

NATIONAL 35¢ VOLUME 4, NUMBER 40 SEPTEMBER 10, 1969

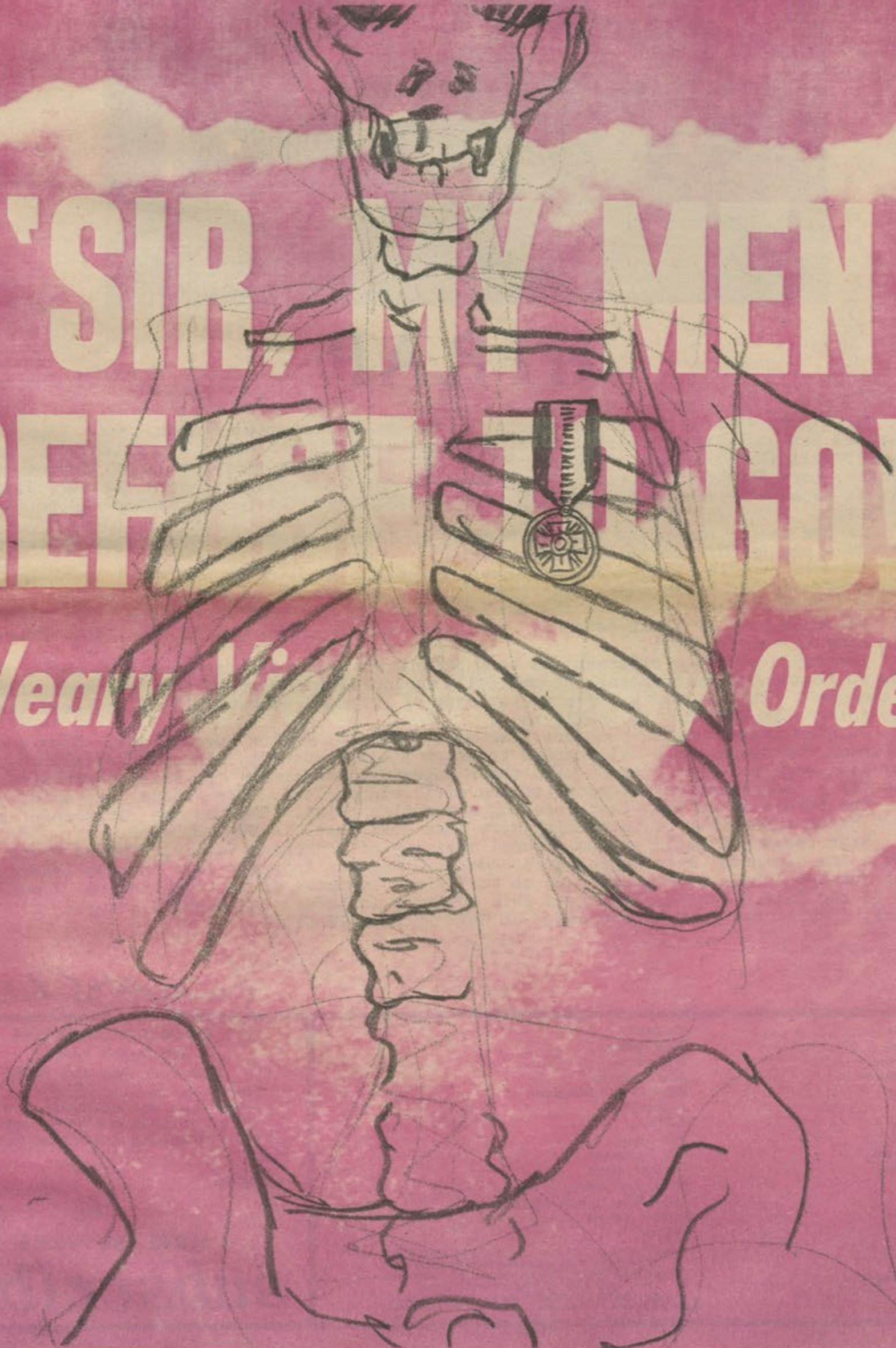
THE EAST VILLAGE CHIEF

'SIR, MY MEN

REFUSE TO GO!

Weary

Order





HIRAP

At a time when it is as yet impossible to assess the total impact the Aquarian Festival has had within the context of American society, when half a million young people defy all that has been expected of them and project the most massive vivesurge of Freedom, Love and Laughter, it is clear that in the future it will be a bit more difficult to behave the way we have for the past two hundred years. The nation HAS to pay attention.

It has to pay attention to what Company A, Third Battalion, 196th Light Infantry Brigade - the AMERICA Division - has to say.

Perched atop Mt. Nuilon and hopelessly engulfed by Vietcong and North Vietnamese encampments in the surrounding Songchang Valley, the men of Company A refused to obey orders. They refused to repeat the futility that for the past five consecutive days had cost them half of their company. Plain and simple - HELL NO, WE WON'T GO: Only this time it was for real.

Company A made the clearest and most definitive anti-war statement ever made. It blew to fragmented smithereens the carefully nurtured Nixon-Hoax of the "vietnamization of the war". It has laid a torch to the myth of "gradual withdrawal". It exposed the "low voice" lie for what it really is.

Justice Department lawyers are like most other Washington bureaucrats. They are not known for daring or a willingness to stick their necks out. In spite of all that they did lodge a formal protest with their superior, condemning the Nixon Administration for a "softening enforcement" of the civil rights laws. More needn't be said.

The bubble is at long last reaching a bursting point. The passing wetdream of a "new" Nixon turned out to be nothing more than just that. A BUN WETDREAM.

With Company A still in the general vicinity of Songchang Valley, Richard Nixon in the San Clemente White House, surrounded by used car lots and last but not least, with Shirley Temple representing us at the Third Committee of the 24th General Assembly of the United Nations, the good ship Lollypop is indeed in troubled waters. A survival drill may long be overdue. WE HAVE TO PAY ATTENTION.

Leakoff 2/5

Jaakov Kohn
Peter Leggieri
Allan Katzman
Sherry Needham
Melissa Stout
Ricka
D. A. Latimer
David Walley
Irving Shushnick
Claudia Dreifus
Alex Gross
Lita Eliscu
Don Katzman
Lil Picard
Elfrida Rivers
Walter Breen
Manuel Rodriguez

Kim Deitch
Heity Madise
R. Crumb
John The Swede
Gilbert Barnett Weingourt
Stephen Kohn
Arthur
DON LEWIS
JOEL FABRIKANT
LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
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NORTH: THE KID
BEGODD

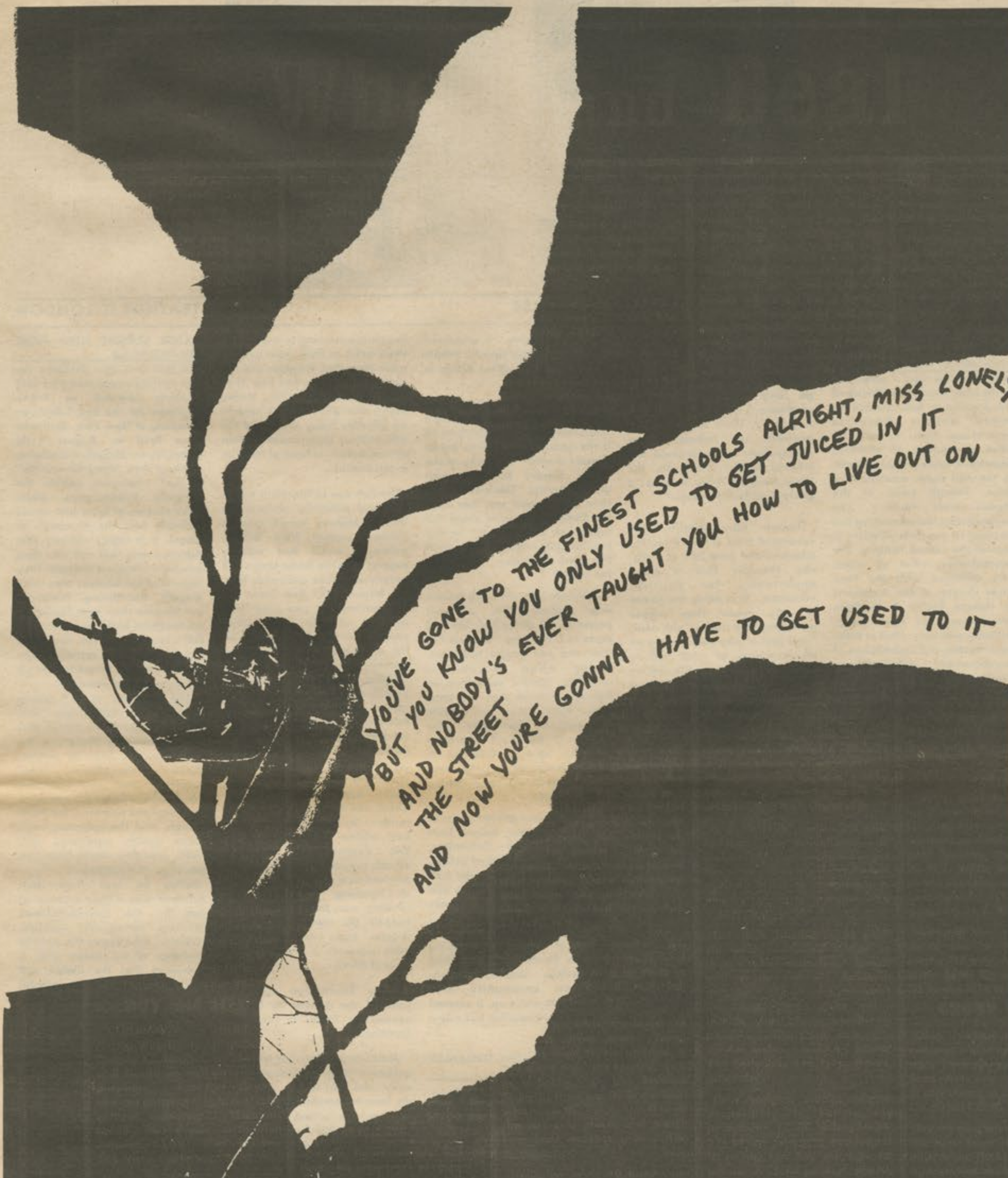
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YOU'VE GONE TO THE FINEST SCHOOLS ALRIGHT, MISS LONELY
BUT YOU KNOW YOU ONLY USED TO GET JUICED IN IT
AND NOBODY'S EVER TAUGHT YOU HOW TO LIVE OUT ON
THE STREET
AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET USED TO IT

Uncle Sam has hemorrhoids, now is the best time to kick him in the Ass. This article and articles to come, are devoted mainly to the soldiers of the armed forces. Not the lifers but the 3 Year RA that realizes his mistake and the 2 Year Draftee that knew what he was getting himself into.

I have just been released from active duty with the Army. While on duty stateside I was the editor of a Radical Underground Newspaper. I was also working with G.I.s United Against the War up to my ETS. I realize many G.I.s fear reprisals for taking part in Underground meetings or working with Underground Newspapers, but there are a few legal ways to Harass the Harassers.

Perusals of ARs since my enlistment have enlightened my knowledge to legal and illegal policies in Sams Army, for instance:

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Your Company Commander has issued a policy that you know is unfair according to SOPs. He has also been harsh or abusive in punishments or details. Fight back by:

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

DROPPING YOUR US SAVINGS BOND ALLOTMENT: Most Company Commanders strive to get 100 percent participation in Bonds. If a good portion of the men drop them it would perturb him slightly, HUH.

THE 20 MINUTE SHIT: You can initiate a good work slowdown with this one. Imagine your section stopping for a shit 4,5,6 times a day.

BE A SICK CALL ADDICT: Can you just imagine the chaos it would create if 50 per cent of your Company went on sick call. UGH

SUBMIT A REGULATION FOR DISTRIBUTION: You are allowed to distribute material on your post and only the

Past MPI has the right to choose what is legal or illegal, not your Company Commander. You can get a morning off to go down and find out. FTA

SUBMIT A 2496: Put in for a transfer to Bumfuque Egypt if you want, but make sure you qualify.

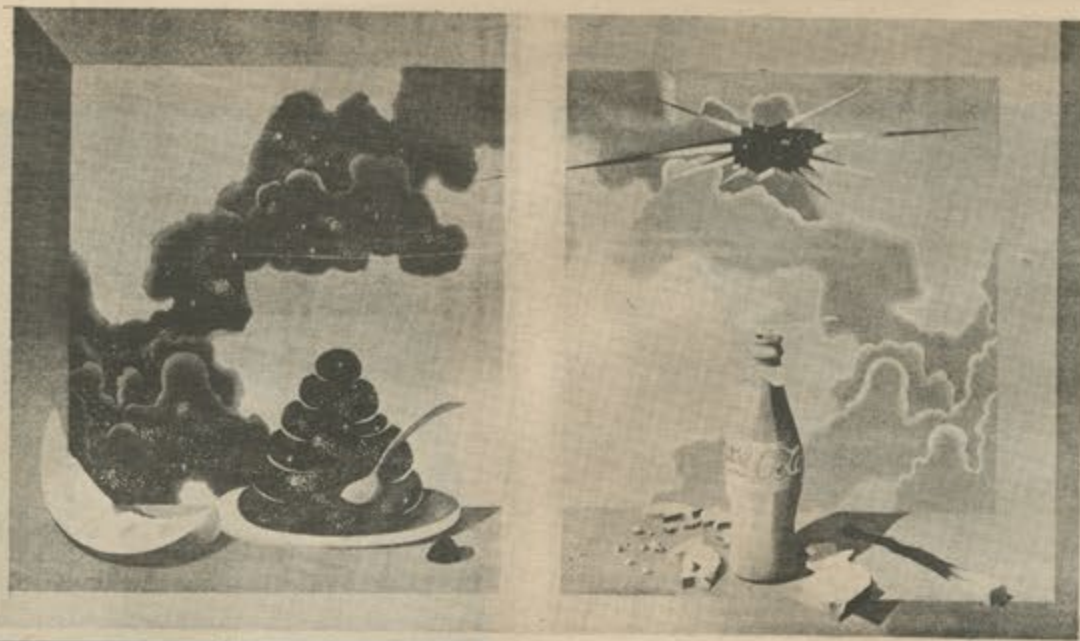
GO TO OCS: Go to OCS? Don't laugh! If you are the leader of an Underground Movement on your post and have beaucoup time left in the Army go to OCS. You can do more harm by being an Officer. Imagine yourself as the leader of a group of War Resisters. When the Army finds out that your an Officer they shit. If you suspect that you are coming down on a Levy for Vietnam, submit a request to OCS. You can drop out of the class anytime up to your commission. It may keep you stateside till you can think up another gimmick. Think about it...

HIT UNCLE SAM IN THE BALLS!

0530 hours, Uncle Sam officially wakes up. He is amazed at what he sees before his Red, White and Blue Eyes, for there in his Motor Pool someone has painted Peace Signs on

THE ILLUSTRATION WAS A FREE LEAFLET FROM WOODSTOCK

(Continued on Page 23)



THE BANK DOORS MAY BE THE DOORS OF PARADISE

by Claudia Dreifus
BERNADETTE AND HER
LANDSMEN AT THE U.N.

Last Thursday was a great day for the Irish. Nearly four thousand Irish-Americans had massed at United Nations Plaza to demonstrate their distaste for British domination of Northern Ireland and to show their support for the civil rights movement of Ulster. Though some of the slogans were familiar, the demonstrators looked nothing like the usual lot one finds picketing in front of the United Nations. The demonstrators, most of whom were affiliated with the New Jersey chapter of the Americans for Human Rights in Northern Ireland, were an aged group, decidedly over forty. Clad in kelly-green outfits, the assemblage of longshoremen, police-officers, attorneys, housewives and bartenders took a day off from work to demonstrate for civil rights in the North of Ireland. They carried placards that read: "Equal Rights, NOW!", "One Man-One Vote," and "It's not a religious war-It's an Anglo-Irish war." One elderly man, who sported a kelly-green beret and an Esso Service Station shirt, carried a sign that read "England has no more right to Northern Ireland than Russia has to Prague!" As the group marched the kilt beaded St. Columcille's Five and Drum Band provided background music by playing such traditional Irish folk ballads as "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "As Those Cassons Go Rolling Along."

The crowd had come to the United Nations Plaza for more than just a demonstration. They had come to hear Bernadette Devlin, the petite twenty-two year old Derry street-fighter and Member of Parliament.

The day before, the determined Miss Devlin had taken it upon herself to telephone United Nations Secretary-General U Thant to ask for an appointment. "I told him I had an urgent problem to discuss with him" she reported later, "and he agreed to meet me on Tuesday morning." U Thant, of course, proved highly sympathetic to the plight of the persecuted Irish Catholic minority of Ulster. However, he explained to Bernadette that unless Britain should ask for United Nations assistance, there was really little he could do to protect the lives of the Catholics of the North.

Bernadette Devlin arrived at the demonstration with nothing but U Thant's sympathy to report. Politics and diplomacy being what they are, she had not really expected much more from the Secretary-General.

Greeting her four thousand cheering supporters, Miss Devlin told the group that Northern Ireland's Catholics would never go back to the intolerable conditions prior to their revolt of August 12, 1969. Addressing an audience that included many metropolitan area policemen, she referred to the B-Specials, the Ulster Auxiliary Police force, as "a group of uniformed thugs."

Though Miss Devlin was exhausted from a heavy touring schedule and from lack of sleep, she thought this a good opportunity for political education. "It is never the justice of any cause that makes politicians take action," she cried, "and that is why I am calling on all Americans of good will to boycott British goods. We call for this action so as to put pressure on Britain, where she will feel pressure most. It seems you can only win justice and decency from politicians when you hit them where it hurts them most: in their pocketbooks. And that's what we have to do with Harold Wilson. We have to make the oppression of Catholics in the North, hurt the Prime Minister's purse. When oppression becomes too costly, his policies will surely change. But isn't it a crime that in a democratic country, in the twentieth century, that pressure has to be put on the government to do what is humanely just, what is decently just, and what is necessary for the preservation of life?"

Bernadette's appeal ended with a rousing chorus of "As Those Cassons Go Rolling Along," performed by the St. Columcille's Fifers.

Armed with the fire of her speech, 4,000 Irish-Americans began a militant march around U.N. Plaza. The spirit of the demonstration was strangely paradoxical, as the Easter Rising, the American Civil Rights movement and the American Legion were all invoked by marchers as the inspiration for their action.

Leading the march was Martin J. Loftus, the President of the New Jersey chapter of Americans for Human Rights in Northern Ireland. Though Loftus was an attorney, he was not a "law and order" man, when it came to revolts in Ulster. He saw nothing wrong with Bernadette Devlin erecting barricades around the Bogside district of Derry and fighting off police with rocks and Molotov cocktails. "So far as I know," the grey haired attorney said, "her actions in reference to the barricades were defensive

and not offensive." I wondered how long it would take for people to say the same about Blacks in Newark.

An off-duty police officer John Silvers, marched, while carrying a Celtic cross which had inscribed on it the names of the 1916 Easter Sunday Martyrs. He spoke of the Easter Sunday Rebellion with great intensity: "This was the first time that Ireland was free from the English and we're doing this again now in the North," he said emphatically. "Now, we want the North FREE also. Away from the English."

Seventeen year old Mary Lennon was probably the youngest person on the picket line. She had come to U.N. Plaza "because I'm Irish and my people need me. Today when everybody's revolting, there's something in Northern Ireland that we must do." Mary saw a definite connection between the movement for Black liberation and the fight of Catholics in Ulster. "People all over the world are fighting for the same thing," she explained.

The March was an odd potpourri of former IRA men, lodgers from the Knights of Columbus, teenagers from parochial school, radicals enchanted with the Irish cause and housewives who had never marched before. It was hardly a revolution, but as I listened to the ultimately bizarre sound of bagpipes playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy," I had the feeling that the Irish-American community was beginning to wake up. It seemed hopeful, very beautiful, but only a beginning.

AMERICAN BLACKS ORGANIZE FOR BIAFRA

While most of the Black activist community has supported the Nigerian federal government in the civil war between Biafra and Nigeria, a small group of militants led by Carlisle Calnek, Shirley Washington, and Mary Harden Umolu, have organized the Joint Afro-American Committee on Biafra. JAACOB is the first Black organization in America to specifically support the breakaway West African state. The organization hopes that it can develop massive support for rebel Biafra in the American Black community through political and educational programs.

"The Irish help Ireland," said Mary Harden Umolu, an American who married a Biafran, "and the Jews work hard to support Israel. So why shouldn't Black people get together and support their own kind in Biafra?"

People are starving to death over there because they want nothing more than their freedom and the right to know they can live. They need our support." Mrs. Umolu hopes that JAACOB will become an effective lobby to change the official State Department position of "neutrality" in favor of Nigeria, in this conflict.

The civil war in Nigeria is one of the most politically confusing in history. Nigeria enjoys massive military support from Britain, extensive moral and military support from the Soviet Union and unfettered public assistance from the International Red Cross, the U.S. government (we send them doctors, nurses and relief supplies) and Unicef. Biafra, on the other hand, is blockaded by Nigeria and receives few relief supplies. Though its citizens are perishing from starvation at the rate of one million per year, the International Red Cross refuses to send emergency relief planes to Biafra. The reason given for this inaction is "danger to pilots." France has sent Biafra a few small arms. And from Communist China, the breakaway state has received a handshake and the best wishes of Chairman Mao. Yet, despite little noticeable outside support, the Biafrans have survived as a nation for two years of bombing, starvation and constant war. Most Black leaders support the idea of a united Nigeria and consider Biafra's mere existence a threat to the unity of Africa.

Shirley Washington explained some of the reasons for lack of support for Biafra in the Black Community:

"Many people feel that the most important thing for Black people is unity, and that is very true! But we have to consider what kind of unity we are talking about. It is impossible for Black people to live in a harmonious situation with a man like Wallace since he is trying to kill us. And the fact that there are two Black groups fighting in Nigeria doesn't make the situation any less deadly for the Biafrans. They feel that the Nigerians want to kill them and the fact that 30,000 Ibo tribesmen were slaughtered three years ago and that millions have died since, confirms this fear. So long as the Biafrans don't feel safe in Nigeria, theories about unity have nothing to do with the situation."

JAACOB, which is planning to open up a storefront in Harlem, is currently headquartered at its chairman's home, Carlisle Calnek, 3 Serpentine Drive, New Rochelle, New York.

ILLUSTRATION IT LONDON

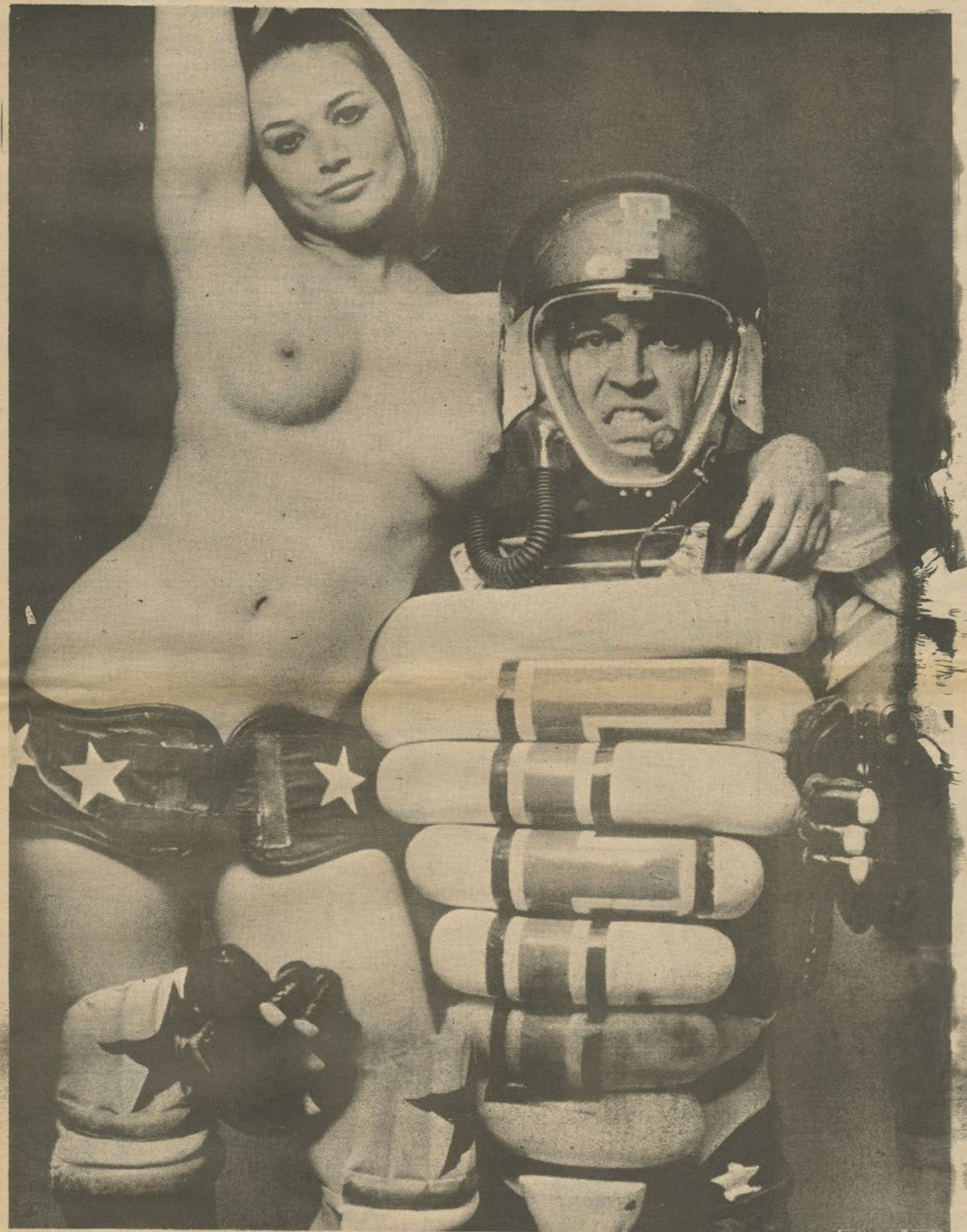
BLACK LEADERS FIRED FROM BELL TELEPHONE

Ed Hall and Lion Atkinson are two militant young men who until recently worked as Trunk Assingors for the Bell Telephone Company of New York. Both men were fired on August 11th, ostensibly for illegally distributing copies of their "Black Newsletter" to Bell employees outside the company headquarters. While basic tenets of labor law would probably hold the dismissals as illegal, it is highly unlikely that Atkinson and Hall will win their jobs back without a struggle. They were fired not because they were illegally distributing literature, but because they were leaders of an unofficial black caucus among Bell's employees. (The newsletter distribution, was actually quite legal, as it was not performed on company time or property.)

"The situation at the phone company is incredibly racist," said Ed Hall. "Most of the menial jobs are performed by Blacks and the good jobs are held by whites. Most intermediate level supervisors and most executive personnel are white. 95 percent of the telephone operators are Black though, and the operators work under terrible conditions: split shifts, low pay, night hours, no smoking, no talking etc."

Before he was fired, Lion Atkinson was a shop steward at Bell for the Communications Workers Union of America. Atkinson, who knows the internal workings of the union well, is convinced that the CWUA will probably not take meaningful action on his behalf. "Our feeling," Atkinson said, "is that if two white guys had gotten fired, the union would have immediately called a job action or a slow down or something. But all they tell us that they're doing for us is 'going through the proper channels'--whatever that means." Atkinson is convinced that the Communications Workers Union is unlikely to support him because most of the organization's leadership is lily-white and because the leaders view Black caucuses as a threat.

Lion Atkinson and Ed Hall intend to fight their dismissals from Bell Telephone--even if they get no help from the union. To help them in their fight for reinstatement, they've retained the American Civil Liberties Union as their attorneys. "We've got to win our jobs back," said Ed Hall, "because workers back at Bell are looking to see what will happen to us. If the company can throw us out successfully, that means no one at the phone company is ever going to really get organized. We're going to fight damn hard to win."



MR. FREEDOM HAS THE BIG ONE!

The Ann Arbor Argus has been busted for -rare underground crime- 'criminal obscenity. Please send all help & contributions to : The Argus 725 N. University # 7 Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104



SEEKS ALTERNATIVE
Dear EVO:

To read Latimer's reportage of the Alternate Seed Project really makes a guy feel good because it shows where some people's heads are at. With an evangelistic zeal Latimer sez how great an alternate life style is if we just have to have it. And one of us do, you know, that is. We need it not by choice but by default. We didn't reject society; it's the blob culture that has rejected us. So, we search for an alternative to it because there's no other place to go.

In conservative Iowa, people say Nixon. "Now, there's one of our kind." And if that kind of atmosphere doesn't call for an alternative, I don't know what does.

A national magazine had a considerable spread, in a recent issue, about various commune groups somewhere in the woods. No shit, gang, it read four, five pages in full color. Well, I got the message, a non-verbal one, and swallowed the image whole. (Words don't unify, they segregate, and to analyze an image is to destroy it.) So I felt the spirit and got high on it. Oh, such a closeness to God! like this was the real nitty gritty heavy shit.

So, all you young dropouts where ever you are, in the city or the woods, I'm with you all the way, in your battle for life, liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. But what can we straight looking types do to help? You probably think that any conventional looking person who professes sympathy for the alternative life style (sympathy, hell, I want to fight for it) is either a spy or an informer of some kind. Well meaning whites have asked blacks how they can help the Revolution and in that spirit I ask how a straight looking guy can help the Alternative Culture because it's getting late in the day and I have to choose up sides because time doesn't exist any more.

I love you all,

James Zeman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Editor: For the time being, just keep out of jail, okay?

FINDS ALTERNATIVE

Dear EVO:

AMERICA NEEDS GUNS!

No shit, it's true. People have

enough things to be worried about being busted by the cops for, and guns shouldn't have to be another. Grass, "porn", dope, is plenty enough. So when the revolution begins, let the people enjoy the irony of using a legal means to overthrow the pigs in power. It's no longer a peace struggle.

Sincerely,
Eric Harshorn, L.L.B.

Editor: Yeah... God forbid we should ever throw an illegal revolution.

WHERE THE SONS OF ABRAHAM?

Dear EVO:

There is one thing I have never understood. Ever since a Department of Justice aide admitted the USA had set up concentration camps for dissident Americans, not one Jewish lawyer on the staff of the

Department of Justice has entered any protest? We all know Hitler had Jewish staff members. Not one of them offered any protest at the cremation of Jews. Not one Jewish lawyer at the Department of Justice has offered any protest at the establishment of concentration camps in the U.S.A.

EX-WWII-GI

Editor: Few enough people HAVE protested them concentration camps. Seems they all think somebody ELSE is going in there.

STACKED DECK

Dear EVO:

Just a few lines to say high!

Since I have been down here, I've run into a few people that I had known in the streets and we were rapping about old times! It seems like quite a lot has changed, and the way it sounds, for the better. Almost all of the

people I've known split here or there. So these cats told me to drop you a line and maybe you would find room in your thing to help me find some groovy correspondants, since I haven't had anyone to write. Like in back, on a reverse form from an upstate prison, which I've done 3 1/2 years of a 40 year bid for felonious assault with intent to off a fat pig, you dig. And I'm waiting to go back on trial Nov. 6, 1969. The only mistake was that the fat bastard didn't die. I must admit, the court's justice was extremely impartial. Anyway, see what you can do for me about some hip correspondants, and meanwhile, keep cool, cause this 40 year case is a hell of an ace, but it just so happens I've got the spade.

Ellis Tunji Lanner
125 White Street

New York, N.Y. 8th floor, L-D-6.

Editor: Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks!

Brothers and Sisters;

This will be short but heavy. The Berkeley Barb has been sold. We, the Red Mountain Tribe, formerly the entire staff of the Barb are in no way connected with the "New Barb".

The Tribe originally tried to buy the Barb from editor Max Scherr. We wanted to turn it into a workers' co-op, with profits going back into the community. Negotiations for the sale broke down and we were locked out of our office. We went on strike.

/Alan Coult, a "psychedelic anthropologist" and editor of the "Berkeley Fascist", a local "satirical" newspaper, brought his staff across our picket line, worked on the paper, and with seemingly limitless funds, bought the Barb from Max for an estimated \$200,000. With the help of "Kelly Girls" and a rented Burns Guard (the same cats who are right now guarding the fence around what is left of People's Park) Coult and his staff put out their version of the Barb. We put out the Berkeley Tribe.

/Max, after seeing the first edition of the Berkeley Fascist Barb, went into court to get the paper back and, according to his lawyer, GIVE it back to the Tribe. The judge ruled in favor of the "Fascist". So now Berkeley has two papers, ours and Coult's. If Coult has made a mailing in the past three weeks, please compare them. If not... well, we have a circulation of 45,000 in our fourth week of publication. We sold 24,000 Tribes on the streets of Berkeley last week, double what the old Barb ever did in one of the most politically and culturally aware communities in the country.

That's where the Barb-Max-Coult thing stands for now. We really are quite proud of our paper, but we're still not satisfied. We want our subscribers back. We'll publish our paper once a week, as we did with the Barb. Subscriptions are \$6.00 inside the U.S. and \$9.00 outside.

Power to the People
D.K.

Red Mountain Tribe
(former circulation manager- Berkeley Barb)

Dear EVO:

Well, the big "Woodstock" music festival has come and gone and I see the mass media boys were up to their old tricks again. The same old shit. Slanting the news, the media are acknowledged masters, so we shouldn't have been surprised at their reportage. However, the hatchet job they did on the huge festival deserves special mention because it was so good.

Not that the whole thing should have been whitewashed, of course not, because there were people hospitalized from bad acid and assorted shit. Food, water, and sanitary facilities were in short supply, and to top it off local shylocks gouged the people blind.

But that wasn't the whole truth, just a part of it. A small part. The biggest part of the truth, if it fitted together with these facts, would form a quite different picture from what the media would have you believe. The biggest part the media omitted

was the real sense of community that existed there at the Festival. Think of it! People who, although sometimes in difficult circumstances, were nevertheless together enough to give and share and help one another. Now, that reality, my friend, was the missing link, the missing piece of truth about the Festival. Which the media, with their "objective" reporting, left out.

Why didn't they tell you? Well first of all a communal reality among the youth is a subversive thing, it eats away at the root of this ego-oriented Western society. If you side with the World's Problems as opposed to Fortress America, they'd have no control over you because you can't have it

James Zeman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Editor: Yeah, and when we take over the FCC we'll make them all into Punch & Judy puppeteers. (What is this shit, Zeman, you setting up to charge us two cents a word for copy?)

Dear EVO:

I should like to comment on a few items in your last issue and on the tenor of EVO generally. Perhaps I first should identify myself. I am a graduate student in business, an ex-naval officer, Vietnam veteran, future Wall Street Broker, weekend commuter to the Village, part-time head, in short a typical EVO reader.

Most of your writers as a matter of course exclude anyone who works from nine to five as being some sort of bloodless automaton bent on rapial and slaughter. This sort of copy, of course, makes for lively reading, even if it blithely ignores reality. A small instance, in your last issue, you cheerfully accused American and European fisheries of genocide; they are depriving starving Peruvians of their own anchovy harvest and shipping it off as fishmeal to feed American hogs.

Nice gut story. But the facts are these. First - even if those fish were retained in Peru, they would not reach the masses of the people who need them because of the lack of distribution and

There's no doubt that Peruvians need more protein and that fish could be a source for it. But the facts of the situation are not nearly so simple that and I have grossly simplified them myself. There is no such thing as a clearcut villain in the in-stance, or in any other instance.

Which is a sort of introduction to the point I wish to make. We are agreed that American society is frequently oppressive. There our agreement ends. To humanize our government and economic institutions will best be accomplished not by embarking on a program of mindless, indiscriminate, thrill-seeking destruction, but by a deliberate, disciplined, sustained attack from within. If you want to change this country, you must first learn what makes the computer hum and the dials turn and then alter the programs of the computer and of those dials. Closing down a few colleges administration buildings is perhaps more fun than a party raid, but scarcely more effective in causing change. It is also easier than learning about bio-chemistry, systems engineering, cybernetics or the techniques of operations research. Like it or not, the only people capable of rebuilding the ghettos, cleaning up the Hudson and the air are the chemists, engineers, and managers, increasing numbers of which but still too few of which are sensitive human beings.

What you have heretofore ignored is the fact that technology is here to stay. It lands people on the moon. It and it alone can feed Peruvian peasants. Unfortunately, for the romantics, however, technology requires large organizations of skilled, disciplined practitioners. But the marvelous thing about large organizations is that one aware, adept, determined individual can profoundly affect their actions, since most members of the organization are not interested in what the organization does - only that it continues to give them a structure in which to function. They are about as happy dispensing fishmeal as napalm. So one dedicated individual functioning in the organization has his thinking and labors multiplied a thousandfold because of the structure at his disposal.

The obstinate refusal of "hip" people to recognize and take advantage of the capacity of government and business organizations is distressing and confusing. Working within the system, of course, hasn't the visceral thrill of making a frontal, overt assault against all institutions. But any other method of attack will succeed in producing only a few bashed skulls and TV spots on the evening news, which is fine if that's all you want or all you need to sustain your particular hang-up.

What it all comes down to is that we can't go back to living in caves, even if there were enough caves to go around. And most of us, long hair or not, admit it or not, prefer central heating and air-conditioning. Maybe if enough of us were willing to put in enough time and sweat we could reduce the population enough so that there would be enough caves to go around, and centrally heated, air conditioned ones at that, a fact which the people at Movers 'N' Things have perhaps begun to realize.

Carl Wright
309 W. 84th St.
New York City

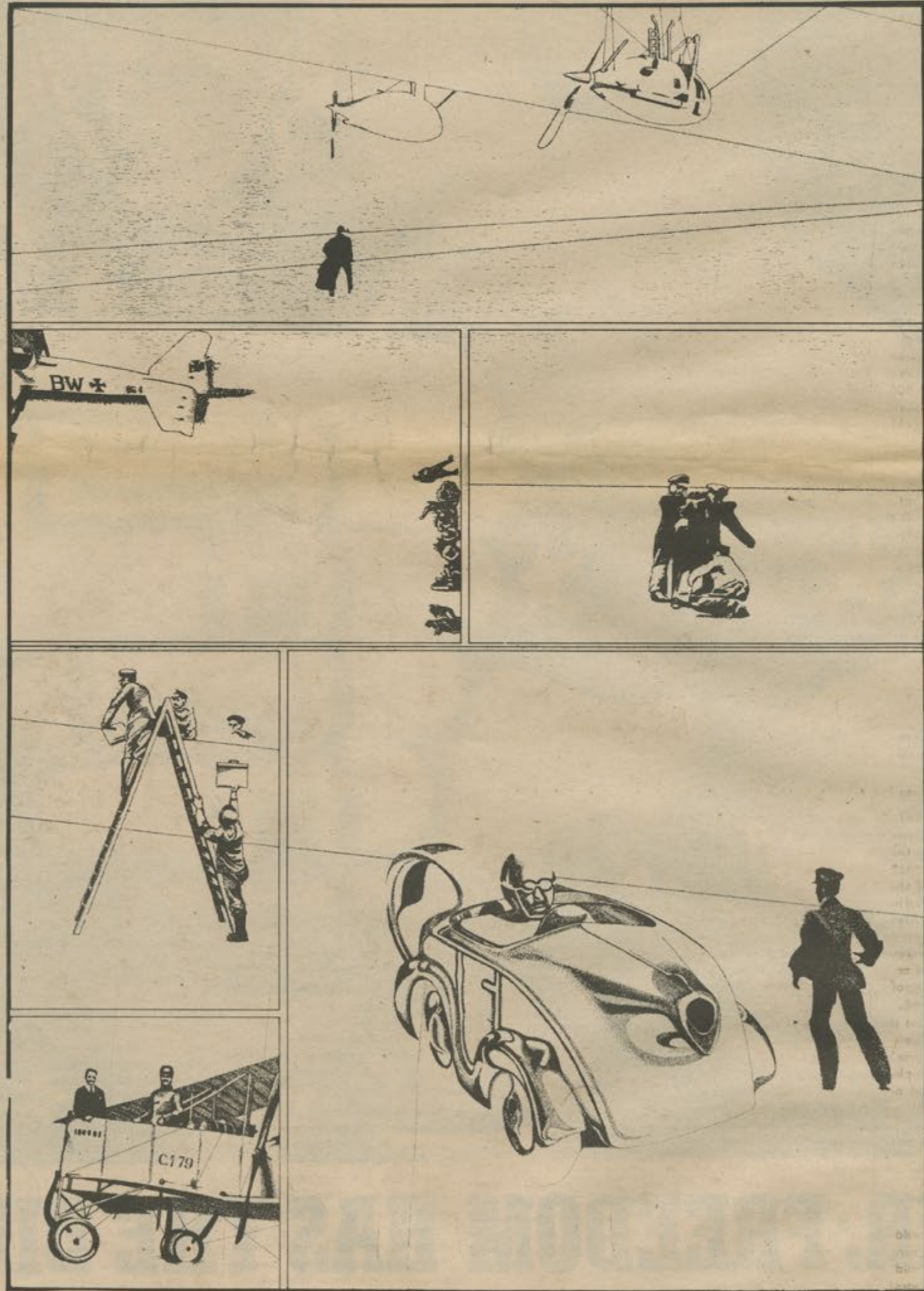


ILLUSTRATION OZ LONDON



both ways- you can't be a flagwaving nationalist and at the same time identify with humanity. MDM&T GO.

O87 26 J63 Many into one won't go. Obviously the bloated, straight, over-thirty types can't see this because their minds, lost in a daze, are so fucked up with their own egos that there is no room in them for anything else.

Now, this doesn't mean their minds can't escape the daze. They can, quite easily, they just need the young people to show them the way out, that's all. That is, the way out of themselves and into the community--the community of Man in New Jerusalem.

Peace,

As you might suspect, I found Katzman's admission to the System which, if it included Mayor Daley, J. Edgar Hoover and Spiro, also includes Eugene McCarthy, Julian Bond, and Edmund Muskie, is capable of dispensing justice, even if in a frequently tortuous manner.

This is one of the first such admissions I have encountered by anyone in the Movement, and from one of Katzman's stature is heartening. A good many of us with the brief cases have long agreed with you that a lot of things in this country need changing, but we are also aware that those changes will not be wrought by romantic nihilism.

marketing facilities. Furthermore, incredible as it may seem, an American drug firm has for several years been trying to process and market to the poor a fishmeal in Peru at considerable expense and unsuccessfully. People simply will not eat fishmeal even if it is given to them. There is in fact, evidence that one reason they will not eat it is because it is inexpensive. In addition, the statistics used come from the Peruvian government, which claims fishing rights hundreds of miles from its coastline, and uses every means at its disposal to rouse sympathy for its claims. Imperialism isn't the exclusive province of Americans and Europeans.

Photo Walter Bredel

DR. HIP-POCRATES



QUESTION: I have a problem which is embarrassing and troublesome to me. A few weeks ago, I bled for the first time (incidentally, I'm a girl) and bled an awful lot.

I would like to know: Is bleeding just because it was the first time? Or is there something wrong with me?

If not, could you tell me how to stop the bleeding? I'm sort of doubtful about doing it again until I have an answer.

ANSWER: There's no doubt at all you should learn more about your own body, and soon. Bleeding is normal in a female the first few times she has sexual intercourse. The cause is tearing or stretching of the hymen, a tissue membrane nearly covering the entrance to the vagina (small perforations in the hymen permit the passage of the menstrual flow).

Many girls are free of bleeding and pain even the first time they have sexual intercourse. Their hymens may have been stretched or torn by exercise or childhood accidents. Some women, though, have hymenal tissue so tough that minor surgery is required before normal relations can begin.

You should soon have a thorough pelvic examination and discussion with a physician about ways to prevent pregnancy. If you can't afford a private physician contact the nearest Planned Parenthood office. (see attached list of neighborhood offices)

QUESTION: Are there any medical reasons against having sexual intercourse during menstruation?
ANSWER: There are no known medical reasons against having sexual intercourse

during menstruation. In fact, some women feel more erotic at this time.

A woman with a 28 day cycle will normally ovulate on the fourteenth day, counting the first day of menstruation as day one. The optimum time for achieving pregnancy, given this cycle, is day fourteen, but wide variations are found from one female to another.

The safest times during a woman's menstrual cycle are five days before, during, and three days following menstruation. But pregnancy has been known to occur even when intercourse took place only during menstruation.

The rhythm method is notoriously poor in achieving birth control, it has been called "Vatical roulette."

QUESTION: I have a story I would like to relate to you. Here it is: Herb visited Linda in December and again in July. He did not see her in the six months in between and therefore did not ball her during that time.

Linda stopped taking her birth control pills early in April and became pregnant later that month. She claims that Herb is the father. That she carried around the sperm (or fertilized egg) from December until April and when she stopped taking birth control pills became pregnant. She is now four months pregnant.

A psychiatrist told Herb that this is possible. The Free Clinic said it was impossible. I personally don't believe it.

Have you ever heard of this? Do you think it could happen?

ANSWER: Linda will have to accept some other explanation. Pregnancy could occur, for example, without intercourse if the sperm were deposited at or near the vaginal entrance. Perhaps Herb misinterpreted the psychiatrist's words. He might have said something like "Well, anything is possible, but..."

Spermatozoa can remain alive in the vagina no more than 2 or 3 days whether or not a woman is taking birth control pills. Deep freezing can maintain sperm cells in a state of suspended animation for long periods of time. But your friend would have had to be quite literally frigid for this phenomenon to occur.

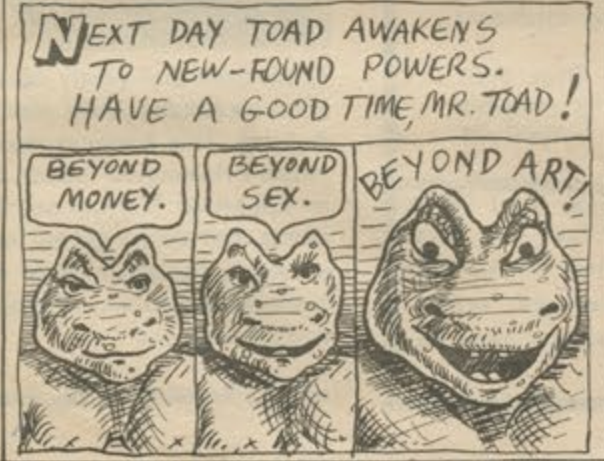
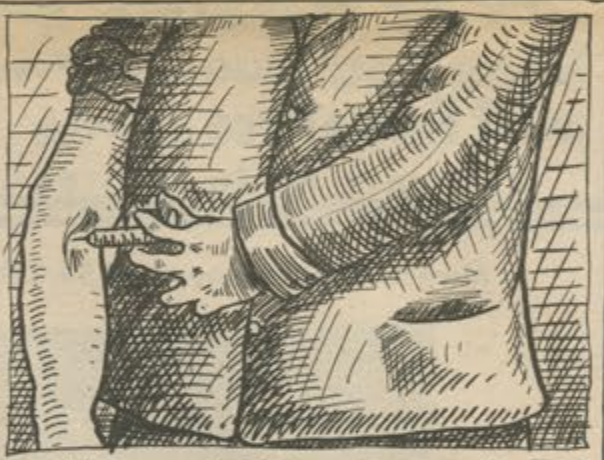
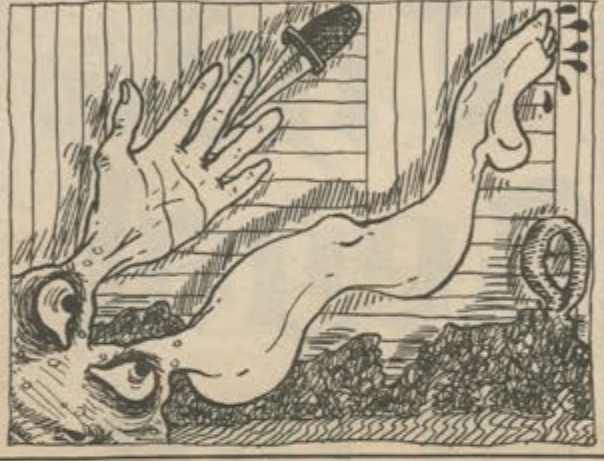
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How Arlo Used Alice's Restaurant As An Appetizer



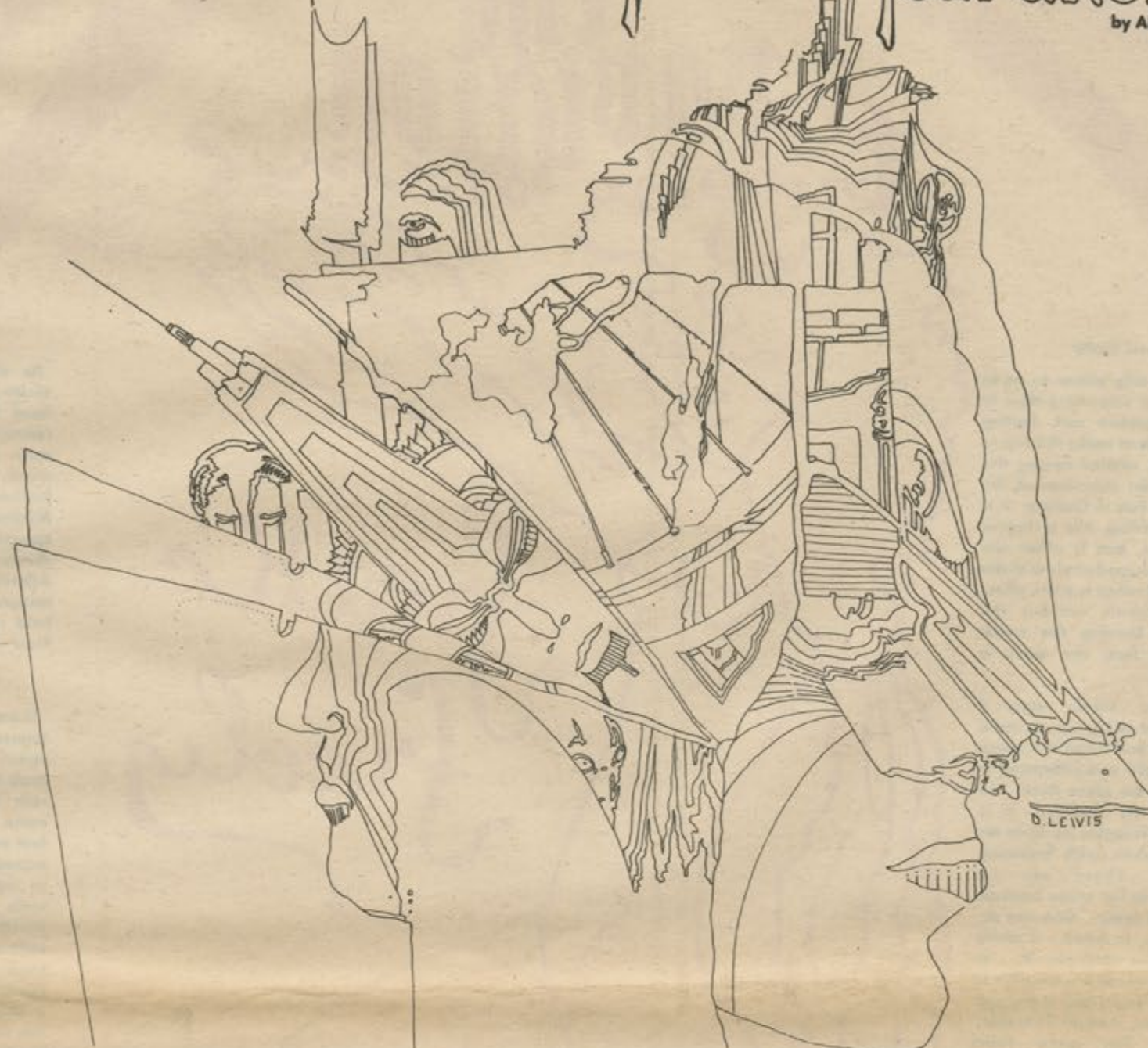
"Alice's Restaurant" did it for Arlo Guthrie. Turned him into America's newest toast-master, for one thing. Turned him into a movie star, too. That album—still pretty big on Reprise—you can still get on LP and tapes. But what's new is —



A hilarious and gently subversive new album by Arlo. Also on Reprise. This banquet makes "Alice's Restaurant" sound like an appetizer. It's just out this month, and should get the Feds on Arlo's tail again. Both are available at open-minded record and tape places

On Reprise Where They Belong

Poor Paranoids
 by Allan Katzman



In New York, it is dangerous to walk the streets at night; in Los Angeles, it is subversive.

In New York, the police are corruptible and therefore more human. In Los Angeles, the corruption has been computerized out of them:

They have been programmed to give and never to receive, and they give plenty; tickets, warnings, threats and a club across the head and finally jail, just in case you didn't get the message in the first four instances.

But although the police may be different, people are genuinely the same.

There is only one thing which both L.A. and N.Y. have in common, and that is as cities they are addictive: People are the connection, and money is the drug which makes their lives move towards an 'algebra of need.'

Some sell it at home. Some sell it out in the streets. Some, in the dark corners of their mind. And some, in the invisible space that exists between him and they. But in every case, they all sell it. What distinguishes one from another is usually only the dignity, the integrity, the belief, the love, and the talent in selling it. What I am saying is that L.A. is as plugged-in as much as any other existence. It is the same maze; the same "rat race", as others see it; the same puzzle, as even others see it more. There is only one thing peculiar to it, and that is, it all seemed to have flourished from out of the mind of Walt Disney (even though he is no more); a sort of cartoon cadaver.

With this in mind, I decided to suspend L.A.'s programming about itself, and to visit some people who were trying to make it happen just a little bit better.

Columbia pictures looks like a factory but not all of the people inside are just its workers. A few (very few) are its creators, and fewer yet just those struggling to create. Of the few that I met there, Dennis Hopper was one of the few who were really struggling.

With his black knotty hair falling down his face in not quite Jesus style, his slight grizzly beard, and his religious beads and attire, he looked not quite the director but certainly like the movie star of "Easy Rider."

He had just finished directing a screen test for two of his friends; Lannie, a slight hard beauty chick, ex-New Yorker,

and ex-buddy; and 'Rambling' Jack Elliot, ex-Brooklynite now cowboy folksinger in the last fifteen years or so, with Leo rising all the way from New York to Los Angeles.

The screen test was being shot on a borrowed lot of the 'Flying Nun' TV series. The setting was out of some intellectuals' courtroom with a long bench table and an academic painting of Jesus and his followers hung on the wall behind the bench's center. In the middle of it was 'Ramblin' Jack, dressed in a courderoy cowboy outfit complete with hat and guitar; and Lannie, beautiful, black taureadoured, and all. At the outer edge of it, as I walked in, was Dennis Hopper, dressed in white and pure looking.

He greeted me and immediately showed me his wounds. It was a sign of "Peace", a greeting that I felt inclined to reciprocate to. I stood there with my borken legs touching the floor, my crutches consuming my whole weight as I leaned heavy into it, and smiled.

There was something in that meeting, at that moment, that made me feel healthy. Dennis suggested that we retire to a restaurant and talk.

We all filed into one of those typical L.A. restaurants; palm trees plunging out of the concrete, hawaiian music plugging up our ears, and people in our soup.

Dennis began to tell me of his recent excursion to Scandinavia, where along with Max Lerner and other witnesses, he heard Desmond Morris, of "Naked Ape" fame, Herman Kahn, the fat intellectual of the Hudson Institute and the Domino theory along with other foremost and eminent men of the New World builders discuss their new coming Paradise.

Hopper glowed as he talked about the experience, of being in the presence of men who fought with their minds, and at the same time, his eyes quavering to find the trust that had been broken by years of too many wounded dreams.

I felt myself in the middle of a circle where dreams are born with a man who was trying to develop a critical faculty to his conscience, and who feared that one day when it was too late and everything was really black or white, he would open up the closet and the whole middle would suddenly fall on top of him.

He seemed, as he talked to me, as if he was always on the edge of a full moon. I smiled again and told him I was sorry I had not seen his "Easy Rider."

He recorded the remark with a confession: "Everytime I pass the theater in Los Angeles where 'Easy Rider' is playing, I'm happy that no one has ever recognized me."

I understood his possession with changing his appearance immediately when people started to peep his soul. He wasn't sure that the way other people saw him was really worthwhile. He had that built-in survival factor which was peculiarly reserved for saints.

He seemed to sense the trap of acting holy and the actor in him which continually strived towards perfection. But with all his tired look of searching, he had the vitality of the search foremost in his mind. It was what saved him from being unhappy.

While I eschewed Hopper's countenance, Lannie saddled over to me away from 'Ramblin' Jack who had hit upon her with the full strength of his fame. He took the rejection with happy-go-luckiness, sitting there like a rare Leo without complaints.

I immediately engaged with Lannie in conversation, taken with her sex but informing her, in one way or another, of my incapability of delivering the goods because I was still not over with my bout with the clap from my last similar encounter. She understood, and saddled back to 'Ramblin' Jack.

Dennis and I got back together but it was cut short because he had to get back to the set and shoot another screen test with his friends.

We parted in the parking lot outside the restaurant. He grasped my hand, his wounds rosier than before, and thanked me. I was thankful and asked him to look me up in New York the next time he was there. He said he definitely would.

I watched as 'Easy Rider' and his two companions drifted off slowly back to their setting.

Hopper was getting ready to sell something and I watched as he walked back to the Columbia pictures factory, the back of his head, like his home, shining in the sun.

Next Week: My meeting with Tommy Smothers. To be continued.

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the pavillion tripping or?

David Wally

One of the only places to go in this city to get something close to the San Francisco rock feeling about music is to make the trip to the Pavillion, nestled among the white elephant structures of the 1964 World's Fair in Queens. It is a unique building, like a theater in the round, but it offers the viewer an unimpeded view of the stage -- and what is more offers him refreshments without the problem of leaving the music behind. In fact, the music is omnipresent.

About four weeks ago, I journeyed out to Queens to see a group called Sea Train, the group was not what I was interested in as much as the place itself. To understand the Pavillion, it is necessary to imagine an open air palace complete with imposing columns. There are no obstructions to the stage because there are no seats. One can sit, stand, dance, or freak - it really doesn't matter what you do.... In fact, if the minimal entrance fee is too much for you, (Hell, if you can afford Fillmore seats at \$5 a shot, then you can more than adequately afford the Pavillion), you can sit outside and listen under the stars. It is probably the best bargain in New York City because it is so free. Moreover, the musicians who play there also get a lift. They are not crowded by the small stage, they are not freaked out by a battery of searchlights blinding them while they play and the more freedom the musicians have, the better the performance. The fabled Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead was enraptured with the Pavillion, I can only second his accolades.

Imagine trying to move freely around at the Fillmore and seeing the reaction!

The promoter has the right idea, make music open and free and people will flock to see the entertainment. Speaking of show, this week, the MCS and the Stooges (of Motor City fame) will have a kick out the jams concert there-- it should be one hell of an evening, Iggy Stooge notwithstanding.

If you like to have the freedom which rock music espouses and you want to listen to music in a place where you can do whatever you want and not disturb anyone else while doing it, then the Pavillion is made for you. It is unfortunate that newyorkcity doesn't lend itself to this type of situation, but the trip to Queens will more than make up for the initial disconfiture. The biggest trip is driving up to the place and seeing such an imposing structure with rock music literally coming out of its sides. Top that Felt Forum!



J.P. Tepper

As of late, the mark of an exciting and enriching summer have been the numerous pop concerts and festivals surging upon the various metropolitan areas of this country. The true festival idea, originating with the Monterey Pop Festival in 1966, has spread in 1969 to include such diverse locations as Atlanta, Atlantic City, and the widely recognized Aquarian Exposition held recently at White Lake in New York.

In order to capitalize on the great interest promoted in the rock sound not only did these large scale festivals originate, but the rock houses and discotheques, came into focus within the last few years as well. A most recent example of a futile attempt made to capitalize on both the large scale rock festivals and the possibilities that the small, intimate discotheque possess was tried by the promoters of the Pavilion in Flushing, Queens, N.Y. It seems quite appropriate that this area of New York should bear a name as Flushing since this name connotes the same reeking atmosphere that Pavilion expells onto its audience.

Not to deny that some of the better rock groups appear at the overcrowded and underfacilitated Pavilion, it seems a pity that such a promising idea as the weekly rock concert could not have been organized and run more efficiently. As Central Park has moderately achieved with their numerous Schaefer sponsored concerts for only one dollar, The Pavilion has faltered, for three dollars.

What was once the old New York State Pavilion at the Worlds Fair, thousands are jammed into the tight viewing quarters to witness the Chambers Brothers, Led Zeppelin and in the near future the return of the MC-5.

Following the advice of the many radio advertisements claiming rock music, dancing in the park and Free Spirits, most people ended up roaming the park and wandering aimlessly through the rotunda. The really strange people were frequenting the outlying areas, each week. The Pavilion's promoter, Dominic Sicilia and his crew had a possible gem when they created the idea of the Pavilion and its weekend festivities, however it's a shame that they took it upon themselves to capitalize, to run a limited "concert" and to bill it as the greatest event scheduled.



it is not only pictures out by that done world it is not that gone this man having made Second World War come and over again we start first a man sits down next to me by my bed box head and stub body bites his cigar and black eyes stench and touches my tits fingers my gentle soft flesh sweet girl body -- DO NOT DEFILE ME my pure charm gentle innocence the silk hair over my slit, dirty man. DO NOT DARE he puts over himself a new dress uniform i have grown a small moustache below my nose it wiggles it jiggles: the glorious state the pure state, this beautiful race DO NOT DARE DEFILE. MOMMY.

DADDY COME AND SOOTH ME CARESSING IN THE BACKS OF THEIR MINDS AND AFTER YEARS I WAS THEIR SECOND BORN TRANQUIL MARRIAGE IN MY YOUTH GENTLE ARTIST AND LOVE DO NOT DEFILE NOTHING BUT IT EXPLODES. I SIT UP AND COVER MY TITS + NO MORE MILK FOR THE CHILDREN THE MARRIAGE IS OVER FOR LIFE IS ALWAYS AT DAWN MARRIAGES IN DOORWAYS OVER BARS. I AM THE BARTENDER GIVING BOOZE MILK INTO WEE SMALL HOURS. MY BRA IS TRANSPARENT MY DRESS IS THE MAN AND THE ARMIES TO PROTECT BY WORDS PURE MAN + IT IS GIVEN TO THE HANDS OF THE HUGE DOORMAN FEZED BEARDED AND DOES NOT DIE UNLESS HE WANTS TO THOUSANDS OF KNIVES GUNS EMTIED INTO HIM HE STANDS OVER THE ROOM COMES AT ME STRIPS ME STICKS HIS FENCE + POST INTO MY WET SLASH. DO NOT DEFILE ME: do not dare. my heat sets fire to the world oven of purity blast furnace of hermaphrodite the booze is poured -- i bar tender woman i am this world barer of men, i have given up all for the good of man, i am such verile body such hard body, the delight of all women. we come in and i serve us. we take a table and i play the juke

box of this room bar in full swing my hand touches my tits across from me my hand comes back from me to caress my prick. more drinks the world will not end. i - world am beautiful this tender man-woman the bar between us the floors when it is empty at morning there is the leavings of last night's sure thing to be cleaned for the coming night the new world again and again. -2-22-69



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THE NEXT MORNING
DAILY TRIBUNE
MASS MURDER STALKS CITY
GOVERNOR PLEDGES TO END REIGN OF TERROR

YOU THERE TAKE OFF THOSE SUN GLASSES
WE'LL TAKE 'EM DOWN AN' INTERROGATE 'EM

AWRITE YOU LAZY BUMS THE PUBLIC IS YELLING THE D.A. IS SCREAMING, I WANT SOME ACTION AROUND HERE AND I WANT IT FAST!

THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE IS THIS CARD

MEANWHILE BACK ON AVENUE F
OYE FLAGO YOUSE WANNA GO UP ON DA FIFTH FLOOR AN SNIFF DIS GLUE EN DAT BURNT OUT PAD
ME TOO
AIE SI

YES GENTLEMEN IT WOULD APPEAR THAT ONE OF OUR BROTHERIN HAS NOT BEEN TRUE TO HIS VOWS, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF BROTHER HERBERT

YOU HAVE ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BECOME TAINTED, THE SOPPY MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS HAS CREEPT INTO YOUR HEART!

YOU! BROTHER HERBERT ARE KNOWN TO HAVE COMMITTED AN ACT OF MERCY WHEN YOU SPARED THAT INFANT ON THE LAST MISSION FOR THIS YOU MUST PAY

GET AT THE SAME TIME BACK AT HEADQUARTERS
OK PUNK TALK!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT I WAS JUST STANDIN' ON THE STREET COR...

DON'T GET SMART
UNH!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I WANNA SEE A LAWYER

I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR LAWYER PUNK

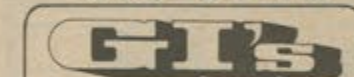
BUT ALSO
JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE
REPRIMAND HIM PANDOR

GURGLE
AND NOW YOU MAY DISPOSE OF THE BODY

ORIENTAL AND TRADITIONAL COOKING CALDRON



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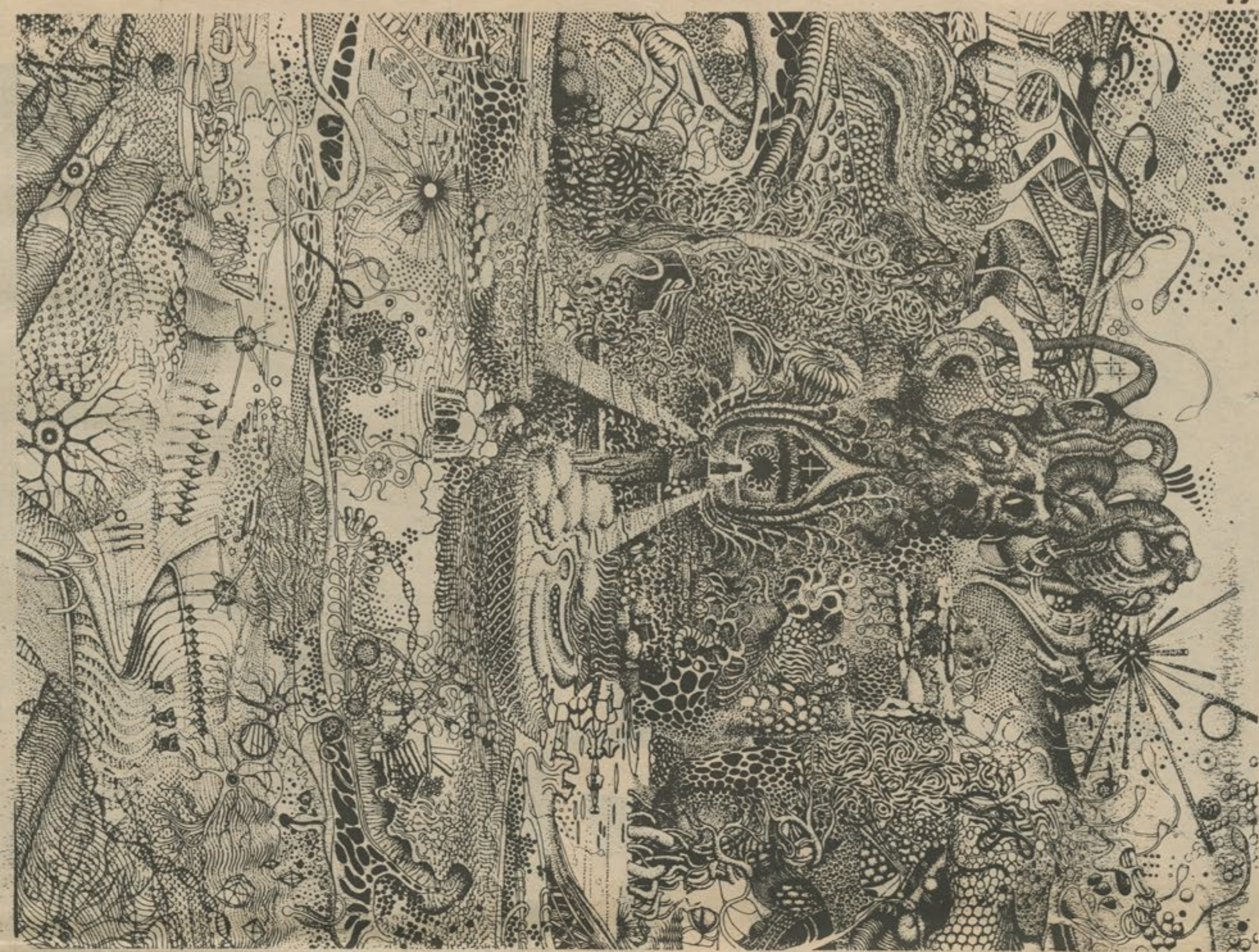


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THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4th



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Ad rates are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009

The classified advertising (personal and business) deadline is Wednesday at 5:00 PM for the next Wednesday's publication. Please print or type all classified and personal ads.

No phone numbers accepted in personal categories.

All classified advertising must be prepaid. No ads will be taken over the telephone. No tear sheets supplied for classified advertising.

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Proof ID cards, birth, drivers license, university, press photographer, reporter, karate expert, investigator, sold blank-50c each, 3 for \$1.00 - Headlines, Box 202, Dept. 12J, Commack, N.Y. 11725

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MODELS

Female only - Prefer inexperienced - Only those over 18 with attractive face & figure need apply - Very good pay and/or free enlargement portfolio - Some nudity required - Serious offer - Strictly business. Call Mr. Blaire 429-0539 for complete information.

Attractive girls needed to model. No experience necessary. Work part-time. Make more money. Call 6-10 PM only: 624-4288 ask for extension 75.

Butch male model, blond, attractive, seeks employment. \$25 per hour. Don't wait - Call now - John 877-4925.

Talented male nude model, bodybuilder, versatile in all fields. \$20.00 per session. My studio. Tony, 565-5829, 3 PM to 1 AM.

Female models and couple available. Young, very attractive. Eager to please. For any assignment. Call 6-10 PM only: 624-4288. Ask for extension 75.

Youthful nude models - Male - will pose or otherwise assist in doing your thing. Your bag is mine - Call RW 9-0277 - Nino.

Many young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

Female figure models \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

100 Girls needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255-2711.

MISC.

Lady or girl wanted to work as salesgirl in ski shop, room, board and skiing included in exchange for taking care of 14 yr. old daughter plus wages. Located in

major ski area in Mass. James Young, General Delivery, Mt. Freedom, New Jersey, 07970

Ride to San Francisco offered to young lady. Share expenses, no driving, limited luggage (VW). Leave about September 4th. Call (516) 671-6961.

Please! Please! Loan me \$5.00. I promise to repay. R. Badry P.O. 4142 Whittier, Calif.

I'm Tarzan the good looking talented artist and lover. I will show you my last paintings at my studio. We'll be friends. Prices cheap from \$5 to \$70. Any time call 929-0919.

Secretary - Groovy Gal Friday wanted for research, typing work -- and play -- in my writer's pad. Flexible hours, good pay, much fun. Call TR 4-0692 anytime.

Young girl wanted to assist in one girl office. Part-time, no typing necessary, beginner okay. 17 hour week, salary \$90.00 clear for girl of non-prudish nature. Call BE 3-2030

IMPERSONAL

Sincere, generous, good guy with big, new beautiful, air-conditioned pad wants sincere gal, honest, trustworthy, to share and live with. Please write Billy - 330 West 28th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001. Give personal details, phone and/or address to reach.

Handsome playboy with new 60 foot air-conditioned yacht cruising to Florida and Bahamas leaving approx. Oct. 1st...Will take 2 or 3 free swinging beautiful playmates for good time. All expenses paid, plus return air fare. No prudes. Must be congenial. Submit pictures and short resume, phone number for quick reply and interview. T. Sands - 155 E. 34th Street, Apt. 2A, NYC, N.Y.

Single college teacher 35, visiting New York desires to meet friendly intelligent girls. Write or contact Sept. 2 - 8, Prof. Lal, Commodore Hotel, NYC

Sell pussy. Girls...the latest "in thing" is selling pussy. Bored with the usual, try the unusual. If you don't need the money, do it as a hobby. Be like Severine Serizy in the movie Belle de Jour, who made this "in." Travel to all the swinging places and watch your bank account grow. The Sensualists.

Sterile bachelor, 40 handsome, white, versatile, cozy pad, car. Very discreet. Looking for trim, white girl for mutual intimate fulfillment. Am intelligent, patient, un-inhibited. Bx 4026, L.I.C., N.Y. 1104.

The law of averages dictates that there are girls who read EVO who don't necessarily want to get laid - but who are simply bright, curious and contemporary. I'd be delighted to meet one. You might be delighted too. Box 640; Grand Central Station; NYC 10017.

Wanted - acid head female into camping who would like to Trip through Mexico to British Honduras. I have truck, tent, rice-travelling light - party time - all winter. Roy Rodriguez, Hillside Lake Rd.-2, Wappingers Falls, N.Y. 12590.

Girl wanted to share bachelor apartment, Brooklyn. Must be neat. Very good for college student or someone who likes Privacy. Fast answer. Box 191, Box Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235

Male limousine driver has own apt. in West 80's. Looking for slim female who could use a friend. Am rather lonely, and will help those who help me. I enjoy the French and Greek styles of loving.

Perhaps there is someone around who enjoys the same as I. I will help all I can - perhaps you have some suggestions. I'm a rather quiet guy, and quite lonely. Send photo. John MacBrady, 169 W. 80th St., NYC 10024

Hear my Heart - when freedom dominates fertility - & ecstasy hides in imbecility - Hear my Heart - when gentleness frightens anticipation - & fantasy grows into aspiration - Yu 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

my bewildered Princess - childhood worships infinity - when jewels torment vanity with a blind kingdom of injustice - & the frightened shackles of avarice - /O weary gold ruination - liberty darkens into revelation - when departure questions transplantation - Yu 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

Hear my Heart - when disbelief encounters invasion - & sincerity restrains evasion /Hear my Heart - when distrust pollutes a rainbow - & eagerness dethrones the embryo - Yu 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

Hear my Heart - when the wind imprisons an apparition - & melancholy emancipates the magician - Hear my Heart - when sincerity yields to imitation - & identity returns to limitation - Yu 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

Tall, dark, handsome, 33 year-old white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and...Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-I Service 943 Columbus Ave. NYC. Please, gals only.

Men, women, couples needed desperately to satisfy my passionate, AC-DC wife (38-24-32) or me (straight, handsome) for money, fun! Any race, age. All answered. Send polaroid, phone, suggestions to President, Business Service Press, Box 1659, New York, New York-10017

Professional man, mid-50's, seeks companionship with sincere, discreet young male to share life, theatre, music, ballet, books, perhaps apartment. Apt. 5M, 650 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, New York 10701

Aquarius male - 30's - seeks young gay guys hung, horny, handsome for whatever turns you on. Send details to Box 1544 Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

Groovy, good-looking, bisexual, white male would like to hear from, and perhaps satisfy, masculine, Negro males, straight or gay. R K Box 883, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

Trim good-looking masculine, non-elegant young guy looking for similar guys to live together. JM Box 1233, NY 10001

Who likes it on way to work? Or later? Married, young, handsome, groovy body, not getting enough at home? Or student? Let's check. Box 41, 146 East 54th St., NY 10022

Gorgeous Freddie Hazzard, the sinuous male lesbian formerly owned by F. la B., is now the sole property of Park West Mummy-- who allows him clothes only when exhibiting him at Copain and the Carlyle.

Lonely, 32, wants sincere lasting relationship with leather guy. No S & M. Send photo with letter. Peter Farlekas, 44 Gardner Avenue, Middletown, N.Y. 10940

Male, virile, 6 ft., 180 lbs., muscular body, good face, 25; Aggressive in bed, can communicate in or out of bed. If you're well-built: P.O. Box 279, 150 Christopher Street, N.Y. 10014

Tall, handsome, ex-navy guy, 32, rugged physique, wants to meet attractive masculine white males (25-45). Photo, phone please. Box 1173, F.D.R. Station, N.Y.C. 10022

Young and tender, tall and slender, the boy, mid 20's, searches for similar friends, 21-29. Please write, will answer all. Box 748, New Britain, Conn. 06050

Young good looking guy has handsome male slave available for petticoat discipline, domination and humiliation by good looking women between 20-35. Write, with photo and phone preferred to: R. Cunningham, 520 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036

Male with strong slave potential would like to meet real-thing master. 32, slim, not bad looking. Write Eddie Carson, Room 504, 152 West 42nd St. NYC

GROUP GROPE

Ohio, swinging couple, late twenties would appreciate sincere reply from young ac-c female. Send photo and means of contact in confidence to J & L Box 30212, Cincinnati 45230

We are now interviewing chicks: We now have room for a few uninhibited chicks. Due to the Jet Age, several chicks left our group so Babe this is your chance. A chance to meet groovy, good looking male nudes. First party soon. Please send photo and phone or address to: Lenny Hone, Esq. P.O. Box 25, Cambria Hts. Station, Jamaica, New York 11411

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Everybody wants to meet some new people. Little Black Book, the dating magazine, just happens to be the Simplest, Safest, and Easiest way. For your copy send \$1.00 to Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036 or send for free info. or call (212) 581-4199 (also available on Newsstands and book stores).

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Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. have at one time or another heard of French Ticklers? But only about 5% have seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find or outdated. We have them. You will love them. Buy direct and save. \$1.50 each; 4 for \$5.00; 10 for \$10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new "Hippy" Sunflower French Ticker \$2.00 each. Safe and wild. Dealers invited. Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.

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\$3.00 to Turn-Ons Unlimited, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028, Dept. 5. Sent in plain envelope. Ecstasy or refund. Share water.

Extend - for prolonging the male climax - 5 for \$1.25 - Head covers just what name implies - 2 for 75c - French Ticklers 1 for \$1.25, 6 for \$4.00 - A sample of all three \$2.00. Haile, Box 147 A, Bay Station, Brooklyn, New York 11235

Imported heavy-duty stimulator-massager 7" x 1 1/4" \$6.95 postpaid. Strap-on rubber "Aid-More" 6" x 1 1/2", endorsed by doctors. \$6.95 postpaid. Both items \$11.95. No COD orders. V.T. Company, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey 07055

Wholesaler Wanted - Offers to:

Stepping Stones, 61 Howitzvej, Copenhagen, Denmark

French Ticklers!! 95c each, 3 for \$2.50, 7 for \$5.00. (sold as novelty only) F. Kaleda, Box 134-FF, Kent, Ohio 44240

Sex Stimulant! A cheap drugstore chemical is used by the S.F. underground to make sex wilder and more fun. Detailed report \$1.00, Box 175, South San Francisco 94080.

Sex-Mad Mail Galore - Get loads of sexy, adult, horny mail. Put your name onto the Nat'l. Adult Mailing List. Send \$1.00 to WL5 POB 912, Azusa, California 91702

Interested in what's available on the European "Pronog" scene? Send \$1.00, name and address to: Unique, Dept. S, P.O. Box 1702, Washington, D.C. 20013 Adults Only!

Superpot is better than marijuana! Stock up while still legal. Money back guarantee! \$2.00 - lid, 3 - \$5.00, 7 - \$10.00, F. Kaleda Box 134-SF, Kent, Ohio 44240

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Read the Classified Ads

Read the Classified Ads

Read the Classified Ads

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(Continued from Page 3)

all the trucks. Someone has poured Sugar in the gas tanks of his Tanks and Aps. Somebody throws a can of Blood on the Post Commanders house. Someone called the London Times, on Sams Phone, telling of hard times at Fort...

As a former member of Sam's Army I ask you not to do these thing as it would probably piss off all the Brass on your post. It would also cause them to keep more men from going to Viet Nam so they may pull more guard duty to make sure that things like this don't happen.

Now I ask for your assistance. If you are the leader of an underground group, or Editor of an underground paper, be you stateside or overseas, write me. Send me your latest scoops on your posts or areas. All must be factual and aggressive. Send your latest paper to us so everyone can share your beliefs.

Write: The East Village Other

Attn: Unknown Soldier

Today in the News

Overseas: Vietnam

Hell No, we won't go.

Bravo Co. A what's left of you. You really were great! Too bad you let that lifer talk you into going back to the assault. Anyway, you people had your shit together. Just like the army taught you, team work, stick together and you can't lose. P.S. You won't be persecuted either. Next, try a full scale retreat.

Stateside: Ft. Bragg, North Carolina

Several enlisted men from the Fort Bragg Chapter of G.I.'s United, led by SP4 Dick Yahr and SP4 David Shulman, were arrested and taken into custody by M.P.'s, CID and MI for distributing "unauthorized material." Poor General Tolson, commander of the Post, can't understand why the people under him are unhappy. TSK, TSK, P.S. He and Stanley Resor are presently being sued by members of G.I.'s United. See you in court. Good Luck Sick-Slip, Bragg Beirfs

Ft. Dix, New Jersey

Well, it's crying time again to the prisoners in the "stockade", better known as the "pit". No change huh? Try getting some more of the Civil Liberties Lawyers behind you, maybe a chaplain would help.

Write this paper about all the inhuman, degrading, absurd, and malicious policies cast down on you as poor EM. If you lifers desire to write please do, as some of your letters are so heartwarming.

Army Definitions

Stockade - U.S. Army's cook county jail.

Lifer - Career Man

CID - Criminal Investigation Dept.

MI - Military Intelligence

M.P. - Military Police

R.A. - Regular Army (enlistee)

A.R. - Army Regulation

OCS - Officer Candidate School



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