

# THE east village THEER

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# THE MALBORO MAN



by Lennor Raphael

The Malboro Man rides again. Power chips rush from his loose lips as the 4-pointer dashes. And fitted-lovers these sperm darts at his nape.

## PART II

But mother and daughters are sweet young ladies, kind, gentle, unassailable souls in their own right, though they provide food for an unacknowledged need now.

The post-Kennedy White House is not the place for normal people prone to normal manners and hangups, for the people, crossed lovers now, are tired and in search of gods, and soon bent on looking responsible for the construction of their own idols, and what they see now is an idol, a loving idol, one with the flattering power of a mirror.

And no woman will permit in looking into a mirror that consistently returns her she is not the most beautiful woman of her acquaintance, and she will end by breaking this mirror and finding another, but she will do it while her husband is at work, or while the children are asleep; but, having destroyed one mirror, none will be powerful and beautiful enough to satisfy (and perhaps survive) her, and she will end by breaking herself, by destroying what little charm is left in her wrinkles.

He (Johnson) is what he is, cannot be what he wishes to be, because he already is; and has what he has and at the same time, what he doesn't have and perhaps he just happened to come along at the wrong time and with an inappropriate charm visually deemed to be forever trespassing in everybody's bedroom. For pristinities is also

bedtime, and a bad image on the TV can provide a mirrored image, later to have you laughing, jeering, wanting to come but knowing that it will not and that you must either sleep or cry.

And this is when the Malboro Man comes to another mistake.

But the President leaves TV, his 3-set console (all three major channels at once) and he leaves to be on TV, to show off in the second grade, and just to see himself there, and to feel good, and to temporarily remove from himself and like a god (but without death).

And he is perhaps right, for asleep or awake he is a politician, the professional pet, but people are wary of this pretense to be able professional president, Ft. Greedy Good For All.

They get how there and they don't

want him to feel that he is there forever — not without their permission. They are prescient enough to claim this right.

His direct approach (displaying the scar of his gallbladder operation for photographers, rolling up his pyjamas to show his lovely legs, or displaying his muscular arm, or lifting his leg by the arm) may be good for a laugh at first, but he who laughs last laughs best, and, lair, the despair, and the old sexual taste and delayed set in, and, just with this, they realize that other people may be laughing at him, at this expense, at the expense too of Saint Jack Fitzgerald and, after some more chucking of the flesh, silent agony in haste, they hate him, will not discuss him lovingly in public, and become despotic enough to want to action him off for crucifixion.

And they will have Robert Fitzgerald Kennedy do the crucifixing; they will prefer it this way, and if Robert doesn't act they are likely to take the Republicans who most resembles John

Fitzgerald Kennedy. And a wife like Jackie will help from the start this time.

The President is smart, and is aware of the palpating vulnerability of his image, the holes that gaze up to be filled by revolved dreams, hallucinations and love-groping; he is aware of the remarkable rapidity of his personal life, that not even Jack Valenti can now get him a leading role in a Hollywood movie; that his bonafide of the eyes and the flesh is too weak, and cannot see, can only lose, and losing, and eternal hell; and he has moved to right this image, his image, by having speaking appearances, by satirizing laughter, by cutting spoons around public at himself, and accepting anyone to respond to his laughter.

"I say when you laugh, better!"

Meaning it.

And the heart, perhaps when not even meaning it, recognizes the double, the distrust, the feeling that he is too much like mother, or father, or big brother, the man with the whip and its righteousness, the fixed choice by honey, the man you won't suffer years to be.

## IT.

What is IT? Nobody is sure what IT is, but everybody is sure to know when IT is wanting.

And the President doesn't have IT. And not even recovery of his mad-bawling, his speeding his leading, his dancing, his glowing pedestrianism, the love for his dogs, or his public show of affection for his grandson can stop the reckless sailing at his personality, everyone telling him he is not what he should be, he is too fat, too loud, too fishy, too Johnsonian, too satirized by the legacy of Kennedy's stride for

steelness, too ugly inside without knowing why, without meaning, without really caring who he is not what he should be to make everyone beautiful, to help all the lady ones to dream some more, to see in their sleep and oversleep a golden trip of 3 and 4 steps. He cannot replace Caroline Kennedy, and every public attempt to do so, whether or not the President has been advised of this, only serves to remind the people of the impossibility of this task, and of the integrity there so demanded the usual discipline of the so-called media; and this reminds them too that Robert Kennedy is the only one who can now provide another Lincoln, somebody to make all the men and daughters of America feel protective and wise, likely and blue.

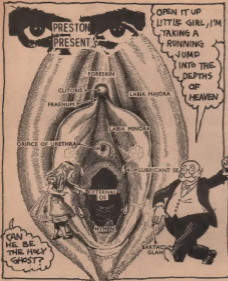
Only Robert. And this Robert sees every possible man, now, at the right time, while the people are bristling for more. Blister in heat: postage the net glow of wet dreams.

Johnson's personality, his imposing presence, the hanging importance of his social class, remind many blacks of the lost-legend, starting apply white rackets who kill to replace love with leadership, who are so closed in the flesh their transcendent souls and they must draw blood from the defences, yet see women who love the taste of blood but refuse the act of dying.

And this is unfortunate for the President, for he is not the smiling, Southern, and, it is white fact, no different from Kennedy in this field, and has been better so many times if one wishes to remember the part before John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the first and real King who though dead lives in everybody's belly better than a parasite saint.

But blacks happen to prefer Robert

(Continued on Page 18)



# THE FANTOM FETUS



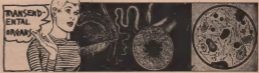
CONCERNING THIS PLAGUE OF PREGNANCIES IF YOU REJECT THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION THEORY YOU MIGHT CONSIDER

CURIOSER AND CURIOSER T'IS A WARM + HOMELY PLACE I LOOK FORWARD TO MY RE-BIRTH WITH SOME MISGIVINGS. IF THEY GIVE ME A TELEPHONE I MIGHT STAY HERE FOR EVER.

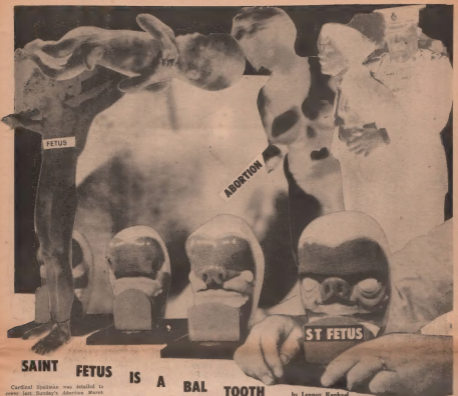


DEVIATE TENDENCIES IN THE LIFE FORCE - OR BOBBY KENNEDY RUNNING AMOK - OR THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SECRET AGENTS OF THE INTER-GALACTIC SPEARM BANK BUT I SWEAR TO YOU THAT BEYOND CREATING THIS SITUATION I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT LOVE  
DICK XXX

HELP! I'M A PRISONER IN A WAIST-WATCH



"IS THERE NO END TO THIS TRAGEDY?"



# SAINT FETUS

# IS A BAL TOOTH

by Leonor Raphael

Cardinal Spellman was detailed to cover last Sunday's Abortion March on St. Patrick's Cathedral, America's Pentagon of God.

The Cardinal had been up all night, fasting and had a good time. He was high, had smoked several cigars, and had swallowed a vitamin B, and felt good, but couldn't sleep through he wanted and therefore beat his head to ease off to two bottles at ten when he must set out for the March.

It was raining. The Cardinal cursed the rain. Wet socks, Tasse Squares the wind and black umbrellas, the Cardinal wanted a good story, wanted Bill Baird, fetus advocate, to do something frank; live abortion or church story fetus blessed with holy water blood on the steps to heaven or hell, or something else.

Reluctant drinks slogs. The Cardinal's makeup was melting. Two Squares at noon he looked at those men and women in the rain waiting to march those puppy blues. Misbehavior is a choice your women should make for Arnold, legions abortion. Bill Baird. And four beautiful girls.

Who is Bill Baird? Bill Baird is the Founder Director of Parents' Aid Society, the nation's first militant aggressive dealing with abortion, birth control, and drug addiction, says Bill Abortion and birth control Crusader, Bill Baird has been arrested and jailed in New York and New Jersey for teaching birth control. The Cardinal hated it. And has been responsible for making birth control legally available to all in those states. At present, Bill Baird, consultant to New York State Legislative Committee on Health and Mental Hygiene, is facing a possible 10-year prison term for disseminating birth control information in a lecture at Boston U last April to test the constitutionality of the archaic Massachusetts law.

Why an Abortion Holy? Parents' Aid Society operates the nation's only open abortion consultation service. Our patients come from all walks of life — college professors, doctors, nurses, nurses (married & single) and I beg to add you, an priest to this. The desperation those women suffer — vitriolic language, hitting needles, slams in teeth and deadly attempts at self-abortion; pitiful suicides by women awaiting death with an unwanted pregnancy; several cases suffered at the hands of quack abortionists; and over 10,000 women who die yearly at the hands of quack abortionists make it obvious that the abortion laws must be removed! PROPHYLACTICS ARE AN EVILNESS OF THE ISLAM.

And back in NY I found myself pregnant needing an abortion not having money for operations nor trust in the competence of professional abortionists decided safest thing was discover to do this myself. I was familiar with the anatomy of cunt and placement of womb first tried quinine which caused temporary deafness, my belly grew. I needed something long-tested to stick there opening the womb and push on up to dilate or contract the fetus. I bought a hotting needle metal and heat to a shave which would follow this course. I also got a chart of a woman's reproductive system from a book of tampons. I sterilized the needle by boiling it and stuck it through the womb several times in the next two weeks. I began to bleed off and on, so I felt the operation was working. Finally I was about 6 weeks along began to hemorrhage and I went first to a local hospital and asked for a specialist. I told him what I had done. He gave me lots of penicillin for an infection which had started, gave

me a lot of papers to sign, and I washed a few hours until the fetus and shell were gone. Then he took me up to the operating room and cut a SAC on me. I had to take a lot of penicillin but recovered easily. Cost me 10 cents for needle. \$100.00 for hospital and \$75.00 for the specialist. The danger of do it yourself abortions are — preventing other vital organs with the abortion tool and infection; the infection which I got in my abortion, according to the specialist, would have caused my death had I not taken the penicillin.

Bill Baird with girl, which means no abortion in the American college dictionary, a female swine that has not profaned pigs and that has not reached an evident stage of pregnancy. And why of the crusader thought of the Cardinal who was alive down here the first march. The Cardinal remembered the son of the first march, he was glad now for the rain and laughing enough to see that Bill Baird was madmaniacus to be the only one not wanting a cunt in the rain pouring down on the Captain. He pulled captain wants to be wet at noon. But the Church knew of plan to violate it on the Sabbath, and the Cop was out with a few cops to me that Baird and his horde didn't freak out on Fifth Avenue.

So many fetuses! searching. WHO IS AGAINST PILLS, POT & PINEST? "Alright," the Captain said, "change!" Sorry raining, they marched some with terror in the crowd, the Captain kept them near the work. He was always smiling. BODY POWER. The Cardinal included to the roll of the drum as Bill Baird, his wife Eve and the four kids at the head of the army.

Fuel in burn. The whizzer is passed from bottom to top. Kramer wanted to do his thing on the steps of the cathedral. She pulled the box, a fetus rested right before from a subculture to the Baird and he married to a spirited ran to the altar with it while Bishop Cooke (scheduled to be installed in the Cardinal's job on April 15) revived the custom of greeting consecration.

About midway in the exchange of greetings, Msgr. Thomas McGovern, director of the Archdiocese Bureau of Information, brought a long black cloak stamped ALONSO'S UNSTAINABLE. Bishop Cooke turned to the manignor with a gracious bow and commented, "They're got to take care of my health now." The Cardinal smiled. During the last six or seven years he had limited his official appearances in special occasions or to the warm days of spring and summer.

The Captain didn't trust Bill Baird. The Captain didn't like Mrs. Baird. And then they were legalizing before the night when LEGALIZE ABORTION facing the enemy of David Fetus. Bill Baird shuddered in the excitement. Flo Kennedy arrived in winter berrandas. Then the Captain said more. Across the street from the church was still too near to the church. The Cardinal was a Hitlerbag. So they had to move to the corner and across the street two hundred yards from the church. Flo Kennedy told the Captain he had no right to order the women 200 yards from the church, attacked him of acting in fear and outside the law, protecting the Partridge. "She's full of shit," young cop said to marcher. He didn't like the way she was being apply with the Captain. She told the

(Continued on Page 10)

After reading Alon Moorehead's "The Russian Revolution," I began a long descent into the causes and effects of chaos on the long deprived Russian people who had lived, so many years, under Czarist tyranny. I began seeking simple answers to why a revolution, such as this one, succeeded against insurmountable odds. Answers such as, "Lenin made less mistakes than his enemies," began mingling with more complex ideas. Then I began to dwell upon the personalities of Lenin, Rasputin, Trotsky, Kerevsky and finally my mind came to rest, time and time again, upon a lesser figure. Alexander Helphand, more commonly called by his pseudonym Parvus, was truly a most extraordinary individual of that era. Russian by birth, but not by temperament, Parvus had a brilliant, incisive mind with an ability for minute details and an unerring grasp of the politics of the times, such as they were. He believed, like Lenin, that the Russians must end the war with Germany at all costs, and that the ideas of the Russian revolution should be fostered upon the masses.

Although Parvus admired Lenin, Lenin disliked this man whom he had met only once; whom he knew as a compromiser, a capitalist with the misin touch, but earnest in his desires for the Bolshevik revolution; and a man who was too sophisticated for Lenin's taste and too fond of intrigue and diplomacy. Parvus, indeed, was a paradoxical character and this irked Lenin even more. Where Lenin worked with the Russian elements of the revolution, Parvus created the greatest German spy network ever to come out of World War I. He worked closely with the Germans because he felt that if the revolution was to succeed, it needed not only the spark of Lenin's genius but the financial support for its propaganda and propagation, and this found an ally (a strange one at that) which had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Parvus, who was Trotsky's partner in the 1906 Soviet in Petrograd and along with Trotsky was sent to Siberia and later escaped, had spent most of his time, until 1915, in the Balkans where he was financial adviser to the Turks whose country had now joined with Germany as an ally. On March 6th of that year, he was called to Germany to present his 18 page report "Preparations for a Political Mass Strike in Russia" before the German High Command. His many other proposals: a conference in Switzerland with the object of bringing together the Bolsheviks, the Mensheviks and other Anti-Czarist exiles; a mutiny in the Black Sea Fleet; the firing of Baku oil wells; the promotion of strikes in the mines in the Donets Basin; were the prelude of what was actually to follow. The Germans realized in Parvus a highly skilled and energetic man and immediately issued him a German passport with the right to travel freely in Germany and abroad and 2 million marks for the use of

propaganda within Russia. Parvus recruited his staff from revolutionary exiles and in June of 1915, the organization began work. A regular service of couriers was set up to smuggle weapons into Russia. Several publishing ventures were started, one called the Bell, and a spy network was already bringing in a steady flow of information from Russia. At the same time, Parvus was working at fomenting revolution within Russia, he was also making a killing in the coal market. It

What was to follow was an ironic twist of fate because as things began to worsen for the Provisional government (Kerevsky, although a brilliant man, vacillated too much between the demands of the Liberals and the conservatives), Lenin was called back to Russia, this time to foment revolution within its borders. Transportation for that eventful trip was procured by Parvus by way of a German train and was almost to prove Lenin's downfall.

He was preclaimed a traitor for he had arrived on a German train and this meant he had dealt with the enemy. Lenin would not sit still for this and he persisted in his arguments that he never dealt with the Germans. He had taken the train because it was his only means of transportation. Besides, all the Germans asked of him was that he use his influence in the release of certain German and Austrian prisoners of war. Of all the members of the Ex-Com who listened to Lenin's argument that day, only one stood up for him and that member was a collaborator of Parvus. All the Ex-Com would allow Lenin was the right to state his case in their official newspaper, Ivestiia. As insinuation was hurled upon insinuation, Lenin denied each with more and more vehemence. He discovered the fact that he had ever dealt with the Germans or a spy named Parvus after 1915 (which was only partially true) or that he had received any financial assistance from the Germans (which proved to be a totally untrue denial). As Lenin became more and more involved in controversy, he never once lost his aplomb or was swayed from his policies for a total revolution. Of course, we all know the outcome of those October days in 1917. To state again, that Lenin had won the day because his enemies had made more mistakes is only a simple answer to a complex revolution. Where they were argumentative, Lenin was active; where they were swayed, Lenin stood more firmly than ever for the end of the conflict with Germany. This was not only true of the liberals and the conservatives who ran Russia before the eventual outcome, but it was also true of Lenin's disciples — Trotsky, Stalin and others. Lenin was the only one, besides Parvus, who knew full well that Russia could only solve its internal problems once she had relieved herself of outside pressures. Possibly the turmoil that persisted before the overthrow of the Czar and after was due to a fatal flaw in the Russian psychological makeup. It

# THE HANGED MAN

by Don Katzman

seems the German U Boats were making it rather difficult for Denmark to get her coal from Britain. Parvus, immediately acting upon this, bought coal from the Germans, waited until scarcity prices prevailed, and then cashed in.

As the months went by, Parvus worked at fever pitch, exploiting the vast markets of information and money. He even helped Lenin to establish his newspaper Iskra. The Germans, of course, began to grow impatient, as things went from bad to worse in Russia; and when, in 1917, the revolution erupted, the Germans found themselves no better off than when they started. A provisional government had arisen after the overthrow of the Czar and still proclaimed that the war he continued. It was Parvus who suggested that the Provisional government be overthrown and supported Lenin and the Bolsheviks in this endeavor.

As most history books and Russian propaganda suggests, Lenin's arrival in Petrograd was received by the people with tumultuous applause. But as Lenin began to speak, both the Bolsheviks and the average citizen alike, began to perceive in him a stern and unyielding leader. The audience, especially, were upset by Lenin's one constant theme — end the war with Germany now. To live under the harsh yoke of Czarist domination was one thing, but to accept defeat and see for peace with an enemy which had killed millions of their comrades was another. The next day, as things quieted down somewhat, people began to see Lenin in terms of a much harsher reality. Who was this man who demanded the leadership of the revolution? Where was Lenin in those fierce and bitter days of the street fighting in Petrograd? And no sooner had Lenin touched his na-

ive said "that when you deal with the Russians, all hell breaks loose," but when you deal with Lenin, you deal with hell itself. Lenin prevailed. He prevailed until 1924, about six years after the revolution. He died in Gorky of a massive brain hemorrhage. He was never to see the final outcome of his task. Winston Churchill later aptly summarized the events that took place inside Russia during those years, "Their worst misfortune was his birth . . . their next worst . . . his death."

For Germany, neither Lenin's birth nor his death had less influence on the outcome of the war or the years immediately afterwards. Germany was stripped of all her financial and military power. She was to sink into the naivety of those nations which suffer defeat. Some of the same chaos which prevailed during those war years in Russia were to take root in the Post-World-

...and who's rocking establishment today?



by Allen Katzman

## JUST ASK KITTY KATZMAN

"Look what happened to him on the way to a Better Banana."

# PURE PARANOID'S ALMANAC

**THE HIPPIE PAPERS**, a selection of the best stories from the Underground newspapers, edited by Jerry Hopkins of the L.A. Free Press, is now on sale in a slight paper-back for \$1.95.

Hopkins, who has long been one of the most astute of reporters for the underground press, has done an excellent job of selecting the best material from the more than numerous publications that pile up from the so-called "underground." The book was a pleasant surprise to us, having always the perception of seeing that these ventures and in total misunderstanding of what is really happening. But Hopkins, who ran the risk of going to an "overground media" like New American Library to get the message presented on a larger scale, comes off in total control of the editorial say of what was to be finally published and represented as "underground."

I have a few choice criticisms about the book which have less to do with Hopkins' editorial skill than with the technical shortcomings of paperbacks. One of the most important aspects of underground newspapers, what people refer to as their freedom, is their very graphic display, it never was demonstrated throughout the book.

There are plenty of cartoons by Ron Cobb of the L.A. Free Press and BYO in well represented in this area but overall what attracts readers at a first glance to absorb this new and strange material is the notable difference of presentation from the regular run-of-the-mill newspaper style. In the final analysis though, Hopkins has done the underground press a good turn by putting more emphasis on writing skill and technique and showing more and for all that the underground press can more than deliver the goods but also sit the style in newspaper journalism in the years to come.

One other criticism I have, and which I think I can live without probably, is in Hopkins' homage to the Village Voice in his introduction. It is true that the L.A. Free Press is modeled after the Village Voice but this is not true of the majority of underground newspapers. Where Hopkins states that: "Twelve years ago there was one and one underground newspaper, The Village Voice, and this Group and Village weekly remained the single regularly published newspaper of dissent for nearly a decade," he is overstating the case for the advent of underground newspapers. The Voice in its first two years of disaster had more than \$50,000, an enormous amount for any newspaper on any underground, and after Norman Mailer had left after the first two pages of publication it was already a business venture with the success, as Leland Jones was to put it, "probably more than a dozen" of them. **David T. Jones**, **John**

enriched by merely scanning through a collection of the first two years of the Voice's existence. (An inheritance I received from John Wilcock and the only one that was of any value to BYO.) The Voice already had a policy, as long as ten years ago, to apologize for its "single regularly published newspaper of dissent" by announcing views other than their own which is not a characteristic of "underground." If the underground newspapers were to be feasible oriented, they were seen to that and more of a reaction against a dangerous liberalizing to satisfy everyone of what might be termed "serious business cases." They were not set to modify, with a liberalizing of hands, a possible had someone from a larger based audience. (Grandma, what big eyes you have!) Also the fact that there are underground newspapers is due less to a bad reaction to the Voice, which is just a bastardized version of the establishment, than to the establishment press itself.

**THE HIPPIE PAPERS**, for many a best, will be an important style guide for future generations of underground throwers to deconstruct, digest and destroy.

**THE HIPPIE PAPERS**, for many a best, will be an important style guide for future generations of underground throwers to deconstruct, digest and destroy.



I have officially taken over the coordination of the Underground Press Syndicate and will try to get it shipshape by June. Do not accept substitutes.

Part of the National Guardian staff has threatened to quit if the Guardian publishes John Lester's column praising the Yippie convention in Chicago this summer.

It seems the Guardian was hesitant to take a stand for Yippie because they felt it wasn't serious in intent and didn't include any recognized black coalition. Now here comes along Lester, the only Negro on the staff, who is for it and helps in the process.

Youth International Party will hold a Yippie Spring Meeting Service in New York's Grand Central Station beginning at midnight Friday, March 23.

The event will provide an opportunity for Yippies in the New York area to get acquainted with each another before participating in a series of speaking and protest activities which will culminate in the nationwide Festival of Life in Chicago during the Democratic-National Convention.

The Yip's will also celebrate the spring equinox. Sometimes before dawn, the Yippies will move from Grand Central to the Empty Meadow in Central Park to play up the sun.

Among suggested supplies for the occasion are milk, flowers, balloons, beads, incense, garlands, FM radios (tuned to WFLB), yellow, black, white, and food. For further info: (212) 969-2490.

There will also be a Ring Yippie for the Festival of Life in Chicago which will take place at the Electric Circus, St. Mark's Place between 2nd & 3rd Ave., on March 26-27-28.

Commitmentees to perform are in Don, Jack Collins, Phil Ochs, the Black Priests, Mothers of Invention, Blood Sweat and Tears, Paul Kravits, Bob Foss, The Leary, Jimmy Coller, Steve Forster, and Rev. Al Sharpton, and special surprise guests. Captured Soulage from C.S.R. will be shown in addition to the usual shows acts. Costumes are encouraged and many will be given out.

Advance tickets for \$2.00, or sponsor tickets for all three nights, \$10 are available at all Grand Central, the Electric Circus and the Yippie Office 72 Union Sq. East.

The following are excerpts from the speech Art Klags, Chief Bio-Hon of the Neo-American Church which was held at the sacrament:

(1) Principle is stresslessness regarding the ingestion of the psychedelic sacraments have no bearing on the sacred character of the experience.

In order to drive this lesson home to those who would insist on our including the dreary vestments of the Christians in this regard, I have decided to

conduct our Spring festival psychic sacrament service as follows:

Thirteen virgins will be given psychic sessions on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, D.C.

Volunteers are needed. Girls who have never before taken a major psychedelic are urged to come forward. Since the first church is located near the site hole, it is only appropriate and logical to begin the first rite at this site.

Further, it is in the best tradition of the well-known American custom of the "spicing chazing" or "spicing lesson" and is intended to illustrate once more the genuine religious character of The Neo-American Church as distinguished from the helter-skelter orientation of such entities as the League for Spiritual Discovery.

(2) The Neo-American Church Headquarters will be moved from Millbrook to one of several new sites which are under construction, the exact being to be made on the 15th of April, 1967, by a Sunday U.S. officer of Germany who wishes to offer the victims of religious persecution in the U.S. assistance and sanctuary until the satisfactory rate of Lyndon Johnson is overthrown.

Three black monks from Orangeburg, S.C. will give sacrament accounts of the shaming there of three black students last month, at a protest and successful meeting on Sunday, March 11 at 2:30 P. M. at the Hotel Diplomat, 108 West 43rd St.

The sacrament reports will be given by Wayne Clinton, co-chairman of the statewide Black Awareness Coordinating Committee, and a student at North Carolina in Orangeburg, Robert (Red) Davis, an S. C. State student, and football player who was shot in the back during the incident, and Sandy Sellers, whose husband Cleveland Sellers was shot in the arm and arrested. Other operators will be Markie Red, Nelson Watts, of the Center for the Study of Interfaith Relations, at Lincoln 12 in Pennsylvania, Norma Ducker, Coordinator of the Fifth Ave. Vietnam Veterans of the National Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union, Mrs.

Continued on Page 21

### MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

ARTHUR J. KLAGS, CHIEF BIO HON, 300 MILLBROOK, NEW YORK

Members of The Neo-American Church subscribe to the following principles:

(1) Everyone has the right to transcend his consciousness and attain ultimate reality experience by whatever means he considers desirable and proper, without knowledge from anyone.

(2) The prohibitive doctrines, such as LSD, are the Holy Host of the Church, no drug.

(3) We do not encourage the ingestion of psychedelics by those who are unprepared.

If you agree with these principles, and wish to join the Church, fill out the following form, and return it to: Arthur J. Klags, 300 Millbrook, New York 10516.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_

BIRTHDATE \_\_\_\_\_ WANT TO BE A BROTHER \_\_\_\_\_



## SARA & FUMI WE LOVE YOU

DICK PRESTON

The first piece of banana cream pie is like a journey into the unknown — you wonder from which planet the ingredients for this recipe were gathered.

Later, you try it again — filled with the hope that once more you will be able to repeat that delicious and forbidden experience. Unfortunately, while it tastes okay, its delectable edge seems a little dulled. You blame your palate . . . you think maybe it's a little tired.

**Retail reaction to LBJ's Riot Panel report runs the gamut** — Some of the financing proposals are "rather staggering" says Broadway-Hale's Edward Carter who doubts current Washington climate favors such heavy spending . . .

The third time you taste it, it's absolutely revolting. But the weird thing is that it tastes exactly the same as it did the first time. EX-ACTLY.

Suddenly you realize that so does everything that is pre-cooked and packaged. The taste never varies. The recipe is repeatable for eternity and the exactitude in measuring the ingredients is perfect down to the last pinch of flour. Everything is constant — like cars out of Detroit — like politician's clichés.

It's cheaper that way. More economical. Save while you waste — motto for the day — today.

Of course, you can't make everything exactly the same, so someone trips a switch and changes

**So what's nude? This time it's Romeo and Juliet** in the posters billing the London premiere of the Zeffirelli film — but for the command performance where they'll meet the Queen, Olivia Hussey will wear an apricot zibeline dress with train the color of the pie. But it still tastes the same.

And so over and over again the same phoney pie — the same phoney streamlining — the same phoney promises.

Trapped as in the grey-green walls of a public service labyrinth.

**SCREAM YELL — STUMBLE.**

Some people, they tell me, actually freak out. And there was a time when the fashions in Klein's were only weeks older than the original Dior design. That's Democracy — everybody gets to wear the same style of clothes — and to hell with you if you don't.

But there were some of us (let's call them the creative rebels), sickened with amnesia, who began making their own pies and designing and making their own clothes.

Among the pioneers of exotic clothing are designers Sara Penn, Fumi Schmidt and Olive Wong of the Knobkerry on Seventh Street and now the New Knobkerry at 26 St. Mark's Place.

**Control of Frank R. Jell-ff, Inc.** sold by Mrs. Jelleff "Because I'm just tired of it."

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A few years ago we secretly coveted exotic, ethnic and antique clothing. Now we are making our fantasies real.

but hippies are ok," says Tom Hoiving's daughter, as she discusses her favorite clothes ("Pants, but mother made me stop wearing them"), the problems of shopping, and her career plans.

You feel like an Indian Princess? Be one, baby . . . all it takes is clothes.

I can't pass as an authority on either women or the things they wear, but anything that makes a beautiful thing more beautiful, and emphasizes its individuality—triggers my jaded eye. Seeing the models at the Knobkerry I thought so much about the clothes as I did the girls inside them and that's not generally the way I see women.

Now that I've seen God I can kick the banana cream pie habit and go back to girls again.

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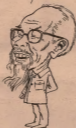
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by Leonex Raphael

How does it look from here? Freedom always with hypocrisy, and politics is the leading snare.

Savemy Devil didn't make it, Allen Ginsberg covered LeBlau Jones, and Norman Mailer was there with blood-shot eyes. Everyone wanted for instant Drafts.

LaBogue Bay danced, Africa is fantastic, he leaped into their veins with agon and eyes, shedding on the wall to drums, karate yee, WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT? 30 minutes of it, or less.

Dain Daina, MC "... all artists in general need LeBlau Jones in particular ... African dance for pleasure but sometimes mean war."

Telegrams from Savemy, showed in Ontario with Saddle Bay. But there were some who felt he should have been there, that Paddy Chayevsky, Donna Warwick and James Baldwin topped out.

It was a good audience, more whites, applauded everything. EVEN THE EVIL THAT LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF US! Applauded Dick Darry, only white occasion to go to the Apollo in Harlem and come out alive, said Chae Davis they were very respectful, kept calling him Mr. Charlie. LOVE ME OR LYNCH ME, so many black soldiers Vietnam looks like part of Africa, I'd remind of Mr. Akeon. Nixon it so high doesn't even know he's dead, Mase was high in the sky returned with talent. You heard of Bush Isaac, remember, so best he's coming this from the newspaper. New Sheriff in color, waiting high black Sun boots the greatly with two restaurants, he's in a hurry, the Sheriff waits with the bartender, the man on the bear is big, 10-foot walks from the wall orders three butties drinks than down. When the Sheriff, one of those liberalists, offers to buy him a bottle of two, "No, said the man, I've got to leave before black Sam gets here!" Lee Gessah.

Arnold Weinstein of Yale suspicious of the boxer man here who read & gave for the freedom of Russian writers, but ignore the predicament of black writers in this country. Everybody wants to help the Greeks.

Weinstein was here in Harlem, the stores were full of books, tape, recordings, feet, and heads, but the man's downtown. He returned to Harlem last week. Nothing changed. Not the Village, where white mob chased James Baldwin and he 12 years ago. "With all our pretensions of guilt, was culpe was culpa becomes man cogite."

Arthur Golding awarded Russian writers at the last week. "To use the myself, elevated to give process of law, a trial is greedy to be preferred to a summary execution. But a trial for the crime of writing a literary work is not due process to an retrospective attempt to give the form of legality to the expression of a basic right."

And Mr. Nonesuchly said, "People are conducting experiments." And a Moscow paper awarded Voice of America of advice on LeBlau (jotted for passing blacks to take who you want from whites, over their lives, the Congo's doing it 13000 miles away. Freedom suits).

"In view of the vindictiveness toward Mr. Jones," Igor Stravinsky added, "it is beginning to look as though we may have some Dostoev and Tolstoyevs of our own."

Obviously it was a benefit for writers in trouble, but primarily, it was LeBlau's Ronald Lee Fabian, literary agent, Coordinating Chairman, Savemy Devil, chairman of sponsoring committee, who got up the initial money, and you want to know that on Tuesday and stayed to see Orkust Wednesday morning between you were called upon to show where you stood on LeBlau. In the back-lash of a benefit?

"We were there early, we waited, rain outside, Allen Ginsberg advises to LeBlau. Allen read (at 11:12) poem written in Sibir of acid via "was missing in class of ... angels on light bulbs," but wanted to read a dream of LeBlau, February 23, they lay ahead to chant in protective sweet, LeBlau's husband was admirable. But he didn't. He held LeBlau's father about the dream. Very very dream. Allen felt that LeBlau was trying to protect him.

"My wife Margie told me not to stand here and talk all night," and Heroff read 2 pages double-spaced, introduction came in America.

Then Norman Mailer said LeBlau wrote best recent play in America. Dutchman. "Who is man, why are we here, will we survive?" Thank you."

Lee Chondor sings, Fabia's effective talk of color slides. One on the curtains, riot scenes. Wain, Detroit, Selma, police rioting, blood, the riotous love twisted.

Then LeBlau's reparatory Spirit Players doing Fabia's HOME ON THE RANGE. "It's getting late. Yes, there's a strange wind blowing in America," voices behind curtain, "... eyes gouged out ... we're tired of being sick and tired ... black madonnas." 12:18 a.m. drums, four in white masks, could be the Johnsons, black comes in with gun, "WHAT KIND OF SHIT IS THIS?", shows their tv, "hey you people, wake to fuck up ... I mean Jesus/Christ, damn!" roared started to people talking nonsense, applause, then the audience came out singing DO THE KARATE in rock, dancing with white masks, dances, assaults, shouts of military, "MOTHERFUCKERS!" --applause.

Allen Ginsberg liked the play, felt it was the only saying (leaving) piece of the night. He saw LeBlau's wife and bid her for the first time. Then, after the show, he conversed further.

"Very poetic play."

"Thank so!" LeBlau said.

"Yes." He touched her on the head and said, "Take care of yourself." And on the way home he reminisced about knowing her for a decade. So who wrote him first time Paris 1958 on mime paper, he replied on same.

Dick Darry had the same for dead-druff, take one piece, color it black, replace it, and the whites will flee. He asked the audience to remember him kindly to the future.

"MAYBE I'D GET TO BE RALPH BUNCHE'S SLAVE INSTEAD OF ERIC JONES."

So it came off all, despite of death-ly, in the face of the audience. Remember.

# THE NINTH VIRTUE

by Dick Preston



Recently CBS announced that it was making a film on eight different Virtues in American life. According to CBS these virtues are Faith, Gas erosity, Hope, Charity, Justice, Righteousness, Patience and Fortitude.

Paul Krassner will be writing "Patience," Terry Southern "Justice" and Jack Gelber "Hope."

It is reported to me that at the meeting at which this film was conceived, one of the idea men suggested Truth as one of the cardinal American virtues. "Are you out of your mind," spluttered the big wheel, "who ever heard of Truth on television?"

Alas, poor Truth . . . always the first casualty. So, since you won't be seeing it on TV, here's a sketch of what might have been

★ ★ ★

An employment office.

INTERVIEWER. . . . the job requires initiative, imagination and ambition . . . it's for men who want to get to the top. The salary is quite extraordinary. You have a BA of course?

WORKER. Of course.

INTERVIEWER. The job's yours . . . if you feel equal to the challenges?

WORKER. (Bright eyed and with great enthusiasm.) Yes, yes . . . I'll take it.

An office.

WORKER. (Doll eyed, seated before a filing cabinet.) THINKS. Christ, this job is driving me out of my fuckin' mind. If only I didn't have a wife and kids . . . (A mini-skirted secretary walks by.) Hey baby — you look good enough to eat.

SECRETARY. Oh, you say the most terrible things.

WORKER. What say we get together sometimes.

SECRETARY THINKS. What a creep . . . but if he's a tongue artist, maybe I can take it for a while. Well, maybe . . . sometimes.

The sad little horse of the worker.

WIFE. You look tired. How's the job going?

WORKER. Oh, great. There's a real future for me there.

WIFE. You still love me?

WORKER. Just as much as ever. THINKS. I can hardly touch her . . . let alone love her.

WIFE. THINKS. If he fucked me half as well as the super does, that would be something. Lets watch TV.

TV. (The President) . . . I want peace more than any other man . . . WIFE. Change the channel, dear.

TV. (Newsfilm) . . . our bombers flew a record number of missions and dropped a record number of bombs.

WIFE. Change the channel, dear TV. (Announcer) Get Cornflakes . . . It works!

WIFE. Change the channel, dear TV. (Scientist) . . . and the claim that the cigarette is a lethal weapon is entirely without scientific foundation.

WIFE. Lets go to bed.

Morsing.

WIFE. Think you could spare some money for the housekeeping?

WORKER. (Slipping her \$5) I look after it . . . that's all we've got left the end of the week. THINKS. Good job I put that extra \$10 in my other pocket.

WIFE. Thank you, dear THINKS. Mean bastard.

Outside the house. He waves at the negro family who are moving in next door.

WORKER THINKS. Sive. Gotta get out of this neighborhood. It's going to the dogs.

Back at the office.

FLUNKY. Hey — the boss wants to see you.

BOSS. Well . . . I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go at the end of this week. We're cutting down on staff. Nothing personal, y'know.

WORKER. But you told me there was a future for me here.

BOSS. Things have changed.

WORKER. . . . that I'd be at the top it no time . . .

BOSS. Take it easy. You'll get another job. THINKS. What a naive nut.

WORKER. that I'd be super-ambitious.

BOSS. Get out of here at once.

WORKER. You lied to me . . .

(He beats out the boss's brains with a plastic paper weight.)

In court

JUDGE. . . . and never in my 50 years on this bench have I witnessed a crime so monstrous, so wanton, so premeditated, so without any moral justification as that which the accused as perpetrated.

I sentence him to be hung, drawn and quartered and his remains sold to the Swift Meat Packaging company to defray the expenses of this trial.

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# pit brook

by Jules Freedman

When Big Brother was playing the second, sold-out set of the Filmore East's first show last Friday, some very excited kid shouted into the stage and walked over to stand by James Curley's shoulder. Very cool. Big Brother's road manager walked over to the kid, told him gaily and took him over to the side. . . . telling him that everything was cool and he could sit down. If he wanted to, right in the first row and in the show.

What would have been a bad scene with an uptight stage manager talking for cops to tug the kid off, was instead an illustration of the difference between the East and the West Coast rock scenes in California. The audience are mostly friends. . . . seem all parties, rapped to in backdrops and record stores, as noticeable as the performers. In New York, the audience is a group of faceless, nameless consumers — to be sold whatever is available wherever it's in town.

Yeah, there's a jazz scene here, especially an avant-garde jazz scene. Everybody knows each other and helps each other out with gigs, studio jobs, getting instruments out of back. People take their friends to Slugs to see Archie Shepp, sayin' "dig, you've got to see the new band, man, they're out of sight." But it's a very small scene and, unfortunately, a very hungry one.

The only money in music now is in pop music. Some New York avant-garde jazz people—people like Jeremy Slag and Jim Pepper—are moving their own kind of rock here, but the parties scream it isn't jazz and stop listening, while the kids blink their eyes and don't even start. . . . afraid of it, they, you know, want rooms coming out of snatched mattresses.

To think at all about a New York rock scene is to realize that there is simply no such animal. If a groove scene involves a group of downtown local musicians and their friends, open and extended statements, and friendly places to play and listen to the music, then there isn't nothing going down here, baby — nothing at all.

So that for many of us, the New York pop scene is Steve Nard and Bob Foss on WBAI WHEW after 10 a.m., a photo rap and some records, a little mail (news) and an occasional concert. If you're a musician here, you have to cope with the constant pressure of stars and big names in town to record getting at the pits. If you're a club owner, you have to face the fact that audiences will say big money only to hear the big names—and in New York, a club needs big money to keep going. And if you're the audience, well, what you're in the center of the American cultural swamp and are going to get the best, right? Either you have to get crushed by two thousand people to do it.

Silly, there are no clubs like Slugs catering to rock and blues in the area. Local musicians like the Youngbloods seek up and split for sunny California. And this week the lots lay out five bucks for Jim Hendrix. . . . next week they get another five to see the Cream. The rock about to put down the heaves in the business. It's a groove to be able to see Big Brother and Jane Jagan, Albert King and Tim Buckley on the same show. The Filmore last Friday was beautiful — a fantastic show by fantastic musicians. But there is no Filmore on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday. I'm down on the sad fact that there is no opportunity for groups like Big Brother to begin and develop in New York. No place for them to play regularly where they make it, and no place for us to hear them play. "New York is a nice place to record in, but I wouldn't want to play here."

You can still go to places in San Francisco and Chicago where it's possible to hear local groups playing good rock and good blues—groups that the heavy's ride it yet but which are still growing, still developing—groups that will play for years in a club that isn't out to make a fortune. But the whole New York scene is all money, baby, MONEY. And too many groups and club owners here are out to "steal it . . . not to make music."

I'd like to say that things are getting better, that something good is going to happen here by the summer. John Moore of the Filmore East is talking about ripping out the ground floor seats and using the place as a dance hall like the West Coast club that zoning and licensing laws will prevent here. The city is in many ways hostile to the idea, and the whole scheme may prove to be impossible.

People smoking during the show while four fire inspectors stood by opening night prompted Monia to say: "If the people we're trying to do this for act like this, we're just going to have to pack up and go elsewhere." But New Yorkers know they're serving themselves — after all, they're worth the \$25,000 that is being put into the Filmore here to turn it into the biggest draw on the East coast. Maybe they're worth all the graft that would be necessary to keep the place running despite zoning and the violations.

Invited acts plans for the Filmore East are for more concerts in the three, four and five dollar range. Opening the East and West of the month are the Doors. The Yardbirds have been signed for the 29th and 30th. And the Mims will play April 29th and 30th.

Another new club, Generation, will open April 2nd in the old, 200 seat Village Bar on West 8th Street. The first show will feature Big Brother and B. B. King. With three shows on weekends and two on week nights, the club will offer what owner Barry Insuff believes to be "the best sound in New York." At a \$3.75 admission price and with a cash drink minimum, I should think so.

Meanwhile, the Electric Circus continues to pack 'em in for the clean acts and more stuff and what is, undoubtedly, the most notorious light show east of the Mississippi. To book stars into a place that holds less than a thousand people in New York is to court bankruptcy. But to charge a \$4.50 door for unknown talent is something else again. With the Piazza closing in this weekend, maybe the Circus can begin to justify its gate.

Howard Sobotan of the Cafe Au Go Go is still trying harder. When Albert King's drummer was arrested before the Filmore show, Sobotan rearranged the Electric Pig's schedule so that drummer Buddy Miles would make all of the first set and later, and all of the second, play in with King. The Electric Pig will then draw a packed house of the Au Go Go and will be there through this weekend, followed by Jim Kweskin's Jug Band.

Eric Burdon will play this Saturday at the Anderson Theatre; shows are at 8 and 11 p.m. Hunter College will run the Vanilla Fudge Saturday night at 8 and 10:30 p.m. The Soft Machine is featured in English group that has been appearing with Jimi Hendrix will be at the Scene through Sunday. The Group Image has apparently scrapped the plans for their Wednesday evening rock show at the Hotel Diplomat on West 43rd street, and will find out. . . . the shows are very low and very relaxed, with some fine lights and rock groups.

The Saturday, United At Albar Khan will give a special benefit for the Al Albar College of Music at the Washington







(Continued from Page 12)

## malboro

Kennedy became he is goodlooking and seems to have what his brother had. It and successfully defends his case too. It and is someone with style, and they feel he is someone who has suffered and has been made more vulnerable in the suffering to be now of their brother's while, but they don't mind laughing with him, and they think he's young enough to be confident of sufficient time to correct his mistakes, and then he has their wife. He knows that he knows this, and like everyone else, they mark time to his already determined assassination the boys.

In politics, you tell the book by its cover.

In pursuit of the national pastime of labeling, "let him be white and nice, if he is determined to be white."

Yes, the President, the one who is so solemn, is a wise lay, a too wise one perhaps, and he should know that the people don't really care for his esteem of Hawaii cover Linda Hamilton's face.

Peace is not popular on television. But he continues to receive Peace, and will not turn on to something new, or anything new, and everything was he had and already tried, and he forgets that while old lessons may know the courses they always shed themselves.

He is a man of the past, because of the past created by the past and disoriented to the fact that one can only be a Boy Scout once in a lifetime.

Robert Kennedy, too, has never stopped being a Boy Scout, but is saved by being the most excellent Scout around.

But he is ambitious enough to fear the sure meanings of his fate. And, as his levers say, he is reading Caesar, never seeking to define the profundities of his rebellion, always identifying its falseness, for this is what he is, in a Kennedy way, a rebel, and the secret voice of his rebellion is power. POWER. And he is drunk in his silence with the dream of his book like a sure laser, but will not see what he has his son to reduce temporary defeat.

But he wants Power, and he is now using, to push it, what his brother used, what Nixon didn't have, what Johnson pretends not to want simply because he doesn't have it, and Robert knows that virtually everything is going for him in a groping and narrow America writhed by the sleepless nights of fulfillment, so he fights in his face as he appears only, always in command of his gaze, never nervous, as though detached from his audience and undisturbed by his dream-prosperity of change and renewal, forevermore of the absolute however, prophet of the liberated masses.

All hail to the Prophet of 6.

It would probably be different if Johnson had been more President in 1960; he might have passed for real worth then; but it is too late now. The people have been spoiled by the style, real or assumed, of John Fitzgerald Kennedy; they have gulped in the dreams of royalty, vigorous, swinging, epileptic reality; and they want more of it, are greedy for it, want it to spill over their lips and seal futures.

They want to go down in public. The world no more can be without tension; and beauty is needed to placate this tense man-trover; to dem this upstart about in this land and every other where people are in search of gods and distraction. Where people fear discovery of themselves, Johnson's being in the way is only coincidence. Vice President Humphrey would have been no better.

The people despise the presence of a King who can infuse them with success, love, daring and relaxed sophistication. They love him on pay-TV. Something between our high heresy.

Advertisements have spent years telling Americans to demand their money's worth. Give & Receive. Give. Receive. And now that the morning is over the ghetto because powerful and dangerous evil persons in high offices; now fresh from the sexual repression and

indifference which followed the Suiet's violent death they thrust out for their girl's worth; and they will have it if they say they think they must, that this one last shot in the late will make them powerful. And the people are excited and eager enough to be coming.

They would love a Convention fight by Robert Kennedy to grab the nomination from the President as Chicago; and they'd love it the more (maybe the very reason they are loving) because, like all important visual trips to sexual satisfaction, it would be on TV, in Time, Dick and Harry's bedrooms, with the women sitting in.

Chief, how they want this public crucifixion.

And they want Robert to do this because they respect his cunning, and know that he is ruthless and beautiful enough to gamble and win (middle-age youth on the wags of the past).

The Madras Beloved in search of a spectacle.

A love affair is centered by impossible secrets. The conspirators are aware of what leads them to the conspiracy, what causes them to work out their fear and ambition. And all is geared to sweet fulfillment of the conspiracy, knowing well in advance that one must be prepared to demolish themselves. The Johnsons are dancing from the Glorious Time of the Gift Outright, even as envisaged by the aged Fresh-law.

It makes the prophet in us all promise  
The glory of a man Augustan age  
Of power leading from its  
strength and pride,  
Of young ambition eager to  
be tried,  
Firm in our free beliefs without  
dismay.

Is any game the nation wants

to play  
A golden age of poetry and power  
Of which this country's the  
beginning hour

So Johnson is seen as having somewhere on the way to lead betrayed the promise of that morning, of having desecrated the high mood of "renewed and change" and of having deflated the courage that was "in the air in hearing whiffs" and, in short, of taking too much from the country (hence weakening it) and sapping the strength of the New Frontier (Dex) with bad dreams of a Great Society as a showpiece of scheming love.

I have not several years of LSD who believed that Robert Kennedy has been so used or more true "and will win anytime because his mind is now open."

This effort to involve a straight public figure in a controversy frowned on by Square may be nothing but the courting of social and political respectability. But it goes further, I think, and reveals in this busy lot of reformer radicals for the apple, a willingness to be subject to another New Order, an agreement to be deluged, to escape from Father Johnson; and they are emboldened on righting an outrageous interference with fantasy, feeling themselves less a search for absolute standards, this voluntary pursuit of the Elusive.

They thirst for political recognition of this sexual chase; and they have never hoped to receive it from Johnson, primary keeper of their Augustan mansion, for they know that his every thrust leads back to the mark. Love to the safe side.

Ricky Kennedy has great spending power of the Check.

"Oh, he just smelt of sex," a respectable housewife revealed casually, as

though this sexy scent is the most welcome truth of his style. The same housewife who thinks his brother should have been preserved in ice for posterity and so, until that day when he can be reform in science.

Why, he was so an smart and young, so very young, in la la la la.

And her husband agreed.

"I can't take Lyndon," he said. "He just doesn't have it."

What?

"What Jack Kennedy had?"

What is?

"The power to make one feel young to be alive."

Johnson, he said, leaves him indifferent to himself.

And this is what he hates: anything that leads him away from himself, without the price of a satisfactory reflection. But he doesn't trust Bobby.

"That cat competes."

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

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## fetus

Continued from Page 12  
hardened to resist, he arrested, de-moralizing humor and bloody, but they moved.

Bill Baird complained. Stinging coverage from media. After all he did for love of them, abortion refused, would you love your stone to carry a rolling daughter? The Cardinal sent his notes: snapping St. Patrick's 100-foot fetus appliances, how many people die from illegal abortions each day. "We're not going to be intimidated anymore," her legs outstretched. "We are women, laugh, and we must stand up, up to the man and fight." To Green Atkinson (NOW), "try not to step in every puddle." Saturday, April 27, March down 5th Avenue & Broadway Rally, Sheep Meadow Protest To End The WAR in Vietnam clip and read to, the Cardinal looked everywhere.

Some notes were relating. He feared the small of rain as he worked. Phoenix sisters of Queens' College said there were abortion rings on the main gun, which funds said Bill Baird who wants the Catholic Church to stop lobbying so successfully against "gained abortion" in a Protestant school.

Zuel Kravner (who pays the Parents' Aid Society rent) did not produce the fetus. Said he had his first abortion five years ago and everyone laughed.

"I hope he doesn't use a bad word today," a little girl said. Suppose Mary had found an abortionist he thought there would have been no one to die for her sin. She made him laugh. He hated people like Kravner, the girls were okay, not so much.

### LEGAL ABORTION LAWS

(1) When properly performed, abortion before 12 weeks of pregnancy is safer than giving birth. (2) No contraceptive is perfect. Hundreds of thousands of pregnancies occur every year even when the best contraceptives are used. (3) Abortion laws discriminate against the poor. Wealthy women can always get abortions, even if they have to fly to Monte Carlo. (4) Conscientious doctors want abortion laws repealed. They believe every woman has a right to good medical care. (5) Abortion, per se, causes no psychological damage. (6) Every child has a right to be born wanted. For emotional and physical well-being, an infant must receive warm, loving care. Forcing a woman to produce a child when she is unable or unwilling to care for it properly is cruel and damaging to the child. (7) Loving husbands do not want their lives to be lived anxiously and reluctantly. And if it happens more than once they turn down to the corner. Voluntary parenthood is essential to marital happiness. (8) Abortion reduces stills and solves the problems created by the present laws. Only a small fraction of women seek abortions for medical reasons, rape or incest. Criminal abortions will be eliminated only when any woman who wants an abortion can get it from a qualified physician. (9) Abortion laws violate freedom of religion. Forty of many faiths have spoken in favor of abortion law repeal. (10) Abortion is respect (relative abortion) is not coercive. It permits freedom of choice, a cherished American principle.

And my cousin didn't know what to make of it, she wanted my cousin to help her, my cousin was so embarrassed. A man. She had been hounded up by the physical reality of Christ. The look of the habit at my cousin's place, and she wore a gown down to the shoulders. She got out. Five hours later she got on the habit and adjusted her cross. Christ lived for us. Her eyes are so beautiful that's how.

The Cardinal learned, went quickly and did not even to replace the search in his fortress a second time. Making your abortion is one thing. Your face is something else.

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## pp's

(Continued from Page 17)

Thelma Brown, mother of SMOOD chairman H. Ray Brown, is coming to the meeting from New Orleans to bring greetings from her son.

The Black Panther Party, most guard of California, has officially joined up with the Revolution. The issue has won and everything is coming together.

Cathartide is made from Cathartide Acid which is gotten from a South American beetle called Cathartides or Blister Beetle. It is also known as Spanish Fly. It is not a true aphrodisiac in that it stimulates desire. What it does is to dry out the large beds of mucous membranes that are in the penis and vagina. The drying out irritates the nerves and this irritation is interpreted by the brain as sexual stimulation. Cathartide Acid produces, in large amounts, the same effects as doing math for six months. Its very large dose is fatal. It is no longer available in prescription form being taken off the market a couple of years ago. It can be found though as a derivative in other forms of prescription drugs.

Since we know what speed kills, it is safe to say, "Spanish Fly Kills." It was even brewed upon by such an author as Kierke as Ovid, the great latin poet who wrote The Art of Love. Ovid felt the use of Cathartide to seduce women was cheating and spoke up against it. I can do no less. One night of love is not worth the fatality. And if my advice is sound, this Ovid I must request, dear reader, when you die due to natural and happy causes after a long life, inscribe these words on your tombstone, "Eatman taught me!"

\*\*\*\*\*

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## pp's

Edgar Cayce, the famous prophet and man who died in 1855 and by the way was re-phony, had predicted on June 29, 1949 that Atlantis, that so called mythical island which disappeared due to volcanic eruptions as reported by Plato, would re-emerge in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean in 1990 or 93. His predictions on such matters have been published by Hawthorn Books titled Edgar Cayce on Atlantis.

I have a great interest in Cayce's predictions because a number of his "dream" statements have since been substantiated. For example: In a reading given in 1928 when the age of man was measured in the thousands, Cayce claimed that man has been on the earth for as long as ten million years. On August 18, 1935, The New York Times reported:

"Discovery of Italian Skeleton Suggests a More Advanced Human Ancestry."

The age of the skeleton was judged by archaeologists and geologists to be two million years, and its structure was definitely human.

On another occasion Cayce claimed Atlantis was destroyed by volcanic upheaval in about 16,000 B.C. and that its rediscovery will be marked by similar disturbances. "South America will be shaken from the apparent surface to the end and in the Antarctic off Terra del Fuego, land and a straight of gushing waters." (1934). In the Norfolk Star Ledger of December 7, 1967, this report was filed:

"Argentine navy helicopters lifted in Argentine researchers from the Antarctic island of Deception . . . and exhibiting, holding was from the eruption of an old volcano . . . No volcanic

eruptions had been reported for more than 150 years on the eight-mile long island, 100 miles below the southern tip of South America."

In a reading given in 1932, Cayce indicated that the beginning of the earth changes would be noticed by the rising and sinking of land in the South Pacific. On April 30, 1955, a report was filed by the Los Angeles Times:

"Area of North Changes Inside Ring of Fire" in the Southwest Pacific, "a belt of 30,000 square miles sank as much as 6 feet" . . . while "an area of as much as 10,000 sq. miles rose locally more than 30 feet."

A couple of years before that the December 20th, 1951, issue of the Virginia Pilot had forewarned us:

"The Pacific Ocean is getting warmer and scientists don't know why."

For all of Edgar Cayce's unscientific methods, he knew why.

\* \* \*

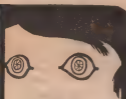
The Argentine magazine Sor-moran y Delfin wants to publish a selection of your avant-garde anti-establishment non-rut poetry. Please send poems to: Jose L. Varela-Ibarra, Box 7432, University Station, Austin, Texas, 78712.

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## hanged man

(Continued from Page 6)

Was I Germany. It was to lead to a different set of circumstances but to the same tragedy of error.

And what of Parvus? He could not go back to Germany, the war had denied him that. He could not go back to Russia, Lenin had denied him his homeland. As for his importance as one of those few men who had helped change half the world, history had denied him his infamy. He retired to Switzerland with a personal fortune of thirty million francs, to live the rest of his life in seclusion. Parvus, like the rest of Russia after 1917, had succumbed to the tragedy of its own turmoil.

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## pop, rock

(Continued from Page 10)  
ten Irving High School Auditorium (40 Irving Place on 10th Street, East of Broadway). Tickets are \$3 and \$4 at the door and the program will begin at 8 p.m. Playing second, Khan has been teaching at Berkeley and I caught a concert by him when I was out there last summer. He is an incredible musician and should be seen. Even if he doesn't have long hair and sideburns like Ram, he is still one of the finest classical Indian musicians alive today.

And from the depths of the Lower East Side, Tom Sharkey is doing a very funny rock version of the Beggar's Opera at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery (10th Street & 2nd Ave.; 252-9825 for reservations). Sharkey, whose last rock play, The Golden Screw, put even shrewd 13-year-olds, opens the evening with a song called Pretty Shitty, and the whole thing just keeps moving on from there. With half a dozen projects and some sercutes, some home made sound equipment and cheap amps, plus an incredible amount of talent and work, the Theatre Project has put together one of the best rock-cum-art-cum-environmental shows around. Admission is by contribution; the plate seats for less than one hundred so call for reservations. It's only playing so call for reservations. Enough . . . so see it, it's a groove.

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