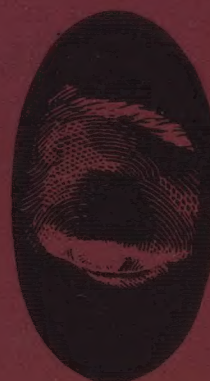


THE

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OTHER

35

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JUNE 21, 1968



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pop-offs

Cover photo by Walter Bredel

Dear EVO:

We wish to announce the founding on May 31, 1968 at 11:30 P.M. of LASSITUDIANISM. This is a new philosophic state of mind which is based upon the premise that life is fully controlled and permeated by the element of boredom, which cannot be transcended. Man is born bored, remains so for much (if not all) of his life, and dies in a like frame of mind. Throughout history man has tried to overcome the climate of boredom. Such vain attempts at economic systems, wars, religions, conventions, circuses, motion pictures, television, radio, cars, books, parks, pyramids, museums, interplanetary space travel, parades, happenings, physical fitness, riots, art, music, marriage, prostitution, thought, croquet, tiddly-winks, thumb-twiddling, solitaire, tick-tack-toe, and defecation have all failed to displace human boredom. In recognition of this basic human inadequacy, we felt it about time to admit to ourselves that we were bored. So began LASSITUDIANISM, begotten, not made.

If man had slept throughout history, there would be no war, no taxes, no injustice, or exploitation; there would rather be serenity and peace of mind. LASSITUDIANISM traces its roots to the third century B.C. when the Roman philosopher Marcus Lassitudius, reposing in his bed, made the momentous decision to sleep for the balance of his life as the most meaningful contribution to mankind. He was, incidentally, buried alive. He awakened in 1942, just outside of Rome, during the allied invasion and decided that it was still not worth waking up. He is sleeping on, for all we know.

The basic tenet of LASSITUDIANISM lies in the bed. It is here man is bored least. It is our altar and our rallying point. Our identifying symbol is the pillow, which we feel should be a necessary companion so that when the boredom of the world presents itself, man may respond to it by going to sleep, anytime, anywhere.

The legendary figure whom we most revere is, of course, that saintly old gentleman, Rip Van Winkle, who had the lassitudian good sense to sleep for twenty years. If everyone had his good sense, a glorious time—the Golden Age of Lassitudianism would grace this world. The near equivalent of Rip in the world today is the Cicada (or is it the locust?) whose seventeen year sabbatical sets a true example for our lives.

In keeping with our philosophy, we find that continuing this letter would be incredibly boring. Thus, having said more than enough on this timely sub-

ject, we trust we've inspired what little interest you might have in anything. We hope you will support us, but not too vigorously, as that would be an obvious immorality.

"IF IN DOUBT, SLEEP THAT EXTRA HOUR!"

Yours languidly,
Gray Bleuitt, Brud Fisher
Springfield, Pa.

Dear EVO:

While still at work today in the II Field Force Ag Personnel office at about 5:25 p.m., I heard the bulletin that R. F. K. had died of his wounds. I was crushed, not having felt similarly since a similar day in '63 — and only months ago — ominously recalled. I have just finished this rough poem, having tried to dream from my mind the poison and pain I feel—with a pen.

Please feel free to use it if you wish.
Vast storm sheets of Asian rain
Pulse furiously against the earth's
eager jaws,
Sinking and swirling into fast
mud rivers,
Dividing neatly the patterned rows of
Silver barracks, all together sailing
murkily to nowhere:
Well might the rain be strong against
The land, and all that abides thereon;
a harsh
Noise has awakened in the deeper
Heart, the truly Home heart, a flaming
Sorrow, unmatched by any count of
Asian tears—

Another assassination!
Must Christ be crucified forever?
With prayer for peace and forgive-
ness, I am,
Keith Washburn SP 5
US 12 744 828
HHC II FORCEU (AG-P)
APO S.F. 96266.

Dear EVO:

The time is now to sing the message to the "In God We Trust" believers in free elections in their "free world."

Dollars; glamour; I nominate myself; my friendly (big business) delegates will re-nominate and elect me; bullshit discourses and handshaking by the parasitic creatures who have never known what human beings are not even at this season; \$100 to \$1,000-a-plate dinners while poors by the millions lack food, health, housing, education; promises that end in tokenism or nothing at all; all this and much more is the song now in the air. Madison Ave., TV, radio, and the press all at the service of these parasites in this rotten, sick criminal society. And the church with its blessings and its prayers.

How do I look at the depth of this picture and listen to the dreadful tune that our millions and millions of sheep, dollarized, mechanized, deadshit have never seen or heard in 50, 100 or 179 years? Just by going to the record, history in black and white.

From the first president in 1789, to "this" latest one murdered we have had to "swallow" for the last long, nauseated five years the business aristocracy has ruled on this land. All this inherited from the first bigots from the other side of the ocean who pushed, robbed, cheated and murdered the first, real, genuine Americans in order to settle their religions, and their "honest" and "pure" Anglo-Saxonism and later "americanism" on this land. Since then, the Wall Street political, national, patriotic or sacred party has ruled all of us—slaves and mechanized robots of "their" highest commodity and sacred god, "their" dirty, bloody and fucked dollar.

A country founded on bigotry, ignorance, arrogance and wantonry is doomed to the worst in disaster, fall and end. And this well deserved end, following this monster by its own long tail, is nearer than its bloody profiteers have ever thought.

THE RECORD: The mass robbery, creating (signing of land deals and treaties under the gun and alcohol methods) and massacres of the First Americans; the business aristocracy takes over the "American Revolution;" the strategy of the Monroe Doctrine to attack and rob Mexico of its territory and rob, exploit and strangle all of Latin America for 148 years; the self-blowers of the Maine warship up in Havana's harbor (Cuba) to snatch Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines from Spain; the abandoning of the heroic people of Spain to the Nazi-Fascist genocide of Franco-Hitler-Mussolini and the Church, 1936-39; the first A-bomb mass murderers; the first napalm mass murderers; the best business allies of South Africa, Rhodesia, Portugal and best military allies of the Vietnamese, Greek, Brazilian, Argentinian (and all) juntas; the worst enemies of law and order on the land, who sell guns galore; and the makers of a drug-pill-alcohol, dollar-gun, and fertilizer-insecticide-detergent (all agents of poison and death) addicted, parasitic and de-humanized society who now see hell in LSD and marijuana to their menaced criminal profits and luxury are still an ominous menace in '68 to all of us, our lives, and to all humanity.

And if to all this we add the taxes over taxes we pay which the billionaire corporations don't pay; the church million in real estate tax exempted; pay your labor union dues so that the "big shits" who have sold out the labor movement as good Rightist anti-Communists live like capitalists while you live like a good fucked up worker; keep the criminal and barbarian military machine on the highest budget on the land to defend "all this freedom and democracy," etc.

The American Revolution of 1776 has been cowardly betrayed. It must be re-fought again. To give the people the real government of the People, by the People, and for the People. Not the fake three P's—of the Plutocracy, by the Politico-businessman, and for the Privileged ones.

And then name this nation (of uncivilized trigger-happies who go killing indel-fense friendly animals for fun during their

hunting seasons, all year 'round) right for once—the United States, a fake name since you have never seen states, their peoples and "laws" more disunited than the states of this so-called Union. North-america, and what about Mexico, Canada? America That's like everything else done in the black history of this country—ROBBERY. America, the Americas, the Western Hemisphere are all one, and certainly not belonging to the nameless "united stateans," "northamericans," or "americans."

Are you voting? Go lucky, be lucky. Or better yet, go/be hippie, dog, flower. And fuck money and all it is for. I am voting for my conscience.

Rebel with a Cause.
(Conscience)

Dear EVO:

Contrary to the suppositions of your scientific humor editor, Stanley Fisher, astrophysicists are not united in believing pulsars to be naturally occurring phenomena. However, they do seem to be putting out a tremendous amount of energy in all directions. This is difficult to explain if they are communication devices; it would be far cheaper to beam your communications in the direction you intend them to go. If they are artificial, they are more likely to be beacons than communicators. A space pilot trying to locate his position would feed into his computer the signals from some 6 or 8 nearby beacons. The computer could identify the beacons by their output, and their distance by signal strengths. A good fix on position could thus be obtained.

However, regularity of signal does not necessarily imply artificiality. All the neutral hydrogen in the universe is putting out a signal on 1420 Megacycles, which does not vary in frequency at its source. Yet this is entirely a natural phenomenon.

Even if numerology made any sense, it is preposterous to accept Fisher's calculation based on a signal pulse length of 1.3372795 seconds. The seconds as a unit of time cannot be the standard of the entire universe; it is in fact a subdivision of the length of our solar day. It is the height of anthropocentric arrogance to assume that a time measurement in seconds, from an extraterrestrial source, has any relationship to earthly numbering systems.

And what a surprise to see good old St. Malachy again! Of late the only place his prophecy has appeared is in the writings of anti-Catholic bigots, who are rejoicing at the apparently forthcoming doom of the "Whore of Rome". St. Malachy stuck that cooing dove Pius VII with the nickname of "The Ravening Lion", and John XXIII, who has no sea-going antecedents whatsoever, was "Priest and Sailor". Only by stretching the "prophecy" beyond all reasonable meaning can it be made to give results, and then it will give whatever results the interpreter wants. Pius XII was "The Angelic Priest". Does any Rolf Hochhuth fan believe that?

Fisher's article is an almost perfect case study in modern pseudo-science. It begins with a reasonably sober discussion of a currently topical discovery, and trails off into a vast obfuscation of numerology, prophecy, divination, and religion.

Up your astropsychology!
John Boardman
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Physics
Brooklyn College, CUNY

(Continued on Page 14)

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by R. Buckminster Fuller

The author—inventor, engineer, architect, philosopher—is best known for his geodesic domes; thousands have popped up all over the earth, one of the most recent at Expo 67. Here, he offers a prophetic glimpse of the future, how man may live and travel.

Those who have had the pleasure of walking through the great skylighted arcades, such as the one in Milan, Italy, are familiar with the delights of covered

city streets, in which outdoor restaurants and exhibits are practical. They can envision the effect of a domed-over city, where windows may be open the year round and gardens bloom in the dust-free atmosphere. From below, the dome would appear as a translucent film through which the sky, clouds and stars would be visible. It would not create a shut-in feeling any more than carrying a parasol above one's head on a sunny summer day.

There are other persuasive arguments in favor of domed-over cities. (It is no

aesthetic accident that nature gave us no cubical heads, eggs, nuts or planets, but encased the contents in curvilinear structures.) There is, for example, no method more effective in wasting heating and cooling energy than the system employed by New York and other skyscraper cities of the world. A dome over mid-Manhattan would reduce its energy losses approximately 50-fold. Such a dome would reach from the East River to the Hudson at 42nd Street on its east-west axis, from 64th to 22nd Street on its north-south axis, and would con-

sist of a hemisphere two miles in diameter and one mile high at its center. The cost of snow removal in the city would pay for the dome in 10 years.

Studies made at the Snow Institute of Japan and by Japan's Mitsubishi company indicate the cost of heating the surface of the dome with electric resistance wires imbedded in the skin. To maintain a temperature sufficient to melt snow and ice (with the heat turned on only during the time of snow and ice formation, for cities in the snowfall magnitude of New York) would cost

(Continued on Page 15)

"MY RIFLE"

The creed of a United States Marine

by

Major General W. H. Rupertus, USMC

This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine.

My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life.

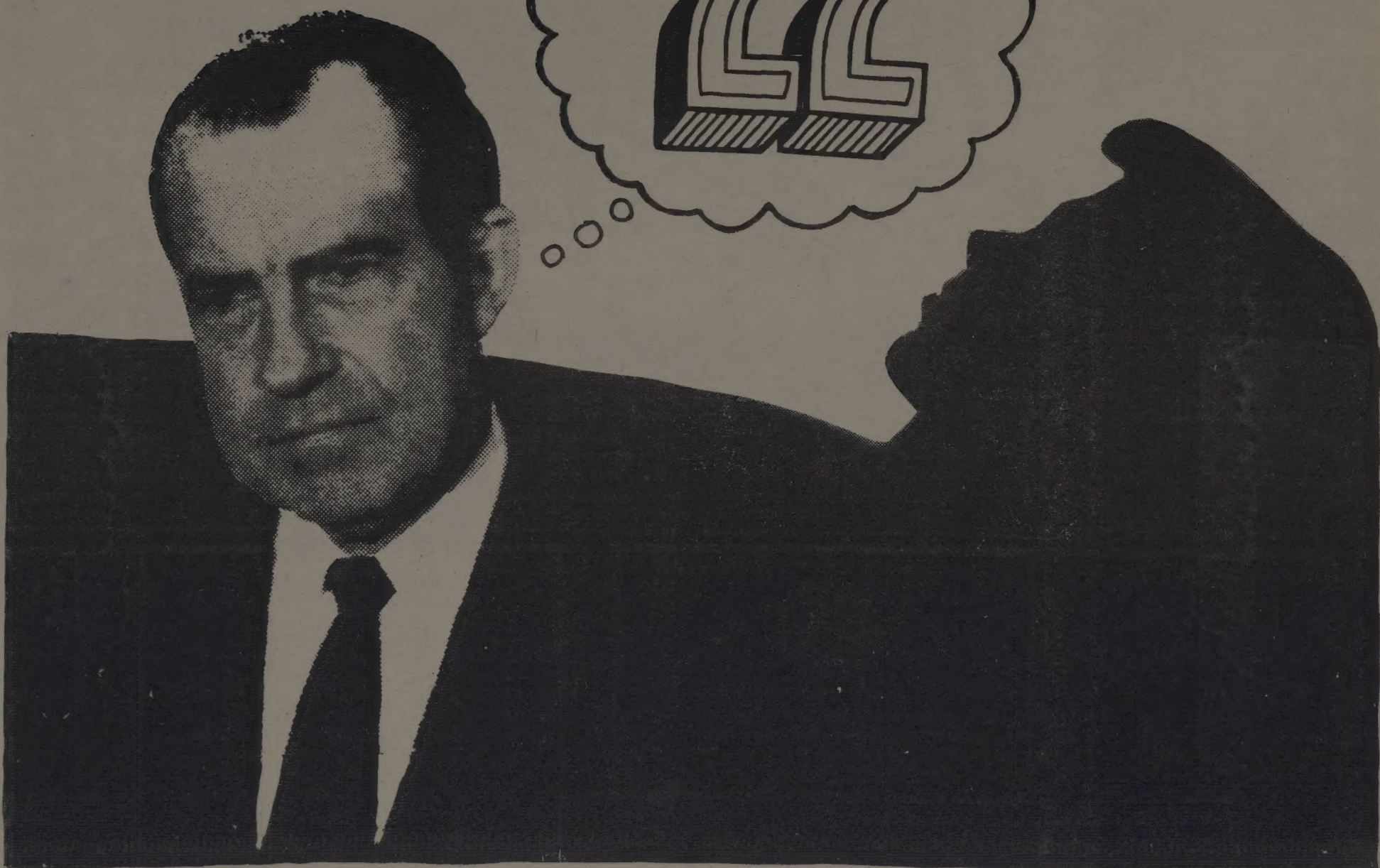
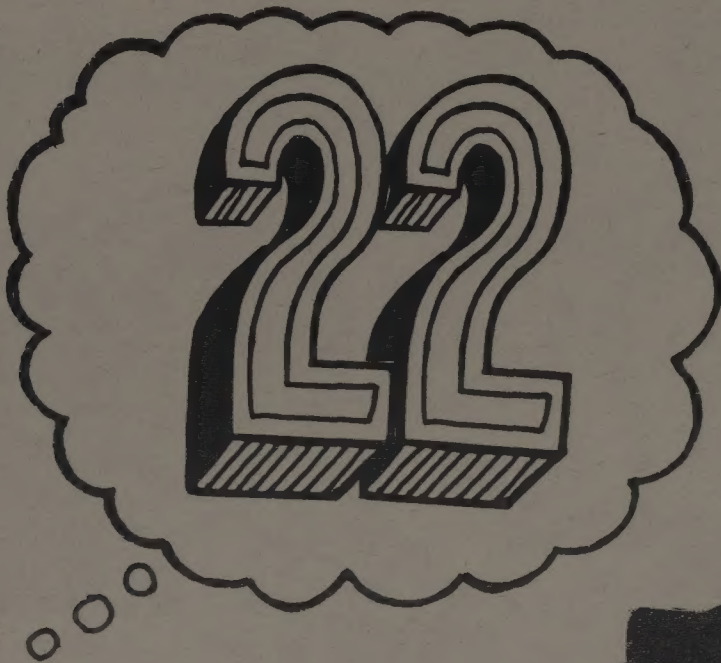
My rifle, without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will. . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will. . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but Peace!





Welcome to
CIRKELN

To-night's honorary guest

No. 1995

BEER ★ WINE ★ CHAMPAGNE ★ FOOD

Save the ticket — perhaps you need it!

It is remarkable how many beautiful girls there are here. They shiver in their plastic-fantastic mini-skirts waiting for busses in the chill evenings LEATHER SHELL VINYL PUSSY (see how her calve muscles quiver in her boots as she steps onto the bus) some are like that, completely spaced in the Swedish Super KONSUM Utopia, but the others have a purity and a fresh, erotic, turned on grace which makes them super.

A Swedish economics student reminded me on the train from Copenhagen that Sweden had achieved the incredible feat of keeping completely out of World War II, growing wealthy on its dealings with the Axis powers and the Allies, and, of course, this kid was in the Reserves and defended the principle of armed Nuclear Neutrality. He is but enacting karma for such moral emascuations as was visited on his spirit by his father's seed. In fact, the Swedish male population pays an exquisite justice as it confronts the daily spectacle of its women favoring even the Italians before themselves.

Our other traveling companion on the Copenhagen Express was a perfect life-mould for a Graham Greene Burnt-Out-Case, a middled aged lapsed Catholic, South African architect, disturbed by his seedy professionalism and his drinking, paranoid about drugs, praising apartheid, and complaining that too much of his taxes as a Swedish citizen go to rescuing delinquent kids from drug busts in distant countries. This maniac convicted to us the bizarre tidbit offered at a recent luncheon with the Sect'y of External Affairs (Lt., Int'l Brain Police) that the Swedish authorities had begun to employ Alsatian police hounds to detect hashish smuggled in from N. Africa and Spain. (Hashy Hounds! I flashed into a weird trip in which all the friendly animals, Sheila's cats, Matty's rabbits, Mel's dog, would one morning turn us in to the FBI.) This did not lead us to expect the entirely free drug scene which exists in Stockholm.

The Underground here is in the Underground. Every tube station, but especially within the Central Station

area, has a white-tiled, brightly lit, eternal yo-yo scene at which all the kids strung out on speed and heroin materialize and disappear. Others are there to hustle tourists or just hang out. There appear to be too many hard drug scenes, but most of the kids look super raunchy anyway, and so it's difficult to say. The policy of the cops, at this moment, is to avoid drug arrests, even to the point of walking away from an obvious cluster for exchanges. You can score all night. NON-STOP. Hash is \$3 per gm., purchased loose in the street.

The night life which strays out of people's houses tends to gravitate toward the Cirkeln, a vast, modernistic discotheque with "live," local R&B, Hanson and Carlson, organ and drums, and a "live" spade disc-jockey from NYC who plays records between sets, mostly Lou Donaldson soul cuts, terrifically loud. The patter is sockittoyuh-fingerpoppin Soul Brother rapping. It is very costly, \$2 just to get in and a buck for a beer, and the recorded musical preference is for "soul" instrumentals or anonymous, English, middle-Beatles stuff. "Don't you kids ever listen to the Doors or Dylan? or Country Joe?" Well, at home. In the Cirkeln the kids don't dig it. Though nearly everyone you meet speaks fluent English I guess there are too many new words and expressions they get bored straining to make sense of. In fact the only two things that make sense about the Cirkeln are the really super beautiful girls and the heavy amplification. It is also very dark and some people smoke there quite openly.

The day before the General Strike in France threatened to cut off all transportation, several Swedish kids returned to Stockholm. "What are the kids in Paris up to?" I asked.

A tall girl with dark hair and bright green eyes, wearing beads and a dirty shawl, replied, "Revolution. Revolution and Black Power. The same as in Stockholm this summer." I said it was all very strange. How could Paris or Stockholm understand what Black Power meant without a black ghetto? "Well, there are

some militant students from Africa," she told me, "and a lot of black people from NYC." The climate is certainly more political here than in the US. I think this has to do with the general shortage of acid on the scene. Only a minority has ever taken some and it is always in demand. Anyhow, much of the revolutionary enthusiasm is breezy and frivolous, there being nothing whatever of a repressive nature in the Swedish state. I flashed on this chick's house being razed by arsonist Black Power freaks.

As though she could read my thoughts, her next sentence told me of a scheme to save America from racial violence this summer involving the strange device of an Android (robot) — created by a Swedish electronics corporation — to be placed in Harlem in workman's clothes, programmed to collect the garbage all summer. The message is to cool it for 30 years until we have Androids on all the menial jobs and leisure for all citizens. The ofay Android in Harlem is meant to show proof of what technology can provide for all the people.

I had been listening to the BGs sing "At the Turn of the Century" all afternoon, so this made an impression on me. So has I Am Curious, (Yellow) there is a Blue edition, the new Swedish flick with sex and politics. The heroine is a very groovy, fat, little chick, sexually free and politically "committed," though not possessed of a head really good at understanding the concepts. She pickets the Russian Embassy with a sign "Communism Without Slavery." Yeuvteshenko laughs at her and tells her that all the people in the world must be fed and taught to read within the next 30 years. Can you compel a man to be free at the turn of the century? asks the poet. In another good scene her lover balls her from behind while she wines with sex and hassles him about balling another chick. Very erotic. I hope Grove Press can show it without too many cuts.

We are heading South in a few days. It rains and is cold most of the time here; though it is easy to stay high and eat chocolate.

RICHARD HORN

The Fillmore East will most probably be closed for the entire month of July, reopening in August with Big Brother. This weekend Bill Graham is presenting the Grateful Dead, Jeff Beck, (former lead guitarist of the Yardbirds) in his first East Coast appearance, and New York's own The Seventh Sons. Consisting of Buzz Linhart, lead vocals and guitar (he may be remembered for his vibe playing with Fred Neil at the old Night Owl); James Rock on bass and Serge Katzen on drums, The Seventh Sons were among the first groups to play ragas when they had top billing over the Lovin Spoonful at the Night Owl. Most recently they have done a documentary for Italian television and an album which will be released by ESP.

Mike Bloomfield made his last appearance with the Electric Flag at this past weekend's Fillmore engagement. He has no future plans outside of a trip to Mexico, but will probably get restless for a new group within six months. Drummer-vocalist Buddy Miles, formerly with Wilson Pickett, will be leading the Flag. He has all the makings of a new superstar as New York audiences leaped to their feet screaming during every number in which he was featured. His surging popularity, however, will doom the Electric Flag as it is inevitable that Buddy and excellent bassist Harvey Brooks will probably be leaving the group to start a new band of their own.

The Electric Flag has essentially been Miles' group since their first appearance at the Monterey Pop Festival. As Bloomfield explains it, the performance of the group in general was "shitty." "This is not a super band; the only thing super in the band is Buddy. Buddy is Superspade. If you melted down James Brown and Arthur Conley and Otis Redding into one enormous spade, you'd have Buddy. He's about all that there is: He is the quintessence of all R&B amassed in one super talented human being. His singing is just superb, his drumming is just the best. He's the superman. That's what they were digging in Monterey; everybody dug him." As for the rest of the Electric Flag, the horns were superficial, and Bloomfield, who formed the group, organically became relegated to sideman in the Wilson Pickett-styled soul band.

One of the most important albums to be released this month is "Sounds From Big Pink" by The Band, alias The Crackers alias The Hawks (when they were a Canadian rock group) who backed Dylan on the tape mentioned in this column last week. Consisting of Levon Helm on drums, Rick Danko on bass and Robbie Robertson on guitar, The Band is being produced on this Capitol LP by John Simon, who did Leonard Cohen and Big Brother and the Holding Company for Columbia. "Big Pink" is the name of Albert Grossman's home in Woodstock where Dylan and the Band live, so rock academicians will be attributing every burp, fart, and solo on the record to the sage of Hibbing, Minn.

Bob Moses cut his first album as leader recently at the 12-track Apostolic Studios. Moses, the original drummer of The Free Spirits as well as having played with The Gary Burton Quartet, is backed by Steve Swallow on bass, Larry Coryell on guitar, Keith Jarrett on piano and Jim Pepper of Free Spirits on tenor sax. Pepper's album, featuring Elvin Jones, will be released by ABC Paramount's Impulse label while The Free Spirits' second album will be handled by the parent company. The last two albums were also independently produced and recorded at the Apostolic Studios.



Gordon Lightfoot is one of those rare talented folk singer-composer whose tunes (Early Morning Rain and That's What You Get For Loving Me) have been successfully recorded by many groups, and hummed endlessly by folk ballad aficionados. While he remains relatively unknown here in the States, he is the leading recording artist in his native Canada.

Managed by Albert Grossman, he appeared last June 5-10 with hip comedian David Steinberg at The Bitter End (owned together with the Tin Angel by Fred Weintraub, land baron of the north side of Bleeker Street between La Guardia Pl. and Thompson St.). Lightfoot's most recent album "Did She Mention My Name" (United Artists UA S6649) is a beautiful example of his haunting mellow country flavored folk style. It features his single release "Black Day in July." Banned on most of this country's commercial glop-40 radio stations, the song is a slightly trite report on last year's Motor City civil riots and shows an insight into the social struggles polarizing America. The rest of the album is a composite of tender moving ballads — eloquent, yet avoiding the corny hang-ups of most of the post Dylan songwriters. His clear, strong voice and smooth styling should propel him into the forefront of North America's lyricists-singers.

Little Lu Lu, British singer of the million seller "To Sir With Love," received her first screen kiss from none other than Dave Clark on his new BBC TV series, according to reliable trade sources.

Following his commercial and artistic (so says the author) success of Bob Dylan's "The Mighty Quinn," Manfred Mann is trying his luck on a new ditty by Paul Simon entitled "My Name Is Jack."

Little Willie John of "Fever" fame died recently in prison.

Dave Mason, former bassist and guitarist of Traffic (although not pictured on the album cover, he is on the "Mr. Fantasy" record) has rejoined the Stevie Winwood group after a six month absence. He certainly gave the group a fuller sound while sitting in on some tunes throughout their U.S. tour. Dave Mason is an assisting musician on The Rolling Stones newest LP. The English album will be 30 minutes per side with 12 tunes. One, "Jig Saw Puzzle," is 6½ minutes long.

For the last year and a half, more and more music columns have been mentioning a coming assault of country music into the pop/rock field. The invasion was begun unobtrusively with an excellent album by four young musicians calling themselves The International Submarine Band on Lee Hazlewood's new label LHI. Their leader, Gram Parsons, has migrated to The Byrds, who have since recorded a straight country and western album and appeared on The Grand Ole Opry. Now the Monkees, who have become Frankenstein to their commercial creators by starting to play music rather than being merely four stooges, are doing the Nashville thing. Felton Jarvis will produce lead singer Mike Nesmith in the Tennessee recording city this week with other members singing their parts later either in Hollywood or New York.

Joseph Byrd, founder/leader of the sophisticated electronic rock band, The United States of America, is splitting from the group. Without Byrd's ex-

(Continued on Page 19)



by Michael Abehsera

The thing we all thought to do was to forget the "Macrobiotic Affair" and stay quiet. More than two years have passed and we still think the same way: to make no move until Madame la Societe sinks more deeply into her abyss of creamy chemical dishes, soft drinks and hamburgers: until by dint of ignorance, Man loses sex and thought. But no, that's what Lao-Tse would have done — stay still and wait. And we are not Lao-Tse; we have difficulties he didn't have: a horde of scientists, doctors and avant-garde talkers with novelties so disturbing they could bring a dog to changing his philosophy.

The only thing that bothers us, we of the old guard, is to be mistaken for the faddists we are not. Otherwise, everything is fine. We don't want publicity. All we desire is the peace that any human being requires. We are neither prophets nor last-chance doctors. We are not even Macrobiotic.

It all started in New Jersey. For weeks papers ran dramatic headlines attacking a "Macrobiotic Movement" that doesn't even exist! It was lunacy. The public read: THE DIET THAT KILLS . . . , DIET KILLS FOUR . . . , etc. Fear had once more produced paranoia and violence, and the public was drinking deeply without reflection. One thought for all, and all for one thought: a mass communism of the mind governed by fear of the unknown.

One evening a boy in his early twenties came to one of our gatherings. His eyes were somewhere but not in the room. His mind was running away from him in all directions. His schizophrenia was so mobile in its ambivalence that he could hardly utter a word without being afraid of what he said. He had taken

he confessed, from morning to night drugs in all forms, LSD, DMT, Marijuana, heroine, etc. . . . His whole being was in despair. He was ready to go on brown rice the same evening. We advised him not to do so. He insisted. He wanted to go high and fast. Perhaps he felt he was so evil that he would have to undergo the celebrated end-of-the-rope rice-operation. He was all wrong. It's not in a wink of an eye that one gets rid of years of drugs. It takes more. And it's most dangerous to go on brown rice alone. It's like meeting violence with violence. One should seek a better balance.

The boy is all right now.

Brown rice is a balance in itself; it doesn't accept violent companions. It blends gently with anything close to it. When you mix drugs with it, great imbalance is inevitable. It's like breaking a fast with a bucket of meat. A body is only a body.

Macrobiotics is not only brown rice. How ignorant are those who think so. It is brown rice because this grain is perfectly balanced with sodium and potassium; it contains most of the carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals and vitamins needed by man; it is cheap; it tastes good; and it makes a good staple for people who want to avoid whitish, talc-like, deadly foods. It is brown rice with vegetables, with fruits in season, and with all sorts of fish and birds. It is dozens of grains. It is apple pies. It is the most delicious deserts, the greatest enjoyment a man can receive from a meal. We have burps; we have laughs.

Nothing is particularly forbidden. It is not a totalitarian system. The funniest thing about most Macrobiotic people — they are like everybody — is that they eat too much. No one knows of someone starving to death. It's everyone's choice to draw his own elegance. I have seen Macrobiotic friends getting thin and

fat at will.

In a recent article of a weekly magazine it was bitterly stated that "brown rice contained healing qualities that guaranteed freedom from age, tension and illness." A child would not utter such nonsense. It's like putting brown rice on the stand, asking it to its job, and waiting for a miracle. It's not the rice that does so; it's Man.

In Macrobiotics there is no Guru, and it's not Georges Ohsawa "who made it up". It's the seasons and the simple intelligence. Anyone who eats properly is Macrobiotic; if Macrobiotics had a code of ethics that might be our first axiom.

Parents are frightened to see their child going back to a natural life. They give him so little love and so many chemicals — his mother pushes him away from the breast when he badly needs it — that by the time he is an adolescent he is no longer a man. Boys today are so full of synthetic nourishment that it's hardly possible to put a friendly hand on their shoulder; most of them jump away. Why are the parents so anxious? Don't they want their son back? Is chemistry becoming tradition?

It is deplorable that it was tragedy that brought Macrobiotics into the glare. It would have come in the order of things anyway. People are all going to come back to good food. It's a question of Robot or Man.

A man who eats hamburgers, catsup, coffee, cream, and sugar all at the same time cannot have warmth and kindness toward his fellow man. That's asking too much of him. It's like asking a drunk to stand still. A man who eats badly would have to force himself to cope with a code of ethics. It's not in his nature. A certain meal drives a man to a certain behaviour.

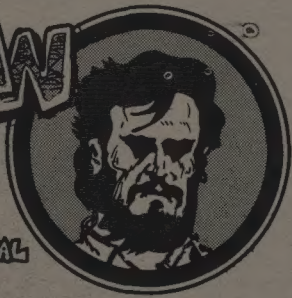
Any kind of meal is good when cooked with sympathy and love. All this is so logical that when it is not understood one wonders if Zombie-Man has become more Zombie than Man.

SUBWEYT COMIX

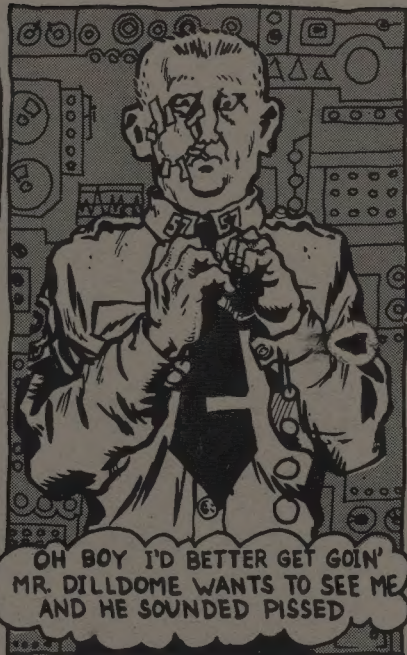
FEATURING
TRASHMAN

AGENT OF
THE 6TH INTERNATIONAL

LETTERING - P. LESGRI
WRITING - AUGIE BACQUASH
DRAWING - SAAH



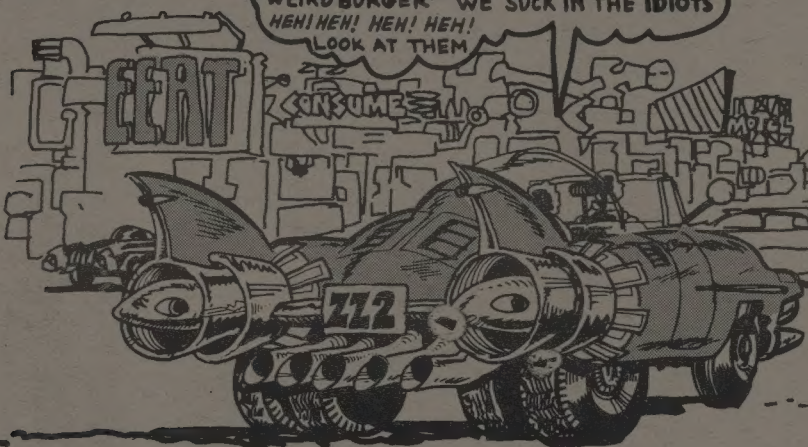
GOTTFRIED
MURPHY CHIEF
OF SECTOR 57
COMPUTER POLICE
PREPARES FOR
AN APPOINTMENT



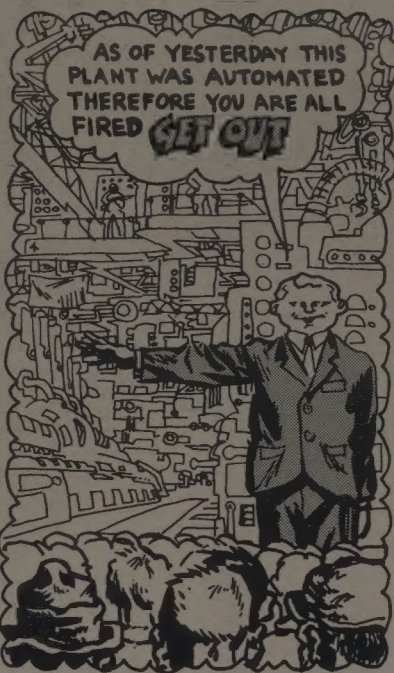
OH BOY I'D BETTER GET GOIN'
MR. DILLDOME WANTS TO SEE ME
AND HE SOUNDED PISSED

LATER... DILLDOME TAKES
GOTTFRIED FOR A TOUR
OF HIS LATEST ENTERPRISES

YESSIR THIS IS OUR
NEWEST LITTLE MONEY MAKER...
HEH! HEH!... BY MERELY CONVERTING
CHEMICAL WASTE INTO PALATABLE
"WEIRD BURGER" WE SUCK IN THE IDIOTS
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
LOOK AT THEM



I AM TAKING A SPECIAL INTEREST
IN THE TRASHMAN AFFAIR...
HE HAS BEEN A THORN IN MY
SIDE FOR QUITE A WHILE. HE
COULD CONCEIVABLY THREATEN
MY NEW INVESTMENTS... THEY
SAY HE SPEAKS TO CRACKS IN
THE SIDEWALK AND TO LIGHT
FIXTURES HEH! HEH! PRETTY
KOOKY EH? EITHER WAY HE
HAS SHOWN A REMARKABLE
ABILITY TO AVOID THE MOST
SOPHISTICATED METHODS OF
DETECTION. I HAVE RECENTLY
BEEN CHECKING IN TO HIS
DOSSIER LET ME FILL YOU IN
ON WHAT WE KNOW OF HIM



AS OF YESTERDAY THIS
PLANT WAS AUTOMATED
THEREFORE YOU ARE ALL
FIRED **GET OUT**

WHEN A FEW TROUBLEMAKERS
TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE
PLANT WE SUMMONED
THE MONITORS



YOU WILL LEAVE THE
PREMISES IMMEDIATELY



SUBSEQUENT SEARCHES REVEALED
NO TRACE OF THE ELLUSIVE TRASHMAN
USE OF RETRO-TIME CAMERAS
REVEALED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

TRASHMAN MUST BE STOPPED
THIS SORT OF THING TENDS
TO SPREAD... I HAVE A PLAN
I THINK IT WILL WORK...
WE'LL SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS



THEATRA? by Lita Eliscu

9

Futz by Rochelle Owens was first presented in 1965 — November 10th, 1965 — at the Tyrone Guthrie Workshop in Minnesota. And it is still relevant, or perhaps that should be, it is so much more relevant. "Relevant" is such a nice word, one of those useful all-purpose fill-the-gap exhaled qualities, like "alienated," or "communicate." Futz is about a man, Cy Futz, who loves his pig, Amanda, screws her and considers her his wife; the local townspeople decide this is disgusting, unnatural, and besides, "makes their brains red" so they kill him. Probably the pig, too, except the play stops with Cy's death. This is 1968, three years have passed since this play, and people not only kill people they don't like (extended into other all-purpose phrases such as "bad for the country's existence"; "dangerous": "for the purpose of law and order" etc.) they kill them for exactly that provocation: "making their brains red." Now that's a relevant phrase.

The production is again the La Mama Troupe and directed by Tom O'Horgan, and again (for the play was done at La Mama both last year and this year) they found few new facets to develop, some fresh ways to implement scenes. (Talking about "Futz" makes polysyllabic words seem so ridiculously unnecessary — and overblown). The changes are quite subtle; there is a bigger stage, naturally, than La Mama's, but again the whole space is bare, with one "La Mama"-ish raised platform in the middle; I'm not sure this company would know any longer what to do with a Broadway, overstuffed, fussy set, except all become amateur Jonathan Winters.

I guess futzing around with pigs is still going to be in for quite some time.

Dionysus in 69 is now open — at least that's what the signs say; I'm not so sure I didn't see a different play in the closed rehearsal. I saw a play about human actions, and the varying definitions of the word actor: who is, who isn't and why; who plays being himself — and questions of that nature and responsibility. Opening Night, perhaps because of Robert Kennedy's assassination, perhaps also because of O. N. jitters, the play had been changed, much for the worse. Instead of standing off to the side, presenting an observation on life, everybody got into the act, telling the audience just where they had gone wrong. They just didn't accept Dionysus-God when he came back to spread love; they instead went ahead and had Newark and Watts and Detroit and Vietnam. And there will be more — according to the play, as someone or other keeps shaking a bloody finger at us, in warning.

Two things, I now find, are impossible to achieve on a stage: fear and pain. Those are actors, and they just are not going to bite you, no matter how much they bark and growl and bare their teeth as they did that night. The truly painful moments of the play came not in the moment of physical death-dealings but in the more subtly handled mental processes. Unfortunately, the "ritual combat" exercise, in which all are free to ask any question of any other person was modified to an almost ritualized dance form, with little or no combat-tension demonstrated or created.

It is almost impossible for me to write a review of the play, as I have seen two versions. The flaws of the first: much-needed tightening of overlong unemotional passages; new techniques to retain the attention attracted; stronger emotion from certain actors — these were all smoothly attended to and not present. Instead, a new mechanical-ness had set in, and the original spontaneity and dynamic interaction between Us and Them was gone.

Perhaps succeeding performances will recapture to some extent that truly exciting drama of the rehearsal. In particular, I hope that speech about Watts, etc., is totally erased; another play pointing its finger — another person doing so — is slightly ridiculous.

Far From Vietnam has opened at The New Yorker, uptown at Broadway and 88th, along with Le Depart. For those who have not seen Far From Vietnam at the Lincoln Center Festival last year or elsewhere, it is one of the best anti-the-war-in-Vietnam movies made — and this one was made earlier than many. Six different directors have contributed their filmed sentiments about the war; Jean-Luc Godard, Joris Ivens, William Klein, Claude Lelouch, Alan Resnais, and Agnes Varda. There is also footage shot by Michele Ray while she was in Vietnam — and a stunning, crashing finish that particular piece has, too. Besides the direct commentary, there is a scene with Castro, on a hillside no less, explaining revolution and guerilla warfare in the world; excellent views of the U. N. Peace Parade of last year — which perhaps best shows what "a bomb" is like. One of the sadder moments comes when Godard is trying to explain his inability to capture on film those images which represent the horror of war to him; some of the cut footage is projected, and the scenes are quite eerie.

Le Depart is about a racing-car lover, a 19-year-old boy who grooves over the cars, the races, and wants only to get a car for the big race. Those actors get around: the star is Jean-Pierre Leaud, who also stars in Godard's La Chinoise, (to say nothing of the other films, starting with 400 Blows right on up to now.)

(Continued on Page 16)



THE SERPENT

In the last thirty years the East has been seeking out the West and vice versa. Indian culture has been exposing its wares, disciplines, music, religions and philosophies to American curiosity. And in turn, America has been exposing itself, its material wealth and meaningless advanced technology.

Pacifism by Gandhi, meditation by Mahatma, and music by Shankar have now solidly entrenched themselves in young America's vocabulary as well as militarism by Johnson, activism by Westmoreland, and music by the United States Marine Corps Band.

But recently some Americans, who, breaking through the secondary illusion of media pabulum and the bubble gum mentality of the all-pervasive American consumer consciousness, have begun to join and embrace the psychic cure that some of these ancient traditional Indian beliefs and disciplines hold forth.

Freud, Jung and Kundalini Yoga has become a new battlecry for a new generation of evolved young Americans. If we include, as we must, Buddhism, which has the gods in India, we have it all, the great sweep of practically all that man has learned about where he really lives, — his inner self. And now, as if America had leaned across her fat belly, and then touched the level of Buddha, Americans have been easternizing; uncoiling "the latent power" of their own individual consciousness.

Some Americans, and more and more, have been taking the psychic cure, the "inner trip" to see the different. And one man who has been actively at work to see that this meeting takes place at the highest possible level, where East is no longer east, nor West west, is a thirty two year old "psychic therapist" from Bombay India by the name of Shyam Bhatnagar.

Shyam's life is not unusual to a westerner but for a Hindu and an Indian, it is thoroughly revealing. Born of fairly well off western-oriented parents, he received a B.A. in philosophy from the University of Bombay. He came to the United States about eight years ago and opened up his own Indian export business. He accumulated wealth but with it he also accumulated tension and guilt and a bad stomach which western societies are natural enemies of. A few years later, he decided to give it all up and went back to India to seek out his spiritual guide and teacher since the age of twelve, Babaji; a "guru" reputedly reported to be 178 years old and who lived in one of the many valleys near the Himalya mountains.

Shyam found him, and then found his own self; all the wisdom of India and the reality of the inner life. In 1966 he established his first Self-Development Institute, the Satyam Shivam Sundaram (Truth-Beauty-Good) Institution, at 121 Second Avenue in New York as well as in Bareilly, India, along with his teacher of philosophy, a man named Harish. He decided to station himself in America, seeking out the people who needed him and to offer his services, at first free and later at a reasonable price.

Though he has ultimately aimed his program at children, all Shyam's students — 22 in New York City, 20 in urban New Jersey and six in Akron, Ohio — are adults 20 to 80.

"If I had to sum up the Institution's purpose," Shyam has said, "it is to expose the intelligence of the West to a higher level of awareness through natural means. There is a tremendous potential in this country for self-fulfilling disciplines."

Every culture that has ever achieved material satisfaction has fallen

into very high philosophies but on the
into a great deal of perversions and co
over and the culture has dissipated.

"My basic aim is to prevent, at least, victims of deterioration."

How Shyam has managed to communicate have been through the many valleys of India. As he has stated it simply, "discuss the movement of the sun, stars, and planets. Most of all it would reflect itself in the storage, we eat foods in season if we didn't have these storage facilities it has created a strain on our nerves."

Discipline involves the simple fact that food, we shouldn't be. You must li techniques were written down in ancien by a man named Charak, the greatest He wrote a huge epic on the philosophy

As far as the macrobiotic discipline for monks who are living slow but a in New York City unless he wants live on it.

Shyam has also gone on to explain why we eat certain foods and the fact that, "the body warms itself" which in present society is suppressed

"Natural foods are not offered to the child to create off balance needs. With the child brought to us in the industrial age it brings with it taboos on executing this energy bringing process, i.e., sexual activity of a 12 or 13 year old child is suppressed. It is why people get into sexual behavior harmful to the genitals especially for the female."

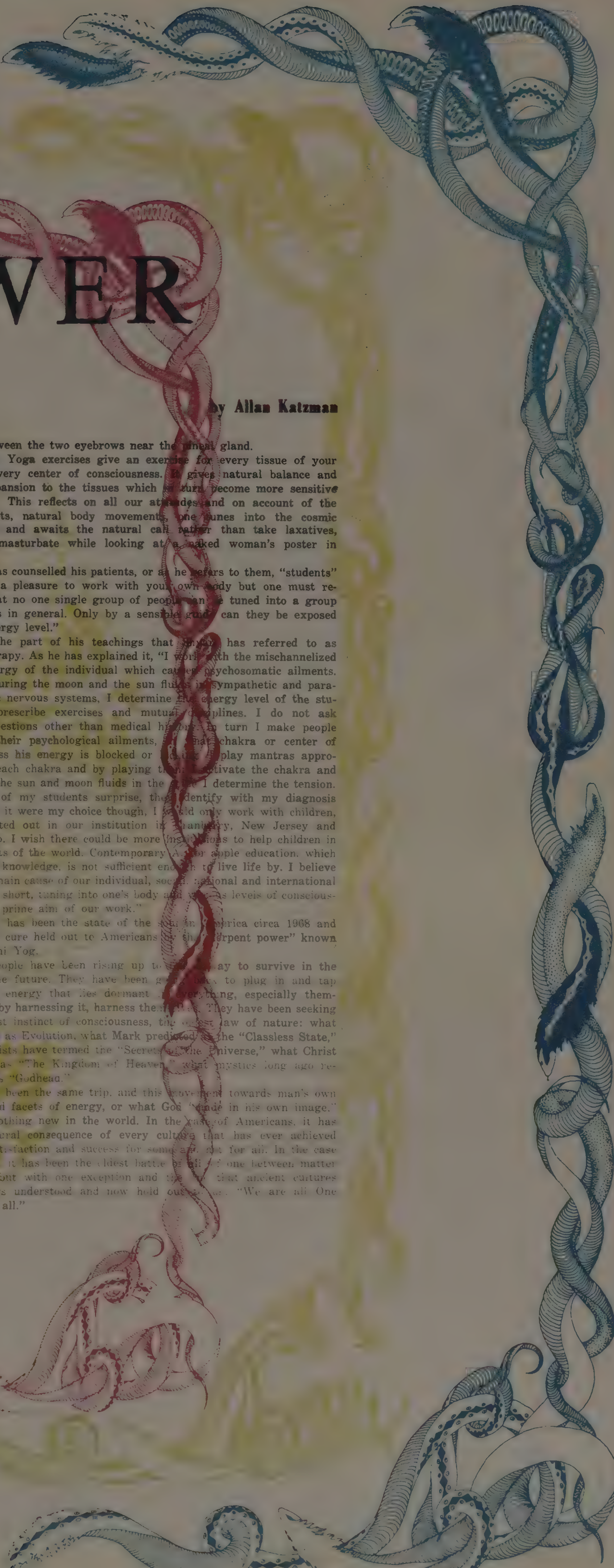
One of the most all-inclusive of the Shyam has used as an all-around therapeutic Yoga exercises as Shyam has put it, "lies at the bottom of the spine which disciplines and exercises."

"In the West it is called Serpent that lies dormant in everything. In the spine. Once this serpent is erect cerebrum, one attains a state of nirva consciousness. But one must remember centers of consciousness that cosmic rise through."

"The first chakra is the Muladhara, vival and is situated at the base of the genitals at the point where the se to be satisfied before the 2nd chakra Svadhishtana or procreation. It is lo center of procreation. Both these c gravitational chakras and, of course,

The third chakra is the Manipura.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th are the heart chakra. The Visuddha or throat



ERGENT POWER

by Allan Katzman

the other side they have also fallen and consequently perversion has taken

at least my students, from becoming

communicate his message of self-salva- varied yogic disciplines of ancient discipline is the method of following and planets as rhythmically as poss- self on foods. With modern facilities reasons which we would not be eating cilities. The revolution in technology fact that when the earth is eating st live with the flow of nature. These ancient India before the birth of Christ latest pharmacologist who ever lived. ophy of eating foods.

disciplines are concerned, they are fine ut are not good for a person living uts to clean his system but not to

n what happens after eating different wants to make a natural movement ssed."

the individual and off season foods excessive energetic food that is fed ings about maturity sooner and the brings about psychological disorders. year old girl who is ready for sex- t into masturbation and this can be for a female."

the yogic disciplines and the one that herepy is Kundalini Yoga. Kundalini it, "aims at a dormant strength that ich can be awakened by certain dis-

ent Power. It is the cosmic energy In man it lies coiled at the base of irected and opens its mouth in the nirvana, the highest form of cosmic mber there are six other chakras or nic energy can be awakened to and

ara. It contains the instinct for sur- of the spine between the feet and e serpent lies coiled. This chakra as kra can be activated. The 2nd is the s located in the genitals and is the e chakras are known as animal or se, are common to all animals.

ura. It is the meeting point of the se, are common to all animals the personal chakras. The Anahata or oat chakra. The Ajna or brain chakra

located between the two eyebrows near the pineal gland.

Kundalini Yoga exercises give an exercise for every tissue of your body for every center of consciousness. It gives natural balance and natural expansion to the tissues which become more sensitive and strong. This reflects on all our attitudes and on account of the natural diets, natural body movements, one tunes into the cosmic intelligence and awaits the natural call rather than take laxatives, drugs, or masturbate while looking at a naked woman's poster in playboy."

Shyam has counselled his patients, or as he refers to them, "students" that "it is a pleasure to work with your own body but one must remember that no one single group of people can be tuned into a group of exercises in general. Only by a sensible guide can they be exposed to their energy level."

This is the part of his teachings that Shyam has referred to as psychic therapy. As he has explained it, "I work with the mischannelized psychic energy of the individual which causes psychosomatic ailments. After measuring the moon and the sun fluids in sympathetic and para-sympathetic nervous systems, I determine the energy level of the student and prescribe exercises and mutual disciplines. I do not ask personal questions other than medical history. In turn I make people aware of their psychological ailments, which chakra or center of consciousness his energy is blocked or I play mantras appropriate for each chakra and by playing them activate the chakra and by feeling the sun and moon fluids in the body I determine the tension.

To most of my students surprise, they identify with my diagnosis and cure. If it were my choice though, I could only work with children, as we started out in our institution in Manahay, New Jersey and Akron, Ohio. I wish there could be more institutions to help children in various parts of the world. Contemporary American education, which is objective knowledge, is not sufficient enough to live life by. I believe this is the main cause of our individual, social, national and international tensions. In short, tuning into one's body and its levels of consciousness is the prime aim of our work."

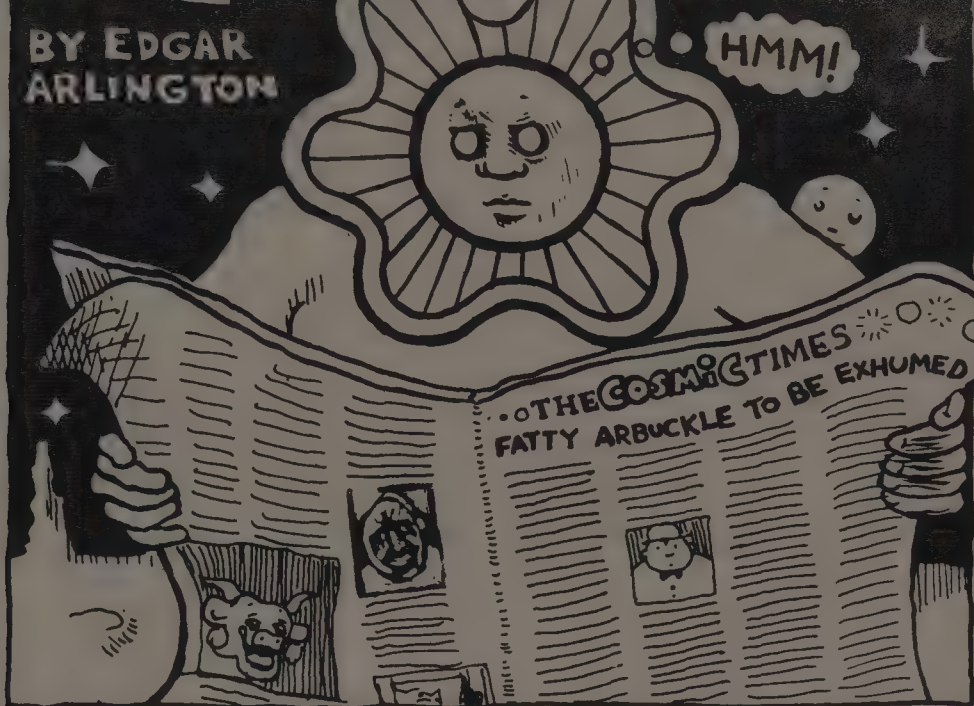
This then has been the state of the human America circa 1968 and the possible cure held out to Americans for the "serpent power" known as Kundalini Yog.

Young people have been rising up to find a way to survive in the world of the future. They have been going back to plug in and tap the Cosmic energy that lies dormant in everything, especially themselves, and by harnessing it, harness themselves. They have been seeking the youngest instinct of consciousness, the oldest law of nature: what Darwin saw as Evolution, what Mark predicted as the "Classless State," what scientists have termed the "Secret of the Universe," what Christ prophesied as "The Kingdom of Heaven," what mystics long ago referred to as "Godhead."

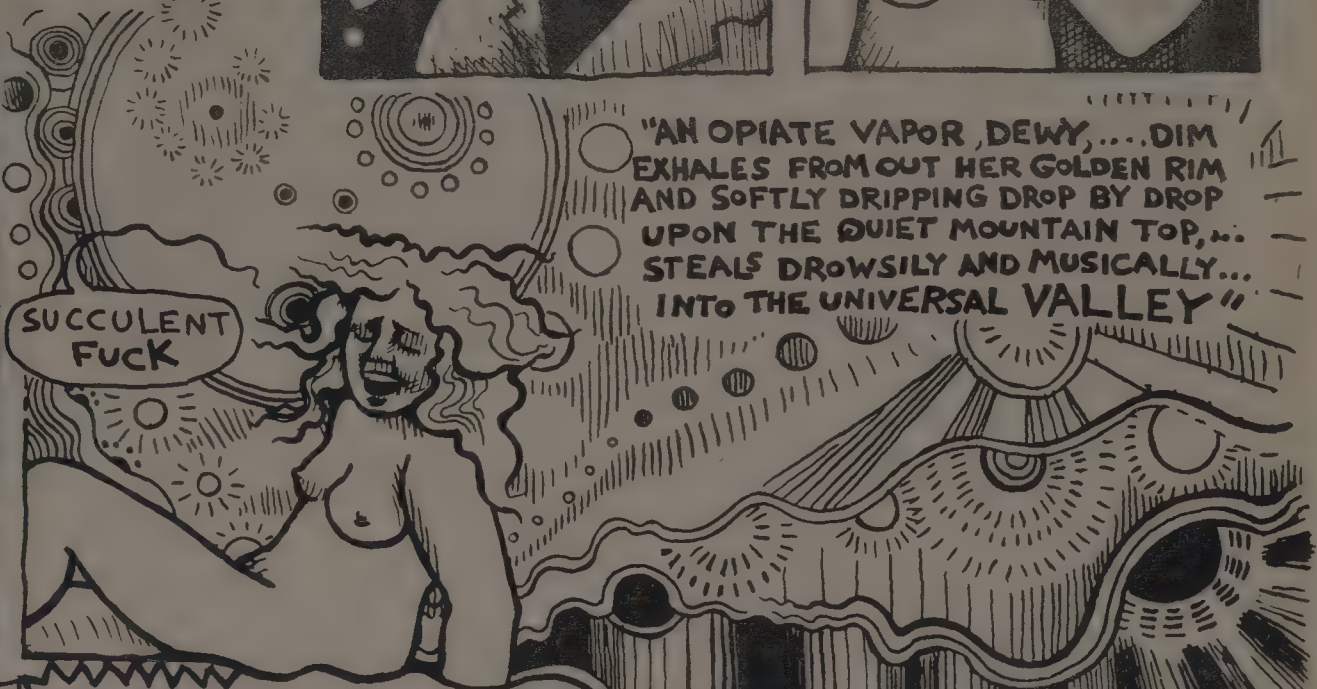
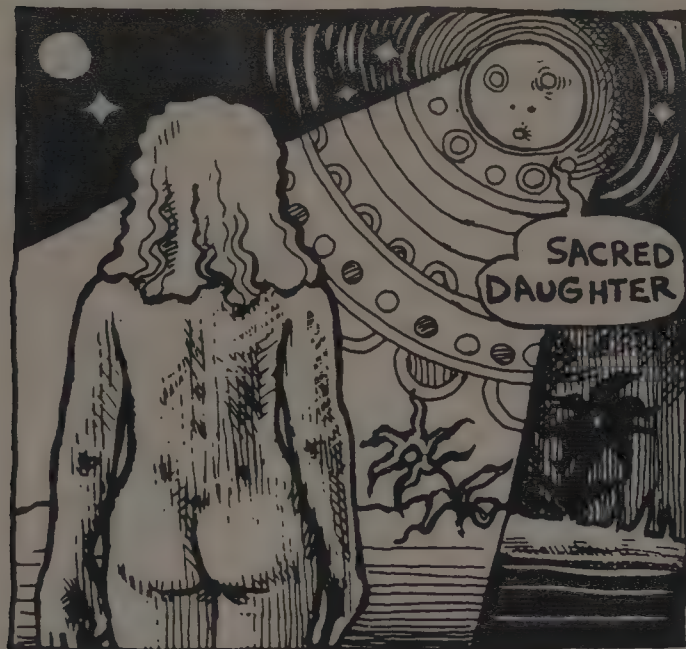
It has all been the same trip, and this movement towards man's own many-leveled facets of energy, or what God "made in his own image," has been nothing new in the world. In the case of Americans, it has been a natural consequence of every culture that has ever achieved material satisfaction and success for some and not for all. In the case of Mankind, it has been the oldest battle of all of one between matter and spirit but with one exception and that is that ancient cultures have always understood and now held out to us. "We are all One and One is all."

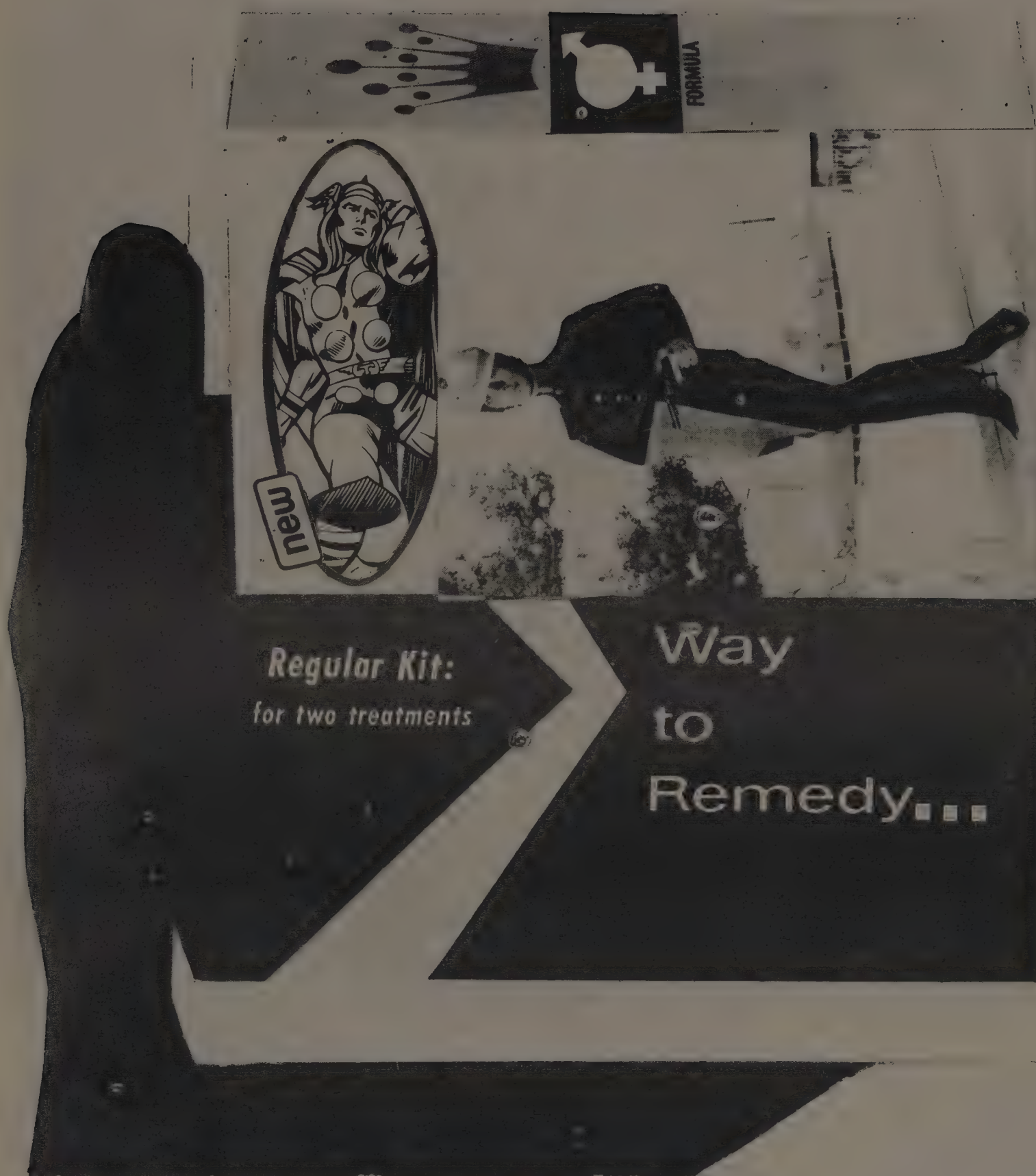
ETERNAL COMICS

BY EDGAR ARLINGTON



HER IDIOLOGY, (THE
LITTLE THERE WAS OF IT),
WAS CONTROLLED BY
THE EVER CHANGING
FACE OF THE MOON





THE NEW PEOPLE
Desexualization in American Life
By Charles E. Winick
Pegasus \$7.50 — 384 pages

A Review By: W.F. Lucas

The title of this imperative and serious study by a Professor of Anthropology and Sociology at C.C.N.Y. is as conditionally apropos, as this work is timely and useful. The humankind, moving from polarization of sexual distinctions in psychic and behavioural patterns; in an increasing life-style of inter sexual ambiguity, is this documented concern the author does not prove, but reveals. The authors main concern is with the cultural mores of Americana; and there is reason to further realize that modes of American behaviour have a sweeping way of infiltrating into other societies abroad, however patriarchal and monolithic sexual dominance (by gender) may extend itself. Anyhow, at least through the trillion dollar plus industry of American sexual and cultural imperialism.

The interest that this work affords is obviously deductive, as is self evident. The most popular subject anywhere is SEX, or the manifestations that transgress the lack of it. This is not a muckracking work or an iconclastic diatribe in the sense that Paul De Kruif's "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" was, or for that matter Philip Wylie's "Generation of Vipers" vaccine against "Momism" was. The visible and neutralizing evidence is among us, for the simplest of minds. The sexual emergence, (not symbolically) of what were once pronounced "male" and "female"

traits of each species is near dissolved; in an alarming illumination of our present loss of recognized sexual identity. For better or for worse, the author is as effective as an anvil on the toe. This unconjectured depolarization is in no way a superficial speculation for sensationalist response, or for that matter a stand-offish academic concern with an attempt to be doctrinaire, in the current use of statistical devices a la the two Kinsey Reports; or a compendium of psychosexual behaviour for a consensus ratification. But an easy reading and compassionate statement of our psychosociological culture patterns, that have already induced a new morality by sexual synthesis. The author a social scientist and observer of popular cultural behaviour has a considerable largess of material that easily clarifies his point of view. The sex act is one thing. However the sex-linked behaviour which is again Freudian, is the author's insistent focus throughout. No puritan oriented summary of this work in the jig-saw of American cultural behavior can be concluded, for past and present sense of redemption. The amorality of our Idish culture is not to be horrified by; but entertainingly realized from a decentralization of sexual poles. "All the world loves a lover," as the expression goes; but does it know what, and who it really loves? There is good reason for most of us to be at home with this work in being "New People," and whatever that is within our dormant libidinous limbos, should either be recognized or rendered extinct. The idea of "New People" is not to suggest a mass race to the homosexual or bisexual melting pots. But hopefully (and not naively) an exploration of the counter-characteristics found in the two species; which in our society assume the full components of role playing and juxtaposition of values, that were heretofore designated as either male or female attributes. One step further; is the concept of Judeo-Christian puritanical values were at best romantic.

What Professor Winick has revealed is perhaps the real stripping off, of the puritanical veneer, not atavistically; but returning to where men and women belong as creatures of a fulfilling ambiguity in the natural order of things . . . before corruption. Present society is so layered with subterfuge, disguise, deceit and the compulsion to sham away its only real valid civilizing reason for being, it is no wonder that human deprivation in the guise of dignity runs amuck and tries to destroy itself at any opportunity. The new people is a candid catch-up glimpse of something we go to parties to see and hear. Once titilated with the idea the party or parties are then successful, — for whatever the species is looking for, has realized, or is afraid to admit. Professor Winick's concern once more covers so much ground of contemporary comprehension of what may easily be called a genderless or neuter culture; it is easy to gather that American sexual life is a compounded charade of devitalized humanity in need of whatever it's due may be. Oscar Levant known for his part time wit in reference to Doris Day's inability to project womanliness once suggested that he knew Miss Day before she became a virgin. This needs little emphasis of any kind.

In conclusion the author states: "We can appreciate the prescience of Freud in his observation that the future of sexuality would give the answer to and be the measure of the future of the mankind. Long before, Plato in the Phaedrus pointed out that a person's attitude toward love is a necessary precursor of his attitude toward life. In fine, let us hope that the intense ferment in so many different aspects of sexual identity and social role today is less the increased brightness of the light bulb before it burns out, than a glow that presages an awakening." This book is a clearer mirror for the sexually beautiful and a rock of ages for the mindless.

PHOTOS INDICATE LINK IN KING AND KENNEDY ASSASSINATIONS

NEW YORK (LNS) — The Kennedy Assassination Inquiry Committee present photographic evidence recently at a New York press conference to suggest that a single conspiracy resulted in the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy and the Rev. Martin Luther King, Junior.

The committee issues periodic newsletters and conducts programs questioning the finding of the Warren Commission. At the press gathering, Richard Sprague, an independent photographic researcher, displayed a huge blow-up showing an unidentified man being escorted to the Sheriff's office in Dallas the day Kennedy was shot. His name and all records of his arrest have vanished; only the photo remains. But his face closely resembles the drawing made in Mexico City, released but immediately retracted by the FBI, of Eric Starvo Galt, suspected killer of Martin Luther King.

The mysterious figure was arrested with two other men in the Dallas freightyard about an hour after the Kennedy shooting. One of them, moreover, resembled Eric Eugene Bradley, now under indictment by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in his continuing investigation of the assassination.

Dear EVO:

I dug the article in **Poor Paranoids** on sabotaging the Establishment, and I too would like to see a new Independence Day, with whatever fireworks are necessary to bring it about. But please, warn everyone not to try making crude bombs as described in that article, unless they want their balls blown to Bolivia. Ammonium Nitrate and Potassium Chlorate are extremely sensitive explosives, especially when unpur or mined with certain other substance. Avoid like the plague any formula calling for a chlorate mixed with sulfur, a sulfate or a sulfite. Metal pipe bombs are very hazardous, and are certain to detonate if any attempt is made to grind, drill or in any way machine the metal after the explosive has been inserted. The safest and most easily obtained explosive is the powder from rifle or shotgun shells or from giant firecrackers. There are many books, pamphlets, instruction sheets, etc. available on pyrotechnics and explosives from chemical and hobby supply houses via mail order, and the safer chemical components of explosives (potassium nitrate, sulfur, magnesium, etc.) are available via mail order if you are willing and able to pay the price. Often casings and fuse suitable for the purpose and better and safer than home-made substitutes are also available.

More power to the Revolution!

P.S. Good encyclopedias also contain the basic information under "Explosives", "Demolition", "Fireworks" "Pyrotechnics", "Bombs", etc.

Dear EVO:

What am I doing in the organization I am now in. It is noted for its murdering and savage acts in Vietnam. It's the U.S. Army. Yes they drug me away from my love district (Plum Street) in Detroit which was my pad at one glorious time. They cut me bald, made me favor their beliefs and now are trying to make me a killer, but that will never happen. What is ever becoming of our world. All this hate and killing. Nobody is safe anymore. I am illiterate of what my peace brothers and sisters are doing and would like some lovin chick to write and keep me informed. Keep up the protests but most of all practice the phrase "Love thy neighbor." I might be doing wrong but brothers and sisters you are ever so right in your beliefs. Keep it up no matter what happens.

Pvt. Rook Malewicz
Ra 68012504
Co. B 2nd Bn. 1st AIT Bde.
Fort Dix, New Jersey 08640
4th Plt.

ACCORDING TO THE JUDGMENT, BOBBY CAN'T
CARRY A GUN

By JACKIE DiSALVO
LIBERATION News Service

OAKLAND, Calif., May 30 (LNS) — Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party for Self Defense, was given a sentence in Oakland last week which will in effect bar him from further association with the Panthers. The conditions attached to his 3-year-old probation give new backing to the Panther charge that there is a police-court conspiracy to dissolve their party.

According to the judgment, Seale cannot carry a gun; he cannot associate with those who do; he cannot associate with convicted felons; and he must hold a full-time job.

This is tantamount to court expulsion from the Panthers since one of the major platforms is to arm blacks in self-defense. In Oakland they have organized armed black patrols to watch the Oakland police whom they have repeatedly charged with brutality against blacks.

Seale was convicted on a little-known, 19th century gun law under which anyone carrying a gun in the vicinity of a jail can be charged with trying to smuggle guns into jail. In a New York interview with LNS, Seale explained the incident.

On May 22, 1967, Huey Newton was arrested while trying to investigate a police bust of a Panther apartment. The charges against Newton were later dropped, but Seale was arrested while awaiting his release. He was standing on the sidewalk outside the bail bondman's office with a shotgun when a policeman approached him and demanded that he turn over his gun.

"At that time it was legal to carry a gun in California. I asked him if I was under arrest. I said, 'Well you must be damn fool because you are violating the 14th amendment to the constitution of the United States, trying to remove my property without due process of law.' They gave me my weapon back and I was hit the next day with this trumped-up charge. I did not carry an illegal weapon. Huey Newton and I then researched the gun laws very well. As far as I'm concerned the power structure is trying to destroy the leadership of the Black Panther Party, either by killing, arresting, maiming or jailing Black Panthers."

At this time Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and seven other Panthers are in jail.

It is not known whether Seale will appeal the conviction. His lawyers' request for a trial has already been refused.

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★ ★

L I M B O

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Think

(Continued from Page 3)

far less than amortizing the expense or the additional structure necessary to support the cumulative snow loads throughout the winter months.

When rain falls on New York City and its counterparts around the world, it runs down the buildings into the streets, then into the gutters and on to the sewers to be polluted with all the other waters. Year after year, New York and other cities have suffered water shortages, though they are deluged with summer thundershowers, when enough water falls to take care of the city for days. With a domed-over city, both the melted snow water and the rain would run neatly to a guttering, clear of the pollution of the streets, down into a canal around the dome's lower rim from whence it would flow to great collecting reservoirs. The dome would be high enough to cause the water to flow gravitationally back to the storage reservoirs in Westchester County.

Because the energy losses would be so greatly reduced for the covered portion of the city, its heating and cooling could be handled most economically by electrical energy wired in from generators, far from the domed-over city. A new ultra-high-voltage electrical conducting system will soon bring New York electrical energy, by wire, all the way from the Pennsylvania hills, where the coal is to be mined and burned in steam-driven electric generators at the mine mouths. This will eliminate all fumes from the dome-covered atmosphere. The dome would also be able to umbrella away the fumes occurring outside the dome.

The Wire Strainer Effect

Calculations on the two-mile dome for mid-Manhattan indicate that the individual structural elements would be invisible, as invisible as the wires of a screened porch when viewed from a 100-foot distance. For this reason the appearance of the dome would be seen as a glistening translucent form. One would get the same effect if he photographed an ordinary kitchen wire strainer turned upside down and placed 100 feet away.

Such a shielding dome would also exclude the sound of passing jet planes. The lower edge of the dome would be at such a height as to make it appear an oversized umbrella above the city, with plenty of blue sky visible under its rim.

The dome's skins, consisting of wire-reinforced, one-way-vision, shatterproof glass, mist-plated with aluminum, would have the exterior appearance of a mirrored dome, while the viewer inside

would see out without conscious impairment. This will cut down the interior sunlight to nonglare level. Such domes would also provide a prime shielding against atomic radiation fallout.

When such large domes are made, the captive atmosphere in itself is enough to support the structural shell, as in a large pneumatic tire. Double the diameter of a tractor tire and it takes eight times as long to let the air out through the same sized valve. The larger the dome, the lower the pressure necessary to carry a given load. With such very large domes, the air introduced with the air-conditioning would keep up the shell-sustaining pressure.

As three-quarters of planet earth is water, and man is now trending swiftly to occupy the world's waters, as well as space, spherically-enclosed floating cities will soon dot the oceans at safely negotiable small yacht distances apart that will permit world-around cruising. Spherically-enclosed subterranean cities, sky-floating spherical cities and independent spherical spaceship cities probably will be developed by humanity during the next century.

Before we build our spherically-enclosed and domed-over cities, however, we must know how humanity is going to get from one to another. This involves studying every aspect of world transportation, and within that the air transport industry.

The whole industry of the earth could be integrated in such a way as to employ credit cards, computerized ticketing and automated follow-through of the whole transportation process—with all its economic and technical ramifications. A traveler could thereby "book" by vending machine in the nearest downtown office, or be ticketed in any hotel lobby or corner store, or even over his two-way TV facsimile, cable or radio-beam closed circuit system, operating from any spot from which he may wish to initiate his travel. He would insert his credit card into the transmitter and press buttons to indicate the time he would like to leave from one point and arrive at another, anywhere on earth, in the shortest possible time, and in the most economical way, including terminal helicopter flights, automobile rentals, stopover hotel accommodations, et al. Out from the vending machine would come a ticket printed with his routing and booked passage with the amount automatically charged to his credit card for officially automated accounting.

Whenever necessary, the traveler could cancel his ticket by putting his credit card back in any travel-vending machine and pushing the canceling

button for the same routing, plus the transaction number which had been imprinted on the vending ticket when he received the machine's commitment to carry him. The travel vending machine would thus be able to print out bookings in split seconds, or cancel them in another split second. The ticket would be all the individual needed to take with him as his automatic key-of-entry at the most convenient downtown embarkation point.

At his downtown airlines contact point he would enter his private traveling quarters and be transported therein to the point of major flight embarkation. These quarters would be within an angular segment of what I call a "fuselage cartridge." Each cartridge would be a circular section, like a banana slice or a Lifesaver mint, as one of many such units packed in parallel as a section of a cylinder cut perpendicularly to the cylinder's axis. The long, tubular assembly of these sections would fit together to form a complete cylindrical cartridge fitting neatly into the tubular-shaped fuselage of the air transport. There could be hundreds or more of these sections. Within any angular segment of one of these, the traveling quarters would provide the maximum sitting space without one human physically touching another; the integrity of each individual's privacy would be physically ensured. The sitting device would convert to a full-length bed that could move within the cartridge section by mechanical means. Luggage would be stored within the passenger's circular cartridge section.

All of these sectioned compartments would be routed by helicopter lift from "downtown" to the dispatching airports. At the airports, the cartridge cross sections would be loaded into the next transport bound for their particular destination, or series of destinations—the cartridges being loaded in proper sequence for detachment on jigs at their respective destinations. The cartridge sections, recombined at each airport, would be loaded through the open tail of the tubular fuselage as cargo loadings are made through the open tail of cargo planes. This marshaling or separating out and recombining of cartridge sections could be accomplished at each airport with computerized switches.

At destination airport, the passenger cartridge sections would be helicopter lifted or vacuum tube sucked to the nearest downtown disembarkation points. The same world travel and freight traffic computerization would also take care of all hoteling and dwelling accommodations.

Rocket Cities

The design of future cities will therefore be inexorably linked with transportation design. Some experimental cities will be undertaken scientifically by advanced industry as a general systems problem in the same way design scientists organize the comprehensive and detailed planning of great steamships and the soon-to-be giant ships of the air which later, as veritable sky cities, will become air-deliverable at supersonic speeds. Next will come cities on the oceans, in space, on the moon and, last, scientifically organic cities rocket-delivered around the earth.

The first officially undertaken experimental city in the USA is now going through its initial phase of official consideration. It is prescribed by its backers—the Federal and Minnesota State Governments acting with private industry, banks and press—that it be located somewhere in Minnesota at least 100 miles away from any present city. This is to guarantee its not becoming a dormitory extension of an already existing city. Logistical engineering considerations show that the research, development and government-financed prototyping, fabrication and installation of such a city will take a minimum of 10 years, even employing today's most advanced science and technology.

This means that the city cannot be realized before 1977. By then, major world traffic between the Americas' 12 percent of the human family and the 72 percent of all humanity living in Asia and Europe will be carried on over the northern polar routes, which are the shortest distances between these people. Since Minnesota occupies precisely the center of North America, it is the most inclusively effective marshaling point of the continent's part of the world air traffic pattern as it interconnects North America with both the Eurasian continent and South America.

If we assume that the present rate of acceleration of man's technoeconomic evolution is to persist, we also will have to assume that the world's present political divisioning into separate, sovereign states will have become as obsolete as the days of history when men belonged to city states because they were inherently immobilized by lack of transport or were even identified only as lifelong members of a single tribe, or township, or even a single borough or ward within a township—or with a single room in a single building as a numbered prisoner. The degrees of freedom to be attained are physical as well as metaphysical.

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THEATRE?

(Continued from Page 9)

Petulia has the Grateful Dead, Julie Christie, and Richard Chamberlain acting a semi-evil role. Any of those might be worth going to see, but Richard Lester directed as well, and George C. Scott — who may not be among everybody's favorites, but should be — stars along with Christie. The movie is about that class above the Room-at-the-toppers, above the Charlie Bubbles and a little below La Dolce Vita's. They are bored, but already know it, and are just trying to figure out a way to pass the time, temps, tiempo — one must know other languages these days . . . There is the affair, the marriage, and various combinations — plus the Grateful Dead.

If you only can watch visual images, totally unconnected by plot, and really enjoy only abstract work, then Petulia may seem much too naturalistic (whatever that word has come to mean). To miss Richard Lester's camera work, however, is truly a pity. This is a strong film, as are all of his, but this one has somehow worked out all together in one smooth long reel that hurts sometimes, and never loses touch.

The movie is at the Plaza, 58th and Madison.

For those who may have missed them *Muzeeka*, by John Guare, and *Red Cross* by Sam Shepard have been reprieved, thanks to some Obies, and are still at the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall Street, Tel.: GR 7-9894. Performances are Tues.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Sunday at 3 and 8:30.

Even though James Brown by all rights belongs in the music pages, he is sooo bee-yoo-tee-ful that he can afford to spill over onto this — cause he's Theater if anyone ever was. His special Sunday night on Channel 5 was really good; he sang for almost all of it; the commercials weren't that long or obnoxious, and he spoke little, making fair sense about black America becoming America, and everybody taking his part to get his share. According to a New York Times' article, James Brown's share includes a drawbridged, moated castle in St. Albans, Queens, a Rolls-Royce, a Mark III Continental (plus 3 other cars), 500 suits and 300 pairs of shoes — to list a few physical, material items. During the program, I watched adults run up to shake his hand, and now I see the appeal.

Henry IV, Part I is open the N.Y. Shakespeare Festival this year; actors include Stacy Keach, James Ray, Charlotte Rae, and Sam Waterson. Shakespeare, especially the Henry IV cycle, is worth it usually, and this is a really fine cast. Part II will alternate in repertory starting June 18th through August 2. Admission is free, and tickets for reserved seats are available on a first-come first-served basis at the box office of the outdoor Delacorte Theatre in Central Park. The theatre is located at Belvedere Lake, entrances at 81st and Central Park West, or 79th and Fifth Avenue. Performances are Tuesdays through Sundays at 8 P.M. and the box office opens at 6:15. Tel.: 585-5630.



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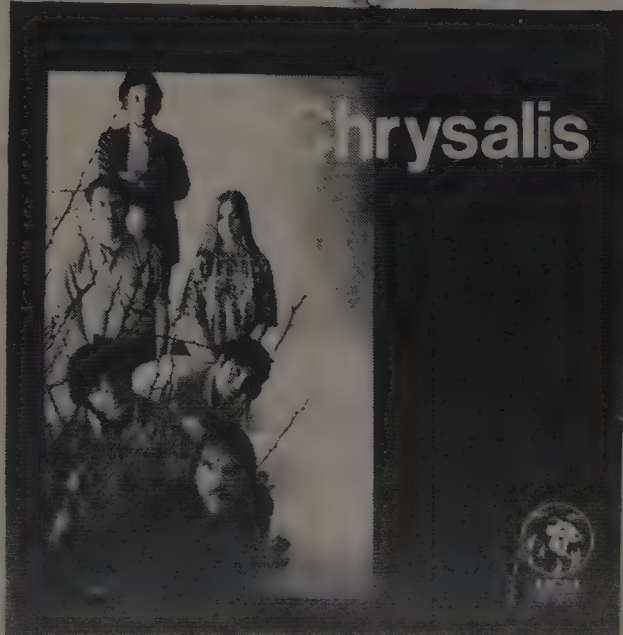
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H I P P O C R A T E S



PERSECUTION IN THE FOREST

A few miles north of Big Sur's Limekiln Canyon, the tiny settlement called Lucia just out over the waters of the Pacific. Lucia is a combination gas station (Standard Oil), cafe and general store. Above the entrance to the store a faded sign reads "NO HIPPIES." I stood before that sign recently and recalled similar signs I had seen years ago in the South. They had referred to "Jews" or "niggers." Later that day Patrick Cassidy reminded me that Hitler's first scapegoats were the gypsies, people who had few material possessions, dressed flamboyantly, lived in wagons, and who had long hair.

Somewhat reluctantly, I entered the store to ask directions. Two LOLs sat behind the counter sizing me up as I walked in. They apparently decided I was just another camper and were very helpful and pleasant. As I was talking to them, a long-haired boy carrying a pack walked in and asked for a drink of water. To my surprise they directed him to a water fountain without comment. I wondered how they defined a "hippie." Someone wearing a regulation uniform of beads and flowers?

I went to Big Sur to check out reports that peaceful campers were being turned out of the forest by government officials because they were considered to be "hippies." Charges had also been made that health officials in Monterey County eagerly participated in the hippie-hassling. Not long ago, a Monterey County Health Department physician established a temporary VD clinic at Big Sur Hot Spring's Esalen Institute. He treated 25-50 cases of gonorrhea and reports later reaching the daily press told of strange new penicillin-resistant strains of gonorrhea, presumably grown in the vile bodies of hippies.

It's true that gonorrhea is becoming more and more difficult to treat with penicillin alone. But the most likely source of new strains of gonorrhea is Asia, specifically Vietnam. For the past several years physicians in Saigon and on troop transport ships have reported a high percentage of gonorrhea cases resistant to the usual doses of penicillin. Often alternate anti-biotics like tetracycline must be used. Now that most Vietnam veterans return by plane rather than ship, symptoms of VD may appear only after sexual contact has occurred in the U.S.A.

Big Sur residents must travel 60 miles or more for health care. Several complained of brusque treatment at the general hospital in Monterey when they gave their address. They hope the Monterey County Health Department will set up a small clinic in Big Sur. But they fear the information gleaned from the temporary Esalen clinic will be used only for political purposes.

Another excuse to roust hippies out of the woods. Unfortunately, most public health officials are but cogs in a bureaucratic machine.

HEALTH IN THE WOODS

Many of the complaints of unsanitary conditions amongst campers appear to have been justified. City-bred people seeking a more healthful life in the forest are often ill-prepared for life out-of-doors. Health department officials in rural areas could help prevent disease by assisting those who wish to spend time away from our rotting cities.

After the Equinox Celebration in Limekiln Canyon, many of the celebrants of the thousands assembled there decided to continue living amongst the red-woods. Some constructed outhouses on or near Limekiln Creek while other downstream bathed in and drank the same waters. A latrine can be easily built in a matter of hours in a way which can satisfy health standards. There are sound reasons for paying attention to proper disposal of human waste—quite apart from middle-class hangups. Two common fecally-borne diseases are typhoid and infectious hepatitis.

HOW TO BUILD A LATRINE

I'll describe here a simple, fool and fly-proof method for building a pit-privy. First of all try to preserve the natural ecology of the land and your bodies. Don't contaminate your own water supply or that of others. Latrines should be 100 feet from streams, springs or wells deeper than 20 feet. They should be 200 feet from on the downhill side of the stream or well (unless you are aware of underground waterflow moving against the slope of the land).

A latrine should be at least three feet deep. Shallower holes will fill up faster requiring more work in the long run. The edges should be raised slightly above the surrounding terrain and packed down. When possible, line the edges with tar or oil paper and tack the upper side of the paper to the wood planks which will be covering the hole in the ground. If no lining paper is available, make sure there is a tight seal between the elevated rim of the pit and the covering planks. Provision should be made for a round or square hole in the boards covering the pit. A lid covering the hole in the planks should be provided, preferably tied to the planks.

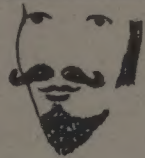
Refinements are building up a seat for the structure and putting a building around it, i.e. a standard outhouse-but these are unnecessary from a health standpoint. The important thing is to prevent flies from entering the pit.

An alternate method is to dig a long, fairly shallow, narrow "slit" trench. The excavated dirt is left by the side of the trench with a shovel. Each time the trench is used, dirt is shoveled into the trench.

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

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

NUDISCOVER. MEET interesting people near you who love nudism. Any age. Male-female, married-single. Send \$1.00 to Alan Tuck Associates, Dept. E-4, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J., 07083.

DYNAMAX PROUDLY announces the publication of Black Book 4 the Black Book is a fun—to read magazine, that puts new people into your life. It offers a unique, interesting and dignified way for all you single men and women to enliven your scene. We deal in service not sensation. If you'd like to see some new faces, the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St., N.Y.C. New York 10036.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: THE Black is moving fast! **FORECAST:** The Black Book will put more people into more people's lives. Singles of the world let the Black Book sock it to you.

SEVERAL New "NOW" catalogs plus fantastic sample globutton 25c. Adonis, 320 North Sweetzer, Los Angeles 48, California.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL includes complete instructions for buildings strobes, color organs, light machines, etc. Send \$2 to Lightworks, 409 E. 6th St., N.Y.C. 10009.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEED NEW FRIENDS? Try our newsletter! \$2 to run your ad and get next issue. No names and addresses used, assuring privacy. The Registry, Box 3442, New York, 10017.

BECOME INVOLVED! \$400,000 needed to restore 700 year-old Bavarian Castle \$1.00 plus contributions welcomed. Details furnished. S. McDermott, 117 W. 74 St., N.Y.C. 10023.

RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition. To continue work we need; Tools (all types), canned goods, seed, money, people with transportation, rope, cloth, and a plow, or anything that could be used. Send stuff to or Contact, Walden Three, F. Bannon, 636 E. 9th St., No. 8, New York City.

GROUP 212 SUMMER 1968 INTER-ARTS WORKSHOP. Painting, sculpture, film-making, graphics, inter-media, expanded theater, dance, poetry, electronic music, goju karate etc. Write P.O. 96, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

Am going to Nevada June 15-July 1. Need ride out west. Surrounding states O.K. Help! Contact Walt Bredel c/o EVO.

BLEEKER ST., 154 Newly Decorated Rooms on daily or weekly basis At SPECIAL LOW RATES Village Hotel: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT, 154 Bleeker St., 212-254-2020.

EMPLOYMENT

HELP WANTED! Girl-White, 18-20. Inexperienced, model for photographer Sunday's. Must look wonderful in mini-skirt or bikini. Test shots. Salary, lunch, taxi home. TR 9-2913, 8 p.m.

ADVERTISING young lady with three years diversified art experience seeks fashion illustration; paste-up and mechanicals; layout and design work for magazines, newspapers, mailing pieces seeks staff position and a few freelance accounts. Call week day evenings and Sunday (not Thursday or Saturday) area code 212-634-5364.

NEW UNDERGROUND magazine needs staff. Promote freedom of thought and action. No pay. Write how you can help. Box 88, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

ATTRACTIVE girls needed \$50 for 2 hrs. nude photography magazine. Also studio modeling. Lee Studio "A", 68 W. 39th 279-6452, 1-9 p.m.

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 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

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

FEMALE assistant to writer and photographer. Some travel all expenses paid for. Jack Hawkins, 1015 6th Ave., 563-7539.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earn \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

"YOUNG JAYBIRDS" International film on Teen-age nudism, in the making. Producer needs boys, girls. Shooting starts August 26. Approx. 3-4 weeks. U. S. and European locale. Good pay. Hourly, daily, weekly. Send name, age, phone number and photo to Scott Allan, P.O. Box 567, Mt. Vernon, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, caucasian, negro etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc. figure pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Ave., MU 6-8827.

SINGERS WANTED. A new experiment in rock and soul. Have many groovy blacks; need some whites. Tours, recordings plus T.V. special. Call 528-3548.

WANTED NOW. Two or three young unsquare guys. Sensible swingers great. A.C. or D.C. But no over obvious queens. Help open few cottages. In and outside detail. No hustling here. Short on bread. Big on food and appreciation. 200 miles from Manhattan. (Not Cape). Inland Mass. Lakeside. Informal. Jerry 617-342-0498 or P.O. Box 508 Radio City Station 10019, N.Y.C.

GUITARIST, experienced ONLY, for backing group must be familiar with C & W. Call 586-6415 anytime.

50 YOUNG male figure models for prof. photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

EVO office needs a responsible guy to help us keep the place clean and to go on important missions. Must have no head problems. Call Peter at 228-8640.

BUY AND SELL

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

LATEST Fashion—Large gold or silver medallions on heavy chains. Beautiful designs. Only \$2.50 ea. postpaid. Valco Trading, Post Office Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey, 07055.

PARTY cards ADULTS ONLY, 52 lively playing cards plus jokes in gorgeous color \$3.00. (First 100 orders BONUS mini-deck FREE) Parisian c/o Box 68-EV, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231.

"HEAH COME DE JUDGE, CASH IN YOUR WARBONDS." Buy these and 230 other buttons. Also 12 Peanut buttons, BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, NAME BUTTONS, posters, free catalog. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46 St., N.Y.C., 10036. Tel.: 581-4199.

WHAT with all those ads for chicks to pose bare arse, and for guys with a degree in sociology who want to "learn" cunnilingus, isn't it refreshing to find a quality merchandise Shtick? Well, here it is, friends: **FOR SALE:** Late 1967 Jaguar XKE Convertible, 5 months old, 7,000 miles, Burgundy color, Black Leather upholstery (for all you leather freaks) all options and a built-in alarm system (for all you paranoids) must sell: 3 in family, 2 seats in car. NO MONEY DOWN, BANK LOAN AVAILABLE. Call D. Allard from 7:30 to 4:00 (212) 981-3000 ext. 301 or 375 from 4:30 on 356-3075.

TRIPPING this summer! Portable pad; 1952 "Green School Bus Camper; Excellent condition—\$899.00 or best offer. Contact: Vamandeu, 26 Second Avenue, 874-7428.

EARN up to \$10 an hour doing free-lance research for small business and Industry. No large library required, no previous experience necessary. Information to enter this money making field offering prestige and many exciting new contacts are yours for just \$1. Sent to Executive Aids, 5044 N. Marine Drive, Suite C3, Chicago, Illinois, 60640.

PHOTOGRAPHER offers for the first time unpublished photos of beautiful girls carefully selected for their appeal and beauty from the many models answering my ads. State preferences. Samples and full details \$3 John Peters, GPO Box 793, New York, N.Y. 10001.

PSYCHEDELIC SUPPLIES. Cigarette papers and machines, candles, incense, water pipes, zodiac buttons, jewelry, bumper stickers, lots more and NOW **OLFACTORY INCENSE** 37 flavors including strawberry, cherry, cinnamon, orange, lemon, lime, peppermint, sassafras. **WILD FLOWERS WEST,** Vinyl Colored Sticks. **RAVENHURST ENTERPRISES,** 1119 West Temple Street, Los Angeles, California. (213) 623-6863 or OL 4-2222. Wholesale catalog upon request.

POSTERS MADE OF YOUR WALLET PHOTOS and custom enlarging for busy photographers very reasonable rates write to: Photog. Robert Dudas, Box 155, 1651 2nd Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10028.

WIREMAN EARRINGS, \$2.00 postpaid. TIMMY KOHN, Box TK, c/o EVO, Box 571 Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C.

COLLECTOR'S DECK 5x7 full color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

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

PHOTO FILMS—All kinds. Unusual adult items available. Details FREE, SAFARI Studio, 526 High Rd., London, W. 4, England (for special handling include \$1.00).

BUGGED by your barren wall? Hippist selection of Day-GLO posters. Night Owl, 118 W. 3rd St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Write for free catalogue.

FINEST RAJPUT INDIA INCENSE. 20 thick 11" sticks. Send 10c for sample with list only 50c Pkge. Why pay more? of ten fragrances plus "The Story of Incense". Mail order shipped promptly. Imported by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York, 10028.

PERSONAL

WRITER, recently widowed, seeks intelligent female companion to share comfortable apartment. Free room, board all necessities provided. Call 799-0554, Rolfe Passer, 74 W. 92nd Street, New York, N.Y.

MASCULINE guy 24, seeks young good looking masculine guy for friendship relationship. Send reply, photo if possible. Box 316, New York City, 10004.

MATURE gentleman seeking young sexy and uninhibited gal to travel abroad, must be willing to travel most of the year. When in New York share my posh eastside apartment. All expenses paid. Call R. L. J. 628-4583.

YOUNG guy (26) digs wild sex and well hung males! All your desires gratified. Call 255-2597 after 8 p.m.

MATURE young man European educated, cultured, clean-cut, 5'11", 180 lbs., honest, sincere, reliable, loyal, devoted very handy all-around, would like to serve evening nights, to **MISTRESS** and or **MR.**, whatever in desire, whatever demand obediently, in return for some financial assistance personal indebtedness kindly call SU 7-7500, ext. 1603 nights. If no answer, please leave message. Thank you. Sincerely, Ronald.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33 year old,, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, funcheon and . . . Let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

CULTURED, successful gentleman interested in the arts— theatre, music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive young lady to enjoy same. Should be free to travel occasionally. May consider financial help for talented, creative girl. Comfortable midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's chat.

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.

GOOD looking guy 28, seeks young nympho girls 18 to 30 for sex and good times, who would like to get away for a weekend on Long Island. Will also pay small fee for molding nude on beach. 12 noon 4:30 p.m. Jim. 516-799-5627.

SEXY, swinging gal 21-30 to work with and pad with intelligent groovy guy as part time waitress in beautiful nudist resort. Many extras. Call Bert, 215-377-2911. Sun an' Fun.

IF YOU ARE a mature, sensitive, intelligent woman who would enjoy the affectionate respectful and undemanding companionship of a gentleman . . . Please call 478-3065 (weekday evenings after 6).

BACHELOR White uninhibited, 38, 5'6", 175 lbs. Seeks attractive girl for fun or marriage. Frank F. Apt. 29, 305 W. 10th St., N.Y.C. 10014. CH 3-9730.

CLEAN CUT, outdoor type guy living in Village wants to meet pretty, personable Negro gal for dinners, dating, swinging, weekend cruises on Long Island Sound Aboard 30' sailboat. Let's talk it over. Call 673-9406, evenings.

GOOD looking shy young man, 21, seeks an attractive, extroverted uninhibited girl for doing what we will mutually enjoy. Call 201-338-4240. Eddie.

HANDSOME young man, european born, 30, cultured, business executive, want attractive affectionate uninhibited girl, 18-30 to share his 3 room modern A.C. apartment east 20 (rent free). Total friendship and long term relationship. Send photo and phone, write P.O. Box 93, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

BRAINS AND BALLS—Yours to enjoy lovely lady, if you dig fine arts. Especially sex. Wild young writer awaits you with outstretched . . . 787-9396.

EXPERIENCED CUNNILINGUS, handsome late 20's seeks you. Your pleasure is mine. Gals, I'll put you in ecstasy. A 10c. call will do it. 201-941-2191. Bobby.

YOUNG, attractive, Chinese bachelor 5'6" with good job seeks a marriage minded Caucasian-Eurasian girl. Write Benj. 621 Clay St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111.

RICH YOUNG MAN—20 years old, 5'10", seeks the love and affection of an attractive uninhibited girl from age 16-20 to share his apartment. I am marriage minded with \$50,000 to my name and enjoy the french and greek styles of love. Write today. You could be the one for me. Scott Johnson, 132 W. 47th, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

HANDSOME PROFESSIONAL MAN, 31, well built, white, virile, affectionate, discrete considerate and generous, seeks shapely uninhibited, young female partner for mutual complete sexual enjoyments. Married woman O.K. Confidence assured photo please. Jack Rogers, Box 1357, Bridgeport Conn. 06603.

LONELY young white gay male wants to meet young **STRAIGHT** or bi-sexual males to satisfy orally. Discretion assured. Write: Sullivan, 260 W. 15 St. N.Y.C. 10011.

WHITE male, handsome, 30's has services for discreet ladies, escort, companion etc. Expert at unusual requests. Contact Dave Leff, Box 32, Whitestone, N.Y. 11357.

SWINGING couple with varied interests would like to meet other swinging couples and bi-sexual singles. Call MU 8-0193.

WANTED Angel for everything. Looks very important. Marianne faithful type ideal. Interests should include modern music, cinema, theatre, eating, psychedelic events. Writer too busy to search but urgency makes advert necessary. Absolutely genuine. Positively suitable girls 18-22 only. YU 9-7836 evenings. John.

YOUNG man would like to meet female for sex and sex. Write Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019, Box 1076.

NEW! SKIN PAINTING

TRY YOUR OWN DESIGNS DIRECTLY ON OUR FEMALE FIGURE MODELS

HALF HOUR \$12
ONE HOUR \$20

Paints, brushes furnished... beginners welcome. Membership \$2 year.

STUDIO "A"
68 WEST 39th ST., NYC • 279-6432

THURS. FRI. & SAT. from 1 to 9 PM

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

pop

(Continued from Page 6)

perimental direction, the ensemble will probably follow a more conservative tone.

* * *

Slugs, the bastion of Avant-Garde jazz in the Lower East Side, is presenting vibist Bobby Hutchinson this week and Coltrane protege, Pharoah Sanders, next week.

* * *

Jeremy Steig brings his hermaphroditic Satyrs into the cellar "Scene" this weekend. The re-formed jazz-rock group joins Mose Allison and Kenny Rankin. Their sound will have changed with the replacement of bluesman Adrian Gullary. He has been replaced by a female vocalist who, according to club owner Steve Paul, has sung with the Mothers. Adrian, in the meantime, has been woodshedding with rhythm guitarist Martin Williams and Marion, formerly the lead singer of Da-Da and the understudy for both male vocals in Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan.

* * *

New York's pop music society will be at the Cafe Au Go Go Tuesday

night for the opening of the new Blood, Sweat, & Tears. Their first appearance without Al Kooper will find the allegedly leaderless group to have a distinctive Count Basie sound meriting the Columbia Records slogan for the group as "Son of the Big Bands." This is, of course, the influence of alto saxophonist Fred Lipsius, who is doing almost all of the new arrangements. Vocals will be in the style of Ray Charles by Canadian David Clayton Thomas, a new addition as lead singer and guitar. The group is now composed of Dick Halligan, formerly trombonist who moves to Koopers vacated Hammond organ, Steve Katz on lead guitar, Jim Fielder on bass, Thomas, Bobby Columbia on drums, Lipsius, and two new trumpets and a trombone.

* * *

The Daytop Music Festival on Staten Island this weekend should be the most beautiful sound spectacular this year. Aside from the fact that all the money will go to Daytop's junkie rehabilitation community, the entire festival of events will take place outdoors on seven wooded acres with plenty of room to dance or groove to the avalanche of music being presented. Bring your own blankets, food and refreshments for the three day event.

DAYTOP'S FESTIVAL OF MUSIC SCHEDULE

FRIDAY
June 14
8:30 P.M.

a night of
FOLK MUSIC

PETE SEEGER, JANIS IAN: On this night a 100 ft., schooner, "The Black Pearl" will dock near shore and the Black Pearl River Singers will join Pete Seeger in singing sea chanteys.

SATURDAY
June 15
3:00 P.M.

JAZZ

Billy Taylor, Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Sheila Jordan, Kenny Burrell, Dave Eisensin, Joe Newman, The New Art Jazz Ensemble. More to come.

SUNDAY
June 16
3:00 P.M.
to Midnight

afternoon
LATIN
and
ROCK
evening

Dick Ricardo "Sugar", Ricardo Ray, Lebron Bros., Ray Barretto plus Steve Paul from the "Scene" to M.C. an evening of Rock featuring The Electric Flag, Grateful Dead, Jeremy & the Satyrs, Kat Mother and the All Night News Boys, Kenny Rankin, jazzman Mose Allison, Children of God and others.

MONDAY
June 17
8:00 P.M.

BENEFIT
at the
VILLAGE GATE

DUKE ELLINGTON, Clark Terry, David Amram, George Barrow, Sheila Jordan, Art Farmer, Jimmy Heath, Jackie McClean, Donald Byrd, Kenny Burrell, Vivica Lindfors. (Expect some "big" stars to drop in!!)

TICKET CONTRIBUTION (TAX DEDUCTIBLE)

- \$ 2.50 For one concert at DAYTOP Student Rate at Doors of DAYTOP — No advanced Sale.
- \$ 5 For 1 concert at Daytop
- \$10 For 3 concerts at Daytop
- \$15 For 3 concerts at Daytop and/or "Benefit"
- \$25 (SPONSOR) FOR ALL EVENTS
- \$50 (SPONSOR) FOR ALL EVENTS

For further information call: 984-2789 or 984-2790.

as corrupt and that the mayor was corrupt. have no illusions. You believe politicians what they say? It's a device to get e If you were to follow a politician fro York to Alabama, you would shit from th

Because the liberals can under- stand everything but people who don't understand them. The liberal, the true liberal: "I'm so under- standing, I can't understand anyone not understanding me, as understanding as I am."

POLITICO: In this country, regardless of race color or creed, the color has a right to know it becomes everyone's duty that has become the right of every man, woman and child, a child that one day will be proud of his heritage, a child that only in these perilous times, when a fan-b menace, a horrible bomb, that can only disfigure and defame its creator, a horrible evil, a lac salary, a lethargic lethargy and complacency cannot fall into, we've got a bomb that can win out here the world is necessary. And we will keep our standards, the strength that has com of American unity, that we alone will build for better schools and churches.

You see, there are a few more Negroes than you know about, you see. Yeah. Because census-takers, I assume, have been remiss in their duties, and passed a few more Negro houses: "Two billion taken from Alabama, the tea vote is all coming in!" "Two billion taken from student adding? Two billion?" "Where're those votes you someth ing from? Where've all these people been?" They've been in the houses, man, sixteen thousand to a house-- Be

**THE ESSENTIAL
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disques