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METROPOLITAN 15¢

# THE EAST VILLAGE LETTER



east  
village



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## these things and more

(d.a. levy 1945-1968)

was it the getting busted  
 the bail the bookshop closing  
 leaving him holding the whole  
 bag of cleveland o

afraid he was growing old  
 wasn't living his poems  
 (the drawings were pure haiku  
 or the one small straw we  
 couldn't see turned him off?)

we knew he hated the fuzz  
 (power corrupts — phonies and  
 the stink of the system yet  
 with love spit and his own

bread he printed our poems  
 setting us up . . . "I depend  
 on the charity of my friends  
 as they do upon mine" (the trust  
 one dies for the want of

surmise is a game but  
 isn't it clear he'd been  
 sending up signals a long  
 time before he let go  
 that we missed our cue?

Yes it was something small  
 like having a Big World  
 Dream blow up in his face  
 not worth the bother

and too beat to go on or  
 that he felt alone  
 like ancient Po Chu-i  
 'alone for a thousand years

maugeritte harris

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## FILLMORE EAST vs. the MOTHERFUCKERS

The New Year took a deep breath last week and came in frosty and cold. It came in clutching itself barely able to walk. It came to the Lower East Side, an already battered place on the brink of despair and ecstasy.

It took a long look, stood before the Fillmore East, and let the lifestyles seep into its several day old lungs. When it entered, what it saw, felt, heard was enough.

The music fissioned from the amps, vibrated itself into endless binaries and atomized across the air like a thousand cymbals crashing at the same time. The assault of sound mingled with marijuana and nicotine smoke and the still soft skin of young faces standing around or sitting.

The whole place seemed to rotate like a ball of energy. And it plugged itself in to the newest member of the year who covered the lobby with one amoeba-like stance and began to stretch its body and every pore to absorb the nucleus of it. It felt its limbs taking shape, its organs taking on memory, its consciousness seared with a new life.

If it had come only a week earlier, it might have acted differently. It might have rapped a large heavy chain across Bill Graham's head, or slashed an usher with a radio antenna, or threatened the MC 5 with bodily harm. Or, it might have just slithered out of the Fillmore East altogether looking for another place, any place, to be born.

If it had stayed, it would have learned why (?). If it had left right away, it would have eventually learned why (?) anyway. Violence would have been high on the list of lifestyles the New Year would have had to contend with. And on the Lower East Side, there is not more or less of it, but lifestyles which encompass a whole world in a single breath and lifestyles large enough to encompass only itself.

What I am talking about is violence and it is much a fantasy as this editorial is fantasy. And I would gladly give up mine, if others would gladly give up theirs. On the Lower East Side, violence and editorials are lifestyles we have too much of and can do without.

In the new world, as the Motherfuckers see it, "Everything is free. Property is free." But I do not see the Motherfuckers giving up their violence, the one weapon which has made property and people not free. I do not see Bill Graham resorting to violence and he is the one who believes in the ownership of property.

On the night of violence, a week before the New Year came in, the MC 5, who were playing on stage, announced, "We came here to play music not politics." They were reprimanded right on stage, and their drums kicked in. But there were others who came to play another game, not politics but war.

I have had the experience of both. When I was in the army in Oklahoma, during peacetime, one of the men in my outfit, a Puerto Rican boy of 19, had his leg blown off by four artillery shells which accidentally dropped into our encampment. He said only a few words: "Tell them it's all a bunch of shit!" I thought at the time his words were a manifestation of delirium. But I soon found out what he meant. He died on his way to the base hospital and he was only playing at war.

So I have come to tell you all but in writing; not above all the pushing and shouting, the hate and anger: his words. The only thing free the Motherfuckers have in store for us are six feet of earth and that we all had guaranteed to us from the very beginning.

I think it is time the community at large, which the Motherfuckers claim to speak for, make their own lifestyles felt. I propose a board representing various members of the community; from Negroes to Puerto Ricans, to Ukrainians, to Hippies, Yippies and Motherfuckers . . . Let them run the free nights at the Fillmore East. Let them pass judgement on themselves.

There is more to the community than just chains and knives, assaults and violence. There is love, music, comradeship and a genuine effort to make sure there is not an empty space in the universe where the planet earth used to be. Let these forces dominate the community, otherwise we will have changed nothing but a slum into a battlefield.

## pony express

Dear EVO:

My friend Al, the Necrophile, says: "Creep up and ball the abandoned rising meat." Does a stiff really get stiff?

STRELNIKOFF  
 Council of Armed Rabbis

Dear EVO:

What I have to say is about our race problem in the world. I'm from California, I've been here about a month now and I sure have run into alot of prejudiced people. The funny thing is it's not the white people, it's the black. For instance, the other night my boyfriend and I were arguing; this man two doors away started yelling at us for making too much noise so we started yelling back. But listen to this, instead of staying on the subject we were arguing about he started arguing about color. He started saying how he hated the white people and how they were no good, and how he would like to kill all of them, and that they were no good fuckin crackers. That was just one instance.

Well I'm from L.A. California and I am far from a prejudiced person. Some of my best friends are colored, but never in my life have I ever run into a black prejudiced person, it's usually the other way around.

Tell me when will people ever start calling people by there names instead of there color? It might save alot of fighting and heartache.

"Forget his color, but remember his name."  
 Concerned V. H.

Dear EVO:

I have something to say, and I guess thru you is the only way to pass the message. I direct this not to EVO but to the guilty mothers on the street.

Motherfuckers, Pigs, P.T.A. mothers or whoever you are: Keep your fucking asses out of the Psychedelica-tessen. You got the fucking knife in, stop twisting it.

A Disgusted Bastard

Dear EVO,

Regarding your bit about busts in Turkey (Vol. 4, No. 2), the following stories:

(1) An English friend of mine had his pocket picked in Istanbul & went to the police who held, for his benefit, a lineup of all the pick-pockets in the area. When he couldn't identify the right one they offered to throw him in jail instead. His memory thus jogged, he identified a man with "corruption written all over him" who was called out of the line and had his hands smashed with an iron bar—case closed. The swiftness of Turkish justice thus demonstrated.

(2) Leaving Turkey by boat with me was a Greek couple emigrating to Greece. The customs inspector, a real slimy character out of a 30's movie or Eric Ambler book, held up the boat & everyone while waiting for a bribe. He chose to examine (by way of excuse) not one valise (of which they had dozens) or one basket but one shirt, plain linen, whose seams he examined (for gold?) at the rate of about one inch every thirty minutes. When he was paid off (and it cost plenty) he did his dance and slapped clearance stickers on everything and everyone in sight.

Now, I was treated very well in Turkey, but I saw those no different from myself really get axed which gives one a nervous feeling. The Turks still practice impalement—often of refugees from Russia on the theory they are spies (this attested to by a soldier I spoke to)—and everything else. But they are venal. There is only one way to get out—that is bribes and connections—if you are booked. If you can't afford it, forget it, your ass is cheap over there. The theory is not innocent till proven guilty or vice versa but guilty period, if not for this offense for some other.

A petition with all the names, nationalities, etc. of those in jail should be put together and posted in all travel offices, etc. A little counter-pressure and demonstration might help too. This is a bitch. Thirty years in a Turkish jail is for shit.

Traveller

PS. The US can get those guys out of jail whenever they want—we own that little fascist state. The place for the pressure is here. (Continued on Page 15)



photo: Walter Bredel

# Cops Invade Hippie Religious Sex Rites

BY DA LATIMER

Remember the saga of Joey Skaggs' Potent Jesus a couple years ago? Skaggs built a Crucifix and hung thereon a wasted, blasted, charred arrangement of various bones and organs, prominent among which was a length of healthy metal pipe between the figure's legs. It was felt, by anyone who took the trouble to think upon it, that Skaggs had somehow, mystically, hit upon the very essence of the Christian Mystery: how such a frankly wasted-out, cavernous, tired old view of the Good could spurt such a potent regenerative impulse across twenty ragged centuries. The metal dong on Skaggs' Jesus was the fuse through which the green force of the ages was transmuted. But for those though who rarely think about anything beyond backgammon and bingo, it was manifest on the face of it that Skaggs' Jesus was Obscene. 'Your Jesus is obscene!' they shouted, and wherever Joey took it they busted his statute. Absolutely every fucking place he took it — NYU, everywhere — they slapped citations on it, dismantled it roughly, and threw it on their trash heaps with their old beer-bottles and clammy Kleenex.

Christ's jissom still packs a wallop, after all this time. Skaggs makes a thing of abrad-ing the religious sensibility, provoking orgasms of righteous indignation wherever he goes. For Christmas Day, he decided to hold a Nativity scene on the Central Park Mall at 72nd Street. So he called the Parks Department, logical step, and explained what he was up to: a Nativity with a baby Jesus, Mary and Joseph, three Kings, sheep and camels and little children, you know, usual thing. But the Parks Department knew of Skaggs, and they wanted nothing to do with him. 'No religious programs in our ecumenical Park,' they told him, and

suggested he try the Commerce Department. The Commerce Department?

So dolling himself up in the finest Brooks Brothers fashion, Skaggs confronted the Commerce Department, and came away with several Xerox copies of a PERMIT. He had a PERMIT. Four days before Christmas, they gave him a PERMIT.

But the Police Department got wind of it, and there was the rattle of chains and maces among the jingle bells. They called Skaggs on the telephone the day of Christmas Eve, called him several times, inquiring what he was up to. There was no possibility, in the minds of the police, that the infamous Skaggs would do a Nativity in *their* goddamn Park. On the day of Christmas itself, the goddamn PERMIT was RENEGED.

But PERMIT or NO permit, Skaggs was determined to follow through. Parking his van at sixtythird street — next to the charming statute of the American soldiers raising the flag at Iwo Jima — he sent scouts out to the Mall. No dice, they reported back, the Mall was crawling with cops and straight pressmen. So Skaggs, who is noted for his perverse ingenuity, snuck off back beyond the little hill behind the Mall bandshell, and commenced building his manger scene.

Now, Christmas Day 1968 was one of the very most glorious days of Metropolitan history. The temperature was maybe seventeen with a high wind, and the combination of cold and gale had banished the smog from the City for the day. From Central Park West you could see all the way across the river to Jersey City (inspiring prospects!) and the wind crashed in across the Sheep Meadow like an express train, flattening down against the sun everything in its path. In the middle of the sheep meadow like cherries on a plum pudding huddled a dozen or so hippies, bundled, linked in their own warmth, sipping coffee from a thermos flask, holding a birthday party for Jesus. 'Merry Christmas!' they shouted to all comers, offered up a hit from the thermos bottle, and went on rapping about how great it was to be cold in the middle of the Sheep Meadow on Christmas Day, with the frozen ground rising up from below, the shattering yellow coming down from above, and the noisy wind blasting in from Jersey across toward Queens.

A little ways toward Queens, just over the hill across the Mall, the cops had caught wind of Skaggs' Nativity. Over the hills they came and up the drive, dozens of them, riding horses and green-and-white police vehicles, with the little white press cars bumping along behind. They converged in a ring around Skaggs and

and his friends: on one side, up the hill, six mounted policemen in formation, the horses snorting and steaming in the cold; and down the hill to the other side, four police cars with six cops apiece, parked inward as if for picnic or something. Skaggs had not yet quite finished building his Nativity.

It was like this, that Nativity: a rattan shed for a manger, with a little rubber dolly for Christ, the dolly wrapped in swaddling and painted yellow, its black hair cropped close. Joseph was a plaster figure in fatigues, his neck attached to a pasteboard box illuminated with portraits of Che Guevara from the roof of the shed. The Madonna was a Vietnamese woman with a plaster Kewpie Doll face, painted yellow. The three Kings, respectively, were Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, and Jack Kennedy, dressed in cutaways and alligator shoes. Paper-mache camels and sheep lay about the manger in pastoral hilarity, the butt of many scatological references from such as Skaggs and Paul Krassner.

It was mostly up and finished by this time, there was little the cops could do about it. But they did it: 'Knock one more nail into that thing and you're arrested,' spake a fuzz. So Adam, who had previously been nailing the last of the rattan to the bamboo uprights, renounced his hammer for a stapler. One staple and he was busted for the inestimable crime of Construction. Krassner was dismayed that one could be arrested for having a Construction without a PERMIT, and left off eyeing the sheep lasciviously, lest he and they be busted for Conspiracy to Construct.

This first arrest prompted three others of Skaggs' crew to attack a pig. Skaggs had made a paper-mache NATIVITY pig, understand, and it wore a police outfit and carried a club. Bash! Slash! Crash! They lit into it, slashed it, stomped it . . . 'You're under arrest for littering,' declared another fuzz, and slapped on the cuffs. 'Alice's Restaurant Revisited,' murmured Skaggs as they were dragged away.

Included among Skaggs' Nativity paraphernalia was a fearsome array of firearms, worn by the figures and scattered about the ground. There were several cap pistols and squirt guns, a cunningly simulated wooden M-15 submachine gun, a 410 shotgun with the barrel missing, and an ancient rifle with an octagonal barrel, which was minus a firing pin, sights, and trigger. It had a hammer, though, and Alexi, a comely friend of Joey's, when she seized it and strode about shooting the Camels and sheep, it so alarmed the cops that they took her too into custody on charges of possessing unregistered firearms.

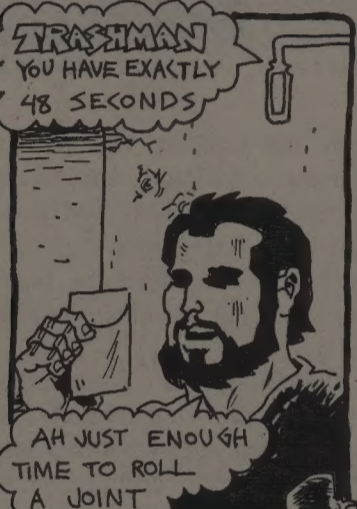
(Continued on Page 15)

# TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL



WHAT IS THIS?  
DO THEY HAVE  
A BUNCH OF  
'EM TRAPPED  
IN THAT  
BUILDING

NO JUST  
SOME NUT  
CALLED TRASHMAN



TRASHMAN  
YOU HAVE EXACTLY  
48 SECONDS

AH JUST ENOUGH  
TIME TO ROLL  
A JOINT



ILL JUST IM...

CLUMP  
CLUMP



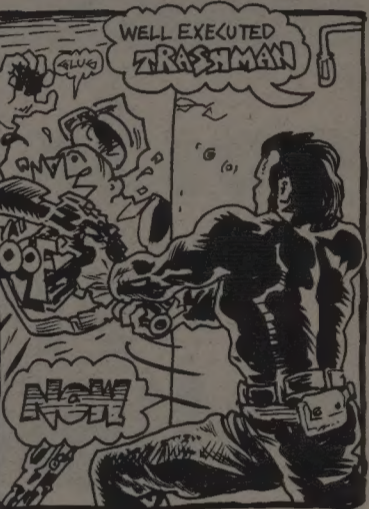
M-M-M YAS!

CLUMP  
CLUMP



OH YAS! OH YAS YAS YAS!

CLUMP  
CLUMP



WELL EXECUTED  
TRASHMAN

HOY

NEW  
NEW



BONK

BONK

BONK



SMASH HIM

YUH HAA!



WHIRRR

WHIRRR

WHIRRR

ZELTRON

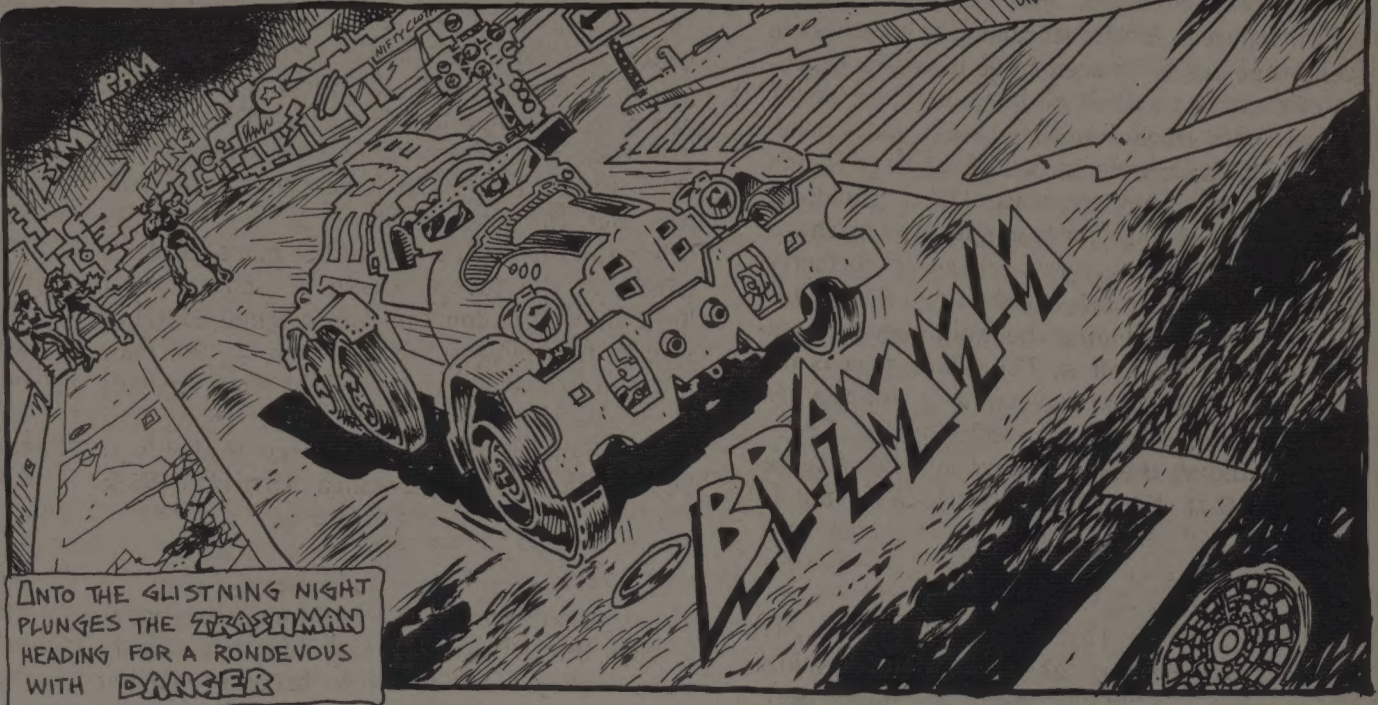


TRASHMAN  
BEHIND YOU!

BRABAP

BRABAP

BRABAP



ONTO THE GLISTNING NIGHT  
PLUNGES THE TRASHMAN  
HEADING FOR A RONDEVIOUS  
WITH DANGER

DRAWN: SPAIN WRITTEN: ALSEBRON BKW WASH



It is mind-stopping to think that this city's groaning underbelly of Brooklyn may have pulled off a feat to rival not only Manhattan but Amsterdam and London as well. Yet this is precisely what has happened — perhaps it is a sign of the times. But the fact of the matter is that the new rock-oriental environment called DYNAMITE on Coney Island Avenue, despite a few faults, was a riotous (almost literally so) success from moments of its opening last Friday, a stunning place to be in both for the brilliance of its decor and the sheer sensuality of the wildly dressed girls in attendance, swarms of them, hundreds of them, every other one of them enough to make a saint's prick squirt whipped cream.

DYNAMITE is perhaps closest in feel to Amsterdam's FANTASIO, except that the Brooklyn joint is even more elegant and there is more of it. No doubt the Dutch scene is cooler, but there is a vitality about this Brooklyn scene that has to be seen to be believed. Downstairs there is a soft-drink bar (no liquor here) covered with thick Japanese tatami mats, leading off into a Folk Room, where an East Indian ensemble was busy at work, and a Buddhist Temple, whose only jarring note was perhaps a flashing strobe — it was otherwise perfectly suited to meditation. Upstairs is a further suite of rooms, including the main dancing area and several rooms off it. The whole area is indescribably enhanced by luminous murals by George J. Roger, tasteful renderings of Egyptian and Indian themes. Everybody seems to be claiming that the whole electric-hippy-mind-scene has had it, that there is no longer any room for this sort of thing, but this was certainly far from being evident in Brooklyn. Throngs of people (far too many of them, it seemed) trooped through the building, gaping at the decor like blinded sheep, as though they had never seen anything like it in their lives. And perhaps they hadn't.

The staff is on the whole quite hip, even idealistically so. More than once I was told that the whole point of Dynamite was to send people on a trip, though one began to wonder what kind of trip was meant as the first-night trampling commenced. But make no mistake,

## DYNAMITE DISCOTHEQUE

BY ALEX GROSS

this is no utopian venture. Money is being made here, and there is little doubt that a commercial operation is at work. Admission is four dollars a head (supply your own double meanings) on weekends, three dollars during the week, a dollar too much to my way of thinking, though there seemed no shortage of people ready to pay it. A balding little man with horned-rimmed glasses stands in the main entrance-way of Dynamite carefully cogitating how many more people can be crushed in to satisfy both gate and fire law requirements.

The light show was provided by Larry Levy and Len Schneider of the Mind Garden. They claim to have the first completely automated light show in existence — the whole sound-light coordination is controlled by a computer which analyses the music while it is being played and makes the appropriate predictions and responses on a light board. Considering the precedent potentially set by this arrangement, the overall effect could have been more striking. But the whole method is new, and the originators hope to put together more elaborate effects in the future. Using a computer in a light show is undoubtedly an original contribution to this burgeoning art form — the main problem is that a computer light show can only be as good as the responses programmed into it and lighting and the circuitry available to express them. A group called Alive And Kicking provided an agreeable sound.

The organizers of Dynamite hope to lure Manhattan's supposed sophisticates down to Brooklyn, and there is no doubt that it is worth a trip. But Dynamite's real function may be (and perhaps should be) to bring a real live pop scene to Brooklyn, where the opening night clearly proved there is a real and pressing need for it. It is probably the biggest beat joint in existence, in terms of number of rooms if not total square footage, the only bigger one being Munich's "Blow-Up," which rumor has it has degenerated into little more than a psychedelic beerhall.

It is fashionable to put down bigness, but in the case of something like Dynamite, bigness is probably a virtue. If anything, none of the existing rock palaces are big enough. One of the first mistakes is putting them inside buildings to begin with, thereby creating excess heat and noise and all kinds of traffic problems in getting people from one area to another. What is really needed is an enormous domed-over pleasure garden about the size of the Bronx Zoo to begin with where a virtually infinite series of separate areas can be partitioned off, each with its own decor, sound, and events. Each area can vary in size, shape, and upward thrust according to the nature of the experience to be offered in it. Ideally admission to such a pleasure garden would be free or nominal, and people would come again and again, as they could never exhaust its resources even in numerous visits, especially as the events and the shapes of the areas themselves could be constantly changing. The weary and the battle-shocked could be carried safely to the exits by a system of subterranean conveyor belts. This is not a fantasy but something virtually certain to happen in our lifetimes, the new generation's answer to Disneyland.

In the meantime Dynamite is there to give us a glimpse of the future, and many people who do not contemplate a trip to Brooklyn without dread or condescension or both may have to reconsider their attitude. It is nowhere near as far as Coney Island — you can get there direct on the "D" train to Kings Highway, then walk to Avenue O and Coney Island Avenue. Go soon, as the tatami mats may not hold out more than a few weekends before they are replaced by more functional but less decorative furnishings. In the same way a great deal of the Indian rattan furniture may die an early death. The staff would do everyone a favor if they provided a way out of the foam rubber room as well as a way in — no estimate of the numbers mauled and trampled on the opening night is available, but the EVO staff came perilously close to becoming part of these statistics. But these are petty criticisms and will probably have been solved by the time you have gone there yourselves.



## INTERVIEW WITH a BUDDHIST monk

BY JAAKOV KOHN

continued from last week

EVO — This seems to be a historic repetition because the very same thing happened before but never to such a degree. It never happened to a point where holy artifacts, temples and monestaries were literally destroyed.

JB — Righth.

EVO — Aren't the Hopis of Tibetan origin?

JB — The Hopis are Tibetans. They are of pure Tibetan stock. As a matter of fact the whole Hopi culture is Tibetan. The architecture is Tibetan and so is their art. Theirs is a strict migration. Take any Hopi sandpainting and you will get an exact reproduction of Tibetan symbols. The swastika is used as the center of the Hopi mandala.

EVO — The Hopi cliffwellings are an almost exact reproduction of Tibetan architecture.

JB — Right. Plain simple square block lines. When the Hopis first came to this country by way of Alaska they settled in the general vicinity of Arizona. That was hundreds of years before Columbus. There are places that I have seen that were in ruin for hundreds of years before Columbus came to this country. Their culture decayed. By the way, it is reported that the Dali Lama will be coming to New York next October but I don't expect that this will make much difference.

EVO — What will be the purpose of this trip?

JB — Usually when he leaves India it is to encourage the sale of Tibetan artifacts and to promote Tibetan studies and Tibetan culture.

EVO — Have you ever met the Dali Lama?

JB — Quite a few times.

EVO — What can you tell me about the Dali Lama?

JB — He is a very friendly person. In spite of everything, a happy person. He always has a smile. You can see his eyes look happy but behind them he is quite unhappy. He is a very nice person. Very young. He doesn't speak a word of English but his ideas stand for a lot that I thought the revolution stood for. Do you remember Dave McReynolds article "Hipsters unleashed"? Radical changes somewhat for the better. You know the old movement is now floundering.

EVO — Were we all consciously aware of the movement as such while it happened? I think very few of us were. While you are doing it you simply can't comprehend it's full meaning.

JB — At the time I can't say that I was aware of it. I was aware that I had to take part in what was going on. Whether it was organized or not. But I always felt that at one time there was a good sense

of sincerity and old fashioned idealism, all of which I don't see today. Its all human awareness. Once people are aware—they know what to do.

EVO — To a large extend the thing has deteriorated into a political game. It's an egomaniacal political game with everybody pitching away. I don't believe that you ever know per say what to do. One just does it. By doing it you make it happen.

JB — You hope it is right. I feel that the movement at the present is just an outgrowth of the establishment. Do you remember last summer when the idiots set fire to the garbage cans along Second Avenue? To them it was a revolution. To me it is just a natural outgrowth of the establishment. The Establishment says "Someone has to disagree with me. I become violent and I hack. "So now THEY don't like the establishment yet they do the same thing—they become violent and THEY hack. How many times do you see good sincere persons walking down the streets in the East Village—but they happen to have short hair and are beardless "Hey tourist—" "What are you—a NARK? That's the common rejoinder. I just parked my car a block away and immediately three people approached me. "Hey got some money for dope?" This is all typical. It represents to me an eternity of apathy. The only evident activity is NEGATIVE. You have a great choice—either you can sit back or fall down.

EVO — I don't agree. If you precariously perch yourself on the tip and just bear in mind that you have to sustain yourself in order to prevail because to you what you are doing is right.

JB — Well, why not take my attitude? Sit back, do my own study and plan for my utopia. If the whole of society does not want to change, then I shall sit upon my mountain and repeat the words of James Hilton in his book "Shangri La": "When the strong have devoured one another, christian ethic at last shall be fulfilled. The meek shall inherit the world". And I shall stand up there like Pontius Pilate washing my hands saying: "I am not guilty of the blood."

EVO — But then you are a self confessed pessimist.

JB — Pessimist or realist. This is what I debate. Is it pessimism or is it realism?

EVO — From your pessimistic point it is realism. From my optimistic point it isn't.

By the way what is your sign?

JB — Capricorn with Scorpio rising and Saturn in my ninth house.

FILLER — I hope you don't worry too much about Tibet. Nothing of any value ever dies.

JB — We have been suffering for too long and we don't need any more. Between the Comunist and the Catholics—we can't take it any longer.

"Ours is not the reason why, ours is but to do and die"—I can't take that attitude. Mine is realistic pessimism until someone can show me a truly sincere movement.

EVO — You can never point to a truly "sincere" movement.

JB — Because most of them aren't.

EVO — Have YOU ever encountered a truly "sincere" movement?

JB — I have but they haven't been very effective and they did not last. They just did not belong into this very mundane plane of existance. They were just swallowed up or stampeded. I think the whole thing is to be attributed to a basic fault in our education. I get the feeling that most of us live in a very sheltered world. We surround ourselves with radicals and people who tend to think the way we do. On the other hand we tend to ignore the multitudes and call them idiots and scum. Don't forget that these are the multitudes that are still dictating our world and control it.

EVO — Yes, but consider some of the changes in the image of many Americans. Long hair has replaced the DA. Love has become a byword in our daily routine and even if they don't agree—they have least become aware of a change. Take Tim Leary. He has made America aware—even if just to a small degree. He has a marvelous way of projecting his thoughts and points.

JB — I am getting to see many of Tim's points. I don't necessarily agree with his views on drugs but with many others I am in full agreement.

When I left in 1966 things just seemed to get off the ground. While visiting Malaya, Ceylon, Burma, India, and many other parts of Asia, I saw a large number of young people taking an active part in pursuit of the idea "Why not make this world a better place to live". I thought to myself "Good God, things are by now probably 100% better in the States." I had great hopes.

After every lecture that I gave I was always besieged by young people who wanted to know more about the Hippies. To them they were a rare phenomenon. They thought that in spite of America being that imperialistic monster, the kids there (the hippies) could turn the tables. They all had wild notions about the Hippies. It really stimulated their minds.

Too bad it didn't turn out that way.

## FAGGOT LOGIC

It is the opinion of Sen. George McGovern, who will be remembered as the man out there in Chicago that the Kennedy folks backed for President, that Vice President Ky of South Vietnam is a "little tinhorn dictator." One gathers that this is intended as the Senator's contribution to the acceleration of peace in Southeast Asia, though to give the Senator credit, he did pause to give the press the reasons for his outburst.

"I suddenly realized," he said, suggesting that the Senator's reflexes are rather slow, "that it is almost nine months since President Johnson sacrificed his political career for the sake of getting the negotiations under way, and I got mad."

(William Buckley,  
ON THE RIGHT, POST, Dec. 24)

Reluctantly, most reluctantly, I sit down this evening to speak of William Buckley. Because this is Christmas Eve, at this writing, and there are certainly better things to do on Christmas Eve than take issue with the editor of a rival weekly publication. Glad Yule, y'all. But following faggot logic is disturbing at any time of year, and Buckley's spiteful spewings today have just pissed me off, even more than usual. I realize that the poor fellow has apparently just recently undergone some catastrophic existential upheaval — his recent tortured musings on the validity of "discrimination in reverse," which he finds acceptable in the sight of his constricted benevolence — but when he essays a panygeric to Vice President Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, then I cannot lend him even the benefit of existential exhaustion to excuse his senseless mouthings. The *Post* apparently prints his column in a spirit of political ecumenicism — since the demise of the *World-Journal* there has not been another New York paper to print Buckley's excretion — but it seems to me that more than any reflection of honest Conservative thought, *On The Right* is nearly invariably an exercise in faggot dialectic. And since I think this peculiar mode of intellect is worthless at best and generally inimical to the public weal, then I'd like, just once — Christmas season notwithstanding — to engage in a point-by-point vivisection of one of his scabrous evacuations.

Let's dispense with those two opening paragraphs, first. McGovern, says Buckley, "will be remembered as the man out there in Chicago that the Kennedy folks backed for President." Who, I wonder, will remember him so. Who'll remember McGovern at all? Enough bizarre political currency yet clings to the Senator from South Dakota that his pronouncements on such as Air Marshal Ky still make newspaper copy, but his role as a stooge for the Kennedys — and a loser stooge at that — is over, and I doubt if he'll be heard from after the next South Dakota Democratic Primary. To Buckley though he must seem a fearsome foe indeed, so Buckley has to vindictively identify him as the Kennedy man in Chicago. And when McGovern engages in some pathetic political hyperbole — "I suddenly realized . . . President Johnson sacrificed his career . . . I got mad." — Buckley takes it at face value and suggests that "the Senator's reflexes are rather slow." Bill just keeps flogging McGovern into the ground, this poor dark horse who is already the beastliest of beastly dead, but his primary interest in this piece seems to be the defense of Marshal Ky:

A little tinhorn dictator.

1. If by "little," the Senator means that Marshal Ky's country is a little country, that is true, though it is hardly the doing of Marshal Ky, whose country has in it about three times as many people as the United States had in it when we decided to overthrow King George. Nor is Marshal Ky to get mad enough to retort that Senator McGovern comes from one of the littlest states in the union (South Dakota, 16th in size,

## DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER



40th in population), and that although the Marshal is by many years the junior of Sen. McGovern, he never had such little support as Sen. McGovern at any national convention of his party.

Notice the point-by-point construction of the man's argument. One, two, three, like a shopping list, or the landlord's roster of tenant regulations.

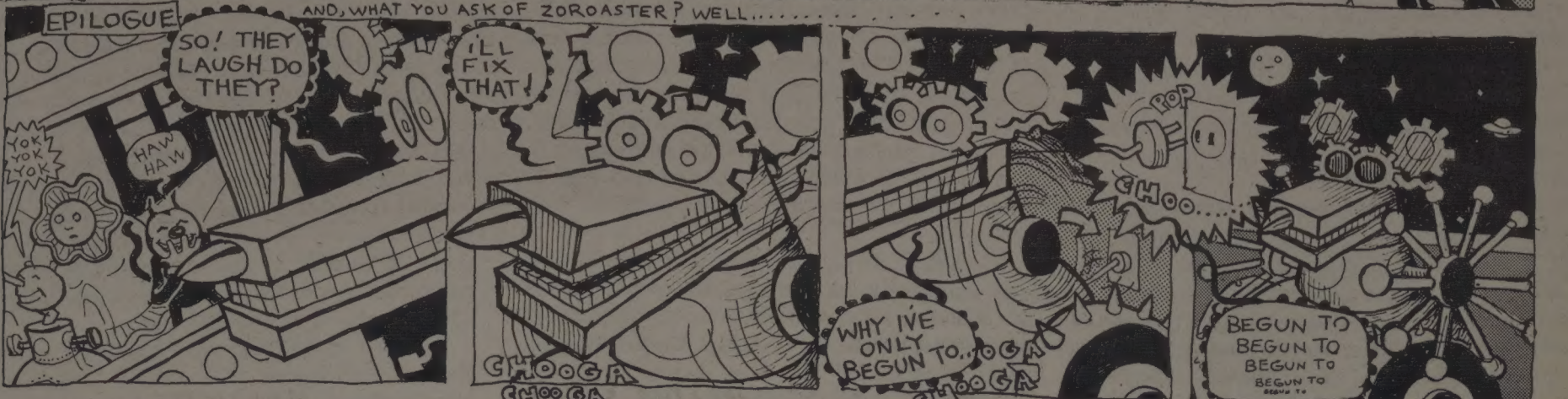
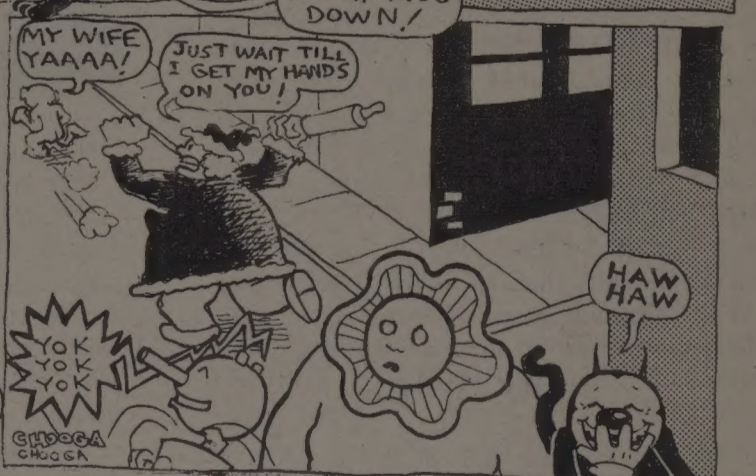
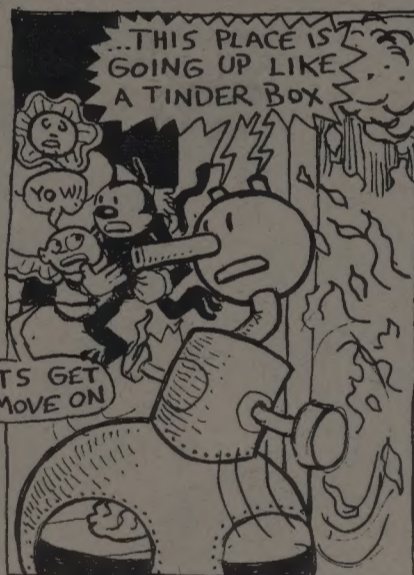
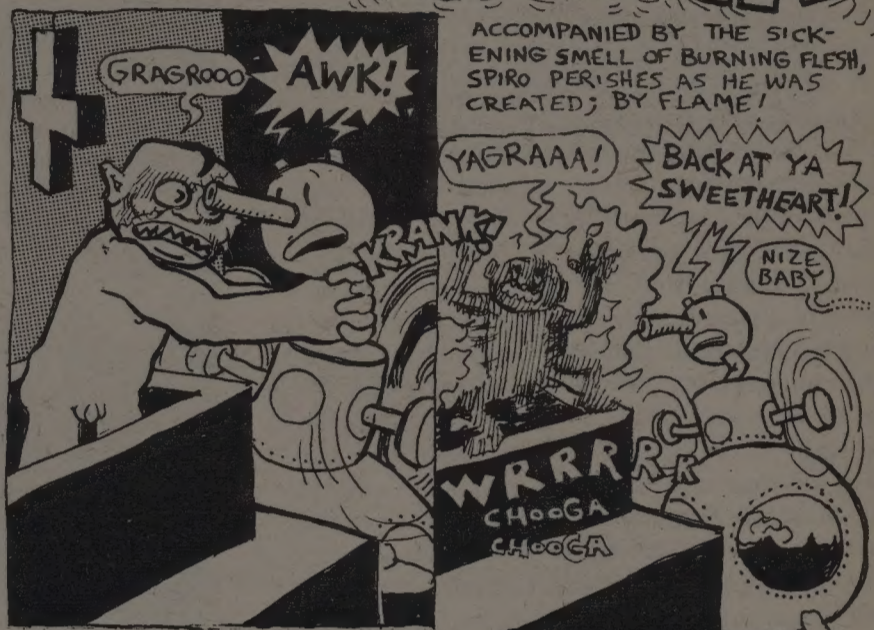
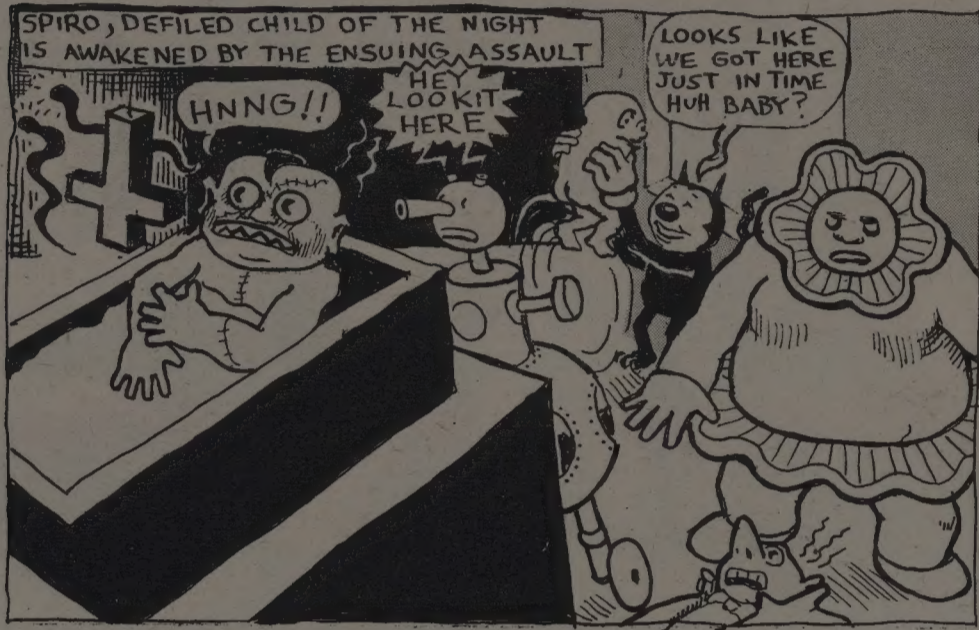
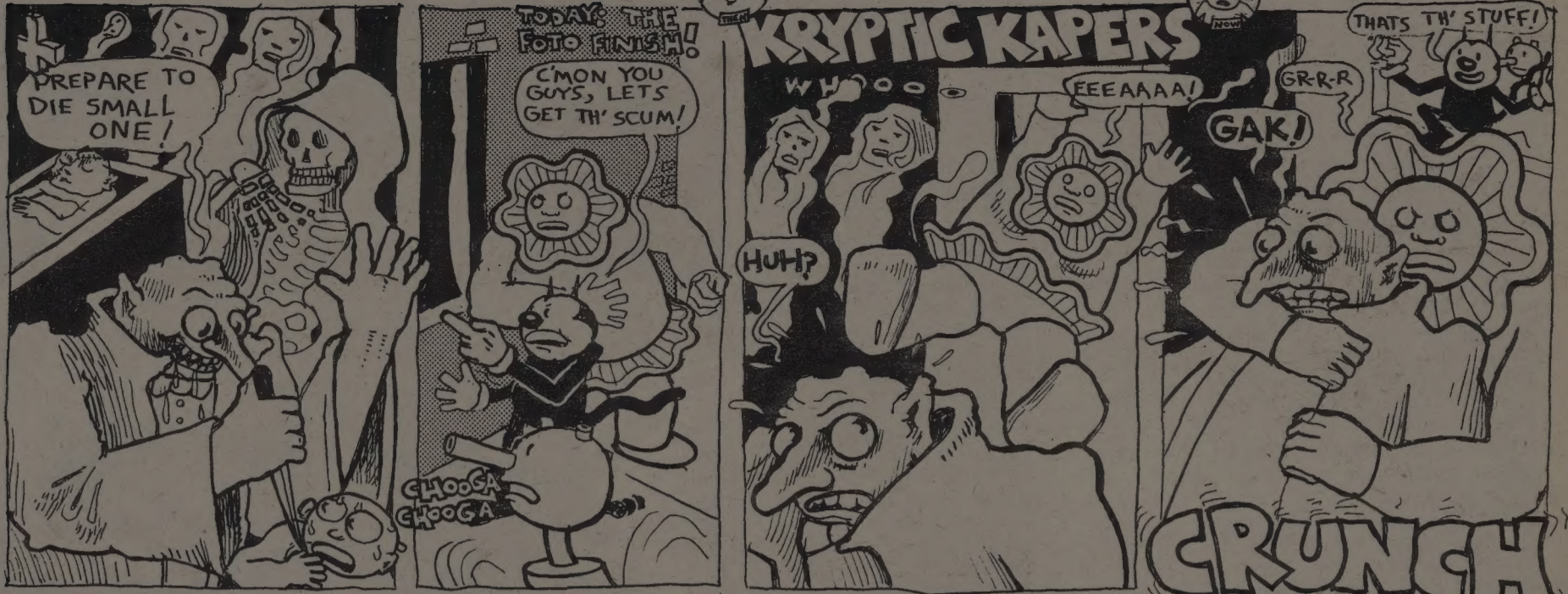
This is a particular constipated, grunt-by-grunt way of writing, it's the way speed freaks think, the way autistic children learn to walk. It lends itself beautifully to the effortless comprehension of idiots: it drives into their minds like a prick coated in K-Y jelly, slick and steady. The most simpleminded bullshit is elevated to the status of intelligent discourse when it treads with the inexorable, indisputable step of Number.

NUMBER ONE. Now by "little," McGovern was manifestly referring to the physical size of Marshal Ky, which is not ameliorated by any virtues of the wretched country he purports to rule over. Ky is a shrimp, a mustachioed little squirt playing the role of strong man with an ill grace. His staggering wife, his adulation of Adolph Hitler, all this is the

diminutive little fascist's way of compensating for his puniness. But Buckley misconstrues McGovern's epithet — intentionally? Hard to say — and starts playing around with real estate. This gives him the opportunity to remark that the Vietnamese predicament is similar to the American situation during our own revolution: which may be a valid comparison, but not in the sense Bill Buckley means it, because the comparison works to the opposite effect from the one Buckley wishes to achieve — is there a more fitting counterpart for King George in Vietnam than Marshal Ky? But this is Buckley's way of raising the flag and shooting off skyrockets, any *truth* is irrelevant to that kind of emotion. Sickening shit . . . And yes, it is true that McGovern got less visible support from the Democrats than Ky does from whatever party he runs with — primarily because McGovern is not in a position to send any dissenters to forced-labor camps, while Ky has all kinds of power like that.

To listen to Buckley, you'd think Ky was the George Washington of a valiant little struggling underdog nation. If he believes this, then he's even a bigger shithead than I supposed.

(Continued on Page 16)



# art

Got a letter from Berlin by a young German painter. He lives and works in Berlin with his wife, also a painter, and his son. He makes the Berlin Art scene, which is an imitation of the New York one. And he also wears the Costumes, so well known: Western hat, tight bright pants, Van Dyke beard. She is a German flower girl type, very pretty in a Botticelli kind of way. Her paintings are realistic images of toys, they depict the world of children. He works abstractly, both are in it, with it, likable, bright and their evenings are mostly spent with friends of Berlin's Art Community in the famous Eck-Kneipen of this Frontier-City, the "Corner-Bars," which serve good beer and Schnaps, Lard-Bread (Schmalzstullen) and cold Hamburgers, called Bolletten. And most well known hang-out Corner-Bar (they rarely are situated at street corners) is the "Schotten-Bar" not far away from the Ku-Damm, the Fifth Avenue of West Berlin. In the "Schotten-Bar" Art and Politics are rampant. Discussions go on until the morning hours.

My friend from Berlin writes: The Art-Life here is politically active. Artists are concerned and they battle and fight against all cultural waves and institutions. They use the sharp weapons of discussions, of dialectics and intellectual attacks against the cultural establishment, which exists, so they think, only for the interest of the classes and institutions who are in power, the "herrschende Klasse" (the regime in power), the Fascistic capitalists. Only the artists, who do Agit-Prop-theater, Agit-Prop-Film, Agit-Prop-Posters are accepted in the circles of the young and with the rebellious artist-groups, the ones who are now in the foreground of events in Berlin. Even the "Mothers of Invention" could not get the same response anymore, which they had gotten only a year ago, and the only ones who still today count are the "Fugs." Old John Heartfield, the Dadaist becomes again the new hero, is again interesting. Our days never end before 4 A.M., discussions, talks, go on and on . . . because all of the young artists, writers, poets and intellectuals want to find out HOW IT WILL GO ON, what should one do to go on, nobody really agrees with the other's opinion, HOW IT WILL GO ON, and what to do that THINGS WILL CHANGE. Only the hard politicians of the TU and FU (Technical University and Free University) have a certain basis and logic, they have it through the "KAPITAL" of Marx, this certain "GRUNDLAGE." (Basic knowledge.)

If one believes that less Art is made, so one has to admit that more and more leaflets, posters, flyers, printed matter of all kinds are printed everyday, and that's a new Art form (maybe). AND DEMONSTRATIONS TAKE PLACE EVERY WEEKEND. One week it's the APO (Ausser Parlamentarische Opposition), the other time the Teachers, the next time the students, there is never a quiet moment in the flux of demonstrations. The cultural life of the young Germans have moved lately to Berlin. But nobody goes anymore to regular Art-Openings, or the establishment cultural affairs, only the reactionaries participate in such happenings. Things are changing . . .

That letter gave me a shock. Where are we heading for, I ask myself, we, who are faced with 1,000 and one openings in a season, like an ART Fairy Tale, told to us by the Grimm Brothers, or Hans Christian Anderson, we who live in Art Fairyland, — but in Berlin they seem to be quite hip, sharp and tough. Berliners always had been kind of tough, sharp tongued people . . .

I received also an invitation to a show in Berlin's Galerie Rene Block announcing the exhibition by the Art-

BY LIL PICARD

ist DITER ROT. Rot wrote poems, which he illustrated, titled "DIE GESAMMTE SCHEISSE" ("The Whole Shit") and I have before me another work by Diter Rot, which appeared just before Christmas in the Something Else Press, with an introduction by Emmet Williams — and it has the most beautiful title and most artistic make up: "246 little clouds" printed in all shades of Gray. The Gray world of Diter Rot is a most poetic, lyrical world, a world full of visual wit. Diter tells us his most personal thoughts and I'd just like to pick one: The 167th cloud: 'Why it is difficult to separate this present, on the skins of language, the compulsion which is also the nose, two things, topup on the same place, as one, with growing distance from the person, which is the I, I mean, do you see?'

I went to the GIANT POET'S BONFIRE CELEBRATION at St. Mark's Church and listened to mumbled poemsounds (why no microphone?) and looked at the "Poetic crowd" in their duffle coats, leather-jackets and Afghanistan Vests. The Bonfire was bright outside and John Giorno's Echo-Tape was carried away into the icy wind . . . Gerard Malanga acted as a young Dante looking for Beatrice, giving out Christmas presents (a pink marble Egg wrapped in silver Milar). Gerard is a very good poet, romantic, Byronesque . . . his new films are also just that . . . romantic, red plush and gold and flowers — a mixture of Italy and New York's scene, blond soul in black leather pants with diamond butterfly wings . . . I hear the rhythm of my words in a new song of love (Lil). Anne Waldman read a poem on Readiness and time . . . in a Warhol Repetition Rhythm, I could have listened all night long, but suddenly she stopped and time came to an end . . . are we ready?

\* \* \*

Are you all willing to be ready my friends? I went to the Whitney in Armor and had a strange Hong Kong Flu Dream. I saw the giant constructions of the Whitney Annual 1968 Sculptural Show inhabited by people, dancers, dreamers, singers, lovers, seers . . . in my minds image bodies floated through George Sugarman's green-y yellowish Vortex-Void-Womb. They were leaping through this Tunnel of Love in beautiful levitation . . . I see in my 69 vision the Habitation of sculptures emerging . . . just imagine my friends of the Whitney, if on the "untitled 1968 Expanded aluminum work of Robert Morris, which measures 36 x 144 x 144 in six units — six dancers would perform a love-in. The shining gray aluminum structures are like inviting couches and the only thing that has to be added is soft foam rubber mattress, in the Ice-cream colors of today's taste: I really got the idea for the colors by the sculpture by Robert Kinmont, titled: 36 Flavors, and I just love them: "Rum, Lime, Rose, Anise, Peach, Clove, Maple, Lemon, Butter, Mocha, Carmel, Ginger, Nectar, Nutmeg, Brandy, Banana, Almond, Apricot, Custard, Coconut, Pineapple, Pistachio, Raspberry, Spearmint, Pecannut, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Tutti-frutti, Strawberry, Poundcake, Napfkuchen, Wildcherry, Sherrywine, Hickory Nut, Butterscotch." This sculpture really turned me on. It looks like a Honey-Obelisk and is in my opinion the ultimate American Icecream sculpture of the year. If I were rich and a friend of the Whitney . . . which I am, but not a rich one — I would buy the Honey of an Obelisk and lick it from time to time. It's a Honey.

In fact the whole show is great. Just plain excitingly great . . . and I felt like I did, like old times in the Moma, when one gave the first five or six Americans a show with large,

Review  
of  
the  
Arts

GO



HEAD(2 Stars)

Nancy Grossman 1968

photo: Geoffrey Clements  
courtesy Whitney Museum of American Art

(Continued on Page 15)



photo: Raeanne Rubinsein

## BY LITA ELISCU

This was music week from everywhere, to Janis Joplin to Michael's horn (newer than Johnny Winter's guitar, for music fans). Janis, as they say, needs no unnecessary introductions; still, incredible but true, there's more to MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL than Janis Joplin — which doesn't mean she didn't make the Festival, she just isn't the whole film made of the festival by D.A. Pennebaker and company . . . A film made of nothing but some of the best and most favorite sounds: Otis Redding, Country Joe, Ravi Shankar, Mamas and Papas, Eric Burdon, and ohjesus who wasn't in the film . . . even Mike Bloomfield, bless his spanish heart, smiling up at Ravi Shankar along with the rest of the disciples and sports fans. A film which, even more important in the long run, is a beautiful, well-done, OK — fantastic — film, doing what a film should and rarely does do, by taking a real-life event and somehow utilizing the film itself as process and substance to create a living form, another reality called new-creation, not haphazard ersatz re-creation.

The camera establishes its joyful rhythm along with the performers, swinging from Mama Cass' face (her body occupies 3 lenses at least) to the audience and catching particular faces, some beautiful, some happy, a few in love. Or Jimi Hendrix doing his thing and the guitar's all at the same time, with the camera smart enough to know that there just is nothing else in this whole foxy universe when Hendrix is going down on his guitar. The faces of interest, dismay, non-belief when Peter Townshend once again does his pre-Blow Up destruction of his tool, managing to also ravish not only the amp boxes but the circular drums as well, ho ho ho. Lights flashing, courtesy sometimes of Headlights, sometimes of the camera as it swept in and out, conceiving this film in now long strokes across a whole audience, now short jabs hard into a face, or caressing one in particular.

Yeah, the camera made love to the Monterey Pop Festival, and no matter which filmmaker (of several) was holding the camera, all were in direct communication with a whole lot of heads.

The mood was intact; that high excitement of energy and spirit and good dope and good lovin' and warmth of thighs, hands, and smiles all over . . . This may or may not have been the mood of the festival but it was the mood the film wanted to create, and it did. All the time, life was flowing, whether Janis Joplin doing "Ball and Chain" or Otis Redding performing, or Hugh Masekela blowing, all were alive, in love with life, with making other people lift off the top of their heads and fly, too . . . Coming down from the film and reading this in print, it sounds unlikely and maybe borders on the too-sweet, too-generous. Well, love is in the eyes of the beholder as well as beauty, and I've just seen a film that's worth seeing. 72 minutes of what music can do and what a filmmaker with some heart can make out of a film.

★ ★ ★

Michael's horn wasn't at the festival; it was in a loft at 71 East Broadway, and it wasn't even played by Michael, who is Michael Brown of the Pageant Players. The play was CORNFLAKES, and Michael played Michael-who-has-a-horn and wants to play it to make some bread for himself and his friends, so they can eat something for breakfast, etc., besides good old cardboard-y, un nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Michael goes all over the town with his horn (whose notes are interpreted

## thilm

by an oboe over there along one of the walls, a sort of Doo-do-doo-do, do-do-do-do — and if that gives you an idea, you're crazy) trying to get some money (you cannot leef eef you don't haff mon-nee) and Michael fails. He tries the Musician's Union, 42nd Street, discotheques, and the army. Or the army tries him but decides he's overly attached to his horn. And music. And his head.

CORNFLAKES is a street play, and it isn't hard to imagine 6th Avenue and 4th Street as the back wall; there is the same air of urgency: get the play over before a cop comes; the same amount of fun shared between the troupe and the audience who smile, applaud and maybe don't hiss as loud as they might on the street, but who try. What if the Players had operated during different administrations . . . Ike: nobody would have liked their version of Our Army, 'all fifty-nine farting flavors or whatever; Kennedy: would have tried to send them to Africa (Peace Corps . . . ? No, just to mate with the bushbabies and use up all that excess energy in a non-violent creative fashion — and get them out of here); LBJ: he created the conditions which helped to create P.P., along with others; and Nixon: . . . anyone who comes up with a working image for Dick gets five coupons (and no fair using a teeny dick all covered with red gunk) . . .

Pageant Players have been together in spirit although with different heads for about 3, 4 years now, and it shows; there is an incredible solidarity when they perform; no one tries to scene-steal because they all believe in their work. They have been doing this play for a while, so that the immediate urgent need to get the play over is already taken care of; they know the whole show by heart, and people in the cast just sit back and enjoy watching the play as much as the audience. Everything about the play is inventive. The costumes are tokens for the imagination, a 1-way trip to some crazy Crumb-y fantasy land or another. A pair of dark glasses and voila, a discotheque owner; a pair of zonked-out goggles, and you get Candide. Amazing, but not impossible; it only takes an audience willing to suspend not only disbelief but sophistication for an hour or so. CORNFLAKES, after all, is a play, not a divine message, and it has no solution to the problems it presents. It just turns to the audience and each of the cast members and asks them to try living a little harder. Maybe if people don't waste all their awake time, something will happen . . .

\* \* \*

Living Theatre is of course back in New York, once again out of the reach of all but the most brave and/or foolhardy — at least for most of their stay. This time, instead of Brooklyn, they're in the Bronx, land of cheer and long hair down to the tops of the ear, wow. Anyway, the natives will no doubt love them (march with them but don't bring them home for dinner) and so forth. Still, better to spend time on the subway and go to see Living Theatre then spend the time mugging some nice little old lady on the street . . . In addition to which, LT will be back in New York!! City!! at Hunter! for 3 days! January 1-3. Paradise Now is considerably sold out, but there's always sneaking in, or going to one of the other plays, Mysteries and Smaller Pieces or Antigone.

In the Bronx, LT will be at the Poe Forum; in New York, at Hunter College. In either case, call 777-7704 (-03) for tickets and information; your friendly Radical Theatre Repertory office.

\* \* \*

(Continued on Page 13)

# emanations

BY ELFREDA RIVERS

In this column, questions will be answered on the subjects of occultism, spiritualism, astrology, witchcraft and all related matters. Questions not considered of sufficient general interest for an answer in these pages will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all queries to Elfrida Rivers in care of the East Village Other.

Q. In your column a few weeks ago, you recommended that anyone interested in Astrology learn to cast his own horoscope instead of consulting a professional astrologer. Can you recommend a good book for beginners? R. D. F.

Dear R. D. F. — Unfortunately the book from which I learned to use astrology, and by which I still swear, is many years out of print; however, you might find a copy in a second-hand shop. This is Katherine Taylor Craig's Stars of Destiny.

However, I asked a reputable astrologer what book he would recommend for beginners who do not wish to take up the subject professionally, but only to learn enough for their own use. He unhesitatingly recommended Eileen MacCaffery's Graphic Astrology. It costs only five dollars, is simple enough to be understood by any intelligent teen-ager, and explains clearly, in untechnical language, just exactly how to set up a horoscope and interpret it.

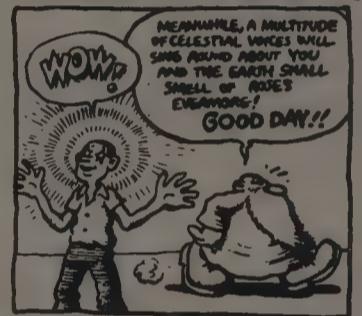
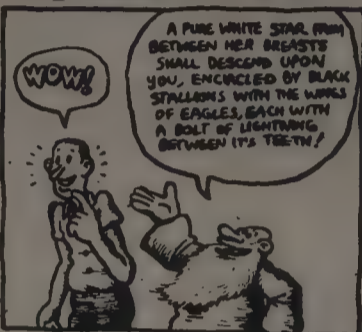
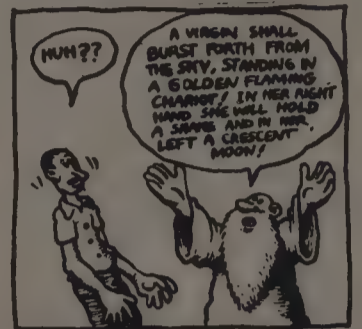
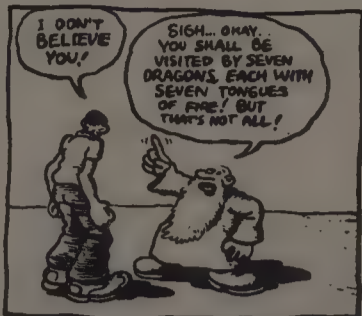
I have recently picked up, on the news-stands, a paperback called Write Your Own Horoscope, by Joseph F. Goodavage. It is published by Signet Books and the cost is under a dollar; it appears to be well and clearly written, and stands head and shoulders above the simple solar horoscopes you'll find in astrology magazines, or such nontechnical popular astrology books as Cheiro's You and Your Stars. It is, of course, not exhaustive; it does not go into the systems of houses, nor into the meanings of aspects, and is suitable only for an introduction to the subject.

Q. Do you know any safe spells (as in witchcraft) for abortion? I have heard that they were known in the Middle Ages. And, if so, will they still work today? B. S. K.

Dear B. S. K. — No, I don't — and neither does anyone else. The medieval witch or sage-femme (midwife, or wise-woman) used ergot, which is a fungus which grew on blighted rye — probably because she had observed that in years when the rye was blighted, women in the villages affected tended toward spontaneous abortions. They also used other common herbs such as tansy. If they had known safe and efficient spells they would never have resorted to these virulent poisons — ergot will, of course, serve as an abortifacient, but it's touch and go whether it won't poison the mother first. The safest "charm" against unwanted pregnancies, as in the middle ages, is chemical — i.e. the pill. If you want to carry a rabbit's-foot too, it probably won't hurt, but remember the reputation of rabbits!

The medieval charms against fertility were probably based on secret knowledge (handed down from priestesses in the various cults of the Great Mother) of the fertile and sterile periods — i.e. a version of the rhythm method. It probably worked no better than than it does today — sterility charms, like love charms, were considered to be erratic and fallible.

Q. I am expecting a baby next month, and I want to give it the name which will be best, according to numerology. Can you tell me how to find the best name? If you cannot do this for me



from bob crumb's new zap comics o

yourself, can you recommend someone who can? K. L.

Dear K. L. — I'm sorry, but according to the best information I have, numerology is valid only in those old sacred languages where every letter represented a number, and therefore the "Barbarous Names of Power" were actually mathematical statements of universal or cosmic truths. English was never such a language (or if it was, the fact has been lost in the depths of pre-Anglo-Saxon history) and therefore the assignment of numbers would have no occult meaning whatever. I suggest you call your baby by a name which embodies some personal, spiritual, or religious value to you, and forget about numerology.

Lest you think I am being unduly harsh about a supposed science (one correspondent asked me why, since I believed in astrology, I consigned numerology to outer darkness) I can only reply that there is no regular or disciplined, accepted system of numerology which I can study, test, and check out for myself. I recently read three separate books of numerology. They gave me three separate systems for finding one's numbers! According to these systems, by one method, my "lucky number" was two, by another three, by yet another, eight. Obviously, if one of them is true, the other two are demonstrably false, and I might just as well flip a coin — or consult the I Ching (see next question). As a guide to proper behavior in a fallible universe, I came to the conclusion that numerology could neither be checked nor tested and was therefore useless, at least for me. And since I do not play the numbers or bet on racehorses, knowing my lucky number wasn't necessary anyhow.

If you still want to know something about numerology, I suggest that you go into a reputable occult bookshop (Sam Weiser's, in the West Village, Zoltan Mason's, uptown, or Ram East, in the East Village, all have good reputations) and ask the proprietor what

(Continued on Page 13)



D. LEWIS

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

# kokaine karma

## THIS WEEK IN NEW YORK

**VILLAGE VANGUARD:** Herbie Hancock  
**SLUGS:** Chico Hamilton.

**BITTER END:** Janis Ian, Times Square 2.  
**FOLK CITY:** Emmie Lou Harris, Ned Od-  
om Boys, Roger La Voie.

**APOLLO:** Pigmeat Markham, Five Stair-  
steps, Esquires, Alvin Cash & the  
Registrations, King Curtis and Band,  
Della Humphrey, Sad Sam.

**ELECTRIC CIRCUS:** Sirocco.

**SCENE:** Charlie Musslewhite, Mother  
Earth.

Living in New York City on the Lower East Side are always some of the most exciting innovators and expressionists in music. This is true in jazz as well as rock and roll. Still New York City has generally been deemed the wasteland for creative musicians.

Ornette Coleman calls this city a "... hustler's town with cabs and apartments, openings in nightclubs as well as recording contracts fought for with honesty a useless weapon. New York has prejudice embedded in wealth as well as color... All musical life in Manhattan is determined by the money output it can produce with production and publicity so closely related that they turn into the same thing."

It's no wonder there is difficulty remaining an honest musician in New York with its strategic living conditions. This has always been true of the jazz musician but it has also been true of revolutionary rock bands — among them *Everything Is Everything* (old Free Spirits), *Velvet Underground*, *Group Image*, who all were spawned on the Lower East Side.

Musicians in most young Manhattan bands are either prepackaged or homogenized into the contemporary sound with the musicians going along with the "success-instead-of-sound-oriented" program because of fear or not knowing any better. So honest, exciting music is smothered by the spotlight neon dust of relay races to stardom.

Other sensitive New York musicians follow a different path. They don't consider having to get bread together to meet the connection any more distasteful or self destructive than choosing to live with dishonest record companies, disrespectful night club owners or a disinterested public concerned only in alcoholic fucking wits no room for an inner emotional musical experience. With New York's climate of rampant ego, this audience is prevalent.

For one of the most important groups in the development of rock music in the 1960's *The Free Spirits*, now called *Everything Is Everything* have been virtually ignored in the pop music press and by the established plastic trend-tending "in groups" that determine acceptance into a Mount Olympus of popular music immortality and position-power in the pop hierarchy. They were the first and only great rock group to combine their experimental intense avant-garde jazz with blues projections and acid lyrics. There has been an attitude copped by the liberal music fan closing his ears, blocking his mind and chilling his feeling toward an experience involving, wildly creative-free group who have broken through the traditional limits of rock music.

Five musicians created the Free Spirits, about three years ago in a loft on Eldredge St. in the Lower East Side. Led by guitarist-vocalist Larry Coryell, their eclectic power sound made them the strongest and most exciting band in New York until Coryell's departure. They cut every band opposite a bill with them. However, except for bookings at Steve Paul's Scene and the now defunct Balloon Farm and one

album on ABC Paramount, *The Free Spirits* became a legendary but starving group of musicians.

Their album, "The Free Spirits — Out Of Sight And Sound" was poorly produced, packaged and promoted — along with being hurriedly recorded before the band had even appeared publicly. It leaves little space for extended solos by the gifted improvisers. However, it is the only disc of the incredible Free Spirits, who then consisted of Larry on lead guitar and vocals, Jim Pepper on tenor sax and flute, Chip Baker, guitar and vocals, Chris Hills, bass, and Bobby Moses, drums. All of the tunes were written in part by Larry and most with Chip Baker with Larry and Chip on vocals. Some of the titles are "Cosmic Daddy Dancer," "Early Morning Fear," "Tattoo Man," and "I'm Gonna Be Free."

In the spring of '67, leader Coryell quit his own band to join the mellow avant-garde jazz vibist, Gary Burton. Drummer Bobby Moses left shortly thereafter and also joined Burton's group for a time. The remaining Spirits added a jazz organist, Lee Raincehl, went through a succession of drummers and changed their name. Bassist Chris Hills began playing guitar, composing and doing most of the vocals, taking over the musical leadership capacities for the band. Their new sound is funky Rhythm & Blues with Hills' gritty vocals and Pepper's soaring saxophone.

The new band was also rarely booked — except at The Scene, Dom, and once at The Fillmore East. Finally this year the revamped group recorded again — this time independently at Apostolic Studios under the sensitive production of Danny Weiss. Their album is to be released on the new Vanguard-Apostolic label. Due to contractual difficulties with ABC, the band has changed its name to *Everything Is Everything*, and the names of rhythm guitarist-vocalist, Chip Baker and Jim Pepper will not be listed on the new album. Instead will appear the pseudonyms Roebuck Spat and Pink Cadillac. The group's name change however will free them of the ghost of Larry Coryell which has limited their public acceptance since developing a new sound. Their album entitled simply "Everything Is Everything" will contain primarily Chris Hill's tunes.

Always having been a fine musician, his highly inventive compositions are now being done by Steve Marcus and Herbie Mann as well as Larry Coryell. "Fork New York" describes the artist's feeling for the economic, social, and creative pestilence of the city. Other Hills' works on this LP are *Ooh Baby*, *Gemini*, *Everything Is Everything*, *Funky Monkey*. Jim Pepper, who must be considered the strongest in the new wave of jazz-rock saxophonists, is featured throughout on flute as well as tenor. A full blooded Indian of Cree and Cau descent, he develops "Witchi-Tai-To" (the evocation of the Water Spirits), a beautiful Plains Indian Peyote chant which is now being released as a single. With its infectious, ritualistic, religious chanting, "Witchi-Tai-To" could easily become a pop hit if promoted and given a little air play. Pepper has also recorded a solo jazz album with drummer Elvin Jones at the 10th Street Studios. *The Everything Is Everything* album will be released in mid-January.

\* \* \*

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Bleecker St. is running Garbo right down to her stardom, playing incredible double bills of Garbo and Harlow through Tuesday; then, next week, Jan. 1-7: Camille and Meet Me in St. Louis with oh god, ecstasy, Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor (remember her Blue Diary, Hollywood Babylon fans . . .?) and directed by Miss Garland's one-time husband, Vincente Minelli (you've heard of Liza; now see her father).

\* \* \*

NYU is having this community calendar, and January 6th, Monday, it promises 3 films made by Shaw, Yeats and Beckett plus a Pirandello play. All free, and Walter Kerr too (bring tomatoes and eggs, and little loin-cloths; that'll get him). This will be at 8 P.M. in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center.

Charles Ludlam's Turds in Hell is still running and this, being a new year and providing all sorts of symbolism for new leaves and etcetera is a good place, I feel, to clear something up:

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emanations

(Continued from Page 11)

book he suggests. I personally think that any one is as good — or as bad — as another; but if you have had any experience to the contrary, I'd like to know about it.

Q. I am always hearing people talk about "casting the hexagrams" from the I Ching. How is this done? Does it demand any special equipment? And does it work? O.H.

Dear O.H. I can only tell you how I do it — and the only equipment needed, beside a translation of the I Ching — it is slightly too complicated and lengthy for exposition here. The same method is explained in the paperback translation by John Blofeld (I Ching: The Book of Change), which is, according to a friend who uses it a great deal, even better suited to divinatory use.

As for "does it work," I have said many times in this column that all means of fortune-telling or divination "work" by freeing the subconscious. Probably you know the psychological analogy where man's mind is compared to an iceberg, with only one-sixth of its bulk above the surface. The I Ching hexagrams will give you a cryptic answer, or a meditation symbol; in meditating on it, to see how it is relevant to your personal situation at any special time, your mind will stop churning over with personal, emotionally loaded, squirrel-cage ideas about your present situation, and as you meditate on the hexagram, your subconscious will work underground, as it were, and come up with the answer. At least, this is my own explanation; I can't prove it one way or the other. I can only say that it works for me. If you prefer to think there is something magical about it, I can't disprove that, either.

(Continued on Page 14)

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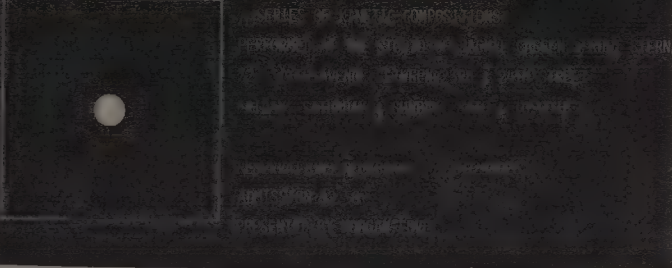
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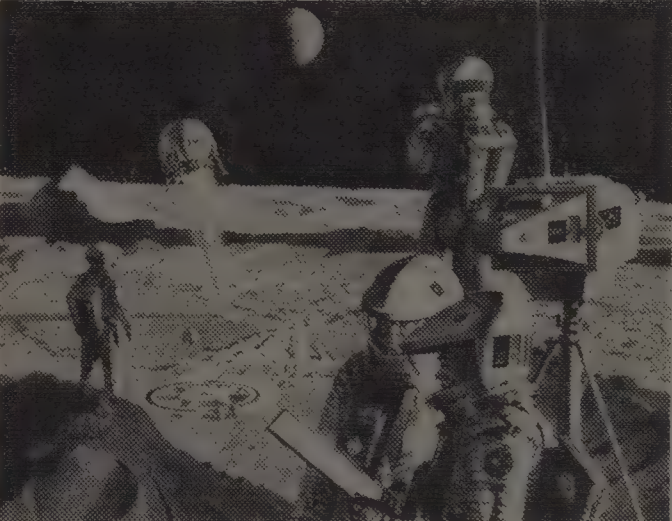
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(Continued from Page 13)

For another method of casting hexagrams, and a use to which they can be put (to produce psychedelic phenomena) see William Seabrook, *Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today*. According to him, if you paint the hexagram on a flat surface, and stare at it long enough (or meditate on it, blindfold) it will produce spon-

taneous clairvoyant experiences or reincarnation memories. I don't know; I never tried it.

**YOU MIGHT WIN A PRIZE:** For the most interesting question submitted to this column in the next month, Elfrida Rivers will award a book on occultism, as a prize. (If two or more people submit the same question, the earliest postmark wins.)

# HIPocrates

Copyright Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

Here's a reply to the reader of your column in OZ (the English underground monthly) who wanted information about circumcision.

I was circumcised as an adult, at the age of 24, some 14 years ago. I've never regretted it for a moment — nor, so she tells me, does my wife.

But there is one danger I would warn of, by relating what happened to me. I went out on a date while the stitches were still in place, indulged in a very chaste good-night kiss on the steps of a women's dormitory, had an erection that tore out a couple of stitches, and thereby managed to drench my trousers with blood. I've always wondered what the dry cleaner's staff thought when they had to clean those trousers.

For what it's worth, my own opinion is that I enjoy intercourse more because of being circumcised. Certainly it never occurred to me to be embarrassed about being circumcised as an adult.

**ANSWER:** I plan to write to John Lennon telling him how significant I think the Lennon-Yoko photo has been and will be in contributing to a healthier attitude about nudity. When I do I'll enclose your letter. I'm not convinced that circumcision is necessary or desirable in most individuals, but maybe Lennon will be — if so, a slightly clipped version of that famous photo may have to be issued.

**QUESTION:** I have been living with the young man of my choice for a year now. Since my mother disowned me at that point I lack certain fundamental information. With regular sexual relations should I be douching? How, why, when, and what for?

**ANSWER:** From the standpoint of health, douching is unnecessary in normal women. Vaginal secretions and the menstrual flow have a kind of cleansing action. A warm tap water douche once or twice a week will not be harmful. Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

I am a single woman of 25 and I, too, have a "hooded" clitoris. I had the same problem of not being able to achieve orgasm except by cunnilingus or masturbation for 12 years — that is until three months ago.

Six months ago, I began exercising the muscles of my genital area and my buttocks. I found that attempting to clench my vaginal muscles had a side effect of actually moving my clitoris a bit out of the surrounding skin and back again. This small friction made my clitoris mildly sensitive.

Experimenting further, I found that if I concentrated steadily on my clitoris while clenching, the mild sensation became very strong ones. I tried all of this under coital conditions — to no avail. I was very stimulated but no orgasm until one day I shifted my position (I was astride this time) so that the penis rubbed against my clitoris. The resultant friction combined with vaginal clenching produced a very intense climax for me.

In the primary position (while I lay supine) I find that I can achieve orgasm only if my partner shifts his body upward — again for better penile-clitoral contact.

Please pass this information on to other young women who are unnecessarily frustrated.

**QUESTION:** I have been going with a girl, she is in her 20's and we have been having relations together for awhile but there is one problem, and that is she doesn't have too much of a breast and sometimes it feels like you are on top of a board, and I asked her to see a doctor to see what can be done, but I believe she is the shy type, so if there is any pill or any thing you can suggest please put it in your column and I will show it to her and not let her know who he is talking about without hurting her feelings.

(Continued on Page 15)

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- I wish to contribute \$ ..... toward the expenses of this action.
- I volunteer to help on the inaugural mobilization. Let me know more.

art

(Continued from Page 9)

large paintings, which critics of reputation called Barndoor-paintings, and because I liked them I got into a fight with reputable critics of the international Artworld, who attacked me in the entrance of Moma . . . I will never forget it . . . it helped me a lot to become a rebel and fuck criticism . . . but times have changed and will much more . . .

I watched Willoughby Sharp digging out the Sculpture-Earthwork of Digger Michael Heizer's Ground-Piece Sculpture, because it was covered with Ice and Snow. That really did it, for me seeing a human work on the work of Art, adding the Human touch. Heizer had done a digging in the sculpture garden of the Whitney and had lined it with metal sheets, cut into small strips. The New York Times and the N. Y. Post don't like what young artists do today. They don't dig diggers and all the other artists, who try to experiment with new visions and means. Because our New York Establishment Press loves nothing that's not old and worn out, and tired, and established, and a sure bet, and linked to the past, and even though we reach the Moon, it will not move their minds, which are stuck in the muddle of tradition and looking back, back, back . . . it's a sad state of affairs, a state of mental constipation.

The Whitney is right now a very important show to see, don't miss it.

letters

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

I am writing to you as the Protestant Chaplain of a medium security reform institution, on behalf of the men here.

Quite simply, there is always a paucity of good reading material as the prison buys only a limited number of general interest magazines and no newspapers save the Christian Science Monitor.

Would you, then, assist me by donating a subscription to your newspaper to be addressed to:

Rev. R. Nash  
Protestant Chaplain  
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Kingstown, Ontario, Canada

Thank you in advance for your consideration of my request.

Dear EVO:

Like to thank you for putting comics back in the paper. Those of us now in the Army have been drilled in how not to read. We can only hope to look at the pictures.

Weekly we wait to see, and it has been pretty grayly matter. Today we were rewarded again. Bless Trashman and Kryptik Kapers.

hip-p

(Continued from Page 14)

ANSWER: Maybe your girlfriend doesn't want to have "too much of a breast" and is perfectly happy with her body. One thing is certain: many guys really dig small breasted girls. A tall slender blond told me once that despite being flat-chested and even having inverted nipples, her sex life suffered not at all. Birth control pills often cause enlargement of the breasts and this also occurs in pregnancy. Plastic surgery produce good cosmetic results but the cost is about \$1,000. I mentioned your letter to the Los Angeles secretary of the Peace and Quiet Party. She said "Tell him to \*/73."

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Cal. 94719

sex rites

(Continued from Page 3)

It may have been the first time five people were busted at a Nativity within ten minutes of its construction. Downtown, mind you, the cops were walking around handing out green-and-white summonses to motorists, the summonses reading, 'Have a happy, accident-free Holiday Season.' Up in the Park, they were busting people right and left. When they wheeled up a fleet of paddy wagons, Skaggs decided to call the goddamn thing off. Everybody filed out of the park, leaving the cops in the wind, with the devastated remnants of the Nativity lying scattered around the ground for the scavengers. There were a pair of excellent combat boots and some very stylish alligator shoes, besides the cap guns, going for the asking. The cops muttered about dirty hippies not even cleaning up after themselves — but if they'd carried us away in those paddy wagons, now, like they wanted to, it would have been just as dirty, with maybe a little real blood for effect.

Back in the Sheep Meadow, the hippies unmolested were singing carols. At the precinct house, the cops were obliged to drop the charges against Alexei, since the gun she held was only a shell of its former self. A calendar date of 9 January was set for Adam and the three other fellows. Perhaps the Nativity can continue at that time. Certainly, it should be possible to avoid an Expulsion to Riker's Island. For *littering*, Obie?

Even the lifers in the office, who don't know what to do with a newspaper and who never knew how to read or talk (with the exceptions of fuck, shit and Sir), seem to draw the most amazement from the strips.

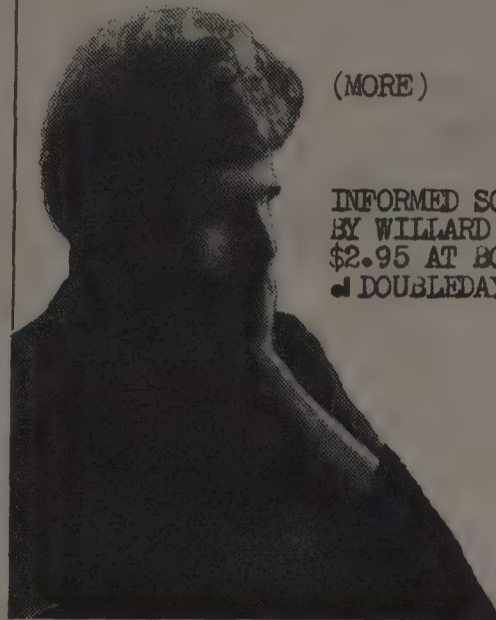
Thanks for the help  
BUZZ  
Baltimore, Baltiless

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"It's not very often that something special happens... Janis Joplin certainly is, as are Hendrix, Dylan, the Airplane, who else on the American scene? It's been a long time since anyone came along with that kind of class and charisma, but Johnny Winter flew into town last Friday, and, on the basis of one set in which he jammed with the Kooper-Bloomfield show... it seems he may well be the next to join a very elite list... The superlatives (Bloomfield) chose would be hard for the Stones to live up to, but Winter came out and just wiped the place out. 'A' talents (Beatles, Stones, Donovan... I would be those with the highest aspirations and accomplishments. Johnny Winter stands a good chance, I think, to come up into the 'A' category." — VILLAGE VOICE

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# decomp

(Continued from Page 7)

If he's just writing it for effect, then he's got no business putting down Eldridge Cleaver for being a rapist, man, because at least Cleaver left some honest come in somebody's baby-basket. Buckley leaves bile in napalmed brain-cases.

And to say that Ky would not be overly piqued at McGovern's bombast, well . . . Per-

haps the Marshal was reacting to Clark Clifford's raillery last week when he threatened to take his marbles and go home to Saigon. Imperturbable he is not. Point two:

**NUMBER TWO.** Tinhorn? A tinhorn is a pretentious or boastful person, but it is not recorded that Marshal Ky is boastful except about the determination of his country to stay free of North Vietnamese domination. Marshal Ky earned his reputation as a brave young aviator, who flew at least as many missions against the enemy as George McGovern flew during the world war. Why tinhorn?

Well, raise the fucking flag. Light the goddamn skyrockets. How great, a true patriot still alive in our ignoble age. That Ky was bombing Algerians for the French while the rest of "his countrymen" were being bombed by the very same French, Buckley declines to mention this. Maybe it's immaterial who you bomb as long as you have a rep as a brave young aviator. And "tinhorn"? Wherever Buckley gets his definitions, surely it is also recorded that "tinhorn" means backwater, primitive, uncultivated. But Bill would have it mean boastful and pretentious; and before Ky be-

(Continued on Page 17)

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# decomp

(Continued from Page 16)

came President there was hardly a less boastful, pretentious little gook on the face of the globe, walking around in his Air Marshal hat with all his medallions ajingle. Since then he's taken to turtlenecks and sportjackets, tinhorn as a Wyoming robber baron in cutaway and pinstripes. I trust I need comment no further on Buckley's intellectual perfidy. So point three will be printed below with no direct elaboration on my part. It needs none.

NUMBER THREE. Dictator? If Ky is a dictator, then Lyndon Johnson, who is the head of Senator Mc Govern's party, as well as his ministers in South Vietnam, are the imposters because they certified that the election of President Thieu and of Marshal Ky was done by quite scrupulous means. A commission of liberal professors went out there and reported back to the President and the

people that the arrangements were, as one of them put it, "about as democratic as Massachusetts." Granted that leaves something to be desired, it doesn't make more of a dictator out of Ky than Senator Ted Kennedy is.

That's the last of the point-by-point bullshit. He goes on, Buckley, and dribbles off into a citation of the "one hundred billion dollars and thirty thousand dead soldiers" that America has donated to the Marshal Ky Retirement Fund For Brave Young Aviators. Now, Buckley knows — in his heart he knows — that thirty thousand dead people is one damned unmistakable indication that something is drastically wrong with what we are doing Over There, and is in no wise any vindication of anything. And if he does not know that a happy percentage of that one hundred billion dollars has gone into the personal bank accounts of such as Marshal Ky, marked "Paris Exile Stash,"

then he certainly has his head a better distance up his arse than people say he has.

Yeah, people keep saying he's very cool, a good head gone weird. "When he's doing his anti-communism thing," they smile, "then he's Bad. But when he gets into poking the liberals, then he's Good." Liberals love to get poked by such as Buckley, in their dishwasher world such issueless cant is the dishwasher equivalent of ennobling opposition. Buckley's sort of the token Negro of the Liberal Establishment, he's their Conservative In Residence. You see the way he eviscerated McGovern? His thing is generally like that, immaterial and vacuous to a fault. And when he gets into flagwaving . . . Yow! I'll lay even money he can't be more revolted with this column than I usually am with his shit.

# '69

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### ANNOUNCEMENTS

BUNEE - CHECK for other MESSAGE.

## SWINGERS AND MODELS

What do they have in common? Starting in January they will both be sharing a large 3 page section in the East Village Other. This section will be run by Swinger Services, one of the nations largest and most reputable swinger service organizations. This section will be a personal and confidential ad section for both the hetero and homo. No name, address or phone numbers will be used. We will assign all a confidential code\* and all mail received will be rushed promptly and unopened at no charge to you Get set for a swinging year and place your ad in our first section at these special introductory rates:

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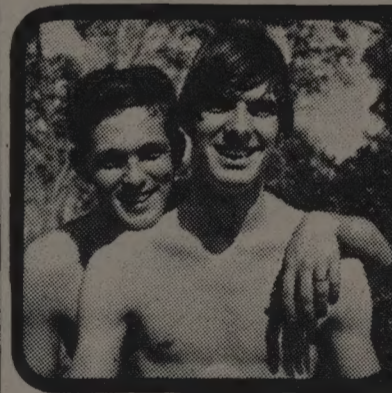
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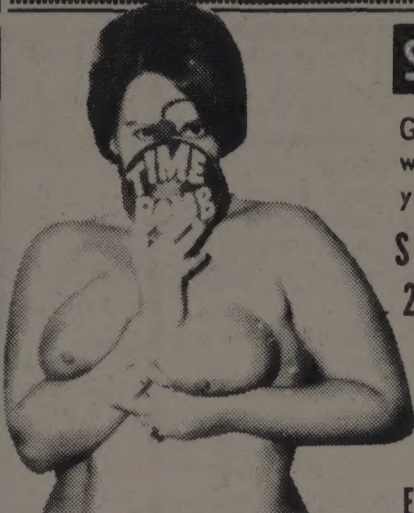
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- Trial Copy \_\_\_\_\_ \$1
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URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. URGENT!!!

RESIST wants names of individuals and groups doing High School Organizing. We are putting together a pamphlet on High School Organizing that will contain both accounts of personal experiences and examples of organizing materials being used by different groups. It will be available to anyone interested. If you are an organizer or know someone who is, please write to Allan Berube or Karen Weinberg c/o Resist, 763 Massachusetts Ave., Room 4, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, or call 617 491-8076.

BOB, your birthday is December 30th. Christmas is December 25th. Your home that you didn't return on November 13th is 4 doors from the Connecticut Turnpike about 70 miles from New York City. Your dog, Spot and Fluffy, the cat are here. Won't you please write or dial "0" for operator and reverse the charges and let us know how you are? — Your loving Mother & Dad.

#### PUBLICATIONS

ELEVATOR needs copy and coin an opinion and fact publication for hangups of all sorts. Send your contributions and love to: Young Publications, Inc., Box 1148, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

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1. QUALITY female "spread" magazines, huge selection, movies, paperbacks, hard-to-get items, FREE catalogues. Beaver, Box 2373-EVO, Phila., Pa.

2. QUALITY gay male books, magazines, huge selection, movies, paperbacks, hard-to-get items, FREE catalogues. Trojan, Box 2121-EVO, Phila., Pa.

The SWINGER uncovers everything. Sex hangups, How to Get the Party Started, How to Convince your wife AND MORE.

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IF your thing includes fun in the flesh and you're 21 or older you can find your swinging counterpart(s) in the EXCHANGE. \$5 membership includes groovy club magazines for year and free personal contact ad. Don't delay, join today. THE EXCHANGE, Box 74818, V Hollywood 90004.

FOR FREE PAMPHLET advocating nonviolence and Peace write World Peace Appeal, PO 649, Wall Street Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10005. Letters, comments, drawings, appreciated.

WARNING: NOT FOR FREAKS!!! BLACK BOOK The Singles Dating Magazine for straight singles ONLY, deals in service, not sensation. EVERYBODY WANTS TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE, the BLACK BOOK just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST & EASIEST way! The BLACK BOOK puts people together. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. NYC, N. Y. 10036 or send for FREE info. or call (212) 581-4199. Also sold at Newsstands and Book stores.

NEW SEXUAL Freedom League publication, POSITION. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034 — EV, San Francisco 94114.

THE NEWSLETTER ferrets out the RATS infesting The Underground. See how they run. Special intro: \$1, 1st 3 issues; \$4, 1 year. Read the first issue NOW. Send a buck to THE NEWSLETTER, 5 Beekman St., NYC 10038.

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

STERILE male 40, white, good-looking, (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs. Black Hair, Brown eyes.) with pad in Sunnyside, Queens. Looking for a very affectionate, trim, (110 - 130) uninhibited, sexually responsive girl, for intimate meeting at my pad. Extreme discretion assured. Evenings. 729-3833.

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FINANCIALLY Secure? Male, 20, finds typical employment a

drag. Seeking good bread with an off beat position very desirable. Help! No gays, please. P. Petluccione, 1944 Unionport Road (Apt. N-4), Bronx, New York 10462.

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS: Needing American boyfriends, free details. Mexico, Box 3973, M-EVO, San Diego, California 92103.

WOMEN only under 30 to share mutual interest, sports, plays, movies, dinner dates and sex. I am 28, lonesome and sincere. Call Bob 833-5148.

INTERESTING, intelligent, sophisticated, groovy businessman, age 34. Has been "swinger" with "in" social set. Wants semi-retirement from social whirl. Looking for a "tiger" to be my "pussycat." Share my upper east side apt. with mature arrangement. Must be beautiful, intelligent, exciting, sophisticated. Send photo and details. Box 411, Gracie Station, New York, N. Y. 10028.

VERY HANDSOME bachelor, 32, interested in performing French Arts, will share his rather comfortable West Village apartment with attractive show-business type girl. Dial XCY - #0 - RUK.

WOMEN — if you're between 24 and 35, fun-loving cultured bachelor wants to meet you. Object: dates, possible enduring relationship. Smart midtown apt. Men — don't bother. Phone UF 8-4658.

YOUNG good-looking male will accommodate and serve dominant females. No limits! . . . Willing to learn and please! Call Stan (Newark, N. J.) 201-672-3829.

DOMINANT young man, 25, handsome, will administer spankings and discipline to singles, couples desiring same. Write: Box 823, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C., 10009. Include phone number.

LET'S TURN ON and grove! Young, gay, handsome, slim, masculine, versatile AND over-sexed! Are you? Box 4086, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017.

YOUNG GAY COUPLE, 22 and 26, would like to meet other gay guys interested in threesomes, orgies, etc. Private N.J. home. (201) 343-6402. Joe or Jim.

ATTRACTIVE successful artist 24 yr. (female), redish brown skin, desires to meet young man about thirty. Must be real man and mature mentally. I would sincerely welcome mixed-racial relationship with attractive tall young man. Write Dorothy G. Bourne, 343 Beach 54 St., Arverne, N. Y. 11692, Apt. 2E.

MALE SLAVE, 29, seeks 2 or 3 room apt., West Village, under \$125.00. Leather enthusiast. Also seeking groovy scene including water sports with dominant, masculine males who dig attention and service. Write to Box 1013, Wall St. Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10005.

SINGLE MALE member of trio, 28, seeks shapely, attractive, passive, AC-DC female, 21-30 with pleasant personality who is marriage minded. College helpful but not necessary. Must be willing to relocate or travel. Include full length photo and phone number. Photo returned likewise appreciated. Write A. Cannata, 41-15 53rd St., Apt.

3A, Woodside (Queens) N. Y. 11377.

RIDER(S) WANTED — Female, to San Francisco. FREE. Share driving. V.W. Leave NYC 12/25; fasttrip. Joe Michelson, 23, 5'10", hip engineer. 914-636-0865. 7-11 P.M. ONLY.

ARIES MALE, 24, 6', 175 lbs., hung (not on astrology) seeks same, for interests other than star gazing. Write P. O. Box 221, 150 Christopher St., NYC 10014.

MALE MODELS WANTED — Youthful, interesting, portraits, nudes, long-short hair. Photos for private collection. Not for sale-publication. Wanna ball? Call 298-5913. No fees.

WHITE MALE STRAIGHT. Would like to hear from broad minded ladies seeking modern fun satisfaction, especially bored wives who, like myself, would welcome the excitement of the clandestine. Am in my early 40's, clean cut, well built. Discreet, affluent. Mickey Volner, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

FIRST, I do not want a sex partner. I would like to meet a happy, vibrant, beautiful or exceptionally pretty girl, about my age, 26, with a zest for living — she must be one in many a thousand, and she must want the same in a very warm, very alive physically attractive man — me. This ad is absolutely not for sexual adventure; it is totally because I am taking the unlikely gamble that some very rare woman who wishes to give and receive in a deep relationship will also take the chance that she might find a very exceptional man through this ad. John, YU 9-4260.

KIND, understanding, male, will share apt. with woman indefinitely. All expenses paid. Write P. O. Box 29, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11203.

VERY WELL HUNG Negro wanted, to show good looking young white where black power's really at. Call WON 4700 ext. 819, ask for Arthur between 9-5.

SLIM MALE who works evenings til midnight, seeks males free for sexual pleasures in afternoon. What's our pleasure? R. Durso, 170 West 73rd St., NYC 10023.

SUBMISSIVE gentleman, young, 40's desperately seeks p/t work. Nothing refused, regardless how strenuous the castigator. Female preferred/not essential. Write to Willie, c/o Francis Peabody, 130 B MacDougal St. NYC 10012

WELL-BUILT sometime student, 23, wants to know and turn on to other beautiful young men (mind at least, mind and body at most).

GOOD LOOKING young man, very heavy, 300 lbs., would like to meet slim young man for interesting get togethers. Joseph Rex, 1372 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn 11221, N. Y.

SATAN has been given leave to sift all of you like wheat; but for you I have prayed that your faith may not fail; and when you have come to yourself, you must lend strength to your brothers.

SLAVE, white, 28, wants young white or negro MASTER. Must have leather and imagination. Write, give details, phone, photo if possible. Box 5423, Grand

Central Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10017.

DISCREET MALE, 30, white, seeks long term relationship with masculine looking male. Sincere replies only. Write box 73, Murray Hill Station, NYC 10016.

BOUND FOR WARM tropical shores seeking female traveling companion to sponsor adventure. Call Dirk at 549-9912 between 5 and 7 only. 24 year old Romantic. Quiet 6'2".

BACHELOR, white, 32, trying to break away from masochism, seeks help from sincere passionate female. Box 1124, Linden Hill Station, Flushing, NY.

my final LIFETIME You began with shiverings of truth when tomorrow returned to anticipation with the first wings of ruth and the stolen blood of respiration O drunken orifice of dream my hands foretell your extreme YU 2-4471 — ORPHEUS Jr.

YOUNG HOMOSEXUAL, needs compatible roommate to share expenses in 2 bedroom apt. in Philadelphia. Any race, discretion. Box 8625, Philadelphia 19101, or phone 215-SAPURLM

HORSE-LIKE stud wanted by good looking Italian, 31, 5'11", 180 lbs. Send pic, details, date. Box 32, Radio City Station, NYC 10016.

Hear my Heart when birds lose their nest and liberty questions the crest Hear my Heart when decay inspires the throne and gold bewilders the groan YU 2-4471 — ORPHEUS Jr.

To My Palatial Feather a mystery that exists in the depth of a smile begins when the sun screams with guile and the secret of a clouds vulnerability explodes into a glacial dream of humility when the impossible seraph of a serpent caprice betrays the untouched illusion of a coward kiss YU 2-4471 — ORPHEUS Jr.

My stringed Atmosphere? the wine of a lords metamorphosis softened a nightmare of avarice when eleven and four explored the mountains shore ORPHEUS JR.

MANY GIRLS needed for figure modeling. \$50 guaranteed 1/2 day Same girls used many times. No experience necessary. Strictly business. No posing for groups Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Call: Herb, MI 1-6007, mornings 8-1 P.M. Weewends 769-4585.

MALE FIGURE models wanted (18-28). No experience necessary. \$10 per hr. Phone mornings 8-1 P.M., Tom, 641-6007.

IS THERE a good-looking girl who can make love before a camera and look like she is enjoying herself? This is a legitimate offer by one of America's best known photographers. Call 8 to 11 PM., 691-7387.

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