

THE

east
village

OFFER

VOL. 4, NO. 15

METROPOLITAN 15¢

MARCH 14, 1969

WELL, I TOLD
YOU, LIZARDS
DON'T GOT NO
REPRODUCTIVE
ORGANS....

BUT THEN....
THERE'S ALWAYS
DA OLD
HARMONICA...



VAUGHN
BODÉ

The blind newsstand dealer on Sheridan Square never saw it coming. Someone had told him the week before that the underground press was coming to picket his stand for not carrying their newspapers. He only knew it was Wednesday, March 5th, twelve noon.

He stood in the middle of his fortress, a little island of concrete surrounding a wooden house filled with various papers and sundry magazines. He had stood there in that exact spot for the last twenty years, blind and sixty five years of age. His eyes had stopped for him a long time ago. He started his little newspaper enterprise selling something he couldn't see. He would hear the footsteps, rustle of paper, clinking of coins and know another reality was walking away. But he had his ears and his ears told him what he wanted to see.

There was the rustle of unordinary feet circling him now on his island: Voices shouting Extra.

"Get The Rat! Subversive — Pinko — Smut sheet of the underground."

"We're protesting against the newsstand for not carrying underground newspapers, Sir. Here's the new edition of **Other Scenes**. It's free, take it."

"OH! . . . Do you have an **East Village Other** there too?"

"Hey, ah . . . are you givin away, ah . . . that new one . . . ah . . . what dya call it . . . ahhhh . . . ya know?"

"SCREW."

"Yahdat's daonetanks."

Feet scurrying fast away ashamed or curious, stopping to a slow halt then moving on in the same fashion and speed of uninterested feet.

He grabbed his iron bar, the one he had always used to weigh down the Daily News with. In his business, the wind was the first line of assault, and now he stood there, ready for the second wave. Voices broke open upon him.

Three unidentified men at twelve noon, yesterday, beat to death a bearded youth at the newsstand corner on Sheridan Square and West 4th St. The victim was identified as Jeff Shero, editor of an underground newspaper called, "The Rat."

The three men, still at large, are being sought by the police for a motive. The only eye witness was a blind newsstand dealer.

When questioned by the police on what he witnessed, the blind dealer replied, "I didn't know his name."

"All I heard were the screams, the cry for help, and the scurrying of feet . . . then . . . the silence."

Daily News. Thursday, March 6th, 1969

In a daring midday raid, unidentified enemy airplanes attacked and destroyed a newsstand on Sheridan Square, killing one and leaving others homeless. The raid was believed to be in retaliation for recent attacks by American Air Force bombers across neutral borders.

The single casualty was a civilian, identified as Allan Katzman, editor of the underground newspaper, "The East Village Other." Mr. Katzman's body was found buried under the rubble of the newsstand.

The owner, who is blind, and was not present at the time, stated that the dead man must have just arrived as he was leaving.

"A good thing I didn't hear him," he said, "or otherwise I would have been killed too."

The United States government, as of today, has filed a protest at the local embassy in New York which has denied knowing anything about the attack.

New York Times. Thursday, March 6th, 1969

Twenty screaming women with placards reading **FREE THE HOUSEWIVES OF AMERICA**, beat up and raped a twenty six year old long haired youth. The incident took place at Sheridan Square at 12 noon, Wednesday. The only witness was a blind newsstand dealer who was in his stand at the time.

The victim, identified as Tim Buckley, an underground editor of a newspaper called "Screw," was taken away to St. Vincents Hospital for cuts, bruises, abrasions and treated for shock.

Mr. Buckley testified later to the police that, "he knew no reason why the women had attacked him.

"I was standing on the corner giving away free newspapers and then all of a sudden it happened.

I wouldn't have minded it so much but they were all over me and most of them were wrinkled and pock marked and had the smell of laundry detergent on their skin. It . . . It was horrible."

The blind news dealer, who was present at the time, claimed he did not hear anything.

"I'm blind," he stated, "and I'm sixty five. My wife's in the hospital with cancer and . . . ya know . . . it's been a long time. I don't remember what it sounds like anymore."

National Enquirer. Jan. 1st, 1969

Paul Krassner, famed Yippie and editor of "The Realist," was arrested yesterday for the murder of a newsstand dealer at Sheridan Square. Police were baffled by his motive.

When questioned by them, he replied, "I wanted to make him laugh so he would understand our protest but he refused to laugh or even look at me. So, I got mad and hit him."

The newsstand dealer was blind and never regained consciousness.

Show Business. Friday, March 7th, 1969

Picket lines clashed at Sheridan Square early this afternoon as underground newspaper editors fought with police and citizens.

The editors were picketing against the Sheridan Square newsstand for not carrying their publications. The incident took place when citizens inadvertently crossed picket lines.

Shoving ensued, and fighting broke out but the police were right on the scene and arrested two men for disorderly conduct; Mr. John Wilcock, editor and publisher of "Other Scenes," an underground newspaper, and Mr. Edwin Fancher, publisher of the "Village Voice," a local weekly newspaper.

Mr. Fancher stated that he was just, "out for a walk on my lunch hour and went to buy the N.Y. Post."

Mr. Wilcock, who demanded his rights when he was arrested, kept stating that Mr. Fancher had pushed first.

The newsstand dealer, who was present at the time, denied all knowledge of what was going on.

"Look . . .," he told this reporter, "I don't want any trouble. All I want to do is to sell newspapers."

New York Post. Wednesday, March 5th, 1969, afternoon edition.

Nothing happened March 5th, Wednesday, twelve noon in Sheridan Square. The blind news dealer didn't see a thing.

Village Voice. March 12th, 1969

And voices broke open upon him. He stood waiting with the iron bar resting firmly in his hands. No one was going to push him around anymore. He was old, blind, with a sick wife. He had nothing to lose. He would take a few of them with him.

"People will always betray you, if you push them too far," he thought. "It was human nature." The first thought in twenty years.

He stood and waited and listened but heard nothing. Silent again; the same old rustle of papers, shuffling of feet, clanking of coins; the same honking of cars and screeching of buses; the same rush and roar that had no visible pattern for him. No harm was done except what was already there, lying in his head from a million years of not seeing. He heard nothing — not even the crippled newsboy selling history on the corner. When questioned about it later, he said, "I never heard him once say, SHAZAM."

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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The University of Buffalo sponsoring a LEMAR (LEgalize MARIjuana) Conference: dateline, dateline . . . somehow it had that spring quality to it; taking a plane out there in the evening, picked up at the airport, going straight to the campus gym. We looked for an open door, had to walk halfway around the most enormous building. Once inside, an incredible funky smell — a gym for sure. A big room, lots of people, campus cops with their walkie-talkies and a gallon jug of beer. "How's it there, Fred? . . . Yeah. Here, too . . ." As I entered the funky smelling gym, a friendly face appeared and said, 'Come in here' which I did, into the equipment room, full at the time of 2 babies and what might have been their parents. "We are having a revolution on the campus . . . Have you heard of the Buffalo Nine in New York . . .? Well, the Buffalo Nine are —(in effect, a group of draft refusers who took sanctuary in the school's church and have been brought to trial, usual prejudiced court and rally round the flag boys). —and we are going to liberate our Student Union after the show tonight, the Millard Fillmore Room."

The University of Buffalo has a LEMAR Conference which went off as planned, full-regulation footnoted event that it was. It then doubled its consciousness and the incredible happened when the conference came to exist on both levels, verbal abstraction and concrete reality. The discussion of life-styles influenced and effected by the use of dope in the Brave New World around the corner (getcha shit at the neighborhood market, free gropes and lots of jive, honey) suddenly was confronted by the very love child it was intent on bringing back home, on the doorstep. Thursday was panel discussion day and on Friday, all the ideas took form and existed.

It's now a week later and I'm still not really sure it's all together.

The reflection of the reality of the reflection, to be sure. Thursday saw a panel of doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists and pharmacologists, maybe a Yaque chieftain or 2, all telling what they knew, had learned and were willing to bet was the truth about pot . . . and then there was Friday, a taste of things to come; all the smooth creamy vocalizations were pre-empted, and in the post-Revolution world Friday will probably be the 7th Day. Somehow, the realm of ideas, encompassing all-time, was slowed down (thank you Timothy Leary).

It was Allen Ginsberg's turn to go first in the DRUGS AND THE ARTS BE-IN; he began with an intricate mantra, looking up when he realized his inner rhythm was being manipulated by an external drumbeat hammered at him by one of the Motherfuckers. He requested a vote and the crowd voted that they liked the drumbeat. In the confusion which followed, Ben Morea stood up on stage and delivered a typical Motherfucker, devil's advocate challenge; lusty, crude, impolite and arrogant. All the power and grace of a whale making a crashdive into a bathtub; not very beautiful but historical strategies don't have to be, and the speech was a Mason-Dixon line marking a watershed in the course of the new wave of revolution, Eastern chapter. Morea challenged the concept of Art which separates itself from the living 'theatre of operations' we call existence; Art as corrupt, politicized and hypocritical as the rest of the outmoded culture . . . a cold, blunt statement, daring everyone to separate personal action from public, ritual from habit, the reading of a poem from the need for new and more information. It was a horrible kind of logic, a furious, pressurized gesture allowing only for feeling, no time to remember the past. He finished, inertia was over, and nobody knew quite what to do about it. Illogical logic, breaking the rules to all games, yet indissmissible: questioning Ginsberg's acceptance of certain rules without

question. Everyone was made aware of a basic struggle, the need to continually redefine position and to work your ass off to keep on being aware of new changes and possibilities. He didn't give an all-right answer, nobody ever could, but Ben Morea did recognize the problem. Agree with him or not, but take a stand, be forced to make it real and act (sound familiar . . .?).

Then the MC 5 played, and if ever there was a group epiphany, church revival meeting atmosphere achieved, high energy concentration which was religious in the fanatic purity and glad-to-be-alive euphoria, it was now. Or then. Their energy remains even though the particular performance is over. More than just a musical set, this was free-form theatre, total entertainment with everything there to hear, see and interact with according to one's pleasure. Frank Zappa and the Mothers take music to a crazed, high realm of its very own, where it is possible to freak out on pure sound distilled and reflected and sometimes just poured on straight. The MC 5 take noise and sound and make it music. There is something so incredibly high energy, generous and free-spirited in the interaction of their music and everyone's response, dancing becomes a political gesture and kicking out the jams is about where it all starts. Kennedy stood on a platform in West Germany and nasally pronounced. Ich ein Berliner; the MC 5 scream C'mon, motherfuckers, kick out the jams! Same thing, same thing, although the Five are able to do a little more about the immediate situation than our purely political president could. Behind the music and screams, there is direction, motivation and freak power which nobody who gets to be president of the U.S. could possibly have left by the time he gets the office. De-legitimizing the system is a much more regenerative activity than trying to support, let alone tolerate, this crumbling chicken-

coop structure. They just knows who is right and in such conviction lies immoderate strength through joy. This is music as means; of expression of a levelling process and of pressure, to push people past their normal Halmet situations when they have time to think. It's erotic, graphic and raunchy and grabs ass because the group's statistics prove that 95% will end up liking it anyway. The other 5% will fight harder, that's all. This may be Fascism of a sort, a sense fascism at the least, but it is the music of these times, a sound which only too well represents the chaos, spontaneity and needs of this new wave generation which everyone says is happening. The sound is an attempt to get people to stop thinking, because they will only react as they have done so before — comfort coming from the already-known; to make people react as the moment carries them into pure feeling. If it feels good, then do it, so long as it doesn't hurt anyone else.

That was a basic credo: If it feels good then do it so long as it doesn't hurt anyone else.

Conferences are called in order to discuss and discover ways and means to achieve conditions for certain possibilities to occur. Pot makes people more aware and perceptive (proven fact); it does not lead to addiction (p.f.); most of the people who smoke dope tend to also ask questions which keep it all from getting too dull (you need proof?) and the MC 5 are a logical extension, not culmination, of this movement towards securing personal happiness; free will if not freedom.

If you really love people, make them feel happy, not free.

The mind has walls of its own.

The conference came to exist on both levels, the possibility and the actuality of people influenced by the new life-style.

The Motherfuckers have an awful amount of energy, undirected and let loose upon people as the moments come to them; it would be nice if they would just kick out the jams along with everyone else, to music . . . but they won't, they have chosen the martyr's road of constant interference. Bound to get them a bad name, no one likes being shaken up all the time, and with such rough impractical tactics. Still, they manage to make people want to figure on a way of removing them, and the only viable method is, of course, to remove the problems they cry

about, either by proving the problems don't exist or solving them. The MC 5 say we are our own solutions to our problems. Hallelujah.

Friday night, the whole floor of the gym became a whirling, spinning mass of shaking flesh. The Hog Farm people didn't even have to get anyone to warm up; they just grabbed hands and soon the room was a circle, going counterclockwise and feeding off itself, spoking out and in, up and down . . . one revolution per minute, naturally. At the end of the set, most of the campus went to liberate the Millard Fillmore etcetera while one of the Hog Farm girls quite reasonably pointed out that they would do a lot better to liberate their goddam swimming pool only a door or two away . . . oh well.

Saturday was group recovery, events Friday night going far on into the early blue dawn and requiring a midmorning trip to the local diner for hundreds of danish and milk cartons and etc. It was all very degradé, not to mention bizarre, as the Five might say. Fast vocab:

degradé, as in Max's Kansas City is . . .

bizarre, as in little women at barmitvahs rubbing tits against you are . . .

dude, as in that cat over there, that dude . . .

chomp, as in anyone who tries to maintain his cool during a superior blow job is a . . .

Saturday evening, however, it was time for . . . well, if you saw low blue lights and a girl in a flowing dress and some tinkling bells and etcetera, you too would realize it was, "And noooow, Tim! Leary!" which is just how she introduced him. The next day, he told me he would much rather have had the MC 5 rather than the Hare Krishna rock sortie that accompanied and introduced him, as he felt like Bert Parks after her introduction and the chosen group did little to dispel the image . . . as a matter of fact, he made a lot more sense the next day than he ever could have that night. Looking good, deep blue shirt and suede pants and sneakers, he ambled next door on Sunday afternoon, full of goodwill and acid. After a few breathtaking pauses, he covered a lot of ground, all succinctly and interestingly. Naturally. Acid helps us to remove the layers of 'culture' this ratmaze civilization tries to coat us with; helps us to become the wild animals we are underneath . . . incredible tribal, mammalian primate genetic differences which are inherent in our DNA makeup are rediscovered through acid and some hard work . . . he hopes for a 10-15 year orgy during which the buldings are razed and minerals, metal and

such are returned below the earth's surface, where they belong so that man can live in harmony with nature. Harmony, yes . . . use the language of nuclear physics to describe the erotic, social revolution going on, a revolution of erotic energy. Attraction and repulsion of particles; all politics is a faggot hassle, full of electrons with no charge, which attach themselves to groups, destroying the original molecular harmony and causing only disruption. Yeah, all politics are a faggot hassle.

Only woman, female energy, can undo the machine of this culture. Any male energy not hooked up to a female source results in undirected, misdirected energy which can only know to build a bigger machine, not remove it. . . . And then the rewritten version of Genesis; Paradise is an anthill, like the University of Buffalo; Jehovah is the runaway, renegade son who created this world, his world for his own amusement . . . the Serpent was sent by the Mother-God, his mother, to try to rectify some of the problems . . . and so on . . . then it was time to go to Ann Arbor (whynot?), and Tim Leary decided to go back to bed. Why not?

Memories of the conference: an afternoon movie, the YIPPIE film, and Marshall Efron's brilliant spontaneous lecture on the streng' relatively of a billy club and a human head, using various vegetables. Reaching an eggplant, Marshall crashed down on it, making the plant bounce, but remain visibly unchanged. Immediately, he spoke of the serious brain damage which is invisible but still insidious, then going on to a pumpkin which crunched satisfyingly, only to be replaced by a photo of someone at Chicago. At the same time event, a boy got up and tried to lead the audience in a group maneuver, a circle game, where everyone starts to chant a sound, Om in this case, and then allow new sounds to be born and grow, new gestures, new forms . . . He succeeded with a small portion of the audience, reaching a climax when some of the Farmers (Hog) came and added their energy, and then back to the original group . . . it was a lovely moment, proving again that theatre is truly a matter of what you choose to hear and see, and partake of, including the action. Theatre in the round, ultimately life, because what else can life be hoped to be except the only artwork anyone should ever try to create . . .

The Conference was a lot of fun, and more, it was a place where some very interesting things happened, a lot of enegry got turned around, give and take, and so forth. That's a wrap-up, I guess . . .

LETTERS * LETTERS * LETTERS * LETTERS * LETTERS * LETTERS

Dear EVO:

I know it's supposed to be a man's world, but is EVO a man's newspaper? Do you discriminate?

Christ, can't you write or draw something for the female (homosexual, that is).

I have noticed one cute drawing (about the size of a half-dollar) at the bottom of page 22 in your March 1, Vol. 4, No. 13 issue.

That picture is a rarity. You print many photos of males in cozy poses (or posies in cozies) and most of the ads cater to males.

Gay girls do exist! Contrary to belief, they have (as do straight girls) a voyeuristic streak.

What about a comic strip, strip strip!

BLU SAPPHIRE

Dear EVO:

After waiting a week for D.A. Latimer's piece on the Daily News comics, I was disappointed by the gaps in his reporting. Let me add my discoveries on the subject;

Harold Grey kicked off a year or so ago. Soon after the new artist started (and the change was noticeable) Annie had a run in with a club swinging, neanderthal cop called Sheriff Sado. Sado was after some reward or something, and went crazy after it turned out the suspect he was beating up was innocent. For a while I thought Grey's understudy was an ADA member. However soon afterward Annie came across two hippies beating each other with peace medals, while one wanted to go home, and were against parents because they were square. Oh well.

Teen-Wise! was totally left out. This is the true pinnacle of the Sunday News. I suspect it is drawn by a 50 year old Baptist minister from Iowa, who

slightly resembles the owl who flies in the last panel every week with the moral. Teen-Wise! covers everything, from college revolts to kid brothers to drugs to double dates and back again. It's pinnacle was last winter with the story of Eddie who runs away from his uptight folks to join Petal and the hippies. I won't tell you of Petal's tragic demise on an acid trip ("LSD?", asked Eddie).

The other week they had Hank cluing in his kid brother to a college riot ("Those fascist pigs! They've got no right to be here at our college!") At the end, the kid brother gives a speech worthy of the owl ("You guys would rather riot than reason"). This one is up on my wall. I forgot to save the one with the marijuana ring, but I remember the last panel where everyone threw their joints down the sewer. Pretty symbolic, eh?

The postponement of the piece on Li'l Abner was a cheap trick to make us buy another copy of this newspaper — I'd rather save my money for Rolling Stone.

And if the News editorial position is just an excuse from which to sell their advertising space, why can't the same be said of EVO?

JOSEPH L. STREICH

The Editors Lash Back: We are sorry to learn of Harold Grey's timely death. Latimer felt that the Little Orphan Annie strip lately had been mildly out of character, particularly the ones you describe — in his former life, Grey rarely dealt with such sensationalistic issues ash hippies, sadism, etc. — and elected not to include them in his discussion. As for the extraordinary Teen-Wise! we felt that its constructive impact upon today's guidance-starved youth could only be sullied by publicity in a paper of this shoddy calibre. Oh, and if Rolling Stone is your trip, by all means don't waste your bread on EVO.

Dear EVO:

Your issue of March 1 carried an anti-Semitic letter in my name. It started in part: ". . . the black citizens of this city have taken enough from the jews. If you were brought up in my neighborhood you would hate the jews also."

This letter is a straight forgery. I did not write it and it does not in any way represent my point of view.

I would assume it was a provocative act by someone who would wish to slander me for the stand I have taken in support of the fight for black and Puerto Rican control of the schools of their community or, perhaps, because of the anti-Zionist stand I have taken in regard to the Mideast conflict.

My stand in favor of community control of the schools and my opposition to the reactionary course of the Teacher's Union officialdom has, of course, nothing in comon with anti-Semitism. Nor does my support of the Arab revolution and political opposition to Zionism.

I oppose the imposition of a Zionist state, on the Palestinian Arabs because it tramples on their right of self-determination. I also oppose Zionism because I regard it as a means whereby the imperialist powers use the Jewish people as a pawn in their Mideast power game — a game that can result in disaster for the Jewish people.

One of the reasons I oppose the policies of the officials of the Teachers Union is because I believe they are contributing to a situation that inevitably feeds anti-Jewish prejudice.

As a revolutionary socialist I am opposed to all forms of racism and prejudice, including anti-Semitism.

PAUL BOUTELLE
SWP Candidate for Mayor of the City of New York



DECOMPOSITION BY DA LATIMER

CHE!

By LENNOX RAPHAEL

Directed By ED WODE

Starring:

Lary Bercowitz Che
 Jeanne Baretich Mayfang
 Paul Georgiou President
 Mary Ann Shelly Sister of Mercy

Set designer, Don McAdams; costumes, Sait Mu-
 neyyirci; and introducing *Chilli Billy*, the Son of
 King Kong.

★ ★ ★

Now here's a swell dirty play opening this
 Wednesday at the Free Store Theatre, 14 Cooper
 Square. Watch some while there's still time. My pal
 Lennox Raphael wrote it, and about a week before
 the play opened he lent me a copy of the script to
 take home and peruse. This was a mistake. I got
 comestains all over it. Walter Kerr deplores this
 sort of thing, physical audience involvement in a
 drama — I mean, I involved my own personal
 homonuclei in Lennox's play even before it opened,
 you can't get much more physical than that. I
 mean, you take an exchange like this —

Mayfang: Revolutionists eat pussy

President: Revolutionists have good assholes

— it fairly *cries* for involvement. Not that there's
 anything overtly horny about the dialogue in *Che*,
 just that, well, I think Lennox could write about
 lipsticked cigarette butts, used Lipton flow-thru tea
 bags, stained glass windows, *anything*, and inflict
 thereby a lifelong fetish for lipsticked cigarette
 butts, used Lipton flow-thru tea bags, stained glass

windows on the reader. The man is dangerous.

Lennox can make *anything* sound horny! Last
 spring he wrote about the Grand Central Massacre
 in *EVO*, and his prose was a vast tryptich of
 luminous translucent blue pigs frothing nubile ado-
 lescent naked teen-agers with maple wood pikestaff-
 dildoes, it was blood mixed with semen, the frag-
 rance of an elderly matron's bidet, the warm trickle
 of saliva down your balls . . . *The President's lips*
clasping around Che's balls, slurp slopple slap slap
slap slap slap . . . FELLATIO PERFORMED ON
STAGE IN OFF-B'WAY THEATRE . . . COP
COMES IN PANTS BEATING LAD, 14! LAD
COMES TOO!

What shall we do to Lennox for this? Bury
 him neck-deep in flowers and broken bottles? Naw,
 he'd dig it. I suggested this to him, and he got all
 over thoughtful: 'You know,' he mused in his
 Jublinal slur, 'broken bottles, that's a very dra-
 matic thing. Maybe if we had broken bottles around
 the stage . . . Or if I had them fucking on broken
 bottles . . .'

Actor's equity would be up his ass for that. He
 has Ed Wode directing *Che*, and it was Wode who
 inaugurated this whole current Broadway nudity
 with *Christmas Turkey* last spring. If fucking on
 broken bottles should become the next *In Thing*
 on and off Broadway, hell, that'd fuck up all the
 cheesecake photos in Earl Wilson's theatre column.

Speaking of cheesecake, it's clear that this Revolu-
 tionary extravaganza was deeply inspired by the
 notorious photo of Che's corpse on a table being
 ogled by necrophiliac Bolivian generals. Have you
 ever been assaulted by a necrophiliac Bolivian gen-
 eral? It must have been ever so prurient for Che,
 lying there with his eyes and fly open, the innocence
 of his cause now eternally consecrated, like a marble
 nymph in Forest Lawn. You should see him now,
 in Lennox's play, being fondled and murdered by
 the President of the . . . of the what? There's a
 question for you. What President alla time must
 hafta stand naked? Lennox's President wears noth-

ing but a strip of bunting rolled like a sash about
 his waist. There's a clue. His lover-adversary Che
 wears Vietcong-style pajamas, *only* red rather
 than black. Mayfang, the secret agent, wears a
 silver leotard with transparent plastic bubbles over
 NIPS and SNATCH. The Sister of Mercy comes on
 stage wearing a black lace nightie and panties,
 which she straightaway doffs, to the disappoint-
 ment of us black lace freaks. Chilli Billy gets to
 wear an ape suit, play an electric guitar, and speak
 one line during the two hours and forty-odd min-
 utes from curtain to curtain, sans intermission.

Audience involvement is encouraged: the seats
 in the Free Store Theatre being uncommonly un-
 comfortable, it might pay you to lie down and
 masturbate. If you're shy about such carryings-on,
 Lennox says he's offering a special deal two nights
 out of the week: for \$3,500 you can buy up every
 seat in the theatre and attend the performance alone
 or with a hand-picked group of intimate friends. If
 you're shy.

Also along the lines of audience involvement,
 Hare Krishna freaks will be happy to learn that
 toward the end of the play there occurs a long
 'OM' communal sing session. At this point the var-
 ious tensions of the play have built up to the point
 where the Karma simply *has* to be kneaded smooth,
 or else a grotesque murder will happen on the
 stage.

The murder happens in any case. At the close
 of the production, Che and the Sister of Mercy lie
 dead in the footlights, with the sobbing President
 embracing both of them. Me, I don't know what
 I'm talking about, but I was moved by this. The
 play was an intricately choreographed coming to-
 gether and falling asunder of forms, emotions, rites
 and ideas — at the end, the stillness and the sobs
 are unbearably lovely.

But there's one thing that bugs me . . . Lennox
 has no understudies for his actors. What happens
 if one gets the clap? Must the show inevitably go
 on?



photos by: Raeanne Rubinstein



I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION.....

Allen Ginsberg is first, foremost and everlastingly a human being. He is completely attuned and in tune with every nuance of our lives—here, hitherto and hereafter. To many he is many things, to some he is, to some he isn't.

For nearly a quarter of a century his has been the voice and then the body that hipped faculties, boob toobs and garden club ladies to the reality of times that are achanging. To a generation of young and free he has sidichly pedagogued a sense of truthful openness interspersed with a boom of rowdy, loveaching pezzaz.

In his animated serenity, he exudes familial knowingness. That makes being with him an A-in all the way.

EVO — Allen, what have you been doing?

AG — Learning music. I am learning to read, to notate and write music. And I am beginning to learn some harmony. I am putting Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience" to music.

EVO — What is your assessment of whatever is going on? In many people's minds you occupy a special position in the "movement."

AG — I think that's alot of crap. I'll probably be the first person whose head will be chopped off if the movemnt will ever get to power. After Le Roy Jones chops his own head off he will chop mine off.

EVO — How do you feel about the post Chicago and post Washington political state of affairs?

AG — I feel like a coward. I haven't been to Washington. I was in Chicago. I don't know. I don't feel very coherent at the moment in those terms.

EVO — This past year the action was very much on the political level.

AG — What action?

EVO — Start with the Pentagon.

AG — If the exorcism was political, then politics changed quite a bit. That kind of politics I wouldn't mind. The exorcism was successful.

EVO — After the exorcism consider Yippie.

AG — Yippie was basically new, unreal in a sense. It was a poetic creation but it wasn't on a high order of poetry because it was artificial. It didn't rise completely from the unconscious. It wasn't created by itself. Take the military imagery the Yippies employ. I don't like the toy guns. This is silly yet pathetic in it's own way. It think this has caused more trouble than it is worth.

EVO — I think the whole orientation toward political activism means playing the old game, not on one's terms.

AG — It depends on what you call political activism. If the exorcism of the Pentagon is political activism—then I buy that.

EVO — How do you feel about those who wage revolution on the TV screens. The Media warriors?

AG — I am one. The media does to a great extent contol mass consciousness in America or is, so to speak, the mass consciousness in America in a sense that world is a large organism, like the human organism is connected by nerves, so the media is the neural factor. The Media,

by jaakov kohn

with all the electric wires and filaments and television screens and loudspeakers, is reechoing consciousness. So everybody who enters into the body and tries to pull switches and change imagery around and alter that consciousness, is doing an intersting job. Maybe a crucial job. Some neolithic theoretician said that we have to get completely out of that large electronic body and return to the individually individuated separated human consciousness, rather than getting lost in the artificial environment of the electronic universe. All this boils down to whether it was a good idea to play footsie with the media and shift imagery around. To the extent that middle class American consciousness (bookworms, imagery, forms) is controlled by the images constantly related to by television, radio and the press. It is probably a good idea to get into the media and switch images around, offer an alternative imagery, make a different sound vibration, make a different picture juxtaposition and break up the thought forms. Till they reflect something nearer to the quixotic flux of actual human consciousness. Working within the media is a form of light magic and it is necessary as long as one has media around. As long as one has Liberal-Maoist hopes for reforming the world and still maintaining a technological superstructure. Call it liberal Maoism if you will. One may have to get into the media and play white magic and use propaganda. I do.

EVO — And very efficiently.

AG — This is a private area where I tay in my own soul or expect neolithic solitude or total metaphysical isolation. Death. Where politics doesn't retally matter. Where cosmic consciousness is all important and where the political flux has nothing to do with cosmic consciousness. Where consciousness isn't really conditioned, as the marxists would say. I think ther is an area completely outside of politics.

EVO — That are a is steadily increasing.

AG — It is all so paradoxical too. I remember a gathering in Grant Park where everybody got together. The Yippies, the Blacks, some McCarthy people. There was an almost psychedelic sense of liberation of consciousness. It was like being high on Yoga. There the political form did influence the consciousness and opened it up. The people there got that same elan individually without the political breakthrough or yogic breakthrough. I don't put down poltical action.

EVO — Just that YOU can't see yourself strictly in that bag as so many people assumed. There was even talk of you running for Congress.

AG — That was brought up by EVO. I had nothing to do with that. It was an EVO irony.

EVO — During the elections I thought that an end should be put to the solitary presidency and suggested instead a triumvirate consisting of Tim Leary, Dick Gregory and yourself. I thought it to be a perfect combination of good heads capable of handling the chores on hand, not to mention the perfect ethnic balance it represented.

AG — Probably, except that the difficulty there is whether we or anybody like us would have the executive and technological competence to

photo by: Raeanne Rubinstein

beginning organizing large scale social forms. That's a pretty hard job to do.

EVO — I believe that combination to have been able to mach any other available alternative.

AG — Look I am having problems just trying to organize our farm. My executive competence there seems to be lacking. I don't believe Tim, Dick and I are known for our executive competence. However the people that are noteworthy for their executive competence are the people that work in the Pentagon, so I think we ought to give them the job. Right now I am for the theory "Power to the Pentagon, Power to the military industry" Ha, Ha, Ha. It seems they don't want to loose their jobs. Apparently that's what it is all about. They get \$100 billion a year. They want to hang on to it and therefore why take it away from them? Why not give it to them except since this is the Department of Defense and since now the main enemy is the planetary BOIG coming after us — which is the ecological imbalance — and so a planetary disaster is confronting us within the next two decades. Since we have got a big Department of Defense which wants to work real hard and believes in a 9-5 and their interest in technology is to get their rocks off by organizing things technologically, there is a big technological job for them to do. So I say give them 100 billion a year and send them defending the earth from ecological imbalance. Then I ask myself, "Is that really the truth?" All these people in the Pentagon do have the ability to stay there 9-5 and sit and work so that their talents are gonna be needed.

EVO — The only solution short of abolishing the whole system would be to get people who feel into executive positions. Therefore the triumvirate.

AG — There are enough people who feel but the heavy weight of the ecological imbalance is the big job, the big problem and people with sensitive feelings aren't enough.

EVO — What would be enough?

AG — Sensitive feelings plus. Plus large scale field awareness. I don't think anything human is enough any longer. You need a big IBM machine to know what to do because the whole thing is already a big IBM machine. The whole planet is operating on a mechanical structure that's imbalancing the temperature of the planet, among other things. Causing an exzema on the skin of the planet. Polluting all the water courses.

EVO — What about people's minds?

AG — Polluting people's minds. Poisoning people's livers with chemical synthetics that cause, like all poisons, mild hallucinogenic effects. DDT accumulates in the liver, so probably everybody is walking around slightly out of their skulls on a bring down bum trip hallucination caused by DDT as well as the smog. Now that the technological imbalance is so vast, it would take a Pentagon type organizational machine structure to be able to figure out what the feedback of the technology has been and how to correct it IF the whole technology is viable to begin with, — it might not be. The thing may be collapsing under it's own weight. It may be the cause of all the screaming in every direction. Right wing, Left wing, Capitalist, Communist, Madist. Everybody may be reflecting not hopeful social revolutions or reactionary holding action but may be instead reflecting the actual breakup of the already overpopulated machine structure which is burdening down the surface of the planet. The Tower of Babel is falling. I have talked to some architects and engeneers who don't think the machine civilization is viable. Gary Snyder is presupposing that it is going to break down and that we better practice up on neolithic living conditions. The title of his new book is "Earth Household."

EVO — Yet many people are still hung up in the old frame of references and therefore they choose to see you as a leader of sorts with political implications.

AG — I'd love to be a leader with definite political implications but it is beyond my competence. It would take somebody like Mc

Namara who has the mind to sit down and reorganize all those statistics. It may take someone like that who got us into it, to get us out. It is all their fault. I don't care, I am ready to die. Ha, Ha, Ha. Concentration Camp or cancer — it is all the same. Auto crashes are the worst. They hurt. I got a whole new take on my body. Maybe sex is not so useful after all. The more fun you have with your body the harder it will be to cut off. It's like being a body junkie. If you got the body habit and then the supply of body will be cut off. The meat supply will have to be cut off. And it will have to be cut off sooner or later as Burroughs has been saying all along. Why then invest all those hopes, fears and desires in the body? I have been wrong all along in promoting meat joy.

EVO — Do you feel it is wrong?

AG — Definitely in promoting meat joy and dependence on the body habit.

EVO — What alternative do you foresee to the body habit?

AG — I have been reading a book on gnostic religions by Hans Jonas and he says that the whole phenomena of the universe, including the body, the Pentagon and all is actually a big mind trip created by Jehovah who is a monopolist monopolizing all creation. The jealous god, the angry god. It is a very complicated matter. As Kerouac said a long time ago — the universe does not exist in the way we think it is. In a poem I wrote called "Who to be kind to" there is a promotion of orgy politics, but having experienced orgies and car crashes too, I begin to suspect that feeling good in the body is not a sufficiently stable location for identity since the body can't feel good permanently. It is going to fel bad and die of cancer or something like that. So obviously you can't put all your eggs of consciousness into the idea of feeling good in your body, belly or head or somewher bcause it may bethat there is no place to put your eggs in.

EVO — I think cosmic consciousness the only alternative.

AG — Yes, I was defining cosmic consciousness. I was trying to identify it with sexual consciousness — sexual pleasure. That's what Whitman did and as Blake did to some extent. I think that that led me astray somewhere. Pleasurably so but on the other hand to balance that pleasure you become completely subjected to body pain. If you insist on cultivating bodily pleasure you are also cultivating bodily pain — in a sense that you are making a giant choice for pleasure and you are going to be pained if you don't get it. If you get car crashes instead of cock sucks. So sensational kicks of that order are not enough to build the universe on, much less a stable political society. So for that reason I wouldn't be a very good persident. I was wrong all along.

EVO — That is a matter of conjecture.

AG — The question is what would be positively interesting. Burroughs has been like a purist as far as I can see, all along. He began denouncing the green goo sex trap a long time back. In 1961 in "The Ticket that Exploded." That's what the whole cutup was. The intent of his cut up system was to cut up his thought forms, cut himself out of old habitual melancholy, nostalgic erotic longings. Then he applied it to political images too.

EVO — Do you think Burroughs succeeded?

AG — Yeah, because I went to bed with him in Chicago. His manners in bed were much improved. He is less worried about the whole thing. He is having fun rather than grasping and craving. He was taking it with a grain of salt. Almost in a picaresque manner rather than in the manner of a haunted aging queen that he used to se himself as. As a matter of fact semed almost younger because he was so carefree. He is getting to be a good lay.

EVO — That is hopeful indeed. If you can get through whatever he went through over the part 25 years and finally get to a point where you become a good lay — what better things could happen to one? As always, you have been travelling lately all over the country. What's the shape of people's minds?

AG — One intersting thing that I just came from was the Pornography and Censorship Conference at Notre Dame. Peter and I were the keynote speakers. We left before the mace exploded. What was intersting was that mace was used on students in a movie theatre to prevent them from seeing "Flaming Creatures." The abuse of mace and the use of police violence has gotten to be so great that it is being used within an aesthetic context, not even politically. They are macing people whose aesthetic ideas they disagree with. It was the first pornography conference of any university. I think that this will be the next big thing that universities will come up with. Bringing all this previously forbidden material right onto the surface to be examined at a conference so that everybody can see what it was that had been previously suppressed. They will be able to discuss it openly like you are supposed to in a university. You can't have public discussion unless you have the evidence in front of you. That's why they will have a very groovy thing like teach ins and be ins. They will have pornography festivals.

EVO — Porn—ins.

AG — Meat ins. It might cure people of their preoccupation with sex.

EVO — We have come a long way. Who could have ever imagined a Porn-in at a catholic bastion such as Notre Dame?

AG — People who used to put down pornography used to say they did it because it would take the mystery out of sex and cheapen it. They thought that nobody would be interested. Maybe they were right all along. That means that they were sex fiends all along.

EVO — We were talking about the state of peoples minds.

AG — They taked oo much speed. Too many people are taking too many chemicals. Too much speed and junk, which are ridiculous because they don't lead toward any kind of understanding. Probably too much pot and too much acid. There seems to be an entire class of people who take too much of everything. It is like overeating. Acid is really harms less but if you keep taking it too often you have so many differnt visions of so many different universes you never integrate them.

EVO — So many people take it so indiscriminately that they simply don't have enough time for visions.

AG — Right. It seems to me that the problem with acid is to integrate the visionary perception that seems visionary, with daily material that manifests existance. About a year and a half ago I took an acid trip in Wales and got into a big plastic nature thing where the sky was like the breath of the earth and the earth was breathing and the movements of the trees and the grass were like filaments on the earth moving to the breath. I got very much involved with nature, ecology and the result of it all was that I got the farm. It has taken me 1 1/2 years to live out that perception and concretize it to a point where my daily life is equivalent to the height of the acid perception. I wouldn't want to take another trip until I had completd that one.

EVO — How does New York compare with the rest of the country?

AG — What I see on St. Mark's Place is probably not even representative of the subtle private lives of Bronx adolescents. It must be enormously subtle. Recently I met a kid on a plane heading for the Peace Corps. Really a beautiful blond haired western boy of 22. He looked absolutely apple pie square except that he had something about his eyes that was extremely open and curious. I got into a conversation with him: as it turned out he was an old Texas acid head. 22 years old, completely undistinguishable from a normal american boy and yet completely an agent for the gnostic powers. It has come a point where people are so adept to the acid culture that they are able to take it and function normally without anybody being aware of it? What would happen if everybody would get a butch haircut and go in disguise. It certainly would be very

(Continued on Page 19)

high school CONFIDENTIAL

By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Sixteen year old Ronald Dicks is an activist and an organizer. During last Fall's teacher's strike, he was instrumental in organizing students at Taft High School in the Bronx in a successful effort to keep that school open. When the strike finally ended, he helped found a new student organization, CAUSE (Culture, Awareness, Unity, Self-sufficiency, and Empowerment). His activities and the fact that his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dicks, are community leaders in the decentralization fight won him the lasting enmity of the United Federation of Teachers. Last month, Ronald Dicks was suspended from school.

Taft High School has one of the largest UFT chapters in the city and it was the local's chairman, Mr. Maurice Russeck, who initiated charges against Dicks. The grounds for his suspension are flimsy — unauthorized distribution of literature — and will probably not hold up in court. But whether or not the charges are upheld, the action will have a disastrous effect on Ron Dicks' future. Dicks has not been to school in over a month. In June, he must take three regents examination if he

is to graduate next year and go onto college.

Ron Dicks began to be the object of special attention last November when the school strike ended. Because of their anti-union activities, Ron Dicks and other student leaders seem to have been singled out for harassment by some members of the Taft faculty.

The first incident came when Ron was reprimanded for handing out copies of a Taft student newsletter, "The Light of Darkness." Dicks was told that he was not permitted to distribute UNSOLICITED materials to other students. Next, he received a pink slip for refusing to salute the American flag. Teachers seemed to enjoy goading Ron on and one insisted on constantly calling him "boy" — an action designed to create an incident.

Last month, Ron Dicks was walking to a morning class carrying some copies of the *Black Student Union News* with his books. He ran into a friend who asked him if she couldn't have a copy of the BSU paper. Dicks obliged and handed her one. The UFT chapter chairman, Rosseck, spotted this exchange and immediately ran to the principal's office to

lodge a complaint. Within an hour, Ronald Dicks was summoned to the Principal's office.

In a room filled with teachers and administrators, Dicks was informed that he had been suspended from school and that he had better leave the building immediately. It was strictly illegal, he was told, to hand out materials, even if they were requested. The principal, Francis S. Manopli, insisted that the content of the Newsletter had nothing to do with the suspension. (Leslie Campbell's infamous poem was reprinted) but simply that no student was allowed to give anything out at his school.

"I was told," Dicks recalls, "that they didn't care what I had been handing out. No student was allowed to give out anything — not baseball cards, no homework, not books, nothing. I explained that this girl had asked me for the newsletter. But they said that it didn't matter and that I better leave the building right away."

Dicks was furious. He knew his rights, one of which was that he could not be suspended except in the presence of his parents. Doggedly, he insisted that his parents be called and told of the action. The principal responded by calling the police. But Dicks refused to leave the building and so finally his family was called.

Ronald's parents demanded an immediate hearing at the District Superintendent's Office. The hearing amounted to a star chamber procedure. Superintendent George Paterson told Ron Dicks that the suspension was really all for his own good. He said that Ron was an "idealist" and that perhaps "professional counseling" might help him become a more suitable student for the New York School System. Dicks' anger was almost uncontrollable. "They were trying to tell me that I was crazy just because I was fighting for freedom."

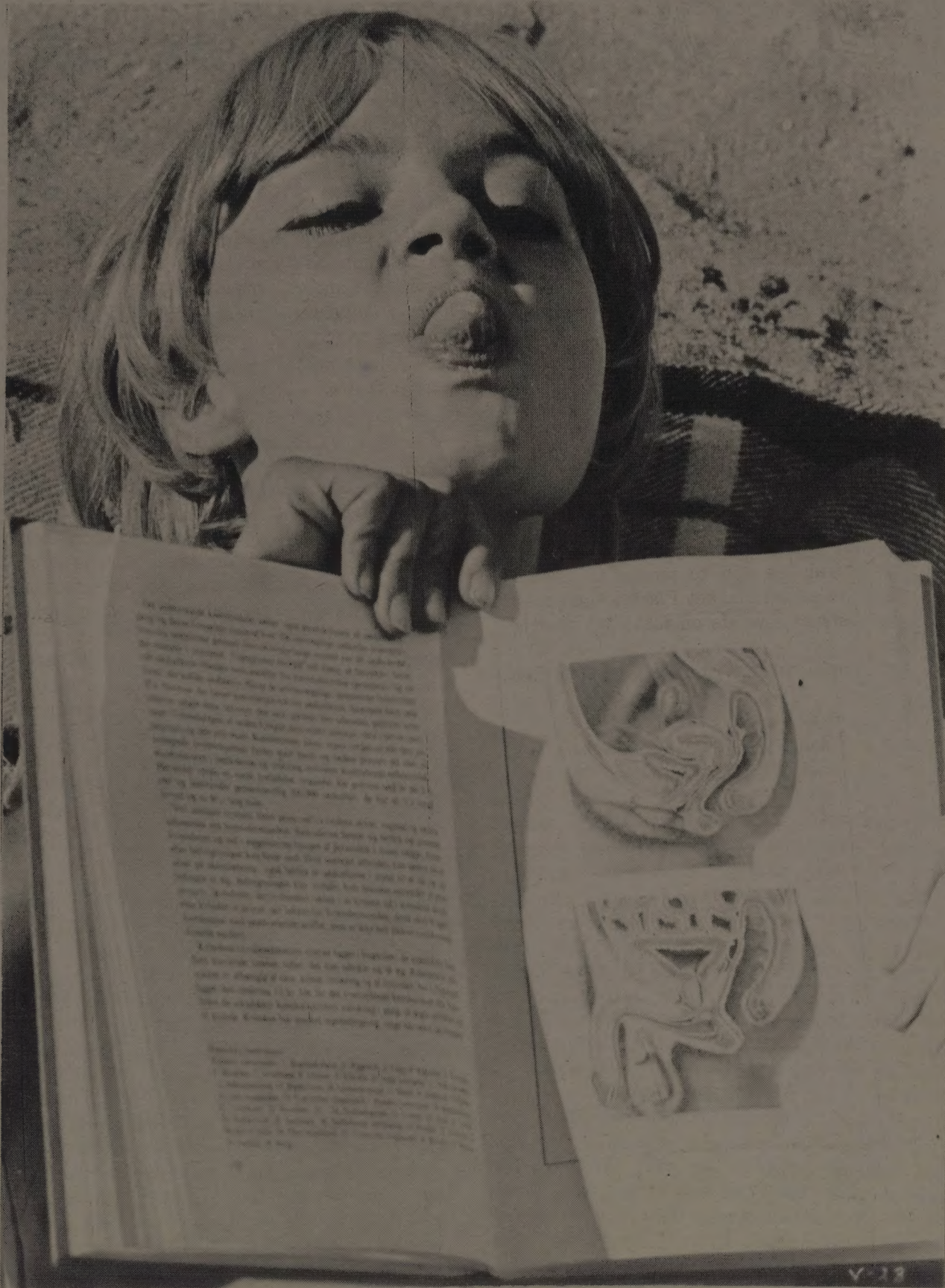
During the course of the hearing, some talk emerged about the possibility of transferring him to another school, but he, Ron Dicks, wants no part of such a deal. "You see," he explains, "I feel that I have a job to do at Taft. Moving to another school wouldn't change anything. I would just move from one racist institution to another."

Last week, some of Taft's students and their parents decided to hold a demonstration to protest the suspension of Dicks and another student leader, Ronald Smith. During the course of the protest, seven pickets found themselves under arrest, two of them needing hospitalization for headwounds.

At this point Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo came onto the scene. He was deeply disturbed by the whole situation. "As far as I can see, the suspension of the kid for distributing literature is based on a technicality and I don't think it is valid at all," he said to the New York Times.

Ron's attorney, Ann Garfinkel, intends to fight the suspensions out in the court. In the meantime, militant High School students all over the City find themselves, at the mercy of arbitrary decisions made by school administrators. Some UFT members are bitter about the support that radical students, white and black, have given to the community in the decentralization fight. And some are seeking revenge.

The teachers union sees itself as a guardian of academic freedom and "due process" in the City school system. (Isn't "due process" after all, what they struck, our schools over last fall?). Yet, UFT members have been remarkably silent and perhaps even complacent, in the violation of academic freedom for New York's school children.





where the hippies have gone

By WALTER BREEN

It's a pleasure once in a while to settle a rumor either by confirming it or by demolishing it for good. This time the rumor was that the Hashbury had moved to the Hawaiian Islands. I spent ten days there during January and can testify that this is where it's building up. No Free Stores, no Free Clinic, no Hip Job Co-op yet, but they will probably be started as soon as enough of the right people settle there, as the vibrations are just about right.

The visitor from the mainland (which is what Hawaii people call the continental USA) is most likely to get his first impressions of Honolulu area at the Domestic Arrivals building in the airport. It is a quite startling sight. There, even as on busy tourist-choked Kalakaua Ave., in Waikiki Beach, you will find more bare feet than sandals, and almost no ordinary shoes; more shorts than long pants; far more long hair than short; nearly as many hip beards, sideburns, or mustaches as hairless faces; almost no female victims of beauty-shops; and almost no socks or neckties, except among the occasional Mafia members (who are seen more often in the Fancy Expensive Hotel districts on the other islands) and the small colony of financial district people. Many of the faces, even when not given to overtly hip barbering, are recognizably from the Haight. In the airport, even as at every allegedly straight gift shop in the islands, you will find locally made love beads (which they call "seed leis," pronounced lays) and other items usually found only in headshops over here. The so-called "aloha spirit," usually explained as "welcome, visitor — you're at home with us," often becomes very close indeed to the vibrations of San Francisco back in 1967.

Sooner or later you'll find your way to the International Market Place, a huge outdoor complex of small bazaars, fronting on Kalakaua Ave., right in the middle of the Fancy Expensive Hotel district in Waikiki Beach. Follow your ears and find Pepperland, without any Blue Meanies. A few feet to left of the main

entrance is a place called the Gauguin. Don't bother going in; you can see and hear the rock groups (some plastic, some good, none yet really great) from the low stone wall just outside, where many of your brothers and sisters will be sitting every evening. Gauguin's management is fairly uptight because it is trying to attract a big-money clientele; yet it has made no fuss about the dozens of rock devotees who are getting the same entertainment free a few yards away, which is just as well. In fact, nobody makes a fuss in the I.M.P. area; The Man is around, uniformed and sometimes in plain clothes, but there has been no hassle. Sometimes if you're standing on the sidewalk outside, he will tell you to move, preferably to go into the actual Market Place grounds, so as not to obstruct tourists on foot; but that is all.

Follow your nose once you're in the Market Place grounds. Also keep your eyes open, look friendly and wait for your brothers and sisters to show up. Some will be wandering around looking for what they used to find on Haight Street; others will show plainly that they've found it. Nobody among the tourists particularly notices day trippers. Some of them are wearing ecstatic garments, often handmade, of the kind you're likely to see only once or twice at a Sheep Meadow be-in. But they're less startling in a city full of "psychedelic" shirts.

Stay off Hotel Street in downtown Honolulu; it is the local equivalent of Times Square or Lower Market Street, complete with gypsies, whores of all three genders, pushers of speed and smack, Mafiosi and assorted con men. On the other hand, near any of the local beaches you'll find real people. Don't judge them by the surfboards — so-called psychedelic stickers are too much of a fad to prove anything about the kids using them. But it is rather mindblowing to find streets looking like Beverly Hills and inhabited by the most amazing ethnic mixtures you could imagine, often redolent of International Joy Smoke. And it

is also mindblowing to find dozens or even hundreds of people introducing themselves in some such fashion as "I'm Larry — I'm Pisces, Aquarius, Cancer," meaning Sun in Pisces, Moon in Aquarius, Cancer rising point — and expecting you to give your own three signs. (If you don't know them, go look up the Goodavage paperback "Write Your Own Horoscope" and follow directions. I was lionized, because I knew the method as well as how to interpret charts). Everybody is into astrology, I Ching, and meditation; many are into the Western Esoteric Tradition as represented by Dion Fortune, perhaps even more now than into Zen or any of the Indian or Japanese systems. There is a Hare Krishna group, and I got well off the ground chanting with them right on the Avenue early one evening.

Black power has not hit the Islands; and in fact the people I met are generally not into politics at all, which is just as well. They are much more concerned with their own heads. Part of that is surfing, which they call "riding the waves;" it's a lot more than a competitive sport, it's a real elemental encounter. I recall that of a group of ten ecstatic surfers I met in Lahaina, Island of Maui, six had Sun in Pisces and the other four either moon or rising point in Pisces, which is a startling confirmation of theory. I'm not into surfing myself, but watching the free films at the camera shop in the I.M.P., and watching surfers in action at several of the beaches, I could get some idea of what they are experiencing, and it's genuinely something more than human in scale and intensity. Year-round proximity to the Pacific Ocean does things to you and doubtless it has contributed to the life style more than anyone even here realizes.

Many of the brethren have moved out of the Honolulu area. (pop. 651,000). There are plenty of isolated little communities where people do their thing in peace and quiet, especially near the North Shore of Oahu island, and on Maui. There one gets away from the godawful little

(Continued on Page 22)

NEWS

Prepared by ELI B. ENZER

Mideast Action Delayed Until Eban Visits U.S.

UNITED NATIONS (EVO) — Knowledgeable sources report that the four power talks on the Mideast will purposely drag on until Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban completes his two visits to Washington later this month.

Eban is expected in Washington about the 12th of this month and then again on about the 21st. No final decisions on the United States position on a Mideast settlement is expected before then.

According to this timetable, the first publically announced sessions of the four powers — the US, USSR, France and England — would be sometime in the week of March 24, or shortly after.

Currently several unannounced and secret sessions are being conducted on a bi-lateral basis, especially between the Nixon administration and the Soviet legations in Washington and here at the United Nations.

But there is also a large element of quarreling over just what the four of them should discuss once they sit at a four-sided table.

French sources said that President Nixon expects to present an American plan which would not dictate to the Israelis or the Arabs, but would seek to persuade.

It was understood from these sources that the Mideast situation was the prime topic of discussion when Nixon and President de Gaulle met earlier this month in Paris. It was also stated that the Mideast was discussed at length during both sessions between the American and French leaders, em-

phasizing the importance that the two nations attach to reaching a peaceful solution to the explosive and malingering crisis.

The recent shelling of the U.A.R. oil tanks in the southern sector near the Suez by Israeli forces after numerous UAR generated shooting incidents was not considered a major new problem but rather an extension of the prevailing tensions.

Late last week, the four powers were reported to be odds with one another over how they should proceed in their talks, and there was an implied threat that the United States may not join in the talks unless certain ground rules were observed. The details of these American proposals were not revealed.

However, indications are that the four powers talks will start probably in April barring any major strategic action by the Arabs or Jews.

Israel, meanwhile has quickly snuffed out her political crisis brought on by the death of Premier Levi Eshkol.

The selection of Mrs. Golda Meir is seen as a compromise solution until elections are held later this fall. The showdown then will be between Moshe Dayan, considered a rightwinger in the context of Israeli politics, and Yigal Allon, now deputy premier.

Israel is a socialist country, and always has been since the East European Jews came back to Palestine. Dayan and Allon, both native born sabras, have very similar qualifications to lead Israel. But Dayan is a man who quit the kibbutz (collective) in favor of the moshav (where the land is owned individually, and that is rightwing in Israel).

Unless Israel is to suddenly change her entire outlook toward development, Allon appears to be the certain winner.

RUSSIA AND CHINA FIGHT FOR RED TITLE

HONG KONG (EVO) — Several factors point to a showdown between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China over the leadership of the red world, analysts here report.

The battle of the Ussuri river even carries the threat of open warfare along the 4,000 miles of border shared by the two nations.

Perhaps coincidentally, the Chinese spelled out their current position in articles in the latest issue of Peking Review, the theoretical journal of the Maoist regime.

Chairman Mao's latest instructions, the Review said, are: "Serious attention must be paid to policy in the stage of struggle-criticism-transformation in the great proletarian cultural revolution."

It also said the instructions were: "In making plans, it is essential to mobilize the masses and see to it that there is enough leeway."

Observers here at China's side door think that Peking has detected a weakness among the Soviet leadership because of Moscow's retreat in Berlin, their relatively mild behavior in Czechoslovakia as well as in their efforts toward disarmament with the United States and the agreement to work toward a Mideast settlement.

These actions are heresy in the Chinese lexicon of values, and merely a sell out to the imperialist forces. By making deals with the imperialists, that is, the Khrushchev line of peaceful co-existence, the Soviet has abdicated its responsibility to international communism.

The Chinese people now are being told to follow "the great policy of grasping revolution and promoting production and other work and preparedness against war."

In the lead article of the Review praise is heaped on two groups who followed Mao's rule: "Our duty is to hold ourselves responsible to the people."

Significantly, one of the groups was praised for risking their lives in a chemical fire in Heilungkiang province, the one which was involved in the Ussuri river fight.

The second group were People's Liberation Army men who lost their lives in a landslide along the Szechuan-Tibet road, that is, near the Soviet border area in Western China.

It is now reported that Chinese troops and militia units are being deployed all along the entire frontier areas (while the Russians are stepping up their civilian defense training).

The coming Moscow-planned conference of world communists, aimed at asserting Soviet leadership, now is fully challenged by the Chinese who apparently feel that Moscow can offer them only limited resistance.

The Chinese people are being told daily that promoting production is like being in a battle; military terminology is the rule for almost all spheres of life.

"There is no construction without destruction," Mao says. "Destruction means criticism and repudiation; it means revolution. It involves reasoning things out, which is construction. Put destruction first, and in the process you have construction."

Mao practises what he preaches, and the evidence of this is the cultural revolution in which Mao risked the established order of his party and his government (and to a much smaller degree, the army) in order to raise the sense of political consciousness of the 700 million Chinese people.

One must accept the premise that Mao is absolutely sincere in his belief that Marxism-Leninism is the solution to world problems or one can not understand the Chinese at all.

The entire cultural revolution was aimed at making the masses selfless — an idea also advocated by Christ among others. Hence the praise of factory workers who risk their lives to save a machine, or soldiers who keep a road open in a landslide, or fight a chemical fire. "Wherever there is struggle, there is sacrifice," Mao says. "When we die for the people, it is a worthy death."

This is what the Chinese people are being taught. Even a casual observer can detect the enormous difference between this philosophy and what is being taught and lived in the Soviet Union.

And which road the communist world chooses to follow will determine, in good part, the course of world history.



OTHER NEWS SWEET LIFE

RUTLAND, Vt. (EVO) — Ma and Pa are still brewing up kettles of maple syrup in defiance of the overwhelming trend toward industrialization of agriculture, a recent report states.

Contrary to the prevailing systems of agrindustrialization, eighty-seven per cent of the maple syrup producers in these United States directly marketed 50 per cent of their sweetness from their own farms. They used other retail outlets to market much of the balance (direct mail and additional roadside stands).

The farmers also provide home delivery. (Imagine the maple syrup man coming by your door every other day!)

The report also found that the better maple syrup — produced primarily in Vermont, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin — was packed by the farmers, while the poor quality drainings were poured into drums to be later packaged by food distributors. Only 54 per cent of the drum syrup was considered of table quality, the researchers from Pennsylvania State University said.

The 46 per cent balance of drum syrup is used in the manufacture of products simply labeled "maple syrup," omitting the word "pure."

The report said "probably in no other agricultural product does such a high proportion of producers retail such a high percentage of the product."

This also means, although the report did not say so, that the farmers — the people who do the work, are getting most of the profits. Middlemen are out.

This phenomenon in maple syrup conflicts with the current pattern in United States farming which is now heavily subsidized (not the syrup farmers) and mechanized which has had the net effect of destroying most of the small farms in America. Flying the banner of efficiency, the United States has created a plastic world of food for America's consumption.

First the soil is stuffed with chemical fertilizers. Then the crops are planted with hybrid seeds which emphasize size rather than nutrition, good looks rather than tastiness. The harvested crops are stored until the price is right (high), with some crops simply left to rot if necessary.

Fruits and vegetables are plucked long before ripeness, crated and shipped in refrigerated vehicles and stored until the supermarkets can put them on the shelves wrapped in plastic packages.

Other foods are canned and injected with chemicals to retard spoilage and destroy taste as well as vitamin values. If one attempts to purchase fresh food, he pays a large premium for the privilege.


The result has been, as several studies reveal, that America is a nation of over-fed people who suffer from malnutrition, or under-fed people who die from malnutrition. Only the joggers survive.

(But for how long? — DA)

UNDER THE APPLE...



JAMES TAYLOR

sings on 

KOKAINE KARMA

the bone-chilling loneliness, isolation, and desperate feeling of urban winter is waning. The villain is a perverted society which ignores ecology, creating as much havoc with our spirits as lifeless water and plastic air rout our bodies. It is time, brothers and sisters, time for A COMING TOGETHER, the rebirth of spirit as we take music out of dark rooms into the freedom of nature. Rock 'n Roll, dope and fucking in the streets are the circus ring attractions of a new culture. Freaks are swarming on the hillsides, toking on the mountain tops and sucking in the streams. Righteous Brother G. C. Crawford, the Oracle Ramos, the Rock of Zenta himself, exhorts us to "Get Down!" "If we can't get it on in 1969, we ain't never gonna get it together."

The seeds of a new culture were watered during the winespilled years of bohemian isolation, tilled through thick pot smoking beat generation wandering through labyrinths of alienation. The first blossom of a positive life style burst out in a psychedelic summer of love. The period of hibernation is over and the separate energy forces are coalescing for a coming together for the second flowering.

Freedom Spring of the Zenta year 1 was coronated at the "Third World Symposium on Drago" sponsored in Buffalo by Mike Aldrich's LeMar (Legalize Marijuana) International. It was domi-

nated by the life style festivities of our society, not by pallid bourgeois panel discussions. The communal energy forces of the Hog Farm, Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers, and Trans Love Energies — MC5 were the power divine of the conference creating a carnival of music, love, dope, dancing, and communication that concluded in a minor orgy which included as participants four White Panther ministers and a notorious Yippie leader.

Rather than the mere mouthings of revolutionary, alternative life styles, the tapestry of the new culture was exhibited as a totality — 24 hours a day (if even days exist anymore) an integrated pattern of behavior pulsated throughout the conference. the Motherfuckers were magnificent, initiating the Socratic dialogue of our times as they challenged anyone whose sociopolitical philosophy was rendered bullshit by contrary action. They drummed out panel discussion when it degenerated into a virtuoso mantra performance session by Allen Ginsberg and what at first appeared to be a table full of his disciples. At that point Archie Shepp, the great black music magician, lifted his arms shouting "more drums," and began singing as the Hog Farmers snake danced with and through the audience. A set by the MC5 was so intense that Jerry Rubin abandoned rhetoric for dancing, he and

Nancy leaping out of their minds into their bodies.

Pun Plamondon, White Panther Minister of Defense, greeted the militant midget leader of the University of Buffalo student revolt as the crazed Rubin's bodyguard.

White Panther Buttons have honkie hexes.

After the drug conference, the Hasidic guerrilla joined the Kokaine Karma Conspiracy and over 2,000 freaks for the final midwestern appearance of the MC5 held at the Detroit Grandee Ballroom. (The 5, a gang of American deviants, will be shaking out the shit, tromping over turds at numerous sex worshipping sock hops for our neighbors up and down the west coast.) Invited by the band to speak, the media master and most successful movement tactician, who is, ironically, about to be indicted for conspiracy in the Chicago pig riots, brought the aware, young crowd to its feet, screaming and shaking clenched fists as he ended his short power-charged speech with "The more I hear music, the more I want to dance, and the more I dance, the more I want to make revolutions."

Benefits for underground newspapers are meeting places for the community. Dances held last month in Chicago for the Seed and Ann Arbor Argus were the successful focal points of peoples'

combined energies. They turned into ecstatic, religious events. Feeling is Believing.

"... so all must say in their hearts I must learn to do all things with the love for the art form will it happen on earth? how can I live to see its life or how may I better its chance of ever happening. Music painting writing and inventions are the forerunners, these such tools help to make the art life equal for all for me music allows one to integrate on all social living and it is this form of living I hope to live the art form of living.

Ornette Coleman

Records albums are artifacts of our culture. They document the most effective means of communication-music. A new quartet of spiritual explosions have been allowed to reach the people by the hipper heretic moguls who because they control the entertainment business, almost control our music. Impulse has just released that label's first Ornette disc. The great innovator of modern music, Ornette encouraged by the challenge of his son, a twelve-year old drummer who debuted at the age of 10 on his father's The Empty Nox-hole for BlueNote, and the direction-value-force of music on the liner notes.

"Ornette Denardo is hard to keep up with if you don't tell him what to do. The most valued element in today's music is the many free forms not having a place you must return to end what one plays or sings this to me is the New Music one who likes to play or hear their music return at a given time or bar might be missing their most rewarding thoughts and feelings having to train their expression with a clock and number form. No form in music causes one to play bad it's the limit of one's own form that puts one on the side line of performing. I must write to those who read these notes that whatever our difference may be I am sure if we learn to make the art form of living for all we'll have less to be without and a life of perfection to live by.

Ornette Coleman, 1969

Our music will bring us together.

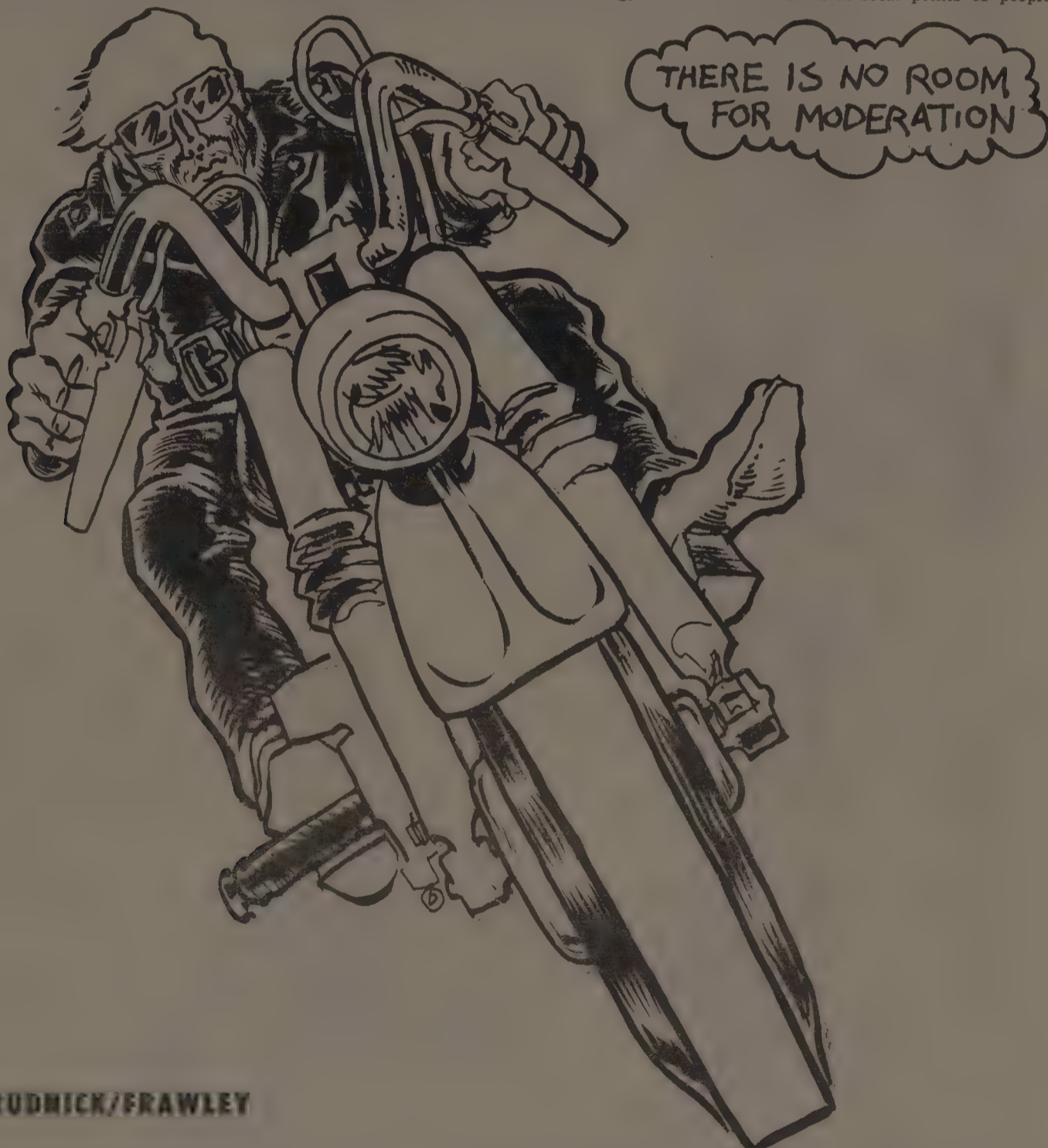
FEEL Sun Ra's "Nothing Is," his third record of ESP. FEEL the new Jewish Joseph Jarman album, his second for Bob Koesters's Delmark label. Impulse's third Albert Ayler release, New Grass, which includes a new version of "Ghosts" ranks in importance with Coltrane's albums Pharoah Sanders' "Tauhid," and the works of Ornette, Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp and Mike Manter's Jazz Composition Orchestra must be played on every progressive rock FM station in the country and purge the pop columnists of all their nonsense drivel. Ayler is a religious man — who has fused spiritual exhaltations, the excitement, intensity, passion, intimacy and wit of soul, funky jazz, gospel, rock, bebop, rhythm and blues and avant-garde sounds into a harmonic new form, a dynamic direction for music. He plays tenor, sings, and uses electric bass, a soul chorus and universal melodies to infuse a spiritual message of "love, peace, and understanding!" "Harmony" It is holy music that tickles the archetypes of our cells. You can feel the body reacting to it. "We must get ourselves together soon or there will be nothing left."

REJOICE, Brother, GET DOWN! COME TOGETHER! The kids, niggers, freaks, scum and lunatics are doing it all over the world. Getting their energy forces working with each, the intergalactic world brain. We are One. Our collective strength is to the tenth power beyond the sum of our individual strengths. Creative Explosion. Everywhere people are doing it, throwing

Meanwhile, viva is helping to demolish the Hollywood industry by starring out there in the first major studio (prestige foreign director) production made entirely with any union-operation. We can say no more.

The astonishing Brigid Polk, titan of television and cinema, is becoming New York's best known artists' artist. She is shy of exhibiting, but among the latest projects of the Big B are the Famous Cocks Trip Book (hard-edge outlines) and the Famous Come Trip Book (stained and signed pages) and the Draw-With-

(Continued on Page 20)



BY RUDNICK/FRAWLEY

up the bullshit. Just people, taking control of Their Own Lives, flushing away all the honky crap. People are getting their lives together. They're fucking sterile, decaying cultures in the hairy ass. They're fucking them in high schools, cities, colleges, countries, dance halls, government buildings, army bases, and counties. Pass on all their rigid, geometric, glass and steel institutions. We are creating a new culture. We are relearning the existence of our souls. IT'S TIME TO TESTIFY!

Nico, chanteuse of the surreal, has come home from Europe with the new surrealist cinema in her pretty pocket. She turned down

a big role in Fellini's new film, "The Satyricon" because the whole Dolce Vita-time machine enterprise struck her as "dirty." Instead, she is doing a film for Philippe Garrel, dynamite young French surrealist whose first big film, "Virgin's Bed," features the beautiful Pierre Clementi (of Bunuel's "Belle de Jour" & Bunuel's new "Milky Way" & Bertolucci's "Partner" — one of the crucial stars along with Jean-Pierre Leaud, of the European revolutionary cinema). Garrel joins Nico in New York shortly and they will start the first 70-mm (!) spacy crazy movie in Manhattan and go on to finish it in six Southwestern deserts. Yes . . .

EMANATIONS ART

WITH ELFRIDA RIVERS

In this column, questions will be considered relating to magic, spiritualism, occultism, witchcraft, astrology, and similar matters. Questions which, for reason of length or general interest, cannot be answered in this column, will be given a personal answer if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, in care of the EAST VILLAGE OTHER.

Q—Will taking L.S.D. help to develop my psychic powers? R.J.

A—Dear R.J. — I suppose that depends on whether you have any psychic powers to develop. However, in general I would say that the careful use of L.S.D. can be one way — not the only way, perhaps, or the best way, but definitely one way — to enhance or develop such powers.

I suspect that LSD, like other similar drugs, simply turns off the conscious mind. Many people, even those who are extremely psychic, are prevented from using their full powers because they are skeptics or because their conscious mind is continuously questioning, intellectualizing and rationalizing what is happening. The psychic faculties are functions of the deeper consciousness. A watched pot, they say, never boils; and especially the more intelligent psychic in this society where we are trained to use our "reason" constantly) tends to watch himself continually to see what he is doing. A little intelligent skepticism is a good thing; it keeps one from being naive or credulous. But the person who is continually asking himself "Did that really happen, or did I just imagine it?" or "Is there any possible rational explanation for what happened?" or even "Am I going to be able to be psychic?" will switch off his psychic powers as fast as he turns them on. That is why the ordinary person cannot just say "I want to be clairvoyant" sit down, open up and be clairvoyant. Some method must be used to turn off the ordinary, everyday conscious reasoning conscious) psychic facilities of the mind. This is probably why Rhine, in his ESP laboratory, gets such equivocal results and why even good psychics tend to "go stale" after weeks of laboratory experimentation; they get anxious, bored, or overstrained.

Some people can turn off their consciousness by means of meditation and mental stillness. I am convinced that all the different "methods" of psychic training are just this — different people have discovered, by trial and error, ways which work, for them, of turning off the "ordinary" consciousness and opening up the inner consciousness. They believe they will work for other people, and teach them, and before you know it another "occult school" has opened up!

LSD tends to turn off pre-conceived notions of what a person can, or can't do. There is a very good book called LSD, THE PROBLEM-SOLVING PSYCHEDELIC, which illustrates this particular facet of LSD very well. I don't want to get involved in the arguments pro and con about LSD. Suffice it to say that I can think of no rational reason for NOT taking LSD except that the "powers that be" can put you in jail for it. However, some occultists — Meher Baba, the Maharishi, and such people — insist that taking drugs prevents any occult achievement. My reply would simply be that this is a free country and they are entitled to their opinion. Certainly there are other ways of psychic development; and in an Eastern culture, without the stiffly ingrained "scientific" and "rational" brainwashing given to European and American children, such dynamite mind-blasting techniques as LSD may not even be necessary. However, for a certain type of mind reared in the strait-jacket of a normal American middle-class or lower-class education, the gentle techniques of meditation and

(Continued on Page 21)

NEW VOLCANO FOUND
UNDER MODERN MUSEUM

by ALEX GROSS

The relations between the Modern Museum and the protesting artists are entering a more crucial stage. Although the artists are doing their best to show patience and understanding for the museum's position, there is every indication that its curators are doing their best to ignore the artists and the problems they have raised. Recently the artists sent the museum a letter listing only those points which could be answered with a simple yes or no by the museum. Not only did the museum withhold this simple yes or no, they also chose to interpret the letter as meaning that any points not listed were no longer at issue. Actually, very much the reverse is true — many new points have now been added to the original ones, involving not only nepotism in the museum-gallery network but misuse of museum space and funds. As the protest against the museum is a deep and growing one, it is not surprising that new ideas should be gathered as the movement expands — all these points and others will soon be raised at the public hearings.

The protest against the museum is growing and will continue to grow on every level throughout the country. Last week's eminently fair article by Grace Glueck in the New York Times has brought many offers of support, and it is more than clear to everyone except the Modern that the time is ripe to discuss changes on a broad public basis. Much remains to be done, and artists and critics alike are digging in for a long struggle which will not be won in a single demonstration.

At a time when the Modern Museum ought to be listening carefully to what is going on, they would appear to be making preparations to brand all dissenting artists as philistines and ruffians — they are also busy writing subtly cajoling letters to individual artists in an attempt to create dissension among them. This is a fatal mistake, and it is to be hoped that there are people on the museum staff who will realize this in time. But apparently there are others who believe that the art world will simply go on in its old superficial manner at the very moment when it is ready to erupt in change.

What is the general public likely to make of this contest of wills, which will surely escalate in the months to come? What are art-lovers, art-buyers, and (if one dare mention them) art-dealers likely to conclude when they learn that the great majority of working artists no longer has any trust or respect for the Modern Museum? The Modern has striven for almost forty years to build up the position of immense power and prestige it now enjoys, yet all of this may be irrevocably altered in a few week's time by the intransigence and unwisdom of the museum's directorate. Left with its per-

(Continued on Page 22)



photo by: Lee Kleinberg

EGOTZ'S



MAN'S RISE TO CIVILIZATION as shown by the Indians of North America from Primevil times to the coming of the Industrial State. By Peter Farb.

by DON KATZMAN

Unlike Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" which bestows upon the Indian a cloak of romantic nonsense that applauds them for their unwarlike instincts and non-competitiveness or Andrew Jackson's denunciation of the Red Man as a "heathen soul" who should be eradicated for their inability to assimilate, Peter Farb's knowledge of the American Indian is at all times an understanding of a disappearing culture which were human in all things pertaining to their own existence and to those of an alien civilization. This is one of the many aspects that makes Peter Farb's book a brilliant account of the history of a culture and that which destroyed it. His ideas are fundamental of a common sense variety, yet filled with a great antropological knowledge and feeling for the Indian heritage. From the very beginnings of chapter I, Farb lays the foundations of the Indian's innocence in his confrontation with White civilization.

"Some of them paint their faces, some their whole bodies, some only the nose. They do not bear arms or know them, for I showed to them swords and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance."

Other chapters follow in sequence, from the growth of the primevil band to the complexities of nationhood, with great literary clarity and a grasp of basic facts.

Farb's theory is that the Indian's rise to and fall from civilization was inherent in the culture that the Indian himself had adopted or created and not because of such things as environment, which can either limit or expand the possibilities for a culture, nor theories such as ascribed to by Freud, Benedict and Lorenz which are highly personal, individualistic and "white oriented." Farb's approach is also a group approach. It is encompassed in the idea that great men do not give rise to great civilizations but that great cultures give rise to men whose civilizations have given them the ability to create what needs to be created.

Another factor which adds to the brilliance of Farb's literary excavation of the Indian culture of North America in his interwoven tale of a great and enduring tragedy. Western civilization is a word in Farb's book that we must use sparingly when confronted with the barbarity of the White man. To state that the Indian, in general, was barbaric, is another jingoism inherent in the White man's propaganda. The Cherokee who inhabited the lands of North Carolina and Tennessee had adapted to the White man's culture with great swiftness and in doing so amassed great wealth as though they themselves had invented the theory of Capitalism. They were a highly literate people with a gift for trade and agriculture but with their own customs and religion. The White man, in Washington, as well as in their own home states, denied these people the right to

their inheritance. They forced the Cherokee from their homes, confiscated their lands and wealth which consisted of "22,000 cattle, 7,600 houses, 46,000 swine, 2,500 sheep, 762 looms, 1,488 spinning wheels, 2,948 plows, 10 saw mills, 31 grist mills, 62 blacksmith shops, and 18 schools," and force-marched them westward to settle among hostile elements while barbarically reducing their numbers through starvation and disease. These last two tactics were commonly used by the White man to deplete the ranks of the Indian warriors. As early as 1763, Lord Jeffrey Amherst, his Majesty's commander of the British forces in North America, used the disease of small pox to defeat Pontiac and his Ottowan braves — the first record in Western civilization of the use of biological warfare.

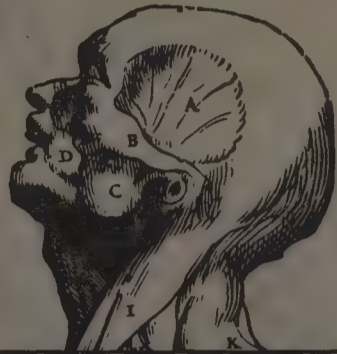
The final phase of Farb's book is a pointed and direct inquiry into why civilizations fail or are lost forever to Humanity. It is also a scathing attack upon the White man's civilization. In the last chapter of Farb's book entitled "Societies under Stress" the quote from Chief Black Hawk's surrender speech to his American conquerors is one that sums up the Indian tragedy as well as the white man's.

"The changes of fortune and vicissitudes of war made you my conqueror. When my last resources were exhausted, my warriors, worn or down with long and toilsome marches, yielded, and I became your prisoner . . . I am now an obscure member of a nation that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The pathway to glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on yours, and that you may never experience the humiliation that the power of the American government has reduced me to, is the wish of him who, in his native forests, was once as proud as you."

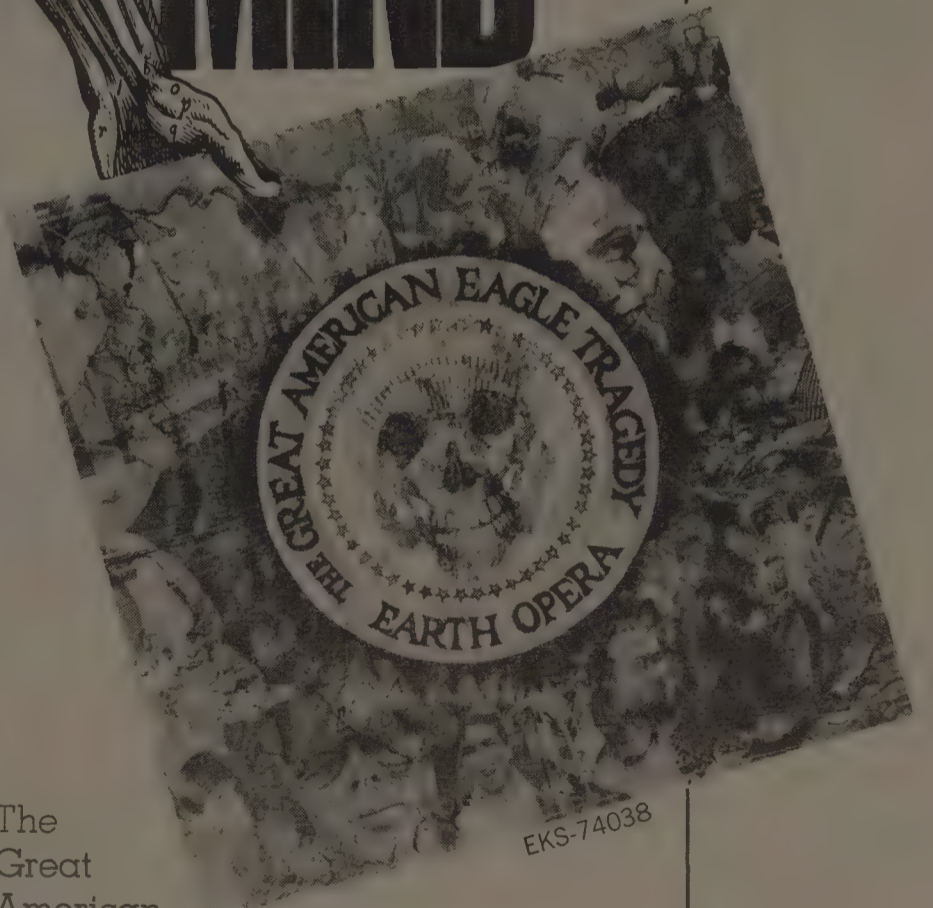
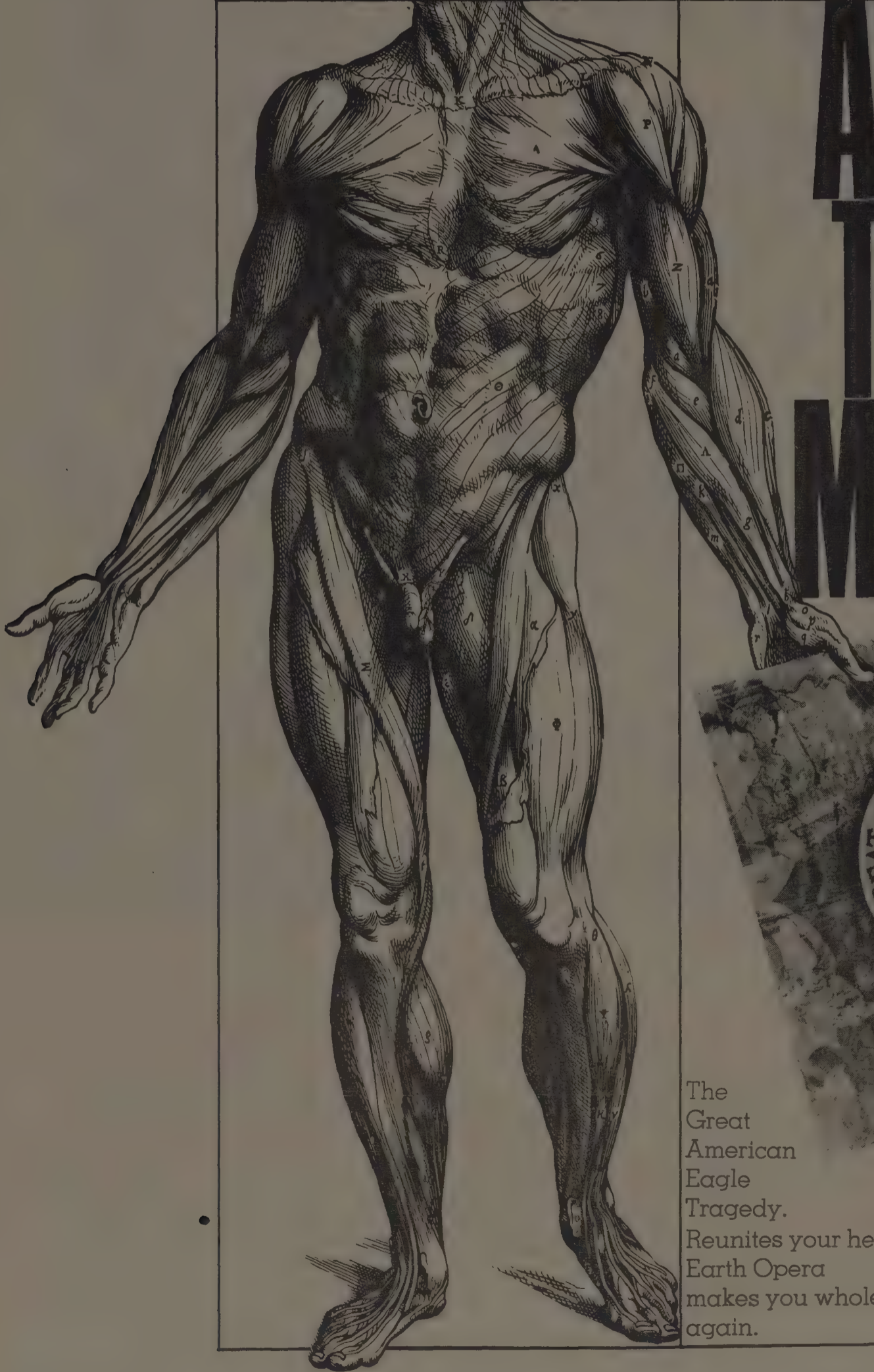
If we do not have records that reveal the Indian's own barbarity on as large a scale as the White man, it is not because he was unwarlike but because the Indian never attained as much political control over a diversity of people as had his conquerors. If we hear of tales of the Indian's generosity to their own and to the White man, it is not because he was ignorant but because the Indian's status, wealth and prestige depended upon how much he could give away to others and cared little for the fortune he could amass in a lifetime. If what He gave the world was the legacy of a vast agricultural produce and medicinal herbs, it was not because he was altruistic, but simply because He had to grapple first with the environment in the best way He knew how. If we find that what little is left of Him is disappearing from the face of the earth, it is not because He is broken in spirit or still believes in the divinity of hallucination by the use of alcohol and peyote, but because the White man does not believe in the preservation of other cultures but his own. It is Peter Farb's contention that we must preserve what is left of these and other cultures.

"To do nothing now is to let our children lament that they never knew the magnificent diversity of mankind because our generation let disappear those who might have taught them."

THE BODY



AND THE MIND



EKS-74038

The
Great
American
Eagle
Tragedy.
Reunites your head and heart.
Earth Opera
makes you whole
again.



A Stan Brakhage Premier

transcribed by: Bob Parent



I feel a brief introductory explanation would be helpful to those readers who have not yet had the opportunity to see these new films by Stan Brakhage. They were premiered at a Sunday morning Cinematheque presentation at the Elgin Theater in New York on February 23, 1969. Brakhage personally introduced each film and answered questions after the screenings. "The Horseman, the Woman and the Moth" is a hand-painted film. "Love-Making" has four parts: a man and woman making love, dogs making love, two men making love, and the romping of nine naked young children doing their thing. Jack Ebratt and myself (both from Millenium Film Workshop), sitting in different locations and, unfortunately, at some distance from the front corner where Brakhage sat and spoke, each taped his comments. I worked from both tapes to transcribe this and occasionally there was noise simultaneously on both tapes. Missing or indistinct words and/or interpretations are italicized and in parentheses. Because he spoke spontaneously I eliminated those pauses, ah's, etc. that were not needed. Otherwise the text is verbatim.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO THE SCREENING OF HIS FIRST FILM:

"This is the premier of both of these films. First is 'The Horseman, the Woman, and the Moth'. And, this is the case, to me, where it is the first myth since 'Dog Star Man' that I have made. And it is a film where I have made a hundred and eighty-one frames, hand painted, using pen and ink techniques, and growing molds in oil film, and crystallization, building crystals, or rather crystal structures, the whole gamut of chemical reactions. Whatever

are then played upon, this 6 seconds film is then extended in this play on them to about 25 minutes. And the major source of inspiration, musically, here is, the harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. But the film itself is silent, for inasmuch as I feel that transference has come for me all the way over into the visual. In a way, these 180 keys could have been played upon, ah, forever. I think they would not have stood up forever, these particular 180 images (?) playing on forever. But at least I exhausted them for myself in this series of themes and variations of themselves. But as they involved content, visual content, in a way that music does not, they also tell a story. So that it would be hard to see, follow through all these stories in one single viewing this morning. But it, my sense of it is that they contain, many, many stories, I might say a thousand and one; I can say that there were 96 absolute stories that I was following in editing them. And also these stories will have variations within them. But it is a new concept of story I'm speaking of here and, the whole of it in that sense (it) might be myth. So, anyway, I've told you now the working procedures of it and whether it succeeds in this or not I don't know. But we will see it now."

"The second film is named 'Love-Making' I think the word here is cause, some of you may already know this first section of this film that was finished the first section was finished about 8:00 P.M. on Feb. 23 and this was released by the Press in 8mm—was shot in 16—by 20th Century Fox. It came through their booth and then, since that happened, I added 5 more sections to this film so it

Following the conclusion of the screenings, part of the audience started to leave before Jonas Mekas announced that Stan Brakhage would answer questions from the audience. There is considerable interference on both tapes at the beginning of this section and, at various other points, a question or comment evoked sustained laughter that carried into the ensuing sentence. The first question was almost completely obliterated but Stan repeated its essence in the beginning of his reply.

Brakhage: "She asked about if I always set myself very formalistic experiments. Ah, I don't like the word experiments because it doesn't mean anything to me or problem either. I like the word problem even less."

Q: "There must not be one movement or one, one fragment of the composition that isn't necessary in the making of the film so that every part of the screen or every cut or everything must be of the perfection of movement as we come to expect from, say, baroque or rococo or the first. So in that sense I'm sort of

them extended for various lengths and in various orders through the labs. And then I have taken and followed (in) these images what they told me they needed in developing; and so that then stories that arise out of these combinations of images, arise from the nature of the material itself; and even in the making of the original hundred and eighty some pictures, I follow very much that one line engenders another line and one shape evokes another shape and I follow along the line of, of . . . in that way. But formally, I mean in that just simply in the sense that there be no shape or no line or no extension of the shot, even by one frame, that I don't feel is essential in the making. So, in that sense, I'm a formalist . . . Yes?"

Q: "Stan, I was interested in what your relationship was to the children; that is, to what extent they were aware, ah, what was happening during

B: "Well, they were aware. Actually what happened is 5 of the children are Brakhages and 4 boys came to visit. And so, particularly for me

against it. I mean they had all taken off all their clothes and were dancing on the bed in the bedroom. And their parents and Jane and I came in and looked a little and came out. And then I went up and got my camera and went . . . As when we came in and looked, they kind of got a little embarrassed or hesitated in their play. But then, ah, because there was no censorship, they go on doing what they're doing, as children will in any activity where there is no censorship. So I went up and got the camera and I went in. Now this is another problem when the camera comes in. I was amazed that it wasn't more of a problem for the 4 visiting boys. For my own children, they have seen the camera as such a common thing in the house constantly aimed at them and everything else, that it's

feet of taking a drink of water or whatever. I mean, the camera is just quite often around. But the 4 visiting boys at first, ah did slow down the whole activity and they became a little self-conscious. But I have an ability too, because I also so much assume the activity in cinematography is natural. I have this ability to see

brakhage

(Continued from Page 17)

the camera and I did not seek to cut out those shots where you see them look directly into the lens or whatever, where they're aware that they are being photographed. But I must say that, that finally, as this went on for 3 hours in the original, after a half hour or so, ah, they're just having their game. And for instance, one thing you would think might have been staged for the camera would be where the sheet was put up where all stood against the wall. And then the boy who was beginning to assume the leadership, the oldest boy, Aaron, puts up the sheet and then pulls it off and then they begin to jump up and down. But they did this 8 or 9 times. This was part of the ritual and they repeated all these, oh, actions at least 8 or 9 times. They went through the musical thing. They went through the tearing the alligator and the teddy bear and so on, tearing at these totem animals. They, in fact, recapitulated the whole history of of a kind of primitive sex worship and it was astonishing. They were almost embarrassingly symbolistic rites. And they repeated these so that in 3 hours they had repeated most of these activities several times. So that my only thing in editing was to, ah, make it essentially one and then give some sense that it was repeating. It has to be longer than would make a jazzy film, for instance, to be true to the occasion. I could make a much jazzier film by having it much shorter. But that would be untrue to one essential quality of such a play among children. Which is that it is incredibly frustrating that the ritual cannot go beyond a certain point. Not for censorship but simply for organic reasons. I mean that, ah, that no hard-ons develop so at some point it continues to be a ritual. And it, this, in fact, shapes the ritual formalistically. Talking about formalism, I mean, the children are most natural, naturally extremely formalistic. And yet there's no frustration, I mean, because they have no expectation. It isn't that it's frustrating so much, the experience, but that it goes on and on and hasn't yet reached through, so it's all a piece of that natural frustration that children have that they have not yet grown up. That they have not inherited some of the potentialities they will have as adults. So to be true to the occasion, the film must carry this continuance of these jumpings and that you have these breaks and these fall-outs where no one quite knows what to do, and then they come back at it again. But essentially, of course, I compounded the 3 hours into, ah, 15 minutes. And I don't think having the camera there altered significantly what they were doing. Because, as a matter of fact before I began to photograph, and then after, it went on and I peeked in the room when they didn't even know I was looking and they were doing the same. I think that the film speaks for . . . this too, that they don't look, they look remarkably free of concern of being photographed which is, I think, a sign of their health. . . . Yes?"

Q: (from a girl in her early 20's) "Why is it that women play such a passive role in the film? Erotically and sexually . . . the woman is always on the bottom when they're making love. (The audience laughter that erupted after the second part of her question was sufficiently prolonged that neither tape caught the rest of her questions. They attacked Brakhage's lack of imagination in love-making and the absence of a sequence of love-making between women. We were sitting about midway between the girl and Brakhage and we had difficulty hearing so that it is probable that he was unable to hear the final parts of the question as he did not answer them; and inasmuch as he answered everything else I feel this was the reason for his failure to answer these parts of her questions.)

B: "Well, I'll tell you, this could be embarrassing but I'll try to be as honest as I can. (. . .) I mean, for myself, ah, I had, as with all films I make, a real urgency to make this film. And it seemed to me most strange that I should need to be a voyeur of another man and woman making love. Ah, it seems most strange that a person who is not love-making should be in that room with, with the man and woman making love. But that, too, is perhaps my prejudice. But I'm just telling you. I'm not giving you a social platform but only telling you what my own—perhaps you can call hang-ups—or anything are in this way. I needed to see this because, ah, in my own life there was so much mystery and obscurity from the first emerging of sexuality as a child and, and, in my teens certainly, as to what love-making was in any sense. I mean that anything else has images you can see, rather available, to gain some sense of your own developing life form in relationship too. But in sex, certainly when I was younger, not, and then as I, for instance, my relation with my wife—that we make love very simply and have this terror that that we are square because we don't assume a lot of Yogic positions in love-making

and we may be missing the greatest experience in life, or something, I mean, this is the assumption that comes socially at you at this time. I mean, only . . . only one reason. . . that's just one, one actually rather superficial reason for the need to see others love-making. And I needed also that it would be two people who, I felt, loved each other in a way that was related too, to how Jane and I love each other, ah, but that I had no idea, of course, how they have sex. And then, of course, I needed that they trust me, I mean, this was no easy thing at all. It was terribly hard for all of us. And it was, ah, many hours, before, ah, I could get at all easy enough in the room with them, or they with me, to try to do this. This was really a very painful and very difficult thing for us to do because I, I did not have the need myself to, to make an exhibitionistic sex film, I mean, to go to people who could exhibit sex for me and make them film. Now, I may later want to do that. But at this time in my life I needed only to see something of what . . . So I was amazed, that their love-making was as simple and after as, as it is, and I mean, and after we had some (sort) of images, then we were sitting, I still kind of atremble, and they, too. We were sitting, they were naked and I felt embarrassed to be clothed and yet it seemed also absurd that I should take off my clothes. . . . No, but seriously, I, I want, you know, that they anyway that I asked them with the utmost timidity, I said, I realize that you don't make love ordinarily with, with myself photographing you. But when you do, alone, make love, is it more or less like, ah, like what I have photographed here? And, and I mean, when they said yes, this was a great revelation to my life. You understand? But others who loved, ah, ah, and whom I respected in their love and who have a child and, you know, that Jane and I weren't unusually neurotic because we cannot, ah, feel the need to do all kinds of things . . . I mean, we experiment in love-making too, I'm making no moral say . . . I have nothing against it. It's just that I'm talking now about my own personal life, being as honest as I can. And why my need for it to make this first section and what it revealed to me. In a way, it . . . it brings both Jane and I to then see what else we might do because we were not somehow in the wrong, that simply that we like . . . for instance, Jane does not LIKE to be on top. Just doesn't. And I kept thinking: Oh, she's hung up. Because she doesn't like to be on top. And ah, I mean, ah, it's all ruined and our whole life is . . . But she just doesn't like it. And so on, as a matter of fact. . . . I don't particularly care really finally I can find out—I don't particularly care, that's all—I'm always on top. But does this mean that it's a symbol that I'm suppressing the woman or something in the 20th century? I think not . . . Any others?"

Q: "How did you make the splices in the first film?"

B: "In the first film I A and B'd, ah, made A-B rolls because it was almost necessary, it has so many splices in it. It has so many more than you would be aware of so that slight movements of the body were edited, ah, very much actually more perfectly than I think they should have been. I, I mean, I feel in a way there is, of the 4 films, there is a slight evasion in the first one."

Questioner: "No, I meant the first film that you showed."

B: "Oh, the first film I showed. This is between every frame. Well, of course the superimposition parts of it were A and B but the whole first 10 minutes had 2 frames black between every shot. And this is one way to (hyphen?) the, ah, splice and also, of course, it sets up its own rhythm so that there are—I shouldn't say there are 2 frames black—there are 2 to 8 frames black, even later a foot of black in places. So that, but always there are 2 frames black between each image where it's on a single roll. And then in the A and B it was so too, because the A and B was used for superimposition. Not for hiding splices."

Q: "Like, ah, the rhythm that you found in that first film, ah, you mentioned this before about baroque music that, ah, you definitely find obviously, you do. Your relationship is almost a mathematical relationship between music and, you know, the frame sequence used in film-making."

B: "Well, it's that I don't come at it actually by mathematics so much . . ."

Q'er: "Not mathematics, I don't mean that. But I mean the fact that there are like bars and there are frames, you know."

B: "I'll tell you what the main source of inspiration from Scarlatti is in the first film—is that to me it

is one of the very greatnesses of an artist that he can take, as Scarlatti did, I mean, maybe you don't know the story of Scarlatti—that he was a failure all his life as a composer because he was overshadowed by his father, Alessandro, in Italy. And he was considered, you know, the poor son of the great man. And so finally his father helped arrange to get him a post in Spain where he would be away from all this. So at the age of, I think around 40, he went to the Spanish court and he was hired as, you know, one of these to help them masturbate, that is, or go to sleep or whatever as he played music and they'd feel better, or whatever. He was just hired for that job, to be the harpsichordist for the court. But he, when suddenly limited to these keys on this harpsichord and to a very distinct style, actually, of his own person, that is, he limited himself to his limitations. Then he mixed, ah, what we now know there's 600 and some sonatas that are all very much alike and yet each utterly different. He spent his whole last 20 years then composing in this field. And, to me, this is a greatness of an art. Ah, so the inspiration was to see, limited to a certain number of frames, how much could this, ah, be played upon and how much and how many different stories could come out with the simplest means. And I'm also very involved in baroque music because I feel that it just naturally is close kin to, to qualities of, ah, physiological sight. The way the eyes flash rhythms in memory is so close to our baroque era. Now it would be hard for me to say whether this is because we all so much inherit the rhythms of the baroque, or which I think is more true because the baroque was true to an organic, ah, ah, nervous necessity of man. Certainly, at least, to Western man. And so, when it comes to rhythms with film, I think immediately Bach and Scarlatti are the greatest sources always of inspiration on any editing that I do. And to the extent that vision can have musical possibilities, visual-musical possibilities, I think, for me at least, this is the center of inspiration."

Jonas Mekas: "We have only . . . for one more question, time."

Q: "In the first film, were all the combinations of images within a single frame done through superimposition in A and B roll and if so, through how many rolls? And if not, was printer bi-packing of images involved?"

B: "There is one bi-pack shot in it, and that is quite close to the end where, where I not only bi-pack but pile-up frames. I ordered this in the lab and that's where it whites out like that. And then . . ."

Q: "Was this done on an optical printer or is this contact printing?"

B: "Optical printing, a much optical printing was done, but most of it was simply to take these 180 frames and which were made on 35mm, optically print them down to 16. And then in a series of the following variations, I mean, they were like, I'd say, print every frame twice, every frame 4 times, every frame 6, every frame 8. And then in editing, I even piled up some of these 8 frames so we'd have even longer. But it was really to give me a variety of length to work with. And then I did a few other things. Ah, the first 10 minutes are single roll, with nothing but these varieties of timings involved. And the orders of the 180 frames really doesn't vary much. I pretty much took the original order, as I'd hand painted it on 35mm, as a melody. So that I vary it only in the sense that a melody is varied—that the major melody is varied in a theme and variations piece. So I don't rely on much to get my, my, many stories here, or my many evolutions. And one could rely on much more. For instance, I have only barely scratched this field for myself. But I want to see what the minimal would be. And then the last 10 minutes involved superimposition of 2 rolls only, of this material in again varieties of rhythmic compounds and again staying fairly close to the original melody or original order of 180 frames. I guess that's all there's time for. (Applause)

Jonas: "We have to vacate the theater so we cannot stay longer. Thank you and . . ." (Applause)

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ginsberg

(Continued from Page 7)

interesting. I can take it and function normally but it is very heavy.

EVO — To me an acid trip is still something that I choose to prepare myself for. I prefer to be attuned to myself for the particular trip that I am about to take. But then there is such an indiscriminate, or rather what would seem to me to be indiscriminate use of acid that I often wonder as to the wisdom of my preference.

AG — Perhaps that's the better way to handle it — indiscriminately. I never did it indiscriminately.

EVO — I did and functioned quite well, but then to me a trip is so much more than just functioning.

AG — That already amounts to a generation's experience. From 1945 to 1969 is a quarter of a century. 1945 was when Huxley published his book. I first took peyote in 1951.

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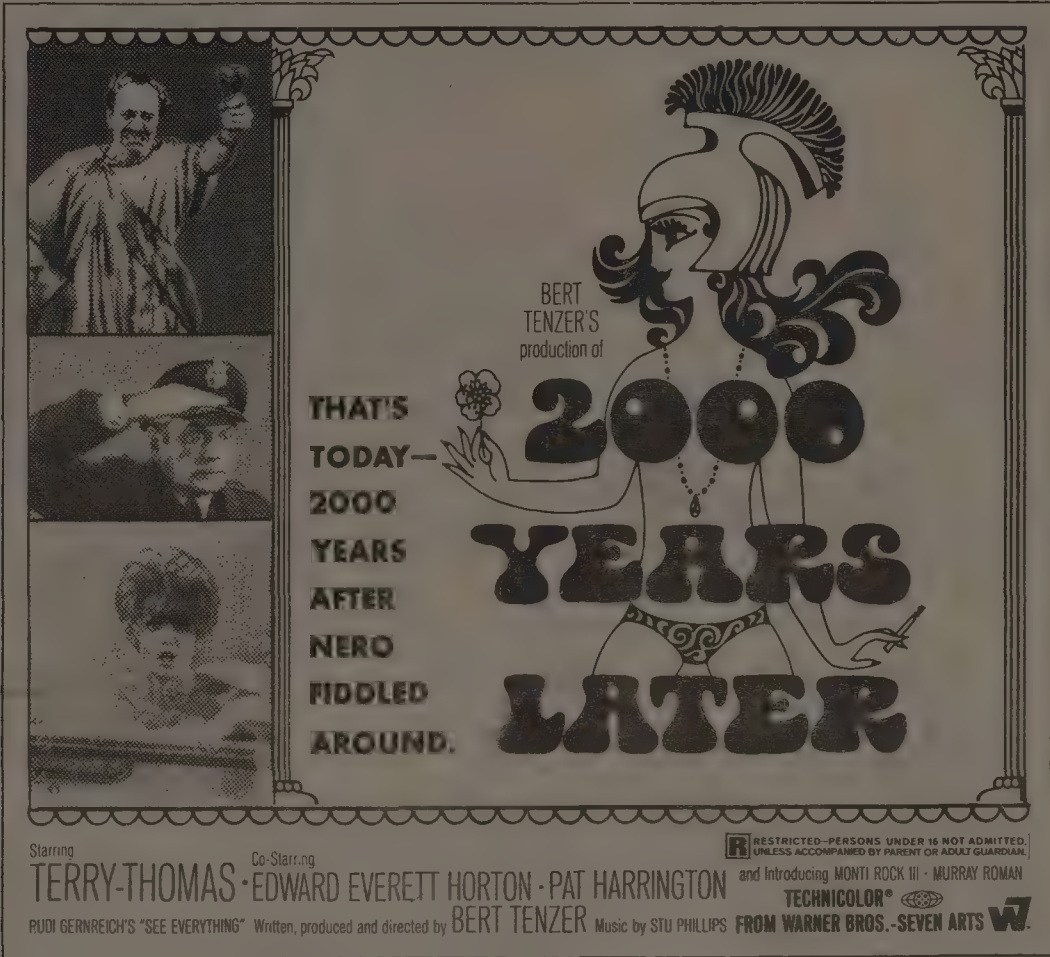
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karma (Continued from Page 12)

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The American Legion is a right wing front for the Mattachine Society. It provides a place for booze gulling, honky fag fetishists to hang-out.

An "erotica festival" will be held in New York City, April 13 and 14. Coordinated by the elusive Lita Eliscu, sex crazed creator of columns in The East Village Other and Argus, the genitally directed duo of days will feature porn, lights, music, dance, film, theater in multi-mixed sensual phantasmagoria.

KOKAINE KARMA has always been the creation of more than one mind and the production of more than one body. Writing of a lonely art form which for rational centuries was the only creation outlet for an alienated, linear intelligencia, is a solitary extravagance during a time of working together. The role and method of scribe must be relegated to the category of archaic perversions of historic and cult interests like jerking off in Kokaine Koma.

 The Electric Karma on WFUM-FM (91.1) combines this week with the Friday night Danny Fields show to present a Kokaine Blockade. Friday, Saturday, Sunday night. Guests include cartoonist Vaughn Bode, scum-scoop playwright Lennox Raphael, and Diamond Mother. Raphael's play Che opens tonight.



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emanations (Continued from Page 13)

the like may not be enough to free the individual of the conscious and continual watchdog of "reason." In these cases, the use of LSD may very well be the only thing which can free the sensitivity from its iron corsets, and let the "person inside" come out and discover that there are more things in heaven and earth than he ever learned in high school and college.

Again and again, through these columns, I receive questions involving some special point of astrology, such as "I have Venus square to Saturn; what can I do about this?" or "Can I do anything to overcome the bad effects of having Scorpio rising?"

I can only repeat that without seeing a complete chart, even the best astrologer in the world couldn't answer such questions. However, nothing in a chart is invariably "good" or "bad," although some planetary configurations are generally more favorable than others. For instance; Jupiter in Gemini is usually a bad position for worldly success or riches; yet in one chart it may be coupled with a poorly placed Mercury, and an affliction to the rising point, and mean that the person will never be able to make any money because he doesn't have the brains or the good health to do so;

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while in another chart, a well-placed Saturn and a strong Mars in a fire sign may mean that with hard work and drive, the person may manage to meet all his needs and live in modest comfort, and in yet another chart the Jupiter in Gemini may simply back up other signs of idealism, and show a character to whom money and material success are meaningless, a man quite content to live from hand to mouth, wanting nothing but a little food and a roof over his head.

Probably the commonest misconception among people who are just starting to learn about astrology is that Saturn invariably represents "bad luck" or "malignant influence" in a chart. Not so — not by any means. Saturn in general shows the relation of the individual to time and discipline — in short, how hard he will work to overcome handicaps and setbacks in his life. Saturn opposed to Mars usually means a weak character without much drive; but depending on the other configurations, it may mean a Milqueteast who always gives in — or a peaceful person who finds better ways to settle arguments. Saturn opposed to Venus is usually described, by people who don't know any better, to mean "unlucky in love" — but it may very well mean (as in my own chart) that my marriages (both first and second) are with men emotionally handicapped in some way, so that tremendous extra amounts of patience, self-discipline and self-control are necessary to keep the relationship from disintegrating. In this case, therefore, the bad placement of Venus and Saturn simply means that one of the lessons I am expected to learn in this life is that love is not always easy, but must be backed up with self-discipline and hard work to make it into a continuing good relationship.

These small examples cannot begin to indicate the complexity of a complete chart; but it should show the futility of asking anyone to interpret one minor aspect as "good" or "bad." I am not a professional astrologer, though from years of working in related fields I have learned a tremendous amount about it, and I cannot make up anyone's chart or interpret it offhand, without much more data than a

letter can give me. The study and interpretation of a chart is a lengthy business and can't be done without all the facts at hand . . . and anyone who tells you differently is talking through his, or her, hat.

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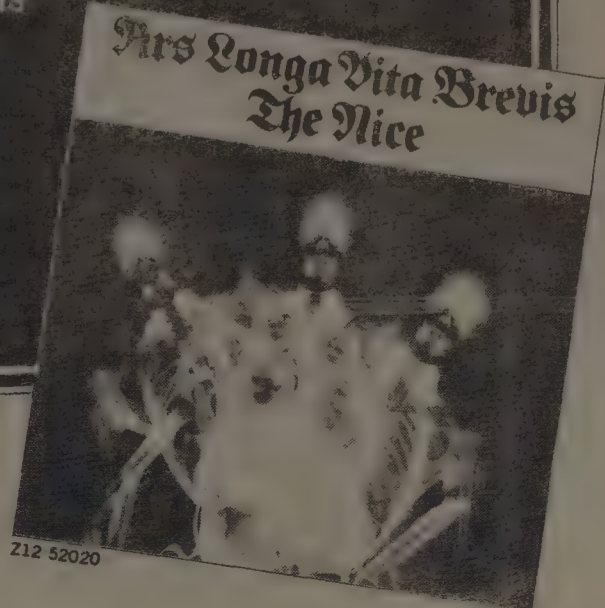
Ars Longa Vita Brevis

Newton's first law of motion states a body will remain at rest or continue with uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by force.

This time the force happened to come from a European source. Ours is an extension of the original Allegro from Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.

Yesterday I met someone who changed my life, today we put down a sound that made our aim accurate. Tomorrow is yesterday's story, and art will still be there, even if life terminates.

Keith Emerson, *The Nice*



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art

(Continued from Page 13)

manent collection (which might be well consigned to a special wing of the Metropolitan to make way for livelier exhibits) and whatever guest shows they could dredge up, the Modern might eke out the rest of the century as a hobbling old crone, its image of yore never to be recaptured.

As of now the Modern has never looked more ebullient and alive — the current Machine Show is highly successful, but even this exhibition, which was the work of an outsider, was nowhere near as well-planned and hung as other shows of this genre. This is one reason why many of the artists who helped start the protest were in fact tech artists whose work is hanging in that very show. Anyone interested in seeing a model of how a tech art show can or should be hung and what magic it can create should visit the Otto Piene exhibit which just opened at the Howard Wise Gallery. Here, on a small scale, can be seen some of the mind-opening contrasts of light and dark, movement and stillness, excitement and calm which can be attained in this new genre of exhibition.

At the moment the differences dividing artists and museum, although there are many of them, could be settled by the museum giving in on a single point. The artists feel that a public hearing must be held, sponsored by the museum, to be followed by detailed work in smaller groups, while the museum insists that committee work must come first followed by publication of its conclusions, with no public hearing and no assurance that the conclusions will be acted on. The artists feel that a public hearing is absolutely necessary, both to allow all points of view to be heard and to publicize the need for change. If the museum gave in on this point, it would represent a great step forward towards understanding. The hearings will be held in any case, but it would be a sign of good faith if the museum were to sponsor them.

It may be asked what will replace the Modern Museum, if go it must, as not only its detractors but its curators seem hell-bent on making happen. Some people at the Modern seem to feel that since they already have Bracque, Picasso, and De Kooning, they needn't be bothered hanging any of the newer upstarts — only direct and immediate intercession from the trustees can check this suicidal attitude. But in terms of a replacement for the Modern, it is perhaps significant that a new organization is now being formed which calls itself MUSEUM.

MUSEUM already has 150 members and describes its main aim as giving "the artists greater autonomy in our society" — it proposes to sell artists' work without taking any percentage of the price. It also proposes to offer a meeting place for artists as well as information on jobs, housing, and grants — no style or mode of art will be excluded, and all members will have a chance to see their work exhibited. The financing of this venture is based on membership fees, publication services and rental payments. Anyone interested in further information should write to MUSEUM, BOX 382, COOPER STATION, NYC 10003.

The mere existence of such an entity as MUSEUM shows how many lively ideas are in the air, ideas which not even the Museum of Modern Art, as powerful as it may be at present, can afford to ignore if it wishes to still be powerful in the future.

hawaii

(Continued from Page 9)

crackerbox houses meant to be sold to putty-faced lodge brothers from South Dakota, and into farmland, green swathed cliff and beach cottages (some evidently fairly low in rental — especially when far off the main highways), even a few intentional communities.

I specially recall one little house near the North Shore, where I was taken by Ken Rosene of Young Hawaii (the nearest thing they have to an underground paper — joyously hip in cautious language). The road leading to it ends at a billboard proclaiming PRIVATE PROPERTY, NO TRESPASSING — but with borders of beautiful handpainted flowers and "welcome" in small Art Nouveau lettering. Inside are artists Lance and Mike Cantrell, who are best known for dance-concert posters (some were seen on the Haight in 1967), but whose paintings on canvas, panel and translucent plastic, in baroque shapes, often suggesting stained glass windows, are splendid and worth traveling seventy miles to see. Were they in any local gallery they would be snapped up in a few days; as it is, people do travel there

from all over the Islands. (I would have bought a couple of them if I'd had enough spare cash and any convenient way of getting them back here). They have turned the whole house into a kind of hip museum/gallery/temple, it is one of the more beautiful man-made places in the Islands.

There has been, to date, one large-scale Be-In, "Sunshine Music Festival" at Diamond Head Crater, New Years Day 1969. Twelve thousand ecstasies, with music by a dozen or so local groups, costumes by hand, cheek by jowl and pot by kettle, created San Francisco vibrations for twelve hours without the slightest hassle, and the smoke rising from the crater was for once not of volcanic origin. A lot of people are awaiting the next one, which should be sometime around the Spring Equinox if they are lucky — or the Summer Solstice if they aren't. There is no co-ordinated program for presenting rock concerts; here is a golden — well, paper money — opportunity for anything along the lines of Family Dog to come out to Honolulu area and start importing groups from mainland. The most likely place for them to do their thing might be HIC (the Internat'l Center) or one of the hangars at the airport.

If you do go there, by all means tour Oahu from east to west, north to south, taking several days; don't try to bring any recognizable vegetable products into or out of the Islands, aside from seed leis, and orchids or other plants officially sealed in plastic bags. The reason is not general uptightness or anything — it is that the Agriculture Dept. has become alarmed by contamination from unwanted bugs or plant species, and in particular there is some peculiar soil component (virus?) which makes pineapple growing impossible on the Big Island of Hawaii, and they don't want this to spread to the other islands via tourists. As pineapple is one of the big crops, the other being sugar cane, this is

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hawaii

(Continued from Page 22)

understandable enough. Speaking of pineapple be sure and have some fresh cut next to commercial, canned stuff it is as midday next to night. Ditto with passionfruit (which isn't everyone's thing despite its ancient phrodisiac repete) and papaya (don't eat too many — they're laxative).

Speaking of which, nobody starves on Maui, between free fruit and catch-your-own fish which you can cook on any beach using driftwood. Government homesteaders — who are supposed to be native-born — retain their orchards on the explicit condition that they interfere with nobody picking up windfalls or tree-ripe fruit for their own use. Many of the totally dropped out have gone to Maui, where there are no big towns. Some stay in boats harbored at Lahaina, others have migrated to a community on no map, called "The Banana Patch," on Route 40 near Kokomo; to find out about this, make the Lahaina waterfront scene in late afternoon, preferably with wheels or at worst a rented bike, and don't get uptight when The Man asks for ID. If you're new there and have no other place to stay, say you're at the Whale's Tale, which is a rooming house (day-to-day or longer) for surfers; you'll probably visit there anyway. Any room number, 3 through 10. No investigations are made; they merely want to know names and addresses. (They gave me a free ride back to the hotel to save me another 2 miles of walking on the beach road at night). On the other hand, don't bother with the Big Island (Hawaii proper) for visiting, as it contains too many uptight Resort People; the Kono Steak House has been picketed for refusing service to beards despite admitting they paid and were quiet, ditto a local hotel. Lucky for them the kids' weren't darker!

If you have 60c or so and are really hungry, order saimin even for breakfast, and prepare to be royally surprised. Few haoles (non-orientals)

ever order it; and a large bowl will feed two hungry hobbits or three at a pinch. I wish restaurants of this kind had been available on the Haight; the food is excellent all over the Islands.

A few liberal straights are beginning to see what the scene is all about. Only in the Kailua-Kona area of the Big Island, and Wailuku on Maui, is even feeble resistance organizing against what is described as an influx of hippies. Call a boy a surfer and he's A-OK; call the same one hippie and he is an object of suspicion. What is "Polynesian paralysis" in straight is "laziness" in anyone else. But despite these few sneers, public opinion is slowly veering between amused tolerance and interest. A YWCA-sponsored panel, Jan. 22, on marijuana featured Dr. John Stephenson of Straub Clinic, who said — the others mostly agreeing — that legalization was essential if only to protect users from Mafia-made grass contaminated with jimson weed (which can be fatal), amphetamines or heroin. They also brought out that this would be a way to get it into the motor vehicle laws so that other drivers would be protected against unwise uncoordinated heads; if people smoke, let them do it at home or in places they don't drive back from, even as when they drink.

I've said nothing about the scenery: most of it is really beyond description unless one is a nature poet, and too many have tried anyway. Much of it, like Lao Needle Park on Maui, is still unspoiled, and one can get high from the sheer beauty of it all. The Shadow is in the distance, though: Honolulu has occasional smog (from jet planes and trucks), and Lahaina has a villainous exterminator's truck, whose clouds of toxic smoke render Front Street uninhabitable for a few hours several evenings per month. But for the rest, the beauties — millions of birds, fantastic floral growth, sea in Van Gogh colors — are worth all it costs to see. And when you get there, give my love to all my brothers and sisters.

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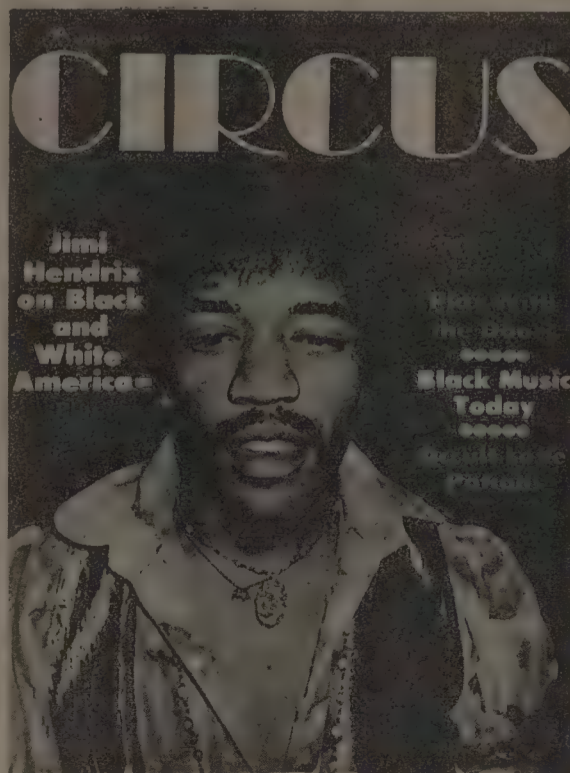
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This week ENVOY girl comes from N.Y.C. and is very attractive sexy nude or pin up model, for private photo collectors. She is also an accomplished exotic dancer, available for your batchlor parties or mens club meetings. She is available in the New York City Area, for modeling or dancing assignments, and will also travel, if the price is right. Her code number is E 314

So, Sit Down And Write To Her.

NOW THE ENVOY HAS, BLACK POWER!!!

We also have white and yellow POWER, Italian, Jewish and Baptist POWER, Straight and gay POWER. We have all kinds of POWER.

SO Get a copy of the New York Envoy. (your passport to the sensual world of the swinger.) No matter how varied, exotic or erotic your sensual desires may be, the Envoy is for you.

SO BLACK. WHITE. YELLOW OR GREEN, for a full measure of swinging POWER, GET THE ENVOY.

THE ENVOY CAN HELP YOU SCORE

So to meet the grooviest swingers there be, GET THE ENVOY

- TRIAL COPY \$1
 - 1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION \$5
 - 20 WORD AD-1 TIME \$2
 - 20 WORD AD-1 YEAR \$10
- EXTRA WORDS-20¢ EACH EXTRA WORDS-\$1.00EACH

ENVOY YES! I Want to TAKE ALL THE POWERS!!

Enclosed find check, cash, or money order for _____
Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____ Zip _____
I am over 21 _____ Sign Here

Ladies, We Will Print Your Ad FREE!

NOTE: If you want to write to this weeks ENVOY girl, seal your letter in an envelope with your name and address, and her code number on the outside. Put that envelope together with a one dollar forwarding fee into another envelope and send to the ENVOY. WE WILL FORWARD ALL LETTERS TO HER PROMPTLY.

NOTE: IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE AN ENVOY GIRL IN A FUTURE EDITION, SEND PHOTO AND NAME AND ADDRESS TO R.M. BRANDON AT THE ENVOY OR CALL HIM AT 495-0513

ENVOY, P.O. BOX 134E7BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11203

**TO PLACE AN AD
IN THIS SECTION
YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20¢ per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week free. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

**GAY SOULFUL
EVENINGS**

Well rounded young woman seeks gay soulfriends, females only, for evenings of fun and pleasure.
NYC, Female Box No. 5602J

**PASSIONATE AND
ATTRACTIVE**

young female, modern married, European, seeking tall, handsome, men for swinging dates. Any race. Digs intellectual types.
PHYLLY, Female
Box No. 2862J

NEED GIRL SUBJECT

Researcher seeks auto-erotic shaved exhibitionist, who enjoys the art of self satisfaction to its end result, for scientific study of sexual response levels. Write, photo and phone, if possible and state hourly fee.
CONN. Male Box No. K5593J

**SEEKS CULTURAL
EXCHANGE**

Man, early 40's, youthful, passionate, skillful in French culture, seeks well built men under 30, who dig having such culture imparted. Photo if possible.
NYC, Male Box No. 5594J

**ATTRACTIVE MALE
SLAVES:**

Groovy master wants slave who has unusual sexual hang-ups, offbeat desires, far out compulsions. 32, lean, attractive, intelligent, expect truth, promise discretion.
NYC, Male Box No. 5597J

**VERY BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE**

Would like to meet young attractive couples or single girls for good times. Photo, phone assures immediate reply. Husband approves.
NYC, Female
Box#5339J

**TWO SWINGING
CHICKS**

looking for couples, singles for interesting evenings. Have ac/dc male available. Discreet, sincere, and total satisfaction guaranteed. Photo and phone if possible.
NYC, Females Box#5602J

**WORLDLY ORIENTAL
GAL**

Attractive, 30's wants to meet men 35-45, for sincere, perhaps permanent relationship. Has interesting academic and international background, widely traveled. Interests in art, literature, music, theatre. All races, particular interested in Afro American men. Phone, brief details, and photo necessary. NO WAY OUTS OR THRILL SEEKERS! Prompt replies.
NYC, Female Box#5281J

THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

**Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types
All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves
Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet**

**Devoted to the Arts of
Swinging Modeling & Dancing**

NOTE: THIS SECTION IS NOT RUN BY THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, BUT BY SWINGER SERVICES, ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST DYNAMIC CORRESPONDENCE MEDIUMS. PLEASE ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR IN THIS SECTION. ANY QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS SECTION SHOULD BE SENT TO SWINGING HEADHUNTER, P.O. BOX J, BKLYN, N.Y. 11226 PHONE 467-4261

HEAD WITH BREAD

Good looking male, hip, college grad, well financed, 22, deep into rock music, seeks female counterpart for dynamite experiences. Phone, photo preferred.
NYC, Male Box No. 5598J

WEST INDIAN MALE

24, clean cut, sincere, quiet, respectable, honest, discreet, would like to hear from decent males.
NYC, Male Box No. 5592J

**HAPPY EASYGOING
GUY**

25, enjoying life, wants to meet pleasantly exciteable gay and straight couples, groups (small or large). Photo appreciated.
NYC, Male Box No. 5599J

MODELS NEEDED

Photographer seeks female models, no experience required, for popular men's magazines. All shooting and processing done in my studio. Photo please.
NYC, Male Box No. 5596J

LIKE A NUN

I've got the habit! Lively bright Gemini butch, unstoned, looks to share adventures with lively bright girl. I'm attractive, and you?
NYC, Female Box#5420J

SERVANT - SLAVE

Male, 28, wishes to serve dominant males, females, or couples. Interests include leather, b/d, humiliation, and anything that would please you. Will answer all who send photo.
NYC, Male Box#K5428J

WANTS NEW FRIENDS

Male seeks to meet males 30-40 for sincere relationships. Give details.
NYC, Male Box#5429J

YOUNG MERRY WIDOW

24, 5'5", 126, 38-24-35, red-head, part French, can travel anywhere, wants to correspond with congenial couples and guys, also wants to learn the French arts and sciences. Admires the beauty of humanity.
LOUISIANA, Female
Box#5267J

SEEKING AC/DC

HELPMATE

Male, white, ac/dc, late 30's desires meeting woman, white, ac/dc, 30-45, for sharing mutual interests and companionship. Thoughtful letter with photo assures prompt reply.
NYC, Male Box#J5341J

**SWINGING CARRIBEAN
VACATION**

Generous, attractive, executive, 30, seeks fun girls to 35 for two week cruise. Photo, phone, letter, requested for quick interview.
NYC, Male Box No. 5595J

**TENDER SWINGING
MALE**

Jewish, 6', 37, seeks slender, long legged girl, mod type, bi is groovy. Ability to communicate is important as swinging. Photo helps. Discretion requisite.
NYC, Male Box No.5570J

AMPUTEE GUY WANTED

Tall attractive guy, early 30's, seeks sincere gay guy, single or multiple amputee for affectionate love. Photo and phone assure prompt reply.
NYC, Male Box No.5571J

VERY LONESOME

Newly divorced liberal minded white male, seeks compassionate female to 45 who needs love and companionship to share my life and love.
NYC, Male Box No.5572J

**FLORIDA EXECUTIVE
COUPLE**

She, 22, he graying, welcomes visit from lost chick needing help or sensual couple. Photo required.
FLA. Couple Box No.5573J

TAKE HEED

Letters and photos that are pornographic and obscene in content, must not be circulated through the mails. Please cooperate with the Post Office when answering advertisers. Postal regulations are such that it is prohibitive to use their facilities for obscene materials.

SEXY AND WILLING

Real wild couple, he well built and handsome, she a shapely 38-26-36 and available for parties as a single or whatever.
NYC, Couple Box#2317J

BIG TIME SWINGERS

Mid 30's, attractive couple, intelligent, uninhibited and anxious to meet and share good times with others. Will answer all.
NYC, Couple Box#2288J

SPECIALIZED TASTE

Men only. French specialist, loves to explore every inch from top to bottom. Digs it wet and wild.
NYC Male Box No.5565J

LINGUIST IN FRENCH

Educated middle class male, 29, tall, handsome, seeks attractive, educated female for Saturday afternoon French culture and other communication. Manhattan luxury apartment.
NYC, Male Box No.K5566J

YOUNG MALE TV

Needs dominant, attractive woman to dress him in female clothing. Can be girl companion in public, male partner in private.
LI, NYC, Male Box No. 5567J

GENEROUS LI EXECUTIVE

Would like to meet young girls and housewives for afternoon dates. LI, NYC, NJ. Discretion assured. Phone please, photo helpful.
NYC, Male Box No.M5568J

**ATTRACTIVE WELL
BUILT**

Bisexual, 38, 6', sincere, dominant but affectionate, seeks virile muscular and/or well built guys, couples, who love loving. Photo please.
NYC, Male Box No. 5569J

YOUNG NEGRO NYMPH

Wish to meet attractive girls and women for mutual enjoyment in threesome form. No men. Please send photo.
LI, NYC, Female
Box#5431J

BI SEXUAL MASTER

Handsome male, 32, seeking males, females, couples, who enjoy being slaves. Also have slave available for female mistress. Only those with phone will be answered.
NYC, Male Box#5289J

YOUNG GAY GUY

23, goodlooking, wants to meet well built men. Dig blonds and well built Italians who know what they have and how to use it. Photo if possible. Sincere replies only.
NYC, Male Box#5290J

**DISCREET MODERN
FAMILY**

educated attractive white couple 30's, children, would like to meet others of the same type. We are sincere and would want to meet our counterparts
NYC, Couple Box#2297J

WELL ENDOWED COUPLE

Attractive, 30's, anxious to meet sincere and interesting couples and singles. Will answer all.
NYC, Couple Box#2321J

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WE WILL FORWARD:
1 LETTER FOR \$1
6 LETTERS FOR \$5
15 LETTERS FOR \$10

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter
Postal drawer J, Bklyn, NY 11226

FAT TURNS ME ON

Bi-sexual, muscular, masculine male, 35, aroused only by obese people with huge thighs. Ages to 30. Send photo and dimensions. All answered promptly.
PUERTO RICO Box No.M5564J

**BISEXUAL MARRIED
COUPLE**

Attractive, white, seek bi couples, gals to groove with. Must be sensual, uninhibited, affectionate. Dig modern scene, nudism, turning on, music.
NJ, NYC, Couple Box No.5563J

**YOUTHFUL MATURE
DISCREET**

Caucasian, young, 45, professional, seeks intelligent, attractive female for hedonistic weekends, vacations. All interesting heterosexual activity investigated. No objection to bi women.
NYC, Male Box No.5575J

FREE RENT

Young man, 28, looking for well equipped young man for fun and games. Live with me rent free.
NYC, Male Box No. 5601J

NYMPHO TYPE FEMALE

Attractive 38-30-38, with nympho desires, seeks ac/dc gals and guys. Must be sincere. Phone and photo please.
NYC, Female Box#5417J

**ACCOMPLISHED
FLUTE PLAYER**

Handsome, masculine bisexual male, 40, seeks compatible male who can appreciate my knowledge. Write, you'll be glad you did.
NY, Male Box#2341J

WELL ENDOWED COUPLE

Attractive, 30's, anxious to meet sincere and interesting couples and singles. Will answer all.
NYC, Couple Box#2321J

SEEKING NEW FRIENDS

Male, 33, wants to meet masculine males to 45 for pleasant relationship.
NYC, Male Box#3038J

**FEMALE POLOROID
FAN**

32, will match correspondence photos with guys, gals, couples, who can cope with the unfilled needs of a 6'1" unbound 42-25-38. Can travel weekends. First straight forward reply with photos will result in culmination of all your desires.
CONN. Female Box#5303J

FREE FOR LADIES

**Hetro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section
is for you. Use order form at end of section.**

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EXOTIC DANCERS AND MODELS AVAILABLE

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Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter
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TWO NUDE MODELS

The two of us are pleasure seekers. If you're one, we can help. We've got photos that really satisfy. For generous collectors.

NYC, Female Box No.5574J

MODEL AVAILABLE

37-24-35 BEAUTIFUL MODEL Aims to please all, no matter who or what. Those with means preferred.

NYC, Female Box#0033J

EXOTIC LINGERIE POSES

For sincere discreet men who appreciate the French arts. Am attractive swinging girl, 26, who enjoys posing in scanty undies. Phone please.

NYC, NJ, CONN, Female, Box#2951J

ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS WELCOME

Young, 39-20-37, seeking meek and mild men for photography as well as daytime dates. Up to 35. Please write soon.

NJ, NYC, Female Box#0027J

NUDIST MODEL SWINGER

42-30-36, wishes to meet generous swingers for French artistry and good times. Photo and phone.

NYC, Female Box#5547J

PASSIVE MALE MODEL

26, will pose without fee for photographers with good ideas. Will answer all. Send phone if possible.

NYC, Male Box#5432J

43-D FRENCH NUDE MODEL

43-D, will pose and play for generous guys and girls at your place. Please send phone and time to call, very discreet, also available evenings. If very generous, will do anything.

NYC, Female Models only Box#5286J

DIVORCED WITH CHILDREN

Sincere, white, 34, seeking woman of means for love and home life with my two little girls. I work but not financially secure. Need help and understanding.

NYC, Male Box#J5254J

LOOKING FOR GIRL

Male, 27, looking to meet attractive, sensitive, sincere girl for intimate relationship and anything that seems natural and desirable to both after meeting.

NYC, Male Box#J5363J

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT MODEL

Long haired brunette, 44-24-38, built for..... Loves to pose in any manner. Has many photos for the serious collector of beautiful things. Unfortunately, cannot supply free samples.

NYC, Female Box#5421J

HANDSOME MALE MODEL

Amateur, 32, will pose without fee for novice photographers, male, female or couples. Anytime, any place. Send phone.

NYC, Male Box#0023J

ATTRACTIVE VERSATILE MODEL

and dancer. Can be anything you desire. Will pose in any manner to generous collectors. Am from Geneva and vivacious. All answered quickly.

NYC, Female Box#0025J

EXOTIC DANCER

26, enjoys letters from gay gentlemen and photographers with presentable apartment for games and entertainment. Erotic art and exercise. Will answer all with address and phone.

NYC, Female Box#2616J

MALE LIFEGUARD AVAILABLE

22, white, athletic, goodlooking, modeling or parties. Lives up-state, will travel. Generosity makes me swing, alone or others, nothing impossible.

NY, Male Box#5443J

BI MALE MODEL

Ex sailor, bi sexual, masculine, 20's, discreet will pose for men, hetero or bi, in exchange for fun and games, also interested in chicks. Photo, phone.

NYC, Male Box#5306J

NUDE MALE MODEL

Young, 21, loves to pose in all types forms. Will accept any type of nude work. Will answer all.

NYC, Male Box#0030J

TALL THIN NEGRO

22, discreet, likes to please, light complexion, seeks females, any age, race, size, shape, who enjoys life. Photo, phone.

NYC, LI, Male Box#J5348J

SEEKING BISEXUAL MALES

Exec's wife, young, well built, seeking males, groups and couples for correspondence that will lead to a meeting. Husband is available at all times. Sincere letter, phone assure speedy reply.

CONN., Female Box#2309J

YOUNG NUDE MALE

Bodybuilder, white, 26, tall, dark, and attractive, well built, well endowed, will pose for sketches or to please your desire. There is a fee.

NYC, Male Box No. 5600J

WAY OUT WEST

Blond, will pose nude for private collectors. A true swinger seeking intelligent, discreet, well built males for fun and games. Stamped self addressed envelope guarantees prompt reply.

Female KANSAS CITY, Female Box#2980J

MODEL AND DANCER

Female versatile in many things, would like to hear from other females. Will do anything to please.

NYC, Female Box#2381J

BLONDE PROBLEM

LICKER

She'll lick it. Blonde nude model, 37-23-37, seeks male swingers with large attributes. Quality and quantity appreciated. No discipline. Photo and stamped envelope bring quick reply.

KANSAS CITY, Female Box#5282J

EXCITABLE AND PROVOCATIVE

Enjoys fun and games as well as posing for all types of photographers. 39-25-37. Has sample photos for generous collectors.

NJ, NYC Female Box#0032J

INTERESTED IN MODELING

Young girl, 21, interested in hearing from photographers for modeling or girls with similar interests.

NYC, Female Box#5359J

SENSUAL BRUNETTE 22

Part time model, 5'5", 116, 36-23-36 1/2, wants to hear from equally feminine attractive women who swing with gals and guys, age to 30, NYC area. Informative letter with photo.

NYC, Female Box#3126J

HAVE BOX WILL MODEL

Earthy and lively. Available for action photography. No assignment too daring. Will do anything to those who are generous. Also available for stag parties. Can travel. Sorry illegal sample photos sent by mail.

PA, Female Box#3130J

BUXOM BRUNETTE MODEL

Groovy nude model, 38-24-35, willing and able to please any tiger chasing his tail. Send a little something for photo and personal letter that'll make you roar.

NYC, Female Box#5387J

MODEL AVAILABLE FOR CULTURED

36-24-36 will model for one and all. Alone in any pose or with another female. Men who dig all other cultures, including the unusual and are generous can also contact her.

NYC, Female Box#5297J

YOUNG SWINGING FEMALE

Will send you the photos you want. Any pose you desire, for generous collectors. Let me satisfy your wildest dreams.

NYC, Female Box#5415J

SEPIA MODEL DIGS WHITE CAT

Attractive Sepia model, 24, has been unable to meet the right one. If you're white, tall, handsome, affectionate, and honest, looking for that someone, maybe you're it. Please write.

NYC, Female Box#5315J

SEXY SWISS MISS

Really loves it all, 24, well stacked, welcomes one and all for French cultural exchanges. Can't get enough, also an exhibitionist. Write.

NYC, Female Box#2615J

VERY LOVING GUY

Artist, 45, short, good build, youthful, big, seeks young or youthful male friend. Can explore but strongly prefer those orally inclined.

NYC, Male Box#K5405J

BEAUTIFUL MODEL AVAILABLE

Voluptous and understanding model has own apartment to model her 39-26-37 package. Males only, 35 and up. All answered who include self addressed stamped envelope and phone.

NYC, Female Box#5434J

PROVOCATIVE

FRENCH MODEL

Sepia, 26, provocative 38-24-40, with body beautiful for those who enjoy the art of beauty. Will pose on request. Loves French Culture. Girls please write as well as couples and guys. Have well built tall male friend if required. Photo and phone. Will answer all.

NYC, Female Box#5908J

OUTDOORS MINDED CHICK

Needs sincere friendly male photographer with equipment and knowledge to teach me nature photography and developing techniques. Will give modeling and open friendship to good person.

NYC, Female Box#5337J

NUDE MODEL

And exploitation actress seeks other models of like talents who enjoy men and women and who would like movie and model assignments working with me. No males or box numbers, reply. Body photo and phone please. Discretion and sincerity a must.

NYC, Female Box#5356J

FULL OF FIRE FEMALE

Let's love a little or alot, depends on you. Free to travel. Show me or I'll show you. 29-37-28-38. Photos of all for the generous collector.

CHICAGO, Female Box#5546J

COOPERATIVE EX SAILOR

Nice body, 5'4", cooperative, will pose for individuals and groups. Weekends only. Can travel. Send phone.

NY, Male Box#5284J

Models Your Ad Can Be Here Free

YOUNG GAY MALES

50 year old bachelor desires hearing from young gay single lads for gay weekends. Sincerity essential. Under 25 only, size unimportant. Dollar refunded.

LI, NYC, Male Box#L5421J

RUGGED HANDSOME GUY

Groovy appealing rugged guy, mid 30's, lives Village, wants to meet other young guys.

NYC, Male Box#K5408J

LONELY LADY

Attractive, white, 52, from Germany, is interested in hearing from man around NY, Baltimore, Washington area for friendship or marriage.

BALT, Female Box#5422J

ATT: YOUNG FEMALE SLAVES

Are you free to travel? Young mean master looking for some young female slaves. There are three guys here plus me.

NY, Male Box#J5418J

**Metro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section
is for you. Use order form at end of section.**

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EXCITING TIGRESS

Curvy, tall, sepia, 5'7", bi nympho, 40-28-44, seeks couples, females for cultural relationship. Have approving husband. Phone, photo, fast reply. Answer all.
NYC, Female Box No. 6024J

THE TWO OF US

ID: OK. I'm attractive, sepia sepia?, no Black, butch, 24, 5'11½", 147 and I'm searching for a white male, 20s. Phone number please. that's it.

EGO: Is it? What happened to the rest of you?

ID: The rest of me? That's it, man. That's it.

EGO: Are you ever lonely?

ID: Mr; Course not. I'm always bumping into somebody.

EGO: Do you ever feel anything for them?

ID: Yeah. Right there.

EGO: Ouch!

ID: Well, you asked me.

EGO: I guess I did. Let me ask you something else. Where do gay people go to die?

ID: What're you layin' that on me for?

EGO: Don't you ever think about it?

ID: Sure. You're dead when you start keeping score. that's death to me.

EGO: And what's life?

ID: Sex.

EGO: That's all?

ID: That's all it can be. Old Mother N. saw to that.

Gay. Plastic.
Plastic. Gay.

EGO: Why does it have to be that way?

ID: Why?

EGO: Somebody tell him.

NYC, Male Box#5603J

**COLLECTOR WANTS
PHOTOS**

Private collector seeks photos, 8MM films, 35MM negatives, Hetro or Homo. Will also develop and print with privacy assured. Very generous.
NY, Male Box#K5393J

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WILL EXCHANGE???

Divorcee, 39, with teen age son and daughter, wants correspondence with bi minded couples, males, females, for exchange of ideas, experiences. Photos, possible meeting. All cultures. Those with photos, answered first. Hurry!
CALIF. Female
Box No. 2985J

NO MEN PLEASE

Single, 30's, 5'2", young at heart, Oriental, educational background. Have been here for 3 years, want to meet friendly girls within my height. No photo, no answer.
NYC, Male Box No. M6023J

TEACH ME TO LIVE

Congenial, obedient, generous male, 39, hasn't lived yet. Show me how, couples or females only. Dollar refunded. Phone please. All answered.
NYC, Male Box No. 6025J

**YOUNG EAGER
BEAVER**

Tall, handsome, educated, wants to meet attractive males for friendship and possible more. Photo and phone please.
NYC, Male Box No. 6026J

**ATTRACTIVE BROOKLYN
HOUSEWIFE**

Swinging times assured by versatile attractive couple. Would like to meet female. Object: Anything goes and will for the right chick. Send photo and phone.
NYC, Couple Box#5435J

SEE THE WORLD

Male model wanted for nude pix and as traveling companion to young businessman (Europe, S.A., Africa). \$125 per week plus all expenses. Send vital statistics. Photo, phone.
NYC, Male Box#J5436J

**FEMALE ROOMMATE
WANTED**

White, attractive male, 26, desires sincere girl to 30 to live with. Comfortable job, living in suburb. Meet for tryout date.
NY, Male Box#J5285J

**ATTRACTIVE WELL
BUILT MALE**

33, tall, slim, white, wants to meet females, couples. Indulgence in all forms of culture. Wants to teach and willing to be taught. Sincerest only reply. Phone a must, photo if you desire.
NYC, Male
Box#J5294J

PROFESSIONAL MAN

Attractive and exceptionally successful professional man, 35, own business, single, very discreet, seeks intelligent single or married female with broadminded outlook.
NYC, Male Box#L5413J

I JUST CAME

to NYC area, girl, 24, wants to become expert in hetero relationships. No girls. Like French, am a hurting female. Teach me. Please. Photo requested, not demanded.
NYC, Female Box No.5581J

**MALE EXECUTIVE
WIDOWER**

Handsome, 6', slim, white, 42, interested meeting females to 40, intelligent, attractive, slim, uninhibited, for get together for cocktails, dinner, theater, etc. Am sincere and discreet. Please phone and photo if possible.
NYC, Male Box No.5576J

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**COUPLE DYNAMIC
FORTIES**

Handsome couple. She educator, he executive, desire encounter with counterparts. Experience hetrosexual but she experimental. Amateur photographers. Will answer all. Recent photo and phone a must.
NJ, NYC, Couple
Box#K5441J

**THIRSTY HIRSUTE
MALE**

Young 40's, submissive, seeks well built guys with unusual interests.
NYC, Male Box#J5263J

DRESS ME UP

Light Negro, 28, 5'8", skinny, 120, intelligent, sincere, quiet, desires wealthy mature white women to furnish expensive wardrobe in exchange for versatile continued relations. Any age. Discreet.
NYC, Male Box#J5270J

**STRONG DOMINANT
MISTRESS**

Seeking males and females to serve as my slaves. Get down on your knees and write now!!!!
NYC, Female Box#5411J

LOVES IT ALL

You name it, I crave it, interested in everything. Can also dance and fulfill all your needs. State desires and please send phone with a self addressed envelope. Can also travel.
NYC, Female Box#2353J

**YOUNG SWINGING
COUPLE**

24 and 26, looking for other swinging couples to 35 for adult games, we are interested in most cultures, especially FRENCH. Will answer all immediately. Those with photo and phone, first.
NYC, Couple Box No.5559J

**YOUNG BEAUTIFUL
COUPLE**

Finally left straight life behind. Eager for anything and everything from discreet sincere couples, unusual singles. Every letter carefully considered and answered.
NYC, Couple Box No.5560J

SEEKING THE UNUSUAL

All females, trans-sexuals, and female impersonators, who are interested in female lingerie and female hygienic items made of rubber. Photo and phone not required, but will be appreciated.
NY, Male Box No.5561J

WRITER SEEKS PATRON

or Patroness in exchange for companionship and light duties.
NYC, Male Box No.M5562J

PHOTOS PHOTOS PHOTOS

Gay guy, 30, correspond other gays, travels frequently, possible meeting. Extensive photo collection to swap. Will answer all who send photo.
OHIO, Male Box No.5580J

**HANDSOME MALE
STUDENT**

Brown hair, blue eyes, will submit to exotic discipline by attractive white female. All sincere answered. Discretion assured.
MASS., Male
Box#J5375J

**SEEKING
GUIDING FORCE**

Male college student, goodlooking, intellectual, quiet, loner, sincere, seeks lasting relationship with mature, well adjusted, financially secure, personable man or woman with Manhattan apartment. While I am neurotic, you should preferably be able to cope. My goal is professional writing; our goal should be the mutual enjoyment of as much life as possible. Interests: Physical yoga, health foods, cinema, theatre, any intellectual discipline, security, growth. Please include phone number with reply.
NYC, Male Box#J5369J

PROTECTIVE BACHELOR

Fun loving, aware bachelor, early 40's, white, 5'11", 168, protective, and sensitive, would like to meet an attractive, mature, unencumbered gal, 25-34, who has a fulfilling vocation and is now open to a new friendship.
NYC, Male Box#K5425J

GUARANTEED TO ANSWER

Attractive gal, enjoys everything, all cultures with all genders, be they male, female, or couples.
NYC, Female Box#2384J

**TO ANSWER AN AD
IN THIS SECTION
YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

WE WILL FORWARD:
1 LETTER FOR \$1
6 LETTERS FOR \$5
15 LETTERS FOR \$10

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, NY 11226

**PHILADELPHIA AREA
FEMALE**

22, 5'7", 130, 36-24-36, attractive, brown hair, eyes, seeks satisfying times with generous gentlemen. Have apartment and car. Phone please, will call on receipt.
PHILLY, Female Box No.5577J

**VIRILE MIAMI
EXECUTIVE**

Handsome, 30's, well built, clean living, versatile, seeks attractive, passionate female for indoor fun and games. Photo and phone please.
FLA. Male Box No.K5587J

EXOTIC WEST INDIAN
Male, tall, 30, slim, very muscular, tan complexion, desire to meet caucasian female for mutual pleasures. Extreme discretion assured. Photo and phone would help. Will answer all. I am very sincere, no gay or jokers please!
NYC, Male Box No.5579J

PROFESSIONAL EARLY 40's
with unusual and original mind seeks pretty young woman, 28-38, who sees life as a complex and sublime equation. My own equation reads in part: (strength + belief in self ÷ tenderness + concern) x (exotic eroticism + sensuality ÷ lack of middle class guilt) x (devilish daring + playfulness ÷ loyalty + affection) x (semi-Bohemian + swinging views ÷ belief in the best of the bourgeoisie) x (equality of the sexes ÷ male ascendancy + female submission as a charade) x (money making but not too madly ÷ mad merry making with money) x (adult love ÷ love for children) x (artistic appreciation and talent ÷ interest in clothes + interior design) x (elegance ÷ lack of compulsion) x (knowledge of the unconscious ÷ the unconscious as a friend) x (sexuality + orgasm in the most briny and imaginative way ÷ the intelligent brain as belonging to the body as a whole) x (life as a cosmic joke ÷ life as a glimpse of "God") = Love + maybe marriage. If you figure it that way, write.
NYC, Male Box#5604J

SEXY AND PRETTY

I'm a female, 28, blond, 34-23-35, sexy and pretty (so they say). Interested in getting together with ac/dc gals and guys. I have a handsome male friend.
NYC, Female Box#5140J

THREE FOUR OR MORE

Tall attractive housewife, nympho type seeks singles. With or without husband. Will exchange photos. Write soon.
NYC, Female Box#2370J

INVOLVED IN CAUSES?

Divorcee, 33, attractive, petite, seeking dynamic committed and involved men for stimulating friendship.
NYC, Female Box#2286J

**Hetro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section
is for you. Use order form at end of section.**

THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet

Devoted to the Arts of Swinging Modeling & Dancing

NOTE: THIS SECTION IS NOT RUN BY THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, BUT BY SWINGER SERVICES, ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST DYNAMIC CORRESPONDENCE MEDIUMS. PLEASE ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR IN THIS SECTION. ANY QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS SECTION SHOULD BE SENT TO SWINGING HEADHUNTER, P.O. BOX J, BKLYN, N.Y. 11226 PHONE 467-4261

TO PLACE AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21
The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week Free. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

TO ANSWER AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21
Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.
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YOUNG PASSIONATE BEAUTIFUL
28, slim, full breasted, 36C-25-35. I'm anxious to meet groovy couples to 40, versatile girls, singles. Husband approves and joins. Phone, photo please. All answered.
LI, NYC, Female Box No. 5590J

ENLIGHTENED BUSINESS COUPLE
Desires female friend to 30, able to discuss French and Greek philosphies in warm fun loving atmosphere. Write and send photo.
NYC, Couple Box No. 5591J

LONELY WHITE MALE
Bachelor, mid 30's would love to meet sincere girl for dates. Desire to form meaningful attachment.
NYC Male Box No. K5552J

GOES THE ROUTE
Male, 38, grooves with swinging guys an gals, couples, to 40. Leather, nylon, the bizarre and exotic, Greek and French arts. Photo appreciated. All answered.
NYC Male Box No. M5553J

BEAUTIFUL SEPIA BOMBSHELL
With nympho like tendencies, seeking rugged, virile type male who went to the head of his French class. Don't answer this ad unless you're sure you're man enough to do the job.
NYC, Female Box #2618J

SWINGING FEMALE 22
Very affectionate and understanding, desires to meet swinging males 22-40 for intimate meetings. Discretion Assured.
NYC, Female Box #5136J

HAS BIG APPETITE
Young girl, 22, wants to learn how, please show me. I am sincere.
NYC, Female Box #2331J

OLD MAID SCHOOLTEACHER
27 years old, with limited experiences. Am tired of the same old routine, desperately wants rugged men to show her how to enjoy the good life. Do you have any suggestions? If so, please write, I will answer
GEORGIA, Female Box #5424J

TIMID BUT CURIOUS
Shy lady, 25, interested in finding new satisfaction with gentle, understanding man. There must be a better way.
NYC, Female Box #2342J

FREE FOR LADIES
Ladies seeking men for romance, marriage or friendship, advertise on these pages free. Take advantage, fill out coupon and send today.

SWINGING FLORIDA VACATIONS
Handsome successful, masculine bachelor, 30, invites one to three swinging chicks to share plush tropical pad, boat, Eldorado, for Month or longer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Age to 30. Well built females. Photo and phone required.
FLA. Male Box No. K5554J

SENSUAL, WELL ENDOWED
Handsome, educated, wild sense of humor, early 40's, seeking young, intelligent, passionate, uninhibited, exuisitely beautiful girl for romance, companionship, possible lasting relationship, any race, white, oriental, black, green, even striped. Photo and phone desirable.
NYC Male Box No. M5555J

VERY SOPHISTICATED EUROPEAN
Tom boyish girl, would like to hear from refined female, 25-30. I am very broadminded but square too. Intelligence a must.
NYC, Female Box No. 5556J

CHUBBY CHASER
Male, 40's, thin, seeking heavy-weight hairy men, straight or gay, to pleasure them. Fatsos welcome.
NYC, Male Box No. 5557J

CONTACT IS ASSURED
Dynamic, beautiful, bouncy boxum Brunette, 42-27-39, desires to meet generous friends who are sincere and really want to meet me. Can provide photos till I can see you in person. Phone please
NYC, Female Box #2379J

VERY SINCERE GAL
Desires meeting swingers of both sexes and couples. Am very bi and enjoy groovy times. Have a little financial difficulty. Will answer all.
PHILA, PA, Female Box #2385J

ALIVE AND AWARE
Friendly female loves to meet friendly people. Am tired of insincere people who just take and not give. To my generous friends I will send photos and I'll know you are sincere.
NYC, Female Box #2380J

BLACK LEATHER ENTHUSIASTS
Two males, mid 30's sharing village pad, seeking attractive s/m males, females who either give or take. Photo and phone.
NYC, Males Box #5312J

YOUNG BEAUTIFUL SHOWGIRL
Blond, ac/dc, 39-23-39, seeks attractive females, males, and couples that are ac/dc and enjoy sex in all forms. Photo and phone please.
NYC, Female Box #5135J

BIG APPETITE- THIRST
Goodlooking, French arts enthusiast, water sports fan, seeks same with exceptional equipment for fun. No hustlers. How about "food and drink", your place? Replies with equipment. Photo, details, phone answered first.
NJ, NYC Male Box No. 5558J

SHARE A PLACE
Young groovy male seeks young groovy girl for roommate. Come walk the pleasure grounds with me. Photo and/or phone.
NYC Male Box No. 5550J

NOTE
The swinging headhunter announces its new "State of the Week" deal. If you live in one of the States listed below, send in your ad with payment for one week and we will print your ad the second week FREE. You must use our ad order form in the last page of this section. This week States:
TEXAS MO. IND.

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE SINGER
5'10", 170, seeks affectionate woman to 40 to learn all she has to teach.
NYC, Male Box No. 5585J

DOCILE MALE
Mature, while, discreet, seeks dominant female or group of females. Will obey all your commands and discipline. Available at all time.
NYC, Male Box No. 5586J

GAY ORIENTOPHILE
Caucasian, early 30's, masculine, discreet, will move to NYC later this year, would like to correspond and meet gay oriental only, any age. Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Thai, other?
CALIF. Male Box No. K5587J

YOUNG LADY NEEDED
Young man, 35, has experienced gay life and would like young lady to see what the straight life is all about. Phone and photo, if possible.
NYC, Male Box No. 5588J

SLEEP OVER TONIGHT
Two well built bachelors, 26 and 28, plush pad, seeks young slim girls, built women for fun and games. Photo and phone appreciated.
NYC Male Box No. 5551J

UNDERGROUND FILMS
Professional photographer, looking for Vassar type girl for Ivy league guy for uninhibited film. More than one film in mind. Photo and phone please.
NYC, Male Box No. 5582J

YOUNG SLIM MAN
seeks young masculine man to 28 for companionship. Please state interest. Phone and photo please.
NYC, Male Box No. 5583J

YOUNG BUDDING MASTER
Interested in extending his experience with obedient kittens of either sex or in groups. Photo helpful when answering.
NYC, Male Box No. 5584J

LARGE FELLOW WANTED
White male, 30, slim, would like to hear from heavy set males, over 260 pounds only. Have own apartment.
NYC, Male Box No. 5548J

PHOTOGRAPHER WITH IDEAS
Straight photographer wants female and male impersonators. Must be pretty and handsome for legitimate photographs. You can have great photos.
NYC Male Box No. 5549J

VERY PASSIONATE GIRL
Sincere sepia, deaf, 38, 36-36-36, wants cultured, matured, passionate, generous, white male. Must be able to relocate. Passion with love to age 50's.
PENNA, Female Box No. 5589J

To Advertise in EVO'S Swinging Headhunter Section, Please use this Form.

Type or print clearly. Ad replies forwarded promptly and sealed. This section is most discreet. Your identity is always kept confidential.

Leave Blank	Code Number	Headline	
	25 (Min. \$5.00)	26 (\$5.20)	27 (\$5.40)
	29 (\$5.80)	30 (\$6.00)	31 (\$6.20)
	33 (\$6.60)	34 (\$6.80)	35 (\$7.00)

Additional words 20c each

Ladies, looking for men for friendship, romance, or marriage? We will print your ad free.

THIS WEEKS STATES: MISSOURI, TEXAS, INDIANA

Full Payment (Minimum \$5) Must Accompany Order.

THE SWINGING HEAD HUNTER, P. O. BOX J BKLYN. 11226 DEPT. 314

Enclosed is \$....., please publish my Discreet & Personal Ad for.....issues.

I wish to take advantage of your Free Offer by placing an order for 3 consecutive insertions. You will publish 4 times.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

I Am Over 21 _____ Signature _____

GINSBERG'S THING

