

# THE east village OTHER

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The East Village Other is pleased to announce to its subscribers and readers that as of January, 1968, it will be published weekly.

"The Risen Christ"  
Renaissance Period  
Vienna



# MANIFESTO TO CUT THE BIG HANG-UP



On returning to the United States after two months in Asia—Japan, Ceylon, and Thailand—I am conscious of a marked and dangerous swelling of the national paranoia. Even flower-children are beginning to talk of violent reprisal against the increasing apoplexy of the police and the up-tight establishment. There is a gathering storm of sheer rage in which almost every important political group from the Birchers to the New Left is fascinated with the forces which it hates, and is bereft of psychic energy for any constructive action. Apart from a few high dreamers like Buckminster Fuller, Robert Theobald, Lewis Mumford, and Marshall McLuhan, no one seems to realize that an entirely new world is technically possible in a very near future—a world in which fascism and communism, capitalist war-economy and socialist levelling, poverty and taxation, overcrowded cities and rush-hours, and the necessity to earn a living by drudgery become entirely unnecessary. This wholly possible “utopia” is the only alternative to that total blackout of mankind for which we are now heading. A mutual massacre of scapegoats!

Perhaps some hippies, the real spiritual-type drop-outs, have a contribution in preparing themselves for the leisure society—but their back-to-the-soil and arty-crafty notions of an economy are both sentimental and dangerous. To push back technology is to let millions starve. But the technology which hippies resent—the industrial slums, the smogged skies, the freeways, the piles of massed-produced junk, and the continued tuffing of our constipated cornucopia of useless or unused “products”—all this is simply obsolete. That most people are unaware of this plain physical fact is because our supposedly “materialistic” civilization is hypnotized, clobbered, stoned, and asphyxiated in a poisonous cloud of pure abstraction—of symbols, concepts, and institutions which have no further relation to the material world of nature.

Materially, we have created an electronic, computerized, and automated technology which is capable of handling almost every type of drudgery from accounting to digging ditches. It is capable of producing the basic necessities of food, clothing, housing, and utilities in unbelievable abundance. Yet instead of letting it go ahead full blast, we let it create a problem of “unemployment,” and squander most of its energies on making ever more satanic engines of war—because we are too stupid and deluded to cooperate in any large social project except under the stimulus of terror. Only the Big Bogey of communism can force the public to fork out enough taxes and the government to increase the national debt sufficiently to keep the economy running.

Hasn't anyone heard? Taxation became obsolete with top hats and handsome cabs, and money is a reality of exactly the same type as meters, hours, and grams. Our divorce from the material and physical world is so complete that we don't know the difference between money and wealth. Remember the Great Depression?—when, despite the material resources of

the industrial world, the economy collapsed for lack of money, for lack of the power to purchase what industry could produce. Sorry, chum, you can't build that house today. Not enough inches to go around. Yes, just plain inches. Not inches of wood or metal. Not even tape-measures. Simply a slump in inches as such.

There it is—concisely, without the many technical detail which a handful of economists have already worked out. Capitalism, the obsession of making money, and socialism, the project of robbing the rich to pay the poor, are alike forms of the delusion that money is wealth, and belong to the pre-technological and pre-electronic age. Yet, in this country, not one single major political party—left or right—has any notion of putting such a scheme into practice.

Even on the basis of our current use of money, it does not seem to have entered the heads of our menu-eating politicians that all the energy and treasure spent on war since 1914 could have provided every human being on earth with a life of comfortable luxury. Yet apparently we would rather have dollars than fine food or clothes, the “true” religion rather than the kingdom of heaven on earth, the “right” ideology rather than healthy populations, and seem to derive much, much more pleasure from hating and plotting against our imaginary scapegoats than from enjoying the riches of the earth.

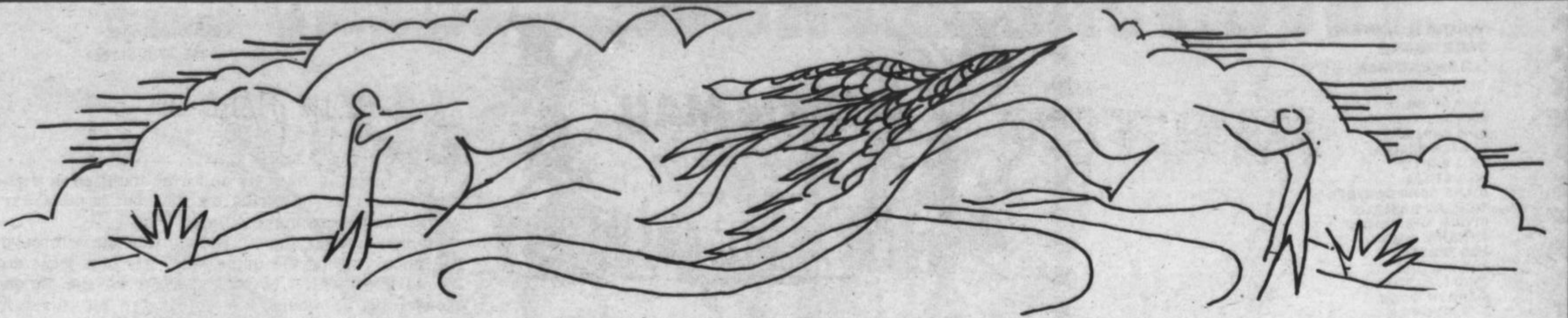
Today, an effective revolution of the young-minded can be neither of the left, of the right, nor of the middle. These are merely the standpoints in a political debate which has no further relevance to facts. We must create a total diversion from the war of ideologies and from this obsessive scrambling for poker-chips mistaken for wealth. But it is not enough to drop out, don beads, and chant mantras (not that there's anything against ha in an age of leisure), for the expansion of consciousness must, at the very least, involve the liberation of our heads from this bodiless, bloodless, and obsolete world of abstractions which we mistake for our natural universe.

It is in this sense that we must get out of our minds to come to our senses—where “mind” signifies the confusion of words with meaning, menu with dinner, money with wealth, ego-personality with living organism, marriage with love, and law with order. All these abstractions are social institutions or conventions which are useful only so long as they are seen for what they are. This is the kind of vision of which the prophet said, “Where there is no vision the people perish”—and how appallingly true this is, not only of the United States but also of most civilized countries, at the immediate moment. For the most part, even the Underground Press is an outlet for horror stories and protests, allowing only fragments of space to woo men from their follies by describing the exuberant style of life which we could begin living today. If only we could open our eyes to what politicians and preachers call “hard” facts and “down-to-earth” realities—we should be as happy as larks.



ALAN WATTS





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by ALLAN KATZMAN



## TODAY'S MENU



### GRAND CENTRAL A LA CARTE



Grand Central Station, crossroad of a thousand faces ; a thousand lives geared up to the machinery of going home. From the balcony to the people below the great foyer which containsthem looks like a giant grid of atoms moving at cross purposes ; each man, woman, and child, an atom alone, searching for an infinite variety of order to their lives.

It is almost five p.m. by the big clock which hangs over people's heads, twenty five feet from the ground. The floor swells with activity.

Commuters are being devoured by doorways and skirted off to a destination unknown. Some stand by newsstands buying their daily diet of words. Others pause by food counters stuffing their mouths with frankfurters and cokes. Others, still, fill the small house of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc. A Tiny Alice of Trade, it stands off north of center of the grid and beams minute by minute reports from the New York and American Stock Exchanges on two TV sets that are set up inside it for the interest of travellers.

Ray Sanford, account executive for the company, sits on a chair and speaks into a microphone. Commercial Words of Wisdom: "Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith suggest you purchase....." The words fade off swallowed by the noise of machines, mostly human, caught up in the daily matrix of buy and sell.

Suddenly a song drifts into the mechanism. "You Can Get Anything You Want At Alice's Restaurant." The floor is filled with commotion. Twenty men in blue uniforms with fat

sticks in their hands rush in time to the center of the grid from the left. From the right appear a barrage of mechanized men with cameras, lights, microphones and wires who surround about fifty people; some with hair down to their shoulders, some not, some with hats, some without, some with beards, some without, all in clothing.

Cameras whirr. Lights flash. Tape recorders moan. People's faces are sucked into celluloid. People's voices are sifted onto acetate. People surround people. A circle of flesh grows into thousands and then stops like a wheel that has lost its motion.

The center of the circle is alive with movement. Young people are moving from left to right in incantation. Words break from their mouths singly like birds. PEACE. LOVE. WAR. VIETNAM. Confetti flies through the air. Balloons burst.

The police move in and encircle the group of brightly dressed people, cutting off the curious onlookers and commuters in back of them whose programmed journey has been enmeshed suddenly into an unprogrammed event.

The police are stopped short of their destination by newsmen who have beat them to the punch. The Media devours first while the Law looks on and waits for the bones.

Angry voices are thrown from the outer edge of the circle. "Take a bath!"... "Go back to Russia!", but miss their mark and innocently ricochet off the blinking advertising sign which beams the message, "INSTANT KINDNESS FROM CLAIROL."

Keith Lampe stands off to the right of the center of the circle, brightly dressed in a Beatles blue uniform with Sherlock Holmes riding hat, talking to a Colonel Rowan who is dressed in a drab green uniform with the words ASPCA on his right shoulder.

Rowan is explaining to him that releasing doves into the air is a misdemeanor because they are warm weather birds and not allowed to be released in cold weather.

"But what if they're pigeons," queries Lampe.

"I.I. don't know," answers Rowan, "they're not in our jurisdiction."

"Join us then," counters Lampe, "You can be known from now on as the American Society For The Prevention of Cruelty To Animals And Vietnamese."

Silent teeth stare at Lampe and are interrupted by the flight of fifteen odd birds into the air. Police move in and hustle off ten youngsters from the area. People begin to run and break off into every direction. Chaos reigns. Five minutes later the show resumes. Some people begin to kiss and hug each other moving in a circle. One girl is handing out leaflets. Other people watch blankly. One man moves away and acclaims aloud in disgust, "Ugh, they probably have crabs."

Some TV cameras have moved off to the side and are interviewing onlookers and commuters. One fat woman bellows into a microphone, "I've had my fill of these demonstrators. The way they act you think they were at war with someone." Over to the right of her, other TV cameras are recording the feelings of two soldiers who have just come home on leave from Vietnam.

People are chattering away biting the air with a lean and hungry look. The noise of their meal drifts off to nowhere in particular.

Suddenly everything breaks off and plops into place like raw meat going through a grinder. The big clock strikes six and under it a sign tells all, "WESTCLOCK WAKES UP AMERICA." People are again hurrying home to their next meal.



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JAYE AND THE KID.

## COUNTRY GOES TO POT

Dear EVO:

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU! Really turns you off doesn't it? Stop! Don't let it! Let SAM turn you on baby.....turn you on to the new evolution in armed forces, where your head is your most beautiful weapon. Become a F.L.O.W.U.R. agent (Frater's Legation Of Working Undercover Representatives) and let's get organized.

Whatever Uncle SAM meant before-forget it! He was brainwashed by the straights but he's OURS now and stands for US - a Society of the Advancement of Marajuana! We are SAM, we live in SAM and the time to join forces is NOW!

Everyone has their own thing to do and some of us take on a more difficult burden. We, who love you all very much, have long been unobtrusively infiltrating enemy ranks on our own special reconnaissance mission. We wear enemy garb and rapp in enemy language.....straight. Painfully straight. Our uniforms are necessary to our common cause; the undermining of the entire whitecollar corporate structure! We must win them all over from salesman to executive. Our work is devastatingly slow and great tolerance is needed, but more than this, those of us with gigs, doing this thing as best we can to help our brothers on the street, MUST ORGANIZE!

Like any great society, we must have undercover men who work behind enemy lines, tactfully, for our ultimate gain and freedom. We become more powerful everyday, but together we can advance more rapidly! This is where FLOWUR is at.

This is no goof. Dig it and you'll realize what copious achievements and victories could be attained for beautiful people everywhere. Haven't they imbruted us and caused blight enough? It's time to act in unison! In essence, we must put our heads together.

If you pose as a straight for the culminant goal, then you belong in our ranks. Become a FLOWUR secret agent.

We need you, the entire SAM needs you, so heads up, look up, wise up, join up brothers because Uncle SAM wants YOU!

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## STATE OF THE CITY MESSAGE

Dear EVO:

Though it's okay for the press to talk of Stop the Draft Week as a "failure" or "frustration," the week was enormously successful at a much deeper level. We have worked out a concept of Joyful Disruption now - and it's irrelevant that we failed to close the induction center.

We shall have an exuberant winter. At noon on Saturday, the 23rd of December, for example, thousands of us will step into Fifth Avenue, and splendidly close it down from 47th to 51st Streets. We shall carry big beautiful boxes which, when opened in the middle of the street, will be empty or will contain all manner of fine food or surprises for sharing. Rock groups - perhaps in Salvation Army costumes - will set up in the middle of the avenue, and there will be lots of Santa Clauses. Clog for peace. Later that afternoon, maybe some of us will surge through the news rooms of ABC or the NY TIMES, the two organizations which have deteriorated most rapidly in recent weeks.

All this will pose an interesting public relations problem for the city. Can Mayor Lindsay and his companions allow the TPF to desecrate our smiling faces with their boots and clubs? Will even tear gas be tolerated by the throngs of John Q. Christmas shoppers nearby? Ho, ho, Kris Kringle.

The most helpful people during Stop the Draft Week were those few who initiated the merry surge through the streets Wednesday morning. Our good vibrations that day turned on thousands of truck drivers, cab drivers, office and shop workers, etc. Fortunately, the corny attempt at a city hall rally was spontaneously vetoed by the hip youngsters - and the surge continued northward. Mayor Lindsay is no longer relevant - tho it's okay, a couple of days later, to get into an obvious language thing about how badly he acts.

There should be many more Peace Surges through the streets - but they needn't have destinations. Practice Zen randomness and goallessness. The important thing is your good spirits, your happy clothing and beautiful things to give away. As we turn on more and more New Yorkers, the media will be forced to reduce their distortion quotients in order to maintain some kind of credibility with sufficient numbers of viewers, readers & listeners. The main reason peace surges are so successful is that they put the city to human use by interrupting tedium (ALL those smiling truck drivers) and providing real-life alternative to greed and war-crime. The only obvious use of Manhattan is to turn it into an amusement park.

Second best thing last week was the good number of arrests. Hundreds of kids got over their slight fear of being busted, and they'll tell their friends. Disruption now includes disrupting jails and court systems with massive numbers. For young people, the arrest may become a rite-of-passage, a human analog of the dueling scars in 1930s Germany. In fact, jail may become a fad: "We used to take our vacations in Miami, but now we always go to jail because there's so many innarresting people there. Gee, Terry Southern's so darkly handsome and brooding..."

I stayed on the sidelines Friday, because I'd been busted twice by then, and felt a third trip so soon would be too expensive in time and money. When I passed the demonstrators at 13th and Broadway, they looked so sheepish and obedient I had idea of getting 100 day-glo paddy wagons, arresting them for Orderly Conduct and abducting them to beautiful mountain retreats, where they could get stronger. But after the massacre at 16th and Irving Place, that fantasy was in poor taste. Only thing you could learn from ABC-TV about 16th & Irving was that a cop was injured there. (The police apparently are getting into street theater too; even though the cop said he was all right, his officers went through a little skit involving helping him walk, fetching an ambulance, etc.) Gabe Pressman, though, was affected by the butchery, and his coverage was least coy. Since the demonstrators got a year or two younger each day as the week progressed, one wonders: if it had been Stop the Draft Month and, toward the end, police bloodied the bodies of large numbers of third graders, would ABC still have looked the other way?

For the past several months, most of the people I've met near MP bayonets or in jails have been considerably brighter and more contemporary than most of the people I meet as "leaders" at planning meetings. Maybe best solution is everybody willing to be "leader" put his name in a jar and we have a lottery. Yet there remains the problem of cop infiltration. Perhaps, then, no leaders at all. Oceans and breezes have no leaders. Best justification for continuation of peace "groups" with realistic names

is as smokescreen; give the regimes something to infiltrate and waste energies on.

- Keith Lampe  
East 13th Street

## RE-UP HARD-ON

Dear EVO:

I'm a hippy in military uniform, stationed in Vietnam. Sure I work, during the day, but at night. I'm cool as the breeze in the village.

At night I wear the military inside the compound. But once I'm on the other side, it's blue jeans and an old sweat shirt. Night is perfect for me. No one knows who or where I'm going. I'm all alone. At times I get very paranoid. Maybe, it's the M.P.'s coming to take me back. Or it could be CHARLIE ready to stick a blade in my back. These are some of my thoughts that are running through my head as I'm running the streets of Xuan Loc.

Finally I'm safe. Where? In a little shack on the edge of town. I call a little boy's name very softly. Like a ghost out of the night, a small boy appears, holding a candle. He knows the score. He sees my face and he knows it. I have come here many times before. We waste no time getting inside.

As I look around, I see an old man (Vietnamese) smoking opium through his pipe. Then there is an ARVN (Vietnamese Soldier) sitting on the floor smoking pot and passing it on to a girl. I look closer, I see another girl sitting in the corner sniffing what appears to be some white powder (COKE) better known as cocaine.

Immediately I sit down beside her. Five seconds later I pull out a joint and light it. With this gesture her eyes begin to twinkle. This was really cool. After I had taken two drags off the pipe, some of the ARVN's smoke and what was left of the girl's coke, plus the joint that I had had already, I was cooler than any breeze blowing.

Then the fun began. The tension was too much for the old man, he passed out. The ARVN and the other girl started kissing passionately. I knew what his next move would be. Things started happening fast now. I finished smoking my last joint. I then looked at the girl that gave me the coke, she looks at me with no expression on her face at all. I had never seen this girl before in my life. I reach my arms out to her and she accepted. I kiss her, she does like wise. Then she whispers very softly in my ear, "300 please! (\$3.00)." This shocks me. I just stare at her. She began to laugh and giggle like a girl thirteen years old. She kisses me again and told me that she was just having fun. This was her way of getting kicks. She was high!

I left early the next morning. I had to. I knew if they had missed me that would mean court-martial. So I made it back on time.

Who knows where I will go next!

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# THE GREAT MILLBROOK SNOT BUST

by Timothy Leary Ph.D



Photo Diane Dorr-Dorynek

When Art Kleps blew his nose in a kleenex and threw the tissue down, one of the sheriff's men came over and picked the tissue up and turned to the other man and said, "Well, what should we do with that?" The other man said, "You'd better put it in a vial." And they

did. They sealed it in a glass tube and took it away. What they're going to do with the snot of the Boo Hoo I don't know. —from a statement by William Haines, spiritual leader of the Sri Ram Ashrama.

For the last five years we have been playing a game of cops and robbers against our will with the sheriff and district attorney of Dutchess County. We've actually been in a state of armed siege for the last six months. Visitors and residents of our religious sanctuary are arrested as they come and go from the property. We have had three raids or blockades involving 25 or 30 sheriffs and altogether there have been over 100 arrests made, none of which have stood up in court or resulted in convictions. The basic problem here is the one which exists throughout the country. It's the war between the generations.

On this property there are three legally incorporated religions — the Neo-American Church, headed by Arthur Kleps, the Sri Ram Ashrama (a Hindu sect) headed by William Haines, and the League for Spiritual Discovery. Millbrook, as everyone knows, is the world center of psychedelic activity. We've established on this estate what is essentially a religious province. We consider this land a sanctuary for men and women and animals and plants to live together in harmony. We have a tremendous good time here. It's a happy group of people.

Now the sheriff and the district attorney are unhappy men. You can see this in their faces and in all their public statements. This is an extremely right wing Republican county. The men who run this county live in the 18th or 19th century. They're mad at us because we're enjoying life and having fun. They're mad at racial minority groups. They're hard on poor people. It's the classic military police puritan mentality. And the sheriff and district attorney are furious because they've lost almost every game they've played with us so far.

Our main weapon against the forces of the sheriff in the past and present is good humor. Every time the sheriff raids us or harasses us we talk over the local radio stations and give interviews with local papers in which we make people laugh. We call the sheriff the "Sheriff of Nottingham." We've invited him to send his deputies over to have a softball game in which they can drink beer and we'll turn on with psychedelic drugs and see who can win. When my wife, Rosemary, was released from a 25-day imprisonment for refusing to talk to a Grand Jury, we all went over with flowers and gifts for the jailers and the sheriff. Really freaked them out.

The raid on December 9th was based on a 9 or 10-page affidavit sworn to by an informer, Fintan O'Hare. The affidavit is riddled with factual errors and patent mistakes. One of the interesting aspects of this case is that the informer swore that he undertook this inves-

tigation at the request of his brother, the Reverend Daniel O'Hare of St. Peter's Catholic Church in Poughkeepsie. We can't believe that this is true, that a Catholic priest would encourage or sponsor or condone a violation of the sanctuaries and temples of another religion. I have wired Archbishop John J. McGuire of the New York Diocese (Cardinal Spellman's successor), requesting him to investigate and determine the truth of this statement.

The informer is a young man who came here last Spring and lied to us. He told us he was a religious person seeking spiritual guidance, and he came and went as hundreds of people do each month. With thousands of visitors coming each year we can't prevent people from smoking marijuana or taking LSD—60 or 70% of the kids everywhere are doing it. We can't be responsible for what people bring here any more than the Archbishop of St. Patrick's can be responsible for what people bring to his church. We do, though, kid a great deal about psychedelic drugs because we know that there are always informers and paid agents around. I've even requested we get a tax deduction for the government informers that we have to support and feed from week to week.

The raid on Saturday was the typical armed invasion. They kicked down doors and desecrated our shrines. They always steal money when they come. It's impossible to trace this or know which police officer copped the money. They took diaries, personal objects and an enormous amount of kitchen spices, vitamin pills, prescriptions, patent medicines and so forth.

There are dozens of humorous aspects to the situation. One of them is that the nephew of Judge Raymond Baratta — who threatened to run us out of the county two years ago — was arrested for possession of marijuana. I understand he was ordained as a priest in Art Kleps' Neo-American Church while Art was in jail with him.

The only thing about this recent raid that irritated me was the fact that one hour before my son, Jack, was to be released on bail the sheriff insisted that his hair be cut. Jack is an ordained priest in the League for Spiritual Discovery. He wears long hair as do all of our ordained ministers. It's part of our religious garb. Religious men, like the early Christians, have always let their hair grow as God seemed to want hair to be grown. When the sheriff was asked if it was a state law to cut prisoners' hair he said, "No. It's my own rule." It is sad that law enforcement officers feel that they have the right to use their force to infringe upon the personal privacy and appearance of people of other religious beliefs.

As I said, our attitude toward the judge, the district attorney and the sheriff is one of friendliness and good humor. They've arrested us so often and spent so much time rampaging around our house that we've come to know them pretty well. They are sincere men who really believe that marijuana is a narcotic drug and that it's ruining their children. They're good men but blind to reality. We try to turn them on in every way we can — make them laugh and relieve their frantic worries. I'd like to ask the readers of EVO to pray for the misguided military men, the policemen, the politicians, the whiskey-drinking menopausal middle-agers who run rampant with guns. Why doesn't everyone turn on a cop in the next month?

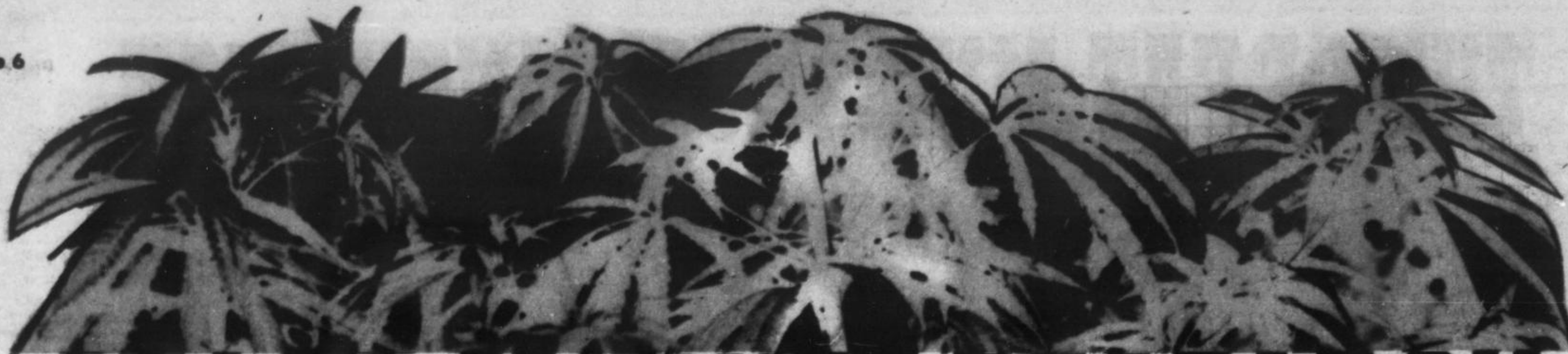
The sad thing is that they are unhappy. They know they've lost the younger generation. They're aware of the fact that fewer and fewer people listen to or respect them. While riding to jail with the sheriff I was given a long lecture on his beliefs — that the young people today need force and discipline. That they have to be coerced into doing what's right. I pointed out to Sheriff Quinlan that the times are changing and even the young priests and nuns of the Catholic Church are using marijuana as an aid to meditation and prayer.

One final comment. We're going to make a public request of President Johnson and Governor Rockefeller for an amnesty at this Christmas period. We hope we can de-escalate the hot war between the politicians, the police and the younger generation. We're requesting that there be an amnesty so that the 50 or 60 thousand young people under the age of 30 who are in jail for possession of marijuana be released at Christmas time, during this period when brotherhood and tolerance and love should exist in our country. I ask the readers of EVO to join us in writing or ringing their congressman or the governor or the president requesting the release of young people who are imprisoned for a law which certainly will be changed very soon.

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# BLACK MARKET RESEARCH

Last April, EVO published a questionnaire aptly titled "BLACK MARKET RESEARCH," which sought to obtain a statistical sampling of the ways and means of drug usage among our readers. We asked for truthful answers, with no unnecessary bullshit. The response was beautiful. Some were neatly typed, crisp facts. Others were ebulliently decorated with flowery designs, obviously executed in a state of total groove.

Our thanks to Theo Solomon, whose computer was invaluable.

The figures quoted have been computed from a total of slightly more than 1,200 answered questionnaires.

1. Do you or have you ever smoked or taken the following:

Marijuana	98%
Hashish	85%
Cocaine	31%
Peyote	41%
LSD	77%
Psylocybin	12%
Heroin	21%
Laughing gas	23%
DMT	50%
DET	14%
STP	3%
Methedrine	70%
Diet Pills	55%
Bananas	19%
Pepper and food stuffs	10%
Darvon	4%
Barbiturates, tranquilizers	18%
Morning Glory seeds	10%
Opium and Morphine	11%
Demerol	3%
Cough Medicine	4%
Glue	3%
Codine	5%

2. If you answered yes to any of the above questions, which to your knowledge do you consider your worse trip or evil?

LSD	10%
STP	2%
Methedrine & Amphetamine	22%
Diet pills	5%
Marijuana	3%
Food stuffs & Morning Glory	5%
Peyote	4%
Barbiturates	2%
Cocaine	2%
Heroin	19%
Cough Medicine	1%
glue	2%

3. Which do you consider your best trip:

Marijuana	44%
Hashish	27%
LSD	28%
DMT	7%
Peyote	5%
Methedrine & Amphetamines	1%
Morning Glory	0
Cough Medicine	1%
Laughing gas	1%
Psylocibin	1%
Heroin	1%

4. If you smoke marijuana, at what age did you start?:

0 - 12	2%
12 - 14	4%
15 - 16	21%
17 - 18	25%
19 - 21	29%
22 - 25	13%
26 plus	6%

B. Do you smoke everyday:

Yes	27%
No	61%
No Response	21%

C. Do you smoke only at night:

Yes	14%
No	65%
No Response	21%

D. Do you ever smoke too much:

Yes	25%
No	66%
No Response	9%

E. Did you ever have a hangover:

Yes	18%
No	73%
No Response	9%

F. Do you have a steady connection:

Yes	55%
No	38%
No Response	9%

G. Is your connection a female:

Yes	13%
No	62%
No Response	25%

H. How much do you pay per ounce:

\$5	11%
\$6 - \$10	16%
\$11 - \$15	15%
\$16 - \$20	33%
\$21 - \$25	6%
Over \$25	3%
No Response	15%

5. How much do you spend per month on grass:

\$5	9%
\$6 - \$10	10%
\$11 - \$15	7%
\$16 - \$20	15%
\$21 - \$25	4%
Over \$25	13%
Over \$50	6%
Over \$100	1%
Free through selling	5%
Free by gift	6%
Free - growing	2%

6. How do you prefer to take your marijuana:

Joint	46%
Pipe	33%
Water Pipe	30%
Food	7%

7. Have you ever sold drugs - including marijuana:

Yes	64%
No	31%
Sell under special circumstances	5%

8. Do you consider your drug use religious:

Yes	22%
No	62%
Sometimes	16%

9. Do you practice it alone or in a group:

Alone	9%
Group	22%
Both	59%

10. Do you consider it a ritual:

Yes	15%
No	71%
Sometimes	14%

11. Do you drink alcohol or beer:

Yes	44%
No	34%
No Response	22%

12. What do you do when you turn on - type of activity:

Sedentary Yes	44%
No	8%
Both	25%
No Response	23%
Sensory Yes	51%
No	49%

Emotional Reaction

Positive	60%
No Reaction	40%

13. Activities while turned on:

Social	24%
Sexual	33%
Creative	25%
Intellectual	38%
Routine	42%

14. Do you turn other people on:

Yes	
No	No Response

15. Are you very paranoid because you use drugs:

Yes	14%
No	54%
Both	32%

16. Do all your friends turn on:

Yes	28%
No	72%

17. Ever busted for dope:

Yes	13%
No	87%

18. Age:

0 - 12	1%
13 - 14	0
15 - 16	3%
17 - 18	11%
19 - 21	28%
22 - 25	35%
26 - 30	12%
30 plus	10%

19. Sex

Male	68%
Female	31%

20. Education

Grade School	2%
High School	4%
High School graduates	22%
Part college	29%
B.A. B.S. degrees	29%
Some graduate work	7%
Graduate degree	6%

21. What do you do for money:

Work	45%
Supported by parents	12%
Parttime work	29%
Sell dope	14%
Unemployed	7%
Student	7%



## HOME GROWN HAPPINESS

BY MICHAEL W. MORIER

HOME GROWN HAPPINESS is the result of five years of research on the growth of marijuana. It divulges the secrets of growing dynamite grass, indoors or outdoors summer or winter, even in the north temperate zones. You will learn to grow pot hydroponically and with artificial light. You will also learn about experimental giant and freak plants through the use of various hormones. The quality of your crop will amaze you.

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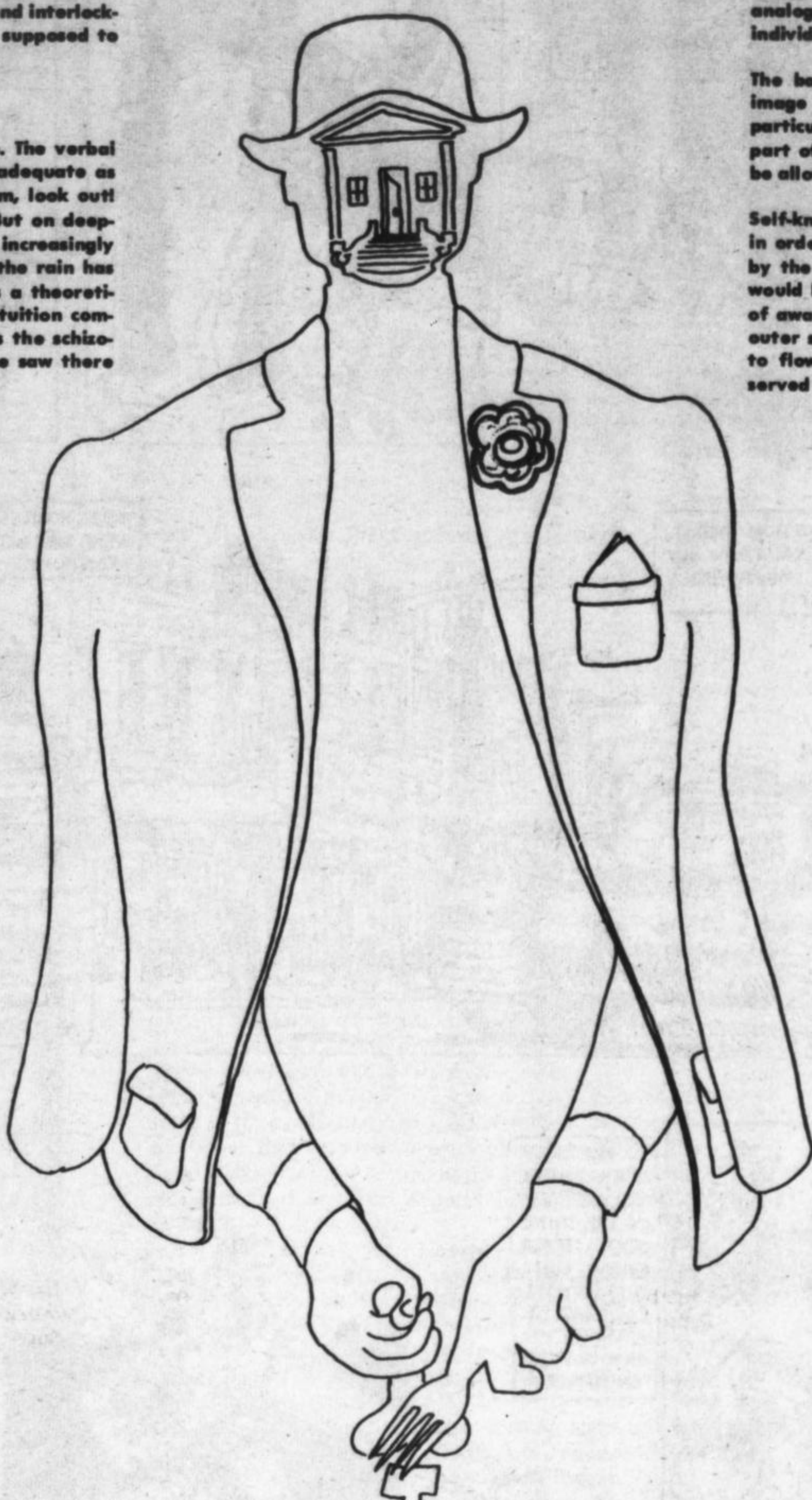
A crisis of information is upon us! We live in a time when the facts have become a deluge no one man could possibly contain. Nor is it a matter of a simple increase of number; the facts themselves have become as subtle and interlocking as the nature of the reality they were supposed to illumine.

This crisis also involves our common language. The verbal structure with which we communicate is still as adequate as ever on the plane of objects such as you. I, him, look out! feel, and tea with or without milk and sugar? But on deeper and higher planes its uselessness becomes increasingly apparent, and it is in such outer planes that the rain has been gathering for the last fifty years. How is a theoretical physicist to tell us what his research and intuition combine to make him suspect reality to be? How is the schizophrenic to say where he has been and what he saw there under the chair?

...If we were to become able to convey reality through image in a continuously illuminating manner, we would have discovered an integration principle in our collective life analogous to the function of the dream process in the individual's life.

The basic axiom of image as language would be that the image was a direct perception of something "real". That a particular image might not be immediately recognized as part of his experience, or being, by the observer could not be allowed to invalidate the image.

Self-knowledge, defined as objective experience of the self in order to identify the distortions imposed upon the facts by the functional structure of the perceiving mechanisms, would be equivalent to learning this language. In this stage of awareness the observer would stand between inner and outer space allowing the interplay between image and self to flow, overhearing their dialogue, and the observer/observed dichotomy would have become trichotomous.



Produced by Image International/66



GOD IS ALRIGHT NOW, BUT HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE OF US HE IS

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AFTER NEARLY A DECADE OF NEGRO CRIME AND INSURRECTION THE AMERICAN PUBLIC COULD TOLERATE NO MORE. IN 1972 CONGRESS PASSED THE NEGRO CONTROL ACT WHICH RESTRICTED NEGROES TO CERTAIN AREAS AND PROVIDED FOR THEM TO CARRY PASS CARDS



THE AMERICAN WAS ORDERED TO TAKE CARE OF ANY EMERGENCIES



ON MAY 4, 1973 A NEGRO WAS SHOT WHILE IN THE ACT OF JAYWALKING



THE NEXT DAY EVERY POLICE OFFICER IN HARLEM WAS FOUND HANGING FROM A LAMPPOST

THE EMPTY STREETS ECHOED THE OMINOUS SOUND OF DRUMS

IN RETALIATION THE ARMY WAS CALLED IN AND APPROPRIATE MEASURES WERE TAKEN



THESE, HOWEVER WERE MET WITH RESISTANCE....

CARRIED ON BY THE SO CALLED "BLACK LIBERATION ARMY" WITH ITS SELF-STYLED LEADER, KNOWN ONLY AS "DADDY JUSTICE."



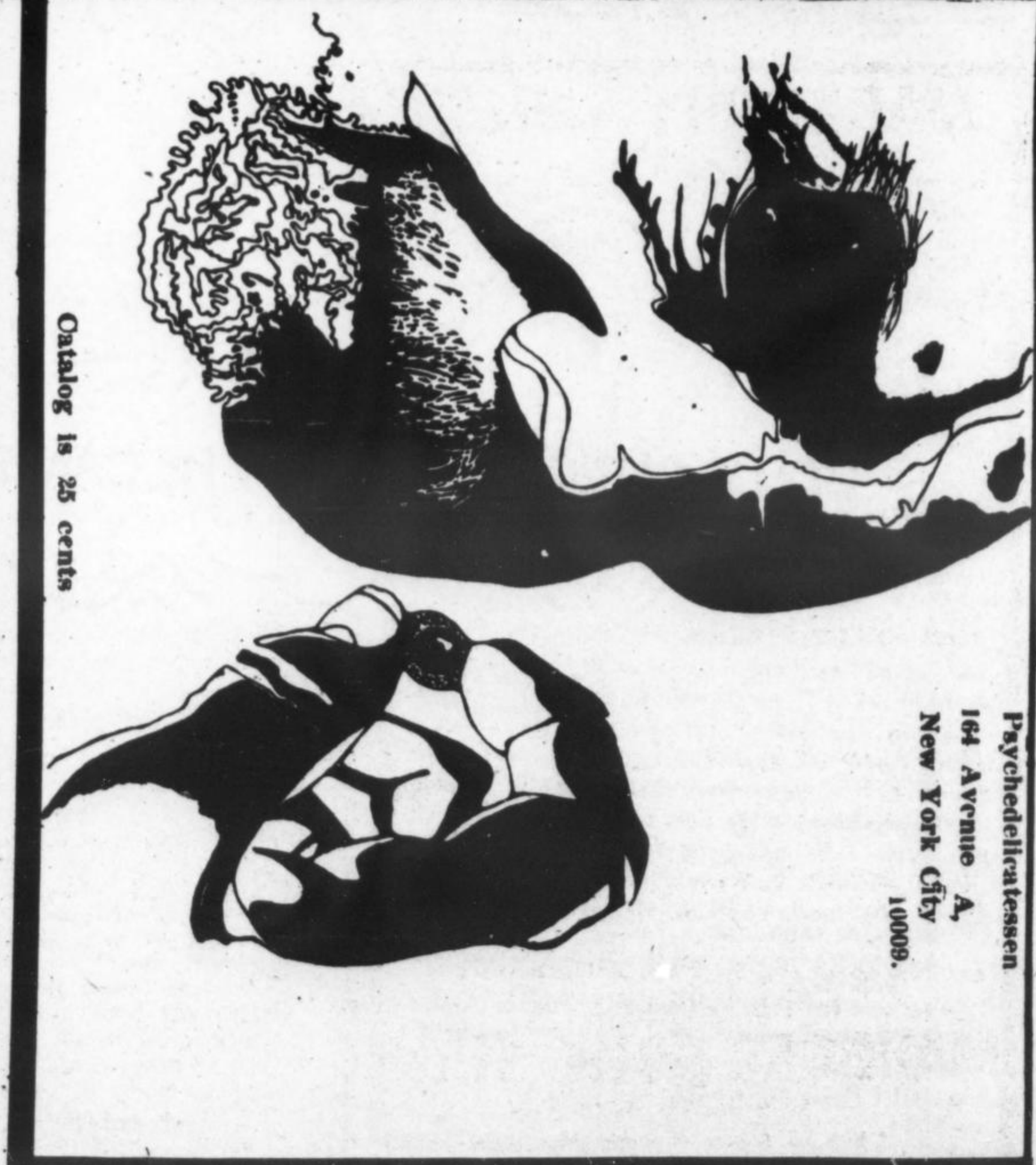
TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AFTER GRAVE CONSIDERATION ORDERED THE AIR FORCE TO DROP NAPALM ON HARLEM

FWAP

DISPITE THIS, THE COMMUNIST INSPIRED INSURGENTS REFUSED TO COOPERATE



ALTHOUGH THEY CONTINUE TO CARRY OUT ACTS OF TERRORISM AGAINST LEGALLY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY, THERE ARE SIGNS THAT GUERRILLA ACTIVITY IS SUBSIDING. THE LATEST REPORT FROM THAT AREA IS THAT U.S. MARINES HAVE JUST RECAPTURED 125th STREET AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING. REMEMBER SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN HARLEM



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by Allan Katzman

Rudi Stern and Jackie Cassen have scored a triumph in their new Kinetic light environment which opened on December 14th at the Architectural League, 41 East 65th Street.

By transforming a three room gallery into an environment of light, based on the natural vibrations of color and sound, they have afforded us a look into the many lifestyles of the future.

We are immersed immediately, as we enter the first room, into the elusive and everchanging rhythms of painted projections pulsating on mobiles, fountains of stroboscopic light and water, foam rubber floors perpetrating motion on the toes and balls of the feet; and sound tunnels absorbed by darkness, turning in space and set to motion by a tossed ocean of light. A geodesic sphere covered with reflective surfaces, a garden of rotating sculptural forms of Plexiglass and mirror finished plastic, a pool illuminated by ultraviolet light through Lucite blocks and spheres and a waterfall of light conceived as a fountain of moving, vibrant kinetic fireworks (Fiber optics) make up the outer garment of our experience.

No scientific explanation can do justice to the intricate programming and engineering know-how that has gone into this masterwork of environmental life-style. What we have before us is the primary learning experience of any 20th century human being reduced to the size of a Universe.

This is the New Art! Less of a masterpiece than a masterwork; defining new concepts of lifestyle based on the rather obvious experience that the visionary poetry of our period or its symphonic equivalent is as likely to be found on T.V., or in the annual report of an aerospace company, as in the book, art gallery, or concert hall.

It shows us that the future lies no longer in just the creation of a static reflection of mankind's mind and desire but in the ability to create dynamic alternate cultural strategies. It is an affirmation of life based less on the intrinsic value of the art object itself and more on the awareness of creation, the very life we are living, as it acts of its own accord.

Design science artists Stern and Casse have created an environment in glittering color and motion reflecting the perfectness of day and night, the sun and moon, of death and rebirth incorporated synthetically into our daily lives. A new art form that gets us back to the basic primeval meaning of ourselves, to the human organism as the function of reality.

PRIVAT---FORBODT reads the sign on a private beach where Susanne is sunbathing. But private property means nothing to young Per and neither does the sacrosanct moral code of the middle class in Knud Leif Thomsen's film VENOM which will premier at the 72nd Street Playhouse this winter. This Danish film was given a \$15,000 grant by the Danish State Film Foundation for "artistic daring", but it had to undergo censorship before being shown in Denmark or being imported to the States where private property and a sacrosanct moral code are the law.

Susanne's father, Mr. Steen, is perplexed by the difference between his pious words and his libidinous actions: he tries to make it with his maid and his secretary; he attempts to conceal that there might be anything wrong with his 20-year marriage with a woman who has disappointed him by "getting older and uglier" (she looks like Ladybird), and his real estate deals are far from ethical. As a result, he is very unsure of himself: "Why should your children think as you do?" he asks.

Per openly challenges Steen's hypocritical stuffiness with missionary Bible-burning ardor. His forthrightness overwhelms Susanne: she is converted to his amorality and he films all their fucks. "The world is run by complexes," he says. "There is no point in working when you can get someone else to do it." Ridiculing one girl's romantic ideas on sex, he advises here: "Next time you do it, don't close your eyes." Capitalists like Steen will soon be corpses.

In an effort to make Susanne "see through" Per for herself, Steen invites Per to live with them and supplies him with a generous income. Only after he learns of the films and Per's seduction attempts on Ladybird, does the old man's adrenalin get worked up. He kicks Per down the stairs and out and throws his filming equipment on top of him.

VENOM is a superbly executed and hilarious film about the weakness and hollowness of anachronistic morals. It was particularly interesting to be

able to see where the fucking scenes, films-within-a film, were censored: A white "X" frustratingly intervenes, and we know that the footage is Privat and Forbott.

"THE HIPPIE REVOLT" now running at the Regency Theatre, Broadway at 67th Street, will probably be one of the best documentaries to come out on the subject this year.

Based on the "hippies' own narrations edited throughout the film, the picture gives us a categorized evolution of the "hippies" from withdrawal to the recent protests.

We are led through the colorful streets of the Haight Ashbury, confronted with the free sexual mores of the younger generation, their drug use, psychedelic colors, Love-Ins, artistic expression through body painting and stroboscopic lights, crash pads, communal desires for nature: their endless forays into knowing God and their frustrations of an endless society camped on the edge of destruction.

They are paraded before our eyes as an infinite bunch of kids meeting bare existence with, in most cases, only love, and then turning to rend themselves when love is not reciprocated, but always evolving somehow through all the pain and bullshit to a new discovery of themselves.

There is also a ten minute scene of movement and color that simulates the "trip" experience and which is almost as good as the real thing.

Where the "hippies" are going is shown by where they have been is the last scene in the picture, the handwriting on the wall, tells us, "And you, who have loved today?"

Received a leaflet which attempts to summarize the basic knowledge an American should have if he wishes to immigrate to Canada as an alternative to the Draft. One interesting piece of information was that "several of the border officers have been Americanized. Avoid Detroit, Lake Champlain, and the Vancouver and Toronto airports."

If you are interested in receiving this leaflet, write to: THE SOUTHERN ONTARIO COMMITTEE ON WAR IMMIGRANTS c/o Jim Cairns, 1 Mountain Ave., Hamilton, Ontario CANADA; or THE TORONTO ANTI-DRAFT PROGRAMME 2279 Yonge Street North, #1, Toronto, Ontario CANADA.

The Diggers lost the free store due to the publicity over Kenneth Goss, "the poverty worker" who was supposedly beaten and tortured by a motorcycle gang on the Lower East Side. It turns out Goss was an escapee from a mental institution and a "pathological liar." Two weeks before the disclosure, the diggers related to me how Goss had lied about the free store being used as his prison and scene of punishment. But no one would believe The Diggers and the landlord threw them off the premises. They are now looking for another store. Anyone interested phone EVO 228-8640 and leave your name and telephone.

A cartoon criticism of Lyndon B. Johnson will be published in February of 1968 by Cobble Hill Press, 271 Madison Ave. It has an introduction by Jules Feiffer.

Sunday's N.Y. Times of December 3rd had a story that a leading medical anthropologist sees a major threat of Bubonic Plague in Vietnam.

The National Observer, a subsidiary of Dow Jones and Company, in their December 4th issue gave a left-handed compliment to the Viet Cong. "A number of insurance companies have stopped writing new policies on servicemen with orders to Vietnam, and servicemen are finding that other companies are limiting the size of policies they can obtain," stated the Observer.

On December 9th, between 2:00 a.m. and 2:25 a.m., 97 people stenciled WAR beneath 1028 STOP signs in the city of Buffalo, to read STOP WAR. This was the first action taken by a loosely organized group, Haka, united in an effort to end the slaughter of thousands of people in Vietnam.



By Dick Preston



Tales from the

## Chapter 2

# HIRING AND FIRING

Before continuing with our story, there are some things which should be said concerning the land of Was.

Geographically it is like an enormous island set between two equally enormous and forbidding oceans.

Across these oceans, many years ago, there came an army of adventurers who settled its fertile acres and who stole and cheated the original inhabitants out of their birthright.

They did this because their God, in whose image they thought they were made, had told them that the original inhabitants were lazy and lacking in initiative and ambition and therefore they were not worthy heirs to the land on which they had been born. Their God also told them that it was good to multiply and this they interpreted on a physical and material level. And later, in order to assist this religion of multiplication they stole other human beings, (whom they also considered to be lazy) from their homes in far off lands and set them to work in the fields and mines of Was. In doing this they felt that it would be good and civilizing for them and would initiate them into the value and glory of labour.

And so the Lords of Was grew rich through the exploitation of their slaves. But their riches brought them nothing but shorter tempers and bigger pains in their guts and they began to quarrel amongst themselves as to who was to be THE leader.

One of the Lords who made up in cunning what he lacked in riches, suggested that they might take turns. Another said that the leader should be chosen in a popularity contest. And yet another suggested that the name of the leader should be "King". After much prolonged wrangling, (which has been heavily documented elsewhere) it was finally agreed that each slave was to be allowed to vote for his favourite Lord and that the Lord should reign for a period of four years and that his title should be "King."

And so this system—because it worked well for the aristocracy—was perpetuated through the centuries to the present day. The early Kings, however, did run into some problems with disgruntled Lords who felt, rightly or wrongly, that the elections had dealt with them unfairly.

In order to solve this problem, the kings split the country into provinces and made each Lord a Prince (conditional to the same terms of tenure as those he himself had to suffer) so that they could, in a smaller way, play at being King and so not bug him too much until election time.

It was also arranged so that if a slave became rich through diligent imitation of his lord's virtues, then he too was allowed the privilege of becoming a candidate. And they called the whole system—Democracy. And everyone in the land was intoxicated by the idea that even they themselves, no matter how lowly they were, might, perhaps, maybe, some day, be able to play at being King.

Kings came and went, and the Princes begat Barons, and everyone except the slaves prospered, and though from time to time the system showed visible signs of disrepair, nobody worried too much until the reign of King Lyndon the Gruesome.

Now, during its long history, Was had had some pretty vile and unscrupulous Kings, but it had never had anything so vile, coarse, brash and vulgar as

Lyndon.

The bastard son of a manure merchant, he had wheeled and dealed every living second of his life—had wheeled and squealed himself into the position of Chief Assistant to the late King John the Rich and Beautiful. Knowing the depths of his own vileness, he was all too aware that the slaves would never vote him to the Kingship, and that the only way he could fulfill his ambitions would be to have King John assassinated so that he could succeed, and then get his image-makers to work out a program that would be surefire bait to the slaves. The program he had in mind was one that would ignite the imagination of the slaves with an hallucinatory phantasmagoria of goodies, such as had never been promised before. Whether he could actually make them come true was of complete indifference to him.

Everything worked out, but, like the promises which the Devil himself keeps, they didn't quite work out according to plan.

While the assassination itself was successful, the attempts to cover up its mechanics were woefully inadequate. In an attempt to keep the awful truth under control, his agents were assassinating everyone who had been involved in the assassination, and, though so far no one had named his name, whenever names were named it was a generally known fact that he was the man who had masterminded the whole operation.

Moreover, his program, which he had called "The Great Society," and with which he had hoodwinked the slaves into giving him their votes, was falling apart for lack of money owing to the enormous cost of the foreign war, which was itself also going badly.

Poor Lyndon, it just wasn't his era.

And not only were his public affairs looking pretty sour, but his private life was beginning to curdle too.

No one, it seemed, wanted to marry his daughter. True, she was no oilpainting; she had the look of petulance and meanness that one finds in the faces of the daughters of the underprivileged, but rarely in royalty. King Lyndon had been quite determined that she should marry a soldier, and since none had volunteered, he had ordered the personal data of every white man in his army to be fed into a specially programmed computer. The slave technicians who operated this machine sniggeringly called it "Operation Date n' Die."

The computer's final selection, a Capt. Robb, was now standing before him.

"...Oh no, sir. It's not that I don't think it's a privilege to marry your daughter... quite the contrary... but don't you think it's the duty of a Prince Consort to remain close by the side of his Princess?"

"Why, son," the wily King replied, "when that preacher joins you two in holy matrimony (fart) you'll be together until death do you part."

The Captain shuddered. "Yes, but couldn't we be together physically as well as spiritually?"

If this chicken-hearted faggot was the best the computer could find, then he would just have to live with it.

"Why, son," he countered, "you ain't afraid of going off to fight the Cong, are you?"

"Certainly not, sir," lied the Captain, but knowing only too well that his death in action would put the King in a very advantageous position at the next

election. Now the brave Captain didn't mind contributing his time and money to the King and his party, but he was now very reluctant to lay down his life and forego the fringe benefits that he felt were his due as a Prince Consort—even as Consort to Princess Cinder Bird.

"I'm as eager to kill a Gook as any other red-blooded man in your army, sir," continued the Captain, trying out his first lesson in practical diplomacy, "and if I can serve you best by fighting the Cong, then please do not hesitate to avail yourself of my services."

"Don't think I don't understand the path of true love (burp)," said the King, "but I want you to remember that this li'l ole war ain't gonna last forever (fart). Remember, I've got some real pretty medals with your name on them for when you come back. I know when ma daughter marries you I'm gonna get a real (fart) hero for a son-in-law... yeah?"

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"I'll certainly do my best, sir," said the Captain with as much feeling as any condemned man could be expected to muster.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Minister of Defence, Robert McStrange, stared gloomily through his Glen Miller spectacles at a map of the current war. The map was covered with hundreds of little red flags, signifying the enemy, and a couple of dozen striped ones, signifying Was bases. He felt an overwhelming desire to tear out all the red flags, and replace them with striped ones, and then write a memo to the King telling him that his damned war was over and finished. However, being a man who was noted for his iron will and moral rectitude, he plucked the phantasy from his mind and ground it into the carpet with his heel.

"Christ," he thought, "the cost of killing those miserable little Gooks was becoming quite excessive . . . have the Generals no idea of efficiency . . . if they continue to carry on like this, the whole country will soon be bankrupt." Quickly he popped a speedball. "If I've told them once, I've told them a thousand times . . . the long war is a thing of the past . . . it's too god-damned expensive . . . if you can't tie them up in a week, then forget about it . . . it's simply no longer cost-effective."

The filing cards in his mind popped up and down like toast in a busy luncheonette toaster. Bullets, bombs, anti-biotics . . . trucks, tires, trowels . . . nutmeg, notepaper, napalm — enemy for the use of.

"One can't run a business like this . . . everything going out and nothing coming in." The old adage, "The business of Was is business," suddenly seemed quite absurd. He had a quick vision of the assembly line at Fords, at the end of which was a pit twice as big as hell, and into this pit rolled all the beautiful, shiny, sparkling, new model cars. It was his way of looking at the war. He rushed to his desk and made a rapid calculation. "If they must kill Gooks, then they've got to do it at least one-tenth of the price it's costing them now."

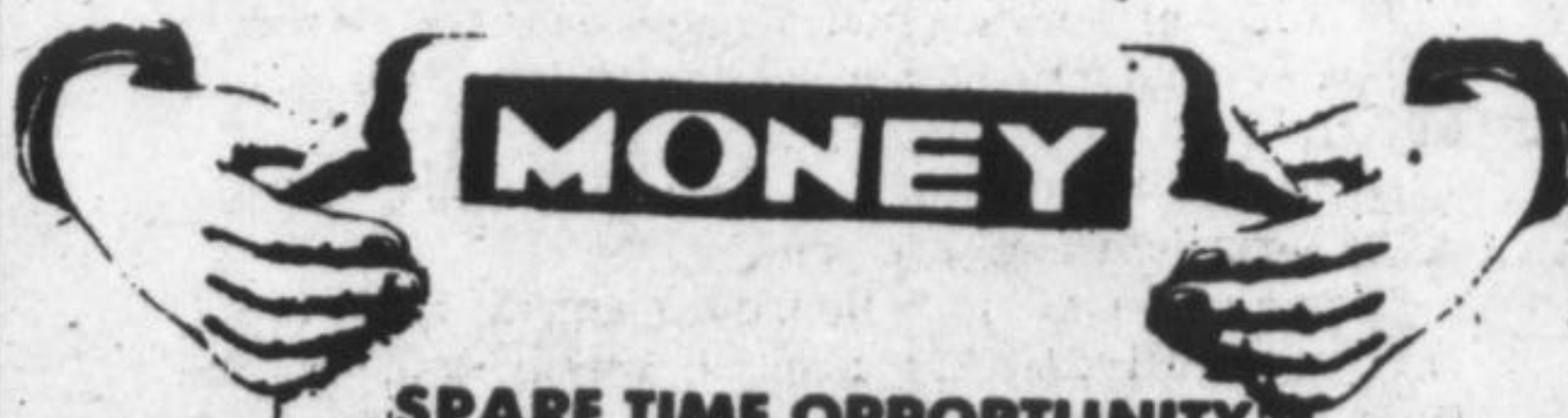
A slave entered silently, depositing in material in the IN basket and taking out material from the OUT basket.

"Congratulations, sir," she said in passing. McStrange nodded, thinking the word superfluous.

Another slave entered, bearing a corked test tube. "The new nausea gas for your approval, sir," said the slave. McStrange took the test tube and disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. After 10 seconds of golden silence, the office echoed to the retching and gasping of the Minister, which, to the astonishment of the slave, continued for 5-10-15 minutes.

"He must have vomited up every organ in his body . . . weirdest way to get kicks I ever saw," he afterwards told his friends.

Eventually the Minister reappeared, his collar and tie loosened and his fly undone.



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# land of was

"Fine," he said weakly, "tell them I want to talk about the price before they go ahead with production."

"Yes, sir," replied the slave, "and . . . er, congratulations," he added as he closed the door.

Congratulations? The minister thought the slave was exercising a very bizarre brand of humour.

Gulping three speedballs, he called his secretary and gave her a letter to Baron Dow, asking him if he couldn't possibly reduce the price of napalm, as they would probably be increasing their order during the next twelve months. She read the letter back to him, adding the word "congratulations," and then cut her connection.

"What's all this congratulations jazz?" snapped back McStrange. "Why, on your Chairmanship of the World Bank, of course," she replied, sounding very surprised.

"Ridiculous. I got too much work here . . . can't possibly run two jobs."

"But I thought you were leaving us, sir."

The Minister groaned like a man struck in the anus by a fragmentation pellet. "Get me the King," he gasped, singing into his chair.

Agonizing minutes passed, for, as we all know, Kings are notoriously difficult to get to the telephone. Then . . .

"Howdy there, Robert . . . Congratulations."

"Your Majesty . . . Lyndon . . . why have you done this to me . . . after all these years of faithful service?"

"Come now, Robert, you'll be a big success with the boys at the Bank and you'll be the new hero of the Left as well . . . ain't that fine and dandy?"

"But why? Why?"

"Well, Westy and the boys have been telling me that you've been kinda hard to get along with . . . that you want to run the war your way. Now we all appreciate your concern for the economy, so that's why you're getting promoted."

"But how come everyone in my Department knew about it before I did?"

"Guess that's another of those damn leaks."

"Perhaps your Majesty should appoint a Minister of Plumbing?"

"Glad to see you're getting your sense of humour back again, Robert," and he rang off.

Too weak to even pop a speedball, McStrange felt like a silly-putty effigy of himself. Slowly his mind focused on the ruckus at the last council of war — a pretty wild affair with the Generals banging their fists on the table and crying for more of everything from whisky to warheads. It had been very difficult for him to maintain his attitude of cool objectivity with so much irrational behaviour going on. And there had been that very unpleasant scene in the bathroom, when General Westy had kicked in the door and hissed at him — just as he was about to wipe his arse — "Mother-fucker, if you don't give me another 500,000 men I'll have your balls for paperweights!"

Suddenly, McStrange realised with dread that everyone was expendable, even himself.

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# Review of the Arts

## BOOKS

ALLEN KATZMAN

**SHEEPER** by Irving Rosenthal. Grove Press, Dec. 6, 1967. \$5.95

Irving Rosenthal's first novel "Sheeper" is an illuminating experience into the world of faggot facts. He stays close to his fingertips, "What lover ever came through when you needed him most? Stick to your fingers." The curvature of this spine is the nerve ends of his style, now prose, now poetry, now essays; polemics on jewels, spiderism, skin, air, etc. He entrenches himself in the belief of his own facial expressions, never depending on others to do his speaking for him; a true faggot who never lets his desire for other men end without a confrontation with lust. He collects things, people, and narratives, a specialist in the disease he is suffering from. "One man is tall like me, another is queer, another has my skin disease. I join hands with the whole human race."

This memoir of outrageous opinion and sudden insight is structured around a group of contemporary writers. His collection of sorts, famous writers like Ginsberg, Trochhi, Hunke, Olsen, Dahlberg, are peeled clean and pinned neatly to this eyeboard of mental feasts. His prose style is brilliant, the flame always his quest, and his plot constantly fading away as if it were on the long journey of the moth.

This is a novel of unprecedented neurosis in which everything conceived is used over and over again:

To make things precious by using them. The image used again and again in different contexts doesn't pall, as we were taught in school, but pulls strength from the line. The line or routine David uses on little boys to get in their pants has been polished and perfected by so many years of use on so many different subjects, it is pure and delicately simple as carved jade or ivory.

Rosenthal lives in his novel as if the world was in his room. Each chapter is definitive of how far he has travelled, from his early remembrances of a smothering mother:

My whole childhood was a mad race around the dining room table to avoid falling into her hands.

or:

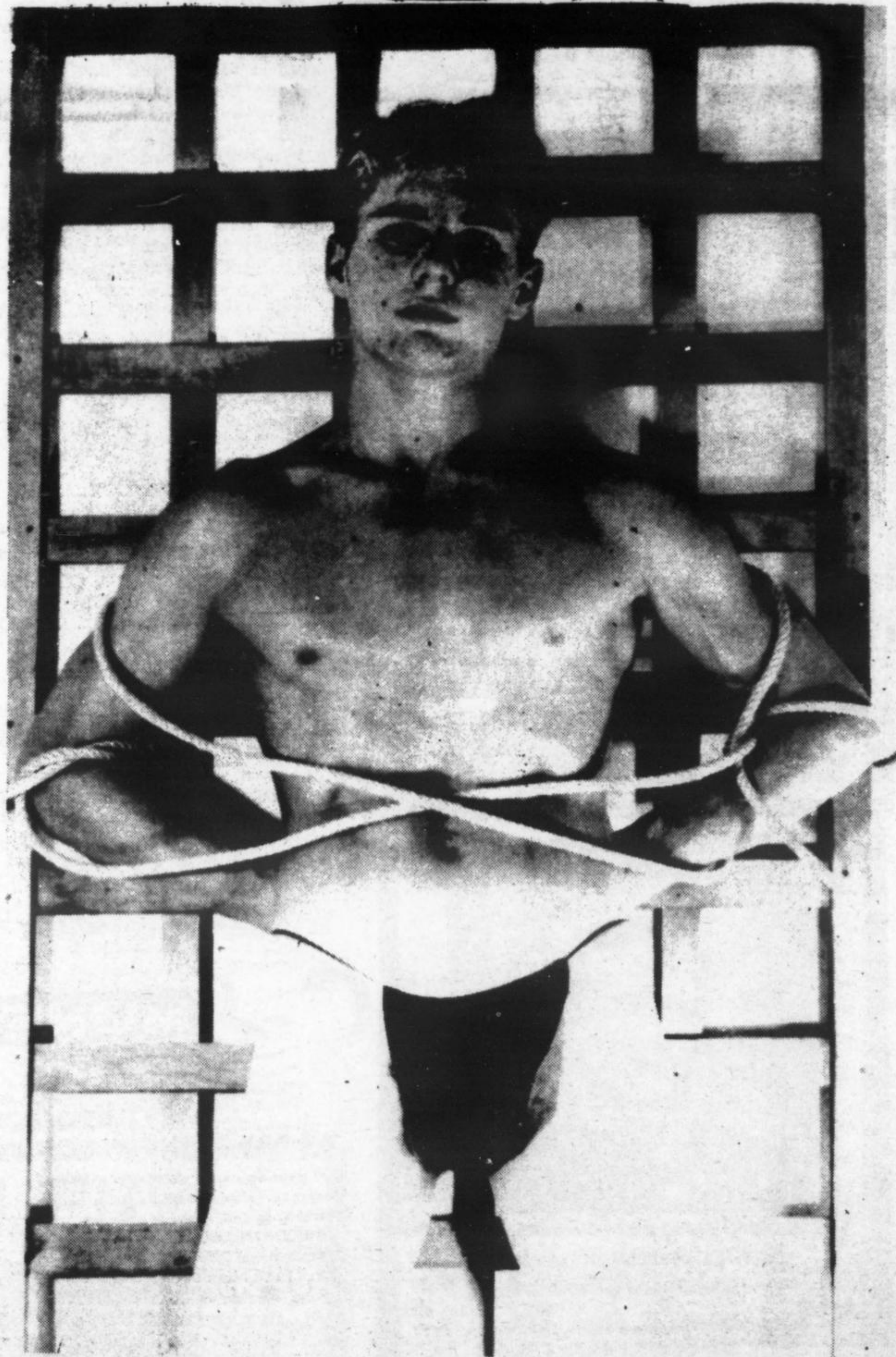
My mother never caught my imagination from the outside, like everyone else I think about. She was there from the inside, sitting.

to the last chapters of mea culpa sonnets to some Patriarch of neutral wonder:

Because in this last book I rail against women but know there is no thing or creature in this strange world we find ourselves in that we are not bound to accept—"Thanks in the nose," I can hear them reply. Because the worth of my book is the distance between the lies in my art and the Truth in my eyes.

Because I decided to live and so not kill myself or not kill myself and so live—which was it? In either case the margin of living was there—the memoir foreordained. I am on the side of life, but almost only as a fellow traveller—truckless of this world and idiocy

Continued on Page 18





# FILM

by Richard Preston



MY DAD MY MUM

MYSELF AT SIX MONTHS



I AM SUPRISED TO FIND MY FATHER HAS TAKEN THE PLEDGE. "BE AN ANARCHIST SON" HE SAID "POLITICS IS ABSURD"

WHO IS RENFUE?



AND MARRY A GIRL JUST LIKE MUM". SO ON THE FOLLOWING EASTER I WENT OUT AND SOLD HOT POT COOKIES



"THE FUNCTION OF THE ARTIST IS TO MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE" SAID MY DAD



SO WHILE I WAS SELLING TOILET TISSUE IN UPPER VOLTA I MET A GIRL WHO LOOKED JUST LIKE MUM.

"THE FUNCTION OF THE ARTIST IS TO FUNCTION" SHE TOLD ME. WHEN THE SKY CLEARED I FOUND THAT SHE HAD EATEN MY LAST SPAGHETTI SANDWICH & HAD LEFT TAKING WITH HER.

MY VIRGINITY



HELP!

THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM IS TURNING ME INTO AN EGOMANIAC.

Because I have not been to the movies lately, and in conformity with the title of this supplement, I am going to abuse the space given to me to conduct an interview with myself.

ME. Tell me Mr. Preston, how long have you been making films?

EGO. About 8 years.

ME. And how many films have you made?

EGO. Christ knows...maybe 15.

ME. How long do they run?

EGO. Anything from 55 seconds to 15 minutes.

ME. They're not very long are they?

EGO. You can't tell a book by its weight.

ME. So you think your films are pretty good?

EGO. I didn't say that, and anyway I've no idea

how they stand on the good, better and best

table. To be perfectly frank it bores me

to have to look at them...unless I'm high

and then I'm overwhelmed by my own genius.

ME. What is the strongest influence on your work?

EGO. Everything from Nixon to Nothing.

ME. Which films do you consider your best work?

EGO. The one I'm working on at the moment. It's

always that way. When a film is finished,

it's finished. After that it's only good for

making money.

ME. And do you make much?

EGO. Practically nothing.

ME. Where do you get the money to make your

films?

EGO. I labour for it. Except once when a very

charming young lady gave me \$200.

ME. You sound very pissed off.

EGO. Sure I am. There's nothing more frustrating

than to be hung up for the lack of money...

particularly when some people have so much

they don't know what to do with it. Moreover

I had my camera stolen over a year ago and

I've never been able to replace it. If anyone

reading this has...

ME. Aren't you overdoing this, Mr. Preston? This

is a newspaper not a begging letter.

EGO. Fuck you. Ask me something intelligent then.

ME. Who is your favourite film-maker?

EGO. Len Lye.

ME. Who else?

EGO. There are others but I'll be damned if I'll

give them any publicity this week.

ME. And which is your favourite critic?

EGO. I don't have one. As far as I'm concerned they

are all egotistic parasites...

ME. Coming from you that's quite a compliment.

EGO. ....who are filled to the eyebrows with stan-

dards and bullshit. It wouldn't make a scrap

of difference to film if they all died tomorrow.

ME. How are your bowels?

EGO. Fine thank you, Doctor.

ME. But you yourself are a critic.

EGO. I'm a film-maker who writes a little and I

write because I thought it might add to my

rep and that would get me more rentals for

my movies. And also because I thought I

would get talked about and that would make

it easier to get laid. That's about the strength

of it.

ME. And did your dreams come true?

EGO. No.

ME. I've seen your films a few times and the one

thing I was struck by apart from your extra-

ordinary talent as an animator...

EGO. Thank you.

ME. ...was the weight of your social message.

EGO. Well some people see the world as a soap

opera...some as a fairy land...some see it

peopled with asymmetrical shapes...I see it

as a plot and a cruel joke. I think life is a

very beautiful thing and I'm very bitter to

see it befouled by some of the people and

institutions that are in the western world

today.

ME. Why just the western world?

EGO. Because that's the only one I really know and

as I see it. It makes everything for profit

and nothing for love.

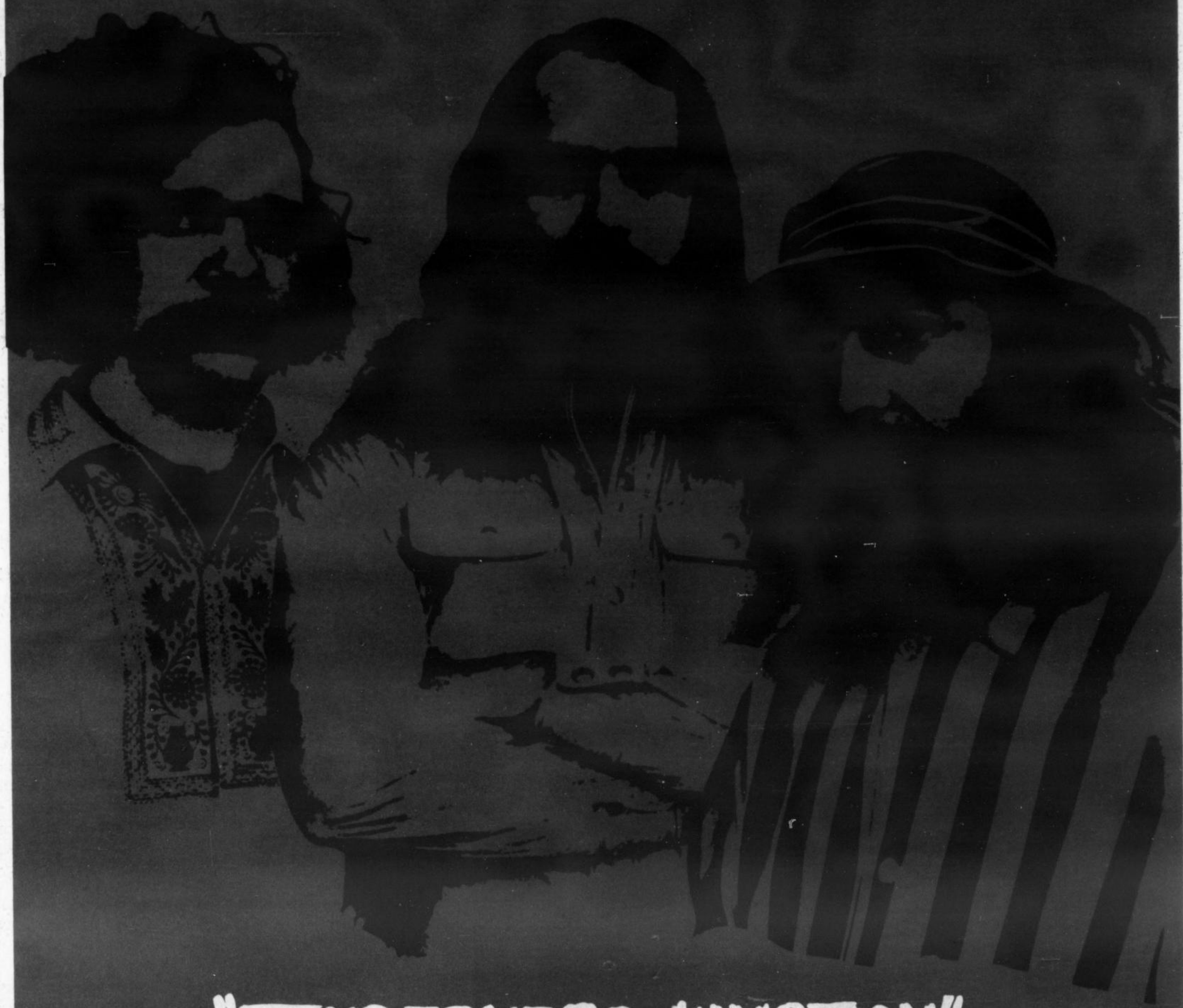
ME. I didn't know you were in the flower movement?

EGO. Up your daffodil.

Continued on Page 24



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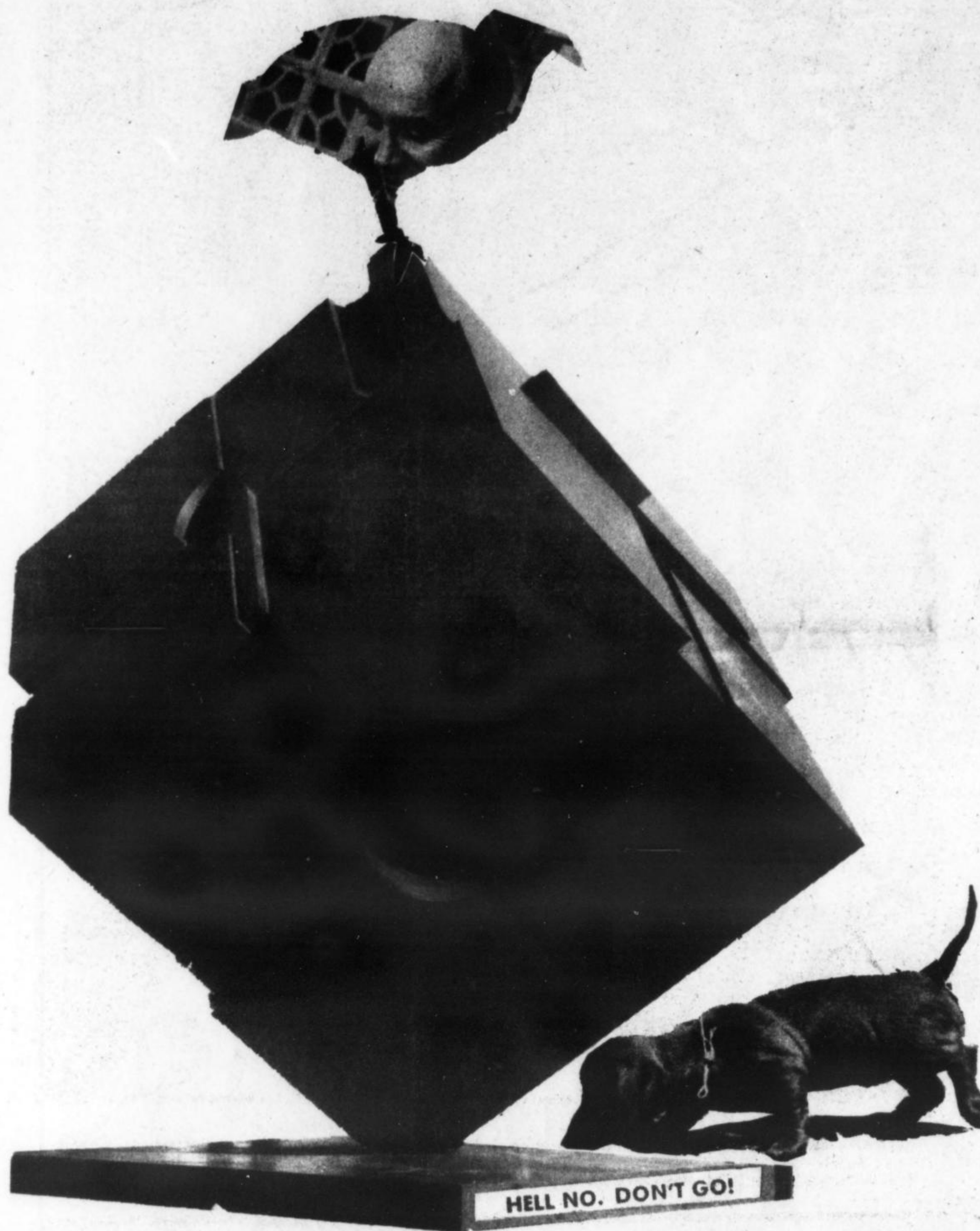
## ART

by Len Horowitz

Bernard Rosenthal is the sculptor who made the black cube entitled *THE ALAMO*, that is now a part of the scene on Cooper Square. The following interview in his studio is based on a previous panel discussion at the Artists Club (Rosenthal participated). It is hoped that this exchange will clarify some of the issues involved.

L: Referring to the panel discussion (Environmental Sculpture) I was curious that no one seemed to ask the obvious question: What is the difference between a sculpture and an object? That's been the big question for the last few years. Is there a difference, and does it matter? B: I haven't really been concerned about it. L: What do you think of the shape of a Heinz Ketchup bottle? Can that be sculpture? B: It could be, if a sculptor took it and did something about it. Some people find "Found Objects" and the moment they find them, they become a work of art. Duchamp did that with the urinal. It's the way he mounted it, etc. I'm not interested in doing that. Take the cube on Cooper Square . . . when I began working on it . . . as you can see by that wooden model over there . . . the cube itself was transformed (I hope) way beyond just an object. The act of cutting it up into these various sections made me feel that I was actually building up a cube. L: Looking at this, it looks as though you had made a very intricate Chinese wooden puzzle. B: Yes, I made this model out of 8 different sections. L: Most of your works is in polished bronze. Why didn't you make your big cube in polished bronze? B: It would be completely out of character for Astor Place. I had a 22-inch polished bronze cube sitting in a meadow this summer and you could see it from 400 feet away. The sun reflecting off its surfaces made it seem like a little sun itself. It was beautiful. But I think it would be out of place on Astor Place. L: I could see the possibility of giving the intersection a mystical/religious focal point of radiation. As it is, many of the residents and passers-by are already involved physically with this cube. B: I have taken photos of people pushing the cube and when I looked at the blow-ups under a magnifying glass, it was very interesting to see their expressions, their complete absorption. What this compulsion is to push this cube, I still don't understand. The reason it moves at all is as a result of the plan for mounting it. Inside, two pipes are welded to opposite ends of the cube and one slips over the other. When we first installed this cube, I pushed it a little bit to get it just the way I wanted it to be seen. Some students standing around said, "Oh, it moves." At first, I was a little upset about it, because I wanted the piece to be seen from certain angles from certain streets. After it had been installed, I left. When I returned, the cube had been turned, so I turned it back. I thought it would stay in one position, but we both know that it became not just turning to look at it, but turning because people wanted to turn it, and that's a whole other thing. L: People like the idea that they can move something that is larger than themselves. B: At the panel discussion Jack Grossberg suggested that it could have been larger for the area, but this would have been very complicated technically. I am happy that it is this size, because if it had been larger, I think there would have been a loss of human scale. It would have been overpowering. L: It would have been like another building. B: Yes, and they wouldn't have pushed it, there wouldn't be any physical involvement, which I think is one of the most important factors in its acceptance. If it were any larger, it would have meant that the corners would be too high for anyone to reach, and they couldn't have pushed it. So, I'm delighted that it's this size. L: I think that the reason people feel so happy in being able to move this cube is that it is a rather large piece and when one walks over and realizes how much bigger than a person it is, there is a feeling of power in it, and with the heaviness and strength of it, there is a certain triumph, a nice feeling in just being able to push it around. I remember having a nice feeling like that by getting behind friend's small car and holding on to the rear bumper while he unsuccessfully tried to drive away. It was a great feeling of me over the machine. I have seen groups of people at 3 in the

Continued on Page 18



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# THEATRE

by Allan C. Edmands

Just as the American Established Theatre productions are part and parcel of the grand institutionalized System, so in America—especially in New York—is established dramatic criticism ingrained in the structure. Published reviews are stamps of approval from self-styled, authoritative armchair judges. These reviews or notices supplement theatrical advance publicity releases. The consumer public (those "theatregoers", that 2% of America that views American theatre) is expected to read and compare the release and the notice and decide which productions are worth consideration in its entertainment budget. Thus, theatre reviewers are part of a Better Business Bureau, and the "making-and-breaking" notices are part of a consumer index.

Queen Alice in Charles Ludlam's CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE (current production of the Playhouse of the Ridiculous at the Bowery Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery) laments that she has nothing to read but the TIMES book reviews which are always the same: "different books, same reviews." Is it any wonder that the American public which regards the hilarious, obscene news coverage of the Established Media as truth might also take as seriously the reviews of that Media? Representing EVO at a play, what am I but one in an audience? And what else are my impressions but those of one in an audience? SHIT!! write about what impresses ME. Go see the thing for yourself.

For the last issue of EVO I wrote an article about the New Theatre that is challenging the irrelevancy, rigor mortis and materialism of Showbiz. Due to lack of space and/or typesetting difficulties, the article was not published. It had included—because they were somewhat relevant to the whole article—specific mentions of productions by the Mime Troupe, La Mama E.T.C. and CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE. All three productions missed the publicity EVO could have afforded them, but my silence did not affect the actual plays any more than would the published article.

Although the Mime Troupe has since gone home and La Mama's LINE has closed, CONQUEST still plays at the Bowery Lane. In this "comedy of the End," the omnipotent dyke King Tamberlaine systematically conquers everything, planet by planet, taking fealty oaths from vanquished bisexual chiefs-of-state by bugging them. The various deposed leaders plot revenge against him/her, and the play ends like an absurd Senecan tragedy where everyone is slaughtered—Queen Alice slays Tamberlaine's assassin by dousing him in deadly beer squirted from her breast: "tit for tat".

I saw a preview performance and wrote an impressionistic but somewhat sketchy review. Last week I saw it again, and again I watched what one of the players, in describing the play, called "filth! the insane ravings of a degenerate mind!" But it wasn't exactly the same play frozen, and my skeletal impressions became more complete. "Each performance may be different," says the release. "Within the rules of the game, chance of fate enters the scene through the way each actor feels each night. What he has eaten, what he has endured during the day, his paranoias, all are allowed to seep into the comic web of the play." As an actor can change, so may I—as a part of a human audience—change. The actors are acting themselves as well as their roles. The play moves as the actor himself is played off against his role. "The performance is 'live' in a very vital sense." Perhaps an audience needs more often to be impressed by the stinking sweat of the actor's labor as a human person. We are all playing ourselves off against our roles.

"What could be more pornographic than the horror images which come at us each day through the various media?" I now see this play more in depth. World-shaking decisions are really made in the President's bed; the leader alone with his chilly flesh is far more real than the plasticity of his media image. These ideas are all in the release, but it took me more than one performance to understand them. This is the same play, different review. Impressions of the Ridiculous play depend on what you happen to be high on or not high on at the time.

Continued on Page 19



GIZMO by daffi, a black mass encompassing magic, music, poetry, dance and light in a naked orgy of body paint, psychedelic jockstraps and g-strings will open at The Cooper Square Arts Theatre, on December 22nd. It is an arty attempt to breathe some life into the routine boredom of modern theatre.

Photo: Dorr Dornyk  
Collage: Preston





Continued from Page 12

of propagation — glad to be always the foreigner. If one is to read this novel, it is with the sole knowledge that he is devouring a peach. It cannot be read without the understanding of how ones fingers make love whether it be to himself or to others, men as well as women, dogs as well as martians. It must be read with the explicit eye of a worm on

## Art

Continued from Page 16

morning joyously scrambling all over the piece, celebrating the idea of a central meeting point. It definitely breaks the conversation barrier. It becomes a medium of exchange. It seems to neutralize the usual hostility people who dress differently have for each other. B: You are right, but recently I had mixed emotions about any old character running up and giving it a shove. L: But to me, that's the beauty of what's happened, that it can involve different kinds of people, even if on silly levels sometimes. I think that this is most artists' dream, to get lots of people really involved with what they are doing. I can't think of a painting involving that many kinds of people, unless you take into account what happened when the "Mona Lisa" or Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" were displayed at the Met. But there, the motivations were fame and money. Crowds came out of curiosity and had to file past the "Mona Lisa" without really getting involved. B: I've never had this happen with any sculpture that I made before. When I read the different things written on it there was no comment like it was a "piece of crap." L: I think it was partly the unexpectedness of it. B: You mean just finding it there? L: Yes. B: It will be interesting to see people's reactions when it is removed for awhile. It is going to be put on bearings so that it can be turned more easily, but with a governor on it so that it turns more slowly. I've seen 3 or 4 big guys spinning it pretty damn fast and I was afraid it was going to go flying off. I've also seen a number of people get on top and try to topple it but the base is too wide, fortunately, although they have managed to completely turn the base around. It's walking. The metal is rather thin, but it is made of a steel alloy created for greater strength and rust resistance. It is called Cor-Ten steel. I want to keep the tradition of it being a friendly object. L: It is a friendly object. If you had decided to make it larger than it is, would you have brought your equipment down and welded it together right on the spot? B: No, that would be a big job. It took 3 men several months to make this piece, 3 Welders were working on it constantly. If I had conceived of a larger piece, I would have had it welded in sections and have the various sections brought to the spot and then bolt them together. I am going to start a new piece where people can experience getting inside the sculpture. L: I have seen people putting their heads inside the hole and others come along and bang on it. B: I would like to experience what it feels like from the inside myself. I was inside while it was being made, but there was one whole section missing, and it was still quite a feeling. There was also the problem of how to finish the outside. Cor-Ten steel, if left to rust for 5 years will take on a rich plum color, its own patina that never needs painting. It is a very beautiful looking pitted, textured, surface. But I realized that it was going to be all graffitied up and the marks would have dug deeper into the metal, so I thought the black was better. Anyway, I like the black. L: You had mentioned to me that you had considered painting it bright red. B: Yes, I wouldn't mind, especially where colors of buildings are pretty dreary. At first, I was worried about the area, it seemed dull, I thought it might kill the sculpture. Sam Green, who was in charge of putting up all these works, chose the spot. Maybe he knew it would look good there. Also, I was afraid that the piece was too small. L: Maybe the reason for not knowing about these things is that sculptors have been given so few opportunities to do this that there hasn't been thinking or experience as to the possibilities. B: I've had experience with this. Twenty years ago I made sculpture that went outside and when I put it up it disappeared in the environment. I realized that I had to be stronger and blockier. The problem of making a piece of sculpture stand up outside or against anything, even in a museum, is a problem of bulk, and one of the reasons I've gotten into this bulky look is because of this. L: If this had been my piece, I would have considered contrasting some of the inter-

his long journey home. In the end when we finally reach the last shedding of our multiple skin, we can only stand as human beings, of neither gender and of all, polling the stars and begging them to become jewels. As Rosenthal sees it:

"I think it's a candle," I reply, breaking off larger and larger chunks of wax in neurotic quest of the wick. I break the candle in half. There is no wick. I say weakly, "I always thought it was a candle."

vals between the larger forms. B: I thought maybe of a white band or a blue or red where the interval juts out. However, I feel to do so would have destroyed the form and would have made it more of an OP sculpture. I guess doing that would have made it like a shaped canvas idea. I love shaped canvas, but I'm more interested in the whole form holding together, in it not being broken up by color areas. I'm basically a pure form sculptor. Take this bronze sphere. I was working with various wooden shapes and had something different in mind, but gradually this ball evolved. Now, I start with a large geometric shape and then cut it up and extend my interest, and I think that's the difference between an object and a piece of sculpture. L: In other words an object is something that someone gets a hold of and modifies very little, if at all. B: Right. If I had taken a ready made cube, it still would have been somewhat effective, but I certainly think that I have added to it. The involvement of so many people with this cube has opened up new possibilities for me in a future piece. I've got an idea for a pushing piece, specifically designed to be pushed. L: I've enjoyed sculpture that has been made to be heard as well as entered and touched. Do you like the idea of sculpture being heard? B: Oh sure. This cube is the largest bongo-drum in town.

To be perfectly honest, the best parts of this piece were those that were not planned. They just happened through audience response. L: Sculpture in the process of involvement? B: Right, and I am delighted. Afterwards, I thought of putting up a little recording inside saying: "Okay to push me" and "I don't mind a little riding." L: Do you think that the Picasso sculpture exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art answers a lot of the arguments currently being kicked around about what sculpture is? Picasso seems to have taken anything and made art out of it. B: Anything Picasso does is done with great facility. The argument at the Club was a very academic discussion about basic mastery of materials. I don't think this is so important. When it's all done, it doesn't matter who made it, unless you can tell. If you can tell, then it isn't any good. If a company is willing to put their facilities at my disposal, and they are willing to bear the costs, which they were in this case, and they spent I don't know how many thousands of dollars doing it, I'd be foolish to refuse. This means that my time and money are available for doing other sculpture. I have spent a good 4 months working on a five foot bronze version in the studio. If I had somebody to do this for me, I would have been free to do other things. It isn't that I want to create a new work every day, the process itself gives you new ideas. Everybody's ideas usually come through while working anyway. L: Then is there a way that a sculptor should exercise control when somebody is working on his piece. B: You have to have complete control. As long as I know as much or more than the man who is doing it, he has to listen to me. Lippencott is making some new pieces for me right now. But, I've done everything I am now asking them to do with other pieces. I can tell, even in a phone conversation, if they are doing it right. This may sound ridiculous, but it's not. I can conceive, like most artists, a piece in my mind and I certainly intend to take advantage of these possibilities in the future. L: What do you think of Jack Grossberg's comment that your piece was lost in the environment but it became alive when people were near it. I've been there at night when nobody has been around & there is the solitude of the cube just there, and the stark shape takes on another beauty, sort of an Edward Hopper quality. Something else happens when people are around looking, walking, pushing, pounding, commenting. Then it takes on another character. I think there is a quality of its just sitting there alone that is meaningful. L: What did you think of Sol Lewitt's idea of blowing up a Picasso sculpture six miles high? B: Well, there's the Pyramids and there are beautiful mountains, and mountains are marvelous things.

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OPENING DEC. 14th: 5 to 8 P.M.

41 East 65 St., New York City



# THEATRE



Continued from Page 17

Not all companies build publicity with notices. Over a month ago there was a loud press noise about an opening of Athol Fugard's *THE BLOOD KNOT* at the New Lafayette Theatre in Harlem. I called the theatre to obtain press reservations and was told the company did not want to be reviewed. New Lafayette, I was informed, was a community theatre—by and for the black community. "Our aim is to create a theatre in the black community," says director Robert Macbeth, "where the work of the artist can re-orient itself to the life of the black community." New Lafayette's community publicity apparatus did not depend on reviews. Reviews would only attract white audiences; community people would never take them seriously.

To be reviewed after closing, however, was permissible, and I was too curious to let *BLOOD KNOT* pass without seeing it. The play concerned two brothers—both with a black mother but with different fathers: one black, the other white. Morris, the mulatto, was able to "pass" in the racist South African society (Cole says South Africa and the US are indistinguishable), wanted to but felt guilty. The two brothers played the race game with one another—and it was almost fratricidal. It was a total play, building slowly to the dramatic confrontations, swelling crescendos, and concluding resolutely and firmly on the Rock of Brotherhood. The audience (one-third white) was totally involved—but what a tremendous gulf there is between these blacks enjoying their very own community theatre and the whites who scamper interestedly uptown. During the crescendos of the race fight, the white man clutched his seat and stopped breathing and the black man laughed heartily.

Generally this space will be reserved for productions I consider the most important. By "important" is meant; does the production deal with issues which have relevance in the community of living beings? Is there a player-audience interinvolvement such that the production is a total theatrical experience (not something we "look at" or "laugh about" but rather something we "feel in"). With the Mime Troupe's *commedia dell'arte* the audience contributes to spontaneous action which deals with issues important to ALL of us. McClure's *BEARD* is a total theatre environment, a common sexual experience. In the dances of the Cherokees, the entire tribe participates for a common community effort to make it rain or to bring luck to the hunt. On the other extreme is the Established Theatre—Broadway comedies-musicals with trite Ozzie-and-Harriet themes and classic revivals with classic themes of little modern relevance (safe well-known dramas by safe well-known writers, masterpieces to which we must respectfully and objectively expose ourselves on the dark side of a proscenium arch "aesthetic distance" picture frame).

Producers want notices for advertising, actors want them for resumes. Damn notices! Plays are meant to be seen and heard and felt—not written about. Go to the theatres and judge for yourself.

# some is fact some is fiction

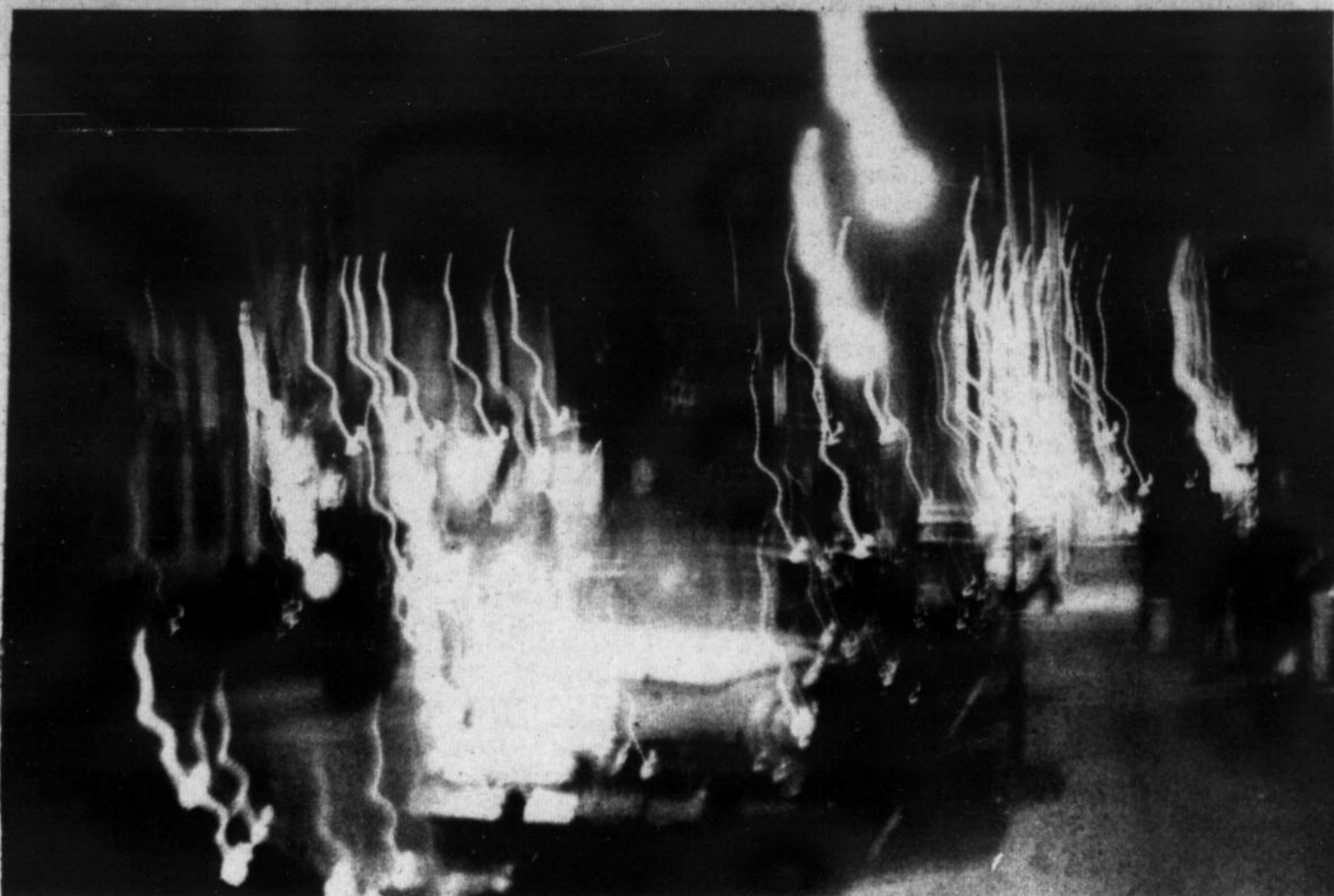



Photo: Diane Dorr-Dorynek

# but all is real

MY NAME IS SGT. BAILEY... **DUM DA DUM DUM**  
I'M IN MANHATTAN TASK FORCE SOUTH... NARCO SQUAD  
**DUM DA DUM DUM**  
IN THE N.Y.P.D. WE'RE CALLED: THE HIPPIE PATROL...  
**DUM DA DUM DUM**

OUR ASSIGNMENT: TO HELP THE HIPPIE  
**DUM DA DUM DUM DAAAAAAA**  
7:30 PM, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15TH, MY PARTNER AND I  
APPROACH THE DOORWAY AT 41 EAST FIRST STREET  
AND YANK THE PIN ON TWO HAND GRENADES  
**BARDOM BARDOM CRASH SHIT FLYS, PLASTER**  
**FALLS, AN ACRID SMOELL AS THE DOOR TOPPLES ON THE**  
**REMAINS OF A DERELICT WHO HAD BEEN PICKING HIS**  
**WAY THRU THE GARDAGE CAN OUT SIDE... ONE LESS**  
**FUCKING BUM I THINK AS I PULL MY COLT 32 SPECIAL**  
**AND LOOK AT MY PARTNER WHO HAS ALSO DRAWN...**  
I NOD TO MY PARTNER... MY PARTNER NODS TO HIS  
PARTNER... THE TWENTY TWO OF US RUSH, THE NOZZLES  
ON OUR FLAME THROWERS SPEWING LIQUID LIGHT  
ACROSS THE CRACKED PLASTER WALLS OF THE HIP JOB  
CO-OP. **EEEEEEEE AAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHAAAAEE**  
**EEEE I APPRISE THE WRITHING OCCUPANTS ON THE**  
**FLOOR OF THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS: SHUT**  
**THE FUCK UP, THIS IS A BUST... THE SMOKING, NEAR**  
**NAKED REMNANTS OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE**  
**A WHITE, FEMALE HIPPIE REFUSED TO OBEY MY**  
**COMMAND AND CONTINUED TO FLOP ACROSS THE FLOOR**  
**... I RESTRAINED HER WITH MY NIGHTSTICK**  
**CRACK CRACK... KEEPING THE STILLETO-TIP OF**  
**MY RIGHT KED UNDERCOVER SNEAKER FIRMLY**  
**EMBEDDED IN HER CROTCH, I BENT OVER HER**  
**BUSTERED BODY AND EXPLAINED THAT I WAS JUST A**  
**REGULAR FAMILY MAN DOING HIS SWORN DUTY...**  
**ALL WE WANT ARE THE FACTS MAN... JUST TELL**  
**US WHERE THE NARKOTKS ARE HIDDEN... THE**  
**MARIJUANA... THE GRASS... HER BUSTERED LIPS**  
**MOVED AND I BENT CLOSER TRYING TO UNDERSTAND**  
**HER WORDS... FUCK YOU NARK! I BUSTED HER ON**  
**THE SPOT FOR SOLICITING FOR THE PURPOSE**  
**OF PROSTITUTION,**  
8:30 P.M. WE HAD PLACED THE REMAINS OF THE  
TWENTY OCCUPANTS OF THE HIP JOB CO-OP INTO  
INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED CELLOPHANE BAGGIES  
AND MOVED THEM TO THE REAR OF THE STOREFRONT  
... WE CONTINUED TO WAIT.  
9:15... THE SOUND OF SIRENS ON FIRST STREET...  
I REMOVE MY PARTNER'S HAND FROM MY UNDER-  
COVER PANTS AND GET READY... **THUD! THUD!**  
**CRASHHHH... FIVE FIREMEN WIELDING PILES ENTER**  
**THRU THE CEILING... CRACK CRACK... CRACK...**  
THE FIRST THREE FIREMEN FALL IN A PILE OF BLACK  
RUBBER, THE REMAINING THREE HAVE THEIR HANDS  
UP... WE BUST THEM FOR LOITERING FOR THE  
PURPOSE OF PROCURING NARKOTKS ON RAIDED  
PREMISES... ONE OF THE FIREMEN STARTS TO  
CRY... **SOB! WE WERE SOB! SOB! ONLY ANSWERING**  
**A SOB SNIFFLE! FALSE ALARM... HIS LAST SOB**  
**WAS CUT SHORT BY A 45 CALIBER DUM DUM BULLET**  
**BETWEEN HIS TEETH...**  
9:45 P.M. ME AND MY PARTNERS ESCORT THE TWENTY  
BAGS OF HIPPIES, THE FOUR PILES OF RUBBER RAIN-  
GEAR AND THE TWO FIREMEN INTO THE TENTH  
PRECINCT. PADDY WAGON... **SWOOSH, THUD, BOUNCE**

**THUD... WE TAKE THEM TO THE THIRTEENTH**  
**PRECINCT.**  
11:45 P.M., THIRTEENTH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE  
**RING, RING, RING, RING, RING, RING** I ADVISE  
PATROLMAN **RING, RING, RING** SCHWARTZ ANSWER  
THE GODDAM PHONE **MOTHA FUKKA** SWARTZ PUTS  
DOWN HIS CARDS AND COMPLIES... I PEAK AT HIS  
PAIR OF QUEENS AS HE WALKS AWAY... ITS ANOTHER  
REPORTER TRYING TO FIND OUT IF WE ARRESTED  
A BUNCH OF HIPPIES ON FIRST STREET...  
SCHWARTZ HESITATES... I ADVISE SCHWARTZ  
THAT WE HAVN'T 'ARRESTED' ANYONE, WE'VE MERELY  
'SEIZED' A FEW PIECES OF EVIDENCE... SCHWARTZ  
TELLS THE REPORTER THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT IT... I JUST STARTED WORKING  
HERE... I DIDN'T SEE ANY HIPPIES... I CAN'T  
GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION, EVERYONE IS OUT  
WORKING... THE REPORTER TELLS SCHWARTZ TO  
**SHUT UP** AND HANGS UP... OUR CARD GAME CONTIN-  
UES... MY THREE QUEENS BEAT SCHWARTZ'S  
PAIR... **SCHUCK** I THINK AS HE GETS UP, PULLS  
ON HIS PANTS AND GOES OFF TO TYPE THE SEARCH  
WARRANTS WE'LL NEED FOR TOMORROW'S TRIAL...  
10:15 AM, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16TH... 100 CENTER  
STREET... TRIAL OF THE ACCUSED WAS HELD IN  
SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN  
AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK...  
11:30 A.M. WE SIT WAITING FOR THE JUDGE TO ARRIVE  
... MY PARTNER IS NERVOUS BECAUSE THE SPADES  
SITTING BEHIND US ARE PLAYING DRUMS. **CRACK**  
**CRACK CRACK**  
12:30 P.M. THE JUDGE ARRIVES IN A WHEELCHAIR...  
HE HAD BEEN INJURED IN THE AIR STRIKE CALLED  
AGAINST THE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE COURT  
HOUSE...  
12:35 P.M. THE CASE IS DISMISSED FOR LACK OF  
EVIDENCE **CRACK CRACK** I KICK MY PARTNER IN THE  
ASS FOR SMOKING THE POT INSTEAD OF PUTTING  
A QUARTER OF AN OUNCE IN EACH OF THE BAGGIES  
12:40 P.M. THE TWENTY BAGGIES, FOUR LUMPS OF  
RAIN GEAR AND TWO FIREMEN ARE RETURNED  
TO THEIR PARENTS... **CRACK CRACK CRACK**... THE COPS  
ARE HAPPY... THE HIPPIE PATROL RETURNS MORE  
RUNAWAYS TO THE FAMILY HEARTH... **CRACK CRACK**  
**CRACK** I BID ADIEU TO THE THANKFUL RELATIVES...  
I RETURN TO MY BEAT... GOT TO... IN A NARK  
**DUM DA DUM DUM**  
12:45 P.M. WALKING OUT OF THE COURT ROOM  
NODDING DEPRESSION TO MY PARTNER, I SEE  
A SILVER SHIT STREAM IN A GREY CLOUD OF  
GLOOM REPRESENTED IN THE FORM OF A HIPPIE  
WALKING TOWARD US... **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**  
I FIRE THREE WARNING SHOTS INTO HIS BALLS...  
MY PARTNER GOES TO THE GUTTER AND COLLECTS  
A SAMPLE OF THE CRIMINALS BLOOD FOR AN  
ACID TEST AT THE LAB... THE HIPPIE CURTIES  
HIS GROIN AND MUTTERS THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW  
WE WERE COPS... **HEH HEH HEH**... IGNORANCE  
OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE **BUM BUM**...  
**DUM DA DUM DUM**  
**DUM DA DUM DUM DAAA**  
**CRACK CRACK**   
AND THE BEAT GOES ON...

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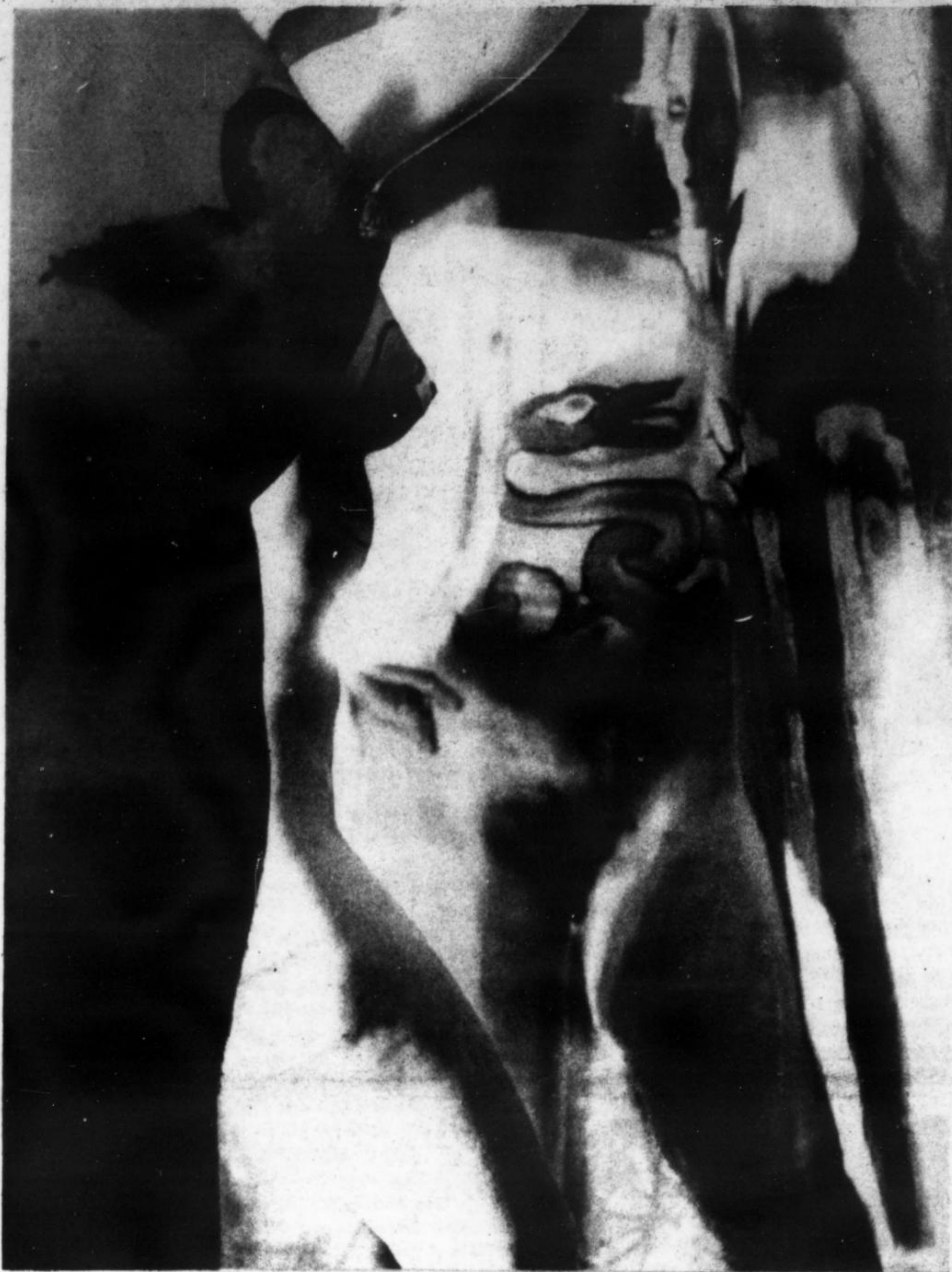


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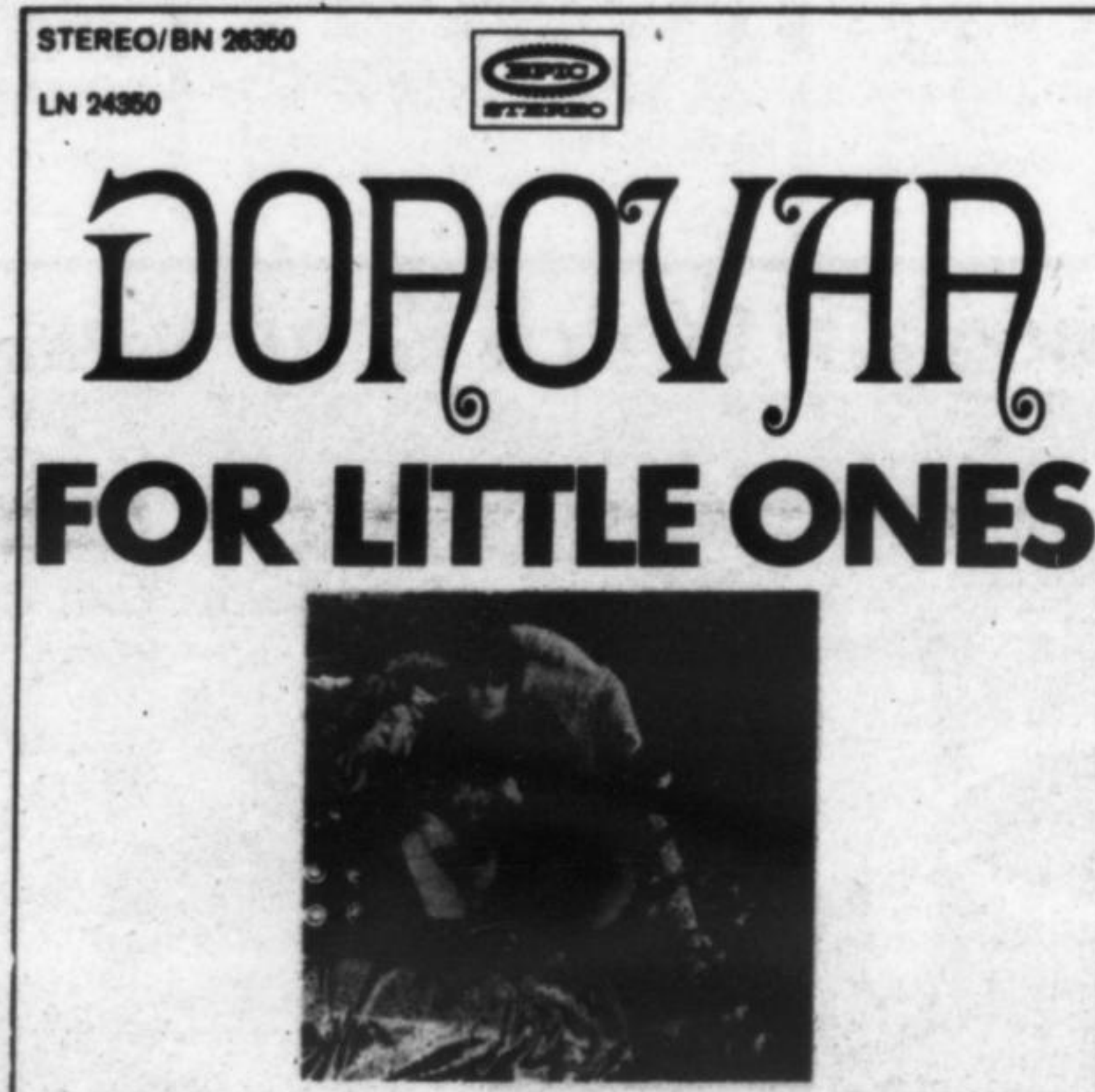


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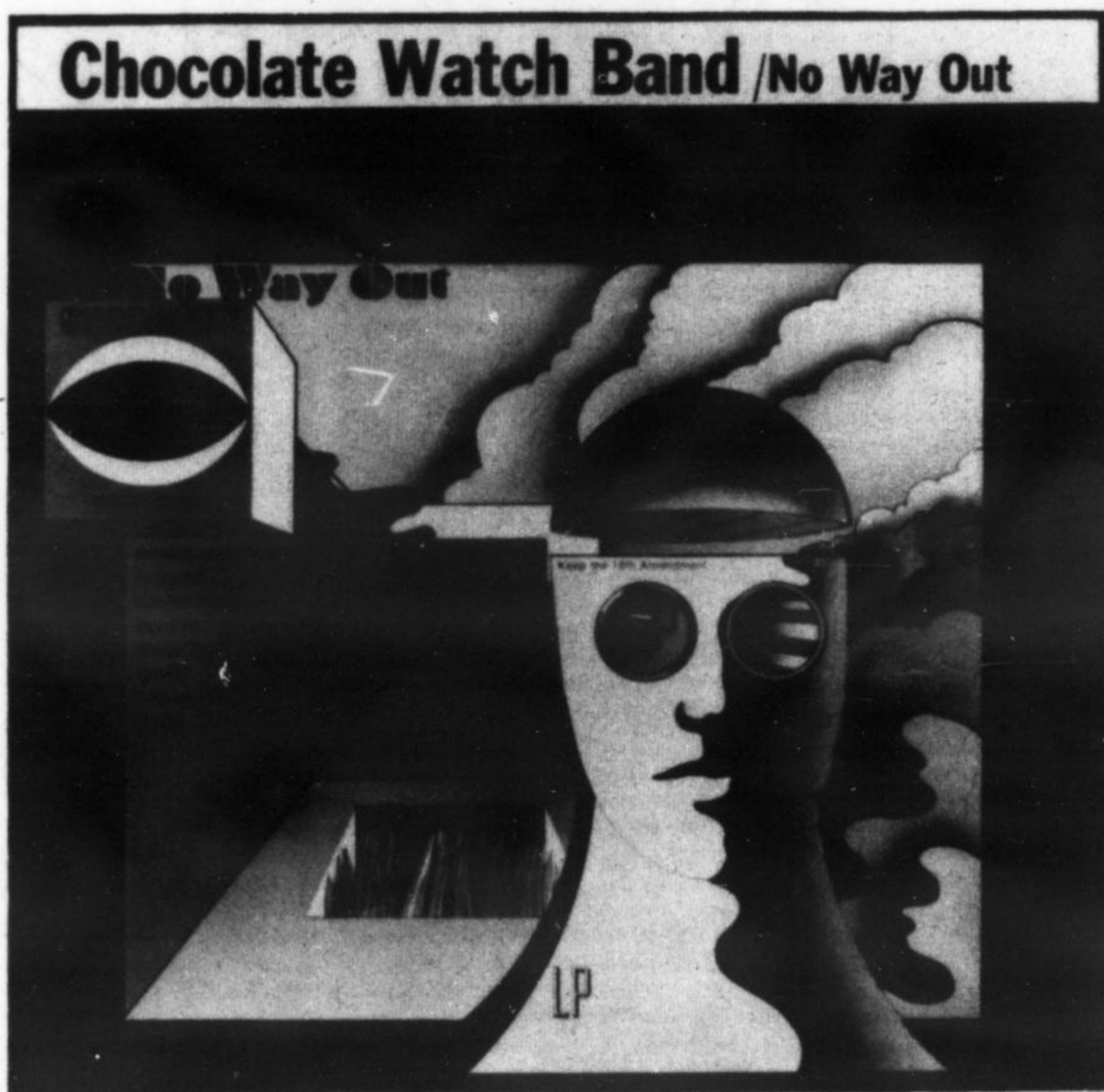
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film

Continued from Page 13

- ME. But this social attitude of yours. Doesn't it place your films very much in time? Aren't you afraid of them dating?
- EGO. I don't give a shit. I'm not seeking filmic immortality. I guess what I really want to be is a revolutionary...to destroy the things I hate. And to do it in the best way I can, which for me is through film. It's a very now activity.
- ME. Yes, but isn't it a rather negative one?
- EGO. No. Before you can destroy what you hate you must have an image of truth and beauty... of love. To destroy in this context is therefore an act of love.
- ME. Very clever logic. But wouldn't it make you feel good now to think that people might be watching your films long after you were dead and gone?
- EGO. I've already thought about that. There's a clause in my will which states that all the negatives and prints of my films are to be burnt as soon after my death as possible... that's if Johnson doesn't do the job for me.
- ME. Social message again.
- EGO. I'm not worth much in terms of dollars while I'm alive and I'm going to make damn certain that I'm not worth a cent when I'm dead.
- ME. What would you do, if someone gave you \$500 000 to make a film?
- EGO. I'd drop dead from heart failure.
- ME. What did you do before you were in film?
- EGO. In roughly chronological order I was a bank clerk and insurance clerk, an insurance salesman, a dishwasher, a poet, a shithouse attendant, an Argentine ant exterminator, a cement urn artist, a post office clerk (3rd generation), a road mender, a stag manager for a hypnotist, a bit actor, a journalist, a radio documentary writer, a book reviewer, a copy writer, a book salesman, an account executive, an antiquer and a liar. A perfect background for a film-maker.
- ME. Well, thank you for giving me your time Mr. Preston. I'm sorry we didn't talk more about film.
- EGO. Baby, film is.

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Young thinking man early forties, seeks discreet slim long-haired blond or red-headed feminine companionship for intimate relationship. Will exchange photos. Box 4034, Springdale, Stamford Conn.

I am a 16 yr. old girl in Washington, D.C. and I would like to begin a correspondence with a boy my age or older. I spend all of my free time in Georgetown and am totally in favor of Hippies and all they stand for. If you are interested write to: Sue Hagax, 4223 Yuma St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016. I am 5'6", long blond hair and green eyes.

**ATTENTION GIRLS:** Are you heading towards San Francisco or going West soon? Make Detroit your stopping off point for a free 2 day holiday! I am a well endowed, handsome 29 year old sterile bachelor who will model nude for you. Give French lessons and turn you on in my groovy 3 fireplace estate. I own my own business, a Irish wolfhound and a Jag. All swinging gals write soon (no men) giving arrival time, bus-car-etc. Jim 441 N. Gulley Rd. Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48127.

Tall, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3" 185 lbs), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

**VIRGIN ISLANDS.** Young, university educated, French wanderer turned businessman wants girl friend, young, pretty, sporting, happy. Have seashore house, cars, yachts. Write Paul Gouin, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Eventual salary if interested being my secretary.

**MALE WHITE** 34 born in foreign country with continental manners very well educated is looking for one or two girls liberal minded to share Queens apartment and total friendship. - I am sincere, honest, sensitive and very kind. - Write to L.H. Box 316 Canal Street Station New York N.Y. 10013

Those interested in maintaining group family communal living unit, communicate with telephone number so we can arrange a meeting, analyze each other's motivation, intent and responses. Box 8065, Phila, Pa.

Sincere, handsome young advertising exec. wishes to meet an attractive, affectionate young lady for dinners and a quiet, cozy sexual relationship. Call MU 5-1541 days, please.

**GIRL WANTED**  
 Male graduate student in psychology, 22, white, 6'4" 180 lbs. looking for companionship with liberal-minded female. Will be in NYC around Xmas. Write immediately. Charles Cook, 418 Locust St., Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Attractive male college student, early 20s, seeks friendly uninhibited female with own place for weekly meetings. Send vital information concerning time and place to: P.O. Box 554, Bronx 10453.

Discreet married man for a cautious married woman. Attractive, gentle, intelligent gentleman wants same type gal during N.Y. visits. If you would like an occasional dinner date away from home, we could be good for each other. Please call 695-6500 extension 1501. Leave SPECIFIC instructions about contacting you. My reply will be careful and will not compromise you.

Male, 30, desires a female swinging partner to attend swings weekly. Girls should be between 25 and 35. Call Marty: 498-4409.

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS - CAUCASIAN MALE, 34, Electronic Engineer, 5'10" 180 lbs.** Hip but basically reactionary (no drugs or dropping-out). Seeks sincere female, past unimportant, for LONG-TIME relationship - marriage possible. Versatile, uninhibited, enjoy cunnilingus and giving pleasure, but sex secondary to emotional rapport and stability. - Looking primarily for old-fashioned love. Have unpretentious but cozy apartment in East 70s which is also in need of your T.L.C. (212) TR 9-7799 8 PM to 12 PM.

**MAN, 26, QUIET, PHOTOGRAPHER, PISCES, WANTS TO MEET GIRL. NO FAGS. 876-1183 EVENINGS.**

Semi-depressive, fine-looking, spaced-out engineer, 22, seeks temporary elation in the form of sexually unhung woman to sensualize with. Call 638-4311 after 6.

Good looking, well built, intelligent young man seeks non-inhibited young girl, well built, attractive, to share mutual pleasures. No men. Call Chuck 879-6108.

**ANNE HANEY  
 CALL PETER  
 AT EV 2288640**

Wanted: Young, attractive, intelligent, single, female, 20-25, for a serious relationship. No fling needed. Please call 251-0050, 7-10 p.m. only.

Bright and intelligent girl, 20, with a good education, looking for a serious relationship. Call 7-10 p.m. only.

36 year old non-sexual homosexual, wants to switch. Am old up with the dog scene. Am well traveled, well educated, well paid. Looking for pretty intelligent girl to teach me how to please the opposite sex. Am searching for expertise rather than sympathy. Would like a skinny mini-skirt under 21. Reimbursement commensurate with success of experiment. Write Nicholas 116 Mr. Auburn St. Cambridge 38 Mass. Apt. 3. Am in N.Y. often.

If you are not the adventurous type, then skip this. Looking for a dating service that satisfies your needs, just tell us what you're looking for and our heavenly inspired service will do the rest. Write for questionnaire. Girls free. Mr. Romance, 152 W. 32nd St. Rm. 536, NYC 10018-5-8517.

Very attractive, professional man seeks uninhibited female. G.P.O. Box 1401, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**ATTENTION FEMALES:** White male 27, interested in hearing any financial proposition from female only. Write: Dayton Enterprise, Box 260 Midtown Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

**ATTRACTIVE GAIS.** If you like fun and sex, call a discreet guy for swinging parties. John 524-3750 From 9 am to 5 pm. Monday-Friday.

Man, 34, intellectual, sensitive-intuitive nature, handsome, seeks right woman in view permanent union. Box 298, Hamilton Grace Station, 10031. Include date, place, time of birth. All serious replies answered.

New in New York. TV exec, tall, 32. Wants attractive girl 18-30 to share good times, dine, dance, romance. "Gee." Box 580, Cooper Station, N.Y.

Young, good-looking man, 29, working nights, would like to meet a clean, attractive and affectionate female for fun filled daytime get togethers. I am dependable, congenial, considerate and discreet. Have nice mid-Manhattan apartment. Call 245-8656.

**I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG, SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE INTERESTED IN EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT YOUNG FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT - BOX 640, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.C. 10017.**

Male student, 5'9", blond hair, green eyes, needs part-time employment, flexible hours. Modelling experience desired. Other work considered. Manhattan. Box 5-B, 673 Broadway, New York 10012.

Teenybopper required for strictly legitimate photographic work including nudes. Attractive, natural type with long hair essential. No professional models. Please call for appointment, 989-7836.

Creative Work (Short stories, poems, art work) and Commentary on anything, desired for new opinion magazine. Up to \$20 for superior work. All unused material to be returned. Anything of merit will be published. Harmonics, 20 Davis Rd., Port Washington, New York 11050.

25 year old very modern superintendent of apartment house in East Orange, New Jersey, has own pad - want females to share same. Call 201-OR-23829 (STEVE) Write: Box 2054, E. Orange, N.J.

**NOTICE:** Girl - 18 years of age - desires to correspond with anyone "hip," male or female, over age 18. I dig folk-rock, poetry, "psychedelic sound," and thinking deep. Reply if you dig the same. Write to Mary Bucklew, 901-61st Place Capitol Heights, Maryland, 2002

**WANTED:** Beautiful Boy - 17-25 years to help me lift my mind out of this present hole. Should love music, poetry and drama. Write - all letters will be answered - to Katy Weeks 12310 Stafford Ln., Bowie, Md. 20715

**GAL FRIDAY - PARTNER**  
 Attractive girl needed to help young business man. Lite typing, ability to talk to executives, liberal flexibility desired. Cosmetic, Insurance, Entertainment fields. Salary \$50 week plus 5% of all profits plus. Call Mr. Marshall 228-6368 or CI 5 5062 - leave name and phone number. Fantastic opportunity.

Young man wants beautiful, fun-loving, love-loving girl for New Year's Eve date. Promise great time making rounds of some great parties and nightclubs. This great guy has new money, new car, new outlook on life and wants to share the whole works with new and sexy doll to start the New Year off with a Fabulous Bang. Call weekdays 355-6019.

American, age 27, would like to correspond with girl interested in God, yoga, LSD, etc., with the object of having her spend some time with him in Ecuador, South America with the possibility of a prolonged relationship. All expenses paid, write P.O. Box 1042, Quito, Ecuador, S.A. enclosing photos.

Quiet, reflective man wants woman to bring him out. If you call have something specific in mind. Sick of verbal thrill-seekers. WA 4-2095.

**TO A LASS WHO'D CHARM IN BACH, NIGHT PLAY, THE WELL-TAILED DAYS... THIS NORDIC WRITER CALLS A PRIME FOR SHARING.** Jay Roberts, 989-5024, 586-6300

Professional man, 29, wants young warm girl, ages 18-35, to share an apt. on a mutually enjoyable basis. All expenses paid. Call Enest after 5 PM. All day weekends. 672-5804. No homos please. 41-70 74th St. Apt. 5 Jackson Heights 11373

**WIFE DIED YEAR AGO LOVED HER** need fill void warmth woman sensual, sensitive, straightforward. Myself forties tall slender attractive youthful introspective sensual sensitive kind. And you? P.O. Box 32, Fort George Station, New York 10040.

Stuart Reeves, extremely handsome male executive 31, tall proficient all phases, including French arts etc. Offers swinging female gratification and satisfaction unparalleled. Write Stuart Reeves c/o Artists Service 170 W. 74th St. Rm 101 N.Y.C. Phone number appreciated lets just talk. You won't be disappointed Discretion assured.

Professional gentleman would like to meet lonely, mature woman interested in warm, understanding, intelligent companionship. Paul Howard, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Unlike the surrounding ads, this is a genuine search for an above average girl in both intelligence and appearance, yet normal in all other respects. My IQ, income, maturity and tastes are alike: high. Send photo if possible. Box 102, NYC, NY 11435

Very attractive professional man seeks uninhibited female. G.P.O. Box 1401, Brooklyn 1, N.Y. 11201.

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Twin Oaks Community, an outgrowth of the Walden Two movement, was founded in June 1967 on a farm near Louisa, Virginia. We publish a newsletter entitled "Leaves of Twin Oaks." A 12-issue subscription can be obtained for \$3.00. For specific questions, write us and we will promptly reply. Twin Oaks, Route 4, Box 169, Louisa, Va. 23093.

For Swingers, it's CLUB JOY! Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated city, club, dolls, looking for swinging contacts. Just send \$1.00. Gals free. ROYAL-EVO, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

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HELP — Anyone with any back issues of "Help" write Zed Fenster c/o EVO 105 2nd Ave. N.Y., N.Y.

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FOR THE ULTIMATE IN MASSAGE. MALE AND FEMALE CLIENTELE. CALL BETTY NEAL, LIC. 528742, MU 8-4681 and El. 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St. between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

Heh, all you beautiful, educated and sophisticated women and men, the BLACK BOOK exists to enliven your scene. The BLACK BOOK puts new people into your life. Get listed and get the next issue, both for \$1. (NO names, NO addresses published.) SUITE 503-E, 160 W. 46 St. NYC, NY 10036.

A small underground folk magazine newspaper called the "Folk Bag," published about every three months. We print the music to contemporary folk songs, album reviews, concert reviews and just plain information on folk singers, etc. The money earned by the paper's profits is donated to various organizations, which we feel are doing their best to contribute to the lifeblood of folk music; and which are trying to make this world a better place to live in. Subscriptions can be obtained by sending \$1.00 to the FOLK BAG c/o Stan Leventhal, 65 Oak Drive, Roslyn N.Y. 11576.

"RHINOCEROS" needs a truly excellent BASS player with the ability to SING LEAD, to join one of the most promising new RECORDING groups in the nation. UN 1-8625.

Wanted: female model over 25 for artist — part time — reasonable pay. Eisen, WA4-5071.

SITAR PLAYER WANTED — to play 2 or 3 nights a week in East Side restaurant — call Steve, between 8 & 12 pm — RH 4-4150.

SKINNY MODEL, preferably longhair blonde over 16, under 21, must be photogenic, must have clear complexion, junior figure, 110 lbs or less, B-cup or smaller. Established magazine photographer planning significant top-quality photo book devoted entirely to one girl. Compensation will include professional quality model's portfolio of at least twenty 11 x 14 prints. Experience not necessary, but mature attitude essential: several poses will be nude but within strict limits of good taste; models who expect to pose for pornography need not apply. Project will take at least three months, one or two nights a week plus most of one day each weekend. Hours adjustable to requirements of photographer or model; no conflict with daytime weekday employment. Compensation will include meals during shooting schedule, all make-up, hair styling at Fifth Avenue salon, model may keep all clothes and costume purchased throughout project, low pay (\$2 or \$3 an hour) and possible fame. Brad, GRamercy 7-7687, eves.

NEED A MODEL? Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous girls looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: Royal Models, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

In desperate need of typewriters. Will exchange for display advertising. Call EVO, 228-8640.

THE PLAY-HOUSE OF THE RIDICULOUS is looking for a permanent home, a loft that meets all New York City fire regulations, there to present a continuing series of plays. If you, our patrons, know of anything meeting this description, we'll greatly appreciate hearing about it. Call Allan at EVO, 228-8640.

DEMOGRAPHIC MANTRAS now showing at the Real Great Society — 7th St. Ave. A. These are the originals, not the prints. A collector's gold mine.

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Adult Pen Pals For renewed letter writing fun with people who share adult ideas, send \$1 for 3 names to: Post-R-Pal, Box 262, Oceanside, N.Y. 11572.

KATHY COSGROVE MALTON Are you OK? Need help? Can send to P.O. Box. No trap. Please write or call collect. Love, Nellen.

I sought you since I was born, Carole, I'll wait for you until I die.

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Merry Christmas Mrs. Vos from your future son-in-law Merry Christmas to my parole officer.

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Male 24 slim Cau., new in N.Y., seeks homophile mutual friendship with same. Write Box 353, N.Y. N.Y. 10013.

Interesting, beautiful girls for tasteful nude photo layout. Percentage basis. Excellent exposure opportunity. Photo/resume to Don West, Box #303, Gracie Sta., N.Y.C. 10028; or call 427-4437, 249-9271.

Tech writer, recently divorced, very lonely, seeks native born live-in girl nice home suburbs. College drop out type pref'd, learn flying, programming, model magazine stories, more, salary. Edward, 54 Butehorn St., Bethpage. 516-822-3237 evenings.

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There's this East Village apartment, you see, with a separate bedroom, bath in kitchen, living room with working fireplace and me. I'm knee-deep in half-finished letters to EVO, sketches for articles on the Youth Movement, and I'm stuck. Now, I know where I's at — except I don't know how to get there from here. If you know the way, Woman, and care to show me (you'll have to take me by the hand), why not phone me at 254-6081, 9 PM - ? to see if our vibrations are compatible.

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Middle aged, active, attractive white male seeking liberal, attractive chick for more than fatherly relationship. Prefers sandalwood coloring. Will exchange photos.

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4 young ladies 18-30 poised friendly great with small talk. "Geisha Girl" type. No balling involved. Evening work \$5 per. Phone 683-3080, 7-10 P.M. weekdays.

Volunteers needed immediately to tutor and organize on Lower East Side. Many creative possibilities for service and action. For more information, contact Gail Hadley, Mobilization for Youth, Community Education Project. 677-0400, Ext. 206.

Amateur photographer, needing much practice, seeks unafraid beginner for figure model. \$20 weekly for 4 hour session in Lower Manhattan residence. Work only 30 minutes per hour. Weekday evenings or weekend days. Box 292, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.

Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: GEORGE SOVA, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827

SUPT. POSITION WANTED Couple with 11 year old boy. Have experience. Present building being renovated. Reliable. Call Ronnie at EVO — 228-8640.

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# A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other

subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

**The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress**

**Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities** (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

**Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana**

**Radio Free America**—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

**The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman**—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

**The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"**—An expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million to fink for Big Brother.

**The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy**

**Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics**

**Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art**—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

**George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs**

**Toward the Elimination of War**—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

**Understanding Zowie**—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

**The Fugs**—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

**A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000**

**The Writing on the Wall**—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

**Move Over, Lady Chatterley**—A preview of erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

**The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh**

**Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"**

**My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt**—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

**Poets at War**—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

**Censorship Under De Gaulle**—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

**The Burgeoning Field of Space Law**

**Man, the Food's a Gas!**—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

**Anti-Aggression Pills**—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

**Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women**

**Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox**

**The Love Goddess of Kerista**—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York's sexual utopian community.

**The Black Muslim Cookbook**

**John Lennon as a Master of Prose**

**Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws**

**Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"**—A Pop Impression.

**The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism**—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

**Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works**—A portfolio.

**A Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen**—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

**Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

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