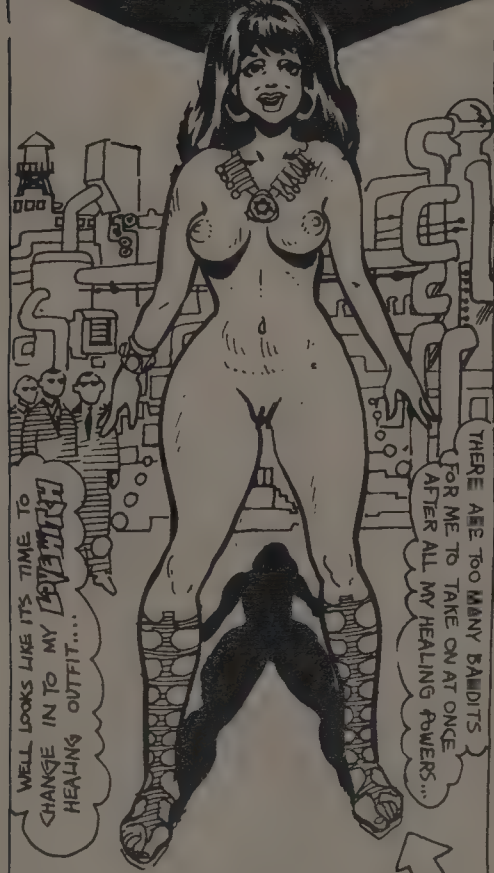
Reading an article on what a doctor terms "the new pornography": "At one time, pornography generally referred to obscenity with regard to sex. But, since every aspect of sex has received so much exposure in recent years, there is little excitement roused in reading about it."

Which is all very interesting. If sex is not the thing to get busted for, then it must be death. I logically deduct that Jim Lowell, d. a. levy, Lenore Kendal THE LOVE BOOK) and Steve Richmond (FUCK HATE) were busted for either publishing or selling books that pertain to death and "offend good taste." How ironic when one considers that these people have all been such pro-life, vibrant, and alive individuals, espousing a reverence for life rather than an exploitation and promiscuous use of it.

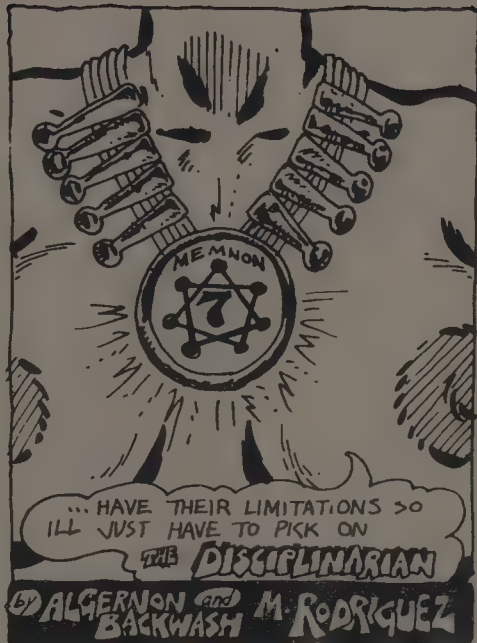
If this new pornography is now the rage of smut-hunters, I sure wish they would catch on in Cleveland, Santa Monica and S.F. In case they don't I strongly urge you, demand, even threaten you to buy (no fair reading in the store, then putting it back on the shelf, creeps) A TRIBUTE TO JIM LOWELL (\$2 / Asphodel Bookshop / 306 Superior Ave. W / Cleveland, Ohio 44113). The book, a compendium on censorship, serving a weighty value for anyone interested in fascism, as well as being a tribute to the owner of one of the gutsiest bookshops in the world — such people as Bukowski, Cauble, Cunliffe, DeLoach, Dowden, Ferlinghetti, Kryss, Laughlin, Levertov, Lowell, Lowenfels, MacDonald, McClure, Miller, Olson, Selby, Sorrentino, Wagner, Wantling, Weissner, Williams, levy and myself all get to spew into the eyes of the Storm Troopers.

Other items of interest that stem from the diabolical underworld & contain samples of both the old & the new pornography (hmmmm) are FREE LOVE PERIODICALLY #2 (50c / Asphodel Bookshop), which reprints levy's VISUALIZED PRAYER FOR THE AMERICAN GOD — a swastika formed by pointillistic \$\$-signs. We are also informed in this wild mimeo that d. a. levy's tribute issue, YOU CAN HAV YR FUCKIN CITY BACK, will be

# DOOM CRACK

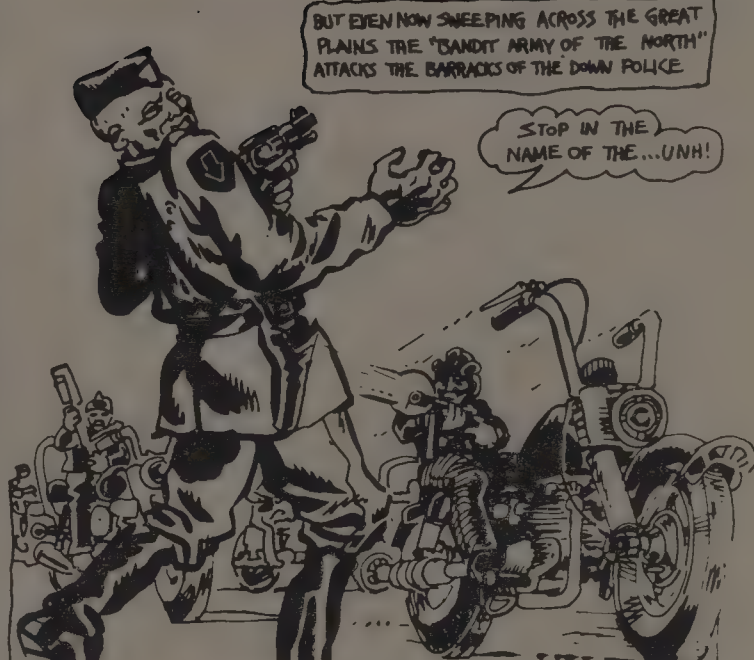


WELL LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO CHANGE IN TO MY HEALING SUIT...  
 HEALING SUIT...  
 THERE ARE TOO MANY BANDITS FOR ME TO TAKE ON AT ONCE AFTER ALL MY HEALING POWERS...  
 LAST WEEK WE LEFT SPIDINA MONK ALIAS THE LOVE WITCH CONTEMPLATING THE SITUATION...

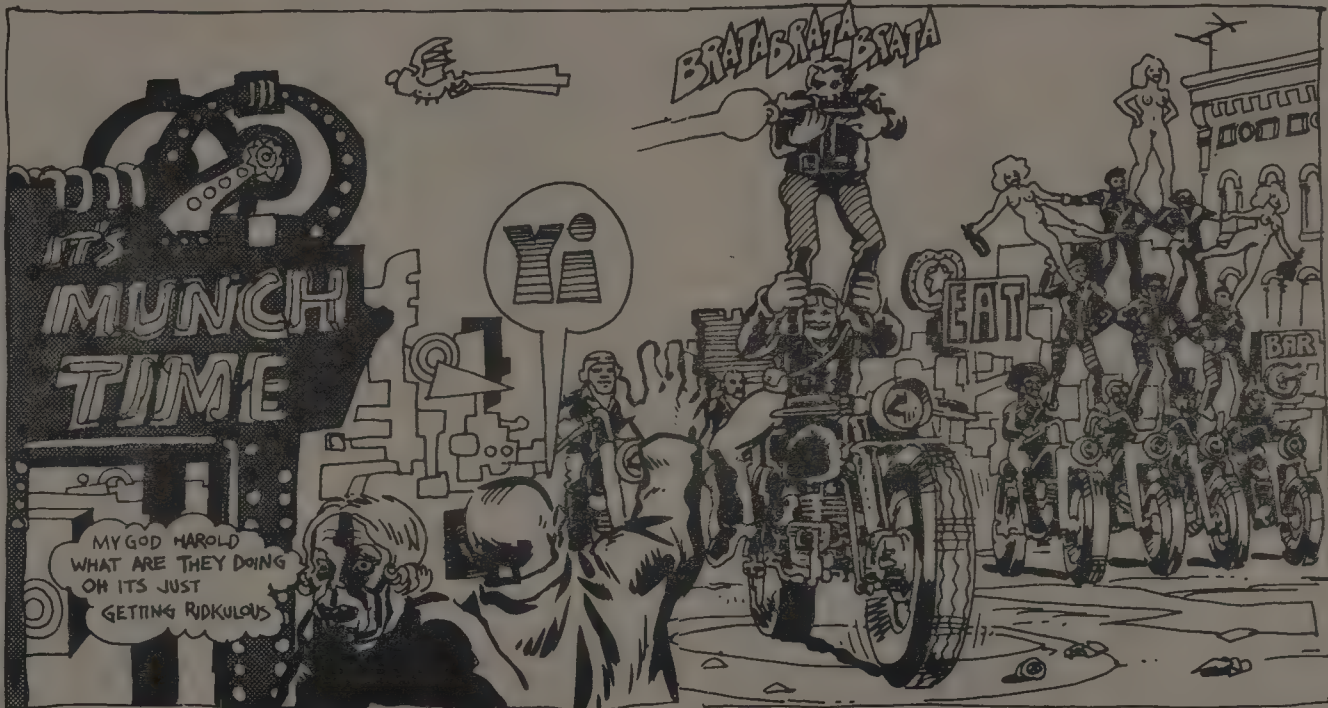


... HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS >> ILL JUST HAVE TO PICK ON  
**THE DISCIPLINARIAN**  
 BY ALGERNON and M. RODRIGUEZ  
 BACKWASH

AND WITH THIS, THE MYSTIC MBOALLON OF MEMNON SHE IS ABLE TO HARNESS COSMIC LOVE POWER, THE SELF-SAME POWER WHICH FLOWS THRU THE UNIVERSE AND SEND IT SURGING THRU HER BODY TO HEAL THE WOUNDS INFLICTED BY THE WORLD ON THE MIND OF MAN



BUT EVEN NOW SWEEPING ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS THE "BANDIT ARMY OF THE NORTH" ATTACKS THE BARRACKS OF THE DOWN POLICE  
 STOP IN THE NAME OF THE...UNH!



MY GOD HAROLD WHAT ARE THEY DOING ON ITS JUST GETTING RIDICULOUS

## YUM-YUM GIRLS PERFORMING NITELY



.. AND POUR INTO NEIGHBORING TOWNS



AS THE SITUATION WORSENS, AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE UNITED FEDERATION FOR SALVATION AND PRESERVATION OF THE HOLY GOSPOL (U.F.F. S.A. POT. H.G.) IS CALLED. THE CRISIS PRECIPITATES A STRUGUL FOR THE FIRST OFFICE OF "GRAND PROCTOR" AND NOW AWAITING IS OPPONENT FOR THAT OFFICE IS



Continued from PAGE 12

## Buckley Continued from PAGE 4

— he must have looked like a Palmer Cox Brownie. Buckley was wearing his Ivy League camel's hair coat and, I presume, his sad philosopher face. (Exam question: if Truman Capote met William Buckley in the Elysian Field...)

Oh, yes, pal, the very famous are different from you and me. Their faces on the TV screen are realer, and offscreen cleaner (this is actually true: is it charisma or valets?) than the ephemeral beings you share the Chock Full O' Nuts counter with. When the famous spot each other across a crowded room the chemistry within them vibrates, each to each. In fact the reason they go to so many crowded rooms is to seek these electrical encounters, to clasp hands across the barriers of politics, fields of creativity, age, creeds, allergies. And so blondes are dragged away screaming from their classroom door at the New School, there are waiting lists five miles long, and their message to the world goes unheeded in the general rapture.

After class this reporter went around the corner to see "The Beard," a play in which two characters (one of whom is called Billy the Kid) endlessly hurl at each other lines like "You're a wierd fuck!" and "Piss on you!" It had been a long day. Through the bleary boredom of "the Beard" a message came through, that people who have been turned into modern myths are dull, repetitive and senseless. Can mass cult do this even to such a one as William F. Buckley Jr.?

## Little Phenomena

coming out soon for \$1.50, available from The Asphodel Bookshop, which ought to be another compendium n censorship to mate with the Lowell Tribute. Also coming an RJS/GENE BLOOM STEVE RICHMOND TRIBUTE (price unknown). POEMS FROM THE MIND JAIL by Dominique is a small hand-wrought pamphlet with silk-screen cover that is very intriguing & the poems are surprisingly endearing (25c / Asphodel Bookshop).

From Wisconsin comes QUIXOTE (22 Henry St. Madison); it has no price listed but I'm sure \$1 will procure you a copy & you should procure it because there is a trump card in every issue — a joker as well — something to amuse the intellect & to elevate the boob. A Quixote Supplement entitled THE DESTRUCTION OF PHILADELPHIA by Mike Maggid is an amazing concoction of poetry, collages, drawings, prose & ??? (meaning the undefinable).

Two pamphlets from Great Lakes Books (733 E. Clarke Milwaukee 53212) are liable to cause a little harm to stagnant minds (come on, censors, attack!): MAYORS OF MARBLE by Morgan Gibson & PRELUDE TO INTERNATIONAL VELVET DEBUTANTE by Gerard Malanga. Malanga is good when he is not soaking his typer in the sensationalism of Warhol & The Gang, but here he is soaking. Gibson is good & doesn't soak, suck or sack — he knows not sleep, his brain cells are always saluting new levels of perception.

Now for the treat, the strawberries with whipped cream that has nothing to do with wet-dreams, baby — KARMA

CIRCUIT by Harold Norse, \$2.75, Nothing Doing in London Press, 10 Blacklands Tr., Sloane Sq., London SW3). Norse has only had three books previous to this one, all excellent but antediluvian by the standards he sets here, plus a special issue of OLE magazine which included tributes, letters, & various bits by Bladwin, Burroughs, Nin, Bukowski, W. C. Williams, Paul Carroll, etc. (which is still available in some bookshops for \$1).

Several of these poems were first published in that special issue of OLE & are reissued here along with many new ones — all of which are saturated with genius — a word I don't understand but seems to be used as the tantamount in praise.

Norse is his own man, with his own visions & he can synchronize them so beautifully into poems that I often wonder whether he was conditioned to think by other worldly beings instead of mere earthlings. Unfortunately, there are only 500 of these books printed — but that should increase the drama; only a selected few will know these poems because of that the flavor will be more poignant than ever conceived.

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# Pop, Rock

Continued from PAGE 9

about Big Brother.

**EVO:** How did the group get together?

**Peter:** In the summer of 1965. I was living in my uncle's house on Page street and it turned out to be this infamous crash pad with jam sessions in the basement. Sam was there, and Chet Helms, who got his start charging 50c admission to the sessions. James started coming around and then, later, I met Dave at a dinner in the Mission District . . . sometime around March, 1966.

**EVO:** When did Janis join the group?

**Peter:** Sometime in June, '66. Before that, we had been working as a foursome, doing club gigs and playing around the Avalon. Janis had already come up to San Francisco and dug the rock scene before she joined us.

**EVO:** When did you begin to attract attention?

**Peter:** Well, after playing Chicago, we all started living together. It was the end of '66, in Lagunitas, Calif. Janis had been into a folk, a blues bag: Bessie Smith stuff. She started turning on to people like Otis Redding then — the modern soul thing. But it was Monterey that opened us up to the public. There were lots of LA people there and it was good press.

**EVO:** What kind of sound are you into now?

**Peter:** We're much more arranged now. We want to write and perform good songs . . . original, inventive things with bridges and chorusses. We still don't have as many colors as we want — horn things like Bloomfield. But we want to limit ourselves to four pieces and get those colors. You can almost get the horn thing with vocals. And we might start using augmentation: overdubbing layers of music for the LP.

**EVO:** What kind of style are you after?

**Peter:** Well, the vocal is obviously blues: the tone quality that Janis gets . . . moving up and down with her voice on one syllable. But our styles of guitar differ. My background is folk music and country blues. James' biggest influence at first was blues — Lightnin' Hopkins; but he's been influenced by free things like Ornette and Coltrane. Sam is involved in music theory; with his background, he can tell all the chords the Beatles are using just by listening to the record. He plays his own old timey rock'n' roll, but knowing how to do all these other things at the same time.

**EVO:** Who writes what for the group?

**Peter:** Janis and Sam write some really outasight words. I did the arrangement for **Down On Me** and some of the other folk things. A lot of people thought it was a pro-cunnilingus song, but it's just an oldtimey spiritual thing.

**EVO:** What are you working on now?

**Peter:** I want to get into, want to write a three movement rock piece called **Seed**. A personal thing about getting older and having kids . . . the realization of reproduction. As for the group, well, we're trying to state where we've been, where we're at, where we're going in the future. We play new blues . . . only a couple songs with old patterns. Some soul stuff, but we're not a white soul group. Just white, middle-class, suppressed and repressed old time beatniks.

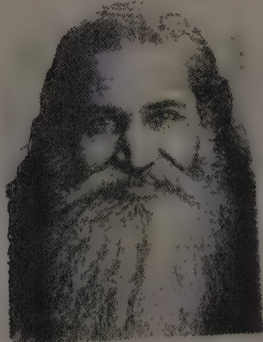
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# PEARL THE INTIMATE SADIST

continued from PAGE 6

and submissively saying, "Here's to you, Goddess." But she didn't have Pearl's blithe spirit. Shelley, I believe, wrote something about the blithe spirit, and Pearl had a special way of mocking me in a friendly, amused manner that was charming. I liked Pearl's catlike blond face, her brash, but still not really hard, eyes. We were friends—tied together by perversions but amused rather than overwhelmed by what we were doing.

Pearl asked me to bring her some trade. By then, actually, we had drifted apart—I was probably pursuing the Storm—at least sketching at Katherine Dunham's and Phillips-Fort. The games that Pearl and I could play together had all been played at least once. But I took a mining promoter friend of mine to her place. My business acquaintances had the idea that I could guide them into one of the pleasanter portals of hell, but I always felt reserved because the sort of girls I liked weren't the sort they liked. Most of the girls I knew during my years of intensive erotic exploration were negroes and not many bankers, at that time, wanted negroes. Whatever their secret desires might be, their vehicles of expression were quite conventional. And besides, most of the girls I knew really weren't whores. They hustled a bit but they also were very talented and sensitive dancers and night club singers. I couldn't impose these awkward-minded squares on them. I respected them as artists and also as imaginative practitioners of sex. To me they were as beautiful as great Nubian statues of Egypt and I felt privileged and fortunate indeed to buy such tremendous experiences with beauty for so little money and risk. But my friends in business didn't feel that way. They had what must be called a common point of view. Despite their education and wealth they had made a vulgar partition of the world in their minds—and whenever I have brought a businessman into an artists' studio I have bumped my head against this partition again. Not all of the girls were artists, not all who were, were, in my mind, great artists, but they were the expression of what art is. They and artists were the same sort of people, and artists have always felt this. Toulouse-Lautrec felt this way. I have often wondered why it is that those who admire Lautrec's painting shudder at experiencing in their time the life which he experienced and from which his paintings were made. It is, of course, that they do not see the life that he experienced the same way. They only see it in his art—they pay huge sums for a reflection of this life in paint—they cannot live it as a part of their daily life themselves.

There was, now and then, an exception like T. He was one of the smartest brokers Wall Street ever had. His Irish smile would charm you and his Irish hand might knife you. But he was real! He couldn't have been anything else. He grew up in the buccaneering days and he graduated into the dignified days. So long as I knew him, he always loved whores. He cared nothing for art—horseracing was the thing, almost more than stocks. I guess he had never heard of Toulouse-Lautrec—but if they had each been of the same time and the same city they would have met at the races. T. never asked me to introduce him to any girl—he introduced me to his madam—a story I have told elsewhere. He looked upon whores this way:—one time when we were in Montreal and when our friends had failed to get anybody for our room and we were talking, he told me of another trip to that historic city when he was more fortunate than we were then. "I went into the place and there was nobody in there but the madam and a girl in the kitchen. She was built and she was blond and she was eating an apple. We stayed together for four days. It was love but I had to go home."

But Pearl wanted some customers, and since the mining promoter wanted a girl I brought Kenneth up.

The sight of her place amazed me. The difference between the male and the female again. Kenney and I had glowing fantasies in our heads. Very simple fantasies of female lusciousness and our delight. A whore house—what is a whore house? Freedom from reproof. It's like a bar except sex is in the bottles. The bartender is not like a psycho-analyst. They are alike in that they each have seen many men—many men saying foolish things—having foolish dreams—many men who are difficult to handle—or don't want to be handled—are quiet—and women too, of course—but a bar is still primarily a man's place—and a whore house is too. Both are places of no reproof—or very little—you have to really go far with very permissive people to be reproved. The analyst doesn't really reprove you—he is trying to help you—but you go there because of your own reproof. Your wife—well, she loves you but she's trying to pat you into shape—and your mother and your father and your interested good friends—I don't have to tell you all the suggestions and corrections you get—and also that you give—but in the two places that I have mentioned there is none of that—no reproof, no getting to be a better person. If you want another drink you can have it, and if you want another girl to screw—or pay the girl some more, why sure—the place is yours—if you have the money—and a lot of people do have the money—a lot more than they have of anything else—anything else to spare, that is. Their souls—they're in hock—to all the things they ought to be, or ought to do or wish they were.

Well, okay. The whore house is a place of no reproof, but that really isn't what Pearl's apartment looked like. It looked like another nutty woman's apartment. Pearl must have spent a fortune furnishing it. It had wall to wall carpeting in each room, it had marble topped wall tables in the foyer. The tables were those marble topped affairs with wrought iron baroque supports. I'm no expert on describing furniture. The lamps were silk shaded, porcelain based, imitating the Mandarin Chinese and the French of Louis XV. It made my pad, where Pearl and I had disported before, look like the agent's office in a branch line railway freight station. "Good night." I thought. "How's she ever going to pay for all this?" I thought of the traffic which would have to pass its portals to make it pay.

But Pearl wasn't concerned with any such calculations. She was enthralled, in a typical female way, with her spacious new apartment and all its gorgeous, new, clean, luxurious, all in bad taste furnishings. She took us thru' every room and showed us every detail—the beds—their silken covers—the bolsters—the kitchen—the glassware—the cutlery—every special little detail—like the ash trays—the plants. We were hungry for their bodies—especially Kenney who hadn't met them before.

Kenney went into one bedroom with Betty—I went into the other with Pearl. Pearl said, "Would you come on my stomach? Would you let me pick you up and hold you on my hips until you come on my stomach?" I had come on her stomach before but I hadn't realized until then how special this was for her.

"I love to have you come on my stomach—I just love to have you go on my stomach."

Pearl picked me up and held me on her hips. I clasped her around her neck, as a child would. We kissed ecstatically. I called her mommie, mommie. Her blond hair, done in curls, shook as an adoring mommie's would. Pearl gasped. It was her ecstasy. She put me down. She rubbed the semen over her stomach and pinched my cheek and kissed me some more.

I never had sex with Pearl again. I saw her only twice more. I can't explain why in any sensible way. I really didn't like the furniture in her apartment. It was

too plushy, clean and complicated for me. I guess I didn't like just being a customer instead of her slave. Maybe I didn't like thinking so vividly of all the other men. Maybe it was just over. I have called Pearl an intimate sadist. I have called her that because when we were together the whole thing was an intimate scene. Now it is a huge scene. Like every huge scene, it has become somewhat conventionalized.

The conventional is a very strange thing—it can be created out of the most unexpected materials. For instance, I went to a special meeting of a Wall Street organization that I have belonged to for twenty years. It is a group of security analysts—usually we meet to discuss stocks but this was a special meeting to honor the founder of our group. It was held in the Tower Suite of the Time-Life Building. This is a restaurant on top, and from its windows you can get a 46-story view of parts of New York. I have seen so many of these views from various restaurants that they don't really thrill me. Today the thrilling view is from an airplane, in which you are not just looking at space but are part of it. Your body is poised in space, it is not set on a solid mountain or building. I hadn't seen any of them for a long time and they greeted me happily. I was their bohemian member. They kidded me about my haircut, or lack of it, my shirt and my tie. One of them asked me:—"Didn't you really have to think to wear that tie and shirt together?" Another said:—"That's just what Walter wears when he visits the squares." It's true, neither the shirt nor the tie struck me as bizarre. The shirt had a beautiful, decisive black stripe and came from Brooks Bros.—the tie was of pretty Indian paisley material and came from Bloomingdale's. I do have some rather exotic ties—one made of feathers, made by Marilyn Karp, another made of vinyl on which June Hildebrand silk-screened some dancing nudes, and several amazing ties given me by Barbara Forst, and one that I even bought myself. What I wore to the club meeting was just what I ordinarily wear and while I was pleased at being the center of attention, I thought about it later and wondered why? This whole question of the square and the hip is complex. These were pretty hip financial men but they avoided anything sartorially daring, even if it came from Brooks Bros, or Bloomingdale's. Yet they and their wives were very likely to shop there. Then I went to the opening of an exhibition of some German artists. The art scene has become so huge that I didn't know anyone in the crowd that was there. I could see at a glance that the exhibition represented shit piled on super shit. At the Jewish Museum, at the Whitney, at the Modern (not so regularly, but adequately), at Janis' and Castelli's and Dwan's you see supershit. It has taken great daring, as well as skill and trained capability, to do what the American artists have done. We are the leaders. I could see that the Germans were the followers. I reasoned, perhaps wrongly, that the Europeans believe in shit—they believe it will go on forever. The polished manners of the people at the exhibition was considerably different than the art on the walls. In European cities there is still sometimes a lot of smell—sophisticated people living among smells. It isn't that way with us—we don't believe in shit. We may be wrong. Avoiding it completely, or raising it to a level of high exaltation may be impossible to do forever. I phoned Lucien Carr. Lucien is a great newspaper man. He is the Reporter. I suddenly understood what he stood for. He stood for anti-shit. Of course you can't always work it out in practice in professional life. It can scarcely be said that American journalism stands for this clearly. But it tries to in some places—like in the Village Voice or Evo. Then it creates some of its own shit. I suddenly realized what America stands for. In its evangelistic past it was anti-shit—in its hip present it is super-shit. Thinking of my times with Pearl and of the roles we played and also felt for each other, I think that it can be said that we were part of an American tradition.

**1. THE HALLUCINOGENS \$2.00**  
Simplified preparation of mescaline and LSD includes discussion of narcotic and non-narcotic medications.

**2. DAILY LIFE AT SING SING PRISON \$2.00**

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All 3 for \$5.00  
Checks or money orders  
**PAT-ROB WESTCHESTER**  
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**MAKE BREAD THEN LOVE**  
IF YOU HAVE A NUTTY HOBBY OR AN OFF-BEAT TALENT—OR HAVE A COUPLE OF FEY ANECDOTES, OR EVEN KNOW SOMEONE WILD, WE MAY BE ABLE TO USE YOU. MONEY INVOLVED. CALL J. J. GATO AT LE 5-9955.

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\$1.50 EACH 4 FOR \$5.00  
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PRESENTS  
**ROARING TWENTIES OF N.J.**  
DINE AND DANCE TO OUR  
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"The Year of Love is Here"

# Filming the beast

Continued from PAGE 11

X. These sex club magazines make a difference you know. They didn't have them when I first started, but now it's like having a perverts yellow pages at your fingertips. Most people who advertise are exhibitionists of one sort or another. Of course I have to spend a lot of time sorting them out. I figure that I can use about one in ten. Most of them are either too old or too ugly or too far out. There was one guy who wanted me to make a film of him shitting. There's no money in that sort of thing. But exhibitionists make the best actors. No doubt about it. And they come very cheap too. Some of them even do it for nothing.

EVO. I noticed in the films you showed me that most of the action was centered around the actual balling. You don't seem to go in for preliminaries very much.

X. That's what people want. When they buy one of my films they get all the in and out action I can pack into it. Preliminaries are a waste of time . . . unless it involves sucking off. I used to try and get a little arty but it never paid off. It always looked phoney. I stick strictly to action. The actors always get embarrassed when they have to do something like shake hands or use a telephone. I think they regard the straight stuff as being a little dirty.

EVO. Do you ever make it with any of the chicks?

X. No, I never do. I'm a married man. Woudn't do for me to complicate my life. Business is business and it's gotta be kept that way.

EVO. How many films do you make a year?

X. About 15, including a few fetish ones.

EVO. You didn't mention these before.

X. I guess I'm a little embarrassed about it. But if you want to keep up with the times you've got to do it. The demand for this stuff over the last two or three years has increased enormously. People seem to be getting weirder.

EVO. What particular types of fetish movies have you been making?

X. Mainly for rubber and leather freaks.

EVO. Does the action for those differ from the action in the others?

X. Sure. They seem to spend most of the time getting dressed and parading up and down. There's a bit of balling through flaps in the crotch but it looks very uncomfortable to me. But most of the time they just want to show off.

EVO. Do you provide the costumes?

X. Christ, no. They bring their own. I wouldn't lay out a penny for that sort of shit. As I said before, if it wasn't for the demand I wouldn't do it.

EVO. Have you made any other weird films?

X. Well, there was one sadist film I made. But I wouldn't do that again. It frightened the shit out of me. There was this chick who had to be tied to the bed and beaten. The guy who was the sadist was a real nasty son of a bitch and halfway through the shooting he started beating her for real. I had to stop the camera and tell him to take it easy. The poor girl was yelling her ass off. I was expecting the police at any moment. That would have been all I needed. It scared the shit out of me, I can tell you. I'll never make another film like that . . . not unless I can besure they'll be no hanky panky.

EVO. Why do you think people buy dirty films?

X. For jerk off material, I guess. Of course, some people are just plain curious. They want to see what other people look like when they do it. Maybe they think that others do things they don't. I'll tell you one thing though. When it comes to straight fucking, everyone looks the same.

**SM. PEACE SYMBOL — NECK STRAP \$1.25 P.P.**



THE SEPER COMPANY  
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**ARE YOU LOOKING FOR 12", BABY?  
(12" FROM THE FLOOR, THAT IS!)**

**MIDI-DRESSES**

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**JAMES HOLTON BOUTIQUE**  
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# ES.M.M.S.

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**WINDFLOWERS**  
The Story of a Draft Dodger

A film by  
Adolfas Mekas

★

WINDFLOWERS is dedicated "to all men who over the years came to America to escape a forced conscription, and who helped to build our country."

★

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costumes · antique clothing for sale or rent · mon-sat 2-9



**transformations**  
upstairs at 121 second avenue between 7th street and st. marks place 533-8470



CAREFULLY SELECTED DEAD MAN'S CLOTHING

St. Marks Pl.

533-5658

# Advertising

Continued from PAGE 10

his studio; he lived someplace else and made his living as a representative for an electronic company. Photography was his hobby; he didn't seem too interested in selling his pictures. A portfolio of his pictures, both portraits and nudes, showed he was quite good and could conceivably make a living as a photographer. His first ad, placed repeatedly quite some time ago, was for girls to model for figure studies. He told me that he had placed it just for that purpose and didn't believe in "mixing business and pleasure." He got, on the average, about four calls a day. Most were from girls between 17 and 21; college girls, few with any modelling experience although some had done modelling for artists. "I got a lot of runaways," he said. "After a while it got so that I could spot them. Many of them were Jewish girls from well-to-do, middle-class families. They said they got everything from their families except love. One girl, whose father was the president of a bank down south, got a Thunderbird for her sixteenth birthday. I got a couple of calls from guys who wanted me for threesomes with their sisters or girlfriends, but they gave what were obviously phony addresses so I didn't look into it. One guy wanted me to take pictures of himself and his wife making love. I went over to see him, but his wife didn't want to go along with it so nothing happened. Another guy called me up, offering to supply all the teenage models I wanted, but when I told him they would have to have their parents' permission he hung up. Then I placed another ad. It went something like this: "Girls, do you love the smell of an ocean breeze, the sound of the wind rustling through the trees, being touched etc." I got about seventy calls, twenty of them from men. About ten girls gave me their phone numbers. I met two of them, but they weren't my cup of tea. As far as the girls who came in for modelling, I feel I could have gotten laid if I had felt like pushing it. I pay \$20 for a modelling session, which usually lasts two or three hours. Maybe I just didn't have the right luck; I share this studio with another guy; he screwed one girl who came in to model — another one didn't want to fuck but gave him a blow job."

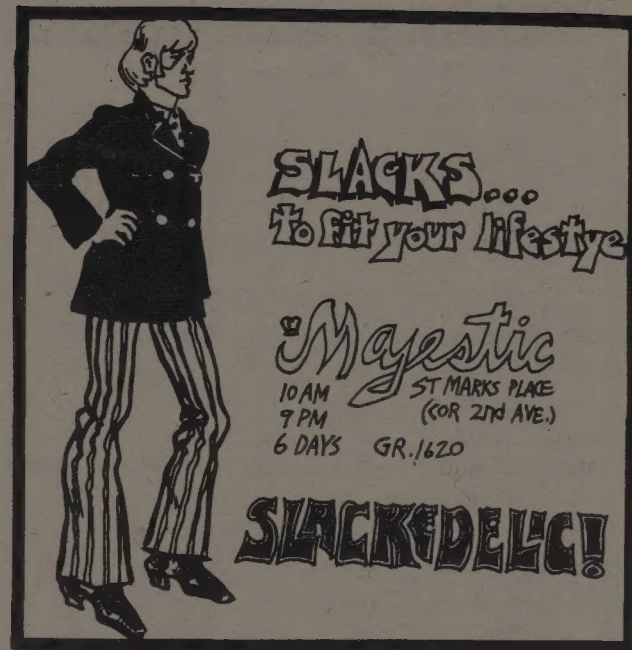
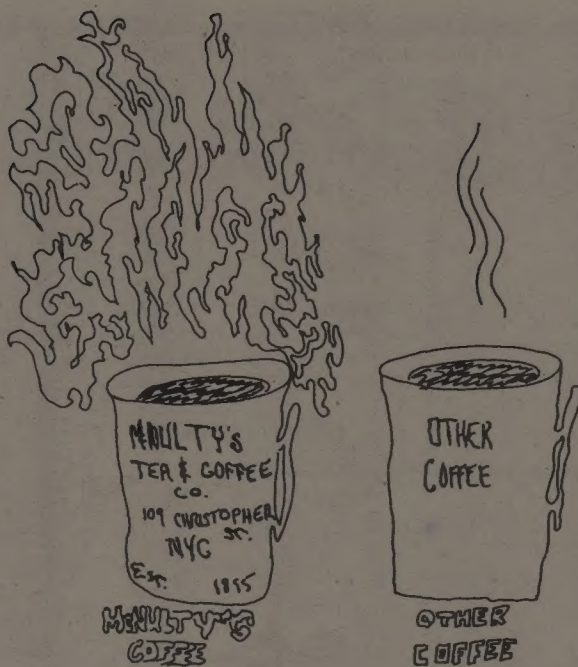
Like most of the people who had placed ads, Harry got his share of strange phonecalls. One woman called up and just cried on the telephone. He tried to find out what was wrong, but couldn't make her talk. The next day she called again and this time he found out what her story was. It appeared that she was a young woman married to a guy who didn't sleep with her at all. "She told me she was going out of her mind, climbing the walls," Harry said. He wanted to meet her but nothing came of it, as her husband drove her to and from work, and the one time that her husband went out of town Harry was down with the flu and couldn't meet her.

★ ★ ★

Victor is a good looking young man in his middle twenties, who makes a living as an actor and artists' model. He lives in a small but very attractively furnished apartment in Greenwich Village. Well-spoken, articulate, handsome; you would think he would be the last person in the world to place an ad. His read "Male model needs work" but Victor admitted he had put it in both to get work and to get laid. Being a bisexual he could expect a rather wider choice than most. He told me, however, that nearly all the calls he got were from men. He too got a lot of crank or phony calls, people calling up in the middle of the night offering to come over, or people offering to meet him someplace all the way uptown on a street corner. At first, he said, he said "yes" to nearly everything that came in over the telephone, but after several times when the other people didn't show up at the appointed place or turned out to be unattractive he began to be more selective. Why had he put in the ad? "You never know — you might meet someone interesting you might not meet otherwise." He got laid a lot and even made some money modelling. Obviously he was not disappointed in the ads and the response they produce, as, when I interviewed him, he was looking forward to answers to another ad he had placed, this time asking for couples interested in joint sessions.

He, like many of the people I talked with, got many phonecalls from people who, as he put it, "like to jerk off on the phone." For that matter, I got several calls of this sort while doing research for this article. A couple of guys called up and told me about their girlfriends who like to be watched while they were screwing. They went into various details about their girls and the things they like to do, and asked me whether I would be interested. I was willing to go along — anything for the sake of research — but they never called back. A man called me up and at great length described the various trials he put through a girl he had met through the ads. One of his games, he claimed, was going with the girl to 42nd Street movie houses and having her jerk off various guys there. Then he would move in and jerk off the guy or go down on him himself. A girl with a deep, almost man-like, voice has called me up several times. Her forte is talking sex on the phone. Each time she calls she gives a different name but her message is the same. She describes her aroused reactions on the phone, how hot and wet she is getting just from talking to me and, amid a cascade of groans and moans, proceeds to come, all of this over the phone. Once I suggested that this sort of thing was more enjoyable in a personal meeting than over the phone, but she came up with some excuse for not coming over.

I feel that most of the ads are genuine; they are placed by people who really want to do all the things they claim they are interested in. Oddly enough, very few ads are placed by girls. Yet, apparently, girls are not at all shy about answering them. The people who place the ads and those who answer them have much in common; loneliness enters into it, the loneliness of a huge city, the loneliness of those too shy to make friends the usual way or those who are new on the scene. Yet it is obvious that once they read an ad which rings a responsive cord they do not hesitate to answer it. To anyone interested in human nature it provides a unique experience. And to anyone who wants to get laid, the ads open wide a door to a great variety of partners and activities. It is all up to you. Just put an ad together and wait for the phone to start ringing.

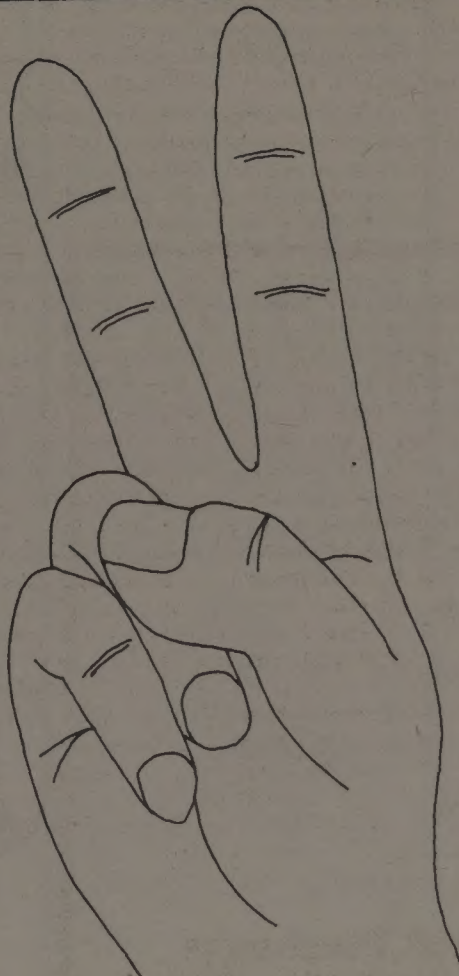


## English Imports.

The Pink Floyd

Simon Dupree

Now and "Them"



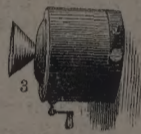
**Personals**

Cultured, successful, gentleman interested in the arts.. theatre, ballet, all music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive gal to enjoy

Cultured, successful, gentleman interested in the arts.. theatre, ballet, all music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive gal to enjoy same. Be my guest, winter vacation in the islands and late spring, summer in Europe. May consider financial help for talented, creative girl. Have beautiful midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime. (212) 247-5812 and let's

TITS & ASS 8MM COLOR FLICKS OF O/O SIGHT LOVELY NAKED GIRLS ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE 25¢ LOTUS BOX 323 TIMES SQ. STA. NY 36 NY.

50 young male figure models needed for professional photog. No experience necessary. Call AL 5-2711.

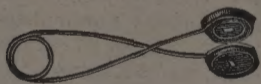


Young man 28 desires to meet masculine man same age. Call Gene. RE 7-2609.

Attention: Attractive mature woman (28-48) who wants to make love! I'm 37, tall, slender, attractive, single, gentle, discreet...enjoy orgasms. Call John, 421-8249

Girls, anywhere, interested in corresponding and/or meeting with aggressive, expressive, and progressive guys for sexual relationship. Write: Greg & Joe, PO Box 307, Yeadon, Pa. 19050.

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



Bachelor, 39, 5'10", 160, considered goodlooking, college grad, great Manhattan pad. Enjoys good food, poetry, music, uninhibited sex, long distance running and real people. Extremely open-minded; penchant for the unusual. Seeks sensitive, slender, submissive female.

Holding second swinging party, mid-Manhattan, couples only. Need two girls for discreet friends. Michael Borden, 150 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10038.

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.

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.

goodbye kisses an earthquake/when memory grows into truth/and silence clings to youth/when tyranny and fancy awake yu2-4471.

ATTRACTIVE young man, has upper east-side pad to share with attractive sincere young lady who desires an honest relationship. I will pay your rent if you will keep my home. Call late: 831-1728 or Write: Mr. Lewis, Box 51, Prince St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10012.

**ASTROLOGY BY  
CELESTE  
722-6793**



Man, 32, Caucasian, 5'8 1/2", brown hair, blue eyes, 150 lbs., slender build, looking for girl to swing with. Call Steve (201) 373-2496. (Irvington, N.J.).

Is there anyone with a farm within a hundred miles or so of New York City where I can spend weekends? I am willing to work to earn my keep and/or throw in a few dollars for 'rent.' Write Dugent Publications, 145 E. 49 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Attention: Editor.

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 personable bachelor. College degrees, excellent state job; two automobiles, 1964 Continental, 1968 Elec-

tra; own apartment. Very lonely; Seeks attractive loveable caucasian girl with reasonable education. Phones 949-5224, 442-2272 Reid.

KEN REIN AND JOE please call home. You may stay in Florida. We want to know you're all right. We love you. Mom and Dad.

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

wings that forget the door/when prayer returns to stone/are unpossessed laws of core/that await adornments of bone yu 2-4471.

25 year old inner-spaced writer looking for chick, who--like him--is tenderness through and through, for beautiful sex. Call Peter, 477-7360. After 9 PM.

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.

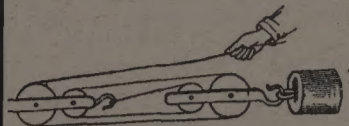


AD rates are: Personal Ads, \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20¢ per word thereafter, Classified Ads, \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15¢ a word thereafter. A telephone number must accompany ALL PERSONAL ADS (if number is not included in the copy). We cannot print without verification.

**WHEEL AN DEAL**

**MARK BOLATIN**

call COLLIER at  
(201) 762-1270



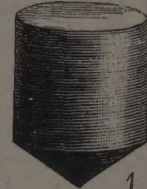
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Next month I'm going to start shooting an hour long experimental film in 16 mm. It will be largely improvised and I'll be working on weekends for a year or two. It should cost me a thousand or two to make. If you'd like to appear in my film, or help out with its production, write to me. There'll be no pay, but it should prove to be fun and/or interesting. Profits, if any, will go towards establishing a free gallery. The film will eventually be showcased in 'underground' theatres, Marshall Anker, Box 2504, G.P.O., N.Y.C. 10001.

Damon Gay Bar Guide, Tangents Mag., Guide to the Homophile Movement, plus more info. Send \$6 to Don Slater, 347 1/2 Cahuenga, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

KAY R. Please come home. We miss you. All's forgiven. Please phone us or contact Louis Abolafia. 477-6108.

Bachelor 32, seeks relationship with sexually mature, attractive female 24-33 years in age. Phone 737-8136 from 6-11 PM. No homosexuals or insincere people, please.

THE LIBERATION ARMY IS HERE TO STAY FOREVER.



WOMEN--COUPLES Enlist now ultra-select swinging groups. No discrimination. Literature \$2.00. We have highly respectable young studs. Write: Mr. Roberts, Radio City Box 327, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019.

Man, 43, good looking executive, financially sound, tired of dashing around, wants arrangement with discreet experienced 25-35 female with good body. Will make date for mutual appraisal. I will be at phone on Sat. and Sun. 10 AM to noon. Mon. 5 PM to 8 PM. Phila. area Call Jerry; 609-662-1399.

OVER THE HILL POORLY HUNG BUT WILLING CONSIDERATE MALE AGE 49 SEEKING PETITE WARM ARTISTIC & THOUGHTFUL FEMALE FOR SEX & MIND COMPANIONSHIP. OTHERS

SORRY BUT I AM ALSO RATHER POOR. IF REPLYING A PHOTOGRAPH WOULD BE APPRECIATED. FRANK LEE CRAVEN 821 AVE. OF AMERICAS, NYC, NY.

shapely young model wishes to hear from guy who is all male. Photo with first letter appreciated. Jean Anderson, c/o J.H. Montgomery, 315 E. 68th St., N.Y.C. 10021. No phone or personal calls.

**JACQUI**

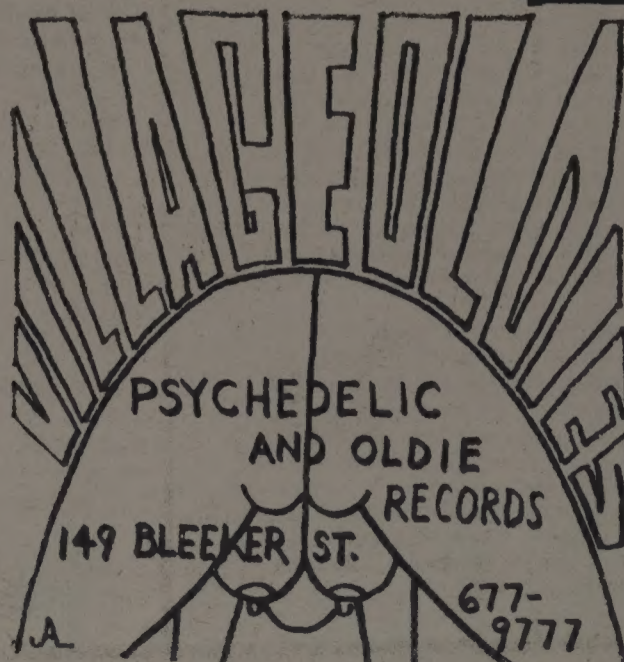
Would love to hear from you. Please call Bob M.

100 MODELS NEEDED FOR FEMALE NUDIST MAGAZINES. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO, 255-2711.

**HOME GROWN HAPPINESS**

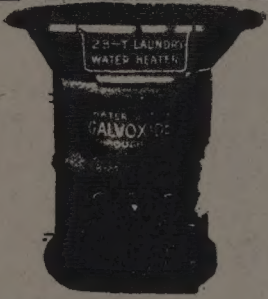
BY MICHAEL W. MORDE  
HOME GROWN HAPPINESS is the result of five years of research on the growth of marijuana. It divulges the secrets of growing dynamite crops, indoors or outdoors, summer or winter, even in the north temperate zones. You will learn to grow pot hydroponically and with artificial light. You will also learn about experimental giant and freak plants through the use of various hormones. The quality of your crop will amaze you.  
Send copies of HOME GROWN HAPPINESS to your friends using the following order blanks. (Enclose \$1.00 for each copy. Add 25 cents for orders outside the U.S.). HOME GROWN HAPPINESS, Box 558, East Village, Other, 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.



PSYCHEDELIC AND OLDIE RECORDS

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677-9777



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

Groovy baby sitter wanted who digs groovy kids. We run the Mind Garden, Vermont's only psychedelic entertainment center. In exchange for part time sitting & helping out at the Garden we can offer grand living -- also part time paying jobs usually available at the ski lodges. Contact Len Schneider 802-464-5825 or write c/o Mind Garden, Wilmington, Vermont.

**WOMEN: WHITE & NEGRO** Attractive, mature, business aptitude, some means, control 50% mating-dating service must reside mid-town. Literature: Mr. Roberts, Radio City Box 327, NYC 10019.

Wanted for male nude modeling. Spanish-Italian types. Must be hung very well and have good build. Strictly business. Call WA 4-7790, 6-9 PM. Ask for Mr. Cosmo.

**FEMALE figure models wanted.** \$75.00 per day. Straight art work. Send factual statistics about your self to: Model of the Month Club, P.O. Box H, Iselin, N. J. 08830.



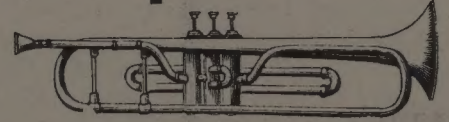
**NUDE MODELS \$25 an hour.** No experience necessary. I need many attractive female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$35 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe. 255-2711.

**PHOTOGRAPHER** needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

100 girls needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

Young male figure models wanted if you're above average in face & figure. Please call 988-9627 between 10 AM & 4 PM for appointment.

# WHEEL AN DEAL



Valved Trumpet.

Hip writers wanted. \$50 for short stories. Call AL 5-2711 for information.

**FEMALE MODELS NEEDED** Magazine photography, \$30-\$50 fee. Studio A, 68 W. 39th St., 279-6452 Thurs., Fri., Sat. Also models for weekly studio work.

TV producer can use two husky negro males in forthcoming production. Late teens or early 20's. No experience necessary. Call 269-3652 daytime only. Keep trying.

**WANTED!!** Superior bass player who sings lead. Must be able to travel and have had much experience. Group's album to be released April 1. Call 914-235-3619.



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## Publications

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

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

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

**READ 'RESPONSE'** Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexcing photos. Special offers. Get with it. Current issue, \$2. 'Special Edition,' \$1. Adults only (give age). REMSON, Suite 6, 116 W. 87 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024.

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

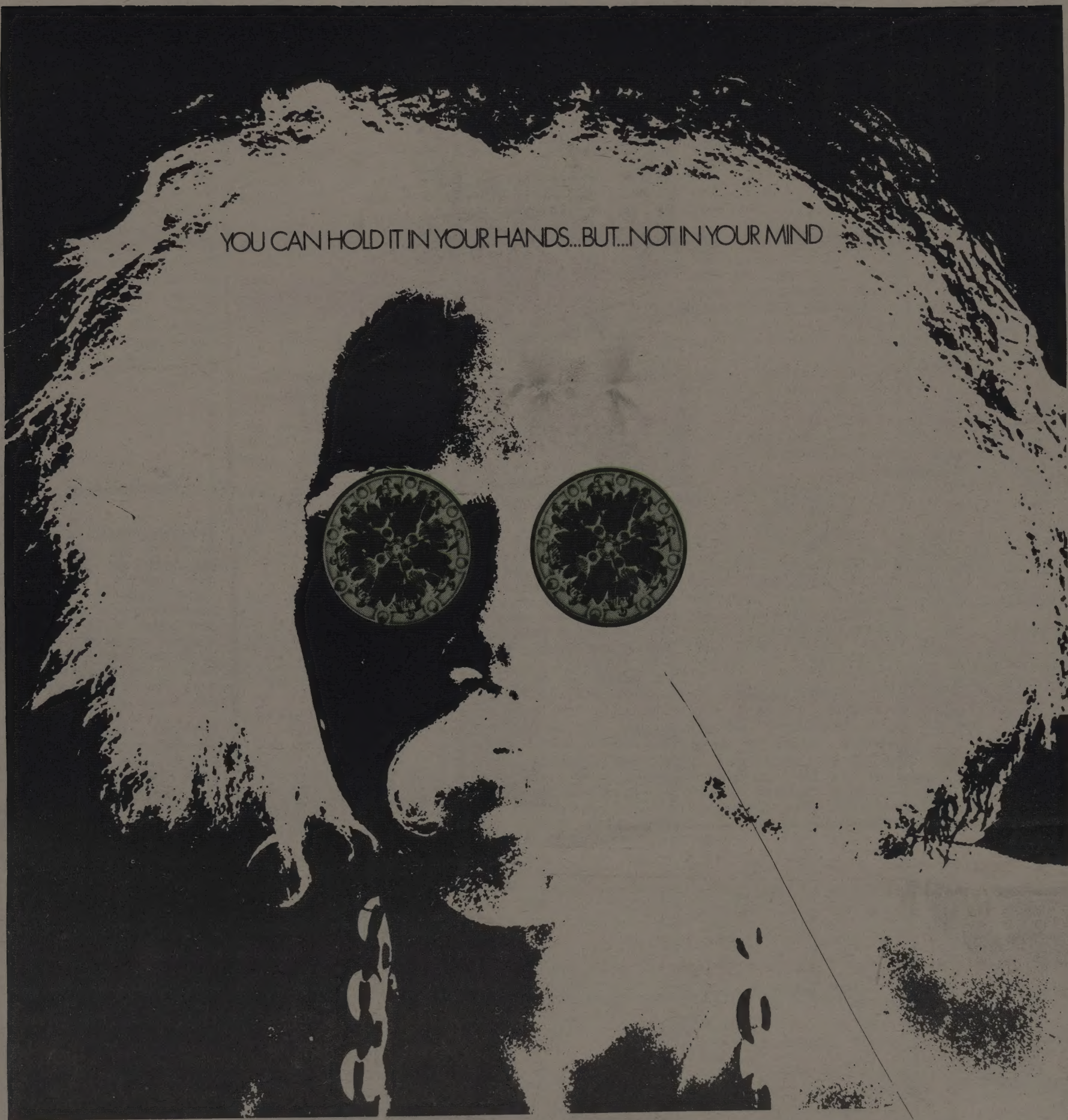
**YOGA FOLK SONGS!** Ancient wisdom in a modern idiom. Witty, thot-provoking, inspiring. LP albs. "What is It For?" "Say YES to Life!" \$5.00 each; song book, "Songs for the Seeker," \$1, from Hansa, Box 18272, San Francisco.

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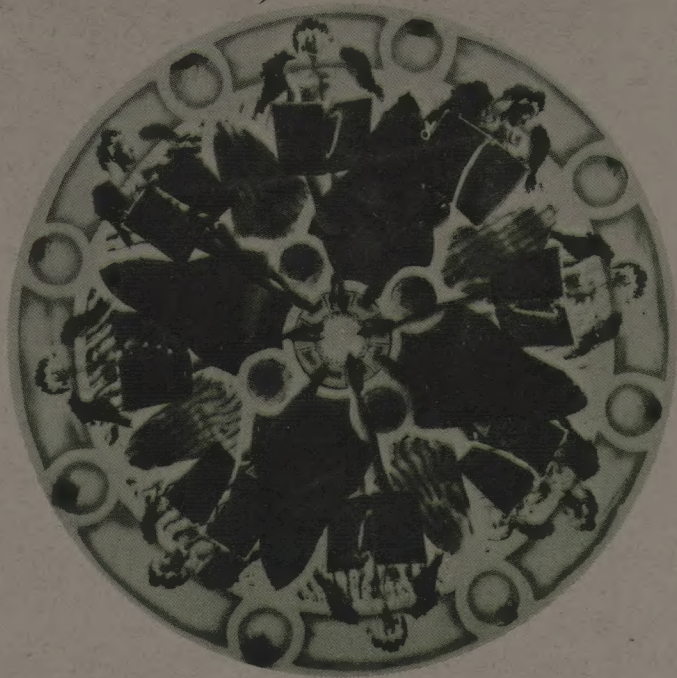
**LA COLOMBE** Monthly newsletter of the movement. (An activist bulletin board.) What's happening. Where. When. Who. \$5 for 12 months. Alum Creek Press, 2024 N. Fremont, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

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Plastic heartbeats echoing  
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