

JOHN WILCOCK'S

OTHER SCENES

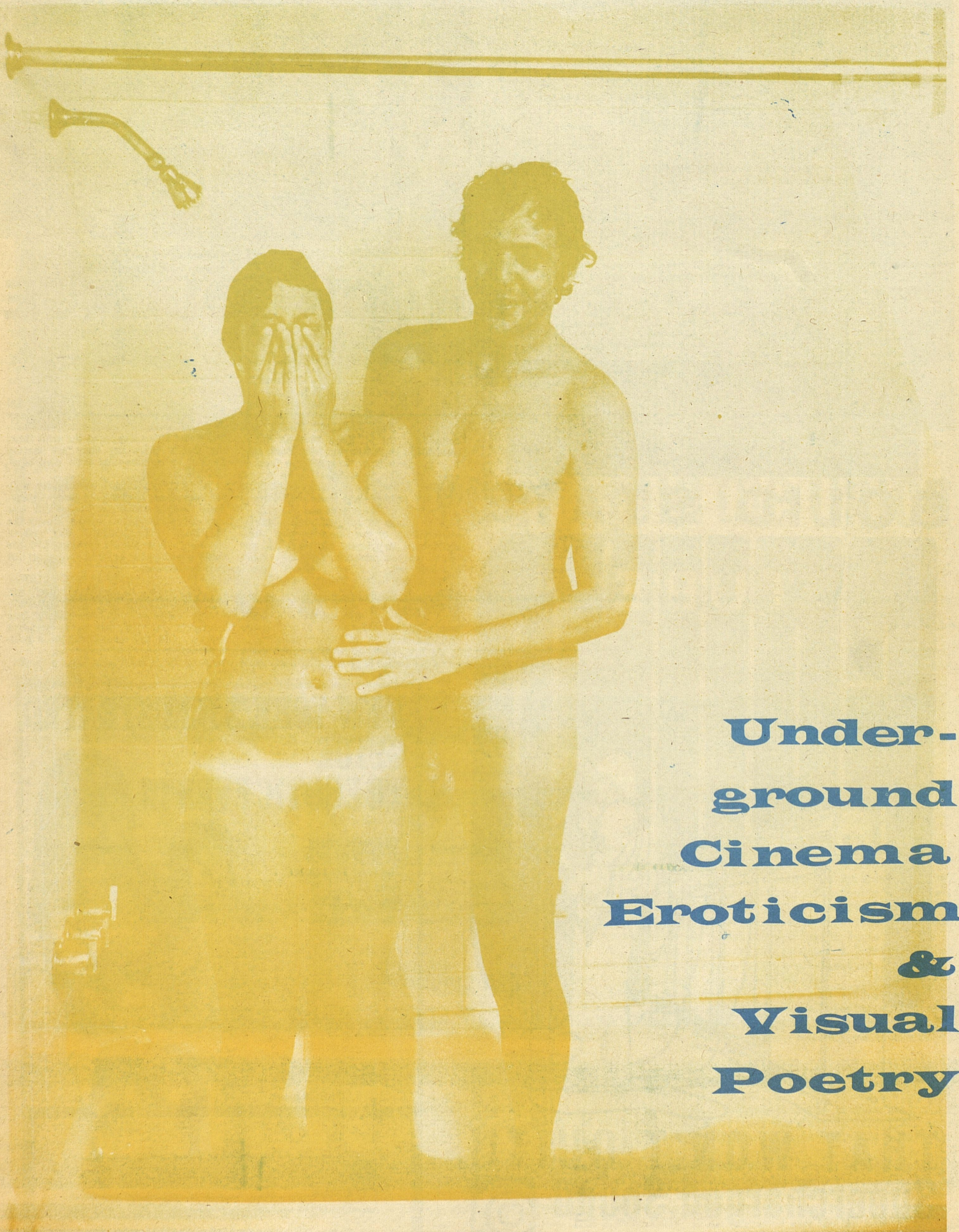
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER

THIRD BATTING YEAR, No. 5

MAY 1969

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**Under-
ground
Cinema
Eroticism
&
Visual
Poetry**

Waldo Ballard and friend

Shunk-Kender

32
L Am Sr +
7/21/87

Other Scenes, is a monthly newspaper of art and revolution, published by John Wilcock in New York City, and is the only publication of its kind. Distributed in Europe and the U.S. it is available (at 10¢ per copy in bulk) to dealers, bookstores, headshops everywhere by writing to our offices at Room 419, 41 Union Square West, New York 10003, tel: 691-6922. Subscriptions cost \$5 for the rest of 1969. Second-Class Postage Pending at New York City, New York

A 69-Word Manifesto by Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland

HIPPY PLATFORM Religion: Psychedelic, Humanist, Buddhist, Personal. Government: Anarchist, Pacifist, Co-operative. No prisoners. Legalize pleasure. World citizenship. Family: Free children. Tribes. Sexual freedom. Education: Personal involvement. Meaning as well as facts. No bureaucracy.

Economy: Libertarian socialism, workers' and consumers' co-ops, self-employed individuals, nationalized factories. Voluntary work. Guaranteed decent income. Ecological balance with nature. Stop class and race exploitation. Reduce population by birth control. Spread wealth to all nations.

INTERNATIONAL LABS

A monthly listing for people who want to exchange apartments, share rides, locate foreign friends etc. No charge for listings which should be kept to 50 words. Mail to Box 8, Village P.O., NYC, 10003.

Chile's skiing season begins in June.

I'm a student in Czechoslovakia - write to me! Jan Volavka, Palackeho, 619 Hronov, Okr. Nachod, C.S.S.R.

Leaving for Berkeley soon in VW bus. Will take a relaxed nature freak across piggy land. Am looking for together people to share expenses & driving. Jim Fleming, 930 Foulkrod Street, Philadelphia, Penna. 19124.

The only Swiss underground paper is Hotcha! Swap us something interesting for a copy. Hotcha! Postfach 304, CH 8025 Zurich, Suisse.

Miss Tahiti contest takes place in May. Topless Tahitian titties?

Would you like a charming Latin travelling companion? NYC professional man, attractive, 33, who spends at least two months each year in Europe or Latin America; also excursions in Fun City & U.S. Attractive

foreign women of taste preferred. Call 847-6607 (Michel)

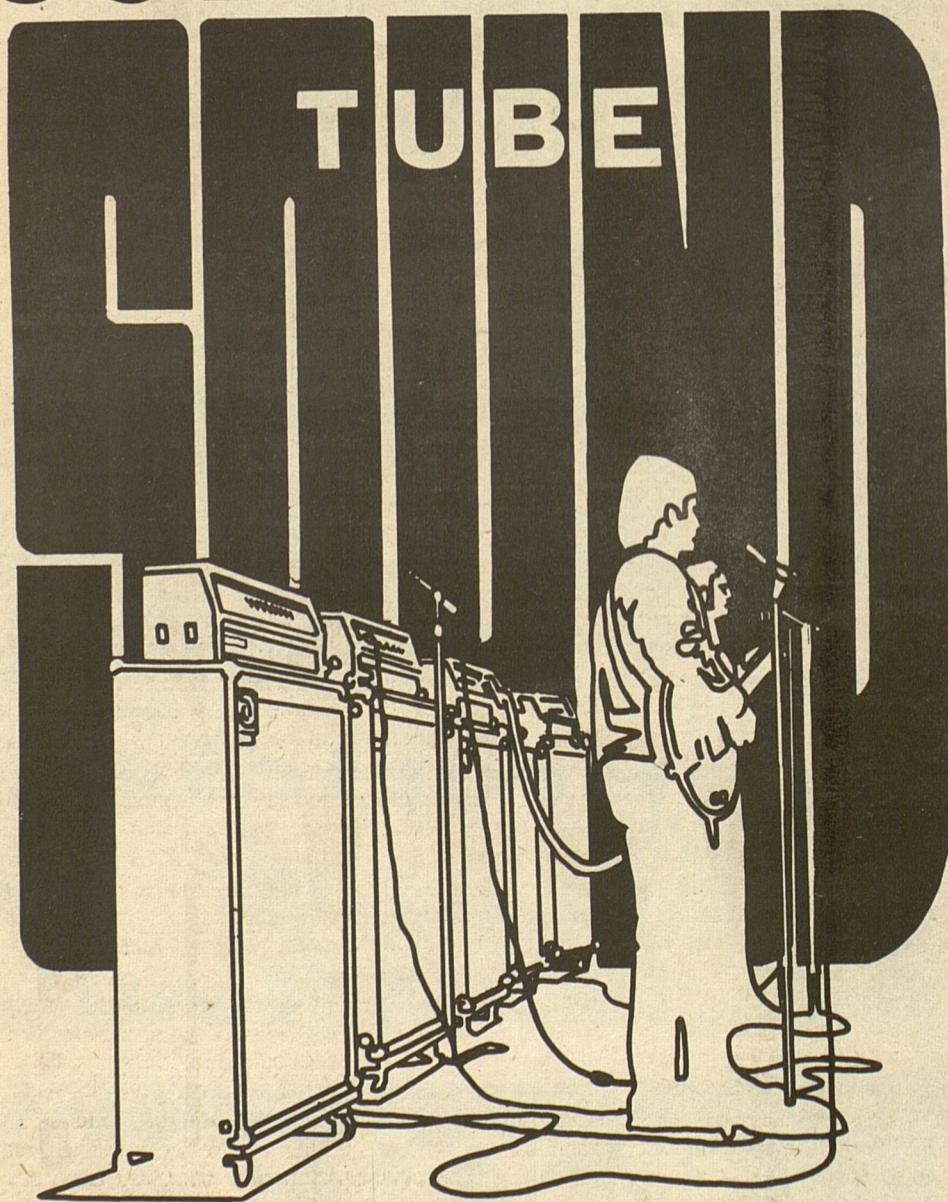
Diezi's trips to India leave regularly from London and cost only \$200 roundtrip. For details write Jose Artajo, 12 Chapel St., London S.W.1

Poets! Send info about your activities anywhere in the world. Shelley Lustig, 235 E. 87th St., NYC 10021

England's Globetrotters Club (BMC/Roving, London, W.C.1) will help you find travelling companions and save you money. Membership (\$2.50 annually) brings you a quarterly magazine.

A Washington newspaper that calls itself "The Evening Star" referred to the priests who did the Dow thing here as "vandals claiming to be priests". "The Evening Star" goes on to demand "these vandals" be given full jail terms. If you are going to demand jail for people who damage an office where napalm is bought and sold who will you jail when napalm is on trial for murder?

SOLID STATE



THAT WON'T QUIT!!

Supercharged Sound



GETTIN' IT ALL TOGETHER - Sam & Dave (among others) star in Metromedia's excellent survey of the Memphis Sound.

ROCK COLLAGE

JOE SOUTH, who's finally broken away from the studio musician cliché (even if he did play guitar for Dylan, Aretha, etc.) and has a hit in "Games People Play," feels country and western music is dead, because young people don't identify with either the sound or the personalities in the field.

BUFFY STE. MARIE is headlining a benefit for the St. Regis Mohawk Indian reservation in Pottstown, New York, May 7 -- proceeds to go to a defense fund to help the tribe fight the U.S. in a civil dispute; a 200-year-old treaty gives the tribe the right to free trade with Canada and now Uncle Sam says no.

Two books of original poetry by JIM MORRISON of the Doors are now being distributed to friends; Morrison had the books printed privately, only 200 copies of each.

THE FOOL has begun painting the outside of the Aquarius Theater in Los Angeles, the site of the West Coast version of "Hair;" the mural will cover nearly 12,000 square feet of wall space, comprising the world's largest painting.

At first, FRANK ZAPPA hoped to see "The Grouper Papers," a collection of

diaries and interviews with rock's super-fans, published by Stein & Day, but now (after that publisher's puzzled and somewhat angry rejection of the manuscript) Zappa says he is considering publishing the book himself.

The BEACH BOYS are suing Capitol Records for \$2-million for what they say are royalties due the group and producer's fees owed Brian Wilson; at the same time, the Beach Boys say they are leaving Capitol to re-introduce their own label, Brother Records.

RANDY NEWMAN is currently writing songs (on request) for Judy Collins, Mary Hopkin and Dusty Springfield -- as two already-published songs, "Davey the Fat Boy" and "Laughin' Boy" (from Newman's first Warner Brothers LP), are being adapted for an animated short for theater showings.

Decca has released a "new" BUDDY HOLLY single, "Love Is Strange" (an old Micky & Sylvia hit) -- which is truly strange because Holly, one of the true influences in rock, has been dead for years ... and the record may be a posthumous hit.

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Charles Gatewood

I might get busted if I join the Union but I don't want to go to Vietnam

How would you characterize the mood of the guys in the army?

ANDY: Well the mood of the guys in the army is one of restlessness. There have been rebellions at Ft. Bragg, at Oakinawa, Long Binh, Danang and there was recently an anti war rally in Vietnam itself at Chu Chi. There have been two rebellions at Ft. Hood, one in October 3, 1967 when the 198th Light Infantry Brigade rebelled and just about levelled large sections of the Fort causing about \$150,000 in damage. Apparently they killed a Lt. in the fighting and they threw grenades into the officers club. There were rebellions at Ft. Campbell, Ky. after Martin Luther King was killed. There were three nights of rebellions there. At Ft. Lewis there was a unit which resisted being sent to Vietnam and had to be broken up into smaller units and be sent piecemeal because the unit as a whole was so determined not to go the brass was afraid to send it as one unit.

So on the one hand you have this tremendous feeling, a great upsurge of mass sentiment against the war and against the officers, but there is the other side of the story: the men are still somewhat intimidated. They are still scared of the brass, they are still scared of the lifers. There have been very, very heavy prison sentences meted out in retribution. Bruce Peterson got 7 years at Ft. Hood. (He was the editor of Fatigue Press) and they framed him on marijuana charges; there are the Presidio 27 who face enormous charges; and there have been many others. So there is a balanced picture.

You said fighting against the officers is the same as fighting against the war. Would you elaborate this?

ANDY: Well for one thing the officers are all for the war. The role they play in the war makes it much less dangerous for them. They get much higher pay, medals, awards and glory and all that, plus they are indoctrinated with a fascist-militarist education in OCT and ROTC. They tend to be very much for the war.

Interview with Andy Stapp

Adapted from a lengthier interview in The Movement.

The enlisted men are not so heavily indoctrinated and they are scared that they are going to get maimed over there. They don't feel that the Vietnamese are any political threat to them. I don't mean to say the EMs are pro-National Liberation Front, but they don't want to get hurt over there. So it works out that the officers push for the war and the EMs don't. They don't want to go.

I remember when the order would come down for the men to go to Vietnam it was like a disaster area. Everybody would run to the bulletin boards praying to God that their names were not on the list. The few guys that I knew that actually requested to go to Vietnam (and it was a very few) did so just so they could get away from some officer who was riding them. They thought that if they could go to Vietnam it would be different and they would not have this bastard sitting on them. I never saw a guy volunteer to go to Vietnam for so-called patriotic reasons.

The men hate the officers but the only thing holding them back now is fear. They are scared. What the ASU is trying to do is to rip away this veil of fear. It is trying to make the guys feel more confident. That's why we have a union; so the guys won't feel they are just one guy against the Pentagon. So that they'll feel that they are in an organization that includes thousands of guys and that will give them the confidence to fight against their fear.

Tell us what the ASU is and how it got started.

ANDY STAPP: The ASU is a union of rank and file enlisted men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the Air Force. We have organizers on all the military reservations in the U.S. and Europe and Vietnam. The union has a program that appears on the union card and also in every issue of our publication, THE BOND.

The program is:

1. An end to saluting and sir-ring of officers--let's get off our knees.
2. Election of officers by vote of the men.
3. Racial equality.
4. Rank and filers control of court-martial boards.
5. Federal minimum wages.
6. The right of free political association.
7. The right of collective bargaining.
8. The right to disobey illegal orders--like orders to go and fight in an illegal war in Vietnam.

The union actually grew out of a series of court-martials at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma in the summer of 1967. I was court-martialed along with others who later became union organizers, Dick Perrin, Dick Ilge, Paul Gaedtke. We saw there was so much mass support for us among the enlisted men that we began to realize it was possible not just to agitate as individuals against the army but to launch a mass campaign involving hundreds and thousands of men.

I had been in the army a year and had not realized what support there was to have that kind of a fight against the war, against the army but to launch a mass campaign involving hundreds and thousands of men.

I had been in the army a year and had not realized what support there was to have that kind of a fight against the war, against the officers and against militarism. It was only through a struggle that this came out and I think that's true on campus too. Sometimes SDS and other organizations do not realize what kind of support they can get until they get into a struggle and then they see there is a tremendous base there. We found the same was true in the army. **The struggle inside the army has been intensifying in the last two years. Why?**

ANDY: It has intensified over the last several years

STAPP



and the war in Vietnam is one of the main reasons. The guys before undoubtedly had the kind of attitude that they could take any kind of bullshit for two years. But when Vietnam comes they are talking about being killed or maimed. We attribute a large part of the growth of the union to the war. Guys figure, yeah, I might get to prison for being in the union, but I might get killed if I go in the war and maybe the union can help me fight going to Vietnam. So when they weigh it that way they join.

In a peacetime army I don't think there would be nearly the rebelliousness and certainly Vietnam is the main catalyst in this rebelliousness. When I first entered the army everything was individual resistance, everything was acts of one or two guys fighting back, but now it is beginning to take a mass character.

Beside Vietnam another spark for these rebellions is the black liberation movement. Black GIs just like black people in every aspect of American society, have played a vanguard role in the struggle in the armed forces. The most significant case of mass resistance has been the Ft. Hood 43. The 43 Afro-American GIs who refused to be shipped to the Democratic National Convention to be used as cossacks against the black people and the youthful anti-war demonstrators who had gathered there.

In political consciousness and militancy these black guys were pretty much ahead of anything I have seen white soldiers do. Of course they were only reflecting what they felt in their own communities. The army is not a hermetically sealed organization.

The students who are drafted into the army carry in the ideas they learn on campus. Black people carry ideas in that they learn in the ghetto, young white workers carry ideas in that they learn in the ghetto, young white workers carry ideas in that they learn in their communities. So the army is not something completely different from American society at large. It is just that all the contradictions are more intense in the army, but the ideas were basically acquired elsewhere. **That raises the question of racism and racism in the army and how the ASU is dealing with that question in its organizing.**

ANDY: Vietnam is a racist war. The GIs are infected with racist terminology against the Vietnamese people and if you don't fight against anti-black racism you cannot fight against the Vietnam war because that's anti-oriental racism. Its the opportunist and ducking the issue to avoid the question of racism and of course racism is used to divide the GIs.

The only GIs that have ever quit the union have quit on the grounds that they don't want to be in a union with a bunch of black people. These are racist GIs and we say good riddance to them. We feel that there can't be any progressive organizations or any progressive moves that are accompanied by racism. If we built a racist union we'd be building a union on the proverbial sand. That union could be swept away very quickly. For one thing it won't include the most militant element of the army, the blacks. Also the GIs would be infected with this very backward ideology of racism and it could be turned on us at any point. We feel that this is a foremost struggle.

When I was at Ft. Sill the first action the union took was to defend a Japanese-American GI, Rodney Oshiro. It was shortly after I had been court-martialed on this so-called subversion statute and up until then every action the union had taken had been defensive, just defending union organizers. Now Oshiro wasn't in the union but he was being court-martialed because he had failed to address this racist officer with the word SIR. A Japanese-American GI better remember to say

sir to Lt. Benkowski. We got a lawyer, Rudolph Schwer, who came down from Denver and we passed the hat in the barracks. It was the first overt action of the union, I said to the guys, "Well let's get some money up to defend this guy, to pay for the lawyer," and we raised \$87 among the men. Now this might not sound like much, but when you realize that GIs get paid so little it was a big victory.

I know some of the guys who gave money were prejudiced, but they hated the Lt. more than they hated a guy of a different race. This was the beginning of educating them to who the real enemy is. It made them feel part of a struggle against racism and against this racist officer. So the union has always taken a principled position on the question of racism. **The union is heavily integrated now?**

ANDY: Yes, it is. We don't keep racial records, but the men that join the union tend to be working class guys who have the rottenest jobs, like ammo humper, infantrymen, truck-driver, cook, jobs like that. Now the guys with the rottenest jobs, as you can guess, are the blacks. When I was at Ft. Sill I was one of the few white troops in the ammo section. With the exception of myself the highest educated white troops humping ammo had a tenth grade education. Of the black troops humping ammo almost all of them were high school graduate, with two degrees from Howard University, one in political science and one in economics and he was humping ammo.

Concretely, what does the organization do?

ANDY: For one thing, we can send large quantities of anti-war, anti-imperialist, anti-racist literature to GIs

that request it. We do this all the time. We can organize civilian support demonstrations for GIs. For instance, when Sood was given the fifteen years, within an hour we had a demonstration going in New York City. We can supply lawyers, civilian lawyers, to GIs when they are in trouble. We've done this with hundreds of guys.

I've been to many army bases at the request of GIs, because I've had some experience in organizing and guys who want to have an organizer come down and help them get something off the ground. I'll come down and look at the lay of the land and listen to them a lot and hear what their problems are, then I can suggest some things. Most of the union struggles are left up to the initiative of the men where they are. Guys in the Air Force are not quite as oppressed as guys in the Army, and they'll fight around more politically conscious demands—anti-imperialist and stuff like that. Whereas the Marines are on the other end of the spectrum. All they want to do is punch some fat lifer's teeth in.

But then also, just by existing we give the guys a feeling that they are not alone. I think if you just keep raising their consciousness but there's no action guys begin to feel demoralized. But if they feel they're building a combat organization it sustains their morale. It's like the old labor union thing: you can take one stick and break it, but you can't break 20 sticks. It destroys the alienation and fear, and that's a big problem. That's why we consider the Presidio sentences not only an attack upon those 27 men, but upon us too, because it's an attempt to re-instill this fear. It's an attempt to say that anybody who acts in concert, anybody who gets together can get fifteen years for mutiny. So it's an attack on the union; that's why we feel the response to the Presidio has got to be to hit back fast and to hit back hard, both by civilians and GIs.

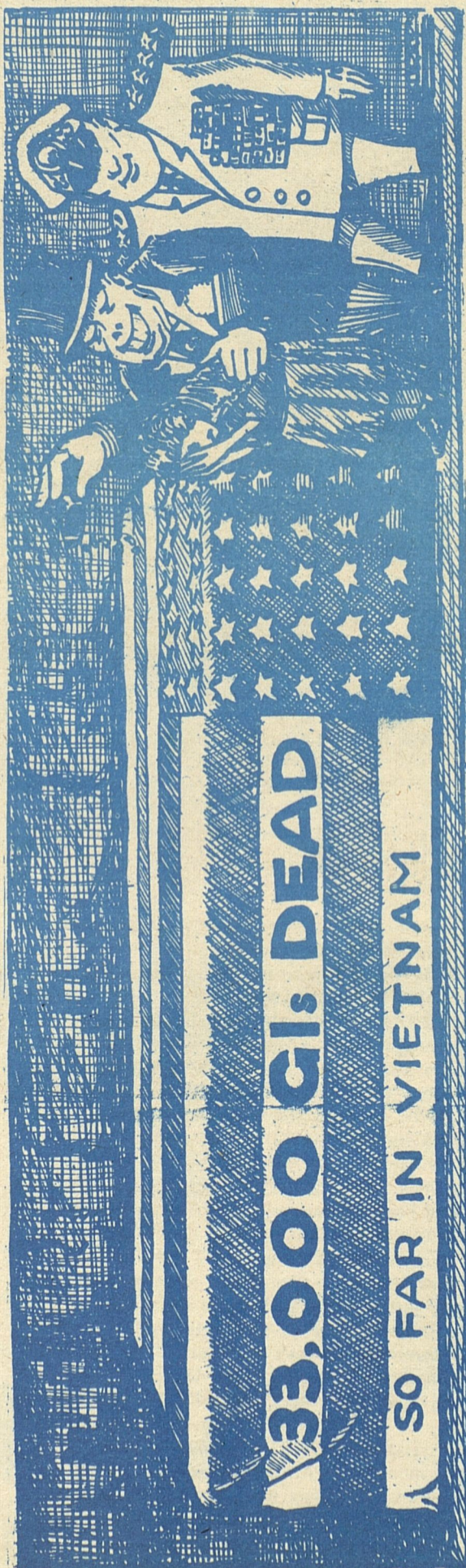
There's a lot of fear in the movement when people receive their induction notices. People want to struggle and don't want to go to jail for refusing induction, but they don't know if organizing in the army is possible and they worry about going to jail in the army. Would you comment on this?

ANDY: Yes, it's important for people to know that they might go to jail in the army. I feel that the decision to resist the draft has to depend on what they feel they can do most effectively politically. You get a guy like Dave Mitchell who's a fantastic draft resister, he made a lot of anti-imperialist propaganda, he dragged it on for years; he went to jail; and he's out of jail now. He can be a prominent spokesman on the Left.

On the other hand it probably would have been a big mistake for me to resist the draft. I was certainly more effective inside than I could have been as a draft resister. So that's up to the individual. A prison can organize in the army; there's already an organization set up. There's only one, that's us, and he can work with us. People come to us even before they go in, they sign up. But he should realize there is a possibility of being sent to Vietnam, and if he refuses to go, then jail. There's a possibility of being like Stolte and Amick, or Harvey and Daniels and going to jail. It's just by a hair's breadth that I missed the stockade. To be in the movement means that jail is an occupational hazard. Jail is to be avoided, but not at all costs. That would mean that maybe you should kill Vietnamese to avoid going to jail.

I don't want to sow false illusions, but I think there is a way of organizing. I don't want to be put in the position of attacking the draft resistance movement, because I think that's one area where U.S. imperialism can be stung. It may be that what the ASU is doing and what draft resistance is doing in concert will result in the abolition of the draft. Essentially, what we're doing is to organize draftees, once they're in. If the draft were to be abolished, I don't think the union would keep going—that would be a victory. Then we'd shift to something else. I wouldn't call for the unionization of a mercenary army. The army we have now is like a press-gang. Tens of thousands of rebellious youth have been forced into it—that's why we call for its unionization. It is possible under these conditions to enter and to struggle against U.S. imperialism from the inside.

It's wrong to push a line that nothing can be done inside the Army; that you have to wait until a guy gets out. Anybody working with GIs who pushes that line is avoiding struggle and when those GIs get out they won't be struggling either, nor the organizers. We feel that wherever you are you can put up a fight against imperialism. And that applies to GIs as well as anyone. Especially to GIs.



"Just look at it our way, lady. Your son was a profitable investment."

THE BOND

For Information and Contributions contact:
Andy Stapp
American Servicemen's Union
156 Fifth Avenue Room 633
New York, New York 10010

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Tadanori Yokoo/Museum of Modern Art, New York

UNDER SHELLEY'S POET'S TREE

(Under Shelley's tree Newton's law doesn't apply—only Berrigan's. Ted Berrigan's Law states that anything that happens in the life of a poet is interesting.)

Charlotte Moorman (the busted bare breasted cellist) jumped into the Grand Canal during a Venice happening. She described the water as being so polluted she wasn't sure she wanted to come up. Why isn't life movie-like? Hepburn falls in the canal and gets Brazzi—Moorman falls in and gets gama globulin shots. Charlotte will tour American colleges soon.

Next to a fabric painting by Jerome Wallace at the Nordness Gallery is his statement: "Where there is understanding no comment is needed but where there is no understanding no amount of argument is convincing."

That Bwana jazz started with the movie "Trader Horn" Actor Harry Carey whose white hunter portrayal is now a classic was the grandfather of poet Steve Carey ("Smith Going Backward") who has left seasonless Hollywood for the snow-slashed streets of the East Village.

At the NYU Hog Farm Pudding Massacre I wound up with part of the 1000 lb. pudding in my eyes, hair & arm pits. Paul Krassner (The Realist) wound up minus \$20 after a men's room stick-up. Paul said, "I didn't mind the twenty dollars but I didn't get a chance to pee."

Dial-A-Poem (phone 628-0400) needs bread. Contributions are tax deductible so all you rich bakers send some dough to John Giorno c/o Architectural League, 41 E. 65 St. If you have a few crumbs left Anne Waldman

(On the Wing, Boke Press) reports that the St. Mark's Poetry Project is also in financial trouble.

Don't water Joe Brainard's Garden. It's covering the walls of Landau Alan Gallery.

Fantasy at Royal Raggs, 66 E. 4 St. where Murray Kaplan turned a sound stage into an East Villager's "Balcony" (Genet). Esquire Magazine brought a bus load of collegiates to view the remains of a Utica costumer's stock on display at this overgrown mind-boutique.

"Welcome Home Love Birds" a book of poems by painter Jim Dine is a winged victory.

Richard Kostelanetz has just finished a 120-page novel "One Night Stood" which has less than 240 words.

Ingrid Superstar started her St. Mark's reading with "Cunt." Then she read "Climax." Explained Ingrid, "I wrote this on the toilet while the seat was down." She saw the Apollo launching as a sky-bound penis. Her reaction—"I had four orgasms!"

Joachim Neugroschel ("Extensions") has started the 1st live magazine "Aleph-70." The 1st issue performed at the Unit, 157 W. 22 St., featured, "The most pornographic play ever written" and a program devoted to object time-space and schizophrenia.

Attention musically talented children under 13 or your parents. A rock band run for and by children is being formed. Call Ultra Violet PL 8-1336 for auditions.

Charles Henri Ford (Silver Flower Coo—Kulchur's next book will be titled "Evacuation." "Take it as you will," says Mr. Ford.

I've dreamed of living over the Gotham Book Mart. (All those out of print books at my finger-tip touch.) It's a reality for Andreas Brown the new president of GBM.

"Take off your shoes, please," says Tiger Morse as you enter her 10th floor loft. Leave your mind on the hat rack, says I, as I enter this "psychedelic china shop" (quote Constance Abernathy.) Mirrored walls, columns made of odd bits of cloth, iridescent Jackson Pollack floors, beaded chandeliers, candy jars filled with plastic notions, a doll relic corner shrine and in the center of the floor a hip Disneyland of toys for the big children's playtime. Miss Morse, a 69' Merliness has made clutter into an art form when you visit her kingdom of good trips.

Gail Madonia is compiling a book of Exotic poetry for McMillan. You can send her material c/o Cavalier, 145 East 49 St., NYC.

"Hello is a necessary science take two," is the Miriam Solon mysterious message.

Taylor Mead asked Gerry Malanga (Screen Tests/A Diary, Kulchur) why there was always a light burning in "The Factory" window. "Is it for lost movie stars?" questioned Taylor. Taylor renamed "The Drunken Boat" the Topsy Ferry.

Opening night of "The Tarot Discorant" (37 Union Sq. W.) Mickey Ruskin passed out menus advertising his new restaurant Levine's, 232 Park Ave. So., named in honor of artist Les Levine ("Body Color" at NYU) who says "I've opened up a branch office." It's NY's first Irish Jewish Canadian eatery to burn Yosite candles for atmosphere.

Anne Waldman on roller skates passing out poems to NY citizens. Les Levine throwing away obscene tissues. John Perreault (Luck-Kulchur Press) making unanswered phone calls. The names of the game was called "Street Works." David Roth did a personal street work by passing out rising yellow suns on the corner of 76th & Madison.

Michael Benedikt ("Theatre Experiment", Doubleday) with the help of dancer Linda Talbert and sculptor Charles Frazier turned the word B O X into beauty at their Cubiculo performance.

John Ashbery read works by his collaborator James Schuyler (A Nest of Ninnies) at his St. Mark's reading. Mr. Schuyler never reads his poetry publicly and never attends poetry readings. Not even Mr. Ashbery's.

Asked Michael Brownstein (Behind the Wheels, "C") for a column quote and he said, "Make something up!" O.K.—Mike plans to take his 250 thousand dollar Furd Foundation grant for translating Chinese Yes Plays into Swahili and run off to Sodom to gomorrhah with Rachele Dolores Stayman.

Harold Slovic searched until he finally found the exact wording of his favorite Boshu quote (written by the poet at 19.) "If I never write another poem in my life I'll be the greatest poet that ever lived."

"Voice" critic John Perreault redesigned the Gotham Book Mart's windows at his reception there honoring the publication of his new book "Luck" (Kulchur). His "X" marked their spot. He dedicated my copy to "His favorite gossip columnist." Eat your heart out Sheila Graham!

While walking Sullivan St. you may receive an "Ageian Broadside." Don't panic! They're only the poetry sheets of C. Dilworth.

That San Francisco Pinkerton agent was Larry Fagin (editor—Adventures in Poetry) in disguise. (Larry's 1st West Coast Job.)

Rene Ricard tells it this way: Gertrude Stein was telling Jessie Whitehead (daughter of Alfred North) all about this girl called Alice, and Jessie replied, "Gertrude it can't last forever."

the teachers

for the broken heads opened
the blooded nose flooding
the arm twisted in the backtrack of the station
& turning up toward the shouting sun

for the inward bound
silent satori in the sick startling cell
alone alone & at peace
with the colossal contrived contemptible universe
glorious with the baubling infinity of branching pain
& the subtle beauty of time tintured trips

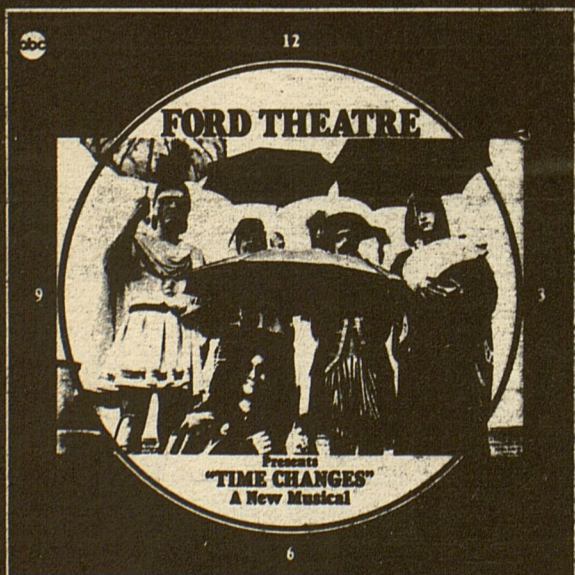
for the wisdom, emet, chochma
prana of stone of steel of ultrabright cool leaves
all green with envy &
with overabounding joy

learning never was cheap
even by machine

for all this,
police of the world,
we your proud & humbled students
thank you!

Tuli

EVERGREEN REVIEW / VOLUME 13 / NO. 66



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a journey such as this?

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 (PRINTED IN HIS OWN HAND)



Smallpox Toll Grows
 Lusaka, Zambia, Dec. 22 (Reuters)—Two more persons died of smallpox in Zambia last week, bringing the total for the year to 188.



Cripple Dies in Fire
 Bridgeport, Conn., July 17 (UPI)—A bedridden, multiple sclerosis victim burned to death today when fire swept her second-floor bedroom. She was Mrs. Marie Navay, 41, wife of Dr. Aladar E. Navay, a dentist.



1. A GAY IRISH PRIEST IN NEW DELHI
 TATTOOED THE LORD'S PRAYER ON
 HIS BELLY.
 BY THE TIME THAT A BRAHMAN
 READ DOWN TO THE "AMEN",
 HE'D BLOWN BOTH SALVATION
 AND KELLY.

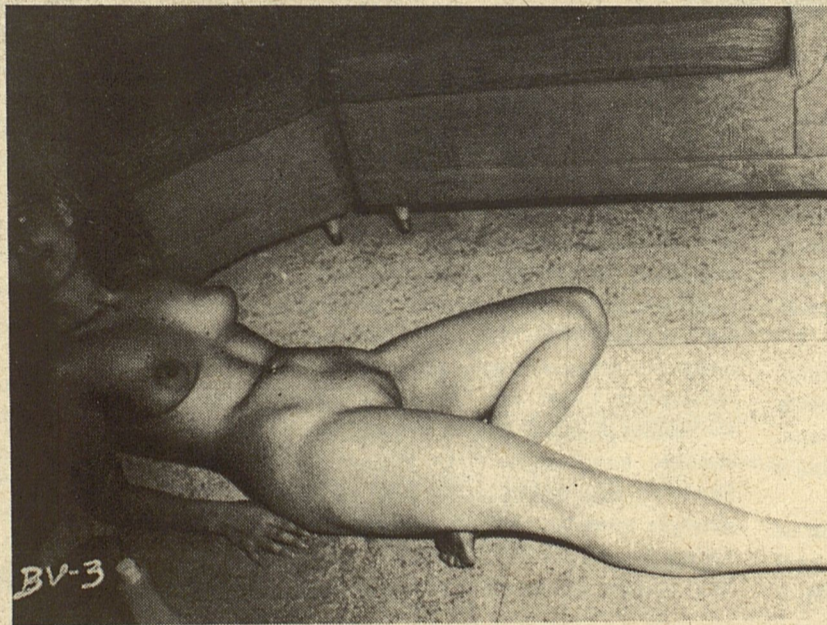
5. HE STOOD WITH HIS LEGS SPREAD
 APART.
 BELOW HIM KNELT FIFI, THE TART.
 "EAT ME!" HE CRIED.
 "CERTAINEMENT!" SHE REPLIED,
 "THE LUNCH, SIR, OR PLAIN A LA
 CARTE?"

2. A JADED OLD LADY FROM PHLOX
 SET DYNAMITE OFF IN HER BOX.
 WHEN ASKED THE SENSATION,
 SHE SCREAMED WITH ELATION:
 "IT'S BETTER THAN ELEPHANT COCKS!"

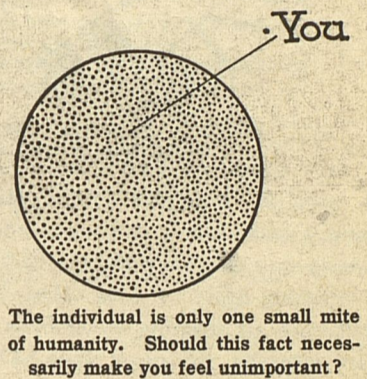
6. THERE WAS AN OLD LADY FROM CORK
 WHO USED TO EAT SHIT WITH A FORK.
 HER SON CRIED, "YOU GOON!
 YOU EAT SHIT WITH A SPOON!
 IT'S FORK THAT YOU EAT WITH A FORK!"



Some people have low ideals; they prefer to spend their days in confinement as the man in the upper picture. Other people have high ideals; they enjoy being good citizens and strive for the better things in life such as the lower picture indicates.



**"If Husbands
 Only Knew—"**



3. WHILE FUCKING OUTDOORS AT
 LE MANS,
 A YOUNG COUPLE WAS COVERED
 WITH BRONZE.
 NOW ART CRITICS STARE
 AT THE AMOROUS PAIR,
 AND BELIEVE THEM A WORK OF
 RODIN'S.

Mountain climbing: Q. Who was the man who climbed Mt. Everest single-handed without oxygen or proper clothing and was found frozen to death a few hundred feet from the summit? — K.B., Dallas, Texas.

A. Maurice Wilson attempted to climb Mount Everest alone in 1934. He believed he could reach the summit by the strength of his faith. His body was discovered the following year by the Eric Shipton party.

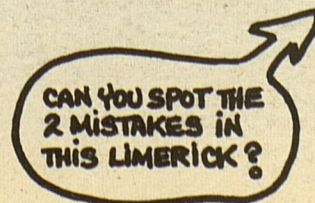
7. A HYGIENIC YOUNG MISS FROM
 OUT WEST
 ASKED THE COWBOY WHO SAT ON
 HER CHEST:
 "WILL 'COME' CAUSE DECAY?"
 "NO MA'AM - I'VE HEARD SAY
 IT'S THE SECRET INGREDIENT
 IN CREST!"

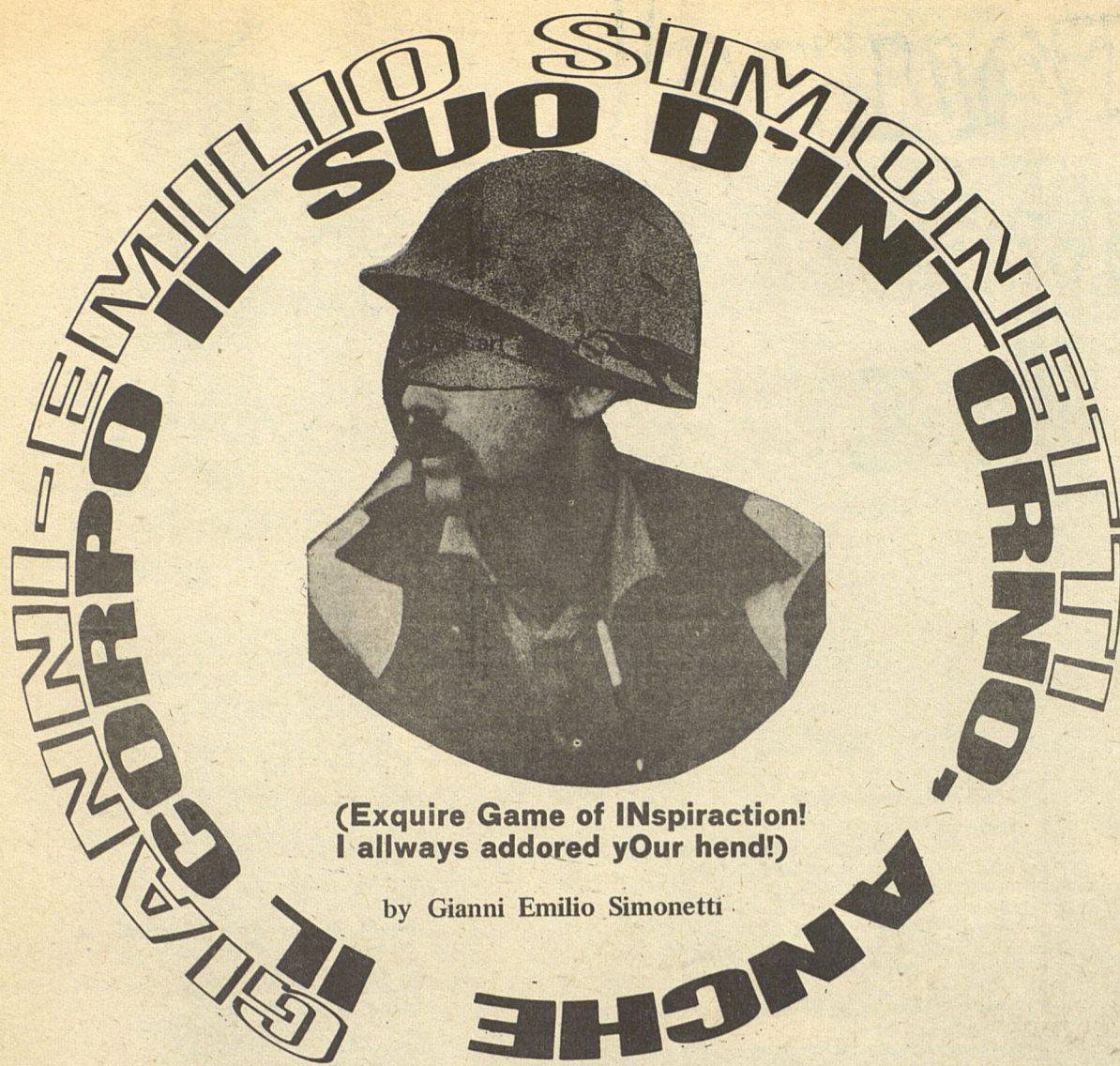
4. IN DANZIG, AN ARTSY OLD NUN T
 OOK A CHISEL AND SCULPTURED HER
 CUNT.
 SHE CARVED TO PERFECTION
 THE LORD'S RESURRECTION,
 AND WORE HER SKIRTS OPEN
 IN FRONT.



The annual amount of toothpaste used works out to 10.5 ounces a person.

8. A G.I. AT A SMOKER IN THULE
 ASKED A WOMAN WHO'D SUCKED-
 OFF A MULE:
 "DON'T YOU FIND THAT QUITE SORDID?"
 "MAIS NON!" SHE RETORTED,
 "IN FRANCE WE ARE TAUGHT THIS
 IN SCHOOL!"





(Exquire Game of INspiration!
I allways addored yOur hend!)

by Gianni Emilio Simonetti

Hill mee'oh koor'poh, lictoria magniffica, il mee oh around, le mie hamm-che; que his-tu-are mad- (psabelle-masrich) koor'poh: common prifix to Italian-ES, meaning *again* or *back*. Now I am goking to the Ovocaution of meining waters (manajar was - meineid vater) naturally, this book alone be-longs the lobe, and at that time he listern the red sea & loves the mourning poper. Ah, now, pour Mark or MarkUSE Bowandcoat, from the brownnessbearrow in Nonsenseland, poor persecuted with ally creakers and by descreem absolute.

Zweep, Zweep go back with US to my legs *footile gloria!* *Calicantus-sobtile* born in a lumbarg-walk where Cilette losed her Roomneo and her decency. Squash women, that I hore encreounter beefore a dish of camiseria and a cup of cat.xa.

My portugal noise! I have put my firmger in a box of saucedade: crime of a Spasmus of Venus. Lesb-one only girls, *Spanish-act*, about the Oceanic-Mot-el-le! Elle á

frappé her noiselle chasse - but the *origo* is original! The man is in her street where we can catch some stars. Zweep, Zweep go back to my arms, *guerilla magniffica*. I have most wrong the columbkill problem and his death and is muhlear (royal-spoke) occasioanal. The turk-blue color th. under the B. ras. son exerciaring. Turkish in the roomking running press. essence. Sub-rania toobaccus Co. too-late my vocaltube, in-organs - now- the body is a silphonia of spices is the rexgular pro-chess of the deat. Medical list of res: tisania fecis, madilla composita, parva filiensis asettica. Ma-obo-x masX on redvolution Leahr the Tai-w-an is. IES of hommes. All the s.hates of SOUP-HAMM-erik. ha! boom! in prERUves conditio condita-anus from Miles-star dictatura, boom! Rome or duty, dywty or destiny - Greekvy foot - *anna virunque romano* - ah de(n)aro dear! The CIA-pro-lete for the pro-let-AIR-status, amen!

The maleec fOrms like a Provisional color, *Maleeque*

OUT-TAKES

Little colored feathers whirling, but not feathers, bits of nylon on a hat, the old lady sits at a bus stop on Hollywood Boulevard and waits for the bus. The loneliest place in Los Angeles, the bus stop, who are these people who do not have cars in a city where everyone agrees "must have a car in Los Angeles." Who are the everyone I quote, just the everyone I know, the middle class dropouts with middleclass orientations, we children of this mechanical world, we have hi fis (must have) and lps (must have) and radios (must have) and cars (must have). I don't live in Los Angeles, I live in my sectioned Los Angeles, the one where my friends live, where we all have our homes and thing we do. There are miles of other people, only that, miles, they are the area we drive by when we go from here to there, there being you, or a store or a place we are going to. It is said that five thousand people come here every month, maybe the figure is wrong. Where do they settle? Some in the poverty of Watts and the poverty of other places I don't know, some in Beverly Hills, some in Hollywood, they all find their milieu.

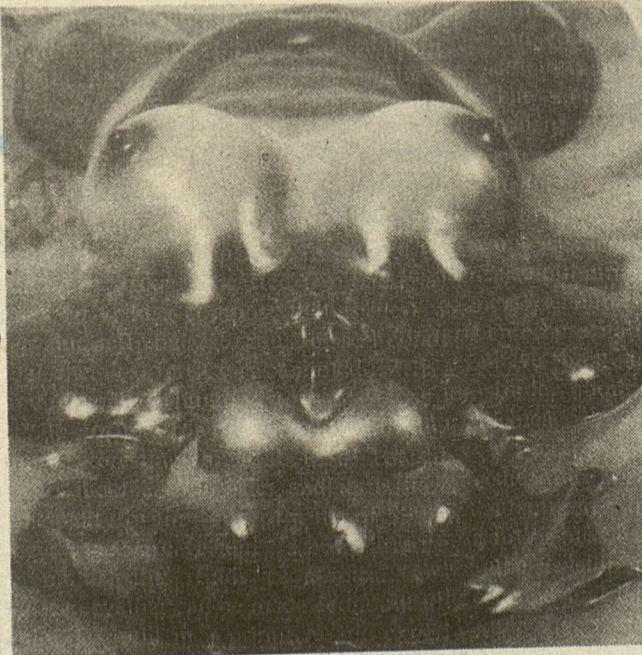
(My) everyone is talking about, thinking of, leaving town. Barry says the oxygen is being destroyed by cement, Los Angeles is borrowing oxygen now, and if they cut down the Amazon the whole world's supply of oxygen might disappear! He is going north. The little girl selling ceramic-buttons at the Sunday art fair on La Cienega has already gone north, bought a small house by a stream. Some people are going to Colorado, grow vegetables. The city is moving to the country, the country is moving to the city.

Here we are in 20th century whatever, trying to get back to the dirt, the same dirt that our ancestors fought so hard to get away from, giving up turnips for turntables. It's a pendulum, I think it is, I don't want to live in the country, I just want the values of knowing where I live and how and being related. I don't want to be forced

to relate to cabbages, I like people, and what people contribute to each other, imagination, energy, love, humor. I don't want to have to be alone with the trees, I like trees, I like green, I like silence, but I want neighbors.

Who are we, what are we doing. We are like wolf packs

Luis Jimenez



snarling from behind our cage bars, escaping and biting the kids on the road. We are lost in our world, we feel strangers to our times. The universal electric brain is devouring us. But I don't want to get off this whirling world, I want to find a reality in its midst. There are too many people? Too many for whom? Ask any one of the people if they themselves are expendable, do they, them-

by liza williams

mouhuds e.i. Eros'matrix, the hends of the brHide is an imagebinary point called the SEX'point. (Milianal-kademiala). My ear is a Musical-Sculture - p - , rexgame of - q - grevety, mynistry of coin.cheesdances (she said: requeen). Lonely, two-aunty, want marxceline nlce man for genuine freshdship, frango-raptpoort, flatshake an ex sous-trance, l'Evernois de sop(art) or acted with farrowcity. My con.troll splash of scissours converted into liquite scated souspenension (pump-chute).

My sexual apparatus: instrument for familkling - top inscription - themen 'place' them for two, to, three months. Now we are heiring the lit.ani.es of Chariot: junk of the fook-life! Remenmer(d)e: TENDER is the equivalent for the Fresh'Soigneur', all near the Wilson-effect of the Blackhouse (Lincoln-plan).

Benk, bank, bonk, bink: adceros & adulteRas. Press top: pres stop, the rheinbok talk where are living my too fuckher: Jund & Adlear. The playque's event wherecoming welcouer wellredber, Onamensense of style. But' ther-hause of love: French-ombilic, lacrianal animal vases, cine-mary urns, meatheware bric of ladykants. The-Ras-the coming of off my rhomeo-patique sexinusual liffey.

Lembs-onam cities of my trou-love! I s.put.ke my orelhas into your PIDEale (in French: pot(sic)de chal-ambrhae!)sHe said: (very-anis) legalize the pot(ela) op (elaio); legalive - in con.sequence - in herearth *italiano*. Only that, only spuke, only me sex: allmen!

Hazeleash, Hazardlis & Daisygn, leafe & liffey, cooltough & reeskevolution in thUse you can rescongsize her nacthure her rauk & her condiaction, wo, wo my heart! you are creep-sous-elle; wo, wo my dear the bio-logos-magical descriptum sAve-mariAge but khill on the rherason. Let your mot. to be: *Inthere nubila numboom*.

I am illuding to the Peakin packet but I am elouding from theoResah! Go-home ect. Who kills the kat in Cairo coaxEX cocks in SuntooUS. Pax und Quantum: Technologia & theoMECankle. How culious an epiphany! The trawell thrudghe ESpaña & the EScape in ESgyptus. De Goalle Santissimus myday happy, nonsense of Brideannic problem! Always bring to Rome via Myland. Hall this in-fourm-onthset after toaunto yea.re. Wo, wo tell me the yelpow story, tell meall, please! I dont'see your body here! Protentpick, protract, prototyp - gape & solpe - pull you, sir! the leg-end is softive, verywelt, the knlee'story is bengginning, allto drink, all teat.hre because whe are giong to the sex freelunch, sHe said: this a lurch. er very dangherous, tell me all about your erecaffection, erratic or eruglite? This is a black-point, he sais; bask ful, Lud and ID: I call this proff not test! the proutitout-union incipit! (*Ehren til in-viktrae!*) manyworlds: king & karl, Bull-ging scenotopia, *fuitfiato*, tent an taunt Oedicunt prob. - my mOther'l.ink - write on my pen-is name, is-tu-are, is dESTiny, please!

sleves, feel that they are extraneous? Too many for whom, for me? And am I not one too many for someone else? Cities, awful, Everyone (my everyone) says cities are death. But they are real, they are the result of what we are doing, and if everyone of the "too many people" were to run away to the country to be alone, would there be any alone to be in?

We (my we) are sick of what we have too much of, other people are wanting what we no longer want. A higher standard of living, does that mean plastic wrap and picture windows and cars and processed everything? Sure it does, it's all a way of sharing the loat, distribution, leveling out. We complain, like desperate aristocrats staring at the peasants at the gates, they are trampling our rose garden trying to get into our castle. We are reactionaries, those of us who say "too many peole" we are no different from those who spoke of the Master Race. We are not pre-industrial revolution peasants, we drag our electric misers into the desert with us, we buy our stone-milled flour from health food stores conveniently located near the more affluent neighborhoods. We sit in comfortable chairs in well lighted rooms listneing to multi-plex stereo recordings while we learn to make our own moccasins, Indians? The Indians want to go to college, want fair opportunities to have plumbing, except for those Indians who want to return to traditional forms of life, but where, on their deliniated ranges, caught between the complexes of paved roads and big industrial cities? What traditional life? Is that what their kids want? Or are they fed up with being second class, attempting to find pride in their traditions, looking to the past for the future? Is that valid? Was it ever valid? More important, is it even feasible now?

For me, the answer is to take what is, what is discernibly real, and tyr to live with it, try to change it so that everyone can live with it, I don't accept the idea of "too many people", "too many cars," after all, I keep my car, and I want to keep my life too.

Underground Cinema Eroticism & Visual Poetry SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Gerard Malanga - Layout by George Abagnalo

ODE TO LEWIS MACADAMS

beyond the vanishing
indian point of my minds eye
of reference where the sky
meets the sea at human eye
level

an enormous wind is tearing
the scarf from your neck
on the hillside

and just before life after death
of the physical body

which we are not conscious of
that friends describe as "immortality"
in a heaven on earth

i hope i try
to seize upon love which is available to me

to carry on the romantic tradition
where i leave

off in the poems i have written

for now
a long day pulls down my ears of accusations
and the vulgarities of a small poet
upset by misunderstanding the media
of gods gift to us in the twentieth century

and i look to the wind in your hair
as it tears thru

as poets must always keep
their heads level with the landscape on fire
regardless of whose names they cite

as we walk out into the overglamorized world of shop talk
over lunch like an enormous memoir

where buildings continue to scrape
the sky beneath us in our jet
set adventures

stars in the night
the touch and taste of flesh

"language thought reality" referring to frank
i am assuming that one knows what it is to be loved or to love
and that the woman we seek

for our very own
is not selfconscious and jaded

but pure
and that our anxieties inside us are relieved
by the hands soothing roll on our backs
in the darkness

while we walk out into the open field
composition with the day
after tomorrows poem inside our heads

but the past must always recur
past preparing the patterns
which we try not to repeat
after the blames of enemies disguised as friends
try to achieve

sometimes i feel like a father without a son
stealing lines from everyone
i know (my name is ern malley)
because its hard to die
feeling my way blind
folded in the past or present
tense of this poem

so the solitary poet becomes the wind
that endures in the open
field hes described with his eyes

im not at all sure that you understand me

do not look for me then running over
the wet grass
all im sure of is that this poem
is being written by someone other than i

it is a lovely time of the year
for settling ones accounts
with the world
anyway: imperishable reflections of unobscured sunlight
which is the individual sunrise of your immortality
falling on the tear
stained page of my notebook

I can speak only of what our extremes share
thru your head i have something to add:

pointing the way
toward love i have discovered im caught
up in the world of divided affections
as though nothing had happened
to warrant my projections

the darkness resisting the sunlight
thru the cold windowpane
where as children we wrote our names
in reverse

the fear of being
nobody in the twentieth century
wants to feel

but so much anxiety
generates my will
power plant: the sound
track of crickets comes to an end
in the morning

as long as the fish
scales pass under the trees of the lake
god will choose a place
where we will feel safe

ive been so busy i havent had
time to think how im
feeling with each passing moment
because i am thinking of you

i just give you whats finished
and what you give back
is the aura of what i had started
to say for you to continue
where i left
off in the breath of the hard line
breaking ice into snow
covered water beneath our feet
in the sunlight

make you mark where you want me
to stop

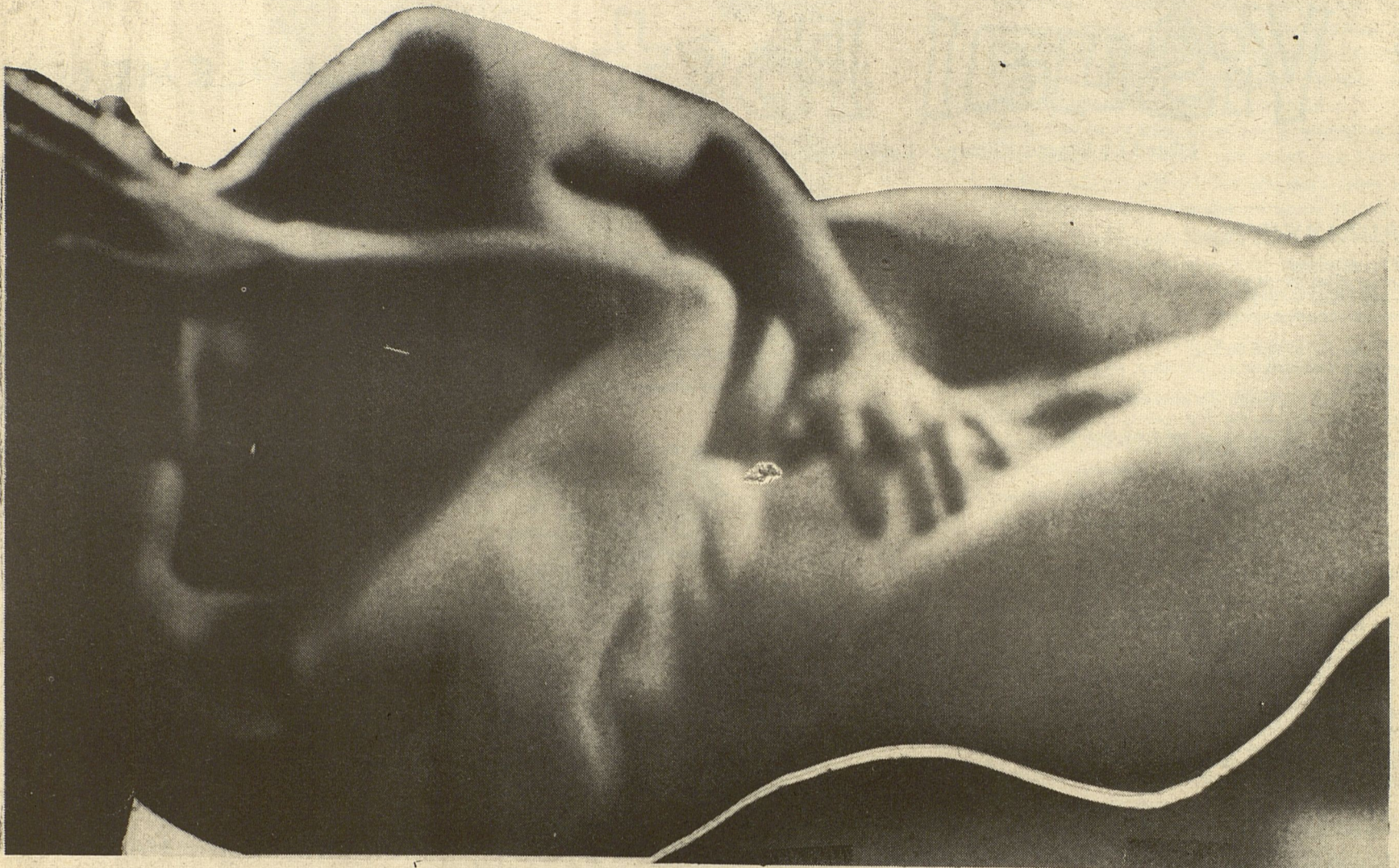
gerard malanga

17-28:ii:69 nyc

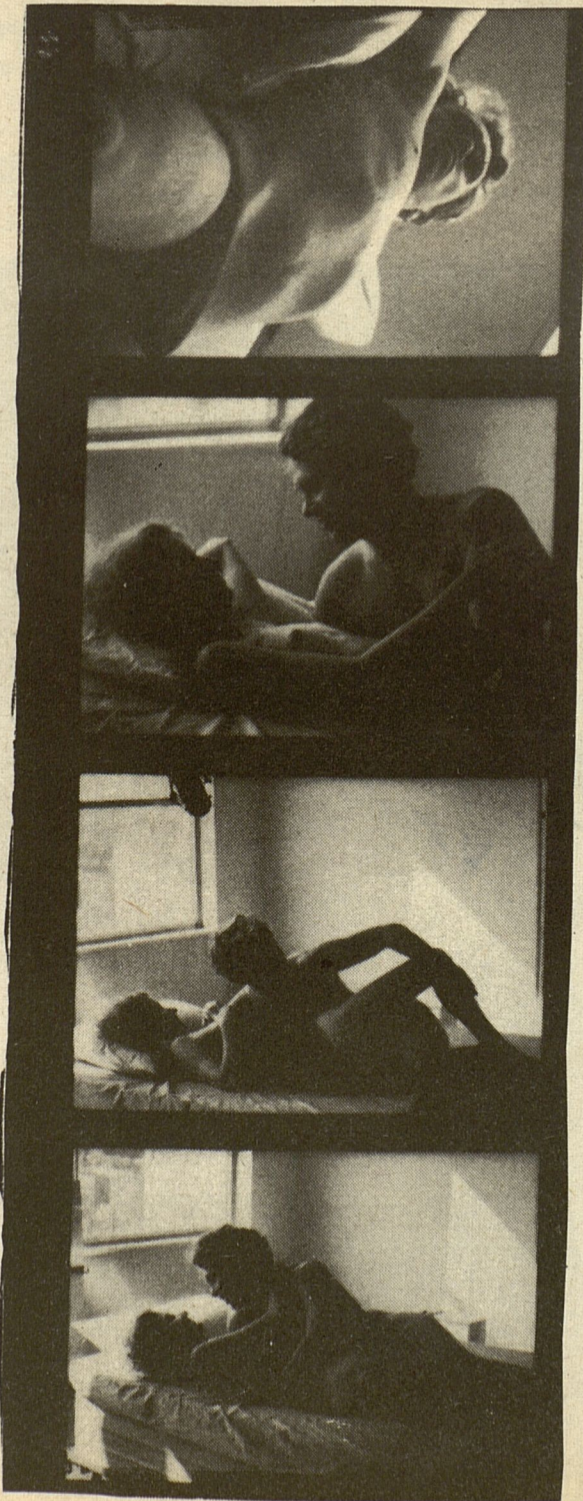
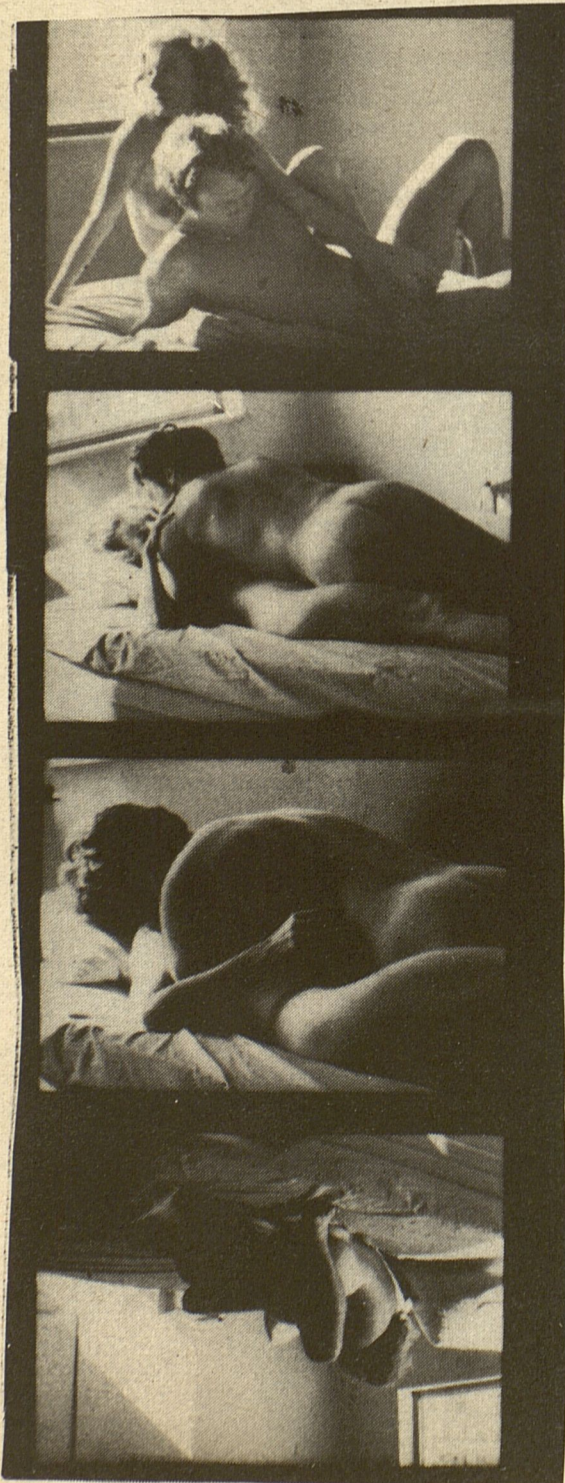
from THE NOTEBOOKS

Lewis and Phoebe
MacAdams
photo by
Barron Wolman

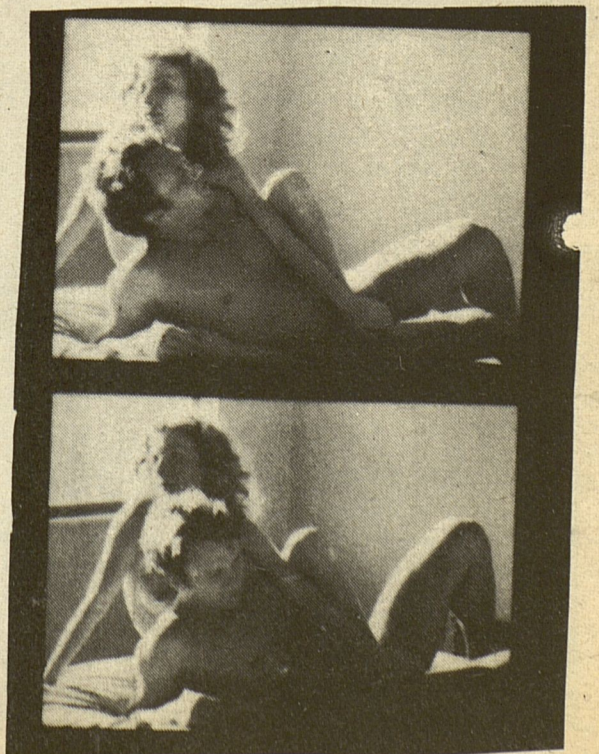


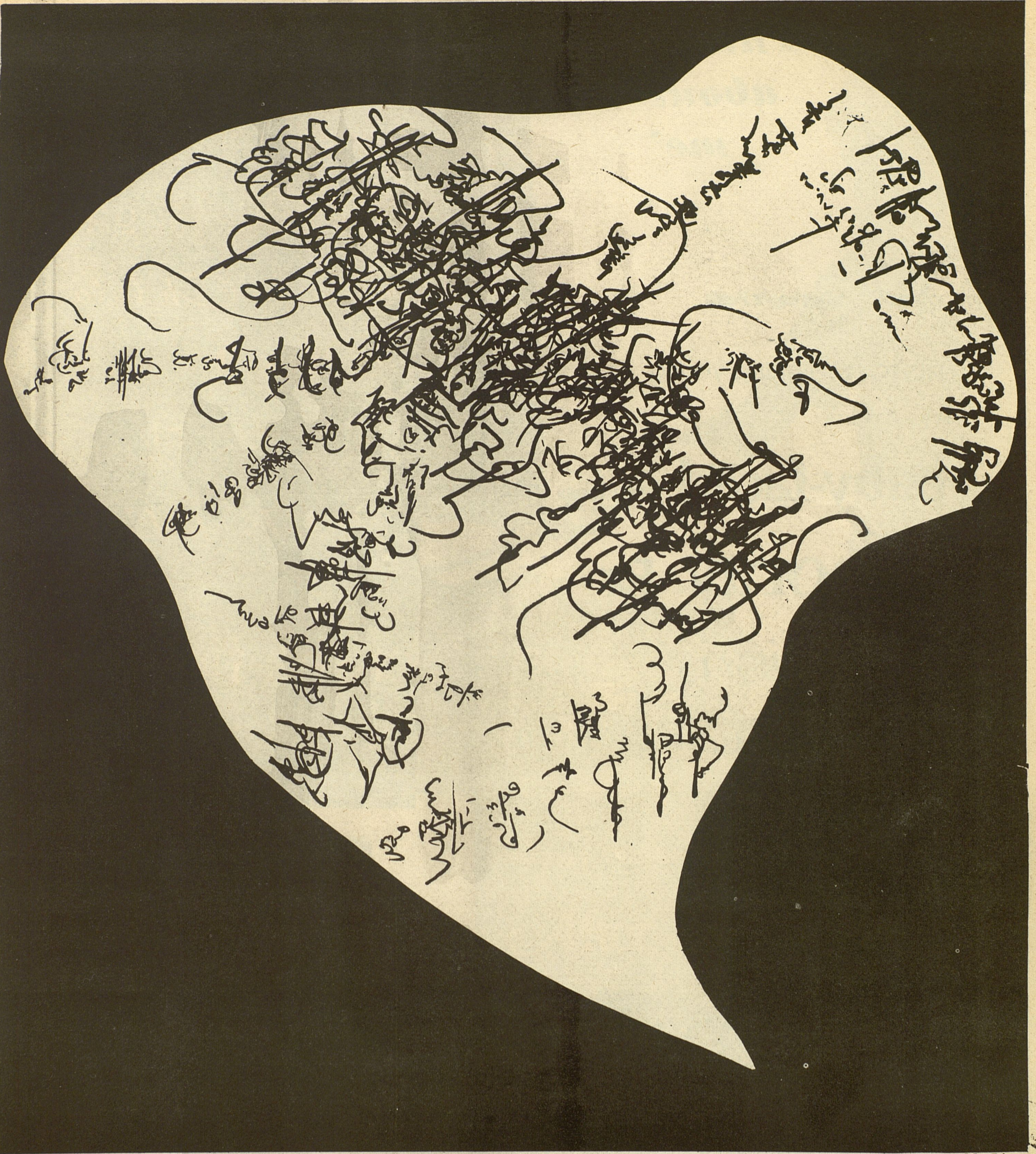


from "Lovemaking"
A film by Stan Brakhage

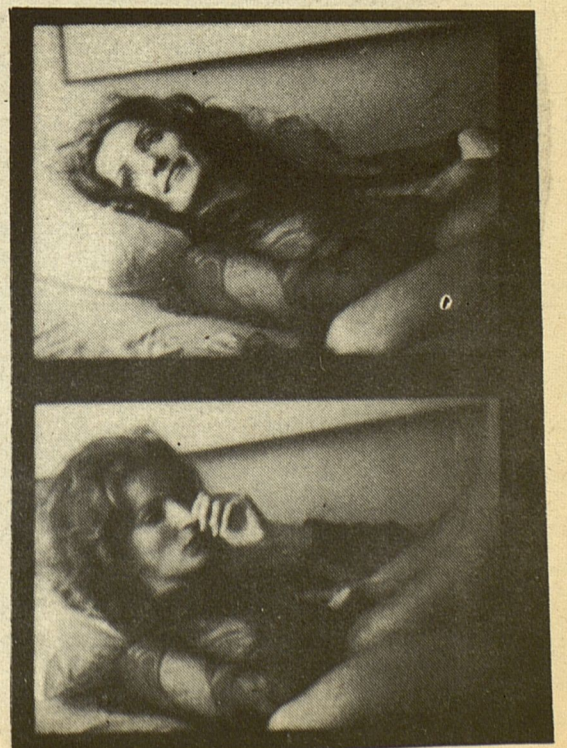
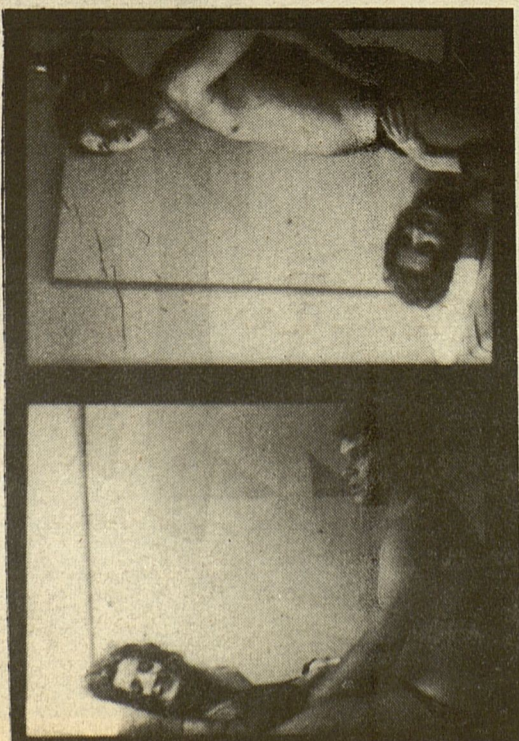
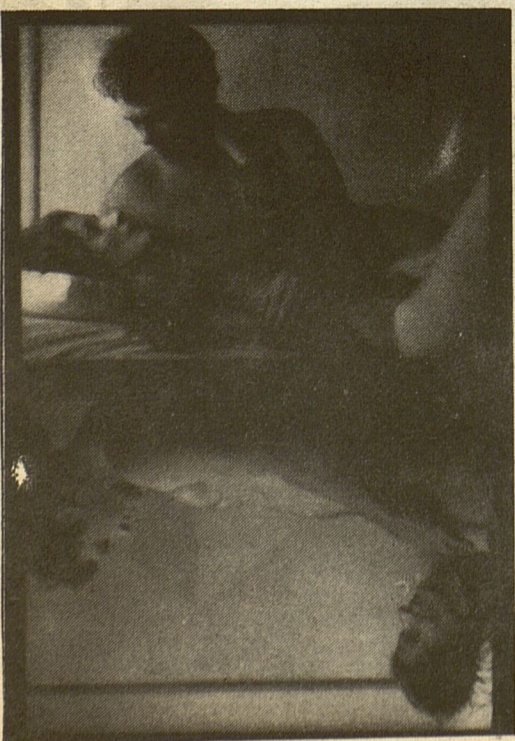


Scenes from
Andy Warhol's
"Fuck" (tentative title)
starring Louis Waldron
and Viva!





Untitled Calligraphy by Angus MacLise



*'This is
about
me'*

to Gide-

Ssst! Morrison's Penis
Is

HISTORY running young

He can't lose

baby-faced

emptiness rarin' to go

Hooray For

Inhibitions

God-given **Form** Is far from

bashful

Properly conducted, *the impact*

HOT DOG Begat

Blue Meanies

Oh la la

He calls it

Elusive

JOIE DE VIVRE

crime-fighting

Glamor B



tient

Boy

you haven't seen

Mao's Country of

NO

Censors Muffle a leader whose ideals

collate
slit
perforate
reduce
restore
enlarge
and seem to

tangle

with Chicken 'n Dumplings

did you, Mini-basket Marauder,

After that Revolting Song

KEEP BITING
EVEN WHEN BITTEN ?

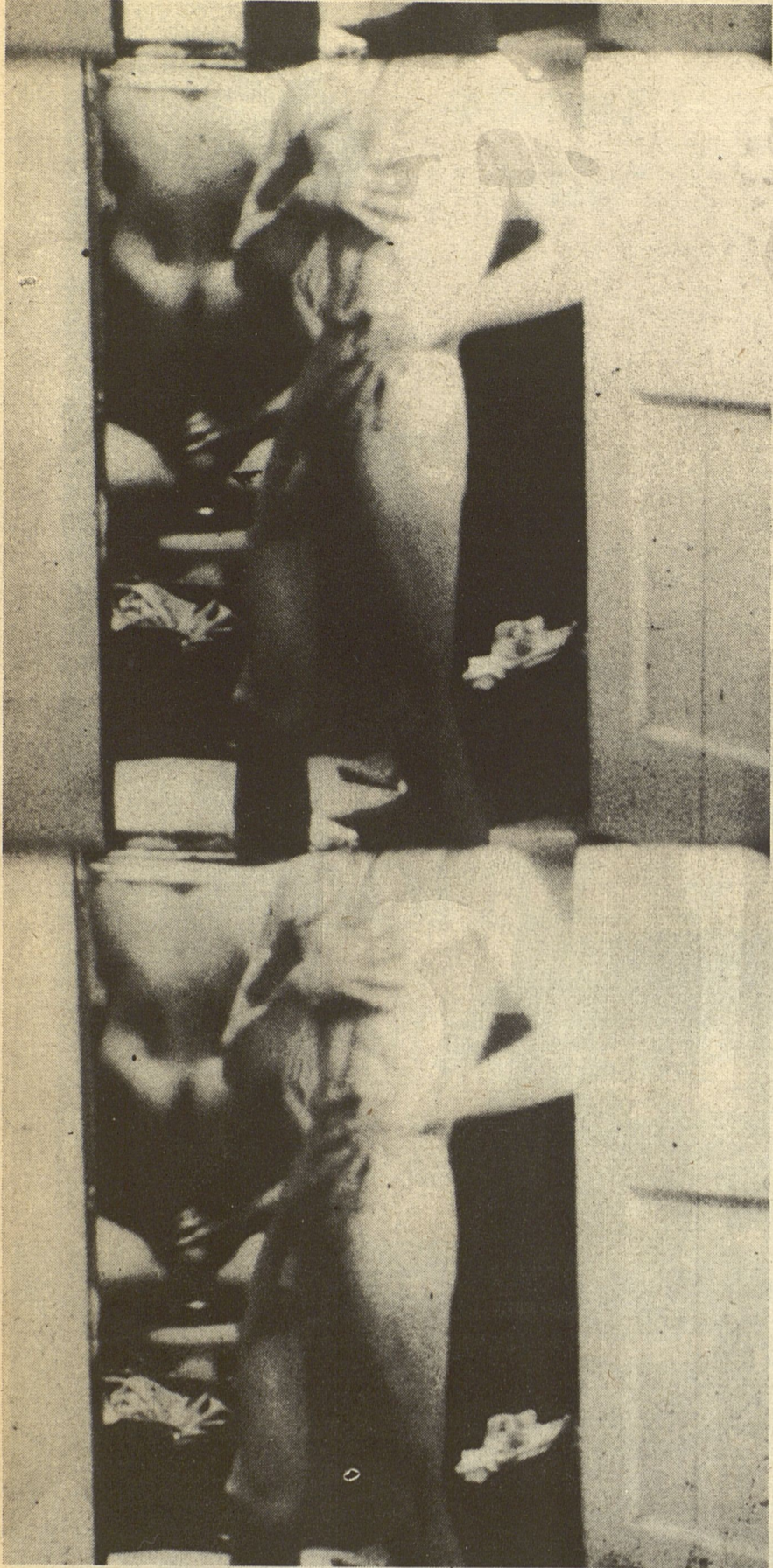
it would have paid you

Tape it

TO

Charles Henri Ford

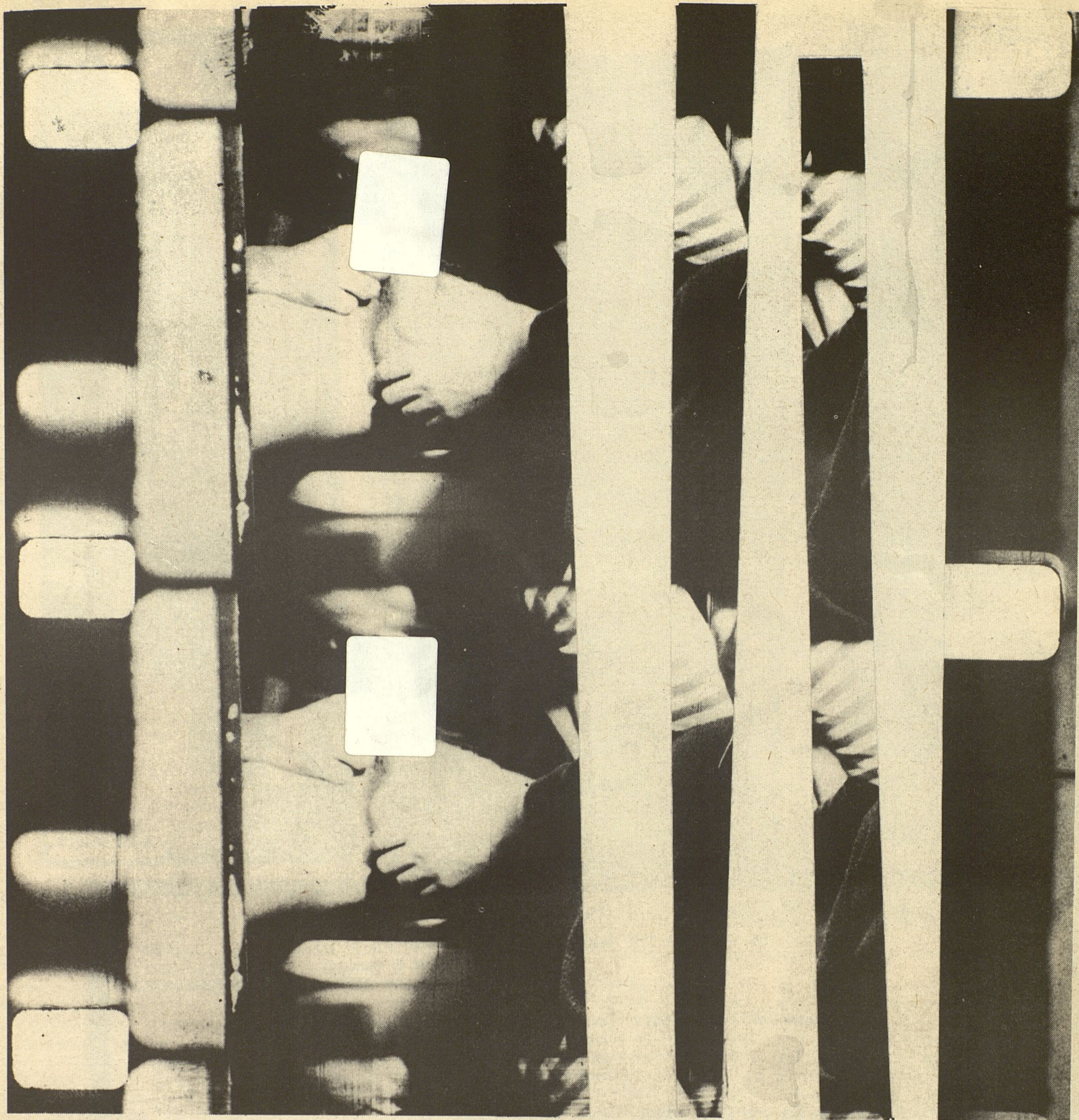




Scenes from Andy Warhol's
Secret Eroticism Films Circa 1964

Erotica Cinema Circa 1964

Now the adding machine is inventing
long fibrous ^{legum's} ~~snack~~s,
Not by choice, but because the law
of averages
bludgens its way into our teapots
and ~~to~~ sets the leaves aswirling,
~~■~~ You were too busy dangling your
life
to notice the whirring of alien wings.
But I heard them circling the
ceramic ashtrays in the garden
before they buzzed into the sun like ~~fly~~
flying carpets
that have lain steeping in opium smoke
in a black-and-white parlor.
Your bergère toppled over when the
carpet fled,



and the adding machine registered one
more item of pertinent information

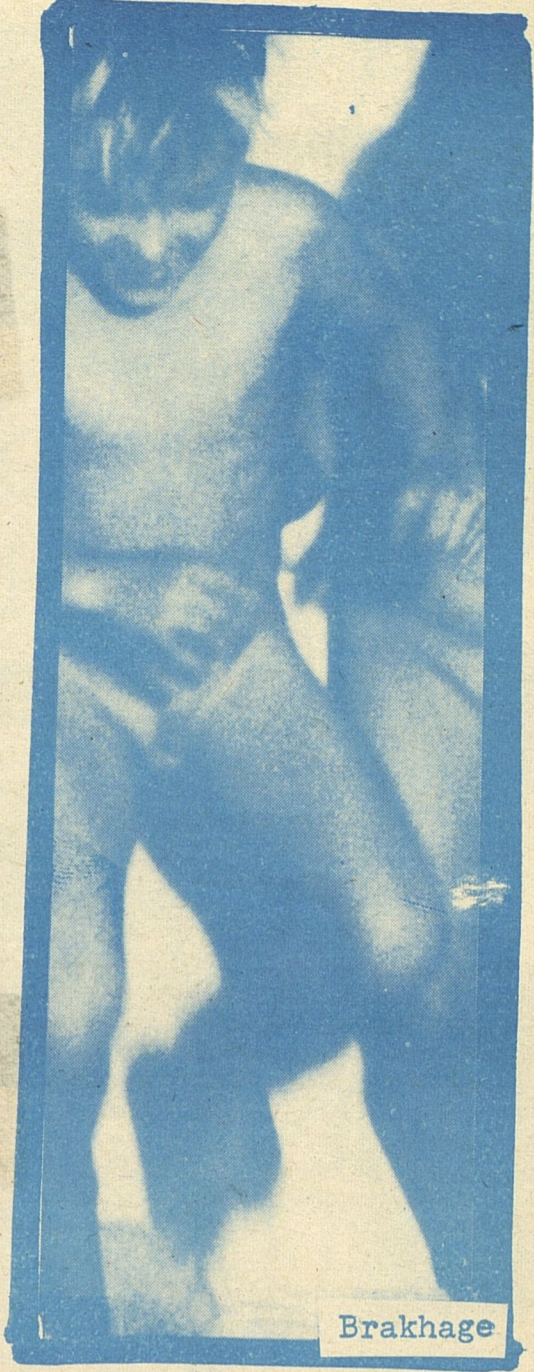
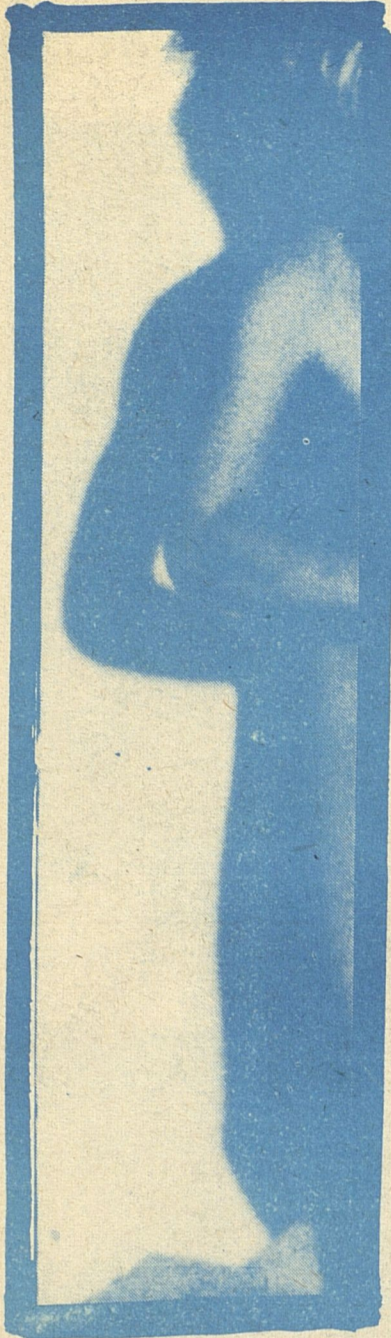
But no one has ever explained the
origin of the wings

or the reason they passed as
quickly as they did.

Give my regards to tierra del fuego
and other environments.

New York November

Jochim Negro'scheff



london-feb-13-69

gentlemen:
am having difficulty in finding magazines etc. that might be in space of publishing enclosed poem-please read and if you dig it enough to use it thanks-if not pass it on to someone who might do something with it- the paper is good quality-like for starting a fire with-

thanks
jamie mandelkau

GOD BLESS THE SHEET OF THE WORLD! —it being that which is important
and what we now all stand on
for some other reason—AND IS ALWAYS SPREADING!

GOD BLESS GANGSPASH RITA! —she was good, and the behind the counter magazine
rack salesman turned clerk blushing as you laugh n
ask for TAMPAX PLEASE n smile and he hands you a plain
brown wrapper!

discharge I.Q. 200 genius scientist nuclear pakistani brain given 5 year
conditional warning prison escapee caught 250 lbs hash smuggler!

AMERICA NEEDS HIM!

CHINA NEEDS HIM!

RUSSIA NEEDS HIM!

ENGLAND NEEDS HIM!

ISRAEL NEEDS HIM!

EGYPT NEEDS HIM!

FRANCE NEEDS HIM!

PRISON BARS CANNOT HOLD THE MURDEROUS POSSIBILITIES OF HIS MIND!

LET'S LIBERATE THE RUST!



Andy Warhol's "Couch"
Summer 1964

How to Dispose of Garbage

Let us look a little way into the future. If we observe the acute practical problems of cities in highly advanced economies today, we may be able to glimpse some of the forms economic growth could take in the highly advanced economies of the future—wherever such economies may prove to be. Waste disposal will do as an example, for in many different forms—air pollutants, water pollutants, garbage, trash, junk—wastes have created highly acute problems for large cities. They cause lesser problems, which are nevertheless chronic and unsolved, outside of the cities.

Although the cities of the United States are making little or no progress in coping with wastes, hints and clues to solutions do appear. What they portend, I think, is not waste “disposal,” but waste recycling. Odd little news items about wastes crop up. The *New York Times* describes an apparatus produced by a Japanese manufacturer that bales assorted trash and garbage, compacts it under hydraulic pressure, and encases the resulting dense, solid block in asphalt, cement, vinyl or iron sheeting, depending on what is wanted. Bacteria are killed in the process. The blocks can be made in almost any shape desired, for use in building. These sheathed in metal can be welded together.

According to the company's American representative who was interviewed by the *Times*, the process—apart from the usefulness of its product—is fifty to seventy-five percent cheaper than incineration. The largest machine the company produces can handle three thousand tons of waste in twenty-four hours; the smallest, 150 tons in twenty-four hours. The same company produces an older apparatus for pressing stripped automobile bodies into solid, small blocks for economical handling as scrap—manufacturing to which the company logically added its new device.

A manufacturer in Washington, D.C., advertises a device to install in buildings in place of a garbage incinerator. It reduces the bulk of garbage and trash by about seventy-five percent for purposes of collecting it easily and economically. The containers filled with compacted garbage are supposed to be removed by a trash-collecting contractor, and empties left in their place. This of course is not, in itself, a method of recycling waste, but it hints at the sort of auxiliary systems that will be needed for getting some wastes from their places of production to points of processing.

Here and there, garbage is being processed into compost. The *Times*, which seems to employ someone deeply interested in garbage, has described a little factory in Brooklyn, New York (run by the proprietor and a part-time helper) that converts restaurant garbage into light-weight, pulverized, dehydrated garden compost. The income from the sale of the compost is clear profit; the proprietor of the plant pays his costs by means of the silver he retrieves from the garbage and sells back to the restaurants.

St. Petersburg, Florida, has a considerably more elaborate plant that handles unsorted garbage and trash. First the material goes through a magnetic separator to remove metal, which is sold as scrap; then the rest of the material is ground up, soaked, digested (by bacteria), dried and screened to yield a compost that is inert—it has no nutritive value left—but is useful for soil conditioning, a job that chemical fertilizers cannot do. It is a small plant, handling only a hundred tons of refuse a day. Its products do not pay for its operation, but that is one of the most interesting things about it. The difference between its income from sales and its costs is paid by the municipality in the form of a fee of \$3 per ton for disposing of the garbage and trash, an arrangement that the municipality finds economical. One glimpses how waste recycling can be made economically feasible even while it is still in a primitive and experimental state.

The conventional approach to the problems of air pollution is to ban, or attempt to ban, fuels that contain high volumes of pollutants like sulfur dioxide. I suspect this is a futile effort. Of course it can reduce pollution from given smokestacks, but as the number of smokestacks increases, the pollution increases accordingly, even though higher-grade fuels are used. One is dealing with a problem by simply attempting to “subtract” it, an approach that seldom works.



City of New York Dept. of Sanitation

“In cities the same materials will be retrieved over and over again.”

A much more promising idea was described in a technical article in *Public Service Magazine* of September, 1964, by a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Electric Co. of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He reports that a test was run in one of that company's coal-burning plants, beginning in 1961, to capture sulfuric acid, which of course is one of the most basic and heavily used chemicals in modern economies. In the test, ninety percent of the sulfur dioxide was captured from ordinary, low-grade bituminous coal containing about a three-percent sulfur content.

In a twenty-four-hour day, this amounted to about 1,050 tons of sulfuric acid at a seventy percent concentration, which at the time of the test had a delivered market price of \$8 to \$10 a ton. The cost of capturing and converting it was \$7 a ton. In effect, the process amounts to a new way of mining sulfur for sulfuric acid. The same approach in principle, has been used rather widely to capture particulate air pollutants such as fly ash and soot, both of which are recycled. Fly ash is used to make cinder block. But there remains, I should think, enormous opportunity for capturing and recycling various gases which are not only dangerous in the air but also potentially valuable.

Of course a few waste-recycling industries are already profitable. The machinery scavengers of Chicago have built up an economically valuable, world-wide trade, about which I shall say more in Chapter Six. Chicago has also been a center for the remanufacturing of scrapped automobile parts. This too has interested the *New York Times*, which reports: “Formerly remanufactured parts were put together in tiny garages on a hit-or-miss basis and the quality was suspect.” That was the development stage of the work; now it is well established and has arrived at respectability. The report goes

on: “Now there are at least 1,000 remanufacturers of all sizes and the whole business has evolved into a large, efficient, mass-production operation. To the delivery docks of the companies come weekly thousands of used parts that are then disassembled, cleaned, reconditioned with new components, tested and shipped out to retail outlets . . .

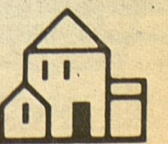
One of the oldest forms of waste recycling is the reprocessing of waste paper. One producer of paper advertises that its papers are more resistant to deterioration from humidity and temperature changes than paper made from new pulp, and accompanies these advertisements with striking photographs of New York City, which it calls its “concrete forests.” This fancy, that the city is another kind of paper-yielding mine may be more comprehensive. For in the highly developed economies of the future, it is probable that cities will become huge, rich and diverse mines of raw materials. These mines will differ from any now to be found because they will become richer the more and the longer they are exploited. The law of diminishing returns applies to other mining operations: the richest veins, having been worked out, are gone forever. But in cities, the same materials will be retrieved over and over again. New veins, formerly overlooked, will be continually opened. And just as our present wastes contain ingredients formerly lacking, so will the wastes of the advanced economies of the future yield up ingredients we do not now have. The largest, most prosperous cities will be the richest, the most easily worked, and the most inexhaustible mines. Cities that take the lead in reclaiming their own wastes will have high rates of related development work; that is, many local firms will manufacture the necessary gathering and processing equipment and will export it to other cities and to towns.

The Economy of Cities

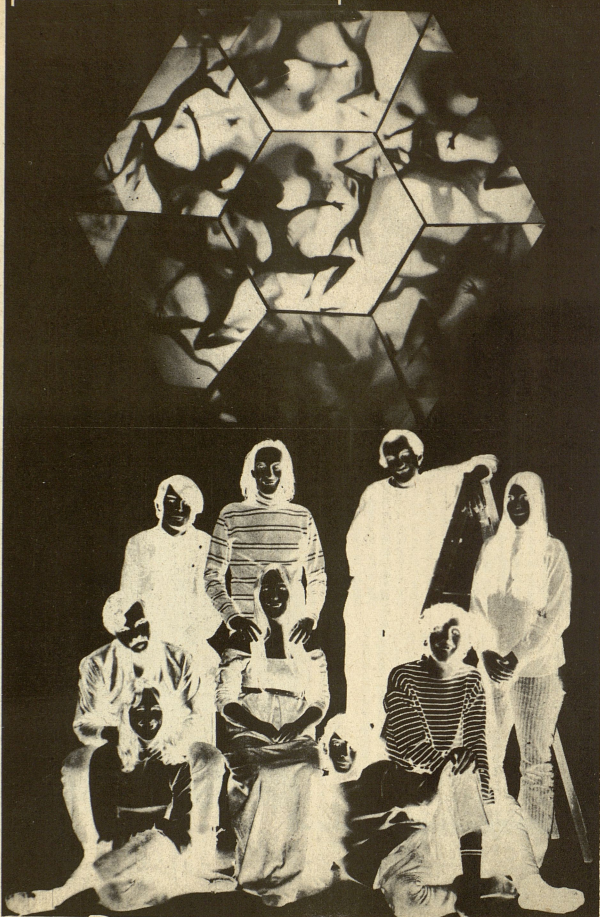
by JANE JACOBS

Now at your bookstore

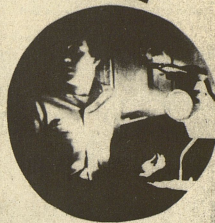
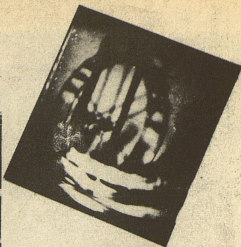
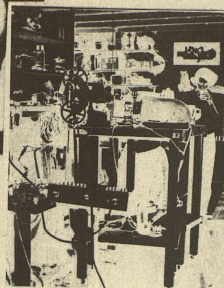
RANDOM HOUSE



THEATER OF LIGHT

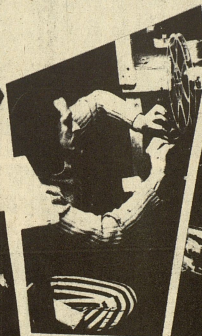


KINETIC PERFORMERS: (Top Row) Rommie, Rudi, Les, Patty
 (Middle row) Peter, Jackie, Billy
 (Bottom row) Sally, John



THEATER OF LIGHT . . . performed kinetic compositions . . . a structure built with light . . . form, rhythm, color . . . instruments played and orchestrated to a visual score conceived by Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern . . .
 Light as the catalyst of the experience . . . light as the substance, the pigment, the medium . . .
 THEATER OF LIGHT . . . a window on a space where voyages take place . . . where questions are asked without words and sometimes in silence.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ROY BLAKEY



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 Mel Romanoff

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THEATER OF LIGHT

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The Warm Gun in the great depression

There has been a great deal of discussion recently concerning sexual liberation, particularly in regard to the mass media. As the giants of commercial entertainment have sluggishly crawled forward, prodded by barbs from below and abroad, the avant-garde has become more daring. Witness the success of the Grove Press comics (the more sophisticated, *Phoebe Zeitgeist* and *Adventures of Jodelle*, will probably not be filmed), and the phenomena of young Robert Crumb, who has not only sold his less pornographic drawings to a large publishing firm and a national magazine, but has arranged to have the more objectionable material distributed by a novelty firm. And Richard Merkin, who titles his work after antique specimens of erotic eight-page comics, has had his picture and his pictures in several respectable quarters.

In the field of the erotic comic, as in all others, one must turn to the classics for enlightenment. Those who favor sado-masochistic-paranoid fantasies still cling to their copies of *Phantom Lady*, *Planet Comics*, *Jungle*, the entire E.C. line, etcetera, but the old eight-pagers are still the purest form of the purest art, that which depicts love. It was these eight-pagers that Dr. Frederic Wertham, author of *Seduction of the Innocent*, recommended as preferable to the violent, hyper-speed world of the comics he discovered in the early fifties. His book, a primer or pornography, was virtually single-handedly responsible for a ban on bloody wounds and prominent bosoms in comics, and his taboos are only recently being

broken again. The little "comics code" stamp on the upper right hand corner of your comic book is a sign that it is more or less Wertham-approved, and unlikely to prove stimulating. The publishers of the popular Donald Duck are among those who refuse to deal with this "code."

But the comics that broke the most taboos were the notorious, under-the-counter items which actually were the pioneers of the whole "comic book" concept - the eight-pagers - as *Mad* wrote, "the kind men like." Most were similar to the early *Mad*, as they featured popular newspaper strip characters in socially unacceptable activities. Others featured those prominent in the public eye, like the examples here, *Pretty Boy Floyd* in "The Fugitive." Those featuring the infamous John Dillinger are perhaps even more remarkable, but "The Fugitive" is not only most representative, but classic in its exposition of the philosophy of disestablishmentarianism.

The first panel establishes the presence of social commentary: Floyd, an enemy of society who has just killed two policemen, trespasses onto the forbidden ground of a girls' school, symbolizing sexual repression as clearly as the police represent authoritarianism. The outlaw is the hero. Unlike Bonnie Parker in Penn's "Bonnie and Clyde," the young lady is frightened of guns, and, as the dominance of the male is established in the sadistic death-threat pose of scene three, we find that the text is giving "Pretty Boy" a new role - that of a transvestite. The

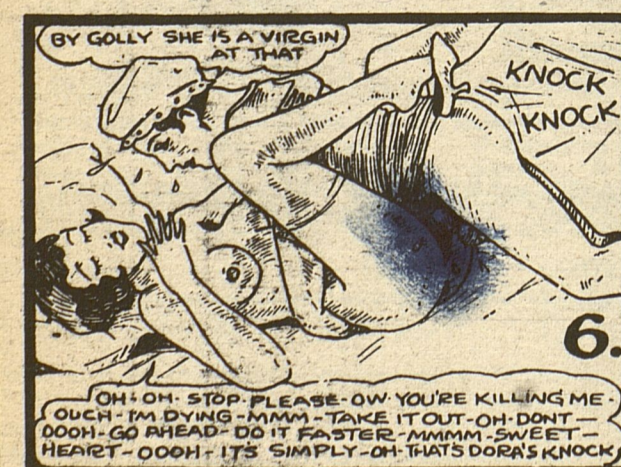
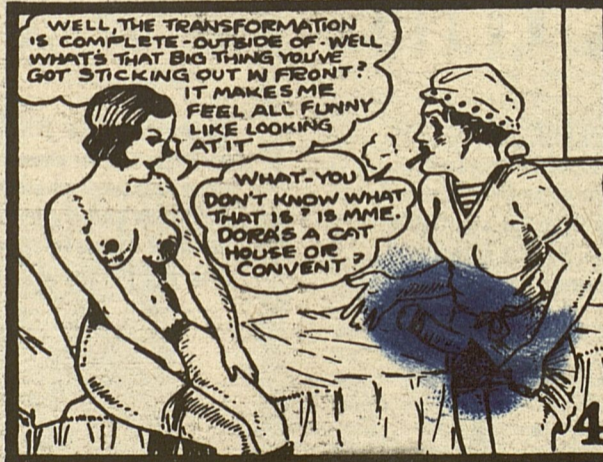
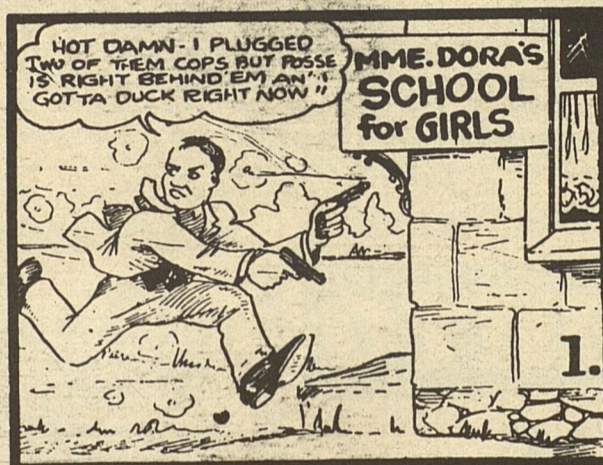
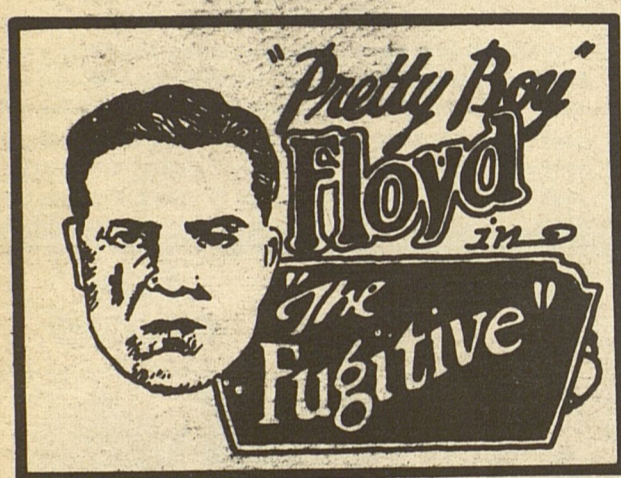
hero's "deaf and dumb" suggestion has a certain poetic power in the context of this frame (3) where two predominant perversions are presented and disposed of in one panel: The male's ambivalent desires to be an armed aggressor (the graphics) and also to be disguised as a woman (the text).

The girl's primal innocence, her mudity, and her namelessness all function symbolically as well as stylistically. This may seem to be mere catering to the fantasies of the frustrated male (compare James Bond twenty-five years late) but its significance lies in the fact that the primal female can and will respond if institutions are invaded, reducing her to a more essential self (panel four). What is "Pretty Boy" smoking?

The "Pretty Boy" motif is worth noting: the thirties produced, along with comics like this, a crop of rather effete male actors who emphasized seduction over the more traditional American fantasy of the dominant male. The notorious "Killer Bandit" is secretly a "Pretty Boy" who takes the nameless and responsive virgin's maidenhead while he is in female attire (6), the naked phallus has replaced the twin guns, which do not re-appear. Atop her lover in the last frame (8) the liberated girl has found personal freedom and is ready to flee with her lover into the social freedom of the underworld, or underground.

Floyd has also been immortalized in a song by Woody Guthrie, recently recorded by the Byrds.

JOHN PECK



da kind men like

Sam & Janet Evening

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type set like
this

THIS IS A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE attractive typesetting that can be done quickly, cheaply and efficiently on our brilliantly versatile IBM equipment. (this typeface is 11-pt press roman bold)

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WE CAN HANDLE LARGE JOBS OR SMALL but this ad is to demonstrate the advantages of having small jobs - things like programs, catalogs, poetry mags, brochures, cards etc - typeset for you by dropping it into the mail to us. (this typeface is 11-pt press roman italic)

or this . . this . . this or this

ONCE YOUR TYPE IS CLEANLY SET all you need to do is to paste it up with a few pictures and take it to any speedy offset printer who'll run off several hundred copies for just a few bucks. (this is 10-pt press roman italics)

AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S EASY to go into the publishing business entirely on your own without buying or maintaining any equipment except a few art supplies. (this is 10-pt press roman medium)

SO WHEN YOU'RE ALL READY we suggest you choose a typeface from this page, mark up your copy for width and style and drop it into the mail for us to typeset for you. (this is 9-pt century bold)

OUR PRICES ARE VERY LOW in fact probably the lowest in the city. For small jobs we charge \$5 for up to 30 words plus 10 cents each additional word. Cash (or check) with order; one-day service. (this is 9-point century italic)

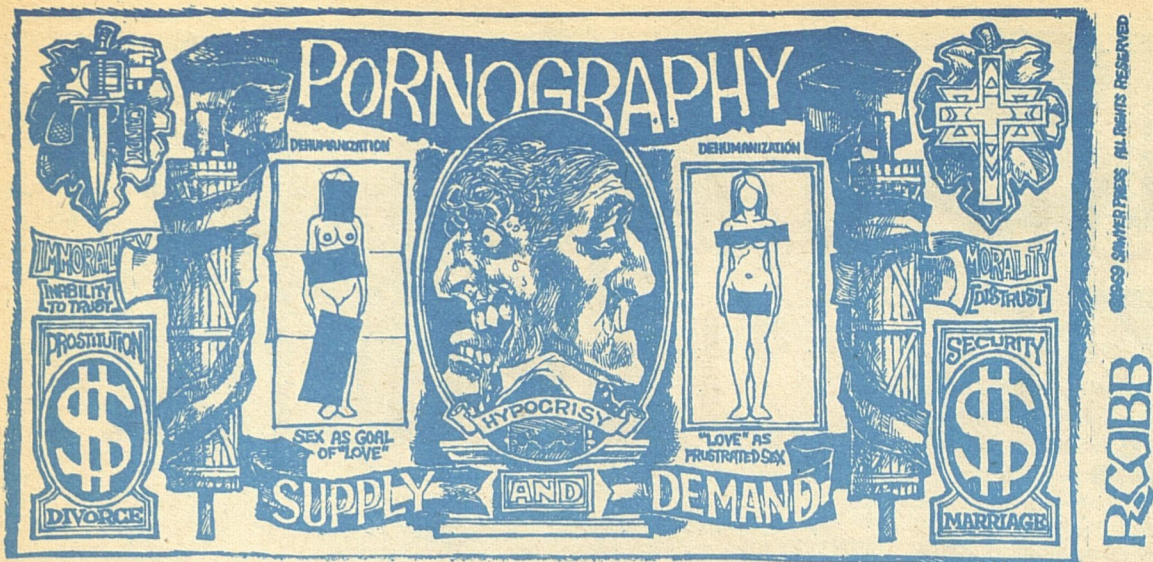
do it by mail

NEEDLESS TO SAY THERE ARE NUMEROUS OTHER TYPEFACES IN ADDITION TO THIS ONE (10-pt universe bold) but the range from 11-pt press roman medium through 10-pt press roman italic and 9-pt century medium and 8-pt press roman bold all the way down to 7-pt press roman medium (also 8-pt press roman italic) is a wide enough range for most jobs.

CUT OUT THIS PAGE, KEEP IT HANDY and WHEN YOU NEED TYPESETTING REMEMBER US: OTHER SCENES INC., 41 UNION SQUARE WEST (Room 419) New York 10014, tel: 691-6922.

For bigger jobs we'd like a chance to submit an estimate.

Other scenes sets type



weird wedding practices

by LEONID MIKHAILOV

I've just returned from a train tour of the Soviet Union. It was a beautiful month spent by electric train from Moscow to Pyatigorsk, to the Caucasus, etc. But what I saw when I was invited to a Kabardinian village wedding tops the cake.

Circassian Kabardinians belong to the Caucasian race. They are tall, well-built crack-riders, and Kabardin horses are as famous as their riders, but these fur-capped cherkesska-wearing fierce mountaineers have some mighty weird wedding practices. Here's how a wedding goes: Kabardins are devout Moslems. So after the hand-clapping and women's singing is over with, the Koran read and the wedding rite over (the groom has already kidnapped his bride from her parents' home and hid her at his friends' home until the wedding), the perverted sex rite begins.

First the groom, a black-haired, red-faced, muscular, laborer, removes his cherkesska and papakha (fur hat and coat). The bride takes out what looks like a tape measure, and in the presence of a circle of wedding guests, pulls out the groom's sex organ and measures it. Next she gets down on her knees and places her mouth over the organ for a few minutes, then measures it again. During this time the crowd is busy stamping their feet, clapping their hands and jumping wildly, boozing up on their national drink of sour mare's milk and heavy beer,

with the horse hair still floating in it. The music of their tambourines and balalaika type string instruments plays on and the voices echo through the mountain gorges. What comes next in the wedding ceremony in front of the guests outdoors is a mass circle jerk. It is a circle of mass-masturbation by the male wedding guests standing in a circle, while the bride and bridegroom roll in the snow biting and scratching at each other. Finally, the bridegroom, in front of all the onlookers, takes the bride's virginity and the nuptial blood is drunk by the groom who then takes out his kindshal (a knife) and cuts her dress by the belt, thereby tying the wedding knot (or rather cutting it). After the ceremony, I saw the bride get up, walk with difficulty into the log house, her eyes alive like burning coals.

When a Kabardin husband gets into an argument with his wife, he often uses his knife on her if she disobeys his orders in their marriage, so Circassian women are famous for keeping their mouths shut. All in all, I had a nice trip through the Kabardin part of the Caucasus, sponsored by the Soviet Union's new cultural exchange program for tourists. I ended my tour visiting old Mother Moscow, land of my own folks, and was sure relieved to finish my tour of Kabardinia. Northern mountains peoples such as these are all right as long as they can see mountains. What a wedding! I think I enjoyed it more than happy Greek ones back home.

miss U\$A

On the occasion of Miss America's recent visit to Atlanta, the staff of the Great Speckled Bird prepared a list of questions to submit at her press conference. It's not known whether the questions were actually asked, or what the answers might have been, but at any rate, the questions follow herewith:

For Miss U.S.A.

1. Have you ever slept with a man?
2. If not, have you ever slept with a woman?
3. Or anything else?
4. What do you think about sex in general?
5. Whose side were you on during the confrontation between the Chicago police, Yippies, Hippies, and Blacks?
6. If caught in a confrontation, would you strip naked to distract a pig?
7. A Communist?
8. Yourself?
9. Have you ever kissed a Negro?
10. Would you?
11. A man Negro?
12. Would you go to bed with President Nixon if he asked you?
13. What about if it was for the good of the country?
14. What about President Johnson?
15. What about J. Edgar Hoover?
16. Even if he was bugged?
17. What do you think is the effect of your wearing a bikini and parading before a roomful of men?
18. What do you think these men are thinking?
19. What do you think?
20. Do you think?
21. After all, what are you after, money?

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THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES is a revolutionary newsletter concerned with art and politics. It comes in two editions: as a monthly tabloid newspaper available on stands in New York, London, Berlin, Amsterdam, Los Angeles, San Francisco & Tokyo, and as an infrequent newsletter in any shape, form or style, prepared and produced from wherever its publisher happens to be (editions so far from Athens, Amsterdam, Milan, Moscow, London, Tokyo, Hong Kong and New Delhi).

Wilcock, a founder of NY's Village Voice and formerly editor of the East Village Other and the Los Angeles Free Press, travels 30,000 miles each year writing and revising a series of travel books he has produced for Arthur Frommer's \$5-a-day series.

Subscribers to OTHER SCENES receive both the monthly newspaper and the newsletter supplements as well as other goodies. For the rest of 1969, subscriptions cost \$5 (\$6 foreign) which can be paid in cash, check, money order, postage stamps or the valid currency of any country.



JOHN WILCOCK

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PENIS TAX

A New Way for the Government to Screw You

by JAY GAULDING

To demonstrate the true patriotic quality that has always been an integral part of Dallas NOTES, we hereby launch our campaign for a new Federal tax program. The Federal government has long held to the position that anything pleasurable that cannot be taxed should be declared illegal. So far only one truly significant item has escaped their scrutiny. Therefore, before that malevolent governmental agency in charge of dastardly deed declares the possession and/or utilization of a penis illegal, we cry, for God's sake—tax it.

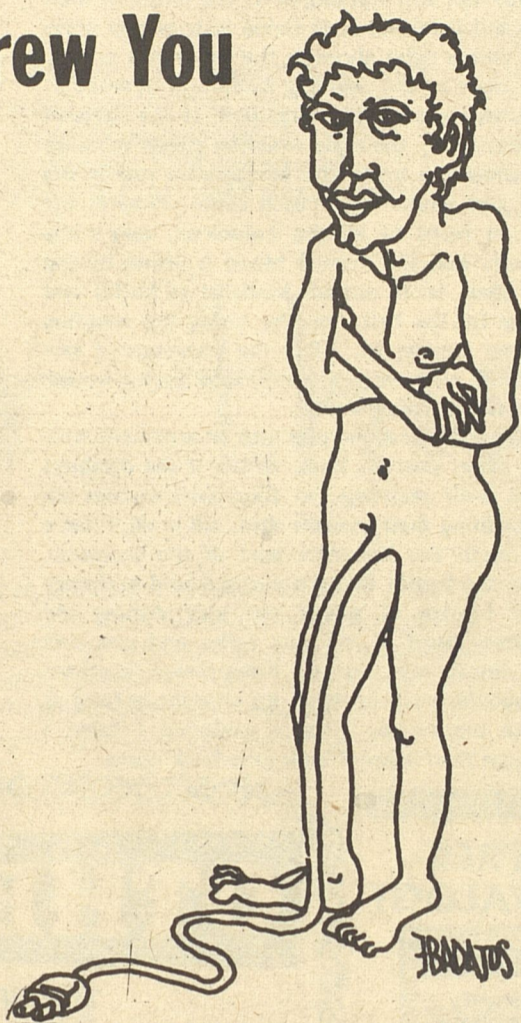
We are aware that any new form of taxation represents certain procedural problems. It would be unfair to propose such a new tax and not make proper suggestions for implementation. Problem number one. On what basis should the penis be taxed? Ninety percent of the time it is in the hole. Only a minority group of professionals could show a profitable operation of it. So, perhaps there should be imposed an across the board "per pound" charge determined by weight alone.

On the other hand, this might provide a loop hole to those possessing an impressive, but lighter than air model. Perhaps, then the concept of the "overall wheel base" structure should be pursued. Under this method a penis with an overall length of less than four inches should be tax-exempt thereby making provision for the young and the unhung. From four to six inches should automatically come under the ten percent nuisance tax. Six to eight inches on the other hand would qualify for the sixteen percent weekly privilege tax. Eight to ten inches would warrant an additional 22% pole tax. Ten to twelve inches would be recommended for a gross annual 31% luxury tax, and anything over twelve inches would require all knowledgeable parties to send condolences to the bride of sympathy.

Already we can imagine the huge cry that will rise from those who would propose actual usage as the only true measure of fairness. Having run the appropriate cards through our computer, we came up with the following. The average penis is 7.3 inches long, performing at a base rate of 45.8 strokes per minute, it requires the average horny individual responding to appropriate stimulation 2.5 minutes to reach an intensity peak of minus .00016 (for those of you who have read a good sex book this is referred to as the point of no return). After ejaculation, of course, all taxation ceases. If indeed our figures are correct, and we could ask Masters and Johnson to check them, 334.3 inches would be the total performance length of one minute. 835.7 inches would constitute the act itself and for those of you who are keeping close account that's 69.6 feet per act. That figure, we realize, is rather inappropriate to the discussion but none the less if we extend this to cover the 3.5 acts per week (.5 representing the time you didn't get to finish and had to start over because the phone rang) and the 52 weeks per year, excluding Lent and doubling up on vacations.

At the end of the taxable fiscal (or physical) year, you can rack up a pretty impressive total of 12,667.2 feet. That's 2.4 miles if you fudge a little. At the mileage ratio the government presently allows, they could pick up a cool 5¢ a mile in extra tax money. (Well, shit, that's all they allow you for a car.)

Next arises the problem of deciding who gets taxed. The clergy, by precedent, would expect to be exempt. The Catholic church would greatly favor this in that many of the dissenting priests would stay with their orders to avoid the new tax. Swingers on the reverse of



the coin could demand a group rate. The US Department of Justice would find itself in quite a quandary trying to deal with single individuals racking up all that illegal mileage. Men prone to brag alot would be required to pay the higher proof tax and among the idle capitalistic rich it would become a status thing. The demand for Swedish doctors would sky rocket.

The new structure would glean monies from unemployed males receiving welfare benefits, thus giving them the feeling that they are earning their residuals. Although it might necessitate the invention and require usage of "peter meters" This would eliminate sloppy questionnaires and give our bureaucrats in Washington the true depth penetration of just how long it will take our nation to fuck itself out of the hole (that is the national debt).

We do feel that certain stipulations are necessary to prevent the unfair taxation of minority groups. We must face the inevitability of double taxation where gay couples are concerned. People who masturbate should be allowed to travel for half fare. Males over 65 should be taxed on performance, but should be issued certificates of appreciation and achievement for a patriotic cause.

A concerted effort of this type could overcome many of our existing social enigmas. Launching our campaign with slogans like "Get a little, it's good for economy." we'll sweep aside national racial boundaries. We will inspire young people to make some constructive movements towards solving our nation's gravest problems. Soon it will be considered upatriotic to prohibit fucking.

Awards and prizes can be offered as incentives for the most proficient (all taxable, of course). National heroes will emerge from bedrooms across the nation to endorse products like Simmons and Sleepaire. Seminars will be held by the unique and novel artists of the erotic on how to effectively copulate in sports cars and towel cabinets at big parties. Even higher state and municipal bonds on a basis of superior virility.

This could only happen in America. After all, a movement like this in Greece could prove to be a pain in the ass. Arise Americans. Support your Federal Peter Tax Movement before it's too late.

Witchcraft

During the last decade of the seventeenth century in America, members of the Witch Cult were forced to flee persecution rampant in Massachusetts. Many sought refuge in the mountains surrounding the Hudson Valley, and it is here they secured enduring freedom and privacy. Their neighbors, Dutch and Huguenot, paid little heed to eccentricity and were more inclined than not to hold rights of the individual inviolate. In such an environment, and surprisingly enough, it is little changed in nearly three centuries, the descendents of those early settlers have quietly perpetuated the ancient rites of the religion that predates christianity in the Western world.

This forgotten area of New York State has proven to be a fortunate haven in other respects. A place of winds and mists, it provides the solitude needed for contemplation. The deer, sacred to Hecate, roam the forests. In summer, the meadows are full of flowering herbs and roots—both, indispensable ingredients in making charms and philtres. You can find hemlock, laurel, the roots of mandrake and quinquifolium (called gin seng by the Chinese), yarrow and vervain in abundance. It is still possible to live in accord with nature and the ancient doctrine.

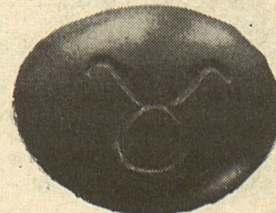
Turn off the New York Thruway and drive west through tiny hamlets and you'll find on the country roads that bend away from them evidences of the past. A stone circle in a deserted field may seem to be crumbling walls of an old foundation, but a closer look may reveal the circle surrounds a curious altar stone. Similar places of worship are still to be found in the rural areas of the British Isles and on the continent. But I defy the curious to identify the witches in their midst. Centuries of harassment have taught the art of blending with the local population. To keep apart, yet draw no attention by doing so, has become a way of life.



TAURUS

The sun now enters the sign of Taurus. An earth sign, Taurians are sensualists and enjoy the physical comfort. They possess the gift of enthusiasm and so are splendid companions. Sharp wit and a searching mind often combine with a tendency towards inconstancy.

On May Eve (Moon Rise 5:26 P.M.) we observe the festival of Roodmas, one of the four great sabbats of the year. In a future column I will describe how each is celebrated.

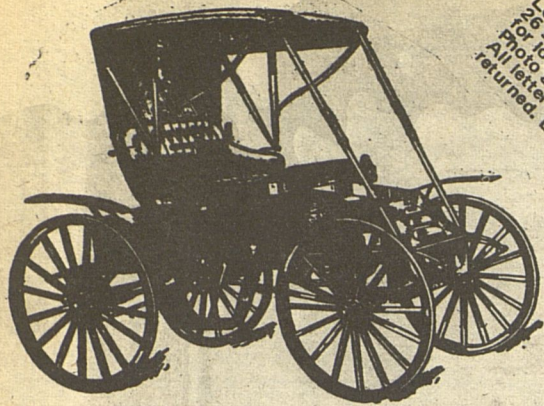


The earliest reference I've ever found to the folk stone, a witches' traditional talisman, is in the treatise "Magical Stones" by Albertus Magnus (1206-1289). He states they "sooth in crisis, bring ease in conversation and good fortune to all who carry them in their hand." They may do just that.

For yours, send \$2 and your zodiac sign to:

Images

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LONELY Young transvestite
26 seeks female friend 30-45
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Photo and detailed letter please.
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fall into the ocean. Now (probably
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calamity (by artist R. Cobb). Only
\$2.50 each ppd. - But you'd better
act fast! Send your cheque or m.o.
to: Sawyer Press Earthquake, P.O.
Box 46-653A, L.A., Calif. 90046

Underground newspapers have added a new dimension to classified advertising. A few years ago anybody who wanted to advertise his sexual proclivities had a hard-on time of it because most papers just wouldn't accept his ad; in fact most 'straight' papers still won't. Now papers from New York's EVO to the Los Angeles Free Press, and even IT in staid old London carry ads from freaks who want to be fucked, sucked, licked, backscuttled, manhandled, in pairs, trios, groups and crowds. No offbeat sexual taste is too far out to find a partner, apparently, and so who could say that the ads aren't fulfilling a definite need? But sex isn't the only pre-occupation of underground advertisers as you can see from the ads reproduced below—plucked randomly from underground papers across the country in the past few weeks.

GAY GUY WANTS honey straight, bi-and
married studs, 21 to 35. Will treat it nice. No
fags. Photo appreciated, not necessary. Box
12725, Seattle.

BOY of 23 likes dressing up,
especially as a school boy.
Does anyone else? Box 50/113.

RUTTING sow who likes to groove,
& catering camel in need of a
hump will pose separately or to-
gether. Call eyes. No wild bores.

"YOU HAVE NO RIGHT to paste posters over
acceptably painted wall surfaces and thereby
deface them." Evicted father, two good
children, boy 8 and girl 6, need place near or on
houseboats, Heix office. Will share, live-in. Paul,
Karl and Zara. LA. 3-3637. Work number LA.
4-8040.

LIVE NUDE GIRLS
will pose for you in the absolute
nude in complete privacy for only
\$10. "Everything included" at 31
W. Union St. Pasadena from 1 p.m.
to 12 a.m. Open to the public
Adults only. Monday thru Saturday

Female reader, 19-35, to record
risque literature. Sensuous voice
essential. \$8 per hour. Call 541-
8014 after 4 pm.

PIRATE EDITION of Swedish text
giving detailed instructions
of 22 basic postures for sex-
ual intercourse. Make all M.O.
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\$2.50. Add 25¢ for rush order.
Write Box 988, G.S.

Black couple seeks clean free-
thinking female any race for
weekend expressions. Descrip-
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WANT TO KNOW IF YOUR FRIENDS
REALLY ARE FRIENDS. Go to the
Venereal Disease clinic at
828 West 10th Ave. 8:30-4:30.



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PARAMOUR WANTED by intellectual. Even
modest accomplishments in the arts greatly
admired. If desired, support. Write Suite 102,
1600 43rd. Avenue East.

You can have an orgy in your
own home cheaper than you may
think. Write Box 178, G.S. for
details.

Magazine publisher needs groovy
pads and outdoor locations for
nude shootings. Pools, beaches,
nice interiors, woody locales.
Legit. Cash immediately. Call any
hour 765-2302

Some Bastard stole my '68 tri-
umph Bonny from 949 East 11th
last fall. \$100 for it back.
Write Box 189, G.S.

WANTED two ravishing nympho-
maniacs by students to aid study.
Box 50/25.

2000 YEARS AGO men went around with long hair,
beards, sandals and talked of love and peace. They
were called Christians and were thrown to the lions.
2000 years later men are again going around in long
hair, beards, sandals and beads and talking of love
and peace. They are called hippies and are thrown
to the Christians.
A HIPPIE

LEE PARK LOVE-IN. Every Sunday afternoon.
Sharing, loving, being.

MARY. I would sure appreciate
it if you returned my pants.
Okay? DAVID.

VIRGIN poet, seventeen,
desperately needs intelligent girl
for sex and real love. Birmingham
area, photo please. Box 50/30.

PLAGUED by prudes. American
22, seeks uninhibited London
girl to preserve Anglo-American
relations. Box 50/32.

unclassifieds

Lesbians, a new product that I
am sure you'd be interested in
Write Box 179, G.S.

I wish to hear from other per-
sons who have experienced the
terror of the sheer loneliness
of human existence. Memorial
Hall, M22, Bloomington, Ind. 47401

Did the **YELLOW BRIQUE ROAD** re-
ally get hassled for painting
signs on the Bridges leading
to Vancouver?

Calling woman who scorns fear.
Slender blonde gypsy can keep
you going 6 to 11. Box 191, G.S.

HELP!!!
LOST CHICK, (age 21), with great deal of
swingin' potential, (and has access to
bread), is dying in a black world of lon-
eliness and UN-LOVE. This chick has made
the HAIGHT-ASHBURY scene and a very small
part of the drug scene but here wings
were clipped. **PLEASE** don't let her die
in an ugly world of unreality. She **DES-
PERATELY NEEDS WARM SENSATIVE** male
swingers to give LOVE and understanding
and to again open the doors to that
beautiful swinging world. In return
there is a great deal of love and sensi-
tivity to be given to the ones who can
gently touch this chick's soul.
PLEASE WRITE ---- Box 72 c/o Natural

SWINGING COUPLES
BEGINNERS NIGHT
Sounds corny, maybe, but it's a
ball. Thursday nights those of
the Swinging Set that are kinda
new to the game can always find
others that are either shy, not
too sure of what to do and etc.
Don't worry, there will always
be some of the more exp't about
to lead the way. Open from 7 pm.
Topley Too, 8875 Pico, W.L.A.
If its the last thing I ever do
I will some day find a woman
to go to the Nudist Camps with
me. Howell Stan Cobb, "Kernel"
620 So. Coronado St., L.A. 90057.

Mature Business Executive looking
for lusty afternoon dates. Photo
and phone number please. Box 3394
Beverly Hills 90212

STENTORIAN WHEELS- forget us not

RE-CLASSIFIED

DOES YOUR LOVER LEAVE YOU UNSATISFIED??
I WON'T! This 26-year-old white dude definitely
will take you all the way to the ultimate in physical
pleasure. There are several requirements: you
must be a young girl; you must have a far-out body;
you have to groove behind dope; and you must not
object to only spending one night with me. If you
can dig it, reply with name, address, telephone num-
ber, and physical description to WFP Box 7. **DO IT
NOW!!**

SHAVES

NUDE SEXPOT NUDE

I will take off all of my clothes
in complete privacy. Come and
see me at 222 N. Harbor Dr.,
Rendondo Beach, ask for Susie.

SEXPOT

I am a cute little sexpot and I am
very young and willing to pose in
the absolute nude in complete pri-
vacy at 217 E. Regent St., Ingle-
wood. My name is Annie Fanny.



Horny ex-soldier requires 1 or
2 girls for weekend orgies.
Lots of French Experience.
Write Box 181, G.S.

I'm a dominant-dominant male -- Am
forming for myself a harem. Box TH
WFP.

UNCLASSIFIEDS

friends

She is an abstract landscape of youth
pleasure freakiness and honesty. She
likes sex and poetry. She will write
a grad student Box 7652, 30th St, Sta-
tion, Phila., Pa.

Dirty Old Man Capricorn secure lives
farmhouse boondocks amid a splendor
of Bedlam. Desires an immediate
alliance uninhibited dish (slender side,
amoral, loyal, sober) to stimulate
and comfort him in his declining years.
She should drive, like dogs (no obli-
gation with child) modest allowance.
Marriage possible. Phone anytime. Keep
trying. Lawrence, 1-942-3159.

BARRY BROWN! Get your smelly boots
out of my bedroom. Love, Carole.

PAINTING ???

Let an expert paint your
house or apartment.
90 colors --- reasonable
prices -- no extra charge
for paint spilled on your
carpets or furniture.
Call Mr. Allocca
459-5403

Would anyone have a recipe for
wilted lettuce? My aunt used to make
this but never used a recipe. When she
passed away we realized that no one
had ever written down the ingre-
dients.

I would like to correspond with any-
one interested in ceramics as I would
like to start teaching it. Has anyone
had any experience in this line?

K7870

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAT *anti*

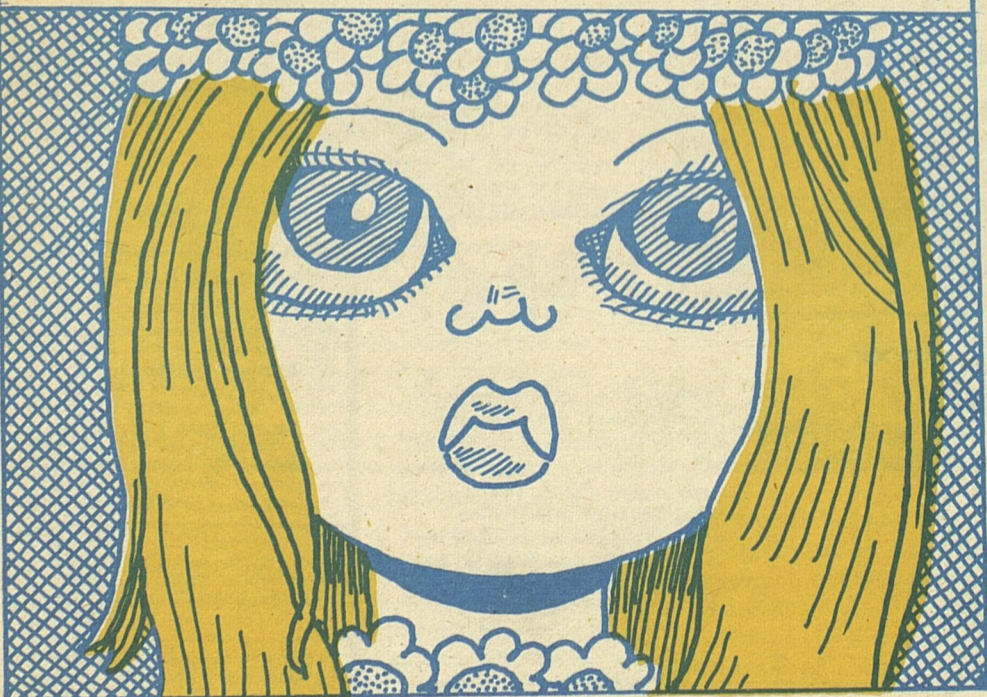


O LOVELY
FLOWER
CHILD,
YOU --
HAVE
THE
SCENT OF
FLOWERS,

AND TASTE
DAMN GOOD
TOO!



"LOOK LIKE AN ANGEL"



OTHER SCENES

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER