Dear EVO:
You should be run out of town on a rael (sic) for publishing such filthy degenerate garbage and I'll see to it.

Love. brothers.
SISTER JAN

UNSIGNED

Dear EVO:

Things being as they are, some of your readers may be taken in by the "Doc Humes" interview in today's EVO. FIDO is just the age-old hope that some silent, omnipotent power will intervene to prevent war, pest busts, and high-handed college administrators. That's not the way the universe is arranged. Neither a Deus ex machina or Humes' FIDO is going to pull our nuts out of the fire for us; we've got to do it ourselves.

Professor von Neumann, who was supposed to have been FIDO's co-inventor, was despite his scientific brilliance a raving anti-communist and war nut. Guess whether he'd have helped assemble FIDO.

John Boardman

Dear EVO:

I really enjoy reading your paper and have an idea to make it even more interesting. Put an advice column in it! I think that many of our young revolutionists need encouragement and advice for facing our older generation. I wish so very hard that you could tell me what it's all about, though I have a rough idea. My parents try to prevent me from getting involved and I'm just as ignorant on sex and say that no one would ever love me and nor date me. I'm sick and tired of being kept ignorant on everything and only hearing prejudiced sides of the truth. Is it really possible that a girl my age (14) with nice looks will never get a date with a real boy, who like your writers,ights for love and truth?

Peace

We wish very hard we could tell you what it's all about, too . . . but we haven't gotten much past your own realization that there is too much lying, too much hate, in the old system — that it's gotta go.

No, it isn't possible that a girl who is 14, looks nice, and understands as much as do already will not find a real boy. Several of the staff have offered to prove this to you, but we all knew they had ulterior motives, slups.

Dear EVO:

To all pigs, fascists, ego-trippers and associates; you have brutalized us by brutalizing yourselves. So brutal behavior you revel in, and subdue with enthusiasm, reluctance, or not at all. Delicate behavior or cathartic behavior you squash with sadism and panic. When we kill you, the catastrophic breakdown will be merciless and compassionate at once. After the orgasm, we may then recuperate and, breathing easily and gently, moistness in our hearts, live and die in peace troubled only by spiritual orgasms that water the land.

No revolution is revolutionary. All revolution is cathartic. Yeah: all come together (Ed.)

Dear EVO:

The writer to EVO who signed himself "Disillusioned" and who complained that he could not find the 'revolution' in the Village needs to be educated as to where it really is.

The writer to EVO who signed himself "Disillusioned" and who complained that he could not find the 'revolution' in the Village needs to be educated as to where it really is.

First of all, the present "revolution" is nothing new. It has been in progress for many centuries. It has a precise history part of which is unknown, although eventually knowable. It is always carried by a very few individuals. They carry it as long as they are not in despair. As soon as they fall into despair, it moves into other bodies.

At certain periods the history of the "revolution" is very plain. For a while it was carried about by Jean Jacques Rousseau. He exposed it to view and mankind went crazy, it was so beautiful. So they made the French Revolution which ended in the Napoleonic blood bath. The people always do the wrong thing.

But the "revolution" never dies. It remains and deepens, growing ever more intelligent. It learns, it is the only thing that does learn.

In the eighties, in the "revolution" spotté into fragments. It is actually possible to trace little pieces of it here and there. Arthur Louchenpauver carried it and was probably she who passed it on to Sigmund Freud.

It flourished abundantly inside of Freud and then poured with full force into Wilhelm Reich. Reich tried, as no man before him, to bring it into reality. He exposed it to view. Again it was unspeakably beautiful and again mankind went insane. This time Germany. It ended in Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz etc. The people always do the wrong thing.

'Bewitched, but still carrying the revolution Reich migrated to New York City. Then he moved to Maine. Then a terrible crisis came, a crisis in itself. Reich could not pass the crisis. He fell into despair and the revolution left him. In 1957 he died.

For all of which the "revolution" had no home. No one wanted it. Then something strange happened that it is actually unprintable. The revolution was forced into the body of a man whose main concern was racing while scanning girle magazines and who never expected to do anything more important than this for the rest of his life, who hoped would be short.

The man tried to respond to this unexpected honor by asphyxiating himself with carbon monoxide. But it was no good. He couldn't do it. The "revolution" was heavy but it was also fun, more fun than any experience at any time.

Under the influence of the "revolution" this man became immensely clever. He began to solve riddles of science that had dogged Rousseau and Reich out of their minds. Not that he wanted to. He had to, or else he knew there wouldn't be any fun.

Eventually the man and a woman companion picked up a joint and called that revolution, where it sits to this day, smoldering, rotting and growing, by turns.

The "revolution" was brought down to the Village because it was thought that it would grow here. But then an old, old enemy came onto the scene, a friendly little weed called marijuana. The people always do the wrong thing. Instead of picking up the "revolution", they picked up joint and called that revolution.

But it doesn't really matter. By this time the "revolution" has become so knowing, so intelligent and so patient that nothing the people can do will surprise it. The "revolution" knows all about the people now and one day, perhaps, it will be able to lay hands upon them and get them to vomit out the truth about themselves.

So, "disillusioned" if you want the "revolution", come and get it. Just keep walking. Sooner or later you'll bump into it.

Ed: Thank you.

EVO will be 24 pages for the next couple of weeks, not because this is such a hot fighting weight but because we are paying in pages to get rid of certain information — like swinging headhunters in order to supply everyone with other information. As soon as we can get the bread together, there will be more EVO. If certain columns seem to disappear for a while, they haven't: it is a matter of fudging around with space in order to fit everything in — sometimes, somewhere.

JOEL FABRINKT
ALLAN KATZMAN
JANIK KOHN
SHERRY NEEDHAM
MELISSA STOUT
FLUKA
DEAN A. LATIMER
IRVING SHUSHNIK
DAVID BODIE
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALEX GROSS
LITA ELICUI
DON KATZMAN
LIL HICKS
ELFRIDA RIVERS
WALTER BREEN
DON LEWIS
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
KIM DEITCH
PETE MIKLAUNAS
HETTY MCLASSE
VAUGHN BODE
R. CRUMB
ART SPEIGLEMAN
BOB PARENT
GILBERT BARNETT WEINGOURT
ANNETTE
TULLI KUFNERBERG
TRINA
RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
WALTER BREDIG
STEPHEN KOHN
JERROLD TEPPER

PAN TIN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEIBEL
AMSTERDAM: SIMON WINKENOOG
NORTH: THE KID
SOUTH: JERSEY: THE BLADE

Dear EVO:

Your last issue had a fine article on prisons. With only 35% of prison expenditures going towards so called rehabilitation, it redefines the reasons for "repeaters". The way in which civilian and military prisoners are treated is given a good concept of the values one finds in America today. The comparison of prison life and military life was excellent. Indeed lifers are found in our military as well as in our prisons. I believe most prisoners are victims of the criminal establish-

For peace,
'founder of WORLD PEACE APPEAL
Sure, it's you.

WBAI:

STRANGE INTERLUDE
by LITA ELISCU

This is the Age of... so many things: certainly the heyday of mass media, interest in The Movement, and mounting pressures — add paranoia and move the game of alienation one step over. Every popular viewpoint has to have its communications outlet, and WBAI-FM, New York's favorite son of the Pacifica Foundation's trilogy of stations, has become a respected, loved, even adored, voice of the liberal Left, that — group...? bunch...? important minority? majority? — who feel that America can be changed through various pressures short of total eradication. WBAI is lately undergoing as much flak as the whole Church system, and indeed from the inside as well.

January 27th of this year, Chris Albertson, former program manager of WBAI, devised his 15-minute jazz program to a denunciation of station practices and procedures he felt were destroying the original concept of WBAI, giving public notice of a conflict which had been alternately simmering and raging for the past year or two. Mr. Albertson joined WBAI in 1966 as a volunteer, was made a staff announcer in 1964, and that fall, accepted the job of station manager. In 1966, he resigned, feeling that the job was simply too time-consuming. He proceeded to screen applicants for his job, then found out the Foundation had selected Frank Millsapgh. In 1967, Albertson returned to WBAI during their May fund-raising Marathon, and felt a sense of no epiphany, definite alarm at the direction he felt the station had taken. There was relatively little emphasis on public affairs, and relative over-emphasis on folk-rock — which you could get from other stations. He was also upset by the "star system" he felt was growing up, allowing several commentators (especially Bob Fass, Larry Josephson and Steve Post) to be unbelievably rude and cynical in their attitude towards listeners: "give us your money and shut up!" During this time, 1966-1969, it should be noted that subscriptions have risen from approximately 8,000 to 20,000 not to mention the corresponding and non-measurable rise in listeners.

Together with Tana de Gama and others, Albertson formed a Committee of Concerned Listeners and Supporters to Win Back WBAI, in order to inform the public of practices they felt to be harmful, including:

1. — The "star system" charge whereby several commentators were getting "exorbitant" salaries;
2. — The misappropriation of Building Funds money, which was to be used towards finding a new residence for the station when the lease on 39th Street was up. The money has been used for various operational necessities, although the Committee feels that the necessities were mere fancies;
3. — The general mismanagement of the station, resulting in a move away from the concerned, listener-sponsored basis towards a more commercial, bland, package of content, including censorship of programs.

Miss de Gama, a well-known lecturer on South American affairs, had both news and commentary programs on WBAI, but was felt to be unfairly missing them up, editorializing the news as though it were commentary, and her program was cancelled. Mr. Albertson's program was removed after the January 27th tape.

On May 8th, Thursday, the Committee held a meeting at the Hotel Diplomat, "right in the middle of our fund-raising marathon — not really a time for a heavy turnout," as one WBAI announcer put it. Estimates of attendance vary between 125-250, but everyone agrees that about 30 were left at the end, and about 32 came for further discussion in my apartment," noted Albertson.

Needless to add, each side is capable of refuting the other; charges of mismanagement and "star-system" salary arrangements are personal viewpoints, or realities; implications of CLA associations on the part of Millsapgh boil down to his one time work for the N.S.A. and the U.S. Youth Council. It is true that WBAI has been receiving larger and more frequent grants from foundations, and federal aid through a college work-study plan, again, to draw the conclusion that this must mean compromised programming is to have to agree that almost any group is to totally self-supporting, almost to the point of making its own money, is compromised by the inner-dependent economy of the U.S. Bob Fass noted that the Albertson public airing also coincided with the Julius Lester program (The Julius Lester program, the one of the Jew bally, watch out, black power goons's get all of you, forget your momma, content) and that after the initial outburst from listeners, "we only had about 100 subscriptions actually cancelled, which means that our listeners must be willing to support us even when a particular action obviously doesn't please them; that people realize there is a need for stuff to be aired, anywhere."

It may not be WFMU or KMPX, but who else do you have?, to paraphrase one of the nation's leaders (former).
'Brain drain' and tea break are problems, too

EISENHOWER YEARS

By BILL HUTTON

(Courtesy of The Coach House Press Detroit)

Eisenhower spent Sundays in the attic of defunct seltzer bottling factory trying on old hats & whistling Army songs. He was happy. He found an old map of Madagascar and wondered if it'll be worth anything. Then he heard the night-watchman coming up the stairs and hid behind a mandolin.

"Who's in here?" said the guard beaming his light around the room. "I heard a little noise up here. Come on out."

"Here I am," said Ike standing up.

"Why's it lke Eisenhower," said the man taking his light away from President's eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Sherman Adams and me well we just come up here actually for ideas sometimes. It's O.K."

"Sherman Adams drives a Buick, don't he?"

The two men moved over and sat on a dusty trunk.

"I've decided," said Ike. "that we need, well we really need less government in business and more business in government."

"Give the people what they want, FRee!"

"We gotta tighten our control on the Commu-

nists actually."

"Here I am!"

"And we finally got to face the Negro I think."

"We gotta face him."

"It's time to give your Negro an even crack. I'm pretty certain in that regard."

The guard laughed and said he sure enjoyed being next to the President. The President brought a bottle of green juice from his pocket and the men shared it. They became very small. Eisenhower led the guard to a small mousehole and the two men entered.

They passed gleaming rows of new cars with big price tags say $55555 tied to bumper. They walked through rooms of square boxy furniture and men with slick hair advertise products. TV. They passed a giant size poster of Marilyn Monroe. They watched the Sputnik go up. They watched Bobby Thompson hit a homerun against the Dodgers. They ate snow cones. The saw Norman Mailer and Jack Kerouac Indian wrestle in crummy old bar. They saw the Cisco Kid eating a box of Fab Soap.

"I like Ike," said the guard as the men walked through the rooms. "I've always said that. I've always contended—"

"Shush up!"

Ahead, Mamie sat on white leather bar stool. She wore combat boots and thick belt: nothing else.

"Gives me a hard-on every time I see her like that," said Ike. Ike went over and gave Mamie some head. The nightwatchman turned away saying: "Oh dear. Oh dear..."

"Now, where were we?" ask the President. Returning and whipping his mouth with starched napkin from Betsy Ross linen chest old mothball small pine chest woman see through lacy curtains.

"These are important years," say the guard blinking.

"That's what I say,"

Earl Warren became Chief Justice.


"These are important times. It is within our power to help or hinder this country at this point like it is. I mean what I mean is about, well, is about

(Continued on Page 2)
Rocket rocket rocket to the— YEAHHHH the—
Fucked yes! yeah cheers! Get
On it. C'mon motherfuckas C'MON MOTHER
FUCKAS MAKE FUCK A LOVE ZAP! c'mon mother
fuckas and kick out the jaahhhhhhhhh! yeah
YEAHHHH GET DOWN
. . . because where else do you go up and out, on beyond those self-styled limits to what you ever thought were the natural boundaries of (your) energy, (your) head, (your) very own power, you you yeah you yourself and you over there not really sure maybe why you are still reading this but knowing that there has to be a subject of the piece coming up, someone, and wanting to read on for the few more moments . . .

**MC 5**

deserve a space to themselves—to itself—a breathing space they have earned by clearing the air, the atmosphere, of America which is a place not just a word.

Remember rock and roll that it had The Beat, a pressure which made it imperative to get down on it together or go hungry, and because nobody had yet made it an art form, rock and roll was a matter of style and class treating the content with tender loving care, never hiding The Beat. Blues and simple progression as root, used faultlessly and depending on the individual performer to give them particularity . . . Jazz and the proud improvisation made possible because crude information had been turned into knowledge—the kind it take time, space, and self-involvement to get. (It wasn’t some dry ass-proper who said Man is a political animal, it was Aristotle, and he wasn’t trying to be fashionable or rationalize his college spring fever).

The MC 5 are a political rock group whose politics, or actions including thoughts, mean they make revolution. That is what they do. They pour energy on and into a space and into the people in that space, using a beat which makes everyone itch for someone else to be with; that is what life-energy is all about, creation, and the only way to create human form (or style) using instinct and matric hangover is by getting down on it together. The MC 5 find their energy in a need to tell other people that getting together, trusting another, and getting strength from that trust—between persons is power (All power to . . .). Their own energy on stage goes beyond the itch, it goes into free-form joy, the mania that comes from doing what you want, believe in, and doing it well. They only go one way, straight on ahead, pushing themselves and the audience past the exhaustion they just felt, and into new levels of feeling-as-knowledge.

It’s a matter of levels, everybody working on his own level, and realizing that everyone else is also working on a level—even if it isn’t his own—to make the revolution . . . The Motherfucking and the Hog Form and you and me different levels but all for the same thing.” Rob Tyner, vocalist. “The Revolution . . .?"

"—You want it in 500 words or less?" guitarist Fred Smith breaks in, and the others all laugh . . . Rob strugs, makes a grab for me—"If you want it, take it, it belongs to you. Don’t ask, grab as, push past the limits, don’t wait to find out what you will, get down!"—they all get down and thump and yell, ‘Yeah, get down!’ What happens if you really don’t want to fuck? ‘Why not? Do you really know why not, or it just a hang-up, what you’ve done before, a con-vention, right?’

Wayne Kramer, guitarist, nods. ‘Yeah, get down on it: everybody has to realize what is happening and make it happen.’

Watching the Five perform is a joy for sure. They have more pride in, and love of, being rock and roll musicians than any group since the Stones and why not? they have not just love for forming, they have the energy which comes from purpose and need to tell the audience not to be afraid of joy and power, of making the revolution. DJ Icex in an essay talked about something of his age and other ages. His, and most others, he termed as sexual preliminaries.

**A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL IN LONG BLACK STOCKINGS LIFTS HER SKIRT AND SITS IN A SAUCER OF MILK SO THAT HER BOYFRIEND CAN WATCH THE MILK TRICKLING DOWN HER LONG BLACK STOCKINGS**

come on to make the partner realize just how juicy a piece you are. But the early Greeks danced alone, total maniacs, in honor of the joy of being alive, of life itself, and the whole process of creation which makes us human beings and individuals. Usually they danced around a big cock; sometimes, just danced around in the shared knowledge that life is a joy because of cause . . . There is creation there is fucking there is joy. When the MC 5 play, their own energy goes right on into this kind of frenzy and mania: they don’t want to stop and fuck anyone, they want to keep playing and fuck the whole room. (Ed: Well . . . Sometimes). Did you ever get your ears loved by silver supersonic tarbaby wolves . . . by a slick screaming rollercoaster . . . by a macrobiotic steamshovel . . . ?

The group. There is Rob singing, Fred, Wayne and Michael Davis on guitars, and Dennis Thompson on drums. J. C. Crawford, First Minister of Zenta and spiritual adviser, and John Sinclair, manager, poet, and founder of Trans-Love-Energies, a community closely associated with the Five (an interview with Sinclair by Dean Latimer appears in Kiss this week, showing how far the bounds of erotic energy can go). J. C.’s raps (Continued on Page 37)
CCNY RUCKUS PERSISTS. BUT GOALS SEEM UNCLEAR

Prepared by ERIE E. EINZER

The New York Times and the City College of New York have been embroiled in an unrelenting conflict since last spring, and the issue appears to be more than just an academic conflict. The white millitants of Klapper apparently would have been forced to attack blacks (the United Panther, for instance), had they not been given a chance to begin talking to each other. To this reporter's eyes, the whites at Klapper seemed intimidated by their black comrades, a point clearly made by the white American public who find it easier to attack blacks (the United Panthers, for instance).

A number of mass media have heralded their slogans and arrows at the administration of the university, but as a whole, little progress appears to have been made.

The administration of the university's black and Puerto Rican students who demand a place for themselves — a site of the affirmative action, and the white millitants who were stumped from the beginning and now find themselves at the center of the conflict. The white millitants are fighting for an establishment institute.

The current conflict between the blacks and Puerto Ricans who demand a place for themselves — a site of the affirmative action, and the white millitants who were stumped from the beginning and now find themselves at the center of the conflict. The white millitants are fighting for an establishment institute.

Perhaps this is because the administration recognizes that the blacks — after all is said and done — want to preserve the university and the system which produced the universi-

ges. But the whites truly want to tear the whole thing down, and therefore they are far more dangerous.

Now the university administration is not being able to attack the blacks, the University, or the administration. And to define this problem, it would probably make sense to read a few lines from the black revolutionaries. This may be one of the reasons why everyone keeps talking about the black revolutionaries, perhaps because it's a safe and secure for the other revolutionaries.

By George

New York EVO — As was recently noted in this paper, the New York State Museum of Modern Art was coming under considerable pressure to offer its own version of what a dozen, well-disciplined people can accomplish. The goal of the demonstration was to put pressure on the Museum. To do this, a few of the demonstrators were asked to be admitted free, muttering the name of their organization. The guards were willing to admit them, but had asked that the guards be caught on and further admission be refused. At least fifty members of the general public were admitted with no trouble, but the guards caught on and further admission was refused.

The demonstrators were prepared for this. They went to the ticket booth and took their tickets in line. When they arrived at the entrance, they started to pay the $1.50 admission. Other demonstrators circled in strict order of what a dozen, well-disciplined people can accomplish. The guards were willing to admit them, but had asked that the guards be caught on and further admission be refused. At least fifty members of the general public were admitted with no trouble, but the guards caught on and further admission was refused.

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But for the cowardice of many New York hospitals, thousands of pregnant women could receive adequate care during their pregnancy. The refusals by some hospitals are not only patronizing, but also dangerous. The refusals by some hospitals are not only patronizing, but also dangerous. The refusals by some hospitals are not only patronizing, but also dangerous.

The demonstration received much sup-
port from hospital employees, many of whom joined the picketers outside the hospital during their lunch hour. "I'm with ya, ladys," yelled a medical supply salesman as he rushed to the main lobby, "we should be forced to have a kid they don't want." From the social service department came a group of social workers who joined the line, while their supervisor stood on the side and look-
ed on. A medical student also marched.

"I'm against murder," he said. "And that's what's done to women at many of the hospitals. They can't get a le-
gal abortion, so they go to someone they know on the streets. If you see a case where a woman has had a street abortion ... and for what, they're just for profit. The doctors don't care if they're doing it legally or illegally, they're just interested in making money."

Two nursing students from Cornell Medical School, Gayle Vervoor and Amy Wagner, who had been waiting to join the demonstrat-
on. "We're here," said Miss Vervoor, "because you just got tired of seeing women come into Emergency Rooms who have been butchered. I've seen enough of these cases to be really mad." For the groups sponsoring the demonstr-
ation, Lenox Hill is only the beginning. It's not a situation in which to venture one's age. There will be others. "We're going to expand, wherever it is, and we're not going to stop until we get that abortion law repealed," said one angry man. "She looked like a very determined lady."
Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad has seen the play Che seventeen times. Occasionally he rises from his seat after a performance and arrested everyone in the place. He did this on the twenty-fourth of March, 1968, acting upon the advice of Kenneth Conboy, the Visible Saliva Monitor from the DA’s office. Inspector Pine rose from his seat and arrested everyone associated with the production on the following charges: obscenity, public lewdness, sodomy, and conspiracy to commit same. Some charges were subsequently dropped during an investigation by the Grand Jury; many others were added, about fifty others.

The complete brief, listing fifty-four graphically described sodomy and lewdness charges, attested to by deputy Pine, was in the hands of Che’s author, lannox Raphael, last Wednesday morning. Now, for over a week, Lennox and his co-Defendants had been presenting Che at the First Street Theatre, bust or no bust. They needed the bread. And so it came to pass that one Wednesday night last, Inspector Pine entered the theatre with a $9.50 ticket and set his ass onto a $10.50 seat.

“Inspector Pine,” Lennox told him, “I wish you wouldn’t sit there. That’s a reserved seat.” Lennox was the usher, being that the last one.

Lennox was the usher, being that the last one. He was a 16-year-old kid, was being forced into testifying against Che for the State and the State, by Inspector Pine and Kenneth Conboy. “Please move, Inspector,” The deponent only glared, his ass was glued.

But the play went on, after an explanation by Defendant Raphael as to how Inspector Pine got to hog a $10.50 seat. “Because he’s got a gun.” The deponent sat through his seventeenth performance, after which he again rose and instigated charges against these actors: Larry Berhowitz, who played Che; Paul Georgiou, who played The President; and Mary Anne Shelly, the Sister of Mercy: charged them with “manipulating the Defendant Georgiou’s penis and placing it in close proximity with the Defendant Berhowitz’s mouth. A great boorish arose.

Waxing wroth, Defendant Lennox complained that this pig had a personal grudge against Defendants Berhowitz and Shelly, and asked why he had to interact everybody around, including the spectators. The deponent was mum. Shrugging irritably, Lennox walked to the dressing room to break the news.

No sooner was he inside than Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad was on his back, beating him shit ou of him. Soon thereafter, the deponent was screaming the threats of Defendant Berhowitz, who had tried to pull him off of Lennox. Flashbulbs popped. Cameras ground. In the presence of witnesses, Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad straightened his plain clothes and bustled the two aforementioned Defendants for resisting arrest and obstructing the administration of justice.

Inspector Pine’s story has it that Lennox leaned on the door, in an effort to keep him out until Defendant Shelly had put her clothes on and then, with intent to resist said arrest, did grab the deponent, strike him, requiring the use of reasonable force to effectuate said arrest.” Leave it to a Morals Squad Pig to be reasonable at all times, even when Mary Anne’s getting dressed.

At the Ninth Precinct Station, Defendant Berhowitz used his one phone call to order a couple pizzas, as usual. The pizzas were delivered to the cell of the accused, and were laid upon the floor a good distance from the bars, out in the bullpen. Then, while the Defendants were craning through the bars to reach said pizzas, the lights were turned off in the cell bloc.

It was raining outside last Wednesday night, the wind was blowing and it was cold. Around 6 o’clock some pigs woke the Defendants with loud beating on the cell bars, and then opened a wide window across from the cell, which window remained open all night long.

The next day, after arraignment on charges of attempting to waste the person of Deputy Inspector Pine, the Defendants were released on $50 bail. They’re there who would happily give $500 for a chance at Inspector Pine’s good health.

“Ed Wode, however,” Lennox said, “I tried to reason with Pine.” He is a really a fatherly man and I love him.” Ed was once the producer of Che, understand. He should meet Deputy Inspector Pine if he knows Deputy Inspector Pine’s fatherly. Pine, you want to know fishing, with’s that fatherly. Cops are great at being fatherly and all, it’s their thing. They got all that authority, vested in them by the state, no less, and you think they’d be like Jack Webb in Dragnet—but no, they just sit around and drink coffee and talk in human voices, just like you and me.

It really bends your head around, how fatherly cops can be. They’re just men doing a job, that’s all, and if their job happens to be hanging your ass in a string, still—Joseph Wisman—no they’re just nice fatherly men. So Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine beat shit out of that, and then the DA gets to pick the judge from whom he prosecutes his cases. Presumably the one Kenneth Conboy selects for Che will be fatherly as all get out.

DECOMPOSITION

This was always a grosser chum. The latest dirt going about Third Avenue and the Bowery, the dirt that has everyone so confused—I mean everyone, dah-ling—concerns the break in affections between Lennox Raphael, author of Che, and Ed Wode, the producer thereof. All was well with them, or fairly well, until their second bust, which occurred last Wednesday. Lennox, Paul Georgiou, Mary Anne Shelly and Larry Berhowitz all went to jail. Ed was not arrested, but stayed home with his jail money.

The next morning, Lennox’s wife, Marian, went with their baby to 100 Centre Street, where Lennox, Mary Anne, Paul and Larry had just been arraigned on $500 bail apiece. There she met Anne Garfinke, the one to say, but Ed Wode was not in sight. Calling Wode shortly after the arraignment, about 11, Marian was told that he’d be on his way shortly. Then a curious thing happened: phones started ringing in other people’s homes. Ed Wode calling to request their participation in a demonstration in front of the Centre Street Courthouse. Thursday morning is a poor time to arrange a demonstration from scratch, and few were interested.

At 11:30 Ed was still nowhere to be seen. Marian called: “Be right there,” he said. Noon came and passed. Wode was called again. “I’m on my way.” One o’clock had to go, Ed, and the lady handling bail arrangements began to agitate: “If he doesn’t get here soon, we’ll have to send the man to Riker’s Island and Mary Anne to the Women’s House of Detention.” Marian called, Ed said he was getting ready; counsel Garfinke got on the line. Ed said he was getting into the cab.

Shortly before two o’clock, the bail lady announced that the trucks to Riker’s Island were loading. Marian put the baby up for security. The defendants were released in the custody of the bail lady, who didn’t apparently want the paper work it would take to get them back from Riker’s Island and the Women’s House of Detention. Finally, around three that afternoon, Wode showed up with a pile of placards he had painted and two demonstrators.

That night, when Lennox showed up for the 8 o’clock show, he was surprised to find the cast in regular costumes, rather than the custo...

photo: CHARMIAN READING
In this column, questions will be answered, relevant to magic, occultism, witchcraft, spiritualism, comparative religion, and related subjects. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be answered in this column will receive a personal answer if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. A book on occultism will be given every month to the sender of the most interesting question which is used in the column.

To answer the most frequent question which reaches me by mail and telephone: No, I am not a member of a Satanist group of a witch coven—I would admit it if I were. No, I cannot tell you where to find a Black Mass which you can attend; no, I cannot put curses on anyone by mail, or either I will not curse, like blessings, come home to roost. And for those who want information about the true witch-cult I recommend reading Sybil Leek's DIARY OF A WITCH, published by Prentice-Hall. And occult books can be purchased, in the New York area, from Semi Weiser's bookshop at Broadway and Washington Place. He also has palm cards, astrology textbooks and similar materials. For other sources of occult books consult the yellow pages. This is an unpaid advertisement; I do not even get a discount on my own purchases, it's just that I buy my own books there.

Q. — I would like to have my horoscope read, but I don't know how to choose a good astrologer. Also, I would like to know how much it costs. — A.G.

Dear A.G.—By and large, any astrologer who appears in the columns of AMERICAN ASTROLOGY magazine is trustworthy; I have heard that they police their advertisers with some care. Those who can claim truthfully to have graduated from some reliable course or school of training can also be trusted as a general rule. Prices for horoscopes vary immensely; but, since the calculations and necessary work involved in drawing up a chart usually are half the work, it is not very realistic to expect to get a chart from a professional astrologer for less than fifteen or twenty dollars, and twenty-five is about the usual amount. You can expect to pay more than this if you want two charts compared, or if you do not know the time of your birth and the astrologer must do lengthy refigurations and corrections to determine the proper rising point. If you cannot pay this amount, it is best to buy a reliable book on the subject and learn to draw up your own charts, or to find a friend who is a competent amateur astrologer and ask him to make you up a chart in favor of student barbers, beauticians and cosmetologists, who give haircuts and permanents free or for a nominal sum in order to practice their art. Astrologers who are learning their craft will usually draw up horoscopes for all their friends and be glad of the chance. Of course, you take your chances with a novice astrologer, just as with an amateur beautician you risk the possibility that your hair will be cut somewhat crooked.

Q. — Do you believe that there is anything Karmic about racial troubles? I have also heard that since each race as its own cosmic destiny, occultists do not believe in racial mixing or mixed marriages. Could you comment on this? — R.L.B.

Dear R.L.B.—In asking if there is anything Karmic about racial troubles, since Karmas — stripping away all the occult mumbo-jumbo — means simply cause and effect over the long run, you are asking a question as unnecessary as whether I believe that an eclipse is due to Newton's three laws of motion.

DR. SCHONOELF

SCIENCE is a scholarly journal containing scientific news and original articles, many of which are highly technical. But each issue usually contains some kind of trip for the whole family of scientists. The April 18, 1969 issue, for example, lists in its Table of Contents, "Soap Bubbles: Two Years Old and Sixty Centimeters in Diameter." Hariot writes between an article entitled "Solar Differential Rotation and Oblateness" ("Abstract. The flux record of true cyano is extended from the upper Triaula to the lower Pennsy- vian..."), entitled the article about soap bubbles. Its abstract announced that soap bubbles with a life of over 2 years and diameter of 60 centimeters (almost 2 feet) had been developed by joining up bubble solutions with polyvinyl alcohol or polyacrylamide. These synthetic organic polyamides combine with water to produce highly viscous fluids. A.V. Groene, writing from his laboratory in the Research Institute of Philadelphia's Temple University, notes that her students "some of the most outstanding scientists" have investigated the mysteries of the soap bubble. I read on, recalling with pride my own observations of smoke-filled bubbles floating through the air or landing on the ground and bursting, small puffs of smoke marking the passage of the bubble to the next soap solution in the sky.

Little biographical information is given about the researcher. Groene, but we can infer from his article that he is a thorough and careful investigator.

Why? He hypothesizes that a sphere produces symmetrical air currents which do not put strain on the bubble. For those unfortunate without 20-liter round flasks, the author suggests as a substitute 10 to 20 gallon distilled-water jugs.

Cautiously regulated compressed air was used to produce "beautifully-colored" bubbles, lamellately thick at the beginning of what sometimes was a 6-hour blow. Groene also developed a technique for measuring the thickness of his bubbles. A paper describing his method will soon be published. Many mixtures were discarded before he hit upon exactly the right solution, one with a viscosity of 0.0 centipoises. Groene actually succeeded in blowing large bubbles from 6 different brews, the first and best of which he appropriately named "double-bubble" solution because both its major ingredients can for bubbles independently of the other.

Unlike the Flour's variety, Groene's "double-bubble" solution contains 2 volumes of Kucharbauer solution (1 volume of 44%), by weight sodium dibromosulfanate in water plus 1 volume of glycerol), one volume of 5% polyvinyl alcohol and 5 volumes of glycerol.

The bubbles were blown inside flasks to avoid contact with dust, which apparently is what kills bubbles. If the bubbles survived their birth and immersion, over 85%, of large diameter bubbles were found to last more than 100 days. Bubble researchers define the life of a bubble as the time required for a blown bubble to reduce in size to a flat film covered by the bubble-blowing 1/10.

As the theorist, I found that there...
KOKOAINE KARMA


Rock 'n' Roll = youth. From its 1950's Royalty and Pop Music synonymous. Bullshit All Kings and Queens suck. The hierarchy of pop is as faux idiotic, impotent and as obsolete as any aristocracy. Fuck elitism. Musicians are people. Mustn't forget.

NOW IN THE BUSINESS OF CREATING A NEW GENERATION OF YOUTH, THE RECORD COMPANY, THROUGH ITS VARIOUS LABELS, IS TRYING TO INFLUENCE THE YOUTH TO BUY ITS PRODUCT. THE PURPOSE OF THIS PUBLICATION IS TO EXPOSE THE TRICKS AND DECEPTIONS USED BY THE RECORD COMPANIES IN THEIR VENTURES TO PROFIT AT THE EXPENSE OF THE YOUTH.

GIVE US UNJUDGED HONESTY; SONGS THAT MEAN SOMETHING; SONGS THAT EXPRESS OUR FEELINGS; SONGS THAT SPEAK TO US; SONGS THAT MAKE US THINK; SONGS THAT MAKE US FEEL; SONGS THAT BRING US TOGETHER.

EVERYDAY THE MEDIA, THROUGH ITS VARIOUS FORMS, TRY TO CONTROL OUR MINDS AND MINDS.

THE NEW GENERATION OF YOUTH DEMANDS A NEW GENERATION OF MUSIC.
I jes heard about the new Hells Angel Chapter in Buffalo N.Y. used ta be called Road Vultures back in the old days...

When I used ta ride, used ta call it RVMC.

Snruf

Yup thems was the days we used ta terrorize.

Drink that but but but... But but but...

What happened to the days when the club offered a case of beer for every pedestrian y'hit.

An' ole Roger pissin' at the bar at the 'Silversails'.

An' all them boss parties.

Fucked bums in the old days tried pull em down fera ya.

Ya ya road vulture the town of soon ferga.

And pigpen if ya thought ya could still see tha dried puke from last years run at our lake.

Yup! Thems was the days even now I kin hear the lilting voices raised song, wal that's all for this is the same some stranger sayin' see ya later.
You can't win 'em all.
NON-ART-EVENT
by LIL PICARD
NON-EVENTS

The ultimate Happenings are changing into something much more disturbing. They are becoming action-events, non-things, popping up at several sections of the multi-artwork in New York, up and down the city. On May 21 the JOHNSTON "DISINTEGRATION OF A CRITIC": an analysis of Jim Johnston will take place, a panel discussion in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium at NYU, entrance free. David Bourdon, moderator (a wealthy former Village Voice writer who is now with Life magazine). Dr. John Atchley, psychiatrist; Walter Gutman, securities analyst; writer artist, film-maker, "sugar daddy"; John de Menil, art patron; Carollee Schneemann, trans-sketcher, director, founder of Kinetic Theater; Lili Picard, artist and writer, Andy Warhol, "A" author and Ultra Violet, superstar.

On the 16th floor of Hunter College, seven Poets achieved the ultimate of "invisible" theater. I came late and missed the first two pieces. Getting lost in the corridors of the Hunter College building, I was suddenly faced on the main floor by a group of demi-nude girls and boys performing on a stage. My first reaction was Ah... Poets in the Nude... no! But this was not at all what the new Theater Work-Group did. The Semi-Nude poem was provided by Hunter College students doing their own thing. After a long walk through the emptiness of the city, one's passing elevators and stairways, I finally landed before a tightly-closed metal door, behind which Theater Works could be heard going on. I was not admitted for a few minutes, and could only detect laughter and sounds. I suddenly was grabbed by a hand and pushed to the floor inside the room, faced by pitchblack darkness and exposed to laughter, screeches, words, sounds and laughter, laughter, giggling and laughter again, hysterical, disturbing laughter. I thought about "Face" (Cassavetes) but this time the Faces were invisible and the laughter became a visual thing. Mysterious, and disturbing laughter in the enclosure of a dark, square room. The blakerness surrounding me was only made more black by screaming burning cigarettes. My first reaction was negative. Two days later, something happened in myself. The laughter and the sounds of an invisible event lingered on in my mind and a change in my reaction to it took place.

The reason for my change towards the "invisible Theater" (Title of event by John Perreault with the assistance of Vito Hannibal Accroco, Eduardo Costa, Bernadette Mayer, & Hannah Wallet) was caused by a second "invisible" action, taking place at 66 Grand Street Sunday evening May 4th as the last event of 30 Downtown at Gilles Lapin's Studio-Loft.

The Non-Art-Event-new Art form reflect a crisis of aggressiveness incomprehensible to most of the people who came downtown to 66 Grand Street in cars, trucks, VW and taxis to see "something." Maybe a happening, maybe some Nude People or Sex-action, maybe Terminal Lightbeams or humans in some kind of acting. — but what they were faced with was a complete "Nothingness". Nothings not in the form of a white or black canvas, or an empty room filled with odors of a yellow light or some other "minimal" Artwork, but a political statement, an concrete and disturbing, that some of the people who came downtown to "see something" got very angry.

I'm now and a change in the loft-building Jean Toche, a Belgian artist living in New York, faced his audiences, holding the mike of a tape recorder, inviting the audience to go "upstairs," three fights up a steep narrow staircase, and asking 50 cents admission. (Continued on Page 17)

Nothing is dangerous
by ABBIE'
Review of Rap Brown's Dial Press, hardcover: 8.95
Die Nigger Die came as an unexpected surprise. I have heard Rap speak on a number of occasions and although he struck home loud and clear I always found we had differences. Like about two years ago when he was putting down flower power right and left and I frankly thought it was none of his business since the ground rules had been set forth: black radicals talk to blacks and white radicals talk to whites. Those were awkward years, '68 and '69 when the whites, forced out of the civil rights movement, had to confront the reality of their own rotten world. Experimentation was needed. A new cultural identity had to be formulated and defended. But first formulated, any white organizers floating amid the hippies at the time recognized that as soon as the flowers gave bloom they would out of necessity have to grow thorns. America just ain't about to let its kids run away and build a new culture, not one as highly visible as the hillyp culture. Well, again, Rap spoke at the Fillmore last December and related to the young white radicals misrelations as liberals, many fresh from battle at Columbia, Chicago and from the day before's fight on the streets of the Lower East Side. Again he missed the beat, accusing the audience of supporting Humphrey and people shouted back "you ain't got a corner on the revolution," and "we want the stage." Also, Brown has a persistence in speaking ideologically rather than personally, and I expected a dull book such as the Carmichael-Hamilton Black Power butt which is totally unreadable.

Rap's book is great. It's involving, funny, angry, and most of all, alive. (Continued on Page 19)
When a boo-bird whistles, the team turns on

Bring home all the kicks

RENAISSANCE MUSIC by JOEL MEIZA....

Sunday night's concert of the Incredible String Band at the Fillmore East was capped by a surging ecstasy of applause equalled seldom. They are Robin Williamson, Mike Heron and two nameless and unaquainted girl-children. Their sound defies description, being a conglomerate of influences ranging from the Highland Fling through Debussy to the Ming Dynasty. Though widely contrasting styles and timbres of sound are often juxtaposed, there is never a feeling of unnecessary addition. The element of surprise is a constant factor in the ISB sound, but it never degenerates into novelty. There is a zen-ish awareness of the freshness and constancy of change here; three hours of the ISB seemed hardly enough to fill anyone's appetite. An all-day concert would be more like it! The real trip the Incredible String Band is on is the deliberate evocation of reminiscences of former lives as lived in cultures and geographies spread up and down the span of human existences.

The several instruments used Sunday night included electric organ, piano, acoustic guitar, electric bass, violin, bamboo fiddle played with a viola da gamba bow, two gongs, a washboard played with finger picks, tambourines and drums of all sizes. All four of them usually sing while playing on these.

Heron and Williamson are each strong musical craftsmen, though there is never the implied higher-and-lower position games that most rock groups thrive on. As lyric writers they are up there with the very best: God made a song when the world was new/water's laughter sings it true/O Wizzard of Changes/teach me the lesson of Bowling.

The ISB has been together in their present form since 1966, when Heron joined the group, replacing Clive Palmer, the original proprietor of The Incredible Folk Club in Glasgow. Williamson is Scots, Heron apparently from London, and these two folkloric streams have a prominent role in the ISB's rhythm of idiomatist flow, perhaps because they sing mostly in English. Not always, though, the Hinds word "Tatwamasi," meaning "you are nothing," or "you are that (thatness)", "is used as a sort of polyphonic overlay in a song about "who you are that (thatness)", is used as a sort past: a monk asked a wise man to tell him who he was. The man commanded the monk to bring him some figs, and when he did, had the monk open first the figs and then the seeds to find only emptiness inside, "and you," Williamson said, indicating the Fillmore audience, "are the lcowest nothing we've ever met" — a double-sided remark only if you see it that way! Well, the Fillmore always is an impatient mob, and because it takes five minutes or so to set up the different instruments between selections, what could have turned into some very ugly hand-clapping and whistling developed, but Williamson let them know where it was at by telling them in effect to clam up. This was done so gently that suddenly there was a strange quiet. American audiences are not used to such stage-calm. When a brawl got under way in the first row over someone with a camera during a song called "Creation" Williamson vaporized it in an instant by stopping the music in mid-stream; that was more of a shock to the combatants than any blow with a fist could have been, to judge by the instant stillness. What seemed to bother Williamson was not that his music was being interrupted; it wasn't really. It was more of the unfairness of the one photographer versus the several sages that popped his cork. "Put him down!" he said, "how can I sing about creation while you're..." This was all said so naturally that no person could have failed to respond. In a way that incident says more about the Incredible String Band and their music than anything else does; they are organic musicians above everything else, and when they sing of the clear light within leading you home, there is no sermonizing, no teaching, no exemplifying, only truth. Though the Fillmore was filled, it seemed, three-quarters by obnoxious eleven-year-olds from Scarsdale, there is no doubt that this message got through.

The ISB is more than a musical group; it is a vision of music that can be made and shared in the Aquarian Age. The ISB be loved wherever it goes.
Abbie Hoffman has brought laughter to the otherwise grim business of revolution.

Unlike other supersalesmen, Abbie's prime tool is laughter rather than the empty tooty smile— that traditional upright front of acesque all-American supersalesmanship. And SUPERSALESMAN Abbie is— probably un-
matched in effectiveness by many a giant in the field.

Endowed with the irresistible combination of total dedication, limitless imagination and an
abundance of nerve, he has, with the aid of an eavesdropping media coverage, become a house-
hold name in America. Strippers are named after him, cops all over sing for him and just
about everyone who knows him can't help but dig him for what he really is— all thousand of
them.

CONVERSATION WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN

EVO — The last time I spoke to you, the cops had sent the shit out of you down at the
courthouse. Was that your 38th or 39th arrest?

AH — The thirty-ninth, I think. I was at
the courthouse because I was on trial for the
Columbus disturbance of last year. During the
recess, while in the phone booth I all of a
sudden saw the cops fly into the lobby in
one of their Grand Central Station sweeps. After
I hung up and got about five feet from the
booth, some cop decked me on the back of my
head. When I came to I asked him, “What
seems to be on your mind, officer?” He said
“Get the fuck out of the lobby.” I told him
that I was not in the demonstration that was
going on. (The Panther demonstration), but
upstairs on trial. He decked me again, and so
I had a karate-white belt, and went three of them
to the hospital. After they put handcuffs
and leg-irons on me and took me into the
work-out on the table in the pressroom. They left
me shit out of me for about 15 minutes. I was
charged with federal assault and five other
charges. I was finally let out. The next day,
which was my last arrest, they got me for not
showing up in time for trial.

EVO — Have you taken any steps against
the government for harassing you?

AH — I think a number of lawyers are
pressing a suit against the Federal Government.
I think it will be the first suit of its kind
I have had ten arrests since Chicago, but
remember that during that period I was out of
action for three months. During one of those
arrests, in the Washington, D.C. jail, they
took a blood sample with an unsterilized needle
and as a result of that I got hepatitis. For
that, I have a million-dollar suit against them.
If I win this one, it will be a new ball game.

EVO — How long has this— you against
the United States and vice versa— been going on?

AH — It has been a constant change. It has
been a development in terms of tactics and in
terms of positions and views. Consider the first
five or six years that I have been in the move-
ment, whatever that means. During that pe-
riod I believed that the system could be re-
formed. I was basically involved in a position
of dissent which is a reformist liberal position.
That is when you say “The war in Vietnam
is bad. It is a sad incident. It isn’t what this gov-
ernment and this country are supposedly about.”
That is a reformist liberal position. When you say, “There is something wrong with the
State of Mississippi, a bunch of racists just
go down and change it with the children’s
crusade.”

I remember going in 1964, to the Democratic
civil rights convention in Atlantic City. We were involved
with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party’s challenge. Again, it was like the incident
with Pat Brown. All the liberals were singing, “We shall overcome.” It was number one
in the Hit Parade. On the Boardwalk they put out on the bottom and gave out money. We
were the heroes of the convention.

Then Johnson called up from the ranch and said “Holida, you get them negroes in the back
of the bus and get them to shut up. The kids from the boardwalk send home to take
back or ELSE you don’t get to be Vice Presi-
dent.”

Then they started to twist arms and when
you get inside the convention hall all the but-
toms disappeared and they stopped singing the
songs. When you asked what’s going on they
said, “Well, we are with you but in this case
our hands are tied.” The same went on in the
South. There would be stories of Justice De-
partment officials and FBI agents that would
come down and while you were being beaten
by the local cops and mobs they would whip
their hands and say, “This is terrible. They
are awful down here, aren’t they? This is

(Continued on Page 20)
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The Fillmore welcomes its new ticket outlet at Manhattan's East Side at BOOKMASTERS, Third Avenue & 59th Street.
Eisenhower (Continued from Page 45)
your Communists. Certainly there is a system of which many have undoubtedly found themselves victims. However, all is not as bad as it sometimes appears here. Oh, I mean, well," scratches head, perplexed. "Well, it's like this. You have two countries. One's this way and the other is that. Shit, let's go get something to eat."

They chewed some crystals. They turned down a purple hallway and entered a room with ATOMIC BOMB written on the door. Forty insect-looking men in white coats and with electric penises were piling bombs against a wall. One of them approached me.

"We have more than anyone now," he said.
"We got, shit, we must have a couple thousand of those babies."
"Good," said the President. "I brought the guard down to see the operation we got going."
"It's a cold war going on out there," said the scientist. "We got A bombs for you. We got H bombs. Whatya need?"

"Well," said the guard, "I'd love to see an H bomb. I mean I'd appreciate it. You know the kids and all. They'd think . . . ."
"Set one off for the man," said the President joking, and then the men went into sterile room for instant coffee and hard buns.

The men ate their buns in the sterile room. Each bun had a center of GL 70 in it. They ate the GL 70 and then like and the guard left the rooms through the mousehole and sat on the attic floor. They drank red syrup and got back to regular size. They went to a show and after this to a Pitch 'n Pult golf course where the scored a hole in one.

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RCA
underground cine-scene
compiled by Bob Parent
This is the beginning of a regular weekly feature. It is a Service to help The New American Cinema. Reviews, and/or guest talks by filmmakers that are open to the public (whether theater, festival, campus or else) will be listed free providing the subject relates to avantgarde—experimental—underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to SVO as soon as available.

To reduce unwieldy repetition, abbreviations are used to denote the region involved and the name of the theater. Full description of the video is listed alphabetically and precedes the calendar.

REGIONAL CODE
NYC = Metropolitan New York City area

CALENDAR LOCATIONS

AMAR
Movie Loft
61 East 11th Street
N.Y.C.

AMEX = AM-EX
American Experimental Cinema
6 Stuyvesant St. (near Cooper Union)
N.Y.C. 212-677-9900

CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY OR C/G
Filmmakers' Cinematheque series: The Gallery of Modern Art
Columbus Circle
N.Y.C. 212-732-2311

CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM
The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Avenue (91st St)
N.Y.C. 10028, 212-749-3770

CLOSET CINEMA
30 Watts St. (at 6th Avenue)
N.Y.C. 212-226-1956

THE CUBICULO THEATER
414 W. 151st Street
N.Y.C. 212-256-2338

JUDSON MEM. CHURCH
55 Washington Sq. So.
N.Y.C.

MILLENIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.
46 St. Jones Street (E. 3rd St)
N.Y.C. 10012, 212-228-9998

MOMA
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street
N.Y.C. 10019, 212-715-3200

CALENDAR

MAY 15—THURSDAY
2:00 & 6:00 — NYC — The films of LENNY LIPTON: Portrait of a Dancer (1964); Summertime Mobidity of the Visible (1963); Happy Birthday, Bunny (1965); Cosmic Music (1967); Below the Fruited Plain (1966); Memories of an Unborn Baby (1966); The Dunes of Utah (1963); We Shall March Again (1965); Snow and Tail (1964); — CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY
7:30 PM — NYC — Screening of finalists in the "Film as Art" category — AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE, N.Y. Hilton Hotel, 6th Ave. & 53rd St., NYC
8:00 PM — NYC — GEORGE KUCHAR: Unstrap Me: WALTER GUTMAN: Out the Window — AM-EX
10:00 PM — NYC — JOHN DULANEY: Yippie; LAD: Film; Skinny Fat; Park Carpet; Manifest: Fly Family: Spectrum: The Outing: new film in progress — AM-EX

MAY 16—FRIDAY
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — films by MAURICE AMAR: — AM-EX
10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

MAY 17—SATURDAY
2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — The films of BRUCE BAILLE: program: Steak Leader: Broccoli: Recreation Center: Have You Forgotten of Talking to the Director: To Paris: Tung: Yellow Horse: Castro Street: Ve: lentines de los Daisies: Mexico 63: CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — AMAR
8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX

MAY 18—SUNDAY
2:00 PM — NYC — The films of HERBERT JEN de GRASSE: Killman: The New Improved Inner Argh: Every: — CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY
6:00 PM — NYC — The films of HERBERT JEN de GRASSE, continued: Blindman: The Cop: The Lawyer — CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY

MAY 20—TUESDAY
5:30 & 7:00 PM — NYC — ANDREW MEYER: Match Girl: An Early Clue to the New Direction — CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM
5:20 PM — NYC — COINCOIN: LARK: KARDASH: Slow Run, Slowly discussion — MOMA

MAY 21—WEDNESDAY
12:00 noon — NYC — Selection from American Film Festival Winners — MOMA
2:00 PM — NYC — repeat of May 18th 6:00 PM program — C/G
8:00 PM — NYC — THE NEWSREEL: JUDSON
8:30 PM — NYC — ED SEGAL: a graphic artist who is "painting with the camera." He will show and discuss excerpts from his new film "The Mothers of Invention," "Space Oddity" and other examples of "the flying camera" and "psychedelic cinema verde." — CUBICULO

MAY 22—THURSDAY
8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX
10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

MAY 23—FRIDAY
10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — AMAR

I Am Curious (yellow)
Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut ! Am Curious (Yellow) is "a landmark likely to permanently shatter many of our last remaining movie conventions," says William Wols of Cue Magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman, a Sandeau Production, ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.
**Non Art** (Continued from Page 12)


Jean Toche is Belgian, and seems to be involved with his country's political destiny. In New York he gave his protest a tangible form of aggressiveness. The audience walked up the three flights out nothing but a blank white wall. Nobody got admitted to the studio. Nothing happened at all. The people went up... faced the wall, went down...  

The inner reality of the Toche piece with Theater Works, and also with the conceptual works organized by Seth Siegelbaum, seem to me immensely relevant in times of protest and intellectual revolution. In times of war, fear, revolution, aggression and violence, the action-artists of many artists who "care" using "understatement of minimal" (which are revolutionary acts or acts of resistance against the aggressive force, interest me and turn me on. Every time I saw its expressive and poignant, the action-artists of today I think Poet-Revolt, Theater-Art Revolt, Artist Coalition-the revolt with Words, with bodies in action (DIONYSOS in 69) are the most relevant Art forms at the end of the sixties.

**COMING EVENTS:**

Spring Gallery 59 presents works by choreographer Deborah Hay, poet Hannah Weiner, sculptors Marjorie Strider and Tom Gormley, at Paula Cooper Gallery 96 — 100 Prince St. May 15, 16, 17 at 8:30 p.m. At the same gallery, May 18th, a Benefit Party for Artists Coalition, at 4:00 p.m.

Bill Barlow shows Syroform Fruit and Vegetable Art in Essex St. Market between Livingston and Stanton St. (Section B1), until May 17th.
ABBIE (Continued from Page 13)

nethe legal nor moral. Call us collect in Wash-
ington if you need help.” “Hey man, we need help right now, we are bleeding all over.” Their inevitable response would be something like, “You know, there is something like states rights, but if you need us just call us in Wash-
ington.” Shit like that.

I guess that right after Atlantic City, in 1964, came the turning point for many of us. We just dropped the facade of working in terms of appealing to the country’s conscience. That, at least for me, was the turning point.

EVO — What was your involvement at the
time? What form did the change take and do you remember any specific incidents related to this?
AH — At that time I was involved with
SNCC. I was organizing Friends of SNCC
in the north. After Atlantic City it be-
came evident that some changes in the civil
rights movement were inevitable. As you know, what grew out of that was Black Power. At
that point I became involved with the Poor
People Corporation of Mississippi, which was
an outgrowth of SNCC. Blacks own the busi-
ness cooperatively and have the responsibility
and decision making in their own hands.
All through this period, I was primarily cen-
tered in Massachusetts and had a straight job.
I was a drug salesman; no, not narcotics, just plain shitty drugs.

EVO — Did you have a company car with
samples all over the back seat?
AH — Yeah, that kind of thing. My job
was to pay off doctors for “five years” studies that took five minutes. A “five year” study of
why brand X was better than brand Y. I
remember waiting in the waiting room for the
“studies,” which I would forward to the home
office and the doctor would in return receive
his $1000 check. After that, a ghostwritten
article with the doctor’s byline would appear
in some fancy medical journal heralded as some
brilliant, scientific study. The company would
then reprint thousands of copies of that article and I, in turn would show it to other doctors in
the area as a proof why brand X was superi-
or to brand Y. “After all doctor, just read
the “Five Year Study.”” I had a down to a
science, working 4 hours a week, stealing like
cholera by selling the samples and forging motel
receipts.

For that they paid me fifteen grand a year
and I was mowing the lawn on weekends. But
in between all that I devoted the major part
of my time to organizing in the ghettoes for
SNCC. Sort of a schizophrenic, and after a
while it got to me. I remember asking my boss,
the regional sales manager, “Is this shit any
good?” “It won’t kill you,” was his response.
It sort of hit home.

During the same period I went with SNCC
to the Newport Folk Festival. Stockley Cle
Solders George Ware and others from the
Atlanta office came to talk to the folkingers
and we were also selling our craft products.
Then, one evening, about ten bluepow pig
who had been drinking beat the shit out of
us. I was pretty stoned at the time, and I guess
that the combination of the acid and the in-
tensity of the beating made a terrific imprint
upon me. When they ripped up our booth,
which represented such a positive program,
we became aware that this was beyond pro-
test. I realized that there had to be something
beyond protest. Here was the very positive
Poor People’s Corporation, our vision of the
future, where those who worked in the factory
would own them, be involved in the decision
making and share in the profit of their labors.
Yet, we were beaten up and our booth de-
stroyed.

EVO — When did you come to New York?
AH — Shortly after that, I checked the job,
The home in the suburbs, the wife and two
kids, and came to live on the Lower East Side
to start Liberty House. It became a success,
but for me it became very difficult being white
and working in a movement that was essential-
ly oriented around Black Power. There were
conflicts and disputes with SNCC.

In the meantime I saw the Hippie thing
getting started. I looked around, and felt that
what the movement was saying was something
that was authentic. It went along with where
my head was at.

Going beyond protest and building a positive
vision for the future. It became a living revolu-
tion. People started to live it as well as yell
about it.

EVO — The communies were actually the
first manifestation of the change in bohemian
trends in America. Until then this was basically
a very lonely trip, with the exception of the
junkies and speed freaks that always stuck
together.

AH — It was the setting up of a new kind
of family. I think it started with the Beatles,
when it shifted from Elvis Presley and Frank
Sinatra, the idol . models of the alcoholic
culture. When you think of the Beatles you
don’t think about their marriages and granites.

EVO — The interesting thing about the
Die Nigger Die
(Continued from Page 11)

isn’t it time we all better bury the hatchet? If we don’t, some Pig is gonna pick it up and bury it in our fucking heads. He won’t look to see what button we’re wearing. He’s just gonna come out swinging.

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Emanations (Continued from Page 3)

tion. Virtually all happenings are due to the law of Karma, of cause and effect. The few exceptions, if there are any (some occultists believe there are) are due to the direct intervention of God in human destiny, and are known as miracles. They need not concern us here.

But there is racial Karma, and national Karma, as well as individual Karma, and I think this is what you mean. The clearest example of racial Karma has occurred in our own time, when Hitler’s terrible purge of millions of Jews was the horrifying end product of thousands of years of the policy outlined in the Old Testament, where the racial God of the Jewish tribes administered these fierce tribesmen to wipe out their enemies. The last man and male child, the few prophets who counseled mercy were shouted down in the overwhelming militancy of fury of these ancient ancestors. It was written: he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. The fury of the Old Testament militarists came home to roost in the death camps of the Nazis, where millions of Jewish people atoned for their ancestors which they had perpetrated on other races in their past lives.

Does this mean Hitler was justified? My God, No! This is the meaning of the cryptic passage in the Bible: “Woe to him through whom offenses come. For it must needs be that the offense cometh; but woe to him through whom it comes…” Hitler was an instrument of Karma — but he was not obligated to be the evil instrument of fate. In his acts, he and his Nazis incurred punishment which will be exacted of them, in some future life, to the last drop of blood.

The Jewish peoples have atoned, for their past militarist sins, under Hitler. Now the land of Palestine gives them a new start — if as a country they can put aside the heritage of militarism and live at peace. If not, they will simply begin the cycle again.

Current black violence — here and in Africa — is probably descending upon the white races because of their historical position: the American settlers in particular incurred a frightful racial karma in committing what amounted to genocide upon the Indians. But a general black uprising against all whites, while it might be karmically justified, would also bring upon those who committed it, the fate of the Nazis. They had the satisfaction of killing off the Jews — but where are they now? I wonder how many of them think it was worth it?

As for occultists approving or disapproving of racial mixing, I have never heard this theory seriously put forth by an instrument worthy of the name. Many of them feel that racial types were an early state of the human race and that all races will eventually merge into a single human type; others do not hold this position. My own feeling is that no one has the right to “approve” or “disapprove” of what is basically a problem for the individual decision and conscience. I believe that with current social institutions, racial mixed marriages put a very great strain on human nature, but this is more an indictment of the social institutions in question than anything else. It demands too strong a human being, too petty a nervous system, to make a success of an mixed marriage, even when there are relatively few strains put on it; if the added strains of religious, racial or financial differences are put on any relationship, the people involved must be that much stronger. Many occultists make mixed marriages successfully, because their training in the nature of man and the universe helps them to overcome stereotypes. But I believe anyone who has very strong feelings of identity with his own national or racial strain should probably take this as an indication that his personal destiny lies within those boundaries.

And if I personally were to disapprove of racial mixing I would have to disapprove of my own ancestors a substantial part of my own ancestry is Amerindian.
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HIP-Pocrates (Continued from Page 4)

published. In brief, the volume of the bubble is
compared with its weight, using an example the
“fresh golden-orange bubble” which was
found to have a thickness of 1.88 millons.

Perhaps it’s a bit much to guess that J.V.
Grosec was babbling with enthusiasm for his
work but his own words speak for themselves.
“A well-bubble made from these solutians had
lasted over 200 days, I became interested in
blowing larger bubbles”.

The reality of the world square was soon
made evident to Grosec when he found that
bubbles blown in a cube measuring 22 inches
to a side, lasted but a week.

His hopes were, well, punctured, until Corn-
ing Glass works delivered “the largest spherical
flasks produced in the country.” Four 72 liter
(approximately 16 gallons) Pyrex flasks.

Although Grosec says these flasks were exactly
what he had sought, escalation soon occurred
with the arrival of a 200 liter (45 gallon) glass
sphere. Larger grew the bubbles, born in
“double-bubble” solution and consistently
growing to horizontal diameters exceeding 50 cms.

One burst at 62.3 cms. due to unexpected ar-
ival of a visitor (shh!). The last bubble blown
was 186.3 cm. about the largest bubble that
could be blown in the flask,” Grosec writes with
evident frustration.

Table 2 records the life and fate of 8 long-
itudinal soap bubbles. One lasted 705 days before
it “Gelled with heavy drop at bottom.” A cruel
fate befell Bubble No. 7 which after 374 days
“Detered due to hammering during carpenter
work”.

But after 528 days one bubble still maintained
a vertical diameter of 37.73 cm. Concluding his
article, J.V. Grosec understated propheti-
ically, “In view of its large size, it is likely that
it will be the longest-lasting soap bubble on
record”.

We’re rooting for you and the bubble, Mr.
Grosec. Now that you seem to have the indoor
(in flask) record cinched, perhaps you’d con-
sider blowing some bubbles out-of-doors, say
at the Speedway Meadows of Golden Gate Park.
A large, captive audience would be assured, es-
specially if you’ll consider filling your
bubbles with colored smoke. Just wear a floral
in your flask and bring the double-bubble solution.

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