

THE

east
village

OTHER

VOL. 3. NO. 30 JUNE 28, 1968

METROPOLITAN 15¢



bean soup

PETER LEGGIERI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 JAAKOV KOHN
 DON KATZMAN
 LENNOX RAPHAEL
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
 PETER MIKALAJUNAS
 ALAN ASNEN
 ZOD FENSTER
 GIL WEINGOURT
 WALTER BREDEL
 PHIL GARVIN
 WILMER LUCAS
 EMMET LAKE
 TULI KUPFERBERG
 KEVIN FAVOUR
 MELISA STOUT
 FLICKA
 DIANE DORR-DORYNEK
 LIL PICARD
 LITA ELISCU
 RAYANN RUBINSTEIN

ICELAND: LORRAINE-GLENNBY
 LONDON: MILES
 PARIS: J. J. LABEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 BERLIN: ALEX GROSS
 LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER
 SAN FRANCISCO: ERNIE BARRY
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
 TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK & FRAWLEY

Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Ave., N. Y., 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1968 The East Village Other, Inc. All rights reserved.

Dear EVO:

Are there any real Gypsies left in this country? Or has the rancid society pushed all of our little, colorful, homes-on-wheels off the roads and into the junk-yards to rot? Is there no more chance for the happy, peaceful folk of Romany? I am of gypsy blood and am wondering if there are any tribes left?

Hippies, flower-children, or what-have-you, are on a close parallel to the beautiful Gypsies. In fact, perhaps it was the Gypsies who were the fore-runners of the movement. Who is to say? Nonetheless, many of their beliefs. And habits are the same. My ancestors were trying to escape a rich society and live free and happy amongst their own kind.

Anyone interested, please write. Who knows, maybe someday our merry caravans will once again traverse the roads of this nation.

Peace,

Iver Gowie
 884 Eighth Ave.
 Troy, New York.

Dear EVO:

The new gun laws which appear to be aimed at stopping the lunatic murderers, and gun-happy morons, are in fact being passed mainly to curb the Black revolution and a growing number of white left-wing militants. These laws will give the power to the MAN of saying who will, or will not possess firearms. With the Nazi-Scrotum in power do you actually believe they will disarm the N.R.A. and the Joe Pyres of this country? The bullshit tactics being pulled on Rap Brown, Bobby Seale and The Panther, E.S.S.O. and Jerry Rubin by the Prick-faced Police are an indication of what is really happening.

Dear EVO:

There are some souls who gain a sense of self-esteem only when they have the opportunity to manifest a dazzling alacrity in nipping the bud of creative thought whenever it appears in the soil of the 'scientific' community. They are the minor-league Martin Gardners who hate all novelty except the novelty of putting 'up-starts' in their place. They are the sanctified killer sharks who, in their inquisitorial zeal, devour hairy heretics and free-floating iconoclasts and who, having extirpated their center of spiritual idealism, now substitute

the politics of fence-sitting, bandwagon sophistry and the gung-ho of hosannas for the academic bigwigs.

But now the Pulsars are blowing the minds of this cabal, minds in need of being blown. And these harrowed minds have now come to believe that each Pulsar, not showing any of the changes in pulse that would be expected if it were a spinning star, is no larger than New York City, yet is able to send 10 billion times more energy than is produced by all the electric generators on earth in a year, masering its way in all directions through space on a broad and continuous range of frequencies, reaching us from a distance of over 100 light years, precise to the millionth of a second and with a recorded intensity variation, indicative of a sophisticated coding method, of from one to ten fold, (esoterically, to my mind, an indication of the ten Sephiroth and their emanations from the infinite to the kingdom of our solar system).

These blown minds had to conjure up the fantastic hypothesis that the Pulsar was so dense that it could no longer be called matter but behaved, rather, like a black hole into which the matter of the universe was finally squeezed back into space. As attractive, though far-fetched, as this theory was, it was swallowed up in the discovery of the Pulsar's light source strangely flashing at one half the rate of the radio emissions. This theory was cast in doubt by the possibility that the light source was nothing other than background phenomena, a repetitiously taped, 'WOW' on the electronic recorder, (Wow really signifying the presence of YHWH: He Wow He: Yaweh: Your way! Dr. Hewish, the scientist who made the original announcement in the journal, NATURE, should be called Dr. Youish: (Jewish) of Cambridge, the contemporary Cabala: Cambridge, CAM is short for camel, symbol of the non-conformist who treks across the trackless unknown, forging a BRIDGE to the oasis beyond).

Beacons for space ships they may be, Mr. Boardman, but their real importance is that they are beacons of friendship. The pulsars are flashing messages to all of mankind. From the head of Cambridge University's Radio Astronomy Dept. Professor Martin Ryle, "This is probably the most exciting astronomical discovery of all time. It could be intelligence. One

would expect aliens to contact us with repeated signals. The most logical conclusion would be an intelligent life source. "Apparently this gentlemen is not afraid of being caught in the apostasy of anthropocentrism, in which bag, Mr. Boardman, you would never be caught dead or alive. To refuse to see relationships or to draw deductions from experiential data because of the fear that we might read something of the 'subjective' into it, seems to be a subjective bias that absolutely prevents any meaningful understanding of the material. As tools that help us order experience into manageable units, we are forced to employ terrestrial units of time, be they ever so humble. The real question is whether one's explanations help bring the observed facts into a system of interpretations which has a high degree of predictability and yields fresh and informative insights. This I believe I have done. The number for the Holy Trinity turned up in my calculations as a dominant theme around which all other facts fell into systematic order. Could it be mere 'coincidence' that the sum of all four pulsar repetition rates equalled 111; that the receiver was tuned to 111 megacycles when the signals were first recorded, and that the sum of Pulsar 1's repetition rate, being 37 equalled 111, when multiplied by 3, derived from its triplet structure?

What I believe your problem is, Mr. Boardman, is the fear of appearing preposterous, which fear you hide behind the clarion call of anti-anthropocentrism—a highly respected attitude in the ranks of the academically fastidious. However such assistant professorial scrupulosity might lead to the scene in which a fossilized scientist, given an intergalactic message to decode which reads, 'UPAGAINSTTHEWALLMADAMAPPLESAUCE', fulminates thus: "Horrors and the heights of presumption. No extra-terrestrial source worth its salt would ever use a standard of measurement in any way intelligible to us. This jumble of letters means absolutely nothing to a man of science. The culprit who took down this message is a victim of the English language anthropomorphism-mania!" Perhaps I needn't be that cynical, for in a recent meeting on Pulsars at the Institute for Space Studies, an astronomer commented on hearing a playback of pulsar signals through a loudspeaker, "Why not take it to Florida and try it on the dolphins and see how they respond." The thought never occurred to him, that if he were sufficiently high, let's say on LSD, that he might do just as well as the dolphins.

As far as precitability goes, I feel that the number 111 trinitied, (111, 111, 111) is of overall significance. It is gotten by multiplying 12345679 by 9 or as Charles Cohen demonstrated in his letter by multiplying 1001001 (expanded trinity) by 111. In the written prophecies of Nostradamus, the number 333, or the sum of three trinities, is of great importance. This remarkable sage predicted the great fire of London for the year 1666. But he had also predicted that 333 years later, in 1999, mankind would be witness to a fleet of extra-terrestrial space ships that would descend from the sky and settle a raging conflict for the benefit of mankind by its in-

tercession on the side of the benign forces. Sometime between now and 1999 we can expect the lords of outer space to intervene in fact, if not in appearance, at the beginning of World War III (again the number for the Holy Trinity) when they will neutralize the destructive capacities of the hydrogen missiles after their launching just as they have been the present authors of the mysterious F-111A crashes and the destruction, as of June 12th, by 'accident' of 83 German planes ironically called, 'The Starfighters'.

Mr. Boardman, your colleagues keep on goofing. Their first impulse, in the face of their awesome discovery, was to designate their regular radio signal discovery as LGM 1, for Little Green Men. At a recent scientific meeting, a scientist from Cambridge apologized to the august body in presenting his observations, for his slides still showed the LGM designation—but now all is well in the halls of academe, for the LGM designation, once fraught with implications of super-civilizations, has gone through bureaucratic rigor mortis and now is innocuously dubbed CP 1919, for Cambridge Pulsar at 19 hours, 19 minutes right ascension. But for me CP stands for Cosmic Pun, and can be charmingly substantiated by a glance at the repetition rate for Pulsar 1 (now CP1919) namely 1.3372795. For if we join 1 and 3 we get the letter B, and the remaining numbers add to 33 which when joined and roated to the horizontal becomes the symbol for infinity, (∞). Thus speak the LGMs in their numerical anagram, their injunction in seven decimal places that man must heed in order to Be (come) infinite!

Perhaps Mr. Boardman will designate my attempt to breathe life into a series of integers gained through a search among the sea of stars as nothing more than pseudo-science, as he prefers to see nothing more substantial or exciting in them other than what he would find in a purely accidental mixture of say, salt, sand and seaweed. Not desiring to be divine, but merely correct, he can only see debris and litter where crystal and cornucopia are. Still, I wonder what puerile designation, other than 'vast obfuscation' he might find appropriate for this enchanting demonstration. Earlier I have shown that 9 times 12345679 (all the numbers save 8 (hate) equalled 111, 111, 111. Now, out of the magical hat, comes a real corker: 8 (that hateful number) times 12345679 equals, hold your breath, 98765432, in other words, the number series in reverse without the primal number 1, the godhead!

Up your orthodoxy!

Stanley Fisher
 Astropsychologist

P.S.: Tom Bergman's letter indicating the relationship between the May 31 edition of EVO and the savior Christ should be of interest to those who were waiting for a revelation predicted by Mehar Baba for the month of May. Christ was able to see and hear the truth because he was not controlled by and could admit to his hate, hate, hate (888).

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

WEEKLY RATES

- Please enter my subscription.
 Please renew my subscription.
 I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.
 I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

NAME
 ADDRESS
 CITY STATE ZIP

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

CLASS OF SERVICE
 is a fast message
 as its deferred char-
 is indicated by the
 line symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL
 CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

R. W. McFALL
 PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is

GA141 (12)45-NE245

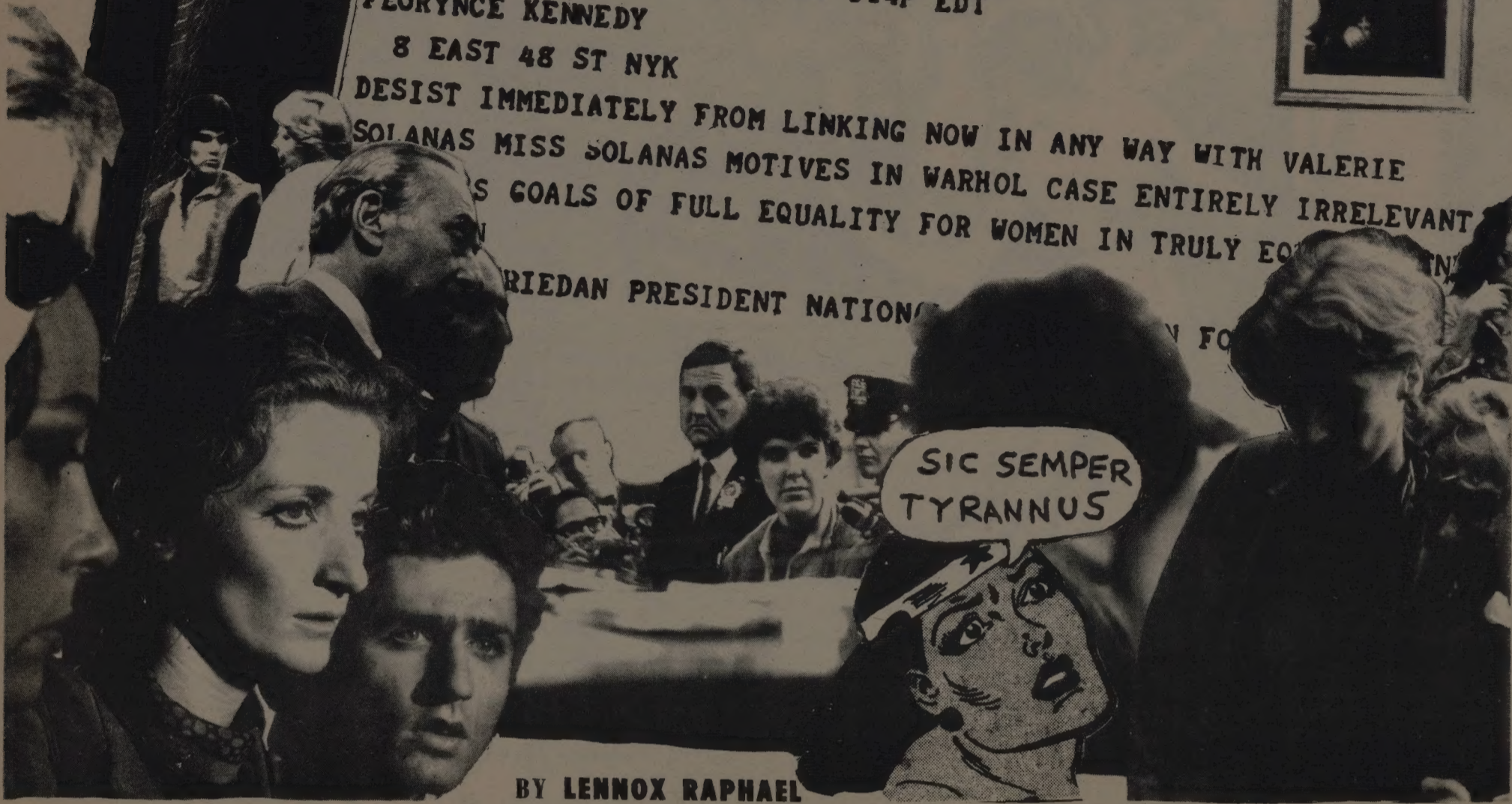
DF 4 EXTRA NEW YORK NY 14 114P EDT

FLORYNCE KENNEDY

8 EAST 48 ST NYK

DESIST IMMEDIATELY FROM LINKING NOW IN ANY WAY WITH VALERIE SOLANAS MISS SOLANAS MOTIVES IN WARHOL CASE ENTIRELY IRRELEVANT GOALS OF FULL EQUALITY FOR WOMEN IN TRULY EQ

RIEDAN PRESIDENT NATION



BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

Superstar, Superstar,
 how I wonder what you are!

The Martyrization of Valerie Solanas

"Darling, she's furious. You have to spell her name correctly," cautioned Flo Kennedy. "It's Solanas. S-O-L-A-N-A-S. Not Solanis. She's tired of you writers misspelling her name." Valerie whateverhername shot Andy Warhol in New York less than 48 hours before Bobby Kennedy got his in California from another Christian. Beautiful Andy screamed "Valerie! Don't do it!" & Solanas damaged spleen, stomach, liver, esophagus & lungs of the saintly satanic peter pan who fought death and won, and is now resting "more comfortably."

SCUM. Valerie Superstar was (is) head of S.C.U.M. (Society For Cutting Up Men), and she surrendered her gun to a cop & then the trip of justice, court appearance & dispatched for observation, and people oooooooooooooo & ah ha and Valerie becomes a figure. Violence is one of the surest ways to make it in movies & real American life, and she'll end up as the first (?) President in panties. Writers dusted their minds & came up with priceless stupid things she never said or knew, everyone knew her. The scum was thick. UAW/MF made her into a leaflet: **ANDY WARHOL SHOT BY VALERIE SOLONAS. PLASTIC MAN VS THE SWEET ASSASSIN — THE FACE OF PLASTIC/FASCIST SMASHED — THE TERRORIST KNOWS WHERE TO STRIKE — AT THE HEART — A RED PLASTIC INEVITABLE EXPLODED — NON-MAN SHOT BY THE REALITY OF HIS DREAM (AS THE CULTURAL ASSASSIN EMERGES) — A TOUGH LITTLE CHICK — THE "HATER" OF MEN AND THE LOVER OF MAN — WITH THE SURGEON'S GUN — NOW — AGAINST THE WALL OF PLASTIC EXTINCTION — AN EPOXY NIGHTMARE WITH A DEAD SUPERSTAR — THE STATUE OF LIBERTY RAPED BY A CHICK WITH BALLS — THE CAMP MASTER SLAIN BY THE SLAVE — AND AMERICA'S WHITE PLASTIC CATHEDRAL IS READY TO BURN. VALERIE IS OURS AND THE SWEET ASSASSIN LIVES.**

Yes, she was Mabel Dodge, Dreyfus, Booth, Oswald, any Harlow, Alice B. Toklas, and the black Susan Sontag all rolled into one shot of notoriety.

And woman power was socked into the play as the cherry amazons of Gotham stuck pins in dolls and attacked with perfumed slaps. Obfuscate is an important word. X, Y, and Z simply "obfuscate the conviction that motivated her to shoot said Warhol." So to clear up some of the obfuscations, I visited Mrs. Florynce Kennedy, who was furious. Betty Friedan, "The Feminine Mystique," & head of NOW (National Organization of Women) was furiously sending telegrams, **DESIST IMMEDIATELY FROM LINKING NOW IN ANY WAY WITH VALERIE SOLANAS MISS SOLANAS MOTIVES IN WARHOL CASE ENTIRELY IRRELEVANT TO NOW'S GOALS OF FULL EQUALITY FOR WOMEN IN TRULY EQUAL PARTNERSHIP WITH MEN**, and Betty was also furious with Ti-Grace Atkinson, head of NOW New York chapter, and Grace was furious. "I don't like the politics of this," Betty said.

Flo Kennedy thinks the American Dream is a chicken in the pot & a whore in bed. "Valerie is superior to many of the people in NOW," she said. "She already says Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre and Genet are overrated windbags so you can imagine what she thinks of NOW. She's worth all the NOW members put together. That's right!"

And Valerie "can't prepare her case" because she isn't allowed a copy of her SCUM manifesto (being published by Olympia Press with fillers by Maurice Girodias, a dirty old man, and Paul Krassner, the realist).

And Valerie was furious at Maurice (she loved to call him "Girodias-the-Toad") because he was (two weeks ago) publishing **UP YOUR ASS "without contract."** Flo wasn't sure, but her "understanding" was that Valerie's deal with Olympia had nothing to do with **UP YOUR ASS**, the play. Now Maurice was publishing SCUM, a work sufficient unto itself.

"Some of my best friends are Andy Warhol fans," said Mrs. Kennedy, but it was not for her "to compare the social value" of Klan as-

sassinations.

She had seen Valerie at Elmhurst General Hospital a few days earlier. "She's not giddy, or anything of the sort. But spell her name correctly." And Betty Friedan was seeking to discipline Grace for coming out for Valerie. But Grace didn't wish to speak. She was cooling it. "I'm against self-help shootings," said Flo. And Valerie was "bitterly disappointed" when the judge refused to let her menstruate with the media. **"AND SHE DENIES SHE WAS EVER A FLOWER CHILD,"** vehemently. She's a woman.

The plot thickens. Three days later I call on Maurice. He had just come from seeing her and was, naturally, a big agitated cooly. "She was special," he writes in the publisher's preface to SCUM. "I had met some militant lesbians before, and they had always proved excruciatingly boring after a few words. But Valerie pushed her distortions so far in what she said and in what she wrote as to turn them, somehow, into a valid fantasy." So he dug, but she blew his mind. "Whenever she managed to catch me, she would hurl a couple of snappy insults at me before I had time to clamp down my throbbing telephones." He imagined things. "I was beginning to feel a little strange myself." Then God sent him a "celebrity killer." And I was seeing him. Valerie was "not entirely in her normal mind," and "not in very good shape," and "still doesn't realize what she has done." And he was furious with Flo, "that woman." There had been a "big commotion" at Elmhurst hospital that day. Flo was there, "Mrs. Kennedy in a homemade dress and her two female bodyguards in black, from head to toe." One sent silver shivvvers up his swine. The hospital "doesn't want any more freaks," Maurice said Flo was "seeking to impose herself as counsel" for poor Valerie. "All these women using her. Mrs. Kennedy is not even a criminal attorney. She's trying to turn this into something political, which it is not. It would be disastrous if she represented Valerie at the trial." And he, Maurice, for whom "paranoid authors are no great authority," is "trying now" to steer Valerie to a less furious attorney.

POOR PARANOID'S

BY ALLAN



KATZMAN

Reality was performed on Channel 13, WNDT - TV, Tuesday night, June 25th, at 10:30 P.M. A live reenactment of chaos sent shock waves through the New York metropolitan area as thousands of viewers witnessed the first physical confrontation between the underground and the establishment media. What was happening in Paris, in Vietnam, in Berlin, in Tokyo, in practically every major city in the world was happening at that exact moment on the third eye of living-room consciousness: **REBELLION.**

It was to be a calm discussion of "The Meaning of the Underground Press," with Jeff Shero from "The Rat," Marvin Fishman from "Underground Newsreel," and "Yours truly" from the "East Village Other," along with Steve Roberts, New York Times correspondent, as M.C.

Roberts had just finished asking the first question after our introductions, and Jeff Shero was about to give the first answer,

when loud banging on the studio's doors and muffled shouts merged into the studio and spilled into a pile of twenty five people among the three TV cameras and ten crewmen. In an instant the studio was transformed into a low budget "War and Peace" with a 50x30 foot area as a battlefield. "The enemy" was dressed, as all media people from the underground are, with beards, books, beads, sandals, one indian headband, cameras, motion picture cameras and tape-recorders. This was the meaning of the Underground Press.

All of a sudden, everyone started to speak at once:

"GET OUT. YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!"

"WE WERE INVITED."

"WHO ARE YOU?"

"WE'RE THE UNDERGROUND PRESS!"

Tower of Babel was suddenly reenacted before the TV camera's eyes. The establishment media in the guise of Steve Roberts asked reasons and the under-

ground media in the guise of Marvin Fishman echoed back questions.

"Why can't they do this?," shouted Fishman, "They have every right to be here. They're the Underground Press!" pointing at the twenty odd people actively standing around taking pictures, tape recording, letting the cameras roll and asking their questions:

"WHY DOES TV HAVE TO BE YOUR WAY?"

"WHY IS THE ESTABLISHMENT MEDIA ALWAYS LYING?"

"WHY CAN'T WE CHANGE THE FORM OF THE SHOW?"

The questions seemed to all fall on Roberts as he became the central focus of all their inquiries. He sat there, his jaw locked on twenty voices at the same time as mental sweat plainly visible rolled down his flushed face.

But in the underground media's haste to pinpoint the enemy they forgot to protect their rear as other establishment troops be-

hind them had kept the TV cameras turned on them. Suddenly the battle turned into a battle of the cameras as underground newsreel people turned, reeled and shot footage at the TV cameramen shooting back.

Before anyone knew it, Marvin Fishman was saying, "Why can't we say FUCK on the air." And as if to answer his own rhetorical question, "FUCK THE ESTABLISHMENT." The battle cry sounded like every grade B movie about World War II — "Sighted sub, sank same" — "I shall return" — "NUTS!"

Suddenly the atmosphere changed as Marvin Fishman realized that Channel 13 had called the police. Everyone started to retreat to the studio doors. Jeff Shero stood up and announced, "If they leave, I must leave." I got up last and didn't say anything but remembered the old adage, "The underground media may have its beliefs but the Establishment has the bullets."



photos by Bob Parent

(Continued on Page 18)

The climate of fear was enhanced by **Richard Nixon** last week as he warned that any cut in National Defense spending would bode ill for the free world. Mr. Nixon did not concern himself with wasteful spending for foreign aid or public welfare. Apple-cheeks warned, "To cut these segments of the budget—at a time when America's strategic superiority is in increasing doubt—would be blind and reckless economy. It would be an irresponsible and potentially dangerous decision." Nixon apparently hopes that a wave of national paranoia will be beneficial to his campaign. How the public consciousness could absorb any more raw fear at this time is a question for some debate, but hopefully the paranoia level has peaked and the time is ripe for logic to be heard again in this country.

* * *

The Vietnamese War set another record last week as our longest war in history. President Nguyen Van Thieu signed the general mobilization law which will permit South Vietnamese troops to take over a larger share of the war burden. This law which calls for the induction of 16- and 17-year-olds will hopefully allow the U. S. to call a halt to increasing troop buildups.

* * *

TSK-TSK

Congratulations to **Rev. D. A. King**, brother of Dr. Martin Luther King, who walked out on \$392.00 tab at the Statler Hilton Hotel in Washington. The Reverend and 96 dungaree-clad poor peoples' demonstrators were refused entrance to the hotel's dining room at first because they were not wearing ties. When they were finally admitted they all ordered steak. The bill came to \$590.00 but the Rev. said that all they had was \$198.00. A spokesman for the diners feared the incident will have ill effects on the group's credit rating.

* * *

Muhammad Speaks, official publication of the black Muslims, reports that a law suit has been filed in Richmond, Va. "against persons who authorized and performed the removal of the heart of Bruce Tucker, "a Black laborer, for use in a transplant operation." The publication accuses unscrupulous physicians of ripping the heart from this unconscious black man to save the life of a wealthy "heart-diseased" white. The "donors'" family was never consulted or even notified of their relative's death.

* * *

St. Luke's Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago plans to design a new "biologically clean envelope" for use as an operating room. (Does this mean that today's highly-touted operating room is biologically unclean?). The new room will feature constantly circulating clean air which will speed up the removal of infectious organisms. "Doctors and nurses will wear masks that transport their exhaled, and therefore contaminated breath, to packs placed over their backs." The Times article did not mention what precautions were being taken to weed out orderlies and nurses who still may show up for duty in dirty underwear.

* * *

POISONS ON PARADE

The artificial chemical sweetener, **cyclamate**, which is widely used in this country as a non-fattening sugar substitute is being tested in Austria. A research team in Bonn has reason to suspect that the chemical aggravates heart, circulatory, and liver conditions. This calorie-free substance, long hailed by captains of industry as a major marketing breakthrough, is the primary ingredient in diet soft-drinks and other diet foods which call for non-sugar sweeteners.

BHT, the chemical used to prolong the storage life on fats in salad oils and potato chips as well as many other foods, is being investigated by researchers at the University of Nebraska as having a possible prolonging effect on human life. The chemical, which is not used in food preparation in Great Britain because it is believed to be linked with cancer, may soon be responsible for new forms of human life.

* * *

According to exiled Greek politician and journalist **Georgius Patsis**, the Greek military government, like governments everywhere, has found it necessary to mark certain "politically dangerous" people for assassination. There is nothing so remarkable about this political reality; Patsis claims that the first victim was **Georges Mavrogenis**, former press attache at the Greek embassy in Copenhagen, who was found shot dead on May 29th. What is particularly surprising about what Patsis says, however, is that among the exiles slated for assassination is the film star **Melina**

(Continued on Page 16)



Miracle On 41st Street

The problem was, the evangelist racket was getting cornered. This little hairy stooge was gibbering around all over the world, getting all kinds of press, and all these pop musicians and neurasthenic actresses were gobbling up the act like there was no tomorrow. Bread was changing hands, and the old big time operators looked washed up. After Elmer Gantry and Lenny Bruce, who had time for such as Oral Roberts, Billy Graham, Bishop Sheen and Norman Vincent Peale? With teenyboppers casting their own horoscopes, the fabulous Zoltan might just as well get boiled down for glue. And here's this little clown doing his giggle bit with the flowers, getting the entire Youth Movement into his safe deposit box. And baby, everybody's in the Youth Movement. The situation clearly called for drastic measures.

The time to commence was manifestly the very moment the Bubble Burst — just as soon as the Beatles began to suspect that the Maha-

rishi might not be altogether right in the head, and thus a potential publicity bummer. Word went out along the Astral Grapevine — "Where is there One among us so pure of mind, so sweet of soul, unsullied in the depths of his being and unburdened by the things of this world that he might become even a Great Shill?" And lo! from out the vastness of the brooding Himalayas walked One, fresh from untold years' silent meditation at the sandals of the Ancient One Himself, knowing all, came Swami Satyananda. He was seized immediately by Ma Yogabhakti and thrust onto a jet headed for the States.

Ma Yogabhakti cannot be called, with any degree of confidence, a Promoter; but when one looks up from the smiling, nodding, diminutive Swami and sees hovering over his shoulder this extremely Occidental lady with a sari and a Mia Farrow haircut, chatting intensely with the press and arranging limousine transporta-

tion across the City, well, one's confidence rises almost a whole degree. Perhaps after all Ma Yogabhakti is only with the Swami's entourage to sing, something she does very prettily to sitar, tabla, and organ; there's one particular little ditty that comes off marvelous fine, an apotheosis to Shiva's *lingum*. Splendid mezzo-soprano, Ma Yogabhakti.

Anyway, so here's the Swami doing his thing at Town Hall, just north of Times Square, with an actual paisley Rolls parked on the curb out front. There's a blonde in the third row wearing a white microskirt *decolete* down beyond the solar plexus, and three husky Zen monks in the first row who look fully prepared to get offended at the first opportunity. At 8:20 — the Voice ad specified 8:00 sharp — the Swami glides nodding onto the stage with seven attendants and sits alone on a little podium, flanked by grey urns of dusty-looking flowers. A portly gentleman named Gelberman does a ten-minute intro, the high point of which is when he says *Hassidim* are actually Jewish Yogis. Ma Yogabhakti then sings a few *kirtans* to soften up the house, and the Swami Satchidananda, who has the whole Hindoo diocese of New York, puts down the Maharishi for a half hour — never by name, mind you — and, at length, introduces the Swami Satyananda (Truth & Bliss) himself.

Now, by this time the impression has got well across that Swamis and such can put even Presbyterian ministers to shame when it comes to sheer interminable soporific boredom. But the Swami's different — he's *intense*. He flashes, he radiates, he's really turned on. This keeps you on his wavelength for the whole first half hour or so. After that, you begin casting ever longer glances over your shoulder at that blonde on the third row. C'mon, chick, let's split and get into some of that groovy *Tantric* stuff.

The Swami advocates breathing, of course. He encourages you to breathe at least a half hour every night, before retiring, and if possible another half hour immediately upon arising; if you can take time out from work to breathe, that's groovy too, and I guess you can even breathe in bed, but the Swami didn't say anything about *that*. O blonde chick, had we but met at a Kerista lecture . . . Anyway, while breathing, what you do is, you stuff your consciousness down between your navel and your larynx. Dig that? Breathe in, consciousness goes down, breath out, consciousness goes up. This is the first step, but remember, the path is bloody long.

Once this is accomplished — the Swami says it should work maybe four days out of the first month, six days out of the next, and so on, providing you work at it steadily — the trick now is to switch your consciousness over to your spinal cord and snore. Yup, get the old Atman back there and contract the old glottis so you're going *So* on the intake and *Hum* on the exhaust. A little *Om* wouldn't hurt anybody at this point, repeated steadily in a monotone; for artists and poets and such, the recommended mantra is *Ein*. This whole bit is called utilising the psychic passage.

Presently, after a few years' interval, your mind should be keen and clear and taut and in excellent shape to be blown. Now you rig up a psychic symbol: a triangle, a visualisation of *Om*, the Cross, the shadow of Joshu's *Mu*, Kilroy Was Here, any damn thing that sticks in your mind; the Swami says to try a few until one stays there, at the center of your consciousness — your mind'll reject anything it doesn't like. At this point, it's all up to you, you're ready to break on through to the other side.

Having taken the audience as far as he would care to go at such a formal, impersonal encounter, the Swami winds up his spiel with a demonstration of various body exercises, illustrated live by a couple of muscular boys from the local diocese. The Cobra posture, flat on the face with the hips off the ground, is said to fuse the spinal column into one straight line of strength and vitality — most excellent for the Atman, if He happens to be residing there. The headstand is a clinically approved exercise be-

BY DA LATIMER



PRINTED IN ITALY

(Continued on Page 19)



PANTHERS

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

Bobby Seale is a tough panther to crack. He is the magical revolutionary.

Take last Saturday in New York City. It was very hot and the Black Panthers were having "a sort of press conference" at the Red Top Club on West 81st. The celebrity bait was Eldridge Cleaver, author of *Soul on Ice*, another political prisoner now free on \$50,000 bail. Well, everybody wants to see Eldridge, and Bobby Seale was coming too. Some wanted a closer look at him, and there was the "sort of party" in the Red Top lounge later.

Bobby was going to announce the opening of Panther offices in New York, at the 10 P.M. conference, etc., etc.

And Captain Ron Pinnwell would speak.

But nobody showed up at ten. Bobby was on his way, but he had to stop here & there, and talk sometimes, and feel something walking across his forehead as his eyes tore into the skyline.

Back at Red Top muggy everyone was waiting, waiting, honor guard breaking away, Panthers at door frisking men & searching pocketbooks, in searches more thorough in symbolism than surety, and perhaps leading some to wander into a false sense of security.

"Good Lord, you know we don't need another Malcolm here tonight," a guard said to me, and smiled that he was in the Audubon Ballroom four rows from the front the day "they" killed Malcolm X, gunned down like K.K.K. & Andy Warhol.

"We have to watch the brothers too," the guard said as white-mother-country radicals (yes, & coming down in the car with the sisters beautiful in black Bobby didn't plan to call them; he remembered the taste of toothpaste) as these radicals filed thru frisking, everyone, black & white, mr. firearm is no bigot, integrated to the trigger.

And James Brown was socking it to 'em & "retiring" from showbusiness before 45,000 screaming lovers astray in 90,000 legs.

Finally, after blocks & blocks of waiting and waiting, the word & feeling went out. They

were coming. Eldridge was coming, and Bobby, and Captain Pinnwell would speak.

The sweat thickened, the frisk was lowered to ankles, backs stiffer, tensions, guards across the street, the Red Top crowded, the guards nervous in the heat. I thirsted for watermelon.

Then they came at midnight. A rush of anxiety, and there they were, the forerunner in black stern then the sisters in black, black is black, then Bobby enters sideways taking in the entire room and outside behind his back without eye games, Chairman of the Black Panthers Political Party. The Man. Everyone has already made way and is standing back and there is no touching, only movements.

It is hot here & all these faces, thought Bobby as he settled in at the back of the lounge to hush, voices rising & hush, and someone said for the reporters & photographers to come forward. Bobby was ready, and Captain Pinnwell would speak. Everybody else stand back.

Bobby sat on the table with a mike at his lips. He hoped it wouldn't screech back at him.

Then he spoke. The panthers were "now established" in New York.

And he launched Eldridge's campaign for the Presidency of the United States of America.

Eldridge Cleaver, he said, "is the Black Panther candidate on a Peace & Freedom ticket," not "the Freedom & Peace" or PL groups & SWP groups & others seeking to "use" blacks. The coalition with Peace & Freedom is "very functional" and the hope of the panthers & allies is to start "pushing votes" in areas meaningful to the revolutionary struggle. R. F. K. supporters would find something new.

And "you white-mother-country radicals," to applause, "will be used" to accelerate the solution without watering down the struggle into liberal compromises. If not, "the best thing they could do is go back around to their mamas and dadas who are exploiting us."

And how is the city's rather fashionable jungle in a jungle?

A panther found one pig drunk took his pistol away & turned him over to proper au-

photo by Diane Dorr-Dorynek

thorities. "He was drinking on his gig," Bobby said. In Oakland where Bobby Hutton was gunned down by cops the time of King's assassination, the pig "might be dead." Anyhow, the authorities "gave verbal sincerity" and turned him loose in some other black community.

"I have one more question," enthused one reporter.

"Knock yourself out," Bobby said to more applause. The communists, he explained to the reporter, were "fighting one front" & blacks were "fighting two fronts." Capitalism and Racism.

Then Captain Pinnwell rested his right hand on Bobby's left shoulder. The Captain (who is young, tall and soldiery) felt Bobby's voice choking, and he tried to fight back, had the mike & was speaking, I Pinnwell, and he was saying he was not captain anymore; and Bobby took the mike from his hands so gently, almost too much, and said he was promoting Pinnwell on the spot, Deputy, that's right, Deputy Minister of Defense, and he would check it out with Huey Newton, the Minister now in jail after a shoot-out with cops in Oakland.

Then questions from the floor.

"What's the question?"

"What's the answer," said someone.

"Look, man," Bobby said, "we are not in for any of that flower . . ." shit.

Then, after much talking & sniping & verbal confusion & physical confusion, someone asked why didn't Bobby get a guy from New York to be head panther in the state, "how is he going to do it?"

But Pinnwell was doing it. Offices opened two weeks ago at 1808 A Fulton Street, Brooklyn. There were chapters on two or three campuses, and Lieutenant Morris was on panther duty at 100 Fifth Avenue, in the city.

And Bobby was pleased and not so pleased as he drove from Red Top & across Broadway into another day of magic.

THE AMAZING RETURN OF ★★☆☆★

BY KIM DEITCH

PLANET MAN!

IT HAS BEEN OFTEN SAID THAT SIGHTS MORE GORGEOUS AND YES, INFINITELY MORE HORRIBLE PRESENTLY, LAY BEYOND THE SPHERE,.....

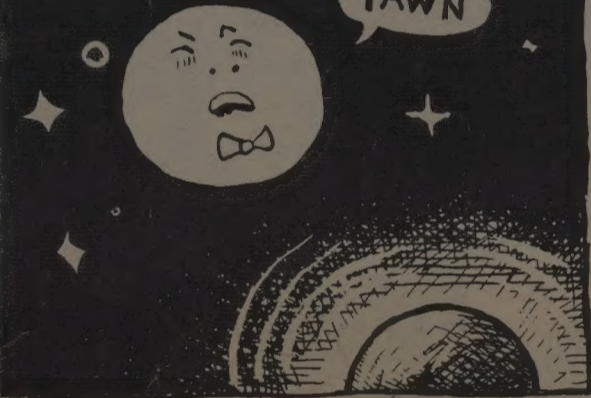


YET IN CERTAIN GIVEN SITUATIONS EVEN THE MOST THRILLING SIGHTS MAY BECOME DULL AND BANAL

BAH, I TIRE OF MY CELESTIAL RETREAT

.... OF (MOST) MEN,

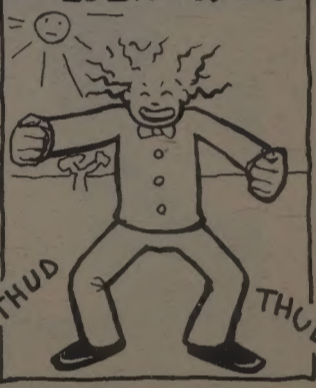
YAWN



THUS DOES PLANET MAN ONCE AGAIN BECOME



MEAGER YOUNG WALDEN FROND



SAY I WONDER WHAT'S DOIN AROUND HERE



HEY MAN!

WALDEN BABY, WHERE YA BEEN KEEPIN YOURSELF?



ANYWAY, YOU COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER; FUCK MAN, LETS GET HIGH!

SNAP

LATER



MY GOD,.... WHAT KIND OF PSYCHEDELIC MIRE HAVE WE WONDERED INTO?

YOU SAID IT PAL,



I LIKE TO CALL IT,.... LATVERIAN BLUE

SO TAKE HEART WORLD WEARY ONES, NEW THRILLS ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Phaggot Phliques presents The Queen

Call Your Mother, the AT&T ad suggests: She Worries. And well she might, supposing The Queen ever makes it to her neighborhood theatre. The Flawless Sabrina, for instance, ought to horrify her, transfix her with the shock of self-recognition — there was never a more truly motherly harridan of stage nor screen than the Flawless Sabrina. And if Harlow, on the other hand, won't make her feel outclassed and undersexed, then neither will Claire Bloom and Catherine Deneuve put together. The Queen will make everybody's mother worry, and then they'll all get together, no doubt, a whole great big herd of mothers, and try to get rid of it.

But what handle can they use for banning it, isn't it all about men? Maybe half a dozen chicks show up in it, all of them adequately clothed, and I give you my word, not so much as a curl of pubic hair appears throughout. Oh, there's a few dirty words here and there, but that's chic for Cinema '68, no future in complaining about that . . . But dammit, there's something unhealthy about this movie. Those are all homosexuals up there, aren't they? Well, homosexuals are sick! You shouldn't take advantage of sick people.

The poor dears, the assembled mothers will exclaim, they shouldn't be all filmed and everything like that, their shame and folly splashed across the screen in livid colour to be made mock of by the callow public. Faggots are supposed to be miserable, handicapped people; filming them in action, why, might as well wheel a strobe light into an epileptic's ward. "A gratuitous exploitation of sickness," they'll say, "a mockery of infirmity, an invasion of private agony" — thus will they, that great big herd of mothers, strive to remove this flick from the screen.

In fact, if you go up to Kips Bay to watch The Queen — the only place in the world that has it, for the moment — you might get the initial feeling that the mothers would be right. The whole movie is wondrously amusing, but there's something about the general audience reaction that moves one to wonder what precisely is so godawful funny, and why, anyway. Humour abounds, a half dozen outrageous sight gags every minute, and it frequently gets difficult to catch the dialogue over the laughter — the loud, long, raucous, almost exclusively masculine laughter.

It's not pleasant, that sort of laughter, not at all any expression of genuine amusement. It's a guffaw, a demonstrative, compulsive, superior kind of noise. When one of these guys catches for instance a Bette Davis poster on some queen's dressing room wall, he obliterates ten seconds of soundtrack with his howls of mirth. Now, he's not laughing at Bette Davis, not because she's funny herself — no, he's laughing at the dumb faggot for digging such as Bette Davis, for being the sort of creep who'd tack up a poster like that. Or when the Flawless Sabrina admonishes a roomful of queens not to go out cruising City hall, why, the air splits with laughter, the house fairly falls down from hilarity — but these guys aren't laughing at the preposterous idea of the City Hall steps draped with hustling queens in full drag, the Roman Spanish Stairs on a seedy opera night, no, these guys are laughing at the simple idea of cruising faggots. That's put-down laughter, "see-how-sophisticated-and-masculine-I-am" laughter.

Is this cruelty, exploitation? Well, one of the most significant lines in the flick occurs during a conversation between two queens sitting in a hotel room; they're talking about butch faggots who enjoy hurting women, out of jealousy, and one of the queens says, "I don't understand it — I have no prejudices, I have respect for anybody." At this point the hopsack-turtleneck contingent does a breathless doubletake, then reels off into gales of derisive laughter. There's something supremely asinine in that remark, something they can't quite put their finger on . . . And what it is, fellows, is your own asshole attitude come back to slap you silly.



BY DA LATIMER

The suggestion that a queen, a loathsome faggot, could have respect for people must appear supremely incongruous to a Hefner protege: These fellows at Kips Bay have to laugh at faggots, it's the only way they can abide the whole idea. To really dig homosexuals, hell, they'd have to accept the faggot in themselves first. And since they have to put up with faggots, faggots being in this season, they have to laugh. So they drag their chicks up to Kips Bay and howl all the way through the flick. Who's exploiting whom?

Aside from all this scruffy old morality shit, The Queen happens to be a stone gas. When the Miss All-America Beauty Pageant was held down at Town Hall in February of '67 (proceeds going to the Muscular Dystrophy fund, or some such worthy), Grove Press covered it with camera crew and sound gear. Following some weird litigation and a lot of excellent editing, they opened the flick at Kips Bay last week. Go there and see it, the quality of the film is superb for a documentary — full colour, very splashy indeed — and the sound is irreproachable, neither metallic nor fuzzy. A hand-held camera was used, and whoever held that camera knew exactly what he was about.

The people in The Queen are unforgettable. The Flawless Sabrina (Jack Doroshaw), the Pageant emcee who also narrates the film, is a promoter who organizes drag exhibitions all

across the country. He does a Jewish Mother schtick and does it splendidly — in drag, hair swept severely back, stylized reading glasses balanced across the tip of her nose, the Flawless Sabrina can terrorize an entire chorus line of queens into quivering immobility with a single slash of her rapier-like cigarette holder.

And Harlow, hell, everybody knows a Harlow: that tall slender quiet blonde with the great sad green eyes and an air of some Haunting Secret about her. Harlow, Miss Philadelphia, won the Grand Prix after a long, excruciating, heartbreaking Semifinalist competition against some rather stupendous runners-up. There has been talk of a fix, but when Sabrina crowns a tearful Harlow at last, and Miss Emory embraces her, sobbing, well . . . This reviewer wept, in all truth, quite spontaneously, and his old lady nearly got up and walked out.

* * *

The Queen is not too long, and Grove has seen fit to tack on a couple of short subjects to fill up the first fortyfive minutes or so. The first, Les Eves Futures, is an interminable French vignette in black and white, no dialogue, that juxtaposes the operations of a mannequin factory with the activities of some human models; the most that comes out of it is the revelation that female human beings, no matter how poorly directed, are invariably dis-

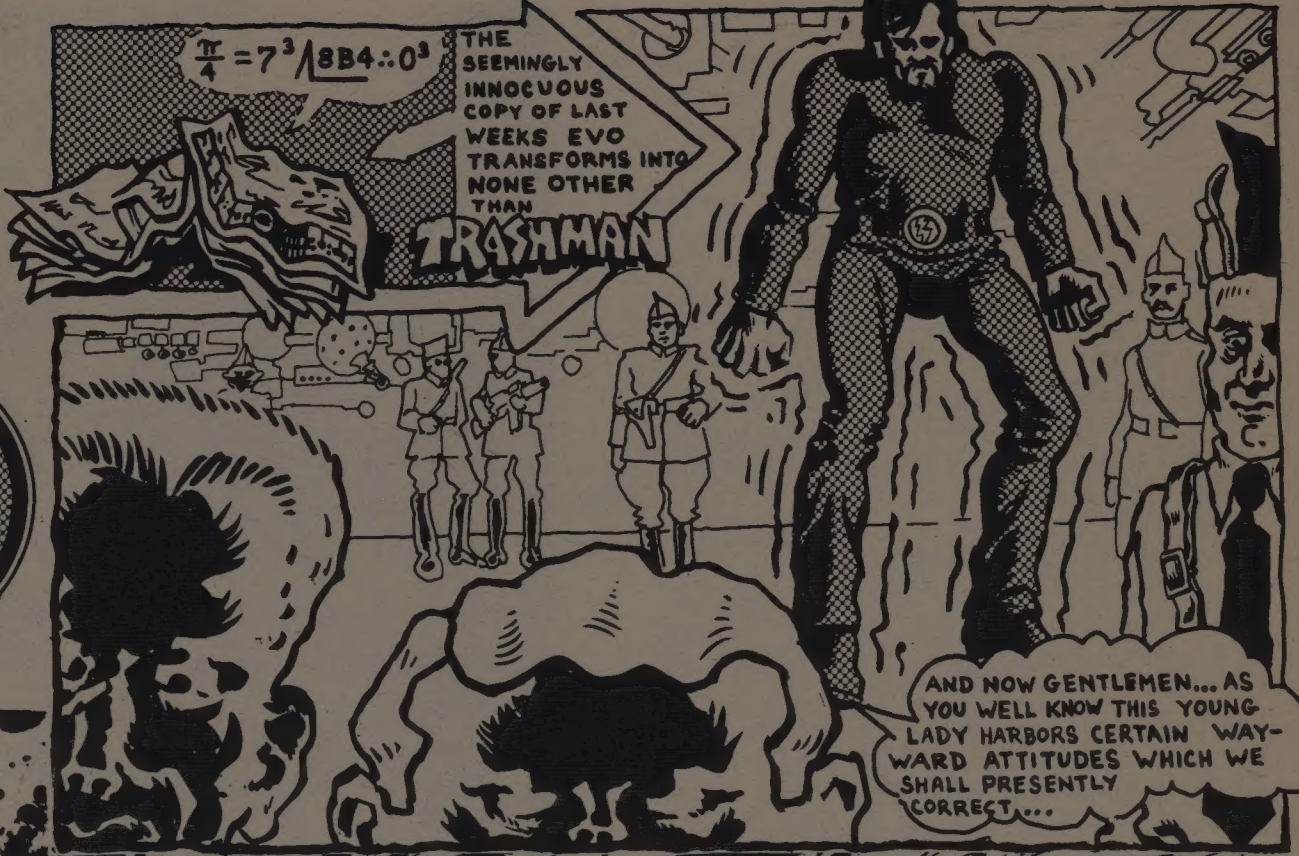
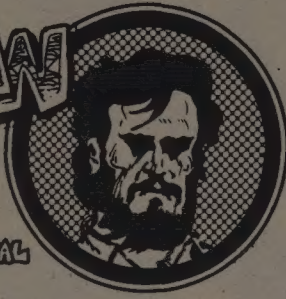
(Continued on Page 19)

SUBVOLT COMIX

FEATURING TRASHMAN

AGENT OF THE 6TH INTERNATIONAL

LETTERING - P. LECHE
WRITING - ALGIE BARNUM
DRAWN - SPAIN



AND NOW GENTLEMEN... AS YOU WELL KNOW THIS YOUNG LADY HARBORS CERTAIN WAYWARD ATTITUDES WHICH WE SHALL PRESENTLY CORRECT...



UNH

THOOE

SUSH

YAH

YAH

GET HIM



AND NOW FOR YOU DILLDOME...

NOT SO FAST TRASHMAN
DZDTZS DSS
TZLT DZT DZT
DTZL DSS
DZT TZT
HEH! HEH!



TOODELOO!
TRASHMAN
LET'S SEE YOU
DANCE TO THE
FLYTHYM

DZ...DZ...DZ...DZ...

T H I L M !

BY LITA ELISCU

David Wise makes very funny films, and has been doing so for about the last 4 years. He is now 13 — and I can only wonder what he will be like when he's 20, and has 11 years of film-making experience behind him . . . His shorts, at the Cinematheque this past weekend, were in color, automated and fully sound-synchronized. The films were quite often crude, sometimes not very funny (Voice: OS: "Say something funny." Other voice: ". . . somethin' funny . . . O.K.?") but they were films, because somehow DW Productions knows how to make films, not just string images along on a brightly colored reel and end when he comes to the end of the footage. He is fascinated by the ability of the camera to make objects appear, disappear, move abnormally — either slower or faster. A friend on a bicycle wheels away to the strains of "Magical Mystery Tour" and suddenly vanishes. Filters and special effects are used with incredible enthusiasm, but naturalism is hardly desirable here. Quite often, the hand that moves the printed words, such as BOOM or CRASH, is shown picking up the different words. This is the world of film, and the only laws governing are those dictated by the camera eye, which is faster than the human hand. He seems to find textures equally exciting — especially because they are more obedient and available actors than friends — and one whole "presentation" was devoted to a speeded-up view of different tubes of paint occurring on the whole surface in large circles, to be suddenly replaced by a different color and substance — such as tin foil or plastic paper wadded up. The effect was that of someone being let loose with giant-size aerosol bombs in dayglo colors.

People behind me did not like the films until they realized he was 13, and then "for a precocious kid, he's all right." But then, they liked the adult's films, which were on next, even less. Maybe they just don't want to admit where their heads are at.

* * *

Daddy Goodness gets off to a slow, plati-tudinous start, mouthing all sorts of highfalutin' talk between the Town Whore (who loves) and the Town Young Drunk (who loves her). Then Daddy Goodness comes to life, having been drunk, not dead, and Moses Gunn is on the stage, and so is the play, finally.

Everybody has been saying he is a consummate actor, etc., etc., until by now Mr. Gunn would probably rather have cash proof instead of metallic shining words: yeah . . . Fortunately, critics are not in a position of responsibility for handing out anything but praise . . . Every gesture he makes, hands, eyes, face and body, is controlled and assured; his hands in particular are used in most formal manner sometimes, giving the dual-character a new depth of possible emotions and motivations. For Daddy Goodness the town (old) drunk should no doubt shamble, but reincarnated as de Lawd, his majestic under and overtones only emphasize the strange, non-mortal quality at hand.

That's what the story is about: when is Good not Good-enough? When it does everything it has promised and still leaves men dissatisfied — or so say men. Is Daddy Goodness truly the Lord or is he not. Is he Father Divine, with his "Angels" (which include the Town Whore) and his good living, and his preachments of Joy and Free Love and Good Times. Men, in the midst of enjoying themselves fully, tend to feel guilty; perhaps because they don't like being so close to the animals in simple emotions. The tension of the play derives from the intermittent wondering about Daddy Goodness' legitimacy to tell them to "Spread Joy!" He, of course, keeps admonishing them to do as their own hearts dictate — which is not enough for them. They who want to be told.





AMERICA IS



ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA'S

200th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

FREE DRAWING ENTER NOW—
NO OBLIGATION

WIN



The Magnificent Anniversary Edition of the 24-Volume

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA



OF the 54-Volume

Great Books of the Western World

Including the Amazing Two-Volume **SYNTOPICON**

OF the 15-Volume

BRITANNICA Jr. ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Especially Designed for Grade School Children

Card must be completed in full to enter... Adults only

Name

Address

Phone

City

State

Zip Code

If my name is drawn, I would prefer the following set (indicate one only):

YOU NEED NOT BE PRESENT TO WIN

SP 339 **WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY TELEPHONE** SOC 18

TO BE MAILED IN TO EVD, 105 SECOND AVE., NY, 10003 BY MONDAY JULY 15, 1968

patarealist

(Continued from Page 5)

Mercouri. If Mis Mercouri represents a serious threat to the junta then their political grip is tenuous indeed.

Mayor Lindsay accused our friendly neighborhood air poisoners, **Consolidated Edison**, of overcharging its customers approximately twenty million dollars over a five year period. The money was used partially, at least, to buy their shiny new fleet of "clean-air" trucks and pay for millions of dollars worth of ads which improved their "image" by telling the public that the air isn't really so bad in New York City, and besides it isn't their fault.

Press releases from Saigon are generally unbelievable, but one appeared last Monday which was enough to permanently boggle the mind. The story dealt with **Viet Cong** guerillas taken prisoner in the outskirts of the city recently. Contrary to rumors of torture and inhuman treatment which have been heard in some quarters, the report stated that 50 prisoners (who had apparently decided to "cooperate" with their captors) were given fresh new clothes and an allowance of 200 piasters (twice as much as they make as Viet Cong guerillas) for a day at the **Saigon Zoo**. This idyllic scene was described as follows: "Followed by journalists and (of course) South Vietnamese officers and a jeep blaring marching tunes, the prisoners . . . walked from cage to cage?"

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHS

Political organizers working for **Vice-President Humphrey** are under the impression that their man has enough delegates pledged to him at this time to win the Democratic presidential nomination. If this is true, as they claim, then it is clear proof that the people have little or no voice in the selection of their candidates. How Humphrey and his organization are likely to deal with the demonstrations which will inevitably result if he is nominated on the first ballot is unclear at this time, although brute force is the traditional method. If he expects to grab the nomination and defeat Nixon in the election to follow, then he fails

to consider the great number of Americans who have been deluded into thinking that they are the source of political power in this country and who are likely to become somewhat "upset" by the awakening which is in store for them.

A monument to overcrowding will be erected by **Marcel Breuer**, an architect, who will build a skyscraper atop **Grand Central Station**. The 55-story "slab of concrete and granite" is expected to be a triumph of surrealism.

An unprecedented wave of **puritanical zeal** has seized Belgium where police have recently ordered black tape placed over the naked breasts of a girl featured on posters advertising an exhibition of paintings in Brussels. It is reported that there have been several cases of severe jail penalties imposed on artists and writers "for offenses against public morality." **Hugo Claus**, a Flemish playwright and novelist, was recently sentenced to four months in jail for representing the **Holy Trinity** as three naked men in a film last December. This sort of event is most uncharacteristic of the country which includes Ruben's "fleshy nudes" as well as Breughel's "rollicking scenes of rural debauchery" as a part of the national cultural heritage.

A flash bulletin from **Wembury, England**, indicates that researchers are trying to spur an increase in rabbit production. Exactly what methods are being used by researchers were not disclosed.

GENERATION GAP

President Johnson wrote a letter to his one-year-old grandson, **Patrick Lyndon Nugent**, in which he made known some of his more profound and illuminating attitudes concerning the much-publicized **Generation Gap**: "There is a great deal of talk about the generation gap these days. Perhaps when you are old enough to read this letter, it will have all disappeared. Right now I do not fear it. I salute it. For the generation gap between us creates those very special feelings that come when I hold your hand in mine, or jiggle you on my knee."

A British coal freighter, **London Statesman**, was

hit by two shells, one of which was a dud, in Saigon harbor recently; casualties were light. The only forces in the area which use such shells are American; "an American military spokesman said the matter was being investigated."

New **draft rules** which take effect in September will result in the drafting of thousands of college graduates. Under the new rules the prime draft group will consist of students who have previously been deferred but who have now graduated and nineteen-year-olds who are not in school. Since the oldest will be the first to be drafted the effect will be to draft those with the most college first; hardest hit will be the graduate students. This will undoubtedly hurt the professional standing of the U. S. in such fields as engineering and teaching. But aside from these long-range socio-economic repercussions, the new rules are likely to result in increased middle-class resistance to the war which is already fairly high.

All attempts to locate the "girl in the polka-dot dress" who witnesses saw rushing from the scene of the Kennedy assassination crying "We've killed him," have failed. Authorities have now announced that there never was such a girl. Implied in the announcement is the fact that if there were any such person the **L.A. Police** would have located her by this time.

A school, a police station, as well as 183 other public buildings and properties in New York City will be put up for public auction July 17th. Don't miss this chance of a life time.

Underground saboteurs take note: Ring tabs from beer cans can be used in parking meters. This tactic has been used in Canada where 25 million in revenue has been lost as a result.

Richard G. Mendoza, a paraplegic arrested on a narcotics charge in Ventura, Calif., astounded fuzz last week when he escaped from the prison ward at Ventura County Hospital in a motorized wheelchair. Nice work, Dick.

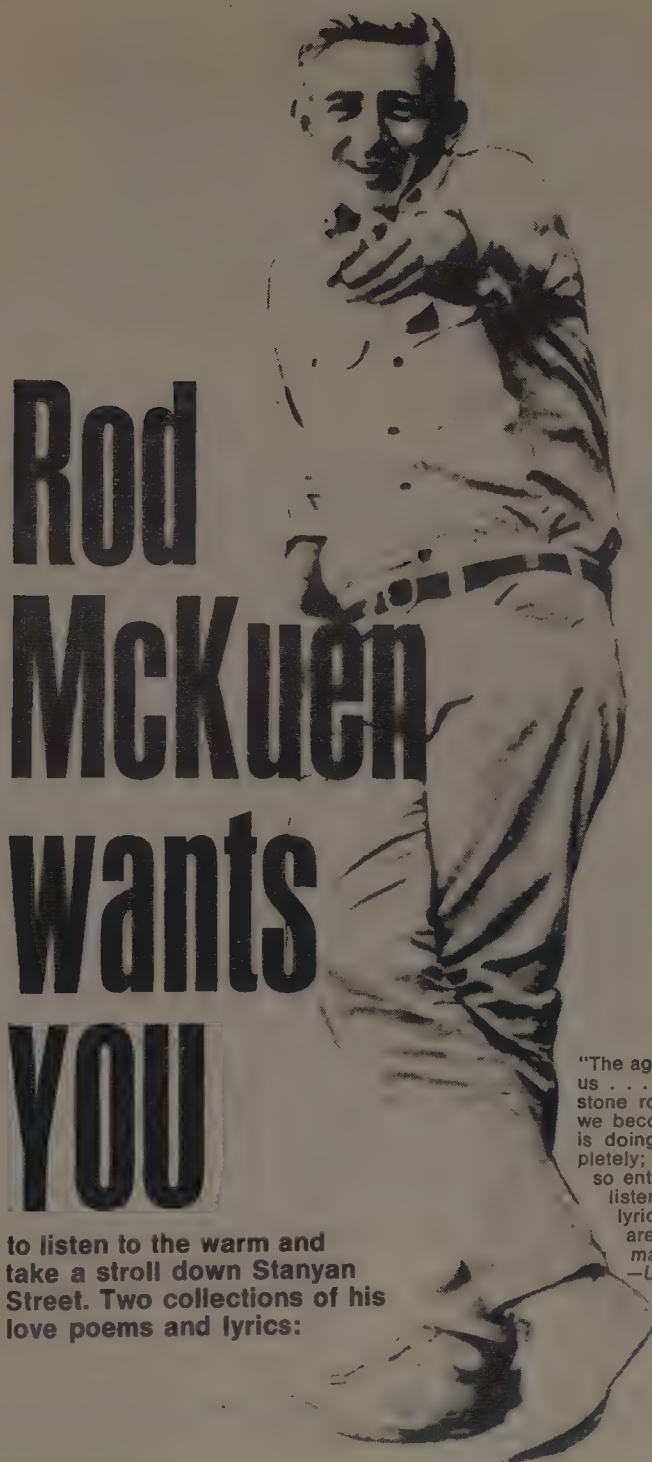
The Italian law which holds a woman liable for a possible jail sentence for adultery, while a man accused of the same crime goes free, is likely to be declared unconstitutional next week. Insiders say that the uproar likely to result over such a decision caused Earl Warren to announce his retirement. The Chief Justice said he's been abused long enough.

Statements by **Governor Reagan** of California always provide a hearty laugh. For instance, last week, Ronny said, "If members of the Poor Peoples' Campaign refused to leave Resurrection City when their government permit expired, the government should move them out by any means necessary." A phrase that when used by the Black Panthers or Rap Brown is generally interpreted by Governor Reagan to mean looting and burning. What subtle methods of crowd control does the famed movie-hero have in mind?

Asked about the perplexing problem of black militants, he responded with another remark which revealed him as a man of penetrating insight: he says that these black militant leaders have "something else in mind" than solving economic and social problems of black people and are "aligned with causes in which they are preaching insurrection and overthrow of a system." He continued, "We are a compassionate people already embarked upon numerous antipoverty programs." In closing, Governor Reagan reminded his compassionate countrymen that "20 million blacks will have little chance against the 180 million whites."

Comillo Calogero, 33-year-old pizza man from Mineola, L. I., was awarded \$335,000 following an eight day trial because he has lost his skill of tossing pizza-dough ten feet in the air, The New York Times reported Monday. Mr. Comillo was injured in an auto accident while he was delivering a pizza.

Marine Protein Concentrate made from whole fish, heads, tails and intestines which is currently being shipped to South America for animal consumption, is expected to be used as food one day in this country's war against hunger. James S. Tolin head of Alpine Marine, Inc. acknowledged that it would "take considerable selling to make the concentrate acceptable."



**Rod
McKuen
wants
YOU**

to listen to the warm and take a stroll down Stanyan Street. Two collections of his love poems and lyrics:



STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS

LISTEN

TO THE WARM

ROD
McKUEEN

LISTEN TO THE WARM

"The age of ROD McKUEN is upon us . . . Every once in a while a stone romantic comes along and we become aware that so-and-so is doing his own thing so completely; telling it like it is, for him, so entirely that you just have to listen . . . The poems are the lyrics to his songs. His songs are softly sexual, wistful, romantic, timeless."
—Underground Digest

\$3.95 each. Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE



DIRECTIONS: To be read aloud in a crowded
elevator in The Brill Building



Blood, Sweat and Tears (remolded, refurbished, rearranged, reassured and bigger) in their first post-Al Kooper appearance, have become suddenly, unexpectedly and pleasantly the number one New York group. They played to packed houses since their opening at the Cafe Au Go Go, earning an instant loyalty with calls of encouragement from the audience — a rapport unknown to prominent New York pop groups. They have been claimed by the city dwellers. This is New York's group with a new legion of followers topping even the former hometown hope, the **Blues Project**. "We're bigger than the Project at its height," understates guitarist Steve Katz. And they're home free: secure in their birth town with mid-20's college grad supporters who buy records and pay to hear live music, and riding a greenback wave of top Columbia Records promotion.

BS&T has taken seriously the odious public relations slogan (Son of Big Bands) to become the first rock group with a Count Basie sound. And they're talented enough and straight enough to pull it off with arrangements so solid in the classic jazz traditions as to explode the lid off the "garbage can music of today's youth" myth imposed by the conservative constipated bourgeoisie old time music critics who adorn jazz magazines with a futzy authoritarian tone that doomed jazz to new fanatics and attempts to execute the soul of a young, alive, challenging music and crucify the bodies of its risk-taking innovators who may never have "gigged" with the jazz greats "now in their late 60's or dead."

Blood, Sweat, and Tears are headed for the top of the Downbeat and Playboy jazz polls. Their eclectic sound has been polished, stylized and directed by alto saxophonist Fred Lipsius from a concept hatched and promoted by the

group's founder and dominating creative force, Al Kooper, whose importance to **Blood, Sweat, and Tears** must not be diminished by his absence. This sound will attract a new conglomerate audience of (1) former collegiate jazz aficionados who had abandoned their hobby when the music became an accepted "original American art form" only to degenerate into a commercialized, mild pop-white jazz (except for its avant-garde revolutionaries) with Miami Beach or Las Vegas the goal for the success- instead - of - sound oriented, properly dressed, nicely manicured, establishment ideal, capitalist jazzman (a product of our times); (2) the current hip college crowd; (3) staunch jazz people liberal enough to at least admit to the concept of flux, change, motion the way of the Tao; and (4) the entire pop music fandom from teeny-boppers to the paunchy pacyderms of the record industry.

A popular acceptance of **BS&T**, similar in scope to that of Charles Lloyd, Jefferson Airplane, the white British blues groups, and Dave Brubeck [remember his canonization by the semi-intellectual, casual jazz fan and the popular (men's) monthlies] hopefully may cause the light of music lovers to fall on some of the lesser known motivators of the exciting, expanding sound spectrum, who recklessly challenge the established order and definition of music in their rugged, disrespectful and honest liberating search for communication and expression not conquerable by fat greasy palms and thick bulging wallets in its spiritual, holy, religious, mystical endeavor as exalted by jazz immortal John Coltrane. Enthralled fans at the Au Go Go savored every musical nuance of the new group from rock and blues to be-bop jazz solos and even Lipsius' occasional alto delvings into the awesome spectre of the free

form sounds of avant-garde jazz. **Blood, Sweat, and Tears** is a pilot group for the exposure of bands unafraid to tap any source for inspiration.

A criticism of their choosing the Count Basie style as the integrator of their own particular kinds of musical influences (instead of those

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This weekend in New York

Apollo: Wilson Pickett, Dyke & The Blazers, Marva Whitman, Harvey & the 7 Sounds, James and Bobby Purify, King Coleman.

Au Go Go: James Cotton.

Bitter End: Joni Mitchell, David Steinberg, Bunky & Jake.

Central Park: Moby Grape, Muddy Waters.

Dom: Joe Henderson's 18 piece band.

Electric Circus: Kat Mother & All Night News Boys.

Gayety Burlesque: Lady Goldfinger.

Philharmonic Hall: Tim Hardin, 8:30 P.M.

Scene: Earth Opera, McCoys, Kenny Rankin.

Village Gate: Mort Sahl, Modern Jazz Quartet.

Village Vanguard: Sunny Rollins Quartet, Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet.

Jazz Interactions will present Pharoah Sanders at The DOM on Sunday afternoon.

* * *

Earth Opera will give a free concert in Tompkins Square Park. On Friday afternoon 2-5. Also appearing will be David Peal.

* * *

Archie Shepp at the Village Vanguard, one night only Tuesday, July 2.

* * *

Garrick: Sun Ra
Slug's: Elvin Jones

We retreated through the studio door as the TV people, assistant director, director, programmer, script girl, janitor, private TV policeman, stalked our tracks out onto the main floor. When we exited out onto the streets, some fat middle-aged women with "yenta" voices, started shouting at us. "You bums you!" The police at that exact moment drove up and the women started shouting, "Here they are." We started walking fast and then faster. I suddenly resumed a normal pace and then stopped to watch a policeman pass me by. Another police car drove up to cut the others off as they turned the corner. The police caught about eight people as the rest just split into different directions and vanished without the police realizing there were more. I stood there and watched the police taking the eight back to the TV station to find out what was going on. I followed and entered the station with them. Jeff Shero, who was also among us, and I were excused from the arrest because, as the studio put it, "We were invited guests." The others were charged with assault (an assistant director claims he was punched and the private policeman claims he was knocked down), trespassing and various other sundries, including burglary and riot. Bob Ferrero, the planner of the show on underground newspapers asked me if I had known about it beforehand. I told him "NO." It turned out later that Jeff Shero had not known about it either. As for Marvin, we couldn't ask him as he was one of the swifter ones who had made into the night. Jeff and I stayed on. As the others were questioned by the police and then paraded off to jail, we stood around arguing that what they did was right. Jeff did most of the arguing while I stood around dismissing right and wondering what our next step would be now that I had joined the eight others because I now felt their arrest was wrong. They didn't, in my mind, deserve the type of punishment that was meted out to them, only bad ratings. The studio overacted like children when they should have known the children whom nobody leads are the children who know they are children. They overacted but we were only acting. The same war we waged in that studio Tuesday night was the same war the establishment wages in Vietnam. It's what, as Bob Dylan has stated, a matter of "Bringing It All Back Home."

Summer in the city is bad enough but summer in the underground is life among the constricted. The boys from Sherbergen who sit around St. Marks Place, the homeless girls, the beggars, the bums, the itinerant twosomes and busload babies eyeing the different, the unusual; jaded lives wrapped in cool air and hidden behind window expressions; go nowhere. They take up space like human excrement except with the difference that what grows here cannot be eaten and gives no nourishment.

It is a sad scene without dignity. Their purposeless lives are drowned in wine and speed and they are a problem and a disease

Panelists Statement

What the press has described as an assault and attempted take-over of WNDT-TV by a band of hippies, we see as an attempt by members of the underground community to inject authenticity into a sterilized and stultifying program format. It was just at that point when WNDT was confronted existentially with an opportunity to present the real underground that it chose to call the police. We fully support those who are now being prosecuted by the television station.

In addition, we would like to make the following points:

- 1) We panelists were not aware that fellow members on the underground were coming to the station, but once they arrived outside the studio, we invited them to join us on the stage.
- 2) Outside of minor scuffling at the floor, we at no time witnessed or heard threats of bodily harm made to members of the station's staff, or threats to destroy the station's equipment.
- 3) We believe that the air should be opened to all elements of the society to express themselves in their own language and in accordance with how they best feel they can communicate their own ideas. The current Federal regulations and corporate ownership of the media make it impossible for minorities to express themselves. Evidence of this fact is found in the wild flights of fancy and exaggeration found so far in today's news coverage.

MARVIN FISHMAN
ALLAN KATZMAN
JEFF SHERO



more reminiscent of the type of system we live in than the naive cynicism that pimples their young faces. They are the seismograph of a sick soul — and what is going down in the country is first expressed in their meaningless efforts to feel alive.

The problems they pose to local authorities, neighborhood people and themselves are unsolvable. When the police act, it is always with force. When the merchants act, it is always with greed. When the neighborhood people act, it is always with a lack of awareness.

It does not mean that these young disenfranchised are right. Dying has never been a right but an inheritance of the human condition. It just means that the methods used against them in order to solve the problem make them heroic in other young people's eyes. Their dying becomes a sainthood and attracts other young people to join them. It is rather ironic to note that in this country, 1968, sainthood is what this country lacks. There are no institutions readily available that can absorb the spiritual changes that young people feel.

What goes on at St. Marks Place is no longer a beautiful or creative act, but a mass-salvation fizzled into a mass-suicide. What goes on in all these corner graveyards is another case history for civilization.

This does not mean that the underground is dead. What most people see are the unburied as well as the unwashed. The underground goes on as long as the country practices deceit and forces illusion down citizens' throats. Ultimately what the underground is, is a new mythology made manifest through the belief of living it.

The underground has had its Word, its Drug, its Love, its political self yearning to be free.

Now all it needs is its Revolution. And won't that be dandy without any popular based-mass support as was apparent with the recent Columbia protests. Without that support, the revolution fizzled like a flat 2c plain. Not to mention what happened in France when the great Communist conspiracy pulled out and left the students hung up and at the mercy of the CRS, France's political police.

Summer '68 has brought the underground to a hiatus but not a halt. While American activists seek a possible theory of political revolution in Paris this summer and the psychedelic rangers hover in deserts hugging their agrarian reforms, the young constipated mill around the city's havens waiting for it all to begin this fall with a bang or a whimper.

FUCK THE ESTABLISHMENT, a book by George Metesky, mad digger, contains the facts on how to live freely in the East Village. "A starving must for the starving many!" — Cue Magazine. "Freedom with a socialist twinge!" — The New York Times. "Now a book. Soon a play. The 'I can get it for you for nothing' of the East Village!" — Village Voice. "Bullshit!" — Daily News. "The Daily News of Existence!" — East Village Other. Get it free at St. Marks Place & 2nd Ave. at your local Revolutionary table set up every weekend for the salvation of reality.

The drumming out of Airman Thomas Gibbon from the Air Force, under honorable conditions which is something less than an honorable discharge, for refusing to take off a McCarthy button presents certain interesting conclusions.

The fact that it is a conspiracy on the Army's part is obvious. The Resistance should take no-

tice. If a 100 soldiers wore McCarthy buttons, it could become a legitimate way of getting out of the Army.

* * *

With the authorities getting all uppity again, busting people right and left, it's time for the New York head community to present another Show of Solidarity. An auspicious occasion for such a demonstration would obviously be the first installment of the Jerry Rubin Dope Trial, scheduled for next Tuesday, 2 July, at the 100 Centre St. Courthouse. Rubin's attorney, Bill Kunstler, would seem to have the authorities on the defensive, for the time being — he's challenging the legality of the search warrant whereby the fuzz muscled into Jerry's pad in the first place. Once there, they claim to have confiscated somewhat less than three ounces of grass, a surprisingly small amount for a charge of Felonious Possession; dealers generally get charges like Felonious Possession, and dealers generally keep considerably more than three lids lying around. Anyway, it's Rubin's very first Dope Bust, and he would like to see as many heads as possible show up to observe the event. The Pageant Players have offered to perform, and a picket line will decorate the front stoop at the courthouse. Court opens around 9:30 in the morning, and the festivities should last well into the afternoon.

* * *

The New York Element, New York's newest radical newspaper, is now on local newsstands. Edited by Seymore Krim, Jim Nash, Roget Lockhart, and Stephanie Oursler, it contains articles on the French Revolution, the Columbia Protests, Sculpture, Film, Rock, and black revolution. It sells for 20c, well worth the price.

ATTENTION

Southy Swede and four of his friends at the Psychedelicatessan were busted last Saturday and charged with possession of narcotics with intent to sell. The cops used a curious procedure to do this, whereby they apparently seized property from Swede's two places on Eleventh St. and transported it to Avenue A; they plan to use it, it seems, for State's evidence. Since the warrant was for the Psychedelicatessan **only**, the cops had no business fooling around on Eleventh St. Anyone who was in the area at the time — between noon and three on Saturday afternoon — and saw **anything** is encouraged to get in touch with Swede or Sue at the Psychedelicatessan (477-7127) and tell them what he saw. Particularly welcome are any people who might have seen gentlemen in business suits toting cardboard boxes around. Due to the exigencies of the weekly press, a more complete account of the Psychedelicatessan bust is being held and will appear next week.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

CONTINUOUS GROUP PHOTO SESSIONS... come in ANYTIME between 1 and 9 PM. Every Thurs., Fri. and Sat 1 hour \$5. Private studio & model \$20 hour. Half hour \$12.

PHOTOGRAPH FEMALE FIGURE MODELS

MEMBERSHIP \$2 YEAR FREE BROCHURE

STUDIO "A"
68 WEST 39th ST. NYC • 279-6452

kokaine

(Continued from Page 16)

developed by modern jazz geniuses — Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp) is minor when compared to their boundary busting (ignoring the signs which say: new musical orientation — no trespassing). By causing the rock listener to have a new awareness of formerly unthinkable alignments in structure and new musical images, they are setting up those limited ears for an onslaught on time/space patterns by an infinity of sound.

Aside from Blood, Sweat, and Tears furthering of their jazz-integration, they have added strength with the vocalization of David Clayton Thomas, whose voice even carries over the blaring, loud, crassy, brass section. Unfortunately, though, he mimics the sound and phrasing of Ray Charles. Lipsius's arrangements have relegated the guitar to a side instrument (a first for pop groups), but Steve Katz is more decisive in his playing than ever before. Bobby Columbi's drumming is stronger, and Jim Fielder is still a superb bass player. Former trombonist Dick Halligan is adequate on the organ playing Al Kooper's riffs. Horns are tighter. There is too much concentration on the excessive arrangements, leaving the musicians standing nervously on stage with nothing to do in anxious anticipation of when it's time to do the next thing. Lipsius when asked if they didn't get tired of playing the same tight charts night after night replied, "We may be tight but we sure swing." Blood, Sweat, and Tears is presently recording their second album.

Meanwhile, Al Kooper, since parting with BST has kept busy in production and studio work. He worked as a studio musician on the Paupers latest album and recorded cuts with the Cream, Hendrix, and the Who. Al produced Tim Rose's new single and will produce a new band "Its A Beautiful Day" shortly. An instrumental Columbia album has been cut by Kooper featuring Steve Stills on one side and Mike Bloomfield on the other.

Kooper's parting was chiefly a disagreement over material he had selected and arranged for the band's second album. Other tensions were caused by tactical infighting among factions of the band. Nevertheless BST's sound is stronger than ever before and Kooper's reputation has been enhanced by his time spent with the band.

* * *

The philanthropic Four Seasons sent all of their gold record awards, which contain about \$80 to \$100 worth of gold each, to President Johnson to help the gold drain in a truly patriotic gesture to the U.S. as well as their promotion department.

* * *

Tim Hardin, the legendary underground singer-composer, will make a rare appearance at Philharmonic Hall on Sat. at 8:30 P.M. Any Hardin appearance is an event (even though his performances are erratic) for he brings with him a honest, unique personal style of musical expression. Hardin sold out at his recent Town Hall concert.

* * *

The often exciting sounds of Moby Grape (especially when they come on like a Cavalry charge) will be presented at Central Park Saturday night along with legendary bluesman Muddy Waters. The Grape, when they get off and get the proper sound mix (which is difficult with 3 guitars and a bass) are among the most exciting pop groups with their country/rhythm and blues flavored stylings. Muddy Waters, always a gas with his historic bottleneck blues style and pianist-vocalist Otis Spann (Muddy's half brother) should combine to make for one of the better concerts of the summer.

* * *

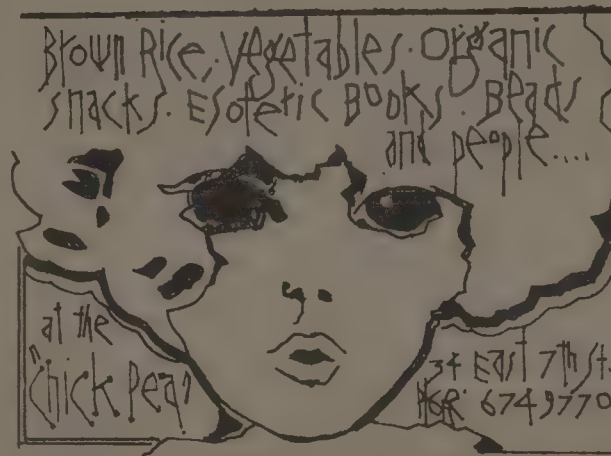
Denise Darcel, French actress who won screen popularity in the early 1950's was arrested in Miami on charges of shoplifting \$35.08 in "various ladies wearing apparel," the police said. Miss Darcel, who gave her age to the police as 42, was released from jail on \$500 bond.

miracle

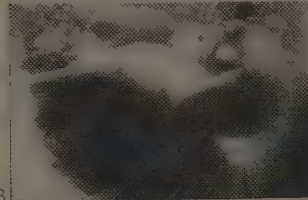
(Continued from Page 6)

neficial to the treatment of diabetes and other metabolic disorders, stimulating as it does the pancreas and thyroid. And even constipation can be considerably alleviated by the simple expedient of sitting on the ground and touching the forehead to the knees — breathe out while going down, breathe in while coming up. By the end of the program, the Zen people are in a fine stew.

The thing is, as the Swami nearly admits a dozen times throughout his address, these procedures are likely to get one nowhere, really: oh, they may well refurbish the old muscle tone and thereby ease psychosomatic tension by alleviating skeletal-muscular imbalances, but a weekly sauna bath will do just about as much. To really get along with Yoga in any kind of real spiritual sense, there is nothing for it but to join the congregation and meditate for years under qualified supervision. With luck, this may culminate in a few seasons' vacation in the colourful Himalayas themselves, among the yaks and the lamas — whereupon the Native can catch a flight to the States and go on the road with his Mystic Medicine Band. If you're in London next week, be sure and catch the Swami:



Don Ellis/Shock Treatment including:
A New Kind of Country Mercy Maybe Mercy
Seven Up Beat Me, Daddy, Seven to the Bar
The Thelma



CS 9668

His second album is that potent.

Don Ellis is "Big Band" with a difference. Electronic with a sound that's hard to believe until you hear it. Clavinets, loop delays, quartet trumpets—the new thing called "The New Thing."

It's the kind of album that'll shake your ideas about music and maybe cure some of those old hang-ups over Big-Band music.

(The only thing you've got to worry about is whether you can survive this kind of cure.)

A new kind of group therapy. On COLUMBIA RECORDS

queen

(Continued from Page 9)

tinguishable immediately from plaster mannequins. The other short, "2," is one of the funniest things there ever was in any theatre. It's a slick, Carlo Ponti-ish anecdote concerning a young couple's ill-starred romance at the seashore. Although both of them are eager to get laid, rolling around the beach in evening clothes to a background of sexy soporific music, neither will admit to a less corrupted soul than the other. "I'm rotten," she says, in California-accented Italian. "Yes," his subtitles reply, "but underneath that rot, you're beautiful." "I'll beat you," he warns, "I'll break your nose, your arm, your ribs, your back. Kill!" "And then what?" she breathes. "I've made it with all your friends," she admits. "So have I!" he cries. This goes on, getting more and more repulsive, until ultimately they gross each other out. Renee Taylor has written the final scene for all Italian movies, and she stars very prettily in it.

OM IS GOD GOD IS OM

Now you can wear this authentic symbol of God Peace and Tranquility. Available in Gold or Silver plated pendants. With Black or Holy Saffron Thong. Specify when ordering. Check or money order. \$3.95 inc. tax.

ADITI INC.
799 Broadway
New York, New York 10003
Attn: Far East Research



First get yourself comfortable. Then play it.



A-1 LOFT PLUMBING
924 - 8537

solanas (Continued from Page 3)

According to Olympia Press, "Valerie Solanas was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey in 1933. At seven years of age her parents divorced, and she and a younger sister moved to Washington, D. C. where her mother remarried. At odds with her rather interrupted family life and an 'all-too-rigid parochial school' upbringing, Valerie has been described as a difficult but intelligent child. An 'A' student in high school, she was accepted at the University of Maryland. There she majored in psychology. Maintaining a 'B' average she made Psi Chi, the University's honor society in psychology. Later she attended the University of Minnesota's Graduate School of Psychology, suddenly dropping out during the spring term, 1959. The years between 1959 and 1966 are vague. During that period Miss Solanas resided for a short time in Berkeley, California, making the 'Greenwich Village Scene' sometime around 1966. During that time and the two years following she appeared in the Andy Warhol film, 'I, a Man' and dedicated her life to the promotion of her avowed purpose as explained in her 'Scum Manifesto,' the elimination of men. At present, charged with shooting and severely wounding Andy Warhol, Miss Solanas is being held without bail, while she undergoes psychiatric observation at Elmhurst General Hospital, New York City."

But each of us is a hundred ways as seen. "I am in touch with her personally," said Ti-Grace Atkinson, firmly, "I consider her a friend. I'm going to be in touch with her and see what she needs," what? "Just try to do whatever friends do for friends. Whatever is needed. At the moment I'm interested in Valerie and her work. Soon people will have a chance to see her work, and they can judge. Her work is great. Between now and July 3 I hope to do a lot of talking about her work. She has dragged feminism kicking and screaming into the 20th Century, in a very dramatic way." Andy helps women. "Valerie's work is in the mainstream of 20th Century politics."

Yes, Betty Friedan lost her daring mystique & "had a fits" because she felt Grace & Flo were NOW trumpeting Valerie too strongly. But NOW, said Grace, "was never connected. As far as I know this is not a NOW case. No, I don't think it will come up at the general meeting next month." She was interested in

Valerie, she personally interested. Someone at the New York Times had "copy-edited in" that NOW was for Valerie, officially. Naturally, some NOW members were "very upset" and saw it also "as a denial of their rights" because a vote had not been taken. But Grace was interested in Valerie who "was slandered by the press . . . bringing in her sexual preference, which is irrelevant to the case." She hoped there would be women on Valerie's jury. "Mistrial is being charged in the Spock cause because there were no women on the jury. You know it was all male on the Alice Crimmins jury, and a lot of people know women would have been easier on Alice."

And more! The "two female bodyguards in black" seen by Maurice at the hospital were from PROCESS, the font of God, Sister Greer & Sister Seraphin wishing to minister unto Valerie. Flo Kennedy didn't see Girodias.

"Valerie hasn't lost weight," Flo said. "She looks darling . . . looks very good . . . seems to be taking it okay. The average person, you know, is very anxious to get out. Not Valerie! To her the whole world is a nuthouse and she's sheltered from craziness. The whole world is a garbage pail. There is no pressure now. I tell you, Valerie was in fairly good spirits. She's a damn good fighter. She wants to defend herself. Yes, she doesn't want any legal aid. I took the position that she was very intelligent, and best able to fight for herself. One of the things the oppressor likes is for you to put up a big struggle, and is put off balance when you don't." After a normal "ego bruise" she realizes "Valerie is right."

"SCUM MANIFESTO will be my entire defense," Valerie says in answer to question posed by a go-between this week.

Doing any writing? "No."

What of Maurice? "Skip it."

Anything to say to anyone? "Skip it."

A biographical note? "Skip it."

And how does she pass the day? "Thinking and playing chess."

But Flo still represents her because "the notice of appearance is still on file," and the doctors of Elmhurst decide for the judge to decide whether she should stand trial. "And she gets furious everytime somebody misspells her name," Flo said again. "It just drives her up the wall. If anybody misspells her name again, she'll go crazy."

Remember that, Walter Lippman.

WILL YOU LIKE 69 SIXTY NINE

The Treasure Chest is the most unusual calendar ever made. Money back in 1 week if not the greatest. It's too much even for Playboy. Three Dollars and worth it in fun alone. Other goodies too. French Ticklers \$1.50 each, 4 for \$5. Be the life of the party. Mail only.

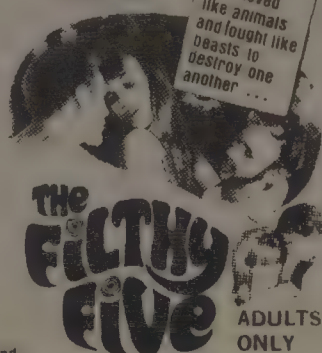
JOHNSON
80 Riverside Drive
Box 171
New York, New York 10024

FRENCH TICKLERS

Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. has at one time or another heard of French Ticklers? But only about 5% has seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find, or outlawed. We have them. You will love them. Buy direct and save. \$1.50 each; 4 for \$5.00; \$10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new "Hippy" Sunflower French Tickler \$2.00 each. Safe and wild — Dealers invited — Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.

JOHNSON — BOX 171
Dep. EQ
80 Riverside Dr., N.Y.C. 10024

FIRST TIME IN N.Y.



and
THE FILTHY FIVE ADULTS ONLY
and
THE NAKED SEXES
in Blushing Color
air-conditioned
WORLD 49th ST.
East of 7th Ave. • CI 7-5747 • Doors Open 8:45 A.M.

Harriet Love Shop

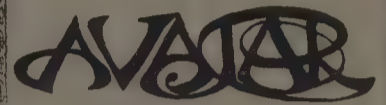
19th & 20th Century Clothing
120 WEST 13TH ST., NYC
GR5-3348

Avatar is New York's smallest underground newsmagazine.

****SPECIAL OFFER****

Subscriptions are normally four dollars for 26 big issues. BUT . . . if you act Right Now, for only one extra dollar, you can have 'the ESP Record of your choice.' Too much. Send for a catalogue or select one of these:

Pearls before Swine 1054/New York Electric String Ensemble 1063/Holy Modal Rounders 1068/Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra 1014/Vol 2 1017/Fugs First Album 1018/Bruce Mackay 1069/ etcetera.



New York Avatar
80 Wooster Street
New York, NY 10012

HELD OVER!

EVERGREEN THEATRE presents THE SPECIAL LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

THRU JULY 7 ONLY!

ANDY WARHOL'S "I, A MAN"

PLUS AN UNDERGROUND NEWSREEL

EVERGREEN THEATRE Visit The BLACK CIRCLE Bar
53 East 11th Street • 533-5326
(between Broadway & University Place)

Searching for uninhibited GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES.

Mid-City

Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details! Mid-City (Dept. A-5) P.O. Box 682 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

MALE NUDES

movies slides posters photos
A BIG FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOR CATALOG FOR ONLY \$1.00



Bizarre Photos
1545 North Detroit Street
Hollywood, California 90046

FLUTES FROM INDIA

Professional Quality — All Keys LIMITED SUPPLY
Also Sitar, Tambouras, Harmoniums, African, Syrian, Indian Drums

MUSIC INN
169 W. 4th Street (near 6th Ave.)
CH 3-5715
Mail Inquiries OK
OPEN 12 TO 12

THE FLYING WANG

The epitome of conversation pieces: featuring the male phallic symbol, penis and testicles, adorned by a pair of wings. Hand sculptured of 14K Vacuum Gold, this is an actual reproduction from the mosaic in Pompeii (Key chain included). Also available are golden sculptured 69 figures, man and woman, exquisitely handcrafted to the finest detail. Total value is over \$10.00. Introductory offer, only \$1.00 each. Order both and receive a \$5 gift, absolutely free.
OLYMPIA
P.O. BOX 88
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11214

DANCING CONCERT

EARTH OPERA
The McCOYS
Kenny Rankin

July 2-July 14
JOHN HAMMOND TRIO
Admission Only \$2.50 Always
Uninhibited Dancing Encouraged
Steve Paul's

SCENE

301 W. 46 St.
JU 2-5760

wheel & deal

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. A telephone number must be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Monday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

PERSONAL

BOY as houseboy-cook — full or part time. Good salary. Must live in and spend part time at beach house. 787-1104.

MY BELGIUM girl Marlon Vandenberg, short with hair long, blond, speaks French and little English. Please contact 674-9770 (1 P.M. - 10 P.M.)

PROFESSIONAL man 29, looking for young warm groovy girl for mutual satisfaction and apartment to share. Call Bob after 4. TR 4-4398.

I'M SEARCHING for a warm personable dynamic, reasonably uninhibited girl (over 18) who would enjoy sharing my great Village apartment near Washington Square Park. I'd prefer someone who is a serious writer or other artist, and who will be a good friend, a reliable assistant and a sort of partner in my creative and social endeavors. Currently, I'm operating a writers' workshop and new literary agency; and I'm involved in much professional party-throwing. Please contact Herb Vernon at 533-5620.

GUY wants to talk with shy or sensitive girl on phone. Send telephone number to Lloyd Baker, 74 Third Ave., N.Y., 10003.

EXPERT male cunnilinguist driving Montrealward in July. Assures female company titillating time. Apply now for audition. P.O. Box 5204, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

COUPLES and girls who swing but prefer meeting first over drinks to talk and evaluate send phone number or address to Box 29, 222 West 33, N.Y. 10001.

PRETTY YOUNG Negress seeks non-sexual but meaningful relationship with sensitive beautiful individual(s). Phone and recent photo or accurate description. Write: P.O. Box 270, New York, N.Y. 10024.

GOODLOOKING fellow wants Friday or Saturday evening date with white girl wishing to experience and enjoy sex confidentially. Box 226, 340 West 42 Street, N.Y. 10036.

GOOD LOOKING married man 26, not happy with marital arrangement, wife does not satisfy. Seeks honest females for get-togethers. Call Paul 5-6 P.M. 989-9475.

WORKING girl wanted to share small apartment. East 80's with considerate, good-looking, trustworthy, business man, white, 40's. Must be under 30, white, attractive, home loving. For details, TR 9-2913, 8 P.M. No males.

I'M A YOUNG college student (22), and am looking for interesting & exciting relations with an interesting and passionate woman. I'm 6'0" tall, weight 170 lbs. and am good looking. Please call me at BA2-9924 after 5 P.M. Jack. Women only!

GREAT RAY still goes down (females only) for "Around The World With 69." Experienced cunnilinguist desires clean, attractive nympho types — repeat nympho types only, for oral - genital stimulating meetings. Serious, discreet, private, gentle, 34, 6'3", 195 lbs., white, built. Phila. area. 215-TR2-0532, after 9 P.M.

YOUNG MAN, 24, wants female companion to move into 3 room apt. in 80's 886-3573. Erle. After 7 or so.

THIS IS your Captain, Airline Pilot seeks sexy, uninhibited gal who enjoys traveling abroad, when in New York share my posh East side apartment. All expenses paid. Call Capt. R.L.J. 628-4583.

HANDSOME male (29) seeks attractive protestant female interested in either sex, music, marriage, or in attending swinging party. Telephone James, 535-8924, 7-8 p.m. Discretion assured.

SINCERE but submissive young male urgently needs to be sexually humiliated by dominant couples or singles. Will perform as personal or group slave, but hurry, I need it. Am weekly commuter to N.Y.C., in town every Sun., Mon., Tue., write P.O. Box 16450-B, University Station, Baton Rouge, La. 70803.

GUY IN 20's wishes to meet groovy chicks. 427-6962.

JUNE AND CHARLIE DOR. Missed you by 5 minutes in N.J. . . . Saw the 2 plates and tray you left, I have something special. Call 6 to 11 p.m. Charles, 386-3202.

WHITE Brooklyn girl about 18 needed by young guy to share sensual pleasure. Do you want to give love or be loved? 769-6621 evenings.

GOOD-LOOKING couple with secluded Conn. Retreat seeks discreet young person for summer fun - phone or address to Olsen, Box 1952, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

WHITE male 24, good-looking and hip East Village, wants to meet Negro males for fun and close relationship. Call MRD-0042, after 6 p.m.

SWINGING young man wishes to meet oriental or caucasian girls, for pleasure, fun or companionships. Call anytime. Pat. WE 3-4004.

VERY properly engaged male, 28, personable and educated seeks reasonably attractive N.Y.C. gal 21-35 for discreet, mutually satisfying relationship. Photo-specs-expects (reciprocal) to WFW, Box 4849 Grand Central Station.

RESPONSIBLE young businessman looking for reasonably priced good apartment in the Village vicinity. Call 228-8640.

VERSATILE, virile white gentleman, 40's considerate, kind, dependable, generous. Seeks amorous, sexually uninhibited female. Have own apartment. Discretion fulfillment assured. Please call 693-8075.

MONOGAMIST, single, professional, youthful, 48, seeking slender shapely "right gal" age 28 to 43 under 5'8" under 125 pounds for dates, gentle petting, sincerity, hopefully love, but not sex without love. No homos. No artists. Diogenes, Box 1101, New York 10008.

MARRIED, handsome white male 28, college grad, seeks white females: teenagers, young adults, single, married, divorced, for petting and/or balling. Seeking sexual gratification, but tired of getting hurt or used. Looking for an honest uncomplicated relationship based on your needs, give me a try. Absolute discretion assured. Write: Box 763, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y. 10009

HANDSOME athletic male outgoing and intelligent—30's with lush East side pad . . . Looking for groovy girl who wants the sexual experience of a lifetime with the largest penis in N.Y. No joke . . . Navy records verify. Must like the erotic . . . and have endurance . . . Call Ronnie 689-6021, after 6 p.m.

MOVING to N.Y. — Man, 29, tall, swinger. Wants to meet girl, preferably hip type, to show him around J. Ackerman, P. O. Box 580, Cooper Station, N. Y. 10003.

COLLEGE graduate 23, intelligent, mature understanding, wordly, fun loving, desires long enduring but intense relationship hopefully leading to marriage to a gorgeous, sensuous, passionate and seductive girl who is also capable of being strong willed and sincere. Will share my apartment rent free, if desired. Write Ron Rogart, 142-25 Pershing Crescent, Apt. 4-C, Jamaica, N.Y.

GAY sensitive lonely young school teacher wishes to meet attractive but sincere young males for attempts at permanent love relationship. Write in detail with picture. Box 45, Times Square Station, New York, 10036.

MALE 20, disgusted with work seek funds disparately. Please send bread or ideas. Willing to do anything for monetary gain. Write, Peter Petruccione, 1944 Union Port Rd., Bronx, N.Y.C., Apt. N-4.

CONGENIAL Bi-sexual married male seeks discreet also bisexual well endowed male 18-26 medium build for pleasurable activities wife is shy and submissive. Phone please. Box 62, Stuyvesant Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11233.

TANGIER, The Casbah; fact or falacy . . . is it really wide open—sex, kef, etc. or is that just jive? Could anybody that's been there decently lay the truth to me please. Write Don Brinson 324 Earlington St. Renton, Washington 98055.

Classified Ads in This Paper
Bring Results
Read the Classified Ads
Read the Classified Ads

INTERESTING, tall, attractive white executive early 40's, discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 97, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

YOUNG man 23, independently wealthy, wishes to share his town house in East 70's with liberal minded swinging chick. Must be beautiful and sexy. Call Ed at PI 4-6609.

SUCCESSFUL young white male (30) seeks young Negro female to share complete relationship. Call 769-8537 day or nite. Keep trying.

VERY sensual well-built bachelor would like to explore all realms of sex with attractive, large busted girl. Will to teach or learn. Write, Box 5243, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

GAL: FREE PAD
Young, unsquare white male. Seeks swinging chick, soul or white to share nice pad. No strings. Everything free. Call John, evenings after 10, 246-8029.

WEST END and 84th. Grad. student, 24, will share four room apt. till Sept. 1. Own bedroom. \$115 per month. No fags. Call 874-0516 anytime.

AFRO-AMERICAN men (21-35) wanted for swinging club now forming. Girls of all races welcome as long as you aren't prejudiced. For singles. Send photo, phone and occupation to: R. Taylor, P.O. Box 398, N.Y.C. N.Y. 10036.

MAN-ATTRACTIVE - masculine white - 40's - 6'2" - 175 lbs. - well built, needs prominent mature stud acquire imaginative training from firm but kindly disciplinarian, must be real pro wishing to experiment. I am ready, looking for a permanent relationship if right person. Box 178, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

VIRGIN ISLANDS Vacation — July 3-21, guy, white, 40, wants doll 25-40 for fun and games. All expenses paid. Call after 6 p.m. 924-3264.

ROMANTICALLY inclined, sensitive, generous divorced man 35 and financially independent, meet woman sufficiently insecure to accept all engulfing relationship, should like conversation, candlelight dinners, sleeping under the stars, theatre, art and sex of course. Essentials: very pretty, petite, about 5'4", photo a must. Write: Serious, P.O. Box 755, Palisades Station, Ft. Lee, N.J.

DOMINANT young man wishes to meet docile females or couples interested in erotic pleasures. Also like to meet dominant female to work with her. Write: D.K., Apt. 8-C, 788 Arnow Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10467.

SLAVE available. Docile, good-looking, successful businessman, 36, seeks pretty, not-overweight dominant girl or couple. Write, with photo and phone PO Box 1094, Radio City Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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.

IF YOU still believe in this world's potential — than read this ad. I'm a middle aged attractive guy of achievement; interested in the arts. Financially independent (made it myself) while I think money has a purpose, my main interest is to travel, observe, meditate and participate in the happenings about us.

The purpose of this ad is to meet an intelligent young lady between 20 and 30 years who feels the same way, and is searching for a lasting relationship — perhaps marriage and children. Live in tranquility, contemplation, travel and take part in the exciting things about us; in the world of art, science and politics.

The girl I'm seeking must be beautiful, bright and submissive. Your rewards will be great. Please write me all about yourself and enclose several photos of recent vintage. (If you have to take them, tell me the cost and I'll return the expense). Please phone number.

All serious mail will be answered. Thank you. Write to: President, Gemini Brokerage Corp., 157 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019.

ELITE COUPLES N.Y., N.J., CONN.

WE are forming a modern couples group. We are a comfortable out going. Sophisticated couple, used to only the finest. She is beautiful. He good looking. Ages 35-40. If you are married couple, intelligent, well groomed & fun to be with & modern in your thinking, and wish to share in a elite group, please send a photo, telephone No. a must. No phoneys. Homo's, opportunities need apply. We will prove who we are to those we find to be legitimate. Write: Country Soph's, Box 314, Tarrytown, N.Y.

INTERESTING, tall attractive white executive early 40's discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 87, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., N.Y.C.

CULTURED European would like meeting young nympho-type girl in need of generous, sensitive man for daytime togetherness on long term relationship. Sincerity and discretion expected. Call Walter on 739-4022 from 9 to noon only.

SPECIAL SERVICES

A & A Trucking will move anything, anywhere, anytime at a moments notice long distance is our specialty. Grooviest flat rates in town. Let's talk. Call 254-5916.

NUDIST BEACHES

FREE beaches where you may disrobe or not. Your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info Send \$1 to Craig, POB 85175 L.A., Calif., 90072. Yes East Coast nude beaches too!

ASTROLOGER
from San Francisco, is now in Chicago. For your Personal **TAPE-RECORDED NATAL CHARACTER READING** of Astrological Delineations **SEND \$10.00** with the Exact Time and Place of your Birth to: **ARIES, c/o The Seed, 837 N. LaSalle, Dept. E, Chicago, Ill. 60610.**

A & A trucking has the lowest rates in town. If you have to move, see us first. Long distance - Points in between and local if you like that scene. Let's Talk, 254-5916.

WE WILL MOVE anything. (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates also. Long & short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellas, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

WILL PAY \$10 per month for mailing address for business mail. Location unimportant. Private dwelling acceptable, include name and telephone number. Write to: Harold Krasner, 360 East 31 St., Brooklyn, New York.

MAIL, MAIL, MAIL!
MAIL, MAIL, MAIL!
MAIL, MAIL, MAIL!
Receive free samples, strange gifts, offers, opportunities galore! 25c Century Service, 853 40th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW HIP DIRECTORY. YOU'LL FIND IT FAST IN THE MELLOW PAGES. THE MELLOW PAGES . . . Complete directory of head shops, boutiques, newspapers, entertainment clubs, and merchandise sources across the nation. Only \$3.00 to: Turn-ons unlimited, Dept. 5, 4623 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029. Would you like to be listed in the mellow Pages? Send name, address and type of business to turn-ons unlimited.

FRENCH MASSEUR
Stay Healthy and Strong, Feel good with Robert Swedish Relaxing Massage Studio, Residential, Days, Evenings. Select Clientele Only. Lic. #524891. CI 5-3136.

N. Y. - N. J. - CONN. SWINGERS
Tired of clubs who claim to have many swingers from your area? Then you find 5 or 6 female swingers listed?

This unique service lists over 200 sophisticated female and couples. These discreet people all live in

N.J. - N.Y. - CONN.
Send now for your exclusive list of women and couples to meet you. Send \$1.00 cash or m.o. to

THE LOCAL SWINGER
210 Fifth Ave., Suite 1102, N.Y.C. 10010.

FOR THE ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave Air conditioned.

ASTROLOGY your life, your love, your career. Rod Chase. WA 8-8914. \$15.00.

FERRY BOAT PILGRIMAGE to Staten Island's Artist's Bazaar. The New Rebirth is worshipped through the medium of fantastic and beautiful art forms. Handmade jewelry, sandals, and handbags, embroidered garments, paintings, sculpture, antiques, fine art fashions. **SAADIA IS THE WAY, 1090 CASTLETON AVE., Staten Island. Telephone 447-9519.** Take the number 3 bus from the Ferry.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE. All ages, 3-8 p.m., OX 5-0158, a.m. and Sun. TA 8-7897, 147 West 42nd St., Suite 1018.

LIGHT moving 24 hour service wagon plus one man \$6.00, two men \$9.00. 388-1954 or 966-1405.

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.

FIGHT JUNK MAIL. Return at THEIR expense. Labels, instructions \$1.00. Artichoke, P.O. Box 9123E Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.

BUY AND SELL

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

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES
Posters, jewelry, incense, blacklites and blacklite supplies, roach clips, Pendants, bumper stickers, and a fantastic phantasmagorical plethora of esoteric dealer inquiries and wholesale price list upon request. Ramse International, 1644 N. Cherokee Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

HAVE used and damaged fur coats \$5.00 and \$10.00 each. In 10 p.m. to 12 p.m. or send card, will pick up customers. Lou Como, 77 N. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"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, dealer's inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036. Telephone 581-4199.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED, GROOVY, MASCULINE ORIENTAL JADE men's cologne and aftershave: list \$8.50, only \$3.95. Italian Leather aftershave and cologne: List \$20.00 Only \$4.95. Send check or money order to: S/I, Dept. E1, Box 1029, Radio City Station, N.Y.

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.

BEAUTIFUL imported hippie beads, hippie bells, peace charms, medallions psychedelic charms, pagan god charm, hippie lipsticks \$1.50 ea. postpaid. Valco Box 151 Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

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.

MALE PHOTOS — Think your collection is complete? Try these! All male, all unique! \$1.00 each set of 6, \$5.00. Cash only. Box 6315, San Jose, Calif. 95150.

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.

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

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.

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)

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

EMPLOYMENT

PRIZE winning film-maker casting for feature in Europe seeks two leads, boy and girl, 18-19, beautiful, innocent-looking, send pictures to: McBride, 315 West 86th St., New York 10024.

GROOVY SUMMER JOB! Gal Friday wanted for part-time work in small mid-town art studio. Must be young, gorgeous, and dig art and sex. MU 5-1541.

SLIM, beautiful female model, under 5'5" wanted by bachelor manufactures for series of trade shows. Bright personality and willingness to travel essential. PL 7-4276 evenings.

NEW breed production needs help and information from female exhibitionist. Position open also. Apyne, Suite B2, 1101 Teall Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. 13206.

"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.

ATTRACTIVE well proportioned very uninhibited girls for exploration films opportunity for interesting projects in future if qualified very good pay. Call Sid, LO 4-7630.

GIRL WANTED for girl with girl 3-year-old, object sex and swing. D.C. or A.C. Possible travel. R & BT. Call Madeline or Frank 439-4542.

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.

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.

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.

ATTRACTIVE Girls Wanted for Pin-up and figure photography. Good pay, no experience necessary. Legitimate photographer. Telephone 757-6286, 1 to 6 P.M. daily, for appointment. Ask for E. Lee.

YOUNG male models wanted to pose nude for artist evenings or weekends. Easy poses. No experience necessary. Call 989-6373 between 5:30 - 6:30 P.M.

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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WANT someone to share driving to California. Leaving first part of July. Pay me \$35.00 to cover all your expenses. Call 787-8414.

MARION VAN DEN BERGE, I AM IN NEW YORK, CONTACT ME AT EAST VILLAGE OTHER OFFICE.

ALAIN LIEBMANN JET'AIME

SCOTT CHASE call home: McLean, Va., Collect, immediately. This is an emergency.

BE A PARTAKER in the ministry of Charlie Brown. Receive a share of stock for \$5.00. Any other donations will be welcome. For more information write, Bonds, College Park, 507 E., Detroit, Mich, 48221.

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.

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.

WE DO NOT PROVIDE BOX NUMBERS FOR OUR ADVERTISERS. EVO.

PUBLICATIONS

TROJAN FOR MEN
GAY Magazine now available on WEST COAST; keep up on GAY activities in N.Y.C. AS WELL AS L.A. LIST OF BARS, BATHS, BEACHES, CRUISING SPOTS in L.A. Also articles & stories & local L.A. CLASSIFIED ADS, 1 YR. SUB. \$5.00 — TRIAL \$3.00 INCL 1 FREE CLASSIFIED AD. Send check or M.O. to TROJAN PUBLISHING, 6311 YUCCA ST., L.A., CALIF. 90028 INCL 45 WORD AD WILL INSERT IN CURRENT ISSUE IF POSSIBLE.

NUDIST BEACHES
FREE beaches where you may disrobe or not. Your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info send \$1 to Craig P.O. Box 85175, L.A., California, 90072. Yes East Coast nude beaches too.

HORSESHIT MAGAZINE #3! If your bookstore does not have the new horseshit, the long awaited number three, tell them to call Alpha Distributors — Phone 751-4055 or you can go to any Bookmaster Store and find all three Horseshits. Parts of Horseshit #2 were reprinted in Japan in the Japanese Playboy and got the greatest response in that magazine's history. Find out why! See for yourself.

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

ANATOMY OF A RAID! Just one of the features in JULY issue of L.A. ADVOCATE U. S.'s only GAY NEWSPAPER. Send 25c to ADVOCATE. Box 74695, Los Angeles, Calif, 90004.

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 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 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., N. Y. 10036.

PUBLISHER NOTE: The Black Book is moving fast. FORECAST: The Black Book will put more people into more peoples lives. Singles of the world let the Black Book sock it to you.

NEW GAY BAR GUIDE. Over 260 cities in 50 States. Included over 195 in L.A. 100 in S.F. Over 1,200 Bars, Baths, Beaches, \$2.00 to Mr. Kenneth, Box 2141, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

UNDERGROUND DNA
A compact pocket size directory of over 300 essential stores in NYC listed in 15 headings. E. G. camp supplies, organic food, decor, clothing, etc. Also rural communities, contacts of all kinds related to self sufficiency and the emerging economics of chaos in our wierd times. Write to us if you want to be listed in DNA. For new contacts send \$1.00 to DNA 308 E 6th St., N.Y.C. 10003.

DOING YOUR THING?
If your thing includes fulfilling your desires for fun in the flesh, find your swinging counterparts in the Kindred Spirits Club. Sample magazine \$1.00 to K.S., Box 3806, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

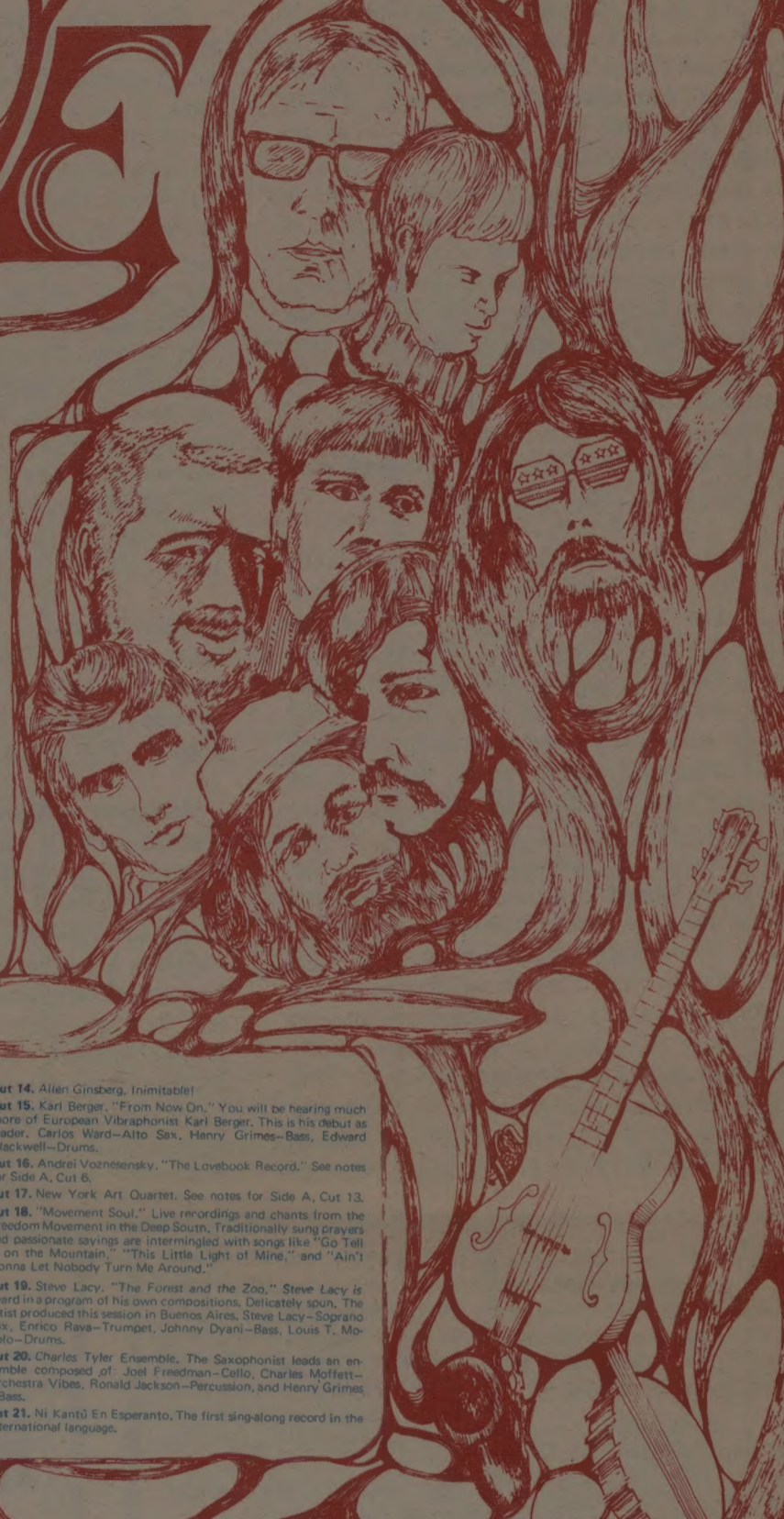
SEARCHING for identity, God, the meaning of your life? Seeking Buddhistic apocalyptic enlightenment, mind mutation? Disappointed in yogis, drugs? Attain Satari. Read "A Personal, Explanation of Expansion of Consciousness". Send \$2.95 to Nadina Grove, Box 3191 North, Las Vegas, Nevada 89030.

Classified Ads in This Paper
Bring Results
Read the Classified Ads
Read the Classified Ads

AVANT-GARDE

In fact, there are 42 grooves on the most freaked-out tribal folk-rock record ever made: Avant-Garde Records' "ESP Sampler." Turn on and tune in with this 50-minute, 12-inch, 33 1/3 r.p.m., compatible-stereo disc that brings you a kaleidoscope of the most consciousness-expanding sounds this side of the East Village. Over 100 New Scene artists, from Allen Ginsberg to Sun Ra to the Fugs to William Burroughs to Pharaoh Sanders to Steve Lacy to Andrei Voznesensky to the Godz to Ornette Coleman, all doing their thing (see detailed description below). While they last, **ONLY \$3.98!!!**

To order, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$3.98 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) to Avant-Garde Records, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. For only \$3.98, your pad will be where it's at.



SIDE A

- Cut 1.** "Pearls Before Swine: One Nation Underground." The East Coast Sound explodes in an ultrasupersonic boom, blowing petals, feathers, and beads, and everybody's mind. Tom Rapp, Wayne Harley, Roger Crissinger, Lane Lederer, with guest artist Warren Smith.
- Cut 2.** Pharaoh Sanders Quintet. Mr. Sanders directs his first aggregation, including Stan Foster—Trumpet, Jane Getz—Piano, William Bennett—Bass, Marvin Patillo—Percussion, and Pharaoh Sanders—Sax.
- Cut 3.** Noah Howard Quartet. Saxophonist Noah Howard takes his stand accompanied by Ric Colbeck—Trumpet, Dave Grant—Percussion, and Scotty Holt—Bass.
- Cut 4.** Milford Graves Percussion Ensemble with Sunny Morgan. The volatile young leader is heard here with fellow Percussionist Sunny Morgan, Milford Graves—Drums, Bells, Gongs, and Shakers, Sunny Morgan—Drums and Bells.
- Cut 5.** Albert Ayler. "Spiritual Unity." The noted composer and saxophonist's first album for us is being closely studied by musicologists, professors of theory, and students. Featuring virtuoso performances by Albert Ayler, Bassist Gary Peacock, and Percussionist Sunny Murray.
- Cut 6.** Corso, Ferlinghetti, Voznesensky, & others. "The Lovebook Record." The poets assemble in London and read their poems.
- Cut 7.** Henry Grimes Trio. "The Call." Henry Grimes, of famed erstwhile Cecil Taylor Ensemble, leads his own group here, playing his own compositions and those of Perry Robinson. Henry Grimes—Bass, Perry Robinson—Clarinet, Tom Price—Drums.
- Cut 8.** Burton Greene Quartet. The long-awaited record debut of this artist, who has started out in still another new direction. Burton Greene—Piano, Marion Brown—Alto Sax, Henry Grimes—Bass, Dave Grant & Tom Price—Drums, Frank Smith—Tenor Sax.
- Cut 9.** Sunny Murray. Percussionist-composer Sunny Murray redefines the art in a historically significant exchange with Saxophonists Bayard Lancaster and Jack Graham, Bassist Al Silva, and Trumpeter Jacques Coursil.
- Cut 10.** Bob James Trio. "Explosions." Pianist Bob James and his Trio. Down Beat awarded the album five stars. Rarre Phillips—Bass, Robert Pozar—Percussion.
- Cut 11.** Marion Brown Quartet. The first album of a much-discussed Alto Saxophonist who is strongly endorsed by LeRoi Jones. Marion Brown—Alto Sax, Reggie Johnson and Ronnie Boykins—Basses, Alan Shorter—Trumpet, Benny Maupin—Tenor Sax, Rashid Ali—Drums.
- Cut 12.** Patty Waters. "Patty Waters Sings." A tour de force is Patty Waters' presentation of seven of her own compositions. Her bizarre vocal shatters the unwary on this historic recording. Patty Waters—Vocals and Piano, Burton Greene—Piano, Steven Tintweiss—Bass, Tom Price—Drums.
- Cut 13.** New York Art Quartet. Trombonist Roswell Rudd and Saxist John Tchicai, paced by Percussionist Milford Graves and Bassist Lewis Worrell, LeRoi Jones reads his much-praised poem "Black Dada Nihilismus."
- Cut 14.** The Fugs. "Fugs' Broadside." The Fugs' record debut. A collector's item. Recorded under the supervision of the magnificent Henry Smith, with instrumental support by Holy Modal Rounders Steve Weber and Peter Stampfel.
- Cut 15.** Frank Wright Trio. Tenor Saxophonist Wright has played with John Coltrane. A forcefully exuberant expression characterizes his debut as a leader. Frank Wright—Tenor Sax, Henry Grimes—Bass, Tom Price—Drums.
- Cut 16.** Sun Ra. "The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra." The celebrated Sun Ra directs our attention to the vibrations of the cosmos, Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra.
- Cut 17.** William Burroughs. "Call Me Burroughs." Immensely engrossing, electric presentation of excerpts from "Naked Lunch" and "Nova Express" by the famed author.

Cut 18. Alan Sondheim. "Ritual—All—7—70." Ruth Ann Hutchinson—Vocals, Chris Matteson—Bass, J.P.—Drums, Barry Sugarman—Tabla, Bongo, Robert Poholek—Cornet, Trumpet, Alan Sondheim—Xylophone, Alto Sax, Sona, Classical, Electric, and Hawaiian Guitars, English Horn, Bansari, Koto, Clarinet, and Suling.

Cut 19. Giuseppe Logan Quartet. Free improvisation is used in deeply affecting compositions by Giuseppe Logan playing Tenor and Alto Sax and Pakistani Oboe, Milford Graves—Drums, Don Pullen—Piano, Eddie Gomez—Bass.

Cut 20. Ornette Coleman, at Town Hall. The single most influential figure in contemporary American improvisational music is heard on his first album released in five years. He is accompanied by David Izenzohn—Bass, and Charles Moffett—Percussion.

Cut 21. The Fugs. The frenzied Fugs in their most adventurous exploration into satirical, skin-rock, protest concertizing.

SIDE B

Cut 1. Bud Powell. Recorded live at the Blue Note in Paris. Kenny Clarke and Pierre Michelot accompany the artist on "There'll Never Be Another You," "Thelonious," "Round Midnight," "Night in Tunisia," "Dance of the Infidels," and "Lover Man."

Cut 2. Randy Burns. "Of Love and War." The young folk-singer and composer in his first appearance, with 12-string accompaniment by Emery Fletcher.

Cut 3. Gato Barbieri. "In Search of Mystery." Argentinian Saxophonist Gato Barbieri, in a singular fusion of European and American improvisational currents. Calo Scott—Cello, Norris Jones—Bass, Bobby Klapp—Percussion.

Cut 4. James Zito. "Zito." Members are primarily from California, led by Drummer James Zito. Bruce Cale—Bass, Michael Cohen—Piano, Allan Praskin—Alto Sax, Warren Gale—Trumpet, Bert Wilson—Tenor Sax.

Cut 5. Burton Greene Quartet. See notes for Side A, Cut 8.

Cut 6. Byron Allen Trio. Byron Allen has been called the spiritual descendant of Charlie Parker. Here he manifests a hauntingly beautiful lyrical line with strong support from Ted Robinson on Drums and Marco Gilchrist on Bass.

Cut 7. The Godz. "Contact High with the Godz." Cheers and groans greeted the appearance of the first album of this audacious group, combining free improvisation with strong soul accents. Larry Kessler, Jim McCarthy, Jay Dillon, Paul Thornton. Vocals, too.

Cut 8. Original Cast Album. "The Coach with the Six Insoles." Producer Jean Erdman and a company of actors and musicians do a musical adaptation of "Finnegan's Wake." This fresh and arresting interpretation will enhance the reader's enjoyment of Joyce's masterpiece. Anita Dangler, Sheila Roy, Teiji Ito, Leonard Frey, Van Dexter, Genji Ito, and Peter Barry.

Cut 9. Gunter Hampel. "Assemblage." Vibraphonist Gunter Hampel produced his own session in Holland with Wim Breuker—Saxophone, Piet Vaening—Bass, Pierre Courbois—Percussion.

Cut 10. Ismael Reed. "East Village Other." The first electric newspaper collage and montage of events U.S.A. vs. The Underground.

Cut 11. Sonny Simmons. "Staying on the Watch." The noted West-Coast composer makes his debut accompanied by his wife, Barbara Donald, on Trumpet. Teddy Smith—Bass, John Hicks—Piano, and Marvin Patillo—Percussion.

Cut 12. The Godz. "The Godz Return." is a roller coaster. Jim McCarthy—Guitar, Vocals; Larry Kessler—Guitar, Viola, Vocals; Jay Dillon—Organ, Piano, Autoharp; Paul Thornton—Drums, Vocals.

Cut 13. Paul Bley. "Closer." Mr. Bley performs compositions by Carla Bley and Annette Peacock. Steve Swallow—Bass, and Barry Altschul—Percussion, offer engrossing interplay.

Cut 14. Allen Ginsberg. Inimitable!

Cut 15. Karl Berger. "From Now On." You will be hearing much more of European Vibraphonist Karl Berger. This is his debut as leader. Carlos Ward—Alto Sax, Henry Grimes—Bass, Edward Blackwell—Drums.

Cut 16. Andrei Voznesensky. "The Lovebook Record." See notes for Side A, Cut 6.

Cut 17. New York Art Quartet. See notes for Side A, Cut 13.

Cut 18. "Movement Soul." Live recordings and chants from the Freedom Movement in the Deep South. Traditionally sung prayers and passionate sayings are intermingled with songs like "Go Tell It on the Mountain," "This Little Light of Mine," and "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around."

Cut 19. Steve Lacy. "The Forest and the Zoo." Steve Lacy is heard in a program of his own compositions. Delicately spun. The artist produced this session in Buenos Aires. Steve Lacy—Soprano Sax, Enrico Rava—Trumpet, Johnny Dyani—Bass, Louis T. Moholo—Drums.

Cut 20. Charles Tyler Ensemble. The Saxophonist leads an ensemble composed of Joel Freedman—Cello, Charles Moffett—Orchestra Vibes, Ronald Jackson—Percussion, and Henry Grimes—Bass.

Cut 21. Ni Kantu En Esperanto. The first sing-along record in the international language.

AVANT-GARDE RECORDS, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$3.98 (plus 50¢ postage and handling; total, \$4.48) for the "ESP Sampler" folk-rock record consisting of freaked-out sounds by over 100 New Scene artists including Allen Ginsberg, Sun Ra, the Fugs, William Burroughs, Pharaoh Sanders, Steve Lacy, Andrei Voznesensky, the Godz, Ornette Coleman, etc., etc., etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

N.Y. residents add 20¢ sales tax. ©1968 Avant-Garde RC-EV039-1