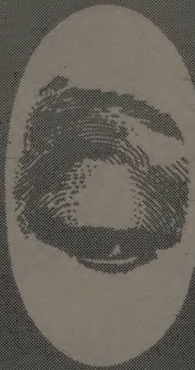


THE

east
village



NUMBER

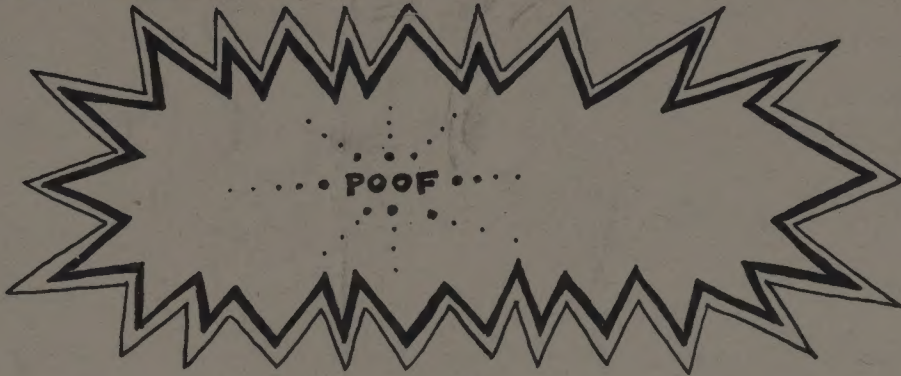
VOL. 3, NO. 31 JULY 12, 1968 NATIONAL



**AN
GIRL
SCORNS
INSANITY
PLEA**

CHITRECS

MAXIMUS



BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

August is the month to watch. The shit will fly when the national Conventions of elephants & asses meet in Miami & Chicago to trumpet and bray this summer. But the young and the old, the stupid and the brave, will ball in those animal eyes & make all egos blind with synthetic rage. Yet centuries of politics ago, when Roman scalpmongers were tricked into interfering with "the special arrangement," Nero the honest pervert had them roasted alive in jhifney incense and powdered his athlete's feet with the ashes.

But P. Johnson will not do that. He's a lame duck. And Nixon is still running.

So the National Democratic & Republican (death) Conventions will meet with a better "future feeling" in August. And so too, the other animals and feathered fiends of the anti-death league will meet to celebrate inside (or outside) the gates of those saggy, totalitarian anti-reincarnation ego feasts.

A pack of 100 peace organizations will streetlobby in Chicago for an end to that American war in Vietnam & other areas of opium and grass. But more chaotically exciting, the Metesky Yippies (media infants of ifs), will hold a parallel circus & descend on sexvex death with thousands upon thousands of foamy freaks chanting singing & hanging from their beads in one last determined orgy to circumcize the chief executive, at both ends. And then shall the voyeurotic yippies, having outlived their usefulness & eccentricity, announce their own death. The green flag will burn, the death of yippie will be announced in Business Week, and the Republicans will feel left-out.

And the Republicans? They mean business. Anybody who shows up to protest too much will suffer. Nixon, Rockefeller, Reagan and Lindsay will be guarded by Utah dervishes and purple hedgehogs. The Miami Beach Convention Hall will be ringed by nervous flak jackets, sniper rifles & a six-foot fence hidden by a flowering hedge. Flowers to fool flowers. Two areas outside the fence have been set aside for picketing and Police Chief Rocky Pomerance will put his size 11 foot down on any demonstrations or lie-ins at the mourning. The Miami City Council has already approved his request (with a push from Republican Governor Kirk) for security equipment for the convention which begins August 5. Death rays include 40 shotguns, 20 combat flak jackets, three .30-'06 Remington sniper rifles & 50 smoke grenades. And there's a lot more where that came from.

"It would be a relatively simple matter to make it a totally secure operation with tanks blocking off streets, but then you'd have a police state," says Chief Rocky, "and that's totally alien to the image of America in the world."

But you can't blame the Republicans. One must always be on lookout for the Chinese. Reports out of the third world's China speak confidently of intercontinental ballistic capabilities; and pols fear Mao would be red & brazen enough to disrupt the wake. The Chinese were in Chicago for King's wake. Stokely Carmichael surfaced in the lake near the U 505 German submarine at the Science & Industry Museum. The boogaloo monsteroid was head of a Chinese sub come to get Mayor Dick Daley. And it was a mean amphibious sub, walking to meet the man who hated King once nonviolence pushed north after the sobering riots. But Stokely was in Washington setting fire to the White House, according to another rumor in the land where the wellplaced rumor is fast becoming the only law, or judge.

But Daley (who doesn't mind killing the right kids) will tolerate aesthetic atrocities. "Mao Tse Tung or Chiang Kai Shek," he fumes, "nobody will fuck up this Democratic Convention, or this city. I'm waiting." He waits in the windy city, needle in navel. He sits between the legs of his beautiful madam & says let those yippies come, those Hoffmen, Krassners & Rubins, and I personally, yes, I Dick, I will roast them in jhifney incense and send the ashes to Lyndony, he needs it. So yippies aim to test his sense of humor when the Democratic Ego-In starts August 25 with the additional burden of young democratic turks walking in & walking out & blowing even Edward Kennedy's mind in vicepresidential mantle.

"There will be surprise after surprise on a gang tribal level," says Jerry Rubin, who will fly to Chicago this July 4 weekend with other yippies to zaplaugh & do business for the eleventh time with the Mayor & His office for permission to use Navy Pier. The Pier is miles & miles from the fat cats where the sound of waves and falling sea will carry yip bells to China, away from blacks & quacks. But Navy Pier suits our plans," says Abbie Hoffman who helped lobby in Atlantic City four years ago for the seating of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (while McCarthy fought Humphrey for the vice ticket). The Pier is desired because the beaches, the complex of halls, the space of outdoor concerts and the freak areas. Deputy Mayor David Stahl agrees that sometimes it's better to accommodate than repress. "Containment rather than out-and-out repression," Abbie says. This weekend's powpiss will "iron out details" for the permit. "We're insisting there be no pot busts," said the white Digger. "And Chicago will have to suspend its curfew laws for people under eighteen, and allow yippies to sleep, fornicate, beat off or chew brown rice on the beaches, in peace."

Daley & Company unlimited have "informally agreed" to these wants. Yippies let it be known "there'd be a dangerous social prob-

lem," if anyone was arrested for smoking, sleeping or loving life, for that's what it's all about, love of live for life, an ecstasy celebration that presents another lifestyle alternative to the death conventions & their dying cohorts.

"It's a cat-an'-mouse game," Abbie says. He picks his huge sunstruck nose. He removes snot debris from his nostril. "If we don't get the permit we're going in anyway," he says. He smells his finger, he looks at me, his tanned balls droop forlornly from a mini rag pants. "We're going. We would need a tougher band of yippies. We would have to tell people how to combat MACE, how to survive police violence, how to wear helmets to protect themselves. But I don't think Daley is that stupid." He wouldn't go against a grass leaf movement. "We view our task as building a new America," Abbie says. "The old America the Beautiful is dead. And the reason for our Constitutional Convention is to build a new America on the ashes of the old."

The ashes. Daley hates ashes. He will guard His house well. He will tell his friends & enemies he's in charge. He will tell them to act well, be careful, don't fuck with me. Don't fence him in.

But no fence is high enough. There's a man somewherereadying a remote controlled plane-load of explosives. There are submarines and other such strange scorpion creatures crawling from underworlds past Atlantis into dreams and actions of violence & revenge, and Guinean dancers will hurl their breasts at you. Sirhan Sirhan is no yippie.

PETER LEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
JAAKOV KOHN
DON KATZMAN
LENNOX RAPHAEL
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
PETER MIKALAJUNAS
FRED CARUSO
ALAN ASNEN
ZOD FENSTER
GIL WEINGOURT
WALTER BREDEL
PHIL GARVIN
WILMER LUCAS
EMMET LAKE
TULI KUPFERBERG
KEVIN FAVOUR
MELISA STOUT
FLICKA
DIANE DORR-DORYNEK
LIL PICARD
LITA ELISCU
RAYANN RUBINSTEIN

AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG

BERLIN: ALEX GROSS

LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER

SAN FRANCISCO: ERNIE BARRY

PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD

WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID

TIN FAN ALLEY: RUDNICK & FRAWLEY

ICELAND: LORRAINE-GLENNBY
LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEBEL

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What Do You **T H I L L M ?**

All the Opportunity a Detective Thriller Offers to Guess the Solution in the Mysterious Disappearance of Miss Baumgardner, the Ohio Wesleyan Senior—And Here Are All the Conflicting Clues to Work On

Rock Flow . . . if you know what it is, then each to his own words. If you don't, I'm not so sure words help clarify . . . An environmental Electric Circus which will be housed on Mercer Street, between 3rd and Bleecker. It will have marbled, lit floors, mirrored ceilings, and 12-foot high mountains which will change colors, day-glo hue to day-glo other-hues; there will be mist floating through the spaces, wandering around much as the people probably will . . . Some rock bands, perhaps once on the steps cut into the mountains in case you want to just sit and watch you can join the band. Huge Buddha-like heads, eyes flashing colors; girls and boys sequined and costumed, looking perhaps like strange exotic birds will also float through. . . everyone will be part of an electronic ballet, in which chance will be supreme choreographer.

Harvey Kramer and about 150 other people are behind the Rock Flows; they have held them as singular events before this, but this one should be a continuous one, not staged for any particular reason, but housed in its very own building, open 7 days a week. He hopes to keep the admission price to a minimum, possibly making extra on weekends by declaring it Market Time: everybody connected with the Flow will be able to put on display whatever it is they do, or make, and sell it, whether it is rare, fine curries or leather goods of paintings . . . or whatever their own talent is.

Some girls at the door will offer to make up your eyes—much as the girls in the photos—and costumes, too, will be provided. Harvey says, however, that most people wore their own to the Rock Flow, and some even outdid the professional make-up jobs. The idea of the Flow is that people should experience this total environment, and extend their sensory boundaries in at least some new direction, if it is only to learn how beautiful people can appear, moving in some uncomputerized harmony through unfamiliar space.

The Rock Flow will open hopefully by September, but more help is not only desirable but necessary. Anybody who would like to help, through a knowledge of light shows, carpentry, make-up, food, drink, or even a groovy soft-shoe, is asked to call Harvey Kramer, 475-8597, 355 Bowery.

Is it a Discotheque . . . ? A Steve Paul's Scene on the Lower East Side . . . ? Nahhh. It isn't the Electric Circus either, although each of these places has nibs on some facet of the Rock Flow. There will be rock bands and light shows (done in part by Tiger Morse, designer and an Andy Warhol star if not Super), like a discotheque; there will be drinks served — although not of the Scene's variety, (use your imagination); there will be that same floating, other-time, other-place sensation that the Circus can effect sometimes. The whole is always greater than the factotum sum of its parts, and the Rock Flow as a whole is greater than any of the possibilities mentioned. How American, at last.

In 1966, Life covered a particular Rock Flow event, done by Harvey Kramer, and noted that, "Whatever its future, Rock Flow is surely rooted to the past," equivalent to London's Vauxhall, and a small Parisian restaurant which featured a roller-coaster. Besides thinking of the event a single

work of art, titled Rock Flow, that magazine also managed to satisfactorily tie it to the past, rooting it comfortably in the Known and Understood. Maybe walking through an upended woman's cunt to get into a room is like riding a restaurant roller-coaster "playful recreation."

No doubt the avant-garde can be traced back to the first satyr who decided to amuse his fresh-caught snatch with a buck-and-wing before he ravished her . . . or further, to the first fish story. No matter, it is enough to return to 1896, the French stage, and Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*—a play one does not really revive, since it has never died. *Ubu Roi* is a gaudy yet eloquent observation of men, power, and the dialectics thereof. All is done in a swash-buckling, Punch-and-Judy style, characters pop up and around whitewashed boards which cover the stage. The play employs single

characters to represent whole armies; makes use of the most contemporary psychology to explain various motivations; begins the event with "Shit!" and then rollicks off into a sweeping parody of *Macbeth*. There is that kind of seesaw to it; every time someone says shit! or makes it, a vaudeville burlesque of some well-known dramatic theme usually follows.

The whole production is, to be provincial, quite La Mama-ish, no surprise whatsoever. Atelje 212, the company performing, is Yugoslavia's avant-garde theatre repertory, a company deeply aware of Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theater. This latter group has had a vast influence on many of the American avant-garde directors, such as Tom O'Horgan of La Mama, Richard Schechner and his *Dionysus in 69*, etc. Atelje 212, however, is at a disadvantage in using many techniques open to them in re: gestures, voices, pos-

(Continued on Page 11)



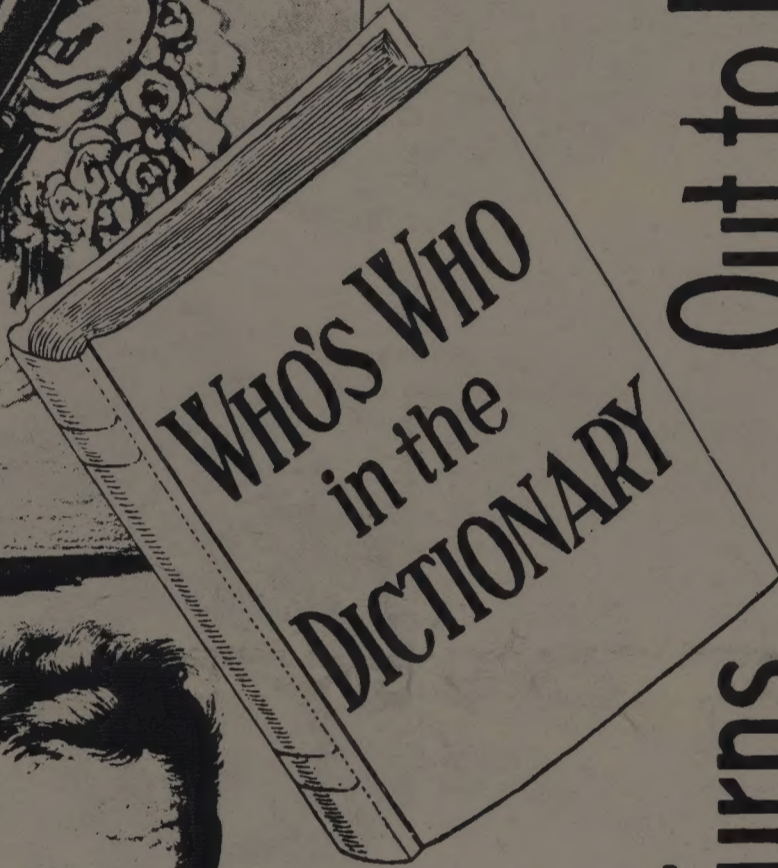
BY LITA ELISCU

DECOMPOSITION

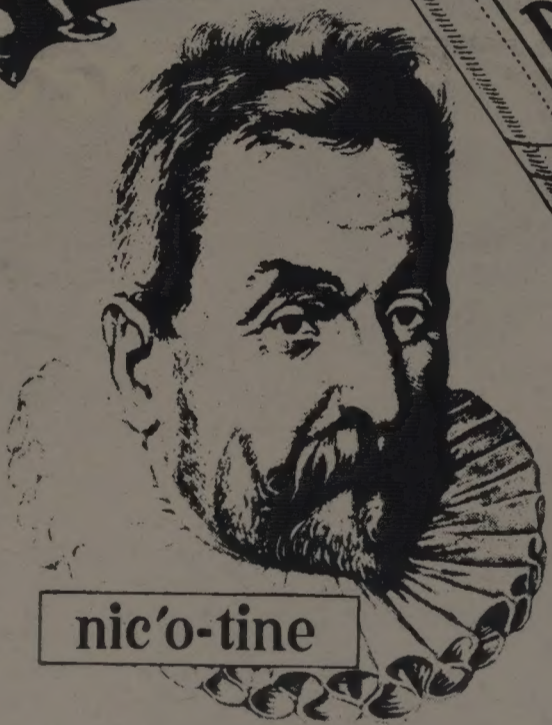


When the Angry Tenants of an Irish Estate Refused to Deal with Captain Boycott, Who Had to Flee with His Family, a New Word Was Born.

BY DA LATIMER



The Caricature Above Lampoons Adolphe Sax Who, in 1841, Invented the Musical Instrument That Put His Name Permanently in the Dictionary. The Original Saxophone Is Different from the Modern Version of the Melody-making Device. The Face at the Right Belongs to Jean Nicot, Who Drew the Doubtful Honor of Having the Poisonous Element in Tobacco Named for Him.



nic'o-tine

Out to Bury a Dog

Town Turns Whole

fied. Some of them went civilized eventually, to the point where Official Statistics indicate that the Average Indian Family in 1964 earned about a thousand dollars a year in Washington State — the Average Indian being an Indian who makes considerably less than the handful of extremely wealthy Indian entrepreneurs, and a hell of a lot more than the vast majority of Indian households, who in 1964 could supplement an annual gross wage of about \$150 with free fish and game.

Then, in 1965, the State of Washington Fish and Game Department ran the Indians off their fishing lands. Citing the exigencies of "Conservation Requirements," the Department initiated a lengthy and redundant list of red tape for Indians to wade through before they might draw fish from the streams again: "gill nets," for example, are verboten now, and Indians must make do with rod and tackle, a dolefully inefficient and laborious method of fishing; expensive licenses must be obtained, different licenses for different seasons; certain streams heretofore open are now closed, and so on. The Conservation Requirements must be unusually severe nowadays — or is it the commercial fisheries who are so distressed, finally feeling the income pinch from all those expensive lobbyists they keep around the State Capitol?

Despite constant hasseling, the Washington Indians are maintaining their vigil across from Gregory's jail, where he is undergoing a hunger strike for the period of his imprisonment. Hunger strikes and such used to work, when they were still a novelty — but the national press has neglected to print even a whisper about Gregory or the Indians. Supreme Court decisions, it seems, heal all ills.

Vested interests, not ideologies, are what holds political parties together. How long would the American government prevail if it weren't for great monopolies like United Fruit and General Motors, who encourage legislators of every political variety to further their corporate ends? Give Congress a month to work on pure ideological commitment alone, it'd fall apart into gibbering confusion. Is it any wonder then that the Left, eschewing as it does any thought of material attachment, can rarely avoid outright mayhem when it gets together at its fruitless committee meetings?

The Old Left, at least, had a certain unquestioning reverence for its dogmas, which kept it more or less together so long as no one scrutinized the literature too closely. The Trots and the Stalinists, it is true, had their petty disagreements, which culminated in frequent spectacular assassinations and genocides, but so long as they kept alternating periodically with each other for popularity no one got left out, except for the corpses. Maoism is currently enjoying a vogue, but nobody on the East Coast cares a heck of a lot about it; there are the Trots now, most notably the Young Socialist Alliance, who represent what's left of the Old Left. Most of the politically conscious of this nervous period prefer to call themselves New Leftists, an amorphous coalition of anarchists and the generally alienated.

A laboratory demonstration of the present state of things in the Left was exhibited last Saturday evening at the diplomat hotel, where the Student Mobilisation Committee held its national convention. Delegates from all sorts of acronyms, the AIC and the SDS and the USCNLF and the FSSDS and the PIMPR and the mind boggles, people from all over the country showed up, representatives of every variety of Pinkoe thought. Most notable among them was a generous sampling of Young American Socialists, a Hardline Trot group — some two hundred members, from a total organization of four hundred. There was talk of stuffing the ballot box, to which the Trots indignantly replied by electing five delegates to the six-member credentials committee; the committee then got together and debated on whether to pass motions at the convention by a one-man-one-vote system, or by regional representation. It didn't take long — forthwith,

(Continued on Page 12)

One of the last official cases over which Earl Warren presided as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, resulted in a decision handed down two weeks ago which held that the various treaties and covenants that this country had made with the Indians were legal and binding on the U.S. While this decision was a credit to the magnanimity of the Warren Court, the Justices considerably tempered their esteemable ruling with a subordinate stipulation that the States, as executors of these treaties, be given a free hand in the "regulation" of Indian lands and rights. In other words, nothing of any effectiveness was accomplished, except to remove a few dozen embarrassing Indian legal claims from court calendars throughout the United States. The Indian contingent in Resurrection City was unhappy, particularly the Northwest Coast Indians, of central Washington State.

Washington's Indian territories are presided over from the State Capitol in Olympia, site of the renowned Olympia Beer distilleries and the notorious Thurston County Jail, where Dick Gregory is presently serving a ninety day sentence for conducting himself in a dis-

orderly fashion while supporting an Indian demonstration against the Fish and Game Administration. Gregory is the only Presidential candidate to date to take a strong stand on Indian fishing rights. At the present time, according to the United Indian Press Service, seven Indians and eight non-Indians have established an encampment on the Capitol grounds, to protest Gregory's imprisonment and the infringement of Indian fishing rights.

The Northwest Coast Indians have supported themselves for eight recorded centuries on a diet of fish and game. Until quite recently, no one suggested that they give up their forests and streams and eat crow. But then the White Man appeared, harbouring the delusion that the land could be "owned," and gobbled up most of the real estate for himself — leaving a generous half acre here for the Walla Wallas, another acre there for the Squamishes, a whole half mile square for the Puyallups . . .

The confiscation of the land didn't much bother the Indians, since the whole spread belonged to the Creator to begin with. So long as the Free Nations were allowed a liberal hand with the fish and game, they were satis-

GOT THE... HEEBEE JEEBEE?



BANISH THEM IN MINUTES,
THIS **EASY NEW WAY!**

INSTRUCTIONS

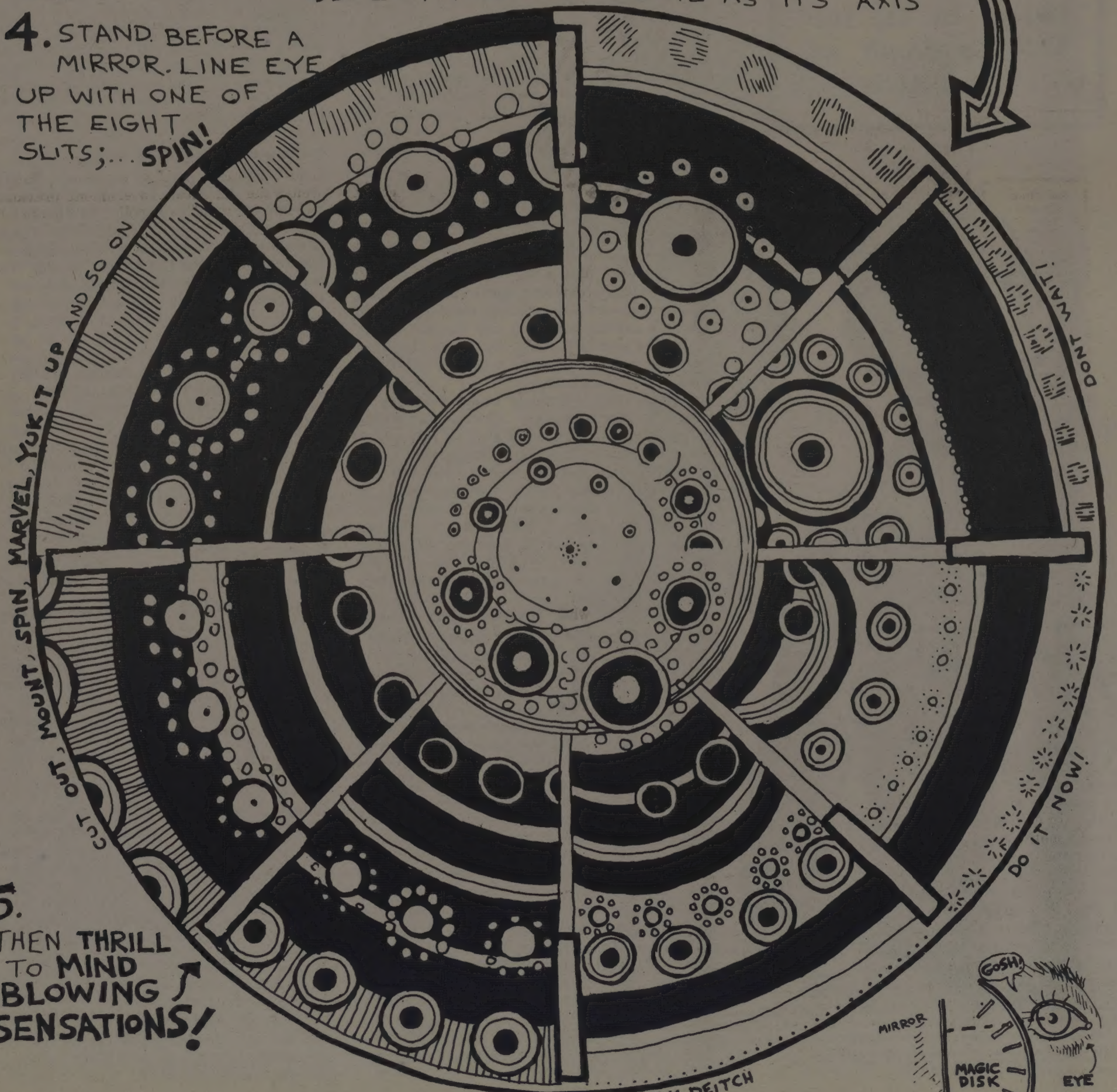


1. CUT OUT THE MANDALALIKE DRAWING BELOW, AND PASTE IT ON **STURDY** CARD BOARD.

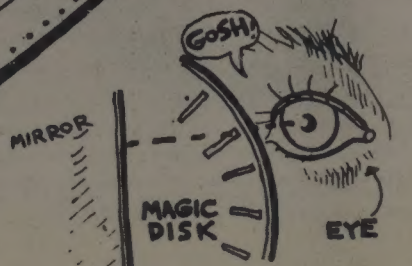
2. USING RAZOR, OR AN EXACTO KNIFE, CUT OUT THE **EIGHT** EVENLY SPACED SLITS

3. **PIERCE** THE CENTER HOLE AND FIRMLY ATTACH TO A PENCIL OR SOME SIMILAR OBJECT THAT MAY SERVE AS ITS AXIS

4. STAND BEFORE A MIRROR. LINE EYE UP WITH ONE OF THE EIGHT SLITS;... **SPIN!**



5. THEN THRILL TO MIND BLOWING **SENSATIONS!**



Liver Bother You?

Say "HRRROOOOMMMM"

**Talk to Yourself,
Says the Rajah of
Aundh, and You
Can Talk Your-
self Into Health
But You Have To
Know the Exact
Words To Say
—Well, Maybe
There's Some-
thing in It, for
Take a Look at
the Rajah**

Among the many notable Americans urging Congress to adopt strict gun-control measures is Ramsey Supercop Clark. The mood engendered by the latest round of assassinations is being utilized by the authorities to abridge the second amendment. A recent EVO survey indicates that 9 out of 10 law enforcement agents agree that niggers with guns make them nervous. Certainly our duly elected, and otherwise appointed, cops and representatives have faith in the American people and are by no means influenced by the current "figurative" use of the word "revolution." It is also certain that if there is going to be a revolution then the government will attempt to control arms.

The talk is of "registering" and "licensing" weapons. "With licensing," Clark says, "it would be easier to keep guns out of the hands of criminals, drug addicts, mental incompetents and alcoholics." Certainly this would save many lives; how many more lives would be saved if NOBODY had guns is a matter which Mr. Clark does not consider. "Under the Administration's proposal, no person would be able to purchase or possess a gun or ammunition without a license, which could be obtained only after a police department and a physician had attested that the person was qualified to possess a gun." Not many revolutionaries are likely to qualify.

Any man should have the right to lean a shot-gun by the door as long as there are guns in the community. There are disreputable people about, draft dodgers, child pederasts, and the like. If one of these felons obtains a weapon by extra legal means — why no one is safe. Every black ghetto is an arsenal walking around on cop-hips, and a determined revolutionary is going to get his hands on any weapon within reach, the smartest thing the power structure could do is to disarm the cops and get those guns out of the ghetto.

Anyone who is vaguely conscious today is aware of a pervasive fear. All of our attitudes, public and private are spurred by a fear which is central to our lives. Our foreign policy is a product of fear and insecurity; American soldiers fight in Asia — for fear the enemy is closing in. The average suburban dweller keeps a gun in the house; in some cases women are instructed in the use of fire-arms. What are these citizens afraid of? They fear that the blacks will rise out of the ghetto and take their hard earned playthings. The root of fear and paranoia in modern America comes directly from the attitudes which rise out of the ghetto.

* * *

Engineers for the Bell Aerosystems Company have developed a jet-belt which is designed to carry individuals over short distances. Uses which industry has in mind for the new device include primarily military and domestic functions. "The Buffalo concern estimates that with the new jet powered belt one man could clear a path through a mine field in one-25th the time required by conventional methods." Clearing mine fields, intercepting guerrilla bands, riot control, inspecting rooftops for snipers and other paranoid uses were mentioned by the Times. There was no mention of eliminating traffic jams or lowering expenditures for public or private transportation. Is this new form of transportation too dangerous for the people to have for private use? Rioters demanding their rights and equipped with jet-belts would present a great danger to establishment security forces not to mention what adverse effects this relatively simple machine could have on auto stocks or highway bonds.

* * *

President Johnson's latest bit of fancy footwork is his proposal that 18-year-olds be given the vote. This move will undoubtedly improve his image, but it is very doubtful that it will have any other concrete effects. Foxy Grandpa knows that Congress is determined to adjourn before the conventions in August and that there'll scarcely be time for them to pass a gun control measure and approve or deny the two appointments to the Supreme Court.

* * *

The Wall Street Journal reports that Navy Secretary Ignatius is making "progress" on a planned "war-at-sea-concept." This concept would establish rules for warfare whereby all fighting would take place exclusively at sea — leaving all land masses as sanctuaries. Who Secretary Ignatius is dealing with to achieve this objective was not mentioned, but since such a convention would require universal acceptance to be of any value it seems admirable but vaguely ridiculous. It might be possible to have Great Britain, Australia, or Mexico agree to such a procedure, but serious international conflicts with China or the Viet-Cong might not fit into the convenient mold.

* * *

Accusations of "meddling" have not discouraged Senator McCarthy from undertaking his announced trip to Paris to speak with North Vietnamese negotiators there. By this time it is no secret that the war is unpopular and that the American people will vote for anyone they believe can bring an end to the shooting. McCarthy has been counted out of the race by many hopeful politicians, but the facts continue to prove them wrong. He remains the only man running who the people have faith in, and if he makes any kind of convincing progress in Paris before the convention, then there is likely to be such a clamor for his candidacy in Chicago that Humphrey will be forced to yield. Humphrey may have the party machinery at his disposal, but unless people are offered a chance to vote for a candidate who will end the war there is likely to be mass disillusionment and serious national political repercussions.

* * *

According to U. S. Narcotics agents the new synthetic marijuana, THC, is a colorless odorless, liquid which will be extremely easy to transport and use without detection. A normal cigarette dipped in THC has the same effect as a joint but no odor. Underground chemists may soon have the new drug ready for mass distribution.

* * *

Those readers who are living too far underground to have heard will be shocked to hear that federal narcotics agents have seized 246 pounds of heroin as it was being smuggled into this country from France concealed in a Citroen. What effects this will have on the skag market is not certain, but it is hoped that the Mafia will utilize advanced marketing techniques to stabilize the market in the New York area.

* * *

In fashion circles Walter Holmes is a man who is ever mindful of the great role to be played by our clothing in influencing our own personal sense of morality. What is called for,

(Continued on Page 15)



The 72-Year-Old Rajah of Aundh, Exhibiting His Chest Development—And Below This the Rajah in His Usual Royal Headdress, Taking Time Off.

Romantic Mr. Caruso's Strange Battle with His Papa's Fame

Inherited Just Enough Talent From the Great Tenor to Make Everybody Expect Too Much of Him, So He Took Up Selling Silk Stockings and Books—But Now Daddy's Flair for Trouble With Ladies Is Haunting Him

COMING ATTRACTIONS This Weekend in New York

Au Go Go: Blood, Sweat, and Tears.
Bitter End: Joni Mitchell, David Steinberg, Bunky and Jake.
DOM: Frankie Dunlop featuring Maletta (jazz pantomime comedy). Jazz Interactions Sunday afternoon—Jimmy Guiffre.
Garrick: Sun Ra.
Scene: John Hammond.
Slugs: McCoy Tyner.
Village Gate: Mort Sahl, Modern Jazz Quartet.
Village Vanguard: Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins.
Central Park: Nina Simone—Saturday.
Ray Charles & Rackets—Mon.
Electric Circus: Electronic Music on Mondays.
Appollo: Wilson Pickett, King Coleman.

There has been a dirge for stand up comedians since the death of Lenny Bruce. It seems as though originality had gone out of the art of being a comic, and there was a flood of imitators copying hip humorists such as Bruce, the great Lord Buckley and perhaps the style of Shelly Berman and his school. The early deaths of Buckley (before he became "in") and Bruce (who was virtually silenced by the law at the height of his career) and the over saturation of the second-rate political and social commentators created this vacuum. Mort Sahl, the first and best purveyor of the contemporary scene had left the stage for almost straight political analysis and also to help in Jim Garrison's investigation into the Kennedy assassination. However, the period is over when only hip spades, mocking the American racial outlook, receive the only attention (and much of that attention was patronizing anyway). Mort Sahl, back in the business, has returned to New York knocking the passive, liberal, and originally hostile audience off their chairs with his delicious dissection of the current political milieu. But, perhaps the best news of all is the emergence of a new young hip comedian, who is unbelievably funny. His name is David Steinberg and his sense of humor (creative and outrageous) has been flipping out the unprepared patrons at the **Bitter End** for the past month.

Apprenticing at Chicago's **Second City**, the breeding ground of Shelly Berman, Mike

Whenever Young Enrico Sang, the Shade of His Immortal Father Seemed to Hover Around and Spoil the Acoustics, So He Took to Selling Hosiery, and Now Encyclopedias.

Nichols, Elaine May, and Severn Darden, David and comedienne Sandy Holt are the last of the great improvisers from a well that has just about dried up. The influence of Lord Buckley (the first really hip white comedian, who nearly a decade after his death has a tremendous underground following) and Lenny Bruce are obvious, but the 27-year-old native Canadian and former rabbinical student takes advantage of their breakthrough in subject matter, molding his own archetypes and environmental influences into free-form comedy monologues, demolishing anything in his path or using his talmudic training to logically, painfully strip away, piece by piece the bullshit fauna that surrounds American culture and the subculture of today's youth. His routines range from a nervous first date with a **shicksa** — blonde haired, blue eyed, 6'2", Judy Disney, the head cheer leader, to an interview with a proto-type of the William Morris agent approaching a prospective artist-client, to fantastic insights into Western religious minorities, plus his freaky sermons on the Bible (Old Testament please "The New Testament doesn't sell"). The

latter sermons can be heard on his recently released record for UNI, **David Steinberg—The Incredible Shrinking God**, recorded live at Second City.

On the verge of national stardom, David will make his third and fourth appearances on the Johnny Carson Show this month. His first performance brought in the second largest amount of mail in the show's history. "Baptists flooded the station with letters," he explains, "complaining that I put down the Jews." "Only Baptists are allowed to put down Jews. They've been doing it for years." The response for his second appearance almost topped the first, when he spoke about the Jehovah's Witnesses, "who really pay their dues."

Author Nelson Algeron states on the liner notes to **The Incredible Shrinking God**:

"Lord Buckley's God looks upon Man with the golden eyes of love. Lenny Bruce's stayed in a towering rage. David Steinberg's God won't answer unless you call Him Mike."

David Steinberg will be at the **Bitter End** for another month. Don't miss him schmuck!

(Continued on Page 13)



BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

THE RAPE OF THE TOE QUEEN



DONT WASTE IT

ELE MAKI TATOO
E TOMO KAYOO
A KOKOLO MAYA

HEH! HEH! HEH!
(SLOBBER, DROOL, SLURGUL)



TSK TSK
LOOK AT WHAT
HES DOING
NOW!

COMING SOON

IN THE SAVAGE ARENA



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WORLD FLY OUT

SEE THE
LISTENING
GHOUL
DO HIS THING

GOT ANY
SPARE
CHANGE

M-M-M
CRAZY

BEAVER
FOR EVERYONE

NAUSEATING

YOUR
MOTHER

$A \cdot 2 = \frac{3}{48} = \frac{x}{\pi}$



HIP pocrates

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

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QUESTION: My wife had her first baby about a month ago and a couple of days after they returned from the hospital the baby began crying every night at about nine and usually continued until my wife finally fed him again around midnight.

We tried everything to stop the crying — feeding him, burping him, changing his diaper, changing his position in the crib, walking around with him, rocking him — and nothing helped. According to Dr. Spock, the baby had a very common ailment, known as colic, which could last until he was 3 or 4 months old. He also said that there was very little the parents could do about it.

One of the things I'd noticed when checking to see if the baby needed his diaper changed, was that he occasionally had an erection. I remember reading in an *Evergreen* magazine about six months ago, that there was some tribe in Africa where it was a common practice for the mothers to masturbate their babies in order to calm them down when they cried.

So, whenever the baby cried, I tried rubbing his penis. He always fell asleep within 10 to 20 minutes, no matter how long he'd been crying. Is it possible that I could give the baby some far-out sexual hang-ups by doing this?

ANSWER: When I received your letter I consulted with a hip psychiatrist friend who somehow became a Novice at an Orthodox (as opposed to Conservative or Reform) psycho-analytic institute. He thought his Training Anapriest would undoubtedly say something was wrong with what you were doing, but my friend wasn't sure what effects it would have on your baby later in life.

You mentioned that the mothers in that African tribe soothed their babies with this method. Babies are more aware than we realize. We know that all little boys go through an Oedipal period in which the mother is a love-object. Maybe your baby will grow up wanting to ball you instead of his mother.

QUESTION: I read today of a method used by midwives of "blue" babies to start their breathing. It is by massaging a group of nerve ends that can be reached up the rectum.

Can you tell me more about this practice and also if it would be effective in cases of halted breathing caused by drowning or shock? I have two small children and thought this knowledge most useful.

ANSWER: I think the method you describe might increase a person's respiratory rate (especially if you come upon him unexpectedly) but am unaware of its usefulness as a resuscitatory device. Could you tell me the source of your information?

Recommended first-aid treatment in cases where breathing has stopped is to apply mouth-to-mouth breathing. Tilt the head of the patient backwards, apply your mouth to his and breath about 20 times a minute. If the patient is an adult, pinch his nostrils so that air will not escape. If the patient is a small child or an infant cover his mouth and nostrils with your mouth. Use only the force of your puffed cheeks to expand the lungs of infants and small children. If air is reaching the patient's lungs you will see his chest expand and contract.

Call the police or fire department immediately in order to summon prompt medical attention.

QUESTION: My girlfriend and I rely on a vaginal foam to stifle the stork. I have noticed that after about a half hour of vigorous, uninterrupted intercourse, that a large pile of foam appears on the bed.

The amount is so great that it worries me whether or not there can be enough left in the proper place to be effective. Are my worries justified or don't things work that way?

ANSWER: Even if you didn't work yourself up into a lather your chances of conceiving a child are increased if you use a vaginal foam rather than contraceptive pills or a diaphragm. Vaginal foams, by the way, need not be inserted immediately before sexual intercourse ("the pause that depresses").

A former secretary spumed forth the information that she uses a double dose of foam for safety's sake.

QUESTION: During making love, my boyfriend wants me to not move. This is impossible when I'm coming. After intercourse, he won't hold me or let me touch him. He even hurt me during lovemaking because I breathed loudly and made noise. What can be done about it?

ANSWER: Your boyfriend may be a necrophiliac. Ask him to do the same.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o The East Village Other

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thilm?

(Continued from Page 3)

sible sweeping actions. They are all talking in Yugoslavian, with simultaneous English translation through mini-transistor-tapes plugged into the ear. One man is doing all the translation, possibly to ofit in with Jarry's idea of single characters representing crowds. At any rate, much of the play's charm is lost because valuable and enriching details are left out completely. The obviousness of a few "Shits!" on an American stage, 1968, is rapidly decreasing in shock value; but the subtlety of Ubu's riding a Phynancial Horse, or the marvelous lists and descriptions of clothing which Jarry had written in—all are ignored, so that the play loses much of its original humor and completely, at times seeming like pure Shakespearean comic reliefs strung together on a roll of toilet tissue. . . . Still, it doesn't do to totally knock some of the best and liveliest theatre now in New York. **Ubu Roi** is as perceptive and intelligent a social comment as any of the avant-garde plays written in the last 15 years and just dug up for their posthumous honors. It is altogether delightful. Shee-it.

Atelje 212 is also presenting **The Progress of Bora**, the Tailor (by Alexander Popovic, an avant-garde Yugoslav playwright who has written extensively for the Atelje; another French play, **Victor**, or **The Children Take Over**, by Roger Vitrac, a staunch Dada-Surrealist; and a more familiar play, perhaps, **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**

All the plays are at Lincoln Center, in the Forum of the Vivian Beaumont Theater. Telephone EN 2-7618 or EN 2-7616. The plays will be presented through July 14th only.

Interviews: Rhetorical question—why is it hard to talk to somebody one has never met . . . Alexandra Hays is 20, but talks in that non-age fashion of actresses who are 20, have a Lotus and long, long blond hair which she tosses frequently and tre under contract to a major studio, in this case Columbia. She pouts and yelps for a few minutes, then explains she has not been to asleep—and whatever they (the studio) have given her, it certainly is not designed to make the non-sleeper calm. We have lunch, and she calms down. She played the lead in the West Coast production of **The Beard**, "the hardest thing was all that repetition." She has just finished making a movie with Gary Lockwood and Anouk Aimee. "It's called **The Model Shop**. Gary has one really good scene—well, I mean it's his one best scene. When you have to go from happy—hello on a phone to tears, all in one scene, and you do it—it's hard." A model shop in L.A., the flick's location, is a place where anyone can buy his desires photographed: you pay to have the girl of your choice photographed in whatever positions, etc.; you may choose. Miss Hays is not in the model shop; Miss Aimee is. Gary Lockwood divides his time . . .

We talked about **2001**, and finally we reach something that has not been in all the other interviews. Both of us love the movie, she trades some camera tricks she knew about for my comments on Stanley Kubrick . . . She explains how much she loves to act, since she was 3—then stops to scream loud enough only for the next table to hear, "It sounds like I've rehearsed that!" What to say: when she talks about herself, what she has done, it has to sound almost played-back, bored. Tentative conversations are begun, stopped, and continued until we finish. She admits that the **LA Free Press** did not like her in **The Beard**, and that they were correct because opening night was poor, for her. For a moment, she does not sound like a press agent's Tuesday-Sinatra creation, and I think I'll go see the movie.

Museum of Modern Art is running a Greta Garbo Festival, July 9th-23rd, in conjunction with Lincoln Center, and is featuring many films not available since their original release. For information, call 765-5140. This includes the German version of "Anna Christie" never released here before, boys and girls.

Actually, MOMA has been running good flicks all this time; they just finished a series of contemporary Dutch features and shorts which were outstanding, especially the work of Wim Van der Linden and a strange, complex film, **The Reality of Karel Appek**, directed by Jan Vrijman.

Circle Game: Last week, I saw those two good oldies (oldies . . . ? when I've just finished writing about a Greta Garbo Festival . . . ?) **Scorpio Rising** and **Chafed Elbows**, at the Charles. Bleecker St. was running **No More Excuses**. Now, Bleecker is running Ken Anger's **Scorpio** with **Portrait of Ja-**

son, while the Gate is going to run Bob Downey's **No More Excuses**. The Charles is copping-out: **The Fox** and **The Sleeping Car Murder** will be on. That original double feature of **Scorpio** and **Elbows** is still one of my favorites. They epitomize the still-maintained boundaries of outrageousness and outraged commentary which properly are the territory of underground flicks.

Wild in the Streets. Obscenity has several definitions, my own favorite being . . . anything which I find to be so distasteful to experience that it is offensive, repulsive . . . had I known, I wouldn't have done it even that once. I wouldn't have gone to see **Wild in the Streets**, no, not even to say I was there. The movie hypothesizes that all the under-30's will get together (We're fiff-tee-toooooo percent!) and take over. OK Troops? Troops is what Max Frost, alias Max Flatow, alias Chris Jones (no that's his real movie actor name) calls all us under-30's. Troops, "and that means you hippies, you heads, all you 2-car kids . . . all you . . . mother-lover!" (I pause: did he mean motherfuckers???? No, in this flick, he meant mother-lovers.) All us troops are to vote several ideas into actuality: Diane Varsi, 25, gets put into the California legislature, tambourine and acid and all; she in turn proposes to have the voting age and electoral-office age lowered to 14. Tinkle of tambourine, screams from Troops. Then, all us hippies, heads and a couple of mother-lovers decide it is best not to live past 30, and herd all the parents, relatives, and general hangers-on into acid camps. Well. Well, well. There it is, Happiness Camp #35, and instead of at least looking happy like Diane Varsi, arch-head, everyone is either trembling or moaning. On acid . . . ? Oh well, once again. Then the little black-shirted 14-year-olds club their parents, etc., over the head, forcing them to drink from water coolers full of acid—forcing them . . . I left, but I happen to know The End of the movie: the 10-years-old-and-under revolt, figuring the 17-year-olds are just Too Old. If the picture sounds like it could be a visual fun-thing, or even a hip groove, forget it. It is nauseating, sort of like playing Blue Cheer at top volume and telling your family that this is where pop-rock is.

I'm noto even going to say where the flick is playing.

The New Cinema Playhouse, 42nd and 6th, is continuing **Have You Heard of the San Francisco Mime Troupe?** and is adding **Good Times**, **Wonderful Times**, a short by Lionel Rogosin. Tel.: 564-3818.

The Baronet is starting a new feature July 8th, **The Story of a 3-Day Pass** a movie by Melvin van Peebles. Mr. Van Peebles is oone of that rare breed, a Negro filmmaker, and this is the story of a Negro soldier on a 3-day pass—and the chick he meets. It was made in Paris, where Mr. van Peebles has lived for quite some times. The flick, although I haven't seen it yet, can almost be pre-guaranteed to be good; Mr. Van Peebles sure is. The Baronet is at 3rd Ave. and 59th St. Tel. EL 5-1663.

The Filmmaker's Cinematheque will have the first one-man show of a West Cost filmmaker, Larry Jordan, running through this weekend, Thursday through Sunday. Tel. 925-7136.

Although I have mentioned **Petulia** already, it is such a fine movie that it deserves more than simple notice of its presence. Next week, I shall write a slightly more comprehensive review of it—it is certainly one of the best movies of this year and it is still at the Plaza, 58th and Madison, EL 5-3320.

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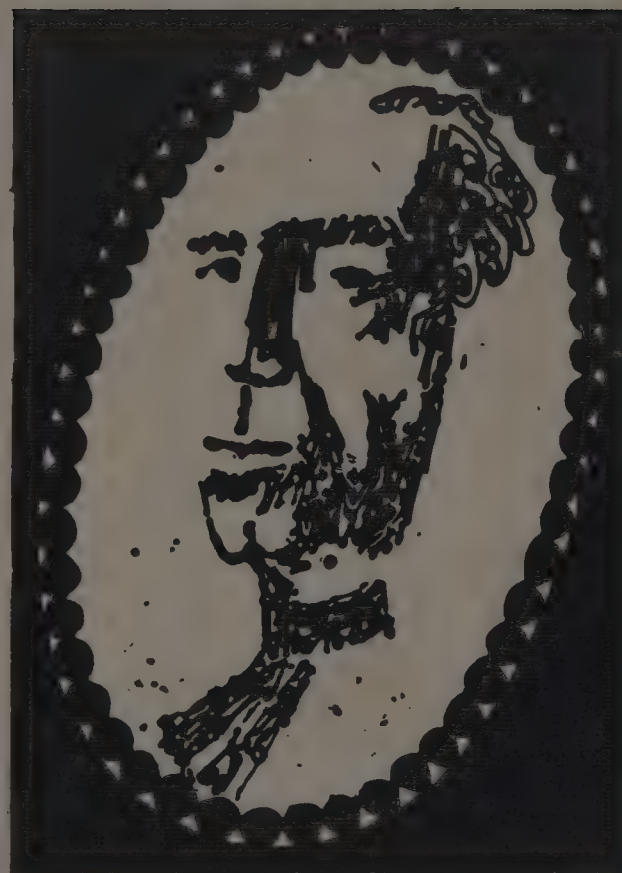
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decomposition

(Continued from Page 4)

the committee announced that each member of the convention, including the four hundred Trots, was eligible to vote. Pude democracy, goddammit, the Greek tradition exhumed.

Understandably a trace antagonistic to the idea of being ordered about by a gang of people in sport coats and crewcuts, about half the delegates to the meeting got up and split for Bryant Park, led by a caucus of high school kids. The kids took the money and the mailing lists, and left YSA in control of the convention, an \$18,000 liability. To the prerogatives of power adhere its responsibilities.

In Bryant Park, the splinter coalition agreed to meet in the Washington Square Methodist Church (affectionately shortened to WSMC by the New Left, whose greatest threat to the country is probably its infatuation with acronyms.) On the way, the delegates felt obliged to drop by the Warner Theatre on Broadway and complain to the passerby that **The Green Berets** is a fascist flick and John Wayne is a pawn of the military-industrial establishment. (He is not.)

The Anti-Imperialist Coalition was already picketing the dump, which they do nightly. Previously that evening, four of them had been arrested inside the theatre, when they leapt up midway through the showing and lifted a great NLF flag in front of the screen, chanting "Big Firms Get Rich, GI's die." The cops, poised outside the theatre waiting for just such an opportunity, charged in and busted the four malefactors for disorderly conduct, illegal assembly, and even — although all four had bought tickets and tipped the ushers — criminal trespass. Swearing that they would take their picket lines to the local theatres if Wayne's film were not banned, AIC trudged on outside. When the splinter group from the convention showed up, the cops hustled them into a side alley with dispatch and let them complain from there; the injured were taken to hospitals for treatment, and the busted were carted off to jail. Sic semper political censorship, hopefully.

Most of the Trots were expelled directly from old WSMC. When Fred Halstead walked in, though, president of the Socialist Worker's Party and a sentimental figure among all Leftists, an abashed assemblage invited him to join the throng. This done, the meeting adjourned and agreed to meet Sunday morning at the DuBois Club Headquarters. Richard Nixon take note. Altogether, it looked a most pathetic affair. Surely something can be done to prevent scenes like this in the future — can't the New Left toady up to some multi-million-dollar cartel and operate in its interests? IBM, now, there's an organization that already wears acronyms. Or Sinclair Oil, SLC, can you imagine Sinclair Oil lobbyists at the next Student Mobilization Convention? Probably couldn't tell them from the Trots.

Hmmm . . . Clipping here from some local paper in Massachusetts says EVO's not obscene, not in that state anyway. Had a trial there a few weeks ago, around the end of May, *Commonwealth vs. Silverstein*: seems this Silverstein fellow was peddling copies of EVO in his store, the Stockbridge Bookshop, in Lenox, Mass. Well, the District Attorney's office caught a look at a copy, and they dragged him into court. The DA's assistant, William Flynn — not a finer man in the Commonwealth than Bill Flynn — he held up a copy of EVO with the good parts underlined in ink, and he says "this paper speaks for itself." Glad he thinks about it that way — can't stomach it when some damn DA calls us like a "house organ for International Communism," or something like that.

Never a man to belabor a point of common knowledge, Flynn rested his case there. Then what do you know, Silverstein comes up with a writing feller, a pastor, and a psychologist on his side. William Gibson, he's a playwright, said EVO was not totally devoid of redeeming social significance; generous sort, Bill Gibson. Then the Reverend Richard Bidwell, S.J., who teaches at the Cramwell School, went further and said that EVO presents ideas on non-violence, pacifism, and current art. We try, Reverend Bidwell, we do our best. Finally, Dr. Joanna Kramer, a clinical shrink at the Austin Riggs Center (Center of WHAT, pray?) she said that EVO does not create a prurient interest in sex. Now, we would

surely hate to think that, Dr. Kramer — surely, somewhere there must be somebody jerks off over EVO.

Anyway, the judge, the Hon. John J. Dwyer, he took the case under advisement for a couple of months. Finally, last week, he says this, "Vulgar and tasteless the East Village Other may be; obscene it is not." This may save Dave Silverstein from some unpleasantness, but it does no good for staff morale. Judge Dwyer even says *Naked Lunch* is dirtier than EVO, and adds that *Naked Lunch* also has "certain colorful additions not found in the East Village Other." Beg your pardon, Judge, what is this tissue of horseshit?

So there it is, EVO's not obscene is Massachusetts. Big Don Pernil should be happy to hear about it — he was sick of Brooklyn anyway, too much violence there.

With Chemical MACE bucking under an all-time publicity low, police authorities from the federal to the local level have been quietly investigating other, subtler varieties of anti-personnel weaponry. By far the most promising of these devices is a little-known chemical solvent DMSO, Dimethyl Sulfoxide. It may shortly become the "policeman's Acid," a reliable source to high Administration officials told EVO last week.

Used heretofore as a systems coolant in automobiles, DMSO's properties were first exploited only a few years ago, in tree surgery. A natural ester by-product of timber processing, DMSO was discovered when a woodworker dropped a quantity of the solvent onto his hand; further experimentation revealed that DMSO can pass easily through any organic tissue, and scientists quickly dubbed it a "universal solvent." Doctors hailed it immediately as a godsend to medical therapy techniques.

Since DMSO does not react chemically with any known solution, any drug suspended in DMSO will pass immediately through human skin tissue into the bloodstream and do its thing at full strength — thus obviating the need for surgical hypodermics and anaesthetic masks. Sprayed in the air, DMSO solutions pass quickly into the nose and lungs, in the form of a fine mist.

According to a high Administration aide, DMSO aerosol spray is being tested in police laboratories, combined with "nerve fluids, nausea-producing chemicals, and general immobilisers," as possible "civilian control apparatus." Ainted on a doorknob or any other surface, DMSO solution can immobilise a victim in less than two minutes, the aide claimed. "It's ten times deadlier than MACE," he added.

* * *

Ice skating buffs will be displeased to hear that the rink in the New York City Building at Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens, has been summarily closed, under orders by August Heckscher, Parks Administrator. Mr. Heckscher claims it needs "repairs" — "repairs" that will take six weeks. He wants maybe we should skate in the streets?

The way to keep the authorities in their place is to get them on the defensive, as was amply demonstrated last week when Audobon Films won an injunction against 3 Illinois state attorneys. Audobon brought suit against the three functionaries after prints of the Audobon Flick *I, A Woman* were lifted from three local theatres after a three month run. Our staff numerologist also submits that three is a groovy number to have behind you in such cases. Judge Abraham L. Marovitz of the US District Court for Northern Ill. deemed the film "not prurient" and exonerated the distributors, exhibitors, and projectionists involved; the three state attorneys were soundly chastised. C'mon, Audobon, hit 'em with a damages suit!

* * *

If LeRoy Jones can do it, YOU can goddamn well do it too! The Elmwood Community theatre of Nyack, N.Y., is offering one thousand dollars, a whole grand, as a prize for an original play to be presented next April in their theatre. Submissions of an length will be considered, between now and next December first, with the winner to be announced in January. Send manuscripts to Cherry Lane — you read it right, *Cherry Lane* — in Tallman, N.Y., care of Stan Lachow. Do this thing, let's see one of our local boys make good!

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karma

(Continued from Page 7)

Joni Mitchell holds the guitar like a bouquet. She is a Scandinavian goddess of flowers, singing & composing beautifully. Her performance is a vision of feminine perfection, gentle and soft in contrast to the hardened, booze-swaggering broads of today's generation. It would be out of sight to hear her and Leonard Cohen perform together.

★ ★ ★

Tim Hardin has been labeled as a fucked-up performer, too hung up on his own physical needs to deliver his talents to the chopping block of a live audience. His performance Saturday night in the grandiose Philharmonic Hall of New York's Lincoln Center certainly disproved that career-ending rumor. The audience couldn't hear enough of his emotional, involving tunes as his delivery got stronger and stronger and he and his band became more emmeshed in their music.

Hardin's back up group was perfect for his sound — weaving in and out around Hardin's patented breaking vocal stylings and leaving him enough room to avoid strict, constrictive, curt phrasing by following his every nuance without breaking stride. Assisting Tim were Donald McDonald (drums and Warren Bernhart (piano, clavinet) from Hardin's former backup band who later became Jeremy & The Satyrs, as well as Mike Manieri (vibels), Danny Hanking (guitar), and Glen Moore (bass).

* * *

There is cosmic energy emanating from the Garrick Theatre on Bleeker Street these days — as Sun Ra and his Arkestra introduce his Astro-Infinity Music (A music with an awareness of space Interplanetary beingness and notion towards infinity). Sun Ra's music has been making the jaz establishment sound dull and dated for the last 20 years. After being avoided and overlooked by the American press and other mass media, his music and its implications are finally being re-evaluated and his musical genius revealed. The Garrick is a fine setting for Sun Ra — his booking being the theatre's most significant achievement since the Mothers of Invention last summer.

Sun Ra has had a legendary aura in the jazz

world for years, shaping some of the most forward steps in contemporary jazz with his remarkable ensembles. He is the master of the large jazz group — a problem of musicians; especially for young musicians seeking new avenues of expression in large groups. The fact that choices must be made about how many instruments are to play at what given point, where a solo should be placed, etc., tends to place the leader of the large jazz group at a kind of special disadvantage. But Sun Ra manages to avoid most of these problems. In New York, with its climate of rampant ego, the vision of a band as a holy artistic family is generally voided. However, a spirit seems to hold and draw Sun Ra's units together circumventing most of the problems of the large jazz group by their having an uncanny sense of cohesive logic.

John Coltrane's heralded recording "Ascension" is obviously influenced by Sun Ra's orchestral sound. At times soloists in Ra's group are allowed a large amount of solo space, at other times, the ensemble's simultaneous textures take hold. But Sun Ra is always in control — playing a multitude of instruments — chiefly keyboard & electronic celeste. A trance-like emotional flow often takes over the music.

It isn't surprising when critics and listeners don't know what to say about the new music since the musicians don't always understand what they're doing. They play and follow their inspiration and imaginations. Everything follows from that. The musicians claim that people are disturbed by the music because of what they aren't hearing in the music rather than what they are hearing. Learning to listen is a basic problem. Everyone has it.

Hopefully a degree of comprehension to this music will grow at a faster rate and the hold out musicians whose prejudices are generally bolstered by little-but-not-enough knowledge of this music will change their outlook. Don't miss Sun Ra at the Garrick.

★ ★ ★

Starting July 15, the Cafe Au Go Go will present an historic booking. The first performance

in a pop club "new music" saxophonist Albert Ayler and his group. His sound is the vanguard of musical freedom and can't be bound by traditional definitions.

The second half of the bill features the Sea Train, which contains Blues Project alumni, Andy Culberg (base, flute) and Roy Blumenfeld (drums), together with John Gregory (guitar, vocalist) and Richard Green, formerly the violinist with Jim Kweskin. This group has recorded the fourth and final Blues Project album for Verve.

★ ★ ★

The best of contemporary sounds can be heard on a twice-weekly WBAI show hosted by Elizabeth. It is probably the only chance to hear the free flowing emanations from today's liberated musicians on the radio. You can hear her Monday afternoons from 3-4 and Wednesday night from 11-12.

★ ★ ★

Pauline Oliveros is a unique person. An electronic music composer and teacher in a new field dominated almost completely by men, she brings her "Music Theatre Absurd" to The Electric Circus on Monday evening, July 8th, as part of the "Electric Ear" series.

"Music Theatre of the Absurd" has a number of distinct components, combining such unconventional music-making sources as street sounds piped in directly from outside The Circus on St. Marks Place, viola d'amore, and original taped electronic music.

The works which Miss Oliveros will bring to The Electric Circus will include "Some Sound Observation" — using environmental sound piped in from the street on St. Marks Place; "Night Jar" — a new work, commissioned by violin virtuoso Jacob Glick, for viola d'amore, tape, light and film; "Beautiful Soup" — a tape and visual combination and "Big Mother Is Watching You," also for tape. The visuals which will accompany Miss Oliveros' presentation are designed by Lynn Lonidier, of California.

In keeping with the unique "Electric Ear" format, Miss Oliveros' works will begin the evening at 8:30, and will thereafter mesh with the regular Electric Circus attractions.

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IS HORSESHIT IN BAD TASTE?
Some people think Horseshit Magazine is in bad taste. According to their standards, they're absolutely right. What they don't grasp is that we know what their standards are, but we don't agree with them. As you've no doubt heard before, standards change. Jesus used to talk quite openly in public about shitting. So does Horseshit Magazine. Of course, that's the only way Horseshit follows Jesus, since it's definitely anti-religious. But then again, come to think of it, so was Jesus... Anyway, the newspapers of our day consider it in acceptable taste to write about and show pictures of some guy who has chopped up his wife with an ax. But they would never show him making love to her. Our ideas of good and bad taste are just the opposite. We think that covering up the fact that there is real hunger in the U.S. is in horrible taste. We think that pictures that pretend that men and women don't have genitals are in lousy taste. In short, we think that lying is always in bad taste, and that trying to tell the truth never is. Write in for a subscription and see if you agree.
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PERSONAL

MOVING to N.Y. — Man, 29, tall, swinger. Wants to meet girl, preferably hip type, to show him around J. Ackerman, P. O. Box 580, Cooper Station, N. Y. 10003.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33 year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, funcheon 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-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

INTERESTING, tall, attractive white executive early 40's, discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 97, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

SINCERE GAY GUY - Mid 30's masculine, good looking, home in the country, wants to meet nice sincere realistic person to settle down with, ages 21 to 45. If you are a creep, alcoholic, Nellie, or want to be kept, don't bother! Write J. R., 30 Oakdene Terr., Edgewater, N.J. Send photo.

GIRLS! Are you over 18, and pretty? Like dancing? Like to share my mid-Manhattan Apt? I am 25, tall (6'2" - 180 lbs.) dark (blonde) and handsome (wow). 246-2790 between 1 a.m. - 12 noon, Bret. No fags or phonies, please.

YOUNG, handsome, affectionate male, white, high income, apartment, many interests, desires compatible girl any nationality for pleasant dates will satisfy desires. Girls only write Gene Hoffman, P.O. Box 753, Jamaica, N.Y. 11431.

FOLK singer, Bluegrass manager needs girl friend. Visit folk festivals this summer. Other **CULTURAL INTERESTS.** All letters answered, Box 300, 97 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y.

FEMALE, sophisticated, to meet same, enjoy fun, travel together. Someone who can communicate intellectually, emotionally, and who is attractive enough—inside and out—to be above ego gratification games. Write Apt. 12F, 2 Horatio St., N.Y.C.

Classified Ads in This Paper
Bring Results
Read the Classified Ads

BRAWNY buck under 24 straight type but tolerant to homophile practices wanted for occasional companionship by Fortyish sponsor—photo requested will return write in confidence. Box 5258, N.Y., 10017.

YOUNG man 27, tired of sharing five room apt. with guys (Top of two family house in Queens, 15 min. from City Center) wishes to meet respectable student or business girl in similar situation to live with. Share expenses but not bed. Interests: Guitar, skiing & sports cars. Call 478-2123, 10-12 a.m. or 10-12 p.m. No hippies or beats.

CUNNILINGUS and LXIX EXPERT will put healthy girls under 35, any race, into ecstasy of NINTH HEAVEN. Make 10c call Gene, 201-943-3962.

SEX
Is like a rare French wine from a great chateau:
If not properly tasted,
It's wasted.

I'm a summer bachelor, fairly handsome and nicely hung, late 30's like voluptuous young women. Or just one succulent artist for summer days/nights inflamed with white heat. Don't waste it. Call 899-1779.

TWO personable, intelligent, sincere and friendly young men seek same (single or otherwise) for fun, social and intellectual friendships. No sex. Masculine, intelligent, and personable please. 464-5468 after 6 p.m. If no answer, please keep trying.

YOUR own elevator apt. in the West Village, Sheridan Sq., in return for occasional sex with handsome cat, film maker, excellent lover, 25 yrs. old. Must be slender, under 5'6", well built, attractive, intelligent chick, 18-22. OR 5-5774.

BROKENHEARTED BOYFRIEND . . . I had to give him up because I am moving to California. Please call him, he is well trained, 25 and good looking Orange, New Jersey, 201-672-3829. Steve, females only.

SWINGING CHICKS, Summer weekends aboard 27' Chris-Craft are yours. Interested? Send phone, photo if possible. Don, Box 146, 1651 2nd Ave. N.Y.C. 10028.

TWICE TOMMY:
News and views from various sources which may prove interesting to you. Your decision! — or is it your wife's?
Love, Witch

MALE looking for young, attractive gay guy to share apartment in Queens on friendly and willing basis. Temporary or permanent. Call 263-3998.

ATTRACTIVE married man wants romance with stylish stout woman. Discretion assured. Especially if you are married. Send photo, letter and phone. Box 844, Wall Street Station. N.Y.C., 10005.

MALE 20, blue-eyed, 61, seeks uninhibited intelligent girl 18-30 (only) for mutual sexual satisfaction. Anything goes. Absolute discretion assured. Call Larry 638-2708.

YOUNG, handsome male seeks females to exploit him. Will do anything you command from cunnilingus to you-name-it. Gentle, submissive, discreet. Available daytime. Leave number for Tom Rand at. BE 3-5910.

BACHELOR, mature, white, hung, wants negro or dark skinned girl (any age) for sex, pleasures, happenings, unshaven underarms preferred, singles or couples, 448-6607 after 7 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE man, 30, professional photographer & scholar, seeks girl to share ld tension. Must be attractive, sincere and have active libido. Call 874-0548 evenings. Discretion and satisfaction assured.

JAMAICAN HOLIDAY
Come groove with us on a cool Jamaican beach. In our own cottage complete with pool. Our swinging group is small and hip. We have room for only twenty. We leave July 13th for 9 days. Call 475-7643, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

PERCEPTIVE SINGE MALE, 40, seeks opportunity for reasonably organic, low-budget life - anywhere. May require casual toil. Write. Box 410 East Minnesota Street, Cannon Falls, Minnesota, 55009.

UNINHIBITED Bachelor 28 white well experienced in French, seeks uninhibited tasty females, double jointed, straight, candy type for lunch, your pad, also seek stern aggressive (action) female, who knows her ropes for a binding relationship, call Jim, after 8 p.m. 1-215-329-3526.

WRITER, recently widowed, seeks intelligent female companion to share comfortable apartment free room, board all necessities provided. Contact Rolfe Passer, 74 West 92nd St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 799-0554

ROOMMATE to share E. 75th St. apartment. Rent very reasonable. Call Tom at TI 2-1946 before 2 p.m. Keep trying.

IF YOU are a sensitive, intelligent, aware sort of girl (22-29) with better than average looks and interested in establishing a relationship with a guy (27) who humbly would claim similar characteristics. Please call Alan 799-4326.

YOUNG guy seeks same. Must be under 21, fair complexion. Call weekdays between 2 and 4. Ask for Artie. eave number-AXX-8537.

GENTLEMAN 34 seeks nice girl 18 or over to share companionship and very nice apt. Always a full refrigerator—Could get serious. Al: LE 2-6192 or LE 2-3181.

BUY AND SELL

FANCY French ticklers. Sold as a novelty only. \$1.00 each. \$7.50 dozen. \$60.00 gross. Postpaid. Valco trading, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

MEN! Custom made by Norman Knight - Beach pants - snug fitting low rise - nylon Bikini underbriefs swim suits from \$3.00 - Imported silk scarves - way out custom casuals - all exclusive fabrics including Leather in my designs, or yours. Come to my new store and design studio and find out at 17 E. 13th Street. Also hand made ties and custom slacks.

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1 Strobe light
Costs over \$800 new. Will sell for \$450 or best offer. Write Wm. McCandless, Box 2876-USL Lafayette, La.

TRIP GLASSES L.S.D. Baby, \$4.50 pair 3 for \$12.00. A. Ayers, 571 F.D.R. Drive, N.Y.C. 10002. No squares man.

LESBOS CULT: Gorgeous fems ardently engaged in heated French culture sessions tantalizing scenes of voluptuous ultra-beauties in juicy fem/fem situations. \$10, airmailed. Europe, fast discreet, reliable—PLUS BE LISTED FREE ONE YEAR TO RECEIVE ILLUSTRATED PARISIAN, Scandinavian, Oriental catalogs offering all types of everything! No minors, checks, samples. Suriakin Serendip, 152 W. 42nd St., Rm. 536, N.Y.C. 10036.

"EVEN PARANOIDS HAVE REAL ENEMIES." Buy this and 230 other buttons. Also 12 Peanut buttons, **BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, NAME BUTTONS,** posters. Free catalog. Dealers inquire, Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St., N.Y.C., 10036. tel.: 581-4199.

BEAUTIFUL imported hippie beads, hippie lipsticks, psychedelic charms, peace charms, medallions, and hippie bells. \$1.50 each \$9.00 dozen postpaid. Valco, Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

UNDERGROUND SUPPLIES Posters, jewelry, incense, blacklites and blacklite supplies, roach clips, Pendants, bumper stickers, and a fantastic phantasmagorical plethora of esoteric dealer inquiries and wholesale price list upon request. Ramse International, 1644 N. Cherokee Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

BEAUTIFUL imported hippie beads, hippie bells, peace charms, medallions psychedelic charms, pagan god charm, hippie lipsticks \$1.50 ea. postpaid. Valco Box 151 Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

COLLECTOR'S DECK 5x7 full color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

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BUGGED by your barren wall? Hippist selection of Day-GLO posters. Night Owl, 118 W. 3rd St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Write for free catalogue.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

YOUNG nudist people-pairs small groups - single girls - liking their own privacy, beautiful setting bathing, games. Ideal location facilities week-ends or longer - 60 miles city, reasonable singles free for light housework. Write give phone. Box 307, Hackettstown, N.J. 07840.

LIGHT brown pregnant siamese cat. Lost one week. Lost in vicinity of 5th St. and 1st. Ave. Reward \$50, call CO 5-5179. Leave message.

TOM — Letter you requested sent to Louis Abolafia at 129 E. 4th. Pick up there or call Wooster, Ohio home collect.

PRODUCE AND BE THE D.J. WITH YOUR OWN RADIO GIG ON N. Y. FM STATION. Need new ideas and voices, any age. Do your own show, music, news, reviews, comments or your own THING. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. We'll train and assist if you have "IT". If you have a message, want to break into broadcasting, want exposure on radio or have groovy ideas, we want to talk to you. Serious people only, call, 201-867-6322.

We also have new service for EVO readers, we'll list your classified ad on the air. We're experimenting with this idea, we're the only station in N.Y. doing it. If you want your ad on the air . . . call us for approval and details on time, etc. 201-867-6322.

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BLEEKER ST., 154 Newly Decorated Rooms on daily or weekly basis At SPECIAL LOW RATES Village Hotel: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT, 154 Bleeker St., 212-254-2020.

Classified Ads in This Paper
Bring Results

Read the Classified Ads
Read the Classified Ads

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Meet interesting people who enjoy social nudism. Any age. Send \$1.00. Alan Tuck Associates, Male/female, married/single. Dept. E-5, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

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Rissa teaches at 1674 Broadway, Rm. 604, Wed. 6 and 7 p.m. For information call CL 2-2476 or 256-8750.

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ASTROLOGER

from San Francisco, is now in Chicago. For your Personal TAPE-RECORDED NATAL CHARACTER READING of Astrological Delineations SEND \$10.00 with the Exact Time and Place of your Birth to: ARIES, c/o The Seed, 837 N. LaSalle, Dept. E, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

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This unique service lists over 200 sophisticated female and couples. These discreet people all live in

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WE WILL MOVE anything. (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates also. Long & short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellas, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

LIGHT moving 24 hour service wagon plus one man \$6.00, two men \$9.00. 388-1954 or 966-1405.

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ASTROLOGY your life, your love, your career. Rod Chase. WA 8-8914. \$15.00.

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PUBLICATION

NUDIST BEACHES
FREE beaches where you may disrobe or not. Your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info Send \$1 to Craig. POB-85175 L.A., Calif., 90072. Yes East Coast nude beaches too!

YMCA DIRECTORY

New, 32 page Directory of YMCA's lists address, tel no., and rooms available for each Y in U. S. and Canada. Send \$2.00. Alan Tuck Associates, POB -1532Y, Union, N. J. 07083.

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READ "Response" Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to comp. Sexciting photos. Special offers. Get with it! Current issue \$2. "Special Edition," \$1. Adults only (give age) Remson, Suite 6, 116 W. 87th St., New York 10024.

The **BLACK BOOK** is the singles-only magazine that puts new people into your life. Unlike other publication advertised nearby, the **BLACK BOOK** is dignified, legit and deals in service, not sensation. Want to see some new faces?? — then the **BLACK BOOK** is for you. Send \$1 to Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St. N.Y.C., 10036. Let the **BLACK BOOK** sock it to you.

ILLUSTRATED catalog of adult books and magazines to meet every taste. Send 25c to ALMO, Box 65982, Los Angeles, California, 90065.

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SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals— for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions — Plus news worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues \$8.00 cash or M. O. — Justice, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231. Sample copy \$1.00.

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GAY Magazine now available on WEST COAST; keep up on GAY activities in N.Y.C. AS WELL AS L.A. LIST OF BARS, BATHS, BEACHES, CRUISING SPOTS in L.A. Also articles & stories & local L.A. CLASSIFIED ADS, 1 YR. SUB. \$5.00 — TRIAL \$3.00 INCL. 1 FREE CLASSIFIED AD. Send check or M.O. to TROIJAN PUBLISHING, 6311 YUCCA ST., L.A., CALIF. 90028 INCL. 45 WORD AD - WILL INSERT IN CURRENT ISSUE IF POSSIBLE.

NEW GAY BAR GUIDE. Over 260 cities in 50 States. Included over 195 in L.A. 100 in S.F. Over 1,200 Bars, Baths, Beaches, \$2.00 to Mr. Kenneth, Box 2141, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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CLUB "POM-POM" — Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communique, \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E, Box 54, N.Y., N.Y. 10038.

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If your thing includes fulfilling your desires for fun in the flesh, find your swinging counterparts in the Kindred Spirits Club. Sample magazine \$1.00 to K.S., Box 3806, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

EMPLOYMENT

ATTRACTIVE well proportioned very uninhibited girls for exploration films opportunity for interesting projects in future if qualified very good pay. Call Sid: LO 4-7630.

UNINHIBITED Male model-actor 28, white, seeks any-type modeling-acting for money, be it underground - overground - independent - legitimate - illegitimate am available evenings weekends until August, contact Jim, after 8-p.m., 1-215-329-3526.

PROFESSION for WOMAN, over 30 and hassels of life, part or full time, 50's off Park Ave. . . . "Permanent Hair Removal" experience not necessary, will teach. Requirements: dexterious hands, ability to talk intelligently, think independently and earn with professional attitude WNEW FM is heard all day. EN 2-9590 after 8:30 p.m. Mr. Kelly.

GIRLS WANTED, photography 2 hrs. \$50 cash, nudist magazines. Also Studio modeling. Lee Studio "A" 279-6452, Thurs., Fri. and Sat. 1 to 9 p.m. 68 W. 39th St.

SALESMEN or ladies to sell imported beads, different qualities, and beaded necklaces with medallion; very high commission. Replies made to CANDN-IMPORT INC., Mamaroneck, New York, 10543, Telephone 914-OW 8-6262 after July 7th.

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.

PRIZE winning film-maker casting for feature in Europe seeks two leads, boy and girl, 18-19, beautiful, innocent-looking, send pictures to: McBride, 315 West 86th St., New York 10024.

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 earn \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

GROOVY YOUNG MUSIC TYCOON WITH GASSY 5th AVE PENTHOUSE SEEKS GROOVY CAPABLE SECRETARY IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME BREAD. COMFORTABLE ACCOMODATIONS AND A BALL - CALL PL 2 - 6440

liver

(Continued from Page 6)

he feels, is a return to the simple saintly virtues; and it is with these aims in mind that Mr. Holmes offers today's women the latest — absolutely the last word in Spiritual Garb; the nun's minihabit. Mr. Harris quips: "One of my Chicago customer bought a nun's dress and toured all over Europe in it. One day in Rome she ran into a real nun, who asked her what order she belonged to." (??) The dress is available at Paraphenalia for \$29.00; \$6.00 extra for the hood.

* * *

The Recall Reagan Committee reports that it has 650,000 signatures out of the 780,414 needed to put the remainder of Governor Reagan's term on the ballot in November. Ten previous recall petitions have failed, but in California anything can happen. Reportedly, Governor Reagan is becoming somewhat uneasy over the whole matter. Last week the Governor hinted that "powerful political interests" were behind the recall campaign. "Our strategy was to ignore them," says an aide, "but that hasn't worked too well."

* * *

From the Wall Street Journal, 6 28: "Politicians debate the merit of a new GOP bumper sticker saying 'return to reason — vote Republican.' Some think the slogan sounds too backward-looking."

* * *

The New York City Council voted last week to make car rental agencies responsible for parking tickets received, and subsequently ignored, by their customers. Rental agencies may avoid this expense by identifying their naughty customers to the Traffic Summons Control Bureau; although it is more likely that they will merely raise rental rates to absorb the added expense and allow their customers the ego-luxury and important feeling of being able to ignore parking tickets with impunity.

* * *

Governor Nelson Rockefeller overcame his concern that his action would be interpreted as coddling drug addicts last week when he vetoed a bill which called for a life sentence for selling or offering marijuana to minors. The Governor was heard to remark that raising the penalty from 25 years in prison to life, with a minimum of 15 years, would be "absurd." Rocky stands for a sane policy of clapping the sort of degenerate scum as would offer a classmate a joint into jail for a moderate 25 years. He proudly points out that it was his prompting which raised the maximum penalty from 15 years to 20 in 1966 (he approved the change to 25 years last year).

* * *

It is reported that liberal education has made remarkable inroads at the U. S. Naval War College in Newport, R. I. Under the guidance of Vice Admiral John T. Howard, the emphasis has shifted from military tactics and planning to such otherwordly subjects as international law, economics, sociology, and psychology. Knowledge of these and similar subjects is "essential," he figures, "for officers who are more likely to be called upon to engage in delicate cold war jousting with the Soviets or to strengthen the social structure of a backward Asian land than to engage in shellfire with the enemy." In keeping with this liberal, if condescending attitude, Howard "invites critics of U. S. foreign policy as guest lecturers and gives his regular faculty . . . complete freedom to speak their minds."

* * *

The capabilities of our modern medical wizards were called into doubt last week as a woman pronounced dead from an overdose of drugs had her heart-beat restored by a morgue attendant at Crouse-Irving Hospital in Syracuse.





STEREO - SD 706

**THE ESSENTIAL
LENNY
BRUCE
★ POLITICS ★**

Because the liberals can understand everything but people who don't understand them. The liberal, the true liberal: "I'm so understanding, I can't understand anyone not understanding me, as understanding as I am."

POLITICO: In this country, regardless of race, you have the right to know... every man has his own... very much... child, as child... one day will be... his heritage... that... in the... times, who... enace... horrible... that can only... and delame its creator, a horror, a... a... lazy, a lethargic. Lethargic... not fall into. We've got... that can't... out hale... id! If... and... keep... standards, the... has come... from... will build for...

then you know... Oh... I assure... passed... from... two... "Wh... all... n...

STEREO - SD 795

X MALCOLM X
TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE
MALCOLM X
X MALCOLM X

LUTHER GEORGIA BOY SNAKE JOHNSON

**The Muddy Waters
Blues Band**

STEREO - SD 704

**EARTH GROOVE
PANDIT PRANNATH
THE VOICE OF COSMIC INDIA**

STEREO - SD 782

Pete La Rocca's
Turkish Women at the Bath

STEREO - SD 779

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