

THE east village OTHER

March 8 - 14

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Weekly 15¢

25¢ outside N.Y.

VOL 3 NO.14

SPEED KILLS

UNCLE SAM TURNS ON IN VIETNAM

SENDS OUR BOYS UP JUNKIE TRAIL



Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, March 5—
John Steinbeck 4th, the 21-year-old son of the Pulitzer Prize-winning author, said today that United States soldiers in Vietnam were being supplied with pep pills to make them better fighters.

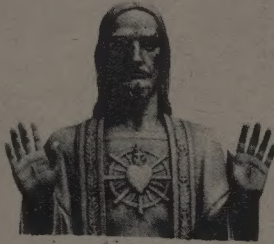
"The drug is very popular, especially to the combat soldier because it gives him a super-human amount of energy and in this way it could be said that it is beneficial to him but purely as a fighting machine," he added.

"Our Government is drugging our soldiers to be better fighters," he told newsmen outside the hearing room.

In large doses, such as those injected by some persons with a needle—sometimes called "speed"—the drug has been known to cause dangerous and aggressive behavior and paranoid reactions.

PATAREAL PARADOX OF THE WEEK: What Is The Energy Of A Fly Crawling Up A Wall At The Rate Of One Millimeter Per Century?

PETER LEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
DICK PRESTON
JAAKOV KOHN
ANNETTE SIMON
MELISSA STOUT
FLICKA
KEVIN FAVOUR
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
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WALTER BREDEL
BRUCE TOBIN
JULES FREEMON
EMMETT LAKE
LIL PICARD
ICELAND: LORRAINE GLENNBY
LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LÉBEL
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
LOS ANGELES: PHIL PROCTOR
SAN FRANCISCO: SAM SILVER



ATTENTION

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JAY AND THE KID

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y.

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE
OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate.)

The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue,
N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues).
Phone: 228-8640

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Dear EVO,

Having just taken my third teenybop (within a year) on the rounds of MDs and Planned Parenthood trying to get her pills may I suggest the following:

Since the NYS legislators are too old to screw, or too up-tight, and therefore refuse to pass laws making it easy for a girl to get the PILL, how about an indefinite:

PERIOD-IN! Each month all interested chicks should mail to their local Congressman their seven days' accumulation, tampons and all (in neatly wrapped packages, but never the same shape or size — too easy to identify and throw away unopened). This would insure a daily supply of at least several hundred boxes. The chicks should continue the campaign until a law is passed allowing free distribution of pills, no questions asked, in high schools and colleges.

Meanwhile I suggest that EVO, or some interested organization, start a pool of photostats of birth certificates of chicks over 19. Any girl under that age can drop by, pick up her identity for the day, and get her pill prescription without a hassle.

I'd appreciate hearing from any MDs who will treat my underaged chick without hassle. I'll pass on the word to a lot of other girls I know who need protection BEFORE they are 19.

IRATE PARENTS TAKE NOTE! Any hassles from you, and I'll start a mattress-in. Fifty hippies will dump their FOAMSTAINED mattresses on your porch.

The slippery hippie
DAVID CRAMER
New York, N. Y.

Dear EVO,

I, along with many friends, await the arrival of more than 200,000 members of the Youth International Party Festival and Theater Convention. Together we will exorcise the evil spirits from the National Democratic Convention to be held in Chicago next August.

There is a tremendous chance of deep cultivation in this city which has been almost completely overlooked by the movement.

I wait anxiously to meet new people, old friends, and fellow free men.

Sophomore, University of Chicago
PAUL BRIN
Laboratory High School
Chicago, Illinois 60637

Open Letter

Extremely Dangerous
To Desmond — Vicinity of E. 10th St.
and Aves. A, B and C

Dear Desmond,

When we first met, and lived, shared food, chicks and rooftops, hallways, bo, A, acid, scag, and all other things over the last 15 years from the West Village to the Lower Eastside streets, I always suspected you had some calling, especially after that day I was crashing, coming down from speed,

and sent you, Desmond, with 75c to get a bottle of Terps so I could cook myself. You didn't return. How could I have known that years later you would exchange those three quarters into six pieces of silver and pull yourself up to the position of Special Undercover Rodent, working with the esteemed Narcotic Squad of Batman-Robin-The Commissioner. Now that you are coming up in this world (with the help of your friends that you set up), the fellows have nicknamed you Pogo — want to keep it in the Rodent Family. The Fellows that you helped get here, and who are awaiting trial just so they can see you dressed in court testifying against them. I'm going to have my wife Cathy and my kids there, Maura, Sheila, Kathleen, Ted. I don't know if Mike's mother can come. She has a bad heart. Henny's old lady is in the hospital kicking, thanks to you, and Carl just wants to see you. I guess you did Cathy and the kids a favor. Now she doesn't have to spend the whole day with me, or the children be exposed to me running my dogs and cats in Tompkins Park playing silly games with them. Now Cathy only has to come down by subway to spend 15 minutes over the telephone with me. Can't even touch me. Thanks, baby, you're really a gas. Thanks for bringing the man to me and playing with the kids, drinking coffee while you knew who I was with. If you get around the Eatery or Cookery, Cave etc. say hello but I guess you don't get around much anymore, seeing your day is spent testifying in front of the Grand Jury.

Thanks Pogo - Desmond.

Love,

GATON

Dear EVO,

A while back one of the members of the staff of the FOLK BAG, Robin Klor to be exact, wrote you a letter asking you to help us. About two weeks after that we were all surprised to see two advertisements in two successive issues in WHEEL AND DEAL for the FOLK BAG. These advertisements made us receive some more subscriptions, enough to let us print our next issue. We of the staff had never expected to see anything become of the letter and are all very thankful to you for helping us bring Folk Music back to the public in form of a magazine since "Sing Out" has gone rock and political. We have nothing against Psyche-rock, as a matter of fact I love it, but a folk magazine should be about folk music. We do mention rock in one of the articles each month if we think it is worth mentioning, but folk music deserves to be heard about too. Therefore, we are all very grateful for your help in reviving interest in folk music.

Love, Peace, Sex.

MITCHELL DIAMOND
Staff
The Folk Bag

Dear EVO,

After two busts in two months I decided it was time to blow the scene. Had a nice shack-up on Geary in S.F. but my teeth were getting shabby from too much digger slop with no solid meat. So I hopped this Greek freighter on down here to Acapulco — the Captain spent two years at Berkeley back in the 30's so we discussed Greek poetry and philosophy and I put 25 pounds back on my frame eating steaks 3 times a day. Capt. Heraklios even staked me to shoes and a duffle of clothes after dumping my stuff overboard. Couldn't stand the smell of them.

Living at Acapulco is no problem. Food is cheap and good — great red snapper, fruits, tortillas, tequila. Grass plenty but who needs it down here, besides, the Government — one of the most civilized in the world — is holding the scene down. The fuzz are generally a nice bunch, never push anybody around. Only don't get caught with a pack in your pocket. Outside of the tourists everybody else is brothers or cousins and love doesn't have to be taught. They're all flower children here by instinct . . . Plenty of chicks, all sizes, shades, Aztec-eyed beauties, Texans, Canadians — meet 'em all at *Sanbornes* on the Plaza. My chick works at this hotel (Ritz) so I eat regular and sleep in a cool thatched cabana on the beach. All on the house.

Lots of Viet Nam talk and it all shapes up different from Tompkins Square. Back home it's all very simple — take the millions we're wasting in Viet Nam and spread it around at home. The Country's so fucking loaded everybody could eat without working anymore — just push buttons and let the machines do the rest. I heard some international bankers talking about it and here's their line — America's back is against the wall. If we leave Viet Nam we'll be shoved around all over Asia — the Pueblo incident is only the beginning. American property would be hijacked and American citizens pushed around. The bottom would drop out of the market and 40,000 investors would find their savings dwindled. All types of business would go bankrupt with widespread unemployment and we would be in a depression worse than 1929-30 until the country could adjust to being a second or third class power. So where would the poor be any better off? I'm no economist but what they said unanimously sounded like sense. Take it or leave it.

What am I headed for? I'm sick and tired of being cracked on the head, cold water pads, roaches, crabs, etc. I got a girl still waiting back in Salina, Kansas, who thinks I've been studying architecture. 2,000 prime acres, barns, tractors. No smog, good home cooking, I'm dropping in. A couple years in the Army, what the hell. Maybe I'll even wave the flag again like when I was a kid.

Yours,

TOM (THE GORK) BRYANT
Acapulco, Mexico

OPEN LETTER TO ALL PEOPLES:

Peace and love to you in all your being and may good Jesus and like for instance Hindu goddess Shieva (who laid marijuana on earth for all

people) open your mind in all ways psychedelic to find peace and love and joy through all eternity.

BILL WOLFENBARGER
Neosho, Missouri

Dear EVO,

I read the letter from the three soldiers in Vietnam who were persecuted for their subscription to your paper. I have the deepest sympathy for them because I had a similar experience. I, too, am in the Army. As a matter of fact at this time I am waiting for the flight that will take me to Vietnam. My aunt was sending EVO to me while I was in training in a closed envelope. Even though you were still bi-weekly, I had a good collection of papers. Zap! Disaster struck. One of our Lieutenants pulled a shake down inspection and I hadn't even read the last issue yet.

It certainly is great that we are fighting to make the world safe for the American way of life — our rights and freedoms (so they tell us anyway) but it is very unfortunate that we cannot ourselves have the freedoms we are supposedly fighting to preserve. I love your paper. It really is fantastic and I plan on reading every week in Vietnam whether or not the U.S. Army approves. Incidentally, FA no longer has the former Fun, Travel and Adventure connotation. We in this great machine have a much more apt phrase.

Love,

Name withheld upon request.

Dear EVO,

I cannot see your hatred of the U.S. Marine Corps. I am a Sgt. in the Corps, stationed in Camp Lejune, No. Carolina. But also I am the BooHoo of the base. Yes, BooHoo of the Neo-American Church.

I have informed the Marine Corps of my beliefs, the partaking of the sacraments of the church and the assignment of the base as my bag. As of now there are two other BooHoos who were transferred here from Vietnam, and we would like to hear from other Marines in the area who follow our beliefs.

If we can get enough church members, I can ask the time and place be granted for partaking of the true host.

The Base Divine Toad is being cared for but is lonely for company.

The Marine Corps has been very understanding in the matter and I was promoted to Sgt. after disclosing my true beliefs. Who says there is not religious freedom in America. And in the Services of America. There has been some misunderstanding in the matter, but the true host will always come out on top.

Your paper should wise up. Any government organization which condones and has in its operation ACID-HEADS who are in high position, what chance does the Liberation Army have. NONE — or does it? Only the right time will prove. Enough said.

Sgt. Roy A. Rodriguez 2175206

Boo Hoo,
ORD PLT MAINT CO
20 SER BN 2d MAR DIV
Camp Lejune, N.C.

P.S. — Anyone that would like to obtain applications for the church, I can be had at BLD #506 ORD PLT SGTS QURS. Service men only, please.

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THE MALBORO MAN

by Lennox Raphael

Thru swamps he comes with ointment of death and pentecostal sperm. And, since everyone embraces him as lover or enemy, let us deal with him in terms of the 4 letter realities of politics, with pertinent allusions to his "role" as sexual hero sandwich and tragic lover.

Why in his personality so frowned upon, why is he unable to make it as a sexual hero, why is he so totally unsuited for the role of the President as lover, meaning someone good in bed and much better in dreams, and why is he such a sexual anachron and orgasm wrecker inspite of outlandish attempts at being stylish?

An erection is not enouh in post-JFK America; and does little for one who seems incapable of sustaining it without ejaculating filibustering. Democrats and elephants. Cat lunge. The country demands a swinger, a sly boss to really make *them* swing without reminding that he is the big boss man.

The country wants a slow come, and hates an uncontrollable lover: wants to control responses while being suspicious of responsibility.

So we have the President on trial. Spasmodern. Spermwarden. His crime: INSUFFICIENT SEX-APPEAL.

He cannot make immobility active, or the starved, lonely, superb and despairing alive in their consciousness, to make them wrestle for love and the forever promise of innocence; children sloping, hoping, still children.

But President is President.

He can swim naked, splash thru artificial fishes; the country feels cheated at not bein able to laugh at him in swim-trunks.

He is not (and will not be) our Jack with sly devil no care sexual poses in voice, gestures, those malleable consciousness words, always there, perfect

swinger in seeming distress, king in the bathtub.

The flesh does not accommodate rumors.

Nobody says the king is dead, long live the substitute.

The country fears the man at the top of everyone's nightmare. So the country hurts inside, knotted navels and tight chests—but no workout! True, when the man at the top shakes, the bed shakes too; but that is all, nothing more, simple performance of electronic illusion, without style, and cannot have an unconstitutional orgasm, brain flush. Even that. And is all choked up inside like power afraid of itself and withering.

But will it die?

So he doesn't have it, poorboy, and they want him now, eager for him, wanting him very much, showering him with endearing viciousness, and they already feel his throat under their fingers as they celebrate antiquities of rebirth.

And they (the lovers, I mean) talk about JFK in Africa, Europe, Asia, wherever his shadow set, the world at large with sex at large, oooooooooolalaaa, he was so so so so Beautiful, baby—and he was with it! So let it be what it is, and it will be. And, at once, it may seem that sex was both his crime and his virtue, but death, arbiter of history, has taken care of the crime (if crime it was) and all we have now is the virtue which goes into one American ear and comes out as polluted thought, but still manages to make people talk, think, reminisce, smile, and curse President Johnson every time his Malboro image looms on the mental screen, a dream, soakingly disowned at dawn.

So let it be what it is, and it will be. And all we have now, and want, is vir-

tue, virtue, virtue (the killing never stops, so someone must continue to pay for it), virtue, outsider and saint, insider and lover, the man with the Welfare Penis, but greedy, NO, warring, No, ambitious, NO, the noblest of this age, a man greater than Brutus, more astute than Caesar, a constant match for Calpurnia, in short, a man of all seasons, a swinger in distress, an ostrich that wears glasses whenever it puts its head into the sand.

And one of my friends, conservative Republican with two warring minds about Ronald Reagan, went on a LSD trip, and had a tumultuous sexual vision of JFK as the American god of sex given to constant reincarnation in his family, the great and still glorious Americana family.

"I knew it all along," my friend said, after landing, "I knew it all along, but was afraid to accept it, perhaps because I felt it could demolish my conservatism, and I now realize why I hate Johnson's policy and personality so violently. It has everything to do with his sexual stance, and my belief that his drive for power, and the intoxication of the drive, have drained him of all charm, all recklessness, all modern meaning, all chaos."

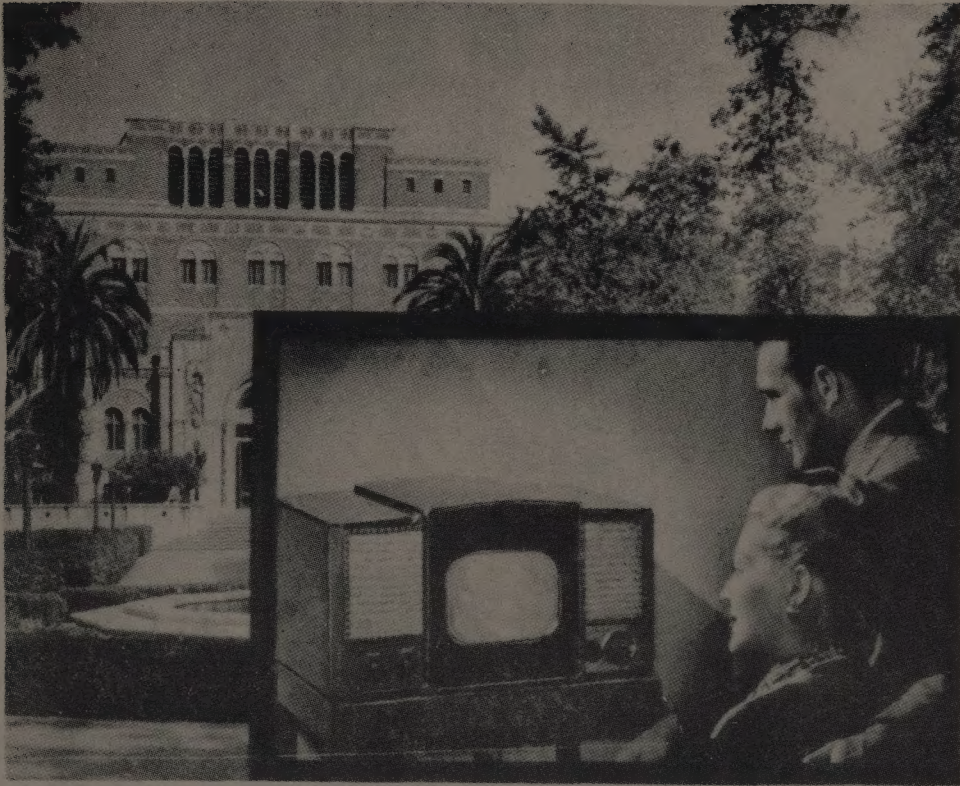
Good President, Bad Person. And good or bad, he is still President and Person, and one role cannot turn on the other without destroying them both.

But this may be going too far. The President has his charm, and can be handsome if you're not prejudiced, but this attraction is due mainly to his possession of power, always having, never parting, constantly giving, and these drawn to him, palaceguards incapable of seizing power on their own, are stuck in the feeling of power he generates, the canned sperm that leaps

from his imposing presence with the reckless abandon of a dissenting virgin; and people, in general, are drawn to him because the presidential mantle is the perfect magnet gripping human mettle whether it be rusty or sharp: hate takes a convenient holiday whenever the chance arrives to meet the President, to feel him, breathe him, touch him, see whether there's too much wax in his ears, whether the hair is greying in his nostrils, whether he has what it takes to be what you want him to be, so he has to be millions—but nobody really wants him to be himself, feeling that the executive post has removed him from the snot of ordinary men, and must therefore never never blow his nose in public, and nobody cares if he uses a flag for a handkerchief or suck his bigtoe to sleep. Every day.

Everyone relishes the role of valued subordinate and rushes to shake hands with him, to feel the corn on his middle fingers, his powerful beefq grip. And, as is usually the case, the bees rush the honey after creating it, but they hate to be stuck.

And I remember opening day 1964 of the New York World Trade Fair when even the reporters, national and international, who usually think themselves sophisticated and cynical enough to resist honey, were fighting to shake his hand as he left the platform, and, one foot away from him, I felt what he had, what I probably most wanted, what everybody probably wants, and what he had was power, the power of potent impotency, and I felt this afterwards, and knew instantly I didn't want it, knowing that, to accept him as a bed partner I would have to give up on my erection to lie lifeless in his ego. And one reporter told me afterwards



HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

"...and once again, folks,
from his palatial estate
high above the Bowery,

HERE'S ALLAN"

TODAY'S 'POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC' IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY A. KATZMAN - B. HOPE, INC.

The Cafe Figaro, in order to give film makers an audience, has begun a series of monthly film competitions. The films will be screened nightly at the Figaro and at the end of each month, the film judged to be the best will be awarded a prize of \$100.

At the end of twelve months an annual prize of \$1000 will be awarded to the best of the twelve monthly winners.

Two of the judges so far committed are Archer Winston of the Post, and Shirley Clarke. For further information write: Tom Ziegler, c/o Cafe Figaro, 186 Bleecker Street, New York City, New York.

★ ★ ★

The Liberation News Service in Washington D.C. made the Congressional Record on Feb. 26th when the Hon. John R. Rarick of Louisiana announced in the House of Representatives that, "the American Cong now blatantly announce revolutionary headquarters in our Nation's Capital." He was referring to a special report in the New York Times on February 16th about LNS.

It is interesting to note the rhetoric Mr. Rarick uses and how paranoid he feels even to admit that the Cong are in the U.S. and have surrounded the Nation's Capitol. When it goes that far I think it's time to bring the boys home or else we are going to lose the war in both places, eh?

★ ★ ★

The IEEE (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Inc.) Convention 1968 will have one of the most important and impressive exhibitions of our burgeoning technologies beginning Monday, March 19th, at the New York Coliseum (Columbus Circle & 59th Street).

This exhibition is not just for professional engineers but for artists and freemen who understand and want to understand that these superior machines, in the wrong hands, can create the greatest totalitarian society ever conceived by man. It is up to all of us to realize that these are the

environments that we are already practically living in. We must understand, before it happens, what we are in for. Our sanity and our freedom in the future will depend on how well we comprehend it all and what we can do about regulating it for the future of all of mankind and not for one fat slob of a President or select groups of powerful corporations.

The whole exhibition will be fully integrated. A total of 1,828 exhibit units, made up from over 650 tons of exhibit equipment, will be used to display 7.5 million dollars worth of the latest electrical electronics equipment, most of it for the first time. The exhibits, products ranging from tiny micro-electronic circuits to huge systems, make up the largest technical exhibition ever staged anywhere in the world. The Coliseum will be open from 10:00 a.m. through 8:00 p.m. on Monday through Thursday.

Two of the most interesting events to take place in the United Nations Room at the Coliseum are a film theater and a demonstration in Compressed Speech.

An outstanding group of current technical films from many countries has been selected to cover some of the latest scientific and engineering developments. Approximately 20 films will be shown on a continuous basis, 10:30 a.m. to 8:p.m. daily, with each film shown several times. Areas to be included in this presentation will encompass space programs, oceanography, computers, microelectronics, cryogenics, atomic energy, and power generation.

The second program will be a demonstration of two technical papers recorded in compressed-speech form. The two papers, requiring an hour to present in a normal manner, will be replayed in a much shorter time by speeding up the speech without pitch change. There will also be synchronized slides. The technical facilities are a must for both poet and film maker as well as technician. Prior experiments in such high-speed listening have shown improvements in both comprehension and retention.

This then is the IEEE Conven-

tion 1968, a must for humanity to see and determine whether 1984 will be closer in reality than the Golden Age of the year 2000.

★ ★ ★

On October 16th in Denver, Colorado, at a demonstration against the War in Vietnam, Mendel Cooper lit his draft card and burned all but containing his signature which he returned to his local draft board.

On March 1st, Mr. Cooper was found guilty of two federal offenses, both carrying a penalty of five years. His case is now being appealed. But in order to do so, he must have \$1,000 just to get the transcript of his case. The Colorado Draft Resisters Legal Defense Fund has been established to raise the much needed money to cover the expenses of Mr. Cooper and at least ten other men awaiting trial to finance test cases. They are challenging laws that directly influence every man and woman in this country and need your support. Money can be sent to: Colorado Draft Resisters Legal Defense Fund, Box 20065, Denver, Colorado 80220.

★ ★ ★

Luis Noe, the Argentinian artist whose works are now on display at the Riverside Museum, is now director of El Centro Cultural Hispano, the first and only Latin American Cultural Center in New York City.

Open from 6 to 8 p.m. at 225 and 227 East 2nd Street, under the auspices of the Community Education Department of Mobilization for Youth, the center will be dedicated to the art, poetry, drama and literature of Latin America, South America and Puerto Rico. In addition to free art workshops for the Lower East Side's Spanish-speaking community, the cultural center will have an exhibition gallery and a library of works. The first exhibition features prints by the Mexican artist Jose Guadalupe Posada.

★ ★ ★

On April 3rd, The Resistance will grow. Watch for it at your Local Draft Board.

All independent film makers are invited to the Group 212 Project Site in Woodstock, N.Y. for a free weekend of exchange limited to film makers. There is no charge, just bring your own sheets or sleeping bags, ice skates and films. Film makers may bring one guest. The weekends selected are March 9th, and April 6th. For further info write: TWO-ONE-TWO, P. O. BOX 96, Woodstock, New York 12498.

★ ★ ★

The first issue of AVANT GARDE MAGAZINE which had an article on the word "FUCK" has caused trouble for two 23rd old teachers in Washington D.C. for assigning it to their class as reading material. The teachers were suspended for their actions.

★ ★ ★

Anyone having information on a drug called Cantharidin, contact Poor Paranoid's in c/o EVO. The drug is suppose to stimulate one's sexual perceptability and desires.

★ ★ ★

Bill Graham is coming to the East Village and he's bringing his Fillmore East. In a press conference held at the Village Theater, 105 Second Avenue which will house Fillmore East, Graham announced he was coming back to his home town, New York City.

I personally feel that Graham's new venture in New York will be a great boon to the East Village which has too long suffered from shysters, Euster's, and tasteless producers in the area of good solid rock & roll and blues. Graham has the taste, the honesty and the drive to make his venture a central focal point for the community down here. I think that everyone should pitch in and help him launch his new project off to the best possible running start.

Graham also announced that he was willing to do benefits for people and groups in the East Village as long as they help him with the organization and details and not leave him holding the bag which was too often the case when he ran benefits in San Francisco.

The Fillmore East will open its doors Friday, March 8th with Big Brother & The Holding Company, Tim Buckley, Albert King, and the Joshua Light Show.

In the near future Graham also envisions the Fillmore East as a place one can come to totally immersed in music and dance. Our senses will be stimulated as never before and the shows will be more than worth the ticket price.

THE HANGED MAN

by Don Katzman

Will they love us in Iceland?

In an ultra-complex society such as ours, it is strange to find, in 1968, that we have little in the way of selection in the November presidential horserace. The choice between bad or worse is seemingly a very undemocratic one. Yet, in past eras, Americans have always boasted of their democratic procedures. The protection of the courts, the checks and balances, the constitutionality of the rights of free speech, press, etc. in the closing moments of the 1960's are really, under intense scrutiny, more theoretical than practised or practical. Men in power have known what we here at EVO have experienced in the past few years under the pressures of an unmoving and bureaucratic power. One need not be arrested and jailed into silence. Subtle persuasion against the rebellious few and good relations with the general public showing them that the highest office must always be given due respect, will, in the end, keep the fire and the dynamite unlit and harmless. We, indeed, are a theoretically free people. If we had freedom of religion, we would have allowed Brigham Young his polygamy and Christ his teachings and his disciples. Yet, now, subtle persuasion seems to be losing its grip. A certain anarchistic crack is tearing at the bureaucratic walls and the most powerful of men look ridiculous when the Information that is fed to the public with a mass spoon seems to spoil under an incredulous eye and lays rotting in the hot Washington afternoon. It smells of corruption when the President states emphatically that we are winning the war, while the other side keeps gaining a certain tactical advantage in the military cross-fire. Other statements such as, "we are defending democracy in South-East Asia," reek with hypocrisy. And though the President and his highest officials imply that the minority which speaks against the war is totally irresponsible or immature, there is still a certain amount of defection to the other side of the argument by the middle and intellectual class. Dr. Spock, in every way, is a symbol of this defection and his arrest and probably his conviction will pave the way for a strong-arm tactic to silence the rest of the defectors. It will be no mere conviction, but the setting of the stage for more arrests and the herding of the criminals into a political concentration camp of silence and brainwashing. The third and final act will be the dropping of the atomic bomb or the use of limited nuclear weapons. It will be preceded by tears of justification in a room filled with the smoke of propaganda. No large nation, especially one which plans to police the world, under

any guise, can long allow the freedom of dissent. After all, they say we are not children. We must grow up with restraint. Yet, Brigham Young was an adult and they had him conform to a single matrimony.

The idea that the U. S. must win in Vietnam in order to stem the rising hordes of communism is the basic idea behind Johnson's one sightedness. To the American public, which is wedded to that ideal, it is a common idea handed down to them in their early childhood, the ideal of being a winner no matter the cost. It is obvious that the only advantage which can be obtained in a modern war is utter loss and destruction. Yet, attitudes do not change and men go on in their imbecilic fashion destroying whole cities and nations. This is a disease no nation can endure for any length of time. The scars show deeply in its own domestic problems.

Now the time draws nearer to what most Americans have thought in the past to be a turning-point or a panacea—the presidential election. The loyal opposition, like the democratic incumbent, is not involved in solving problems but in grasping power. The Viet-Nam war will not be discussed as a moral issue but as a military problem on a 'where - did - we - go - wrong - and how - can - we - best - win - it - with - least - lives - lost' basis. If the first and primary issue of the forthcoming campaign were honesty, we would no longer have need of conventions or politics. The crises would subside; mad men and average men alike would lose their stature.

As in all history, I fear that the lateness is upon us. Americans are too deeply rooted to their mistakes as the Romans were deeply rooted to their conquered lands. The lesser officials who fear this are caught between the acts. They hang and swing violently with every political convulsion. Some may be honorable men but they are more masturbation than the real thing. Senator Fulbright, for one, has opposed Johnson on the Viet-Nam war and yet has never voted against any military allocation of funds. Senator Kennedy is no more than an opportunist who turns up in mad times when the pickings are good. He prefers to shoot the rapids in a rubber boat than swim the mainstream of controversy. The political atmosphere of this country is treated with men like this and the ranks grow thicker. Romney, Rockefeller, Reagan, the three r's of the Republican Party are the basic ingredients of a less than intelligent way out of it all, and Nixon is an anachronism in a country which loves a winner. He is a stilted brain hidden behind a humorless



face which hasn't caught up with the rest of his body-politic. And what of Wallace? He is after all a political thorn in the sides of both the Elephant and the Jack-ass. He can rest on his advantage and make his deal when the pie is fresh and ready for slicing. This is not so with any of the peace candidates. Any votes they may receive in the presidential election will not necessarily bring any member of the electoral college to his support. After all, the college is a deterrent to any vast political swing in policy. They will accept only what is suitable for the framework of the Republic.

If history tells us of the lateness, failures tell us of the history involved. We have failed to recognize that America is no more than a Neo-colonial power seeking the plum and winding up with the pit. The South Vietnamese government which is not supported by its own people proves this emphatically. America is a country which has made a bad bargain between military power and fi-

nancial interests. A country which extends its empire while losing ground to corruption and tyranny. We have concluded a bargain and tied it with a bomb. We can not even say that they loved us in Iceland or any other small domain. We can only move in a tighter circle of suspicion and distrust.

If elections in this country were once a master plan for choice and free determination, they have now become a giant scoreboard of meaningless numbers. To be sure there will be a larger vote cast with the other candidates to register dissatisfaction among the public. But wise men will tell you that dissatisfaction in this country is not a power, only a recognition of turmoil and bitterness. On November eighth, after the ticker-tape has been swept away, after the count has been tallied and double-checked, it will be back to business as usual. "Let's get on with the war and may the rockets red glare".

Clothes are deceiving but at eleven p.m. on March 1st at the Cooper Square Arts Theater, Kusama, oriental of a thousand dots, in an act of "Self-Obliteration," in an act of art, in an act of love, made the body ugly and us the audience, beautiful.

"Clothes make the man," I thought, as I entered the already overcrowded storefront theater at Cooper Sq. and Lafayette St. Almost three hundred people sitting on two hundred rickety chairs, others multiplying in the back of the storefront and by the entrance, others fattening the slim aisle with their hair and legs and smells, others absorbing themselves onto the makeshift stage clutching the walls for hidden curtains to hide behind but finding nothing but bare walls then turning to reveal cameras, notebooks, tape recorders and their own selves hidden behind a closed wall of clothes. And still others still, silent to the people who had come to watch them.

I made my way to the stage through the crowded path of straight and narrow arms and flesh into the eyes of Jed Yalkut, film-maker and artist from USCO. He had a taperecorder slung over his

of the show. The stage was getting crowded now. Photographers, reporters, people who had no place to sit milling around the stage. The rock and roll band called "The Dayz Beyond" were setting up their equipment. Long hair, sloppy jeans, no beards, the smooth faces of eighteen and nineteen year-olds plugging in their instruments of energy into exaggerated electrodes. One of them, short hair, glasses, peach-fuzz face looked like a refugee from an engineering seminar.

Kusama enters from behind a backstage curtain. She is dressed in red leotards with white dots sporadically covering her outfit and wears a long-furred black coat. Her five foot frame busies itself with setting up red, blue and yellow paint and jars. She twitters around like an ostrich burning a bone.

Suddenly the lead singer of the band bursts out into song. Throwing his huge frame of six feet in every direction, he pulls a Jim Morrison piling himself in a heap of ecstasy on the floor. The audience busies itself with expectation. It is already happening. It has happened. Energy explodes into naked chaos and reappears pulsating out to the

an American flag. They join the rest. The painting becomes furious.

Kusama stands off to the side admiring her art and giving orders to the spattered bodies of paint and play. She is the disinterested artist, fully clothed, enjoying the prerogative of psychotic lust without denuding her own soul. Not one drop of paint touches her pure yellow skin. Kusama is made pure by others who crucify their sexual limbs in living color while she stands uptight and chickenshit in her Union Suit.

The paint purge starts to become boring. Nothing is happening but the repetition of urges unfolding before our eyes in one driving image until a negro cop starts hedging his way through the crowd. A wave of expectation resounds through the audience. He yells, "You're all under arrest!" Someone screams. The band continues to play. He attacks the nude happening swinging his club like hard meat. He is grabbed, wrestled down to the ground. Hands grip his clothes pulling them from his blue and black body. He yells, "You're all under arrest!" while one of the girls pulls off his pants

Jesus

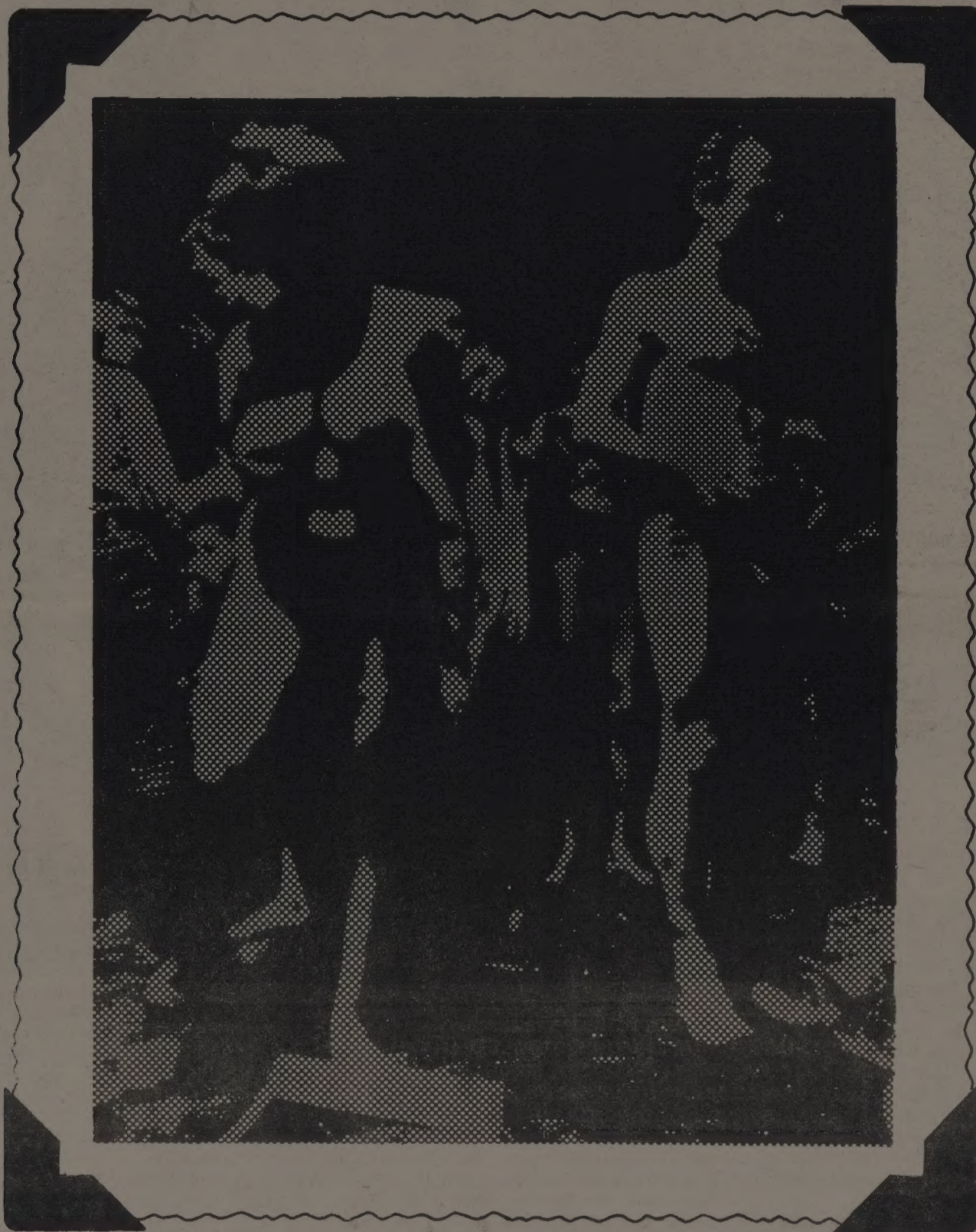
Runs

Amok

Crowd

of

Fags



Or ON

The

Fourth

Try

It

Rose.

Watching Girl in Long Underwear Play Artist.

shoulder and stood in the middle of the crowded stage like all-sadness. His eyes dropped towards a man in the audience setting up a 16mm projector and his long pointed skinny beard and bare-honed bald head made him look like a mixed breed of basset hound and Rasputin.

We exchanged greetings and Jed informed me that he had helped film and edit part of the night's production. Our discussion was interrupted by Fred McDarrah, photographer for the Village Voice, who was standing off to the side.

"Hey, Katzman! I heard you sold out!" McDarrah yelled. Jed's face fell as if he was absorbing my hurt but I only smiled and said, "Now, Fred! You're from a rival paper. Show some goodwill." Jed laughed at my reply relieved that no one was hurt by the jest.

I slid off into the corner trying not to be part

audience in the form of noise and light.

Three men appear on the stage semi-nude with only American flags draping their flanks and waist. They have the New York droop of slumped shoulders, cracks and fissures of an emaciated look. Their bodies are not beautiful, trapped too long in an environment of aggregate stone and metal. Kusama begins to paint dots on their scarecrow skin. The band shivers louder with the electronics of ecstasy. The middle-aged portion of the audience opens their mouths to receive the offering.

A fat nude girl appears from stage left, her ponderant breasts swinging pendulum and the pit her ass watermelon red, pitted from long debates at the toilet seat, swings into the center of the orgy color fest. Three more appear, two men completely nude skinnier and more constricted than before, and a young tall girl her loins hidden by

and shouts, "Peace Brother!" He has camouflaged fatigues under his uniform. Soon he is fully nude and part of the obliteration. Everything is stripped to its lowest common denominator: soft pricks and tufted cunt, billous and flat nipples.

Soon there are several events simultaneously inter-coursing through each other. Paper is torn. Hula-hoops twisted and broken. American flags shoved through a meat grinder. Kusama holds up a print of the "Mona Lisa" to the audience and starts painting dots on it. A movie appears on the screen directly over the heads of the band. Kusama again, this time painting her infamous dots on a live horse. Multiple images appear and disappear. The stage takes on the appearance of double time celluloid. What is happening on the movie screen is speeded up faster on the stage. The music blares louder. Strobes are flashing causing exaggerated

I'm A Yankee Doodle Deadman



Says Kamikaze Congress Candidate

Hal Koppersmith, candidate for the Congress of the United States, said today that on July 4, 1968 he will announce the date of his suicide to protest the increasing Nazification of America. The following is the complete text of Mr. Koppersmith's statement:

As a Jew, I feel a special responsibility for the behavior of my ethnic colleagues. I shall therefore make my announcement at the U. S. Mission to the United Nations to remind Arthur Goldberg of the 6,000,000 Jews who died in Hitler's ovens and ask him what is the difference between Adolph Eichmann and himself, who only follows orders, while LBJ turns all of Vietnam into one huge Auschwitz oven.

Between now and my death, I shall spend my time on earth, writing a book called "ONLY THE DEAD ARE FREE IN AMERICA—Twenty Letters to My Daughters" in which all the wisdom and foolishness I have learned in 43 years will be transmitted to my daughters and their friends for whatever use they can make of it should they survive the genocidal international and national race war which is coming.

In discussing my decision with friends, they have suggested other alternatives. I find none of them reasonable for a white American Revolutionary.

Some have suggested that I take the obscenities of LBJ or HHH with me. I would not share my death day with these obscene humanoid. I am not a political adventurer. On their death, other scum would rise to the top. I am opposed to the system not its sick symptoms. For a civilized Black Man to assassinate these products of white decadence makes some political sense. It makes no sense for a civilized white man to do so.

Mr. William Faulkner said the Blacks were morally right. But, in a fight between Blacks and Whites, he would join the Whites. As a civilized white human being, I could not shoot a morally right Black Man but I also cannot shoot one of my own people. In such a si-

tuation, I find the only moral course is to avail myself of what Dr. Thomas Szasz correctly called the most fundamental human right—the right to commit suicide.

Others have suggested that I leave my country. This I cannot do. I love this country and particularly my wonderful New York. I prefer to die and be buried in this my beloved country and city than live as an exile in a strange land.

Others have suggested that it is better to live and fight another day. Since I am incapable of shooting another man, fight means talk. I have been my experience that words bounce off the defences whites have built against the blinding light which is Truth. For the Blacks who are part of a growing revolutionary community this makes sense. For the young-white and black-who have a revolutionary community of their own, this makes sense. I am neither Black nor young. There is too much truth in the white youth's slogan "You can't trust anyone over 30". I find it impossible to penetrate the rationalizations of my generation of the Left with words. Marx has said that ones mode of existence determines ones consciousness. The affluent Left lives no differently than the Affluent Liberals like Jimmy Wechsler. They only live parasitically on the revolutionaries of other countries and the Mickey Schwerner's and Malcolm X's of this country. The Declaration of Independence defines a Revolutionary as one who pledges his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to the Revolution.

I find no such whites in my generation. The situation does not yet call for the sacrifice of white lives but as far as fortune goes, the affluent Left contributes as much of their personal income to the Revolution as LBJ contributes of the national income to the War on Poverty with exactly the same results; of things sacred they know nothing and they have no honor. The White Left is as far from the Black Revolution as the Liberals.

I find this situation extremely painful. It is my hope, perhaps a vain one, that the fact of death—the death of an ordinary, unknown soldier in the Freedom Fight—might speak louder than words. If this be cowardice, so be it. I know that words have failed. I shall not be around to determine whether my experiment in death succeeds in some small measure. The sense of responsibility of this Winter Soldier requires that he take his life in the hope that it may save his two daughters, still innocent of the horrors that hover like a Damocles Sword over all humanity. If, you say, my death is of no avail, who then is failing?

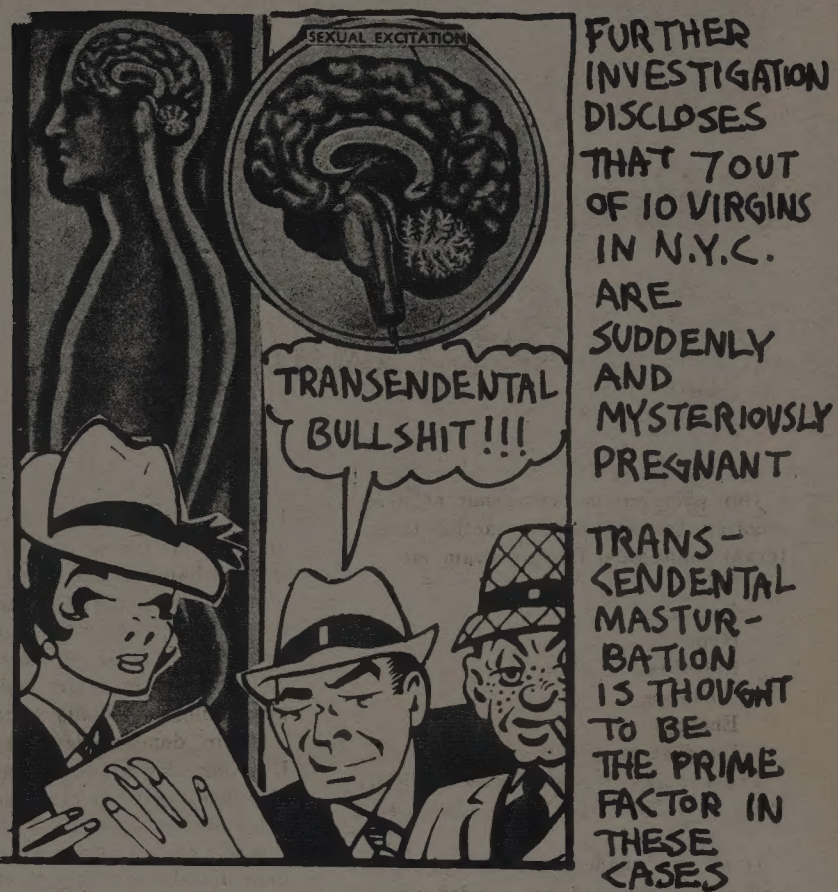
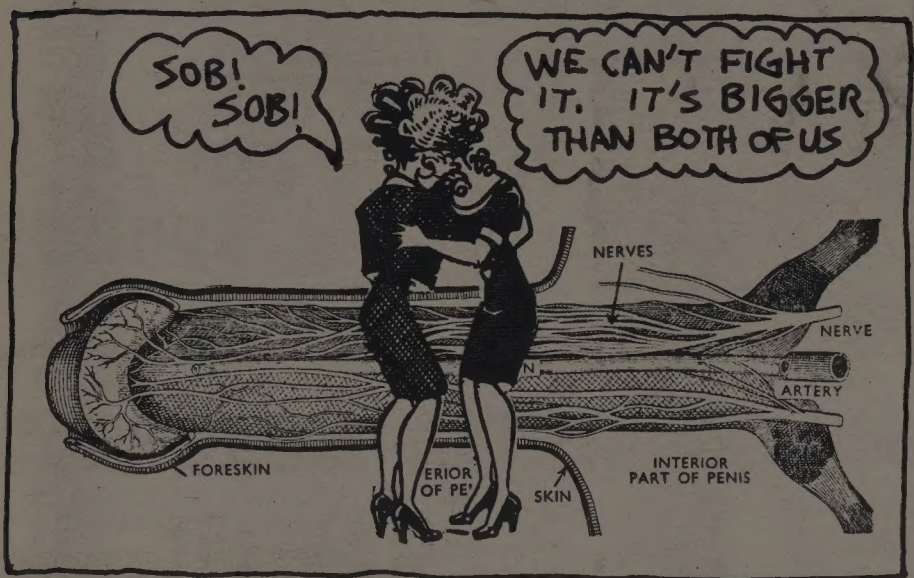
The psychologists for the Establishment will tell you that I committed suicide because I was sick and impotent. Do not waste time arguing with them. They are right. I am sick-sick of a society where a White can no longer be a Man—where the only choices are to be impotent yourself or join the Affluents in exploiting the impotents. I can do neither. I believe that every dollar earned in America today in a "responsible" manner is blood money which only purchases the death of a child somewhere on this troubled Earth-Vietnam, India, Harlem. Those who buy the death of others' children will find soon enough that part of the purchase price was the death of their own children. In fact, today, brave young American soldiers are dying to save LBJ's worthless face. They are somebody's children.

If this be sanity, color me insane and call me inhuman.

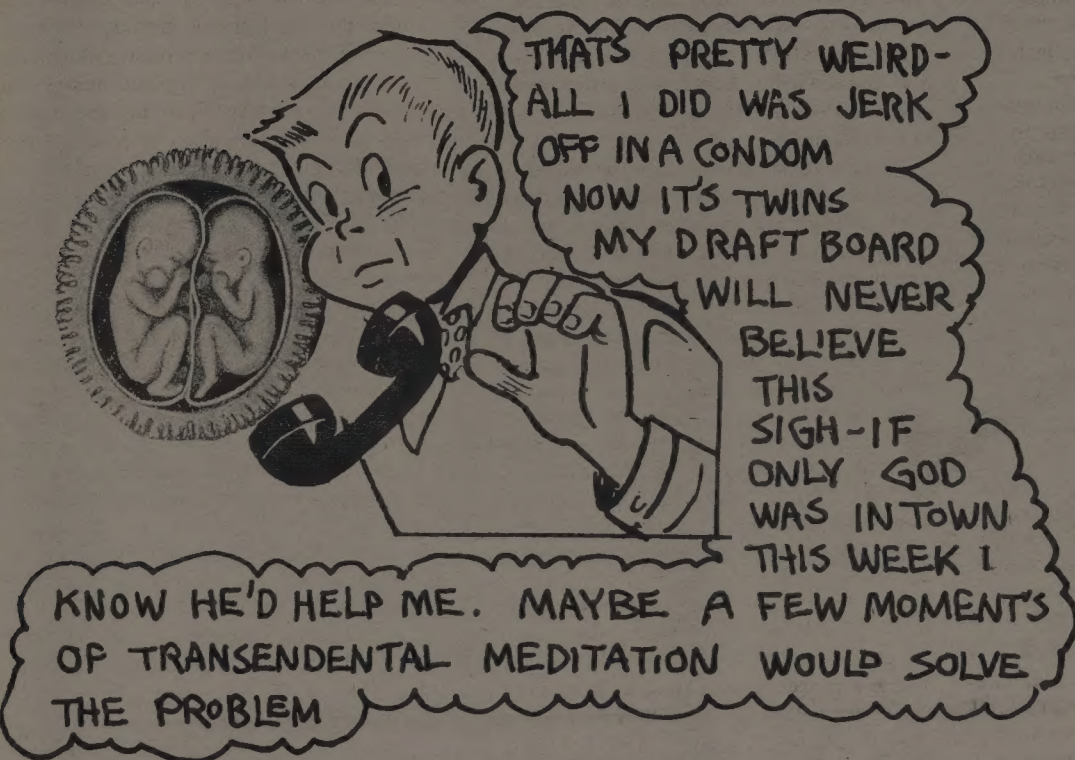
Today, America's middle class Fascists are screaming "Better John Birch than John Rap Brown". Tomorrow they will be joined by the Rockefellers, duPonts, Morgans and the Generals. Years ago Jesus threw the money changers out of the temple of God. They have returned to corrupt the temple we call American Democracy. In the Country of the Kept none are their brother's keepers.

(Continued on Page 14)

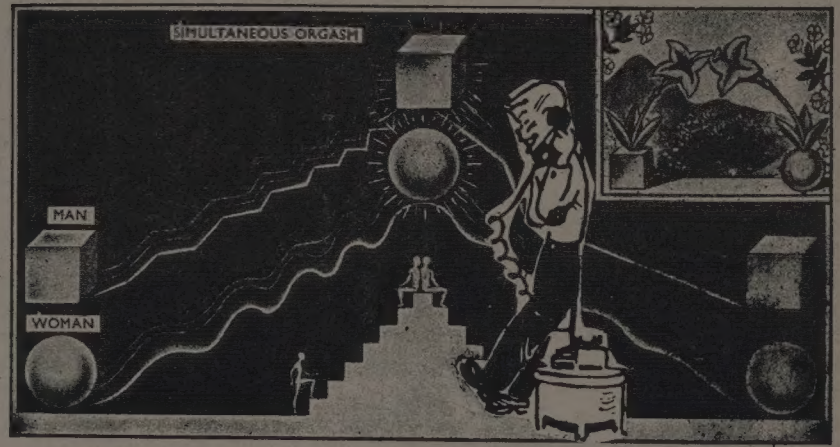
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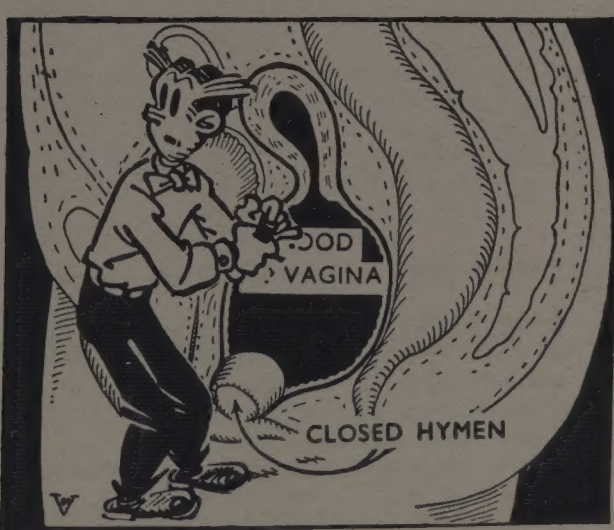
MEANWHILE IN THE SPERMATORIUM...



"GUESS WHAT- MY MOTHER OFFERED TO MARRY ME TO SAVE THE GOOD



NAME OF OUR FAMILY...



TO BE CONTINUED



EVO SPORTS

by Allan Katzman

Walrus RUBIN'S BOTTOM OF THE NINTH MEATBALL Scramble Eggman at the Stadium

Our program is acting out of need, emotion, feeling, out of reaction to external conditions. Our program is:

- Life.
- Passion.
- Hope.
- Rebellion.
- Romance.
- Energy.
- Daydreams.

From Jerry Rubin's speech, "Elvis Presley Killed Dwight Eisenhower."

If all the paper, leaflets, magazines and pamphlets that are handed out at peace meetings, rallies, and debates were suddenly turned into votes, the war in Vietnam would be over tomorrow. And if this little bit of fantasy were to have come true on Sunday, March 3, I would not have had to attend the Jerry Rubin/David McReynolds debate which took place at the Community Church, 8:00 p.m., the same day. But wars are wars, and debates are debates. If both had suddenly disappeared the next day, speech then might have become meaningful.

What was meaningful about the topic, "The Peace Movement: Where Do We Go From Here," was not words as much as lifestyles. Where Jerry Rubin was emotional, David McReynolds was logical. Where Rubin acted out of his belief, McReynolds was his belief. Where Rubin was apt to cry "Fire" in a crowded theater, McReynolds wanted everyone into the Ark two by two. They did not disagree as to the fact that something was rotten in the state of America, but as to the means to be used to eradicate that state.

The debate began nonchalantly with Rubin dressed in a peasant Vietnamese outfit complete with hat, while McReynolds sat in one of the pews in the front row reading the N.Y. Post and Other Scenes. Their actions were tantamount to their words at this point:

Rubin looking kooky and revolutionary, McReynolds liberal and bored. Someone started handing out comic books—"Get your program here. It's what the Yippies are all about." Then Allan Sullivan, m.c. from Workshop in Non-violence, mounted the podium and the proceedings officially began.

Rubin dominated the podium first. His long wild hair combed out in every direction, and his moustache drooping down over his lips like two tusks, pushed the analogy of the walrus. I glanced immediately over to McReynolds who was sitting in front of me. The back of his head shone like a bare egg.

Rubin's first laugh of the night came when a film screen was pulled up in front of the lectern, blocking his face from the audience's view as he mounted the podium. His next laugh came when he announced the title of his speech, "Elvis Presley Killed Dwight Eisenhower." About four minutes into the speech and the lights were turned off and slides of beautiful hue and shapes were projected onto the film screen.

Rubin's rhetoric depended less on meaning and nuances than words. NOW! DO! BE! YOU! were more emotional and whole, rather than logical and castrated. He strung sentences together locomotive styles, fast and box-car, loaded with energy and verve. He never stopped to explain or apologize: THE REVOLUTION IS NOW! YOU ARE THE REVOLUTION! AMERICA IS A SPOOK HOUSE. He machine-gunned off these phrases with great skill but he had neither the oratory of a Lincoln nor the passion of a Hitler. Rubin at best was an actor but a fine one with the ability to enchant a child.

His enchantment was seen in direct action; BLOW THEIR MINDS! was his confrontation of awareness: his program, a festival of life: DANCE! SING! LAUGH! LOVE! right where they do their politicking, at the Na-

tional Democratic Convention, August 25th in Chicago. Hundreds of thousands of Yippies infiltrating the source of power with their song. At best, like jamming your fist into the bottom of the toilet bowl and watching it all overflow.

Rubin's rhetoric was all his own, that and a hundred million kids. It was simple. It was direct. And it was always true. History had not shown us otherwise. Kingdoms come and kingdoms go. The revolution was just around the corner but only if we could wait that long. PASSION! was the key word of Rubin's diatribe. And it was what made people over thirty so different from those under.

To prove a point, throughout Rubin's speech, a six year old kid sitting right behind me applauded at his every word but during McReynolds, he sat incomplete and utter disinterest.

Rubin's play ended with a final demonstration with Keith Lampe playing a cop and Abbie Hoffman playing a hooded demonstrator. Some people were planted in the audience ahead of time to recite the word paranoia throughout the whole production. In the end the demonstrator lifts off his costume to reveal himself nude, yells "Yippie!" and runs off stage as the cop faints dead away.

After Rubin, of course, came McReynolds, like after the storm, the calm. McReynolds was much smoother being more acceptable and analytical of himself. He spoke with a minister's stare and hugged the podium like a pulpit. He apologized for not having as good a light show as Rubin's just before he started to examine all of our motives.

His schtick was that he was a Marxist without a country. The Revolution was in the minority and the movement was exaggerated. America did not alone have an option on evil, Russia and the rest of the world were getting their

licks in too. He went on also to demonstrate that technology could solve all the problems of the world and that we did not need, as Jerry Rubin had stated before him, four more years of Johnson. He believed that we were "Not on the edge of a revolution but chaos," and that the Yippies could not hurt Johnson in Chicago but help him by creating a martial law situation. And he topped all of the cream of his logic with the rationale cherry of them all: "There is no one in this room who could not be Lyndon Baines Johnson. It is inherent in the human condition."

After this bit of logical pastry, he went on to justify all of his rationality with working with the Peace and Freedom Party to nominate a candidate for President. David McReynolds was not only a Marxist without a country but he didn't even have a revolution. His doom would not be initiated through force of arms, or smiles as in Jerry Rubin's case, but force of habit. If there was anything to be learned from McReynolds' brand of Marxism, it was that Lenin did not make the revolution, the revolution made Lenin. And if he succeeded at being a revolutionary, it would indeed be a matter of luck.

When McReynolds had finished his last word on the subject, Jerry Rubin revealed the name of the game by taking off his Vietnamese outfit under which was a N.Y. Yankees baseball outfit. There were no winners in a revolution, only in a debate.

The next ten minutes were spent in a question and answer period, then it was opened to the floor. It was true what Jerry Rubin had said, "YOU ARE THE REVOLUTION!" as each person started to air his own opinion. And it was also true what David McReynolds had said, "not on the edge of revolution but chaos," as everyone started talking all at once.

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Pop, Rock,

and Jelly

Three weeks after its release, **Axis: Bold As Love** (Reprise/RS-6281) has climbed to fourth place on the charts. An earlier LP, **Are You Experienced** (Reprise/RS-6261), is still holding ninth. And in less than a year, Jimi Hendrix has become myth. The black Elvis come to grind the squirming white-boppers into mush. Oh yes, Jimi won't do you no harm. But to watch the audience explode into frustrated little girl screams at Hendrix' electric frying show at Hunter College last weekend was to see a myth being born. Anyway, here's an interview I taped with Jimi, Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding several weeks ago while they were staying between concert dates at a plush, mid-town hotel.

EVO: Jimi, how long have you been in England now?

HENDRIX: Off and on since September 23rd, 1966.

EVO: When did you meet Mitch and Noel?

HENDRIX: Around October, I guess it was. Yeah, the end of October.

EVO: Where were you playing when the three you met?

HENDRIX: I wasn't playing anywhere then. You know, I just came over there from the Village. We had a lot of telephone numbers and called up a few people. Mitch had just quit a group about two days before that happened, and like we all just got together and jammed. Right away the telephone called and some people came down to this club and we started jamming. Noel came down with a guitar and we asked him if he'd like to play bass and he did and he's been ever since.

EVO: I heard the new album last night and grooved on it. I like what you're doing . . . the texture you get out of three instruments.

HENDRIX: Well, there's some tracks — like we might put another guitar on. But the only people that's on it is us three. Except maybe on, there's one song — **You Got Me Floating** — one the Move sang the background with Noel and Mitch. And our manager's footprints can be heard on the fadeout of **If Six Was Nine**.

EVO: There's something that sounds almost unmistakably like a . . . and especially on a four inch AM radio speaker, sounds like a piccolo.

HENDRIX: Oh, no . . . that's a little Indian flute I bought for about two shillings.

EVO: But it was a flute . . . I was trying to figure out how you were getting the sound with a guitar. (Laughing).

HENDRIX: You can get that same sound out of a guitar. We've got a gadget called the Octavia that we use on a song called **One Rainy Wish**. It boosts the guitar twice as high.

EVO: What other kind of electronic stuff do you use?

HENDRIX: As far as guitar, we use maybe repeat echo and, you know, wah-wah . . . things like that.

EVO: You were one of the first to use the wah-wah pedal.

HENDRIX: Well, yeah — we released a record like about two or three days after the Cream came out with one. It was coincidental because we didn't know anything about their record and they didn't know nothing about ours. We used it a long time ago on **Are You Experienced**, but we used a hand wah-wah then.

EVO: Noel, when did you start playing bass?

REDDING: Fourteen months ago, but I was playing guitar for years before that.

EVO: What were you doing in England before you got into the rock scene?

REDDING: I was at school: a grammar school . . . very English.

EVO: I thought everyone had come out of the art schools.

REDDING: Yeah, I went to an art school as well.

EVO: What were you doing, Mitch?

MITCHELL: I was an actor, but not really, because I was still at school.

EVO: So you've been playing drums for how long then?

by Jules

Freemond



MITCHELL: About four years.

EVO: Who turned you on to drums initially? What kind of music . . . records?

MITCHELL: I don't know. The first person who ever meant anything was Elvin Jones.

HENDRIX: Yeah, I noticed that. He played a record for me once by Elvin Jones. I said: damn . . . that's YOU.

EVO: So that you've been into jazz . . . jazz drumming?

MITCHELL: I'm just into what I hear. You know, anything that excites and stimulates me — great! I'm very actively involved in the music that we're playing and don't get the chance really to play much outside.

EVO: What kind of stuff do you listen to?

MITCHELL: Anything, anything at all . . . no matter what it is as long as it's good. I mean, I'm going to listen to maybe chamber music or something and I won't like it. It won't be my taste in music, but I should be enough of a musician to realize if it's being well played and well produced.

EVO: What was your background, Jimi, before you split? You were playing around the Village . . . I've talked to people who remember you from then.

HENDRIX: Well before that, yeah, I was playing behind different R 'n' R groups. You know, like Sam Cook and Jackie Wilson and like that. Joey Dee and Little Richard and the Easley Bros.

EVO: How do you like England?

HENDRIX: It's alright. I like Sweden; it showed me more than anything so far. Sweden and the West Coast . . . and Arizona. Like they say, well Sweden is boring because it doesn't have things like New York or London has. But the greatest thing about it is you can take it for what it has to offer itself. Which is like peace and quiet.

EVO: How many times have you been back to the States?

HENDRIX: This is the second time.

EVO: What do you think about what's happening with . . .

HENDRIX: It's beautiful, it's ridiculous, and all this other stuff but I don't know what's happening at all.

EVO: Mitch, how is feeling in England about the war?

MITCHELL: What war?

EVO: Our war.

MITCHELL: As such, it's your war and it's nothing to do with us. Somebody asked me the other day very brusquely — if you were an American, would you fight in Vietnam? I said, of course, if I were an American I would . . . 'cause I'd be an American.

EVO: Jimi, what kind of stuff is the group into now?

HENDRIX: I don't know, man, I really don't know. Like on a tour — what can you do on a tour? People scream for all the oldies but goodies. So you have to play the oldies but goodies on your show instead of some of the things you want to get in to. Plus, we don't get a chance . . . we never have practiced . . . we've practiced about three times since we've been together. And then we jam, we get a chance to jam sometimes . . . that's the only thing . . . we're not able to play with each other except on stage.

EVO: On the record, there were times when you'd go into a run and it sounded like you had chimes behind you.

HENDRIX: **Spanish Castle Magic** . . . yeah, we used a guitar, bass and drums and piano on that one. And a lot of things are in unison; like with the bass . . . Noel uses an eight string bass on that one. Plus, I was playing the same thing on the guitar. It didn't come out as clear as we wanted it to, but it was a hint of, you know, what we were trying to do.

EVO: These are head charts that you are using . . . it's not written out.

HENDRIX: Yeah, we go in there — like we all have ideas — so we go in the studio and somebody has a song. See if we can do something like this . . . so we run down a few things. Then we go back and listen to it and say — alright, I think we should do this.

(Continued on Page 12)

LOVEBEAST

wordvision *stephen levine*linevision *felipe ehrenberg*

The Lovebeast is here, singing in crescendo to the rain and at dance in the desert. Fully alive, yodelling nonsense to the humor of leaf patterns. Digging about for roots and berries, arranging them in wild mosaic on the forest floor--to be left as gift to the joyous happenstance of a passer-by, a libation to the miracle of coincidence that supports him as he forages about for objects to touch and taste, for people he might say hello to. Or signalling a V-for-Victory with two erect fingers should he suspect "this thing" in another.

The Lovebeast sniffs the air and mates in holy gusto.

The Lovebeast recognizes the *übermensch*, the Nietzsche-genetic superman as a handsome cripple; while the *luftmensch*, the man of flight, is messenger of the gods.

The Lovebeast is no longer cellared like an 18th century idiot because he believes Good&Evil to be absolutes but finds right/wrong to be quite pragmatic, sunk in relativity, something like a ship in a bottle.

The Lovebeast is the passage over and across the nowatomic razor's edge. He ascends the pentatonic scale of sanity (if this be reason) passing Darwin like the Missing Link. He is not lacerated by the razor because he lives on all sides of it, and because **it is not his razor**. He does not partition reality (as it is illusion). He is the uncensorable beast of that correspondence of heart and mind that finds beauty beautiful, and knows the difference between warmth and fire, between Isis and Prometheus.

The Lovebeast has come among us. He is the slightly psychedelic zeit-geist of this brand new Aquarian Age. He has gone out of his cave, moving from darkness to light, more like the Resurrection than the Zarathustra. Out to find himself in others.

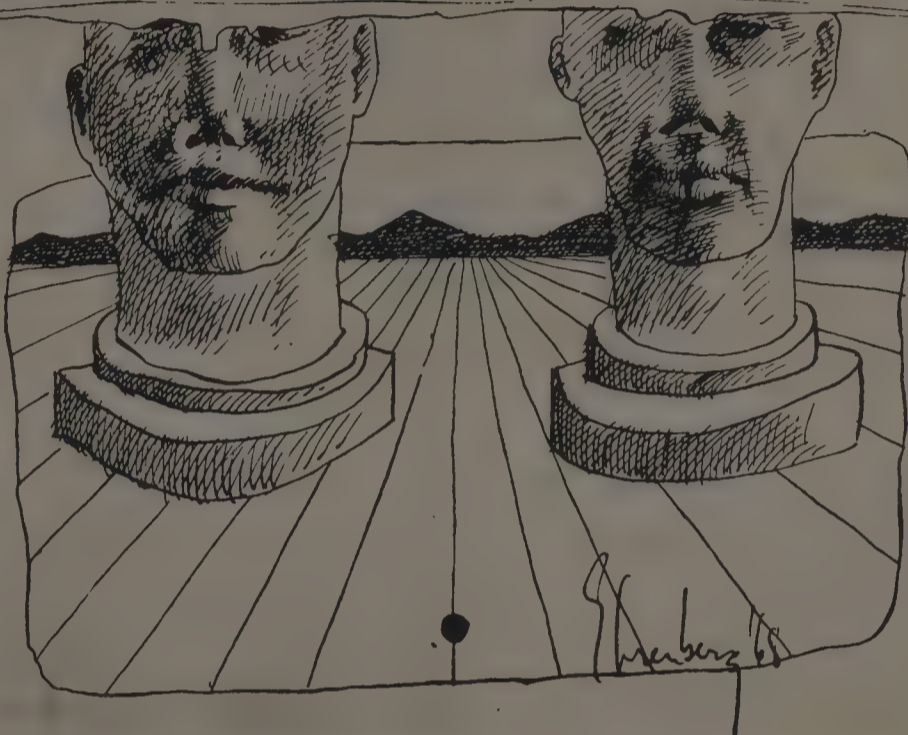
Standing in the midst and middle of a civilization of intersecting streets and roads--which seem to him to come and go but never to arrive--he looks up at the sky while wheeled machines gronk and klatter to either side, because "it (the sky) caught my eye."

The Lovebeast loves the number 7. He does not however avoid other numerals. He avoids almost nothing on first pass. He is much like Stranger in the Brave New World, but with even greater capacity. He is capable of changing rather than being changed. He tastes a new wine, handles living things, eats pieces of the earth prepared at his touch.

The Lovebeast often has a mane, though he is more valuable alive than dead (His death is the history of sorrow). The reward is infinite should the beast transmit his power for 'going-out'. He is even more precious than the California Condor, though there are those that would have him penned and demagnetized. But these are the peoples that would rather be Torquemada than Don Quixote, rather be Aliester Crowley than Rama Krishna: rather be Pharoah than Moses.

The Lovebeast is a drunkard that doesn't drink, a junkie that doesn't junk, a christ that doesn't Christian. No longer relying on an alphabet based on the sign \$, Lovebeast sits like Hammurabi on a wild beach, dealing with the economics of haiku; incising syllables in the wet sand before the advancing tide.

In a pond
away from it all
descending heavier than water
(a lily eclipses the sun)
I watch dragonflies
carrying an irredescent plague
like an improbable tooth
or some congenital recurrence of the past
incarnate in this view from the pond
cupped in the hard earth
where all the hawks are Horus
and all the boulders Demeter's breasts
having only to contend
with the slight mythology of frogs.





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And then Noel says what he thinks he should do on it. And we get together like that most of the time. Other times we might have a song already prepared with lines, you know.

EVO: I'm just curious as to whether these are songs you've written over a period of time, or whether you just go into the studio...

HENDRIX: A lot of them are ideas that I've had from the Village. Some of them... like we just got around to recording Little Wing.

EVO: Noel, you do a lot of chording on the bass. Now, your bass lines are funny... I'm used to either a standard walking jazz bass or C&W 1/3 bass or a Chicago blues riffing thing. Some of the things on the album were complicated 4/4 time over...

REDDING: I like doing that... changing time...

MITCHELL: There you go — we don't think about time. If you want to be technically specific about it — wow! The bass player's and drummer's roles are almost completely reversed. The drummer isn't the anchor, the bass player is more of an anchor. But you've both got freedom whatever you're doing.

HENDRIX: As far as technical works of timing or trying to blow somebody's mind with a strange time...

MITCHELL: You know, we're not doing this thing: wow, we can play a number in 19/8 or whatever it is. So what... big deal... like Dave Brubeck. Who cares? You know, you become aware of your time and forget all about it. Who wants to count time for the rest of your life?

EVO: The standard questions, Jimi: Who're the people that you've listened to, that you've been influenced by?

HENDRIX: So many... but Dylan mainly. Dylan and Muddy Waters, Elmore James, Albert King. Some bad groups, some good groups. I get influenced by everything... really, everything all around you. Sometimes you can listen to a bad group — you know, you go to a club you've never been to before, in a strange town. And while the group plays, you say: oh, what is this, this noise I'm hearing... and then, you might hear one little thing and say — hey, that's kind of nice. Right there, you know.

EVO: I was getting harranged earlier by Mitch because of my "catagorizing." Maybe the interview should conclude with your comments about how much bullshit all of this is?

MITCHELL: I don't want to go through all of that again. Let Jimi explain... oh, he was trying... like "psychedelic" and "West-Coast Sound" and you know... he was seeing about trying to say what the music's about. Like trying to put it in packages again... saying this is...

HENDRIX: Yeah, but our music is like that jar of candy over there. Everything's all mixed up. Regardless of what the scene might be — you don't put yourself in categories or else you find yourself really unhappy because then you might want to do something else. The best way to accept some of the things that we do — if it's all that important — is to take every song for what it has to offer itself instead of trying to put it all in one big thing. Because our next LP is going to be completely different and, you know... strange.

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Malboro Man

that shaking Johnson's hands always give him nose bleeds, but, at every opportunity he snuggles into the President's life lines and achieves his red orgasm.

Power is power. Bereft of style, feeling, excitement, humor, it is like a cripple who uses his crutches to destroy (or simply lord it over) those who are asleep, or simply dying. Which emphasizes the fact that today one needs more than power to excite. There must be an unreal detachment; one must be either saint or sinner. Knowing that Johnson is not Gandhi, people are angry, and anger always makes one feel cheated when the wrong cannot be righted immediately and continues to outlast the weeping; and some people are even wicked enough and desperate too to wish him death, and fired by this, but afraid of lighting another match, of shouting from the rooftops, being so afraid they can only hate him more, and, thus, hating him, they make ugly fun at him (none of the sweet modern chatter directed at John Fitzgerald Kennedy); some call him stupid, ugly, say he is mad, accuse him of leading the country down the drain and using the people to assure himself a sounder place in history, and, faced by all these wars and rumors of virtue, the casual observer would think that he was the devil incarnate, ruling scourge of the Western world, the final Judas figure now holed up in the seat of power.

And now they are ready to ditch him.

And the man they want in bed now is Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy, who knows they are riding shotgun on his orgasm. (The illusion of coming when you're really in one position standing still like a bemused hummingbird), and they want him badly, so badly, they are afraid and nervous, and they foam at the mouth as they dream of having him stand up to Johnson, and they goad him, tell him that he is more beautiful than he really is, Robert is afraid too, of himself, of them, afraid that the drive will never be satiated, not by him at least, and perhaps by nobody else, only by his brother, BUT HIS BROTHER IS DEAD, and will not be resurrected in this century, or this feeling.

But Robert Kennedy being Robert Kennedy is human and must know that this sexual importance being given to his dead brother, while being a proper political inheritance (a gimmick for

votes similar to, but not approaching, the size and meaning of Christ's wilfull crucifixion), will finally be the existential draining of what little substance has made him a man in his own right, which is what he would be even without direct or indirect help from his brother, for (and this is the blood of the problem) this is the age for youngmen, glamorous men, those who silently subtly flaunt their erections in public, reckless ambition and greed, adventurers of chance and feeling, men wicked yet seeming of promiscuous innocence, and, at a time as now when our leaders around the world tend to be square and powerful, without sex and spiritual warmth, the Kennedys, JFK and now Robert and Edward, seem more than qualified to bring the nation further down or cause it to rise up fiercely from full balls to a fuller life.

And to many therefore, Johnson is not what's happening—not now!

He is big and, to those of us who are small, oversized, and he has a scar on his tummy; he is the Malboro Man, but America, after all, is not supposed to be solely Malboro Country; he has a ranch, and cattle, and is proud of his brand (which leads back to the scar) and he is not Jesse James, not Billy the Kid, but is the big landowner who controls the river who hires gunslingers who walks around with silver pistols in his striated boots who is boss of the range

and never lets you forget who is folksy and Square Dancing who will invite well-behaved homesteaders to the annual barbecue meditation who will be photographed biting into hind legs, but will only bite will not bite off, and does not have the teeth to bite cleanly, so you have to clean up after him.

He has a wife who is personable and charming, but, unfortunately for her husband, is not Jacqueline Kennedy, and, compared to this former First Lady of Dream, Mrs. Johnson is resolutely plain and without sex appeal, and, sure, she can be the Best Dressed Woman of the Year, but people can't help but assume that she is champion because of what her husband is, not on her own strength, not because of what she offers; and I am yet to meet one young swinger who dreams of her as a lover; so she receives the indifference that is heaped on considerate mothers, and everyone laughs at the plumed Bird in her name, for no one likes to be forced into the position of watching birds one doesn't wish to accompany or even eat (THE JOHNSONS ARE FOR THE BIRDS); he has two daughters, but they are daughters, down-the-block daughters who will not be caught dead inside themselves and who will dance the Jerk without really jerking, daughters of the fading sun imbued with deadpan sex and giggles that embarras klieg lights, position without sophistication being like god without his

devil, pity without dash, and Luci and Lynda can be anybody's Pamela and Jane, and one always expects to see them at the corner, with milkshakes in paper cups sharing a straw, or laughing at themselves.

They are sociable but not daring, model daughters but not models and there is the feeling that if they are to be made exciting say, for an evening out, or a weekend in Alcapulco, they have to rent the nuances of excitement in order to fit into the pleasurable hysteria of being idle and rich and worthless and wicked and nice to the communists (and I meant to write columnists), and they, sorry kids, but they are always looking at themselves without seeing, and are not friend to scandal, and, engulfed by the ravaging personality of the President, they are without the halo of having somehow made it good one night or in one dream, that they have been saved; and one fears for their ageing and lumps them with their father, and he overshadows, and they lose out, and one dislikes them for losing, for the fingers of power ought not to lose or drop out and yet greater than this apprehension and dislike is the conviction that here we are faced with grown children who are incapable of rebellion, and who will not be kissed in public; children who will be late in coming home, companions of a mother and wife who will not be tempted to sexual fulfillment.

continued next week

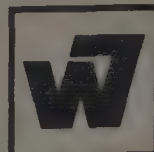
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Yankee Doodle

(Continued from Page 7)

In this situation I prefer to join the modern American Revolutionaries, John Brown and Eugene V. Debs, in death than live, if one can call it living with the obscenities LBJ, HHH, Rockefeller, Buckley, Giardino, Donovan, Shanker and all the other sores on the dying body of American Democracy.

I prefer to join the assassinated martyrs, John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Brother Malcolm X. Kennedy's death is tragic because he died with the illusion that man's revolutionary demand for dignity can be satisfied by reforms, an illusion shared with the best of the whites in America and with Eduard Bernstein of Germany.

I prefer to join those Wandering Jews, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud and Albert Einstein, in the universal, eternal State of Mind.

I die because I love the damned Human Race too much and have no rosy colored glasses to hide the fact that we are roaring, with modern speed, towards Dante's Hell.

In dying, I leave the revolutionary American Flag of red, white and blue, to the Dick Gregorays, the Rap Browns, the Stokely Carmichaels, the Bill Eptons, the Herman Fergusons, the LeRoi Jones, the Jesse Grays, the Flo Kennedys, the Queen Mothers, the Les Campbells, the John Hatchetts and all the unknown soldiers—black and white—who carry the spirit of Brother Malcolm—the American who could have led America to an integrated, democratic society which would have made all of us proud to be called Americans.

I have the loneliness of the long distance runner. Only God can assuage my pain. Die I must! But also must I die a Man and that I will for so I Will. I am sad that for a White Man of my generation, death is the only Liberty and the only Manhood.

To my generation I say that the personality of each of us is the product of all of us, and if a Man does commit suicide, who are his murderers?

To God I say: I believe that it is a crime against You to take a human life—even one's own. Yet, the most fundamental human right is the right to commit suicide. In this existential dilemma, forgive me for acting human, not knowing all the meanings of my act.

To the beautiful young of all countries and colors, I say: Do not mourn over me. I will die peacefully doing my thing. Organize! The Freedom Fight is never done.

The Black Jesus, Brother Malcolm lives.

Taj Mahal

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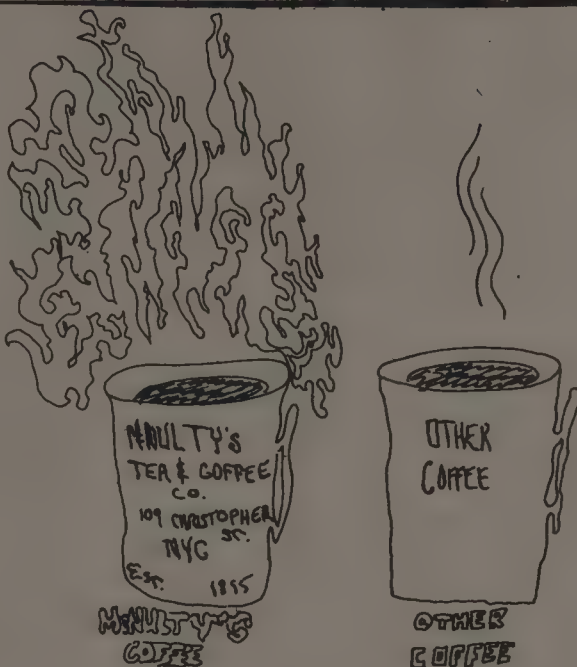
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Watching Girl

movement. Bodies are bombarding themselves with energy unprotected by the garments of taboo. Ecstasy has reached a point of overload input. A nude girl and boy caress each other. The denuded cop begins whipping the watermelon red ass of the fat girl happenner. She runs off the stage in ahuff almost knocking down one of the boys in the band. He reacts in time pulling himself away as if avoiding some mysterious slime. Everything is breaking up and moving backwards as if being rewound. Suddenly there is just an empty stage and an audience with chagrin on their faces feeling robbed of an orgasm.

Music from a phonograph permeates the air. The nude happenners reappear carrying one of their own tied to a cross while the "Star Spangled Banner" blares in the background. They show him to the now coliseum of voyeurs. They begin painting his nude body and lie him flat on the stage. Then it all begins again in a memory of crucifixion and ecstasy. The nude guards frolic and cavort in homosexual and heterosexual play. The music changes to "God Bless America." The obliteration becomes hot and heavy. Kusama who has been standing off to the side, safe from the breakdown, decides to make the ultimate gesture. She jumps on the nude Christ and kisses her work of art. She starts to rub his stomach profusely wrapping her legs around his body in serpent fashion. The audience strains from their chairs to see if he has gotten the ultimate hardon.

Kusama in a moment of objective disassociation decides to leave her Christ/Lover. She bows to the audience with Japanese politeness and announces that it is all over. Nude bodies surround the Christ happenner and resurrect him pulling him vertical to the audience for adoration and applause.

The audience remains seated stunned now by their own dead senses. In the first row some fags are still ogling the obliterated meat. I begin to move away towards the entrance but I am stopped by a nervous hand. It is one of the boys from the rock and roll band.

"Are you a reporter?" he asks.

"Yes," I reply.

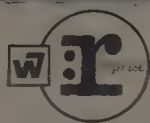
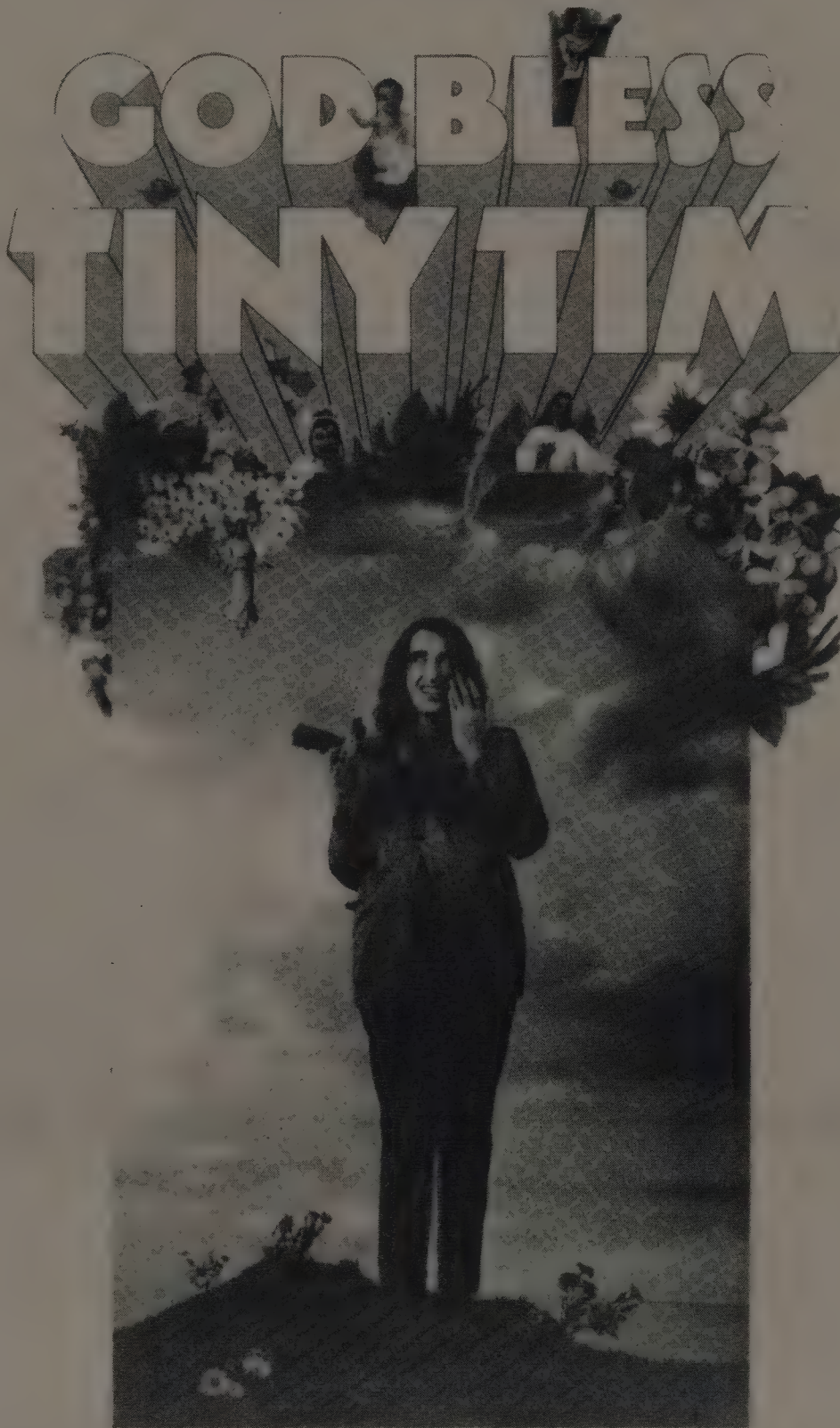
"Well, look," he explains in a nervous voice, "We had no idea they were going to do things like this. If we did we wouldn't have played."

My curiosity was soon revived. "What bothered you the most — Was it the nude bodies, the homosexual play or the crucifixion?"

"Oh! None of those things. Our band wants to go on record that we do not like the burning of the American flag. It's unpatriotic."

My curiosity was totally obliterated. Sex was dead but long may it wave.

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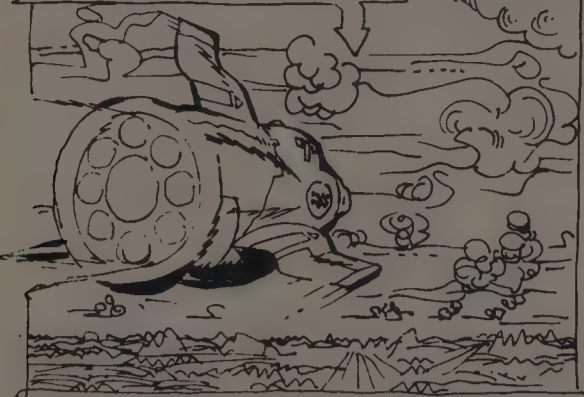
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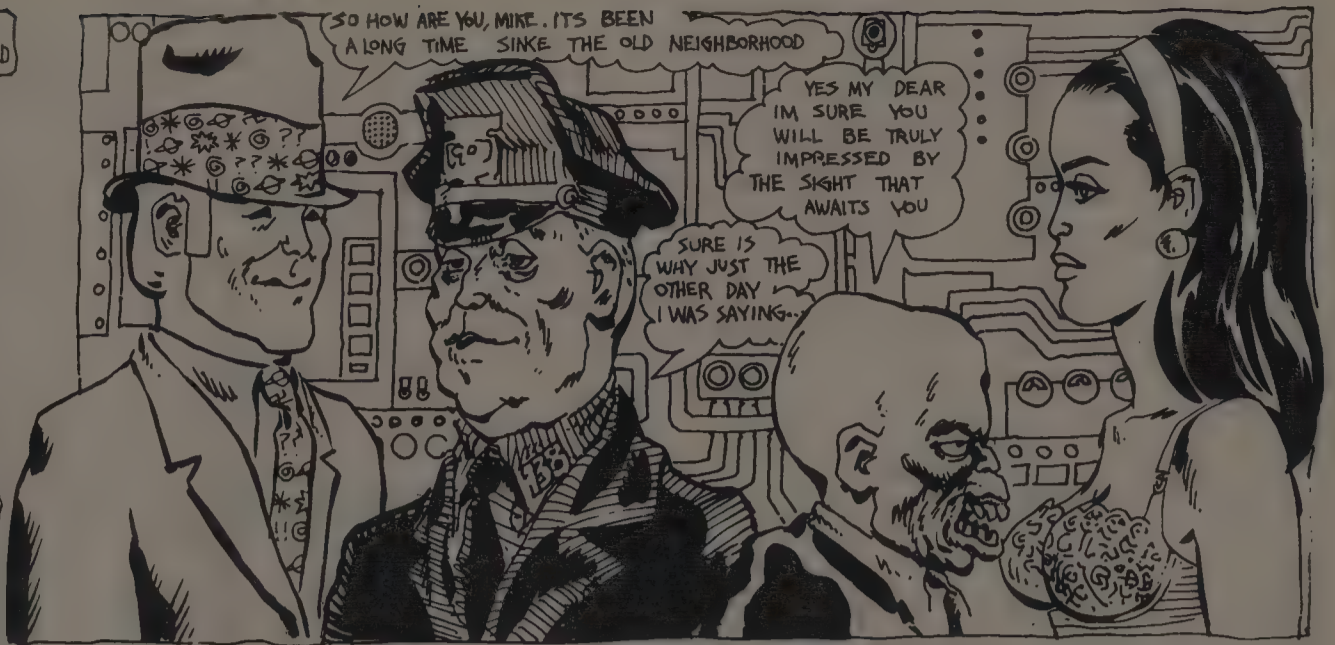
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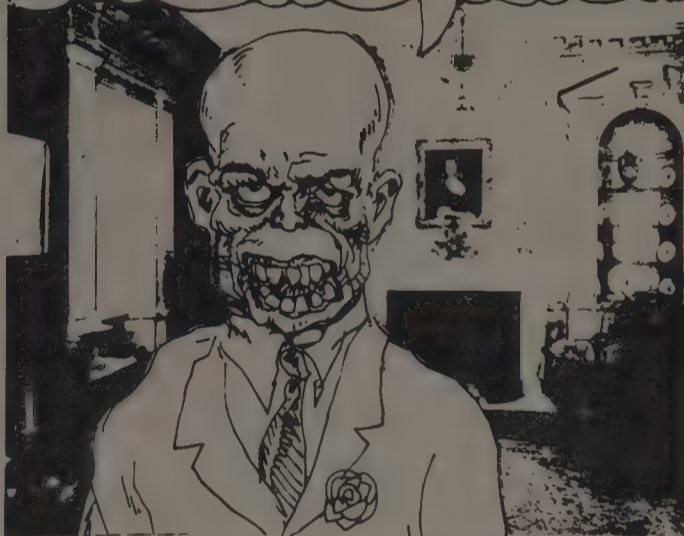
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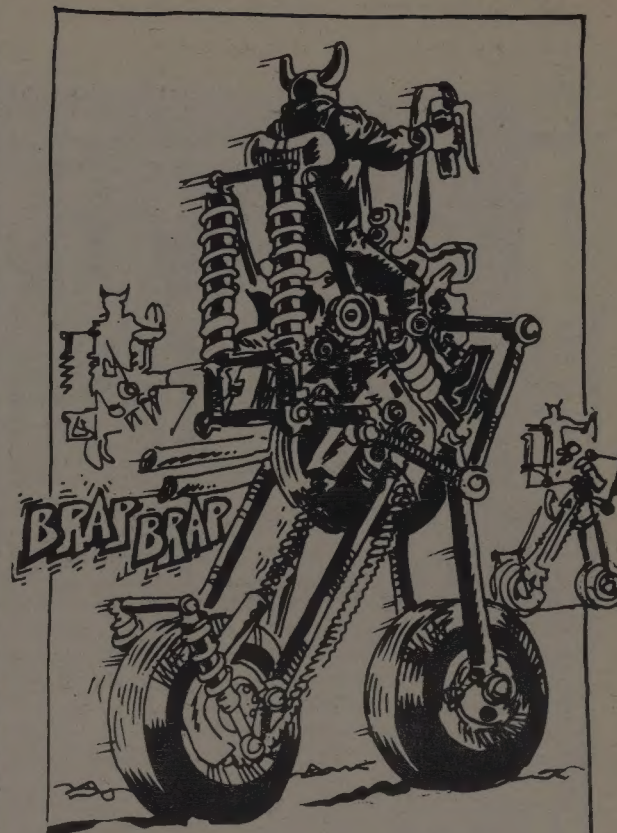
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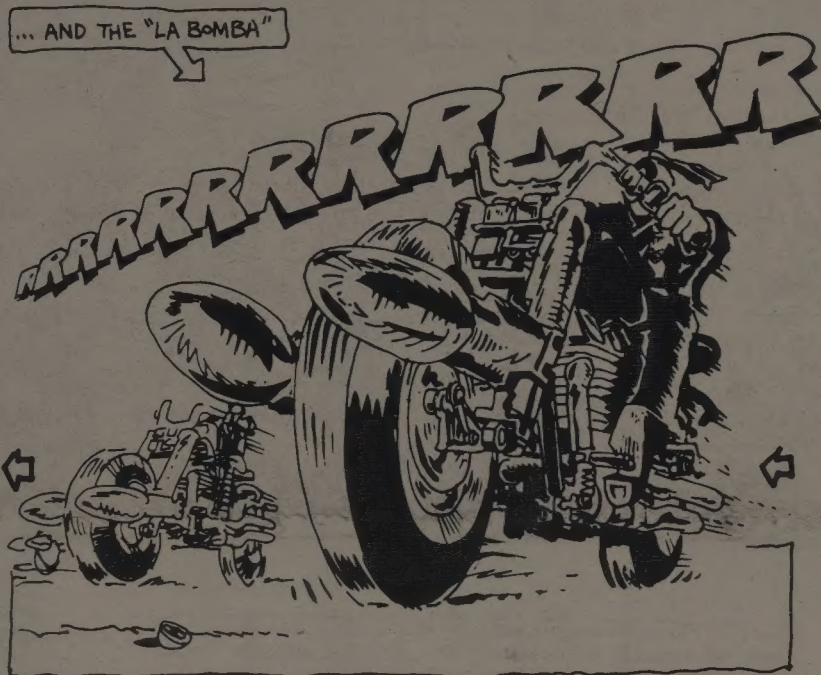
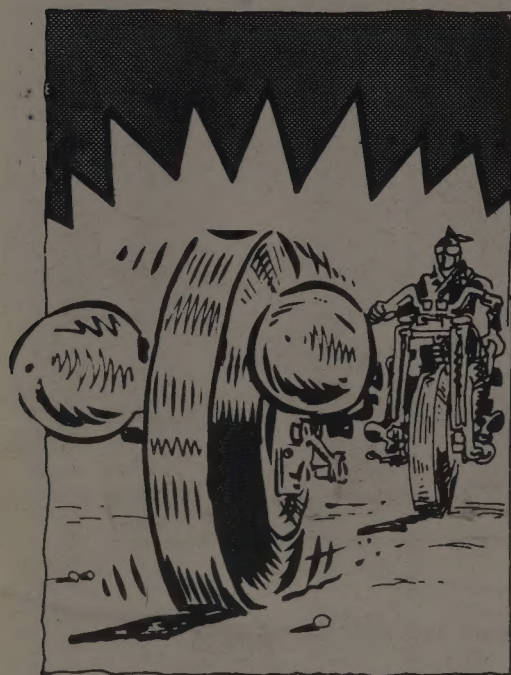
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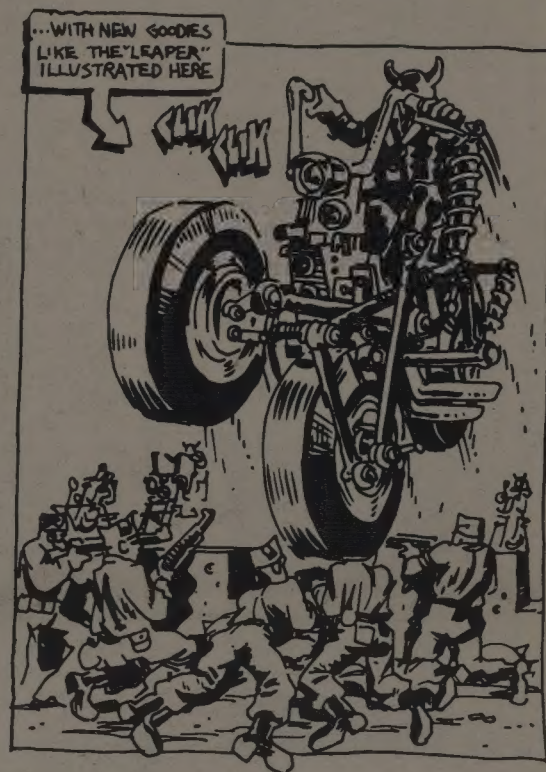
Brigitte Bardot



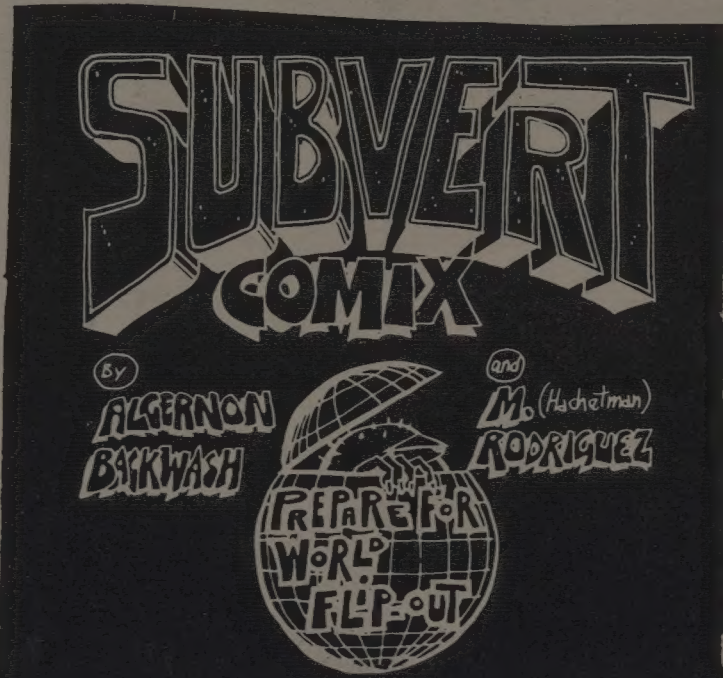
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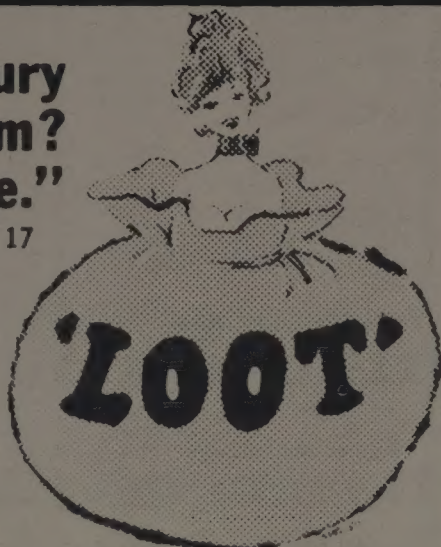
Joe Orton's new play, "LOOT" Act 1, page 17

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Peas, like other legumes, are used by vegetarians as a meat substitute. Calories per pound, 430; protein, 5.2; fat, 0.6; carbohydrates, 16.7; vitamins A, B and C. When dried, their protein content is raised to 17.3. They are a very valuable source of phosphorus.



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GUY escaping N.Y.C. to secluded mountains retreat for several weeks, seeking slum goddess with the gift of laughter and a sense of a world gone mad, to share the air. 777-0436.

GREAT RAY again. Phila. Area, 34, 195 lbs., 6'3", desires attractive nympho type (only) females for "around the world in 69" (position). Experienced cunnilinguist (oral genital stimulation). Met some (past ads), want more, no men, telephone thrill seekers, nor questionnaires. Be serious damit, I am! Sincere, discreet, private dean. Satisfaction guaranteed. 215 TR 2-0532, after 9 p.m.

CATHOLIC PRIEST (not unsympathetic to village causes) will act as go-between for any teenager wishing to negotiate short term truce with family for Easter. No sermonizing and confidences will be kept. Write: Father B, 11 W. 60 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10023. Tel. 586-7740.

ARE YOU a lonely girl 18-35? Single photographer - business, 40, will provide interesting, enthusiastic companionship . . . Listen to your problems; comforting attention. Phone Howard 279-6452.



VERY handsome male writer, 28, 5'8", Ph.D. candidate, desires to meet attractive, mature, intelligent girl. Write: P.O. Box 93, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235 (photo optional). 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. Write: GPO Box 1410, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

SWINGING party for sophisticated couples to be held in Chicago Hotel, Saturday, March 9, \$8.00 per couple. For reservations write: Box 4663, Main P.O., Chicago, Illinois.

AN intellectual, good-looking, homophile resident psychiatrist is looking for a stimulating sexual and emotional and intellectual relationship with a beautiful female. Call 477-5588.

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

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

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.

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ARE YOU a lonely girl 18-35? Single photographer - business, 40, will provide interesting, enthusiastic companionship . . . Listen to your problems; comforting attention. Phone Howard 279-6452.



TWO males, good friends but quite different; one or the other can please any attractive woman (2035). One 6'3" aristocratic, violent, aggressive and European. The other is very intelligent, an ex-model, a writer and original, 6' You must be very good looking, because we are. Call Jason, 222-9105 any time.

PROFESSIONAL man 28, wanted young warm uninhibited girl 18-35 call Tom after 6. 672-5804. Write Apt. 4, 41-70 74th St., Queens, 11373.

LONELY male rebel 22, would like to meet hippy type girls. Must be sincere and intelligent. D. Bentham, .O. Box 641, Wall Street Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10005.

EXTREMELY handsome man 22 desires male companionship. I am understanding and very affectionate. I have long hair, blue eyes, Call Bob. 914-969-3606.

MY BOSS is looking for small crew of young attractive girls for yachting and non-yachting swinging - strictly pleasure on the house in style and class. Please only attractive girls. Send photo, description and phone number to Robie, Box 571, Ardsley, N.Y.

YOUNG MAN (21) Single, seeking to ease the workload of a busy Executive N.Y., B'klyn vicinity. Available evening and Saturdays. Write: Dan Kennedy, 651-Vanderbilt Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11218.

32 YEAR OLD, tall, handsome, executive seeks the right female swinger for luncheon or dinner. No homosexuals please. Discretion assured. Seeking the right girl. Write to: Stuart Reeves c/o Artists Service, 170 W. 74th St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

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ATTENTION GIRLS. Heading West soon? Make Detroit your stopping off point for a free 2 day holiday. I'm a young bachelor super-man endowed, sterile, clean cut and handsome who will model nude for you, give French lesson and turn you on in my groovy 3 fireplace estate. Write soon (no men) giving arrival time, etc. Jim, 441 N. Gully Rd., Dearborn Heights, Mich. 48127.

EXECUTIVE (27, 6'2", 200 lbs.) wishes to meet young lady with exceptional charm. I am a well built ex-marine with an Ivy League education. If you are articulate, and very lovely. I'd like to hear from you. Call: 929-4027.

GIRL between 18-23, good figure, pretty face; To pose upon a pedestal at a dated apartment party in midtown Manhattan. Be sharp. Be able to converse with people. Fee call 532-6899 after 4 p.m.

BLACK CAT, 35 yrs., 175 lbs. 6', handsome, uninhibited nice pad. Wants black chicks 21-40, sexually uninhibited. No prudes, fatties of faggots. 222-7578. Eves. between 7-11 p.m.

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.

EASY going male graduate student want to meet attractive females. Lolita and Molly Bloom. O.K. No franny glass. 436-2667 at 9 p.m.

LUDS, ROSEBERRYS and Ribyats. You don't know who you are, do you? Allotted time you don't know where you are going, do you? To make brown babies. Do you know what time it is too? 11:15.

Dirty Mike.

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THREE well hung Greek studs wish relationship with women. We will love you together in ways you couldn't believe possible. Virgins will receive special tender treatment. Will also consider attractive males. Have our own pad, or will travel reasonable distance. Send photo, if possible. Write Box 1037 G.P.O., Brooklyn, 11202. Giving phone number and state desires. Please no phonies."

Yours Truly, P. Craso.

SUN, SURF, and sex are great, aren't they? If you agree, why not join a swinging group of bright, uninhibited, good-looking guys and girls this summer on fire island, and for party fun between now and then. We have openings for two or three groovy chicks who are interested in new friends and new experiences. If you're not attractive and intelligent, don't bother. Otherwise, send photo and phone number. You won't be disappointed. P.O. Box 3496, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y., 10017.

ATTRACTIVE, well endowed writer with fabulous mid-Manhattan penthouse seeks non-paying roommate. If you're female, homeless and cute, phone (212) 877-0534.

GOOD looking bachelor, 39, Ph.D., genius I.Q., encyclopedically knowledge able, quests for mature, affectionate lady of any race, persuasion or predilection. Mr. Arnold c/o J. Love 303 E. 99th St., N.Y., N.Y.

MALE, 24, college grad. Will satisfy women 18-45, any race. French technique. My place or yours, Philadelphia area. Call 724-8939.

ATTRACTIVE, clean, well-proportioned young man wishes to meet beautiful swinging young couples interested in exploring all the mystical possibilities of the number "Thru". Call Dave 989-1145 evenings before". No phonies or telephone jerk-offs please!



YOUNG athletic male (29), who enjoys everything, looking for young, well-built negro males Must be hung. OR 5-0390.

YOUNG GUY, 21 (6' 1", 165 lbs.) is lonely; wishes to meet girl 18-22 for purpose of making love. My interests: Folk-on guitar. If you think you would enjoy being with me, write giving name and phone No. to Kieth, Box 311, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10010.

NICELY built white male with pad, 23, slated for action film series, seeking healthy female to aid development of sexual endurance . . . Queers save the stamp! Write: F. Stein, 3824 Waldo Avenue, Bronx, 10463. GOOD looking male 36 with \$40,000 pad, seeks female ages 19-35 for long sexual relationship. No complications. Call Tom, after 7 p.m. 843-4204.

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MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City. Meetings so far are twice a month. Date and address of our next meeting along with membership and dues card will be sent on receipt of 5.00 along with our newsletter and fully illustrated magazine. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.



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STAG films for sale—8mm-100 foot—black/white or color - I have male - male, female - female, male - female films for sale. You pick the subject. Also set of 8, 4 by 5 black/white prints on the same subjects. Send \$8.00 for black/white film; \$15.00 color, \$5.00 for prints, or \$2.00 for samples and titles of films to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10023.

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FEMALE NUDE models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9223. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

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