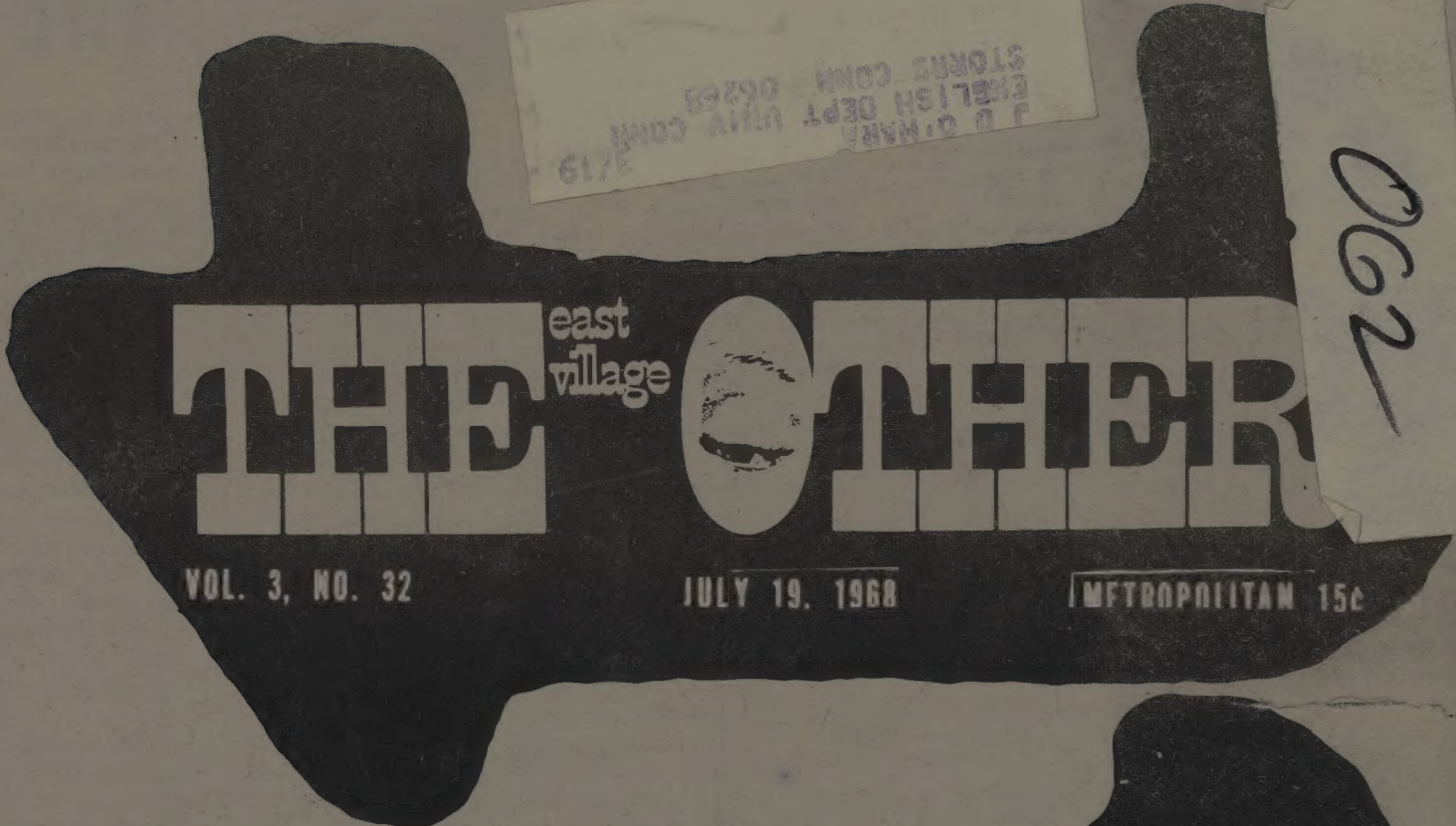
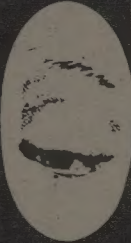


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THE east village  **NEWS**

VOL. 3, NO. 32

JULY 19, 1968

METROPOLITAN 15c



# F R E E Z E

by Lennox Raphael

They WANTED Robert Kennedy alive. Dead or alive, they wanted him masturbating jocularly in their fantasies.

They wanted him alive forever, but they couldn't let him know. That would rob some of the ephemeral magic of being suspended between wonder and dismay.

Then somebody broached the subject of immortality, "What do you say?" he was asked.

"Arthur C. Clarke predicts men will achieve immortality by 2090, which is enough cause for hurrahs. But remember," the junior Senator from New York paused, two months before he was gunned down in a California hotel, "remember: 'He that believeth in me though he perish shall have everlasting life.' Well, Pete, I think Jesus speaks for me, eloquently. I still groove behind the joy of heaven and the efficacy of the spirit. They are inseparable. Like dead brothers."

The plotters were stumped.

Then along came chance & her mysteriously bewitching magic. He would receive a frozen burial, cryonically speaking. He would be preserved in scientifically regulated cold & preserved until the cause of death was removed and life reinjected. His arrogance would live, and his biographers would be puzzled.

It became freeze now, tell God later. Bobby would be cryonically suspended at death for another swing at the Presidency centuries from now.

But somewhere along the line, due to faulty planning & misdetermined desires to have an Irish compete with god, the plot faltered, sputtered, and we must rely on his speeches.

"Something like that would have given us just the impetus and financial kind of help we need," said Saul Kent, Secretary of CRYONICS SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, "immortality brokers." The bravest optimists of the brave new scientific optimism. "If the temperature of a body is lowered to a cryogenic level (-320 F.) by exposing it to a liquid nitrogen environment, further deterioration is effectively prevented, and the organism is put into a state of suspension. In this way the individual who is unable to sustain life can be sent into the future until it becomes possible to reverse the pathology of his condition and restore him to life, health, and youth. . . . Death is final only when the deterioration of the body is considered to be irreversible." The science of life extension is not rot.

There are several cryonics societies in the country, but New York's is militant. They want a piece of the immortality action now. Trial & error, determination & speed. The Society's emblem is the Phoenix, "classic symbol of immortality." It is the phoenix bird that transforms itself into a new being at the age of 500 by burning itself alive on a nest of aromatic gums and wood, so that it can rise again from its ashes young and beautiful . . . which hints that the fable of the phoenix bird is really an ad for burning dead bodies.

## THE THESIS

Cryonic suspension is the preservation of the human body by freezing or supercooling. Cryonic is derived from the Greek word kryos meaning "icy cold." This new concept is an outgrowth of Cryobiology, which is the science that studies the effects of low temperatures on biologic systems.

Scientists have discovered that the colder organic cells are kept, the longer they can be preserved. Liquid gases have been used to freeze-preserve living cells, organs, and organisms with remarkable success.

For example, red blood cells ordinarily deteriorate rapidly when removed from the body; at the temperature of liquid nitrogen (-320 F), however, they have been preserved for years. After thawing, they are so similar to freshly drawn cells that they can be used in transfusions. Frozen blood has saved the lives of many troops in Viet Nam.

Human sperm has been frozed and thawed for use in artificial insemination. There are normal, healthy human beings living today who were conceived in this fashion.

There have been many partial successes in the freeze-preservation of organs and organisms. The most spectacular was described in detail recently by a team of Japanese scientists in the British scientific journal Nature. A cat's brain was frozen, stored at -4 F for 203 days, and thawed to register an almost normal encephalograph reading.

The Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to the promotion and advancement of cryonic suspension. Our primary goal is to enable terminal patients to be suspended cryonically, so that it will become possible to restore them to life, health, and youth at some future time.

Cryonic suspension has not yet been perfected. At present, a patient placed in this state cannot be revived. Because of this, it is necessary to wait until the patient is pronounced legally dead by a physician before initiating the procedure, although preparations must be made prior to death.

Death is relative to time and place. It does not occur all at once, but gradually, over a period of hours. There are several stages. When a person's heart stops beating and his breathing ceases, he is clinically dead; this condition, however, is not necessarily final. Cardiac massage and artificial respiration can be used to revive a person after clinical death. Death is final only when it is decided that the body has deteriorated to an irreversible degree. This decision is arbitrary because the criterion for irreversibility is changing constantly. Many pathologic conditions considered irreversible fifty years ago, are easily reversible today.

The Cryonics Society of New York believes that cryonic suspension can be used to prevent the finality of death, and that this treatment is, at present, the only alternative for a person in a terminal condition who wishes to continue living.

## THE PROGRAM

### I — PREPARATION FOR CRYONIC SUSPENSION

1. The Society recommends the acquisition of a life insurance policy of at least \$10,000 to cover the costs of cryonic suspension, storage, and reanimation.

2. The Society has prepared sample legal documents to guide the individual in preparing for his prospective cryonic suspension. They include forms for: Body Authorization, Trust Agreement, Relatives Affidavits, and Personal Affidavit.

3. The Society also recommends obtaining and carrying emergency medical identification and information.

The intrepid Mr. Kent (who resides on the same block as Cryonics Society of New York, 306 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205, phone NE 8-5797) believes that every scientific attempt should be made to prolong the usefulness span of our heroes, political and otherwise, especially when they are snatched violently from us as were King, the Kenedyns, and Malcolm X, taken from the nation at the peak of their genius. "These men should have been frozen," Mr. Kent says. "Even massive cellular damage, considered to be irreversible in principle today, may be repaired by the medical technicians of the future."

Adam was an optimist.

The second annual Cryonics Conference is scheduled for Ann Arbor, Michigan on April 11 & 12, 1969, in the year of suspended love.

"We didn't send a letter to the Kennedys," Mr. Kent said between bites this week's hot Tuesday. But freeze invitations were sent to Ike, "he's always dying," Mr. Kent said, "he would be great for freezing." And Cardinal Spellman, too, should have been tucked away in ice. Mr. Kent mentioned James Dean, the popular square who made it as a clean & angry hippie. And Marilyn Monroe. "Can you imagine . . . Marilyn Monroe!" In person she would have been saved for future generations & centuries, her spirit iceskating to immortality, to be revived as the goddess of ice. Now she is rot. She could have been placed in a transparent capsule for permanent storage and put on public view . . . in a museum . . . lying in icy state . . . Mr. Hoving would take care of that. And a price would be asked for every look at her, and so the project would maintain itself and even contribute taxes as its contribution to "our problems in the cities."

"We have one millionaire who's interested," Mr. Kent said, "He is extremely interested. But millionaires are strange." They of all people should start buying ice and financing research in life extension but, like the politicians, they are on the fence. "They are funny," he said. "Money doesn't make visionaries." God created heaven and ice in the beginning.

Professor Robert C. W. Ettinger, one of the stars of the immortality rush, explains that "the problems involved in a large-scale cryogenic interment program are not just biological, but also economic, legal, political, sociological, philosophical, religious, and psychological." But he thinks there is ample evidence to suggest that, after freezing, "many or even most cells of all kinds may remain functional, and that even those non-functional may be relatively little damaged, leaving solid ground for optimism about the capability of revival in the indefinite future. It is also heartening that in many cases the damage seems to occur chiefly not in freezing or storage, but in thawing and while removing the protective additive (usually glycerine or dimethylsulfoxide solution) that was used to minimize the freezing damage; needless to say, only fully perfected thawing and washing techniques will be used on the frozen people."

Each home will have a small room set aside for an Immortality Freezer. A do-it-yourself immortality. Dictators will build pyramidstrong capsules. The heart transplant, already frowned upon by cryonics heads, will lose some magic.

But life is not that simple, and simpler still.

O.K., you might have to wait centuries, the ice might grow hot, or you might be turned into a technological mummy, but, man!, what do you stand to lose? Even Bobby knows that immortality is cold.

# THE PATAREA

by Jerry

According to a Wall Street Journal report, miniskirts are permitted by 52% of the business community as acceptable for office wear. Mustaches are accepted by 73%, sideburns by 46%, beards 26%, and long hair is accepted by only 5% of the business surveyed.

\* \* \*

In deference to fervid public sentiment regarding firm gun control measures, we would call for the disarmament of the most violent and abusive segment of the population, the police. Several news items in past weeks tell of civilian-clad officers producing firearms to settle personal disputes. In the Bronx, an argument between three police officers during rush hour traffic resulted in the death of one man and the wounding of another. In addition, police officers are a prime source of "black market" weapons. Preliminary investigations have revealed that the weapon used by Central Park sniper, Angel Angelof, had a history of illicit sales by New Jersey police officers.

\* \* \*

Government spokesmen have indicated that despite a new law which allows all candidates for President to have secret service protection, Mrs. Charlene Mitchell, the Communist Party candidate, will not be eligible for such protection. Certainly, one would imagine Mrs. Mitchell to be in some danger given today's climate in which bullets waft through the air striking down celebrities and citizens seemingly at random. Apparently the Treasury Department feels that such legislation is not for commies.

## IT'LL TICKLE YER INNARDS

Don't worry about that orange stuff in your water, it's only a little rust (said to be stirred up by the rapid movement of water through the city's decaying water mains as kids cool off in the hydrant-flow). It's perfectly safe according to the City Department of Water Resources; just let the stuff settle. Of course, if you're drinking in a dark room you can let it settle in the urinal, later, Rust, as every one knows, is great stuff to drink — it gives the water flavor, stimulates the liver, and is completely clean since the chlorine kills all the really dangerous germs. John De Zuane, public health engineering consultant for the Department of Health observes that "pure water is actually an old-fashioned concept that belongs to the 17th century."

\* \* \*

A House subcommittee investigating intelligence fuckups, such as the Pueblo Incident and the Tet Offensive, has come up with an answer which provides little shock for anyone at all familiar with the great burgeoning bureaucracy known as the Federal Government: inefficiency. Our spies are collecting information at such a pace that there is scarcely time to assimilate facts and make use of them. This is another way of saying that most of the material we collect is just so much bullshit and of no use to anyone: relevant pieces of information, if there are any, are lost in a glut of inconsequential material. As recent Times article said, "The Defense Appropriations subcommittee said unprocessed reports on Southeast Asia alone recently filled 517 linear feet of file drawer space at the headquarters of the Defense Intelligence Agency." It would seem that the nation has more to fear from its own bureaucratic impotence than from its much-heralded enemies. The Tet Offensive certainly should have been foreseen by any casual theoretician, let alone an entire staff of "experts" who were apparently too busy combing piles of nonsense to notice the obvious.

\* \* \*

South Africa has found this rather late date appropriate for passing legislation against homosexuality and lesbianism. No restriction on activity of this type has been necessary in the past, and one can only assume that an unprecedented wave of inverted behavior has swept the country making these laws indispensable to the public welfare.

\* \* \*

In keeping with a consistent policy of unenforceable drug legislation Attorney General Ramsey Clark has issued an order, to take effect in 60 days, which will make THC illegal. The new artificial "essence of marijuana" is completely odorless and public use is impossible to detect. Conviction for manufacture or sale will be punishable by a maximum of one year in jail or a \$1,000 fine, assuming someone gets caught.

## WILD WOMEN

UI reports that Mr. Blanca Nieves de Picirelli told police in Argentina last week that he was attacked by six women who threw him to the ground, kicked him, and fled with his clothes.

\* \* \*

The latest stride forward in military reconnaissance currently being used in Vietnam is the Army's personal detector — a device which is sensitive to concentrations of body odor from the air. Will the device be able to differentiate between unwashed Vietcong and unwashed peasant? Will modern antiperspirant soaps provide an effective defence against this highly sophisticated method of troop protection? Aret he Vietcong really dirty? Military spokesmen did not say.

# LIST PAPERS

Levi

The manpower reduction to be imposed on federal employment by the new tax bill has been hailed by many as a bold step into yesterday. According to the personnel-reduction provision the government will fill only 3 out of 4 vacancies to occur in federal jobs until the employment level is reduced to the level of June 30, 1966. The public will begin to feel the first effects of this triumph of legislative absurdity next month when delivery of mail will be reduced to four times weekly.

\* \* \*

According to a recent Post article men who have returned from Vietnam estimate that 75 per cent of our fighting men get high. Fort Hood in Killeen, Texas, which is the home of the 1st and 2nd Armored Div., has been dubbed Fort Head by turned-on military types due to the accessibility of plants such as the peyote cactus and mesal bean. It is reported that pot smoking is so massive it has infiltrated the military police itself . . .

\* \* \*

Gov. Reagan of California said that the recall campaign which is currently being directed against him is "a very dangerous precedent" from his point of view, especially since it is being directed against him for "political reasons." The former movie-star declined to say what reasons he would consider appropriate.

\* \* \*

Retirement poses few problems for President Johnson, he will not languish in his remaining dotage on the usual Civil Service retirement stipend benefits. Why, just last week it was disclosed that a Russian emigrant, one Emanuel Radzinsky, dequethed to the Johnson family a whole thousand dollars after his death on 22 June. Mr. Radzinsky, a naturalized citizen who worked as a maintenance man for the Chicago Parks Department and later operated a diner, left an estate estimated at \$250,000. Don't ask me how he did it. Out of this our beloved President received a whole grand, for his comfort in his declining years, before he DIES!

\* \* \*

LONDON, 14 July (UPS) — A new shortwave, extremely short wave radio station, Radio Love, is scheduled to commence broadcasting programs about the London area shortly. By manipulating electromagnetic waves scarcely longer than the "waves" of light, the operators of Radio Love expect to be able to operate free from interference from the BBC. They will broadcast pop music, social comment, and underground news. To pick the station up, listeners will need to attach their radios to a special wave detector, a device somewhat similar to a TV antenna, and set it up within sight of the Radio Love transmitter. Eventually, Radio Love expects to have transmitters all about the city.

\* \* \*

Jack Valenti, show biz whizz and former press badger for the Johnson Administration, is agitating presently for a one-year term for Prexys . . . Is three-dot journalism dead? . . . Says the First Gentlemen fritter away too much valuable time arranging their reelection, the way things are now . . . Thoughtful, ne c'est pas?

\* \* \*

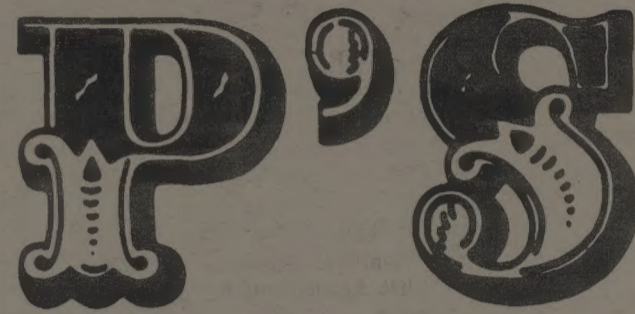
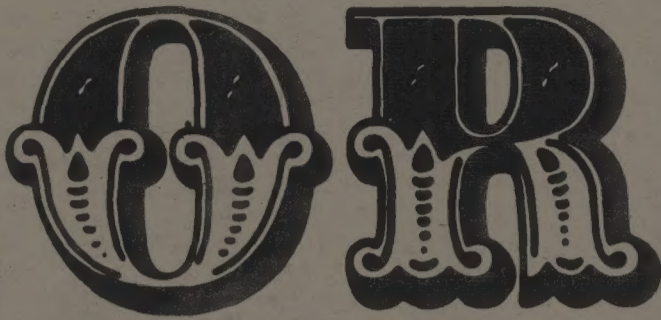
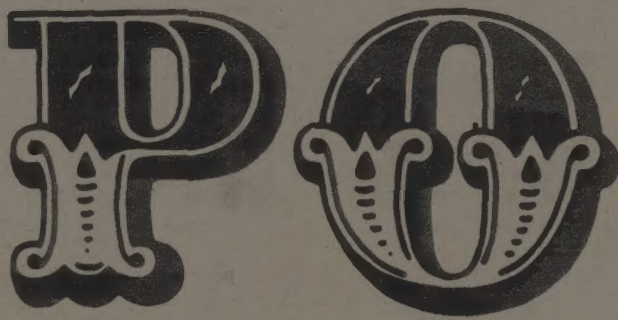
LONDON, presently, all wires — John Lennon is fucking about with Yoko Ono. Great scandal. Divorce imminent. Lots of press due. Watch upcoming "decomposition" columns for lurid details. She's an artist, he's our idol. Coventry Cathedral is giving them flack. Watch "decomposition." "Decomposition."

\* \* \*

Adherents of the Dulles Cold War Canons will be displeased to note that Yugoslavia is prying another set of rivets out of the Iron Curtain. The Yugoslav Invest Bank is inaugurating a bond policy that bids fair to turn downtown Belgrade into another fucking Wall Street; why, just last week, a state-controlled automobile manufacturer floated an eight million dollar bond issue to finance plant expansion, and security units of \$4,000 are being offered to other companies on five-year terms at 6% interest. "Stock exchanges are needed," declares a Belgrade newspaper, "although they probably will not be called by that name in Yugoslavia." Call it the People's Usury Center.

\* \* \*

A tirade against the American Educational Complex would be a waste of space and effort here. Only those in whom the System's brainwashing 'took' will dispute the fact that American schools are over-structured, anti-creative, and intellectually and spiritually stifling, or that the Educational System's principle and avowed purpose is to turn out Personnel for Corporate Business and the Military. Besides that, talking about this sort of shit is depressing. Anyway, there's a way out of it: call Beverly Waite at 254-4318 some evening after six, and ask her how much it would cost to get your brats tutored by a private tutor. Under the Law, a tutor can instruct a private class of up to six students, providing that his curriculum outline is accepted by the District School Superintendent, in this case Elliot Shapiro. It may cost a bit, but it's preferable to having your kid become an automaton, isn't it?



The Berkeley riots have now subsided into a Berkeley bash. July 4th, Thursday, Independence Day, the day, as one 8 year old blonde girl explained to me, "was the day they exploded all those firecrackers," turned into a celebration for the campus radicals as the city council finally gave into their demands and closed down Telegraph Ave. for a political rally.

What had caused a commotion by the Berkeley police, gassing and clubbing innocent victims and citizens, turned into a far cheaper commodity than a riot. The City Council, after two days of open radio & TV debates with its citizens and a great number of bombing and retaliation threats by the irate citizenry and a great amount of bureaucratic hoopla & doublethink on their own elected part, by offering to compromise to close down Sater Gate Ave. rather than Telegraph, left the City of Berkeley with a \$750,000 unpaid bill for the cost of a revolution. If anything came out of the whole experience in this part of the country, it was the recognition that it was far less expensive for government to control the natural urges of its people to strike back at stupidity and inefficiency than to cause a riot in trying to stop them. Telegraph Avenue would be closed not because it was Independence Day but because, after the revolution it was business as usual. Either the City Council would have to find a cheaper way to control its people or the people would have to find a better police force which, what it all comes down to, is the real meaning of "Government For the People, Of the People, By the People."

Across the bay, San Francisco still sits waiting for that rough beast slouching towards Bethlehem for the Second Coming. San Francisco sits, not because it is heavy with metal like New York or lengthy on dialogue like Berkeley, but because it is a city of magicians. In this city there is a great amount of talent and time and the weather can be cold and misty or sunny and clear, all within five minutes' walking distance of each other. A cabal of energy waits here casting their spells, incanting their cantations and songs, strobing the light with color and myriad flash, painting and praising the dawn of a new day with their instant deus ex machina called Art.

There are a great many people here, and more each day, who, like the seven hills of San Francisco, expose themselves eternally to the 3R's of nature: Retreat, Resurrection, and Renaissance. What their artistic fervour creates has made this city the true art Mecca of America. Unlike New York, which, in most cases, sells art, San Francisco experiences it.

It is the home of the high pressure cabin and quick passage music of the Jefferson Airplane and the Matrix coffee house which was their birthplace and is now being revived after being closed by the municipality for making too much noise.

It is the Southern Comfort of Janis Joplin's soul voice and bellowed bacchanal as she explodes on the wings of Big Brother and the Holding Company.

It is the cavernous echo of Bill Graham's Fillmore West in which SHE entered as a young girl and came out a brash woman and bold star, and which has now closed and moved to the Carousel. As Bill Graham saw it, the old Fillmore will be given to the predominantly poor Negro section of that district to do their thing in. But what Graham does not explain is their thing is no longer one of song and dance but petty robberies and muggings of the rich and middle class teenybopper whites who could afford to patronize



by Alan Katzman

his palace of worship. Graham moved to the Carousel because he is no longer a magician but a moneymaker. San Francisco is the maelstrom of the light show and of Bill Ham, the man who perfected it many years ago and who now kaleidoscopes at the Light Sound Dimension in six totally different live performances each week at 1572 California St.

It is the invisible voice of "Big Daddy" Tom Donohue who took over radio station KMPX from the inarticulate hands of two "ride 'em rope 'em" cowboy mental giants and made it into the hippest radio station in America. And when they realized he was spreading perversion, pot, and pussy, they took it away from him. Now he runs station KSAN and has proved them wrong; that commercial success can be tantamount to spreading the message of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. "Big Daddy" Tom Donohue has made himself Master Magician of the Tribal Drum Conspiracy.

San Francisco is the frontal assault lines on the seven levels of consciousness and its Head-General, Master Magician, painter, manipulator of events, prime mover of the San Francisco Oracle, and style setter of BE-IN's is Michael Bowen. Bowen lives his life without money but uses magic instead. He lets the Gods decide and he is the richest magician in the city of the New Jerusalem. He resides in his fairy-tale home and Om of paradise with his sorceress wife Martine, their magical first son, nine month old Rama Krishna Star, great dane Egypt, and Siamese cat Fereal.

This is the city of the instant Head-Flash, of North Beach beatnik literary word-in, and the Haight Ashbury Hippie love-in which have become the Captain High exploits of drug dredges turning their broken consciousness into a living mythology. Of the Hot Dog Palace, a restaurant in North Beach known by its initiates and visitors as Meth Palace where all the quarters were always fifty records behind the juke box and where an order of ham and eggs was immediately followed by the crowded and claustrophobic query of "Well! Where is it?"

In no other city can there be as easily evidenced the swapping of tribal tall tales becoming actual events. Of the scandal that rocked San Francisco when a cabal of speed freaks were discovered to be living in the guts of the closed-for-demolition Fox Theater; who lived off the obsolete structure by selling the copper and brass ornaments and other equipment; who freaked out on the rafters of the huge lubby walrus and; who scared people, demolition workers and police with their weird comings and goings and disappearings through holes and secret passages when they tried to track them down to evict them. It took the police a full two weeks with maps of the old structure to seek out their secret abodes and their medium of escape into an underground world that only the building itself remembered.

Only in the San Francisco Newspapers can front page headlines like "TOO BAD . . . DOPE TRAFFIC'S IN TROUBLE" be of such great importance as San Franciscans go about their business still left with the choice of whether to stay stoned forever, partly, or never.

And only in San Francisco can mythology wait, renew itself into reality, new lifestyles, and still as the Cathedral of Soothsayers backs calmly in the smoky sun and mist.

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

ICELAND: LORRAINE-GLENNBY  
 LONDON: MILES  
 PARIS: J. J. LEBEL  
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG  
 BERLIN: ALEX GROSS  
 LOS ANGELES: SAM SILVER  
 SAN FRANCISCO: ERNIE BARRY  
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD  
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID  
 TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK & FRAWLEY

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# WAILING WALL

Aw Fellas:

Come on now you're putting me on (please pardon rather late comment on your cover of the March 8-14 (speed kills) issue of EVO—someone fucked up in the ole post office again—and nobody's in too much of a hurry to get good news over here anyway.) I'm sure your spike bearing Uncle Sam sold a lot of papers; good for you, I'm glad. But please don't use something as silly as that as a prospective public outrage—there are enough really good outrages to go around for you trying to do-down grade our the next half century. (What are war?)

To set the record straight I just want to say that sure there's speed in the Army pill kits, sure it's used. Some guys need it to stay awake so some little fella doesn't sneak up and cut his throat while he's on guard duty. Other people drop a few (very mild dextro-amphetamine) to ostay up all night and write stupid letters like this one. Big deal, half the truckies in the states depend on the same and nobody calls them A heads.

Now let's look at the bright side of things. There are some very interesting thngs going on over here indeed. Everyone pictures a war returnee as a steadfast, upright, God, country, Mom's apple pie loving crew-cutted all American boy—all set to take his place among the 8 to 5ers, get married, have kids, join the VFW or American Legion—aw shit, I'm gonna puke. Now how many "hip" people have you heard say, "Wew, if we could only turn everybody on." Well in a sense that's exactly what's happening here. I can say that an easy 50% of the boys getting off the plane at Oakland know from first hand experience the value of smoke. In traveling around Vietnam, meeting people from other areas, it has been proven time and again that an 80% company participation is not at all uncommon. A friend of mine god zonked with a C.I.D. man on R.R. in Tokyo and found through his conversation with that person that everyone is stoned—almost. I've seen people from uptight small towns from the remotest parts of the country (who had never even heard of grass or who think that it's

horrible stuff not to be touched) turn into very good heads. It's interesting.

So doggone it gang—let's noot knock everyone over here—some folks weren't too lucky, some folks were forced, some folks didn't know any better—but all were forced here through the mistakes of our country and her politics, but it doesn't mean that animals will return—rather a lot of people who know what's true and what isn't. A lot of people who will defend the merit of a goodo smoke, a lot of heads that, who knows, will be in high places later—making things a lot easier for the lot of us.

Anyway thanks for you time and perhaps if you plan on using this letter in your paper you could put a hello to Richard Robbins and the great folks in and around Stockbridge, Mass. And why don't they write someplace as I've lost contact and I hope this might solve the problem. Actually I read letters you print from GI's from Vietnam and usually they sound like maniacs (or maybe I sound like a maniac rightnow.) Who knows?

Love,  
 Sp/4 W. I. (Rip) Tragle  
 US 52914238  
 COE, 50th Inf. (LRRP)  
 9th Div.  
 APO 96370  
 San Francisco

Dear EVO:

If you think I would lay a drop of my blood for you all, you're full of shit.

The prick-cutter has landed in Detroit, watch out for her knife. Oh yes, she is clever! She has a white body and black bones. She can fool you all the time. She'll tell you how your mother is a virgin, you turn your back: off comes the old prick. I warned you so you figure out how to piss!

A man came by the other day carrying a box of some shit or another. I saw a head in the box, a pasty face. You know what? It looked a lot like him! I turned my back and the bastard tried to pull my head off. He wanted me to have the one in the box. I'd have broke his nuts if he had any. I was fast and got away. How fast are you?

Look at that buy smile! He'll bust his fuckin' ears off! He grinned the whole time, but as I left, I swear I saw him out of the corner of my eye, pissing onto my back. Sure can mess up a clean shirt.

How about you? You got a beard? Does it itch? If it does, you're fucked up too!

\*Gadmus\*  
 New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear EVO:

THE 22 CAR FUNERAL TRAIN or THE MAOR ARCANA OF RFK

Robert Kennedy was assassinated by a 22 caliber bullet.

His brother John met the same fate on the 22nd.

His brother Teddy was born on the 22nd.

RFK was 22 when he nearly lost his life in Israel during the Palestine conflict in 1948.

Sirhan Sirhan asked for a book on the occult that had 522 pages.

He was armed with a 22 caliber pistol and an article derogatory to Kennedy dated May the 22nd.

Kennedy died because of a bullet in the skull. The skull has exactly 22 bones.

The article in the New York Times telling of Kennedy's Boston Globe days and the text of a telegram he sent to his newspaper's office and Mary Sirhan's telegram to Mrs. Kennedy were uxtaposed next to each other on page 22 of the times, June 7th. issue.

The Hebrew alphabet has 22 letters. Tav, the 22nd letter, means "end".

The major arcana of the Tarot cards are 22 in number and are used in predicting the future.

The funeral train that brought Kennedy to Washington had 22 cars.

The committee formed by the police and the F.B.I. to determine whether there was a plot has 22 individuals.

John McGrain, 22 year old, knew both Robert Kennedy and Sirhan Sirhan, a 400 Billion-to-1 shot!

22 numerologically is the 'master' number.

At times the master stroke for an individual is martyrdom.

I have found links joining the RFK assassination, the pulsar signals called LGM: Little Green Men, the mysterious F-111A 'accidents', the starfighter crashes and the disaster of the Scorpion.

Believe it or not, there is a fantastic sequel to this letter. While walking my girl back to work, after her brief lunch hour, she pointed to a discarded paperback book, lying on its spine, pages open, on the corner of 10th Street and Greenwich Avenue. I picked up the book and was surprised to see the face of Robert F. Kennedy and the title, **To Seek a Newer World**. This bantam book, slightly expanded from an earlier edition published in 1967, was reprinted to coincide with Kennedy's announcement of his candidacy on March 16, 1968. The book was opened on page number 44 when found, related to Kennedy's death which occurred at 1:44 and is also twice 22. Turning to page 22, as I am wont to do, I

saw a rather long footnote focusing upon unemployment and rural poverty. In this paragraph Kennedy wrote, "On Indian reservations, unemployment ranges up to eighty percent and the average man dies at forty-two." ZING. Brought to the truth through the number 22 again. For the age of Kennedy, at death, was 42 and Sirhan's age (24) were those very numbers reversed! Sirhan and Kennedy were linked by a strange and ritualistic dance of numbers. Of course, I thought, Kennedy was the chief of his tribe (the Kin-a-daddy clan), an evolved-melting-pot Indian, conscious of his responsibilities to his massacred brethren and eager to brin the Great Spirit to the forefront of a United America once again. But fate, ordained to repeat itself until mastered, sent Kennedy to his happy hunting grounds, scalped by a rampant immigrant from Old Jerusalem who could not countenance the miracle of a New Jerusalem under the quixotic banner of an Irish-Israeli Indian seeker of a never world.

Stanley Fisher  
 Astropsychologist

July 1, 1968.

Dear EVO:

Recently I had lunch with a businessman in the village and somehow the topic of conversation gravitated to the war in Vietnam.

Thas is, we stopped talking about balling, and what had happened to so and so last night, etc.

Suddenly I realized how heavily the war is draining on the lifeblood of our society.

Immediately I found myself disengaged from the horrible apathy that has started to deaden our sensibilities, the businessman, a seller of peace medals, left with the pronouncement that we as a nation would end up destroying ourselves.

I stayed in the restaurant to write this poem, almost in tears. Must we accept the attitude of this Nero? Of course not.

**To Hear the Dove**

I'm not sorry, patrons  
 I'm not sorry, white shirted waiters in the cafeteria,  
 that my hope is "C.O."  
 still intact for peace  
 because the silence of apathy  
 God awfully growing  
 making the fingers of the rice paddy tap us harder,  
 as we bloat ourselves on peaceless food  
 before a famine can strike here  
 if we choose to sit on our asses at truce tables.  
 The silent fields belong to the dead  
 the homeless, the burned  
 we napalm upon, too sick  
 to say "GET OUT OF OUR COUNTRY!"

loose hope as we hesitate  
 God have we all lost  
 the last remnants of decency?  
 NO  
 But we must regenerate  
 our whole diseased Americana,  
 to hear the dove.

Daniel Ernest  
 MacDougal Street  
 N.Y., N.Y.

**THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER**  
 105 Second Avenue  
 New York, New York 10003

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The East Village Other will be delivered sooner if you be sure to fill in your correct ZIP CODE.

# polymorphous

# polkadot

by DA Latimer

Being forced to wear clothes at any time is an inconvenience — wearing them in summer, in Manhattan especially, is insanity. It's downright pathetic. What is ten minutes of nudity in a summer of swelter? It is a criminal offense against the dignity of Man, or is it a stab of rationality in a morass of madness? Yayoi Kusama and her crew posed this question last Saturday on Wall Street before a crowd of tourists and staid churchgoing Baptists, posed it graphically at the very boots indeed of George Washington, and the assemblage clearly voted in favour of nudity. Maybe this is the answer to the unique apprehensions of the Summer of '68: let everybody go naked.

Besides being inconvenient, clothes cost money. Kusama's crew pointed this out in their little hoo-rah in front of the Stock Exchange. While a friendly spade wove Cuban and African percussion patterns off the skin of his bongoes, they cavorted in front of the tourists in the sun, with the salt breeze slipping over their bare asses, putting down clothes and property and taxes and stocks and bonds, while praising the dollar itself in all of its manifestations. Yippies and Diggers are negative, they burn money; the Kusama people, the Loft Generation, they dig money, they just want to use it for happier things than clothes and such. This is what they wanted to get across to the Wall Street crowd, jumping around bare-ass in front of the astonished tourists, while little kids on the way home from Trinity Church with their parents laughed and danced around themselves, in their starchy pink and black Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. Yayoi, in an ivory white dress of her own design, with great billowing red sleeves and white polka-dotted tights, flashed spray-dots of fluorescent paint over the dancers' naked bodies in polka-dot patterns of cerise and blue and chartreuse.

No, she wasn't naked, not Yayoi Kusama. Clothes have their advantages, when they're worn right, and Kusama looks just swell in her own outfits. She'll get bare for publicity photos, it's easily done, but when it comes to running around the streets naked, well, that's illegal. Fine for other people, but Yayoi's got enough problems, she's an artist.

SELF-OBLITERATION, that's Kusama's thing, her oeuvre, her art, her technique. "I am trapped in my life, yet I cannot escape from death," is her plaint and that makes for a strenuous theory of art. Representation of life and experience of life, form and content both ding and dong, that's the way out of it, the only way out of it this late in the Century. She has difficulty writing, does Yayoi, for hell, she can hardly talk English — and Japan has ever been lousy with little old men writing teardrop-perfect little prose pieces celebrating the untenability of subject-object discrimination. Kusama works with things that stand there, or things that move, things you can feel and things that fuck.

At one time she was a painter and a sculptor, and attracted considerable celebrity at both. On canvas, her monochromes took after Jackson Pollock's issue, random phenomena of polkadots and net patterns with no balancing factors, no centers, no edges. This sort of thing takes more dedication than is at first apparent — an automatic monochrome, dashed off carelessly and with little feeling, will invariably form into some sort of eventual pattern, imposed by the artist's subconscious or whatever, providing it's sufficiently fine and detailed; if it's too wide open and featureless, it fails to catch the viewer's eye and perform the vital alchemy with his gestalt perceptive apparatus that will bring him to recognize it as Art. To work it right, and because she was maybe a trifle obsessed with the project, Kusama used to rise every day to a shilling alarm clock, and work until nearly midnight slopping polkadots onto the canvas and scrawling net patterns across them to keep them from being so absolutely free. (If the laws of probability have been suspended, it cannot follow therefrom that all phenomena will appear at random — you need nets about the polkadots to point out the arbitrary nature of contingency.) This went on for quite a long time.

Finally, one morning early in 1958, Yayoi noticed nets hanging through the smog outside the window of her East Side loft. Checking the walls of the place, just to make sure, she saw that polkadots had appeared everywhere overnight, scads of them, hundreds of polkadots that hung there shimmering on the walls and changed colour depending on what angle she looked at them from. Polka dots: the sun is a polka dot charged with a masculine valence, the moon is a polka dot charged with a feminine valence; polka dots are headlights blaring through the tunnel behind your closed eyelids, they're each one the perfect Euclidian circle that can never be squared, they're the fever spots of Chicken Pox, and they release the exultation that comes of fever; the earth is one polka dot in the infinity of the continuum, and polka dots must multiply to infinity, and you are a polka dot among polka dots like me and them and Yayoi Kusama . . . Somebody took her up to Bellevue, she went quietly and rather happily.

(Continued on Page 16)



## AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

Most of you know me, or have read my cartoons for the past three years. I think I can safely say you know me well enough to realize that I would never put on. I mean, when I write something for your consumption, you can rely on its serious origins.

What I am about to report to you is as important and truthful as my very life. What I will write to you is the truth behind my giving up cartooning and becoming a respected illustrator and writer! Yes, for the first time, I make public the shocking story that changed my whole way of life.

It all started last year. I quit Syracuse University in 1966 to work as an art director for a local public relations company. The money was fantastic and I was happy with the campaign, although I can't recall the name of it. We did a comic book, a show display and sixty second commercial.

Now at the same time, I began to illustrate stories and covers for a famous science fiction publisher. By May of 1967, I felt I was on my way to that one great goal: a ranch house with two cars. But something happened to change all my plans for my wife, my son and myself.

I was on my way to Auburn, New York when I saw a beautiful silo. One of those great blue-black ones that turn you on curiosity-wise.

I was awed by the obvious suggestiveness of the huge thing. I began to think of a cartoon strip based on the silo as a god-like structure and was so engrossed with the idea, I hardly noticed the threatening thunderheads blanketing the sky.

I found an iron-rung ladder that is always built into a silo, and I climbed it. By the time I was on top of the half-open dome, the rain was lashing the area. The storm increased to ferocious intensity and lightning began to lick the nearby hills like a testy snake. But I was in the throes of a creative experience. I didn't take heed of the danger about me. On the contrary, I stood up and brandished my umbrella to the clouds and shouted earth-shaking things at the sky! I won't repeat them here since they were of a personal and rather mystical nature.

If I remember correctly, it was a few seconds later that a healthy lightning bolt hit me. It was so powerful a force that it illuminated the landscape for hundreds of yards in all directions.

I stood for a moment like a glassy-eyed statue then toppled silently into the silo. It happened as I lay smoldering in a pile of last year's corn husks. I was mumbling something when suddenly there was a voice in my head! It was terribly static-laced at first, but within a couple of minutes, I heard it clearly. I identified it with the character voice of Don Adams. It had a Prussian drawl. "Javowl," it said, "my contact,

can you hear me? Testing, 1, 2, 3."

"What! My God!" I gasped. "I'm making some sort of radio contact with an alien voice!" I struggled out of the silo into the drumming rain. I wandered about looking for my V.W., couldn't find it, so I decided to stagger back to Syracuse to tell my wife I had radio contact with something. Messages were coming in regularly as I stumbled into Camillus. I tried to tell people, but they pulled away from me, fire-blackened bundle that I was.

"Listen," I shouted. "I have contact with something! Radio contact in my head!" You try to lay the truth on suburbanites and they panic right off. Their screams brought a policeman out of a little luncheonette. He stepped into the street with his .38 special leveled at my frizzy head.

"Now jus' hold it there, Nutsy, or I'll have ta blow ya up," he said calmly. He must not have realized the greatness of the moment because he shot me when I jubilantly rushed him.

I woke up in the hospital and thought that it was all a dream. I told my wife about it and we had a good laugh. It was obviously the shock of getting fried by a lightning bolt that temporarily deranged my extremely, well-organized brain.

Within a week, I was my old self again, thanks to morphine and luscious physical therapists. I recovered so well that I planned on getting to work on the safety campaign as soon as I got home.

In June, the radio messages started again.

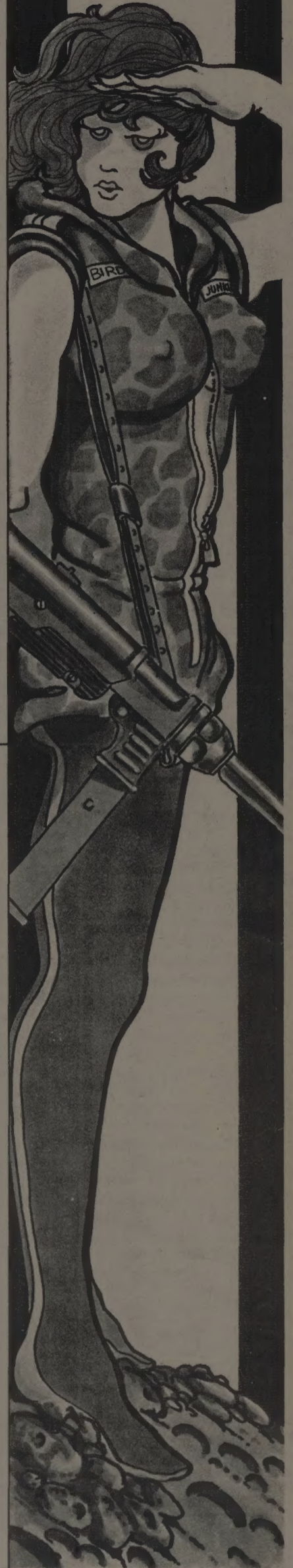
I know you will believe me because you are not gullible people. You are, in fact, such a choice audience that I can trust you with this information and feel secure that you will not let my report get into the hands of various enemy agents that are watching you this very second.

As the communications continued, I came to realize that I must donate my life to this unique window into space. First, I began to jot down notes, but the flow of ritual information about this extra-terrestrial life form came so often that I started dictating it into a tape recorder.

I quit my art director position and decided to go back to college where I would be surrounded by educated and understanding minds. Minds that can accept the fact that some people do indeed hear radio messages in their heads.

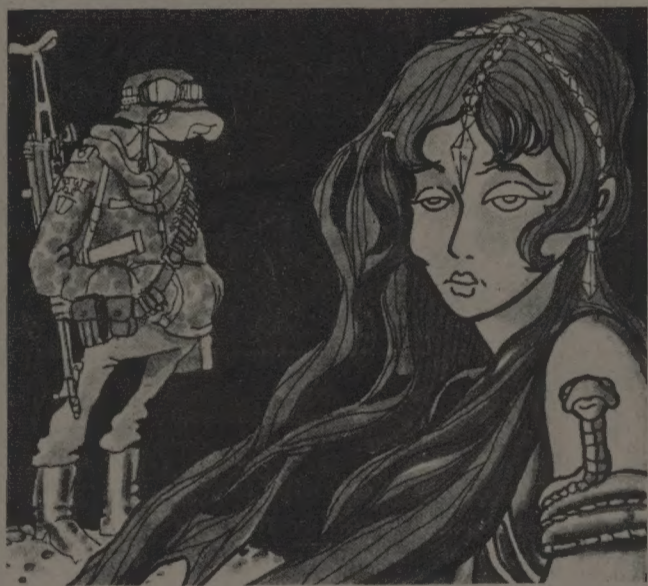
By September, 1967, I realized I must stop my cartooning altogether. It was a bad influence. People wouldn't believe a cartoonist's messages, but they would believe a writer-illustrator who signs his real name to things.

So, I here make the great sacrifice. I cast aside the cloak of cartoonist and claim your attention and belief as one adult to another, as an historian to a librarian, as a serious researcher to a sponge.



# THE JUNK WAFFEL PAPERS NO. 1

.95 CENTS



Wireless communications between the planet Plumpstickel 5 and Vaughn Bode's head. Covering a period of 13 days from July 22nd to August 3, 1967.

Related and expanded by  
**VAUGHN FREDRIC BODE**

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## 4 THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS



On July 22nd, I received the first transmission of report number one. It was the strongest signal yet and came from the new radio dish station on Mummy Crumb Island. I will try to reproduce it and the accompanying picture as well I can:

"Greetings to the United States of Deluth. I am Dr. Hornborn, a bi-pod lizard of the Junkwaffel race. It is a real thrill to be able to speak to you via Bode's head and I only wish you could communicate with us here on the planet, Plumpstickel 5."

At this point, transmission was broken by an electrical occurrence out beyond Crab Nebula. The forces of outer space make a 200 light-year contact very difficult to maintain despite my permanent, orbit-compensating lock on the Great Lizard World. About six o'clock that evening, the occurrence was over and I picked up the following:

"U.S.D., this is Junkwaffel Station CIY VICTOR 7 . . . Oh, bird drops, I can't pick dat guy up."

An upsurge of static washed them out for an hour. I took another aspirin to dull the painful head noise and sat stoically in my barkalounger waiting. I was suddenly aware that I was receiving a clear mental photograph! I grabbed a pad of bristol board and drew the picture from memory. "We are sending you a picture of Dr. Hornborn," said a tiny voice.

## hip-pocrates

copyright Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D., 1968

QUESTION: I read an article recently about doctors prescribing drugs by brand names instead of their chemical names. Could you discuss this in your column?

ANSWER: A common experience of patients is to find their pharmacy bills equaling or surpassing the physician's office fee. One reason for the high cost of prescriptions is the practice of designating drugs by their brand name rather than the generic or chemical name. A pharmacist must dispense the brand name drug specified by the physician even though it may cost many times the identical drug produced by a lesser known company.

Tradenames are usually easier to remember than generic names. A common drug used in the treatment of hypertension is called chlorothiazide. Merck, Sharp & Dohme's chlorothiazide is called Diuril — shorter and reminding the physician that it functions as a diuretic or urine-producing drug.

The large pharmaceutical companies employ "detail men" whose sole function is to promote the drugs of the parent company by visiting physicians. Studies have shown that many physicians learn about new drugs not from conferences or medical journals but from the pitch of the "detail man."

Drug companies spend about \$10,000 a year on each of the country's 275,000 practicing physicians in order to sell their wares. Besides detail men, physicians are daily inundated with free drug samples and expensive multi-colored advertising materials touting

the benefits of one drug over another. Despite the huge promotional expenses, profits for the drug companies are higher than for any other major American industry. They claim prescribing by brand name rather than generic name insures drugs of better quality. Yet all drugs must meet United States Pharmacopeia (U.S.P.) standards.

Following are prices to physicians of some commonly used brand name drugs and the identical drugs produced by lesser known companies. Prices in both categories would be higher to the consumer filling a prescription in his local pharmacy.

BRAND NAME	GENERIC
Penicillin tablets 400,000 units (Squibb)	Penicillin tablets 400,000 u.
400 tablets — \$13.25	100 tablets — \$1.40



## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

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July 23rd, I received the station loud and clear. I sat back and recorded:

"That was a nasty space storm on our side of the Crab Nebula," Dr. Hornborn said in his Don Adams voice, "but it's blown over and we can get down to business."

"You want to relate, Doctor? I'm listening," I said.

"Ah, no," Hornborn said. "I have been asked to get a bunch of military secrets from you. We could certainly use them, some napalm recipes, couple of mental pictures of A-bombs. You know, that sort of thing."

I was uneasy at such a request. "Why do you need that stuff?" I asked politely.

"What do you mean, why?" he answered. "We got a war on, Baby, and we are a status-quo civilization, incapable of advancing beyond certain points in scientific development. We fly the Schmitt 109, the equivalent of your German Messerschmitt, I believe, and yet we have space travel!"

"Maybe you need a new airplane designer," I said testily.

"Oh, Beesmont!" Hornborn swore, "We have a hundred airplane designers. The only problem is they can't conceive of a design different than the Schmitt 109."



## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

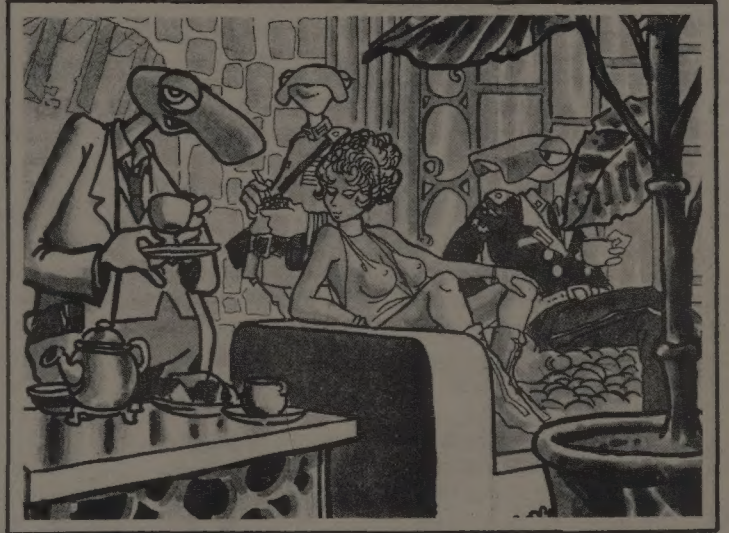
7



On July 25th I received a full-page map of the planet, Plumpstickel 5, which I reproduce here to the best of my ability.

6

## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS



"Anyway, Doctor," I said stuffy like, "I'm afraid I can't let you have military plans. My government frowns on that sort of thing."

"So does mine," Hornborn said, "As a matter of fact, we'd shoot you just for asking for our 109 plans."

"But I have the plans for a German 109," I replied, "why would I want yours. To our civilization that's an antique."

"We'd shoot you anyway," the Doctor said smoothly. "Bang, right between the eye."

"Eyes," I replied tiredly. "We have two eyes, a nose, mouth, teeth, and hair."

"You have two ears stickin' on the sides of the ugly mess, too," Hornborn shuddered.

I got out my copy of "A Pictorial History of World War II Air Forces in Combat." I flipped to page 330 and sent Hornborn a mental picture of the two A-bombs. There was silence for a minute and I listened to sporadic pops and crackles of static far out in space. I was idly leafing through the book when he came on again. "Ah," he said. "The bombs are nice and we could possibly sub-contract their production to a more facile group but the Air Force experts here would rather have the napalm."

"Nothing doing," I said patriotically. "Napalm is America's, like apple pie."

8

## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

Because I refused to give out the secrets of Napalm, the Junkwaffel lizards stayed off the air for two days. I was sure this was Dr. Hornborn's attempt to punish my stubbornness. July 28th, I was in my Intermediate Design class when I received a message. "Sending Tec. Rudolph Raspberry here," he said. "I've a message for you from the Junkwaffel Minister of War."

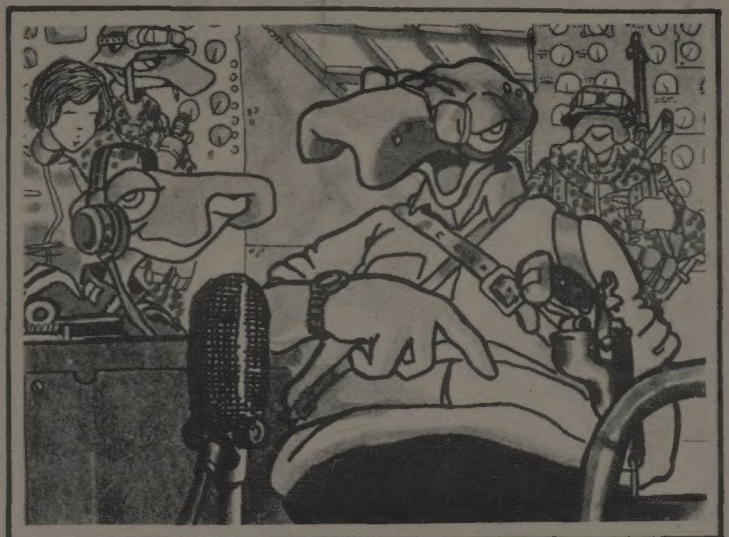
"Mister Blobee," said another voice. "You are hereby formally charged with the capital offense of espionage against the state."

I put my paintbrush in the watercan and felt myself burn with repressed anger. "Get outta my head!" I yelled, and smacked my hand to my forehead in symbolic protest. All it did was hurt, and the teacher gave me an automatic "D" with his eyes for telling him to get out of my head.

"What the Hell do you think you're doing?" shouted a static-clouded voice. "You blew out sixteen condensers and popped the Minister's eardrum!"

"Who is this?" I snapped. "Where is Dr. Hornborn anyway?"

The voice drifted off to an inaudible whisper and I had to repeat myself. The power station seemed to be faltering, then they washed back for a moment. "Captain Raspberry and Dr. Hornborn is . . . raggle pop!" The voice died out completely, leaving only space junk sounds.



Achromycin 250 mgm (Lederle) 100 capsules — \$12.50

Dexedrine tablets 5 mgm (SK & F) 1000 tablets — \$22.60

Nembutal 100 mgm — (Abbott) 100 capsules — \$2.35

Chlor-Trimeton 4 mgm (Schering) 1000 tablets — \$22.50

tetracycline 250 mgm 100 capsules — \$1.80

dextroamphetamine sulphate 5 mgm 1000 tablets — 75c

pentobarbital sodium 100 mgm 1000 capsules — \$390

chlorpheniramine 4 mgm 1000 tablets — \$1.00

Miltown 400 mgm (Wallace) 100 tablets — \$6.10

Meticorten 5 mgm — (Schering) 100 tablets — \$10.75

Digitalis leaf 1½ grain (Lederle) 1000 tablets — \$2.50

Thyrrar 1 grain (Armour) 1000 tablets — \$4.95

meprobamate 400 mgm 100 tablets — \$2.00

prednisone 5 mgm 100 tablets — 61c

digitalis leaf 1½ grain 1000 tablets — \$1.25

thyroid 1 grain 1000 tablets — \$1.35

## A TALE OF KARMA

A California State Narcotics agent was beaten senseless by San Francisco police recently and sent to the county hospital. The 26 year old, bearded, long-haired agent was caught by accident in a dope raid. When he reached inside his coat for identification, the police thought he was going for a gun so they grabbed and frisked him. He did have a gun. Splat! When the police stopped working him over, he had two deep scalp lacerations, red welts all over his back and was semi-conscious. When he was finally able to identify himself, he was sent to a ward of San Francisco General Hospital which treats public employees.

(Continued on Page 17)

# DECOMPOSITION

by DA Latimer

## WHAT TO DO WHEN THE POLICE DOGS GET YOU

The following suggestion is relayed to our readers and subscribers as a public service. Dig it: Your back's to the wall, the German Shepherd's groping for your jugular with his canines, you're done for, you've thrown your last molotov cocktail; or you're way to hell lost in the swamp, prey to mosquitoes and cottonheads, clutching your baby to your breast, and the overseer's bluetick hounds are snuffing at your bleeding ankles and baying up a storm; or you're just stuck for a week in somebody's godforsaken commune, paralysed on MDA and gravid with hash, and the resident St. Bernard has his prick out wedging between your helpless buttocks. The only thing for it at this point is to reach for the Skippy peanut butter jar, chunky or plain, and scarf up a gob of it onto your fingertips. Thrust it under the animal's nose, he'll forget everything and sniff at it, hypnotised. When he opens his jaws to take a lick of it, what you do is, you whip your fingers into his mouth, dig, and swipe that big brown gob of peanut butter along the roof of his mouth, over the corrugations. This transfixes the dogs, it never fails. Do it with the hound of your choice, he will forget everything — murder, food, sex, everything — and just stand there splayed out on his four paws running his tongue in and out of his mouth, squinting cross-eyed down his snout while an expression of totally dumb-founded concentration sweeps across his face. By the time somebody gets a tongue depressor and scoops the shit out of his maw, you can be in the next state, drinking beer and watching the Mets beat the Pirates. Do this thing, do it often, do it for kicks. Ask your friends what the hell is the matter with their dog, anyway, and watch their horrified faces when they see their pet shuddering and grunting, shit running down his legs and fleas leaping off him in droves. Do it! Do it! W. C. Fields lives!

\* \* \*

Hey, Emmett Grogan's back in town, he says, somebody says. "Anybody who thinks the diggers are dead

is dead in the head," he growls. "The diggers die after I die and there are give and take a million, a couple of millions of guys like me, only I got the publicity." Don't fuck with this character, he'll cast a spell on you. Everybody wants publicity lately, and what Grogan wants known and aired about are the new Digger Records project, the new Digger Movies, the two new Digger Cooperative Galleries opening shortly in New York, the Digger Communes in Vermont, the Digger Nudist Community in Florida, the Digger Farm in Tennessee, the Digger College in Puerto Rico, the Digger College in Canada, the three Central Digger Universities (following the SIGMA scheme, it is said, whatever that is) and "A number of free-floating communication centers. Anybody ate any good free food lately? The Diggers are also buying up stock in all the major corporations, Grogan writes, laying the foundation for a Digger Stock Exchange, no doubt, located on Digger Wall Street, paying out Digger Dividends, crashing eventually into the very first Digger Depression. Then the Digger Oakies can go out to the Digger Coast and vote for Max (the Digger) Rafferty again.

Emmet Grogan enjoins all true believers to read Luke 22:29 — "I appoint unto you a kingdom, etcetera." Y'all rise.

\* \* \*

New Orleans, 12 July (CST) — "Copper Cop," the recently acquired \$15,000 statue presently standing under drapes in the new Police Administration Building down here in N'Yawlins amongst the magnolias and the puppyshit, is scheduled to be rendered fit for unveiling by the end of next week. Sculptor Eldon Danhausen of Chicago, the creator of the figure, has been ordered down to this city by Police Chief Joseph I. Giarrusso to cover up its naked balls with a diaper of some sort. The figure, a larger-than-life statue of Adam meant by Danhausen to symbolize the "defensive and protective hands of the police," originally arrived here with his schmuck hanging out for all to see. Arguing

that the prominence of Adam's genitalia might well detract from the matter of his hands, Chief Giarrusso wrapped a tarpulin around it and wailed on Danhausen to cover it up. The sculptor has evidently decided on a metal diaper of some sort which will veil the figure's ass as well as its crotch, to the disappointment of a few local yokels who suggested that a gun, an enormous gun, might be more appropriate over Adam's groin, or at least a policeman's badge. Such flagrant philistinism in the Arts has rarely been seen since the days of the Works Progress Administration.

\* \* \*

Entire generations now of young American males have masturbated over Archie Comics. What man is there who has not occasionally leafed through a Betty & Veronica Summer Fun, smiling crinkily at the little teenage clean athletic American chickies in jeans and miniskirts and bikinis, pretty boobs and butts fore and aft everywhere? Betty and Veronica have it hands down over any other femael comicstrip characters — Millie the model may be sexier and more on the fancy lingerie side, but she is older, and poorly drawn, and in an uninteresting socio-sexual context; and the same for Brenda Starr, who looks generally pretty washed out and uptight anyway; and as for Honey, the new Harvey Comics blonde in her ubiquitous miniskirt, she is definitely poor white trash stuff. Betty and Veronica, now, they're American, they're teenaged! Betty and Veronica are the honeys you wanted to screw in high school, but couldn't because they were older than you, or in a different crowd, or just White Anglo-Saxon Protestan. Betty and Veronica are revenge. But there's more to Archie Comics than that. It's really subtle, but, like, did you ever notice how Betty generally shows more skin than Veronica? Oh, they both appear consistently prurient, fair to raise the temperature of any acne-cheeked high school kid or lonesome serviceman — but Betty, dig it, she always comes off more naked than Veronica. In bathing suits, Veronica nearly always wears a one-piece, while Betty invariably appears in a bikini. Check the stories in the current Summer Fun, particularly "Deadly Duo" and "Two Girls On A Torpedo." ("Oceans of Love," the opening story, depicts both of them in bikinis, and Betty's even has straps; but that story doesn't count, it's the snapper, the come-on.) (Come on it, it's worth it.) Look for yourself — Betty's always nuder than Veronica.

Why is this, one has the right to ask? Betty and Veronica are engaged in an endless contest for Archie's affections, with Betty generally the loser; is it that Betty needs to show more skin, in an effort to keep on par with Veronica? But hell, Archie never notices things like skin and nudity, he's the American boy, he's a lunk! No, the reason for this discrepancy lies in Marxist theory, pure and simple.

Here is the inside dope on this phenomenon, girls and boys. Consider Veronica Lodge: she is the daughter of an Aristocrat, Mr. Lodge, and she lives in a mansion with a swimming pool and a grand ballroom, her every whim is provided for by Smithers the butler; in the winter, she flies to her ski lodge, and in summer she charts whole airplanes to take her friends to the beach. She's rich, Veronica Lodge, and hence beyond masturbation fantasies and such other gross impudences. Now Betty, think of Betty: she dwells with momma and poppa in their snug little middleclass bungalow, she cooks, she sews, she designs her own clothes and goes Dutch with Archie, when he condescends to take her out. She's a common trull, Betty is, fit to be slavaured over and to be the subject of obscene phone calls. And there it is, that's why Betty's always walking around with her charms sticking out.

This also explains why Archie and Reggie are always pawing after Veronica, and why neither of them have time for Betty. Veronica's rich, she's status, she's sex under the chandelier, and Betty's just a cunt, a nameless blonde chick such as you find on the cover of Real True Romantic Confession Stories.

This is not the nadir of perversion, however. You'll notice that Archie is generally pretty well squared away with Veronica, aside from little tiffs and misunderstandings and such. Well, you'd figure that Betty and Reggie would eventually shack up together, after all these years of unrequited adolescent affection. But no, Reggie keeps hounding after Veronica, playing the crafty heavy to Archie's pure mesomorphic innocence; and Betty, she never gives up on Archie. The solution here is manifest on the face of it, as Huey Long used to say: Betty's a masochist, Reggie's a latent homosexual. Here's the way it actually goes — Reggie really wants Archie's bod, deep in the bowels of his libido, but he can't admit it to himself, so he keeps trying to get into Archie's old lady, Veronica, trying to cornhole Archie by proxy, as it were. And Betty, labouring under a heavy dose of sociologically imposed guilt and shame over her proletarian roots, just wants to be beaten into the ground, again and again and again. Pathetic. Sickening. What kind of

(Continued on Page 19)

## GRAFFITI OF THE WEEK



We separate the men from the noise.

DAILY NEWS  
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER  
NEWS COMES TO LIFE IN THE NEWS

Foto: Bob Parent

IND 5th Ave Station

Although there was a deluge of "mystique" hoopla, "pop" promotion, star-raving publicity for the distilled, show biz-blues of Jeff Beck; another British group, one that can really play blues, that cares more about its sound than its image, slipped in and out of New York with scarcely a pair of wet pants from the geriatric groupies who predominate New York's music scene. There was no Fillmore the weekend Fleetwood Mac played on GRANITE ISLAND and they were marooned by money-moronic tasteless booking-agent-big-boys at an ugly so promoted "pop" discoteque empty shit-house on Broadway near All American scum-Times Square. Miraculously, POPsaint Steve Paul sucked them in for one night for virtually no money to play The Scene, which has been the location for some of the most fantastic rock jams on the east coast (ex. John Hammond and The Airplane, Larry Coryell and Traffic, Jimi Hendrix and the McCoys).

Fleetwood Mac is one of the most exciting white blues groups today—a fact not well enough exhibited on their new Epic album. They are disappointed in this product and point enthusiastically to their recently recorded second album which is claimed to be more exciting and more indicative of their live sound. "It is an album of 'fucking music'", says Peter Green, the groups leader.

John Mayall's former lead guitarist, who had followed Eric Clapton, Green now heads his own band in a harder, different form of blues than he played with Mayall. Organized in the summer of 67, the group consists of Peter Green (guitar, vocals, harp), John McVie (bass), Mick Fleetwood (drums) and Jeremy Spencer (guitar and vocals).

The Fleetwood Mac consists of two lead guitarists; Peter Green, with down to earth, no frills attached, clean, rhythm and blues, and Spencer, an exponent of the late Elmore James. "They blow committed blues and aren't afraid to rock."

Jeremy Spencer doesn't cut corners with his guitar or his vocals. His mentor, Elmore James, who died in 1963, was the kin' on Chicago's South Side, while Howlin Wolf, Muddy Waters etc. were second-raters in popularity among the original urban blues followers. Elmore was never recorded properly but thankfully we have to carry on his legend this short, curly haired, spaced out Spencer, reproducing for us the excitement that was the blues man's music.

At 21, Peter Green is becoming one of the greatest contemporary white blues guitarists. He does things on his axe which are amazing. It screams out pain; it screams out joy, unlike the candy coated, ofay sounds of Jeff Beck so widely being heralded in the U.S. now after being hooted out of England. Peter Green's guitar is also so harmonious and melodically satisfying that it is consistently stirring to listen to with no superfluous riffs. He must be ranked with the other major young white exponents of the B. B. King style guitar—Clapton, Mike Bloomfield, and Elvin Bishop.

Hard rock drummer Mick Fleetwood, long, lean, folds over his drums like a praying mantis kicking out in all directions to boost the vitality of the music. John McVie, an experienced itinerant British blues bassist, having played with John Mayall as have Green and Fleetwood, has had both good and bad times. When he's on, he's the best Britain has.

Fleetwood Mac are not dressing to be seen—they're playing to be heard. They don't have to go barefoot or wear satin shirts; blues music is their only concern.

The blues are first and foremost a vocal music. Vocal styles of blues are among the most difficult of any music. They require an absolute empathy and an understanding so total that it takes years to master. A voice has rarely been as emotionally rich as John Hammond's. He is without question the greatest living white singer of the blues. Hammond's vocals and guitar stylings reflect almost every different kind of blues from John Lee Hooker, Bo Diddley, Jimmy Reed, Chuck Berry, to Lightnin Hopkins, and he knows how to balance them to break up a set.

In his trio are Herman Pitman (formerly with the Coasters) on bass and on drums the incredible Charles Otis, who has played with everyone from Lionel Hampton to Ray Charles to Jimmy Reed. Otis plays with Hammond because he treats him right. Otis says of the 25 year old former king of the urban white blues singers of the early 60's folk boom, "this kid is amazing! He's paid his dues—maybe not many years but he's paid them heavy."

Hammond has been flipping out patrons at the Scene receiving standing ovations and will be there this weekend and back for 4½ weeks beginning August 1.

Pink Floyd is not relegated to being a studio group with no capability of reproducing their freaky sounds live. They came to the Scene last Monday and for three nights amazed the audience with the sounds they produced. Their LP on Tower Records, a cheap, second-rate subsidiary of Capital, seems to be too much a product of electronic gimmickry. Live, although they did reach a few exciting moments, Pink Floyd for the most part played tunes that were too long, thus minimizing the orgiastic phrases; the vocals, like most current British bands were weak in a post Beatles, Bee Gees' corny style. They show much promise as an electronic group but must do a better job integrating their creative outbursts while doing away with the

humdrum psychedelic (sic) repetitions that predominate their sets. They should study the Velvet Underground who are the best electronic group live and on record.

The Sea Train opened last week at the Cafe Au Go Go. It is composed of former members of the Blues Project—Andy Kulberg (bass, flute) and Roy Blumenfeld (drums) plus former Kweskin Jug Band fiddle player Richard Green, John Gregory (vocals, lead guitar) and Andy Musar sax, bass). Their sound often has an interesting texture with the fiddle but they are a dull group never seeming to ever get off. The only time the audience really responded to any of their tunes was for the overdone and now boring "Flute Thing". Stage presence by the still forming Sea Train was so fucked up that they appeared to be playing before a group of friends in a suburban New Jersey garage.

Also currently appearing at Howard Solomon's Bleeker Street coffee house is funky, gritty-voiced folksinger Buzz Linehart. Formerly with the Seventh Sons, Linehart stands with Fred Neil, Tim Hardin, and John Sebastian. He uses his voice like an instrument, twangy at times shifting to scat-style singing of which he is a master.

Tiny Tim is replacing Ilya, Napoleon Solo and the Monkees in hearts of those who read the teeny-beat magazines. Tons of mail has been pouring in to the juvenile journals begging for stories and interviews with the youthful Mr. Tim. We are also happy to report that Tiny is back on health foods, filling his chaotic California hotel room with nuts, fruits, and organic apple cider as well as decorating the walls with pictures of his lovely lady friends.

Hassidic boy wonder Steve Paul, owner of The Scene and sex idol of the Catskills, will add to his reputation as the Elsa Maxwell of pop music the role of Shelah Graham as he begins his new reign as New York gossip columnist for the excellent rock journal. The Rolling Stone. His first penning of newsy tidbits appears in the upcoming issue.

"Soul Festival '68" will be held on Saturday, July 27th at Randall's Island and will include Joe Tex, "Moms" Mabley, Percy Sledge, Jerry Butler, Pigmeat Markham, Peaches & Herb, Bobby Taylor And The Vancouvers, The Delphonics, and The Intruders. Sad Sam will m.c. Sponsored by WWRL, ticket range from \$4 to \$6. For information call LT 1-0933.

The Associated Press reports that "A British pop singer has been treated for heroin addiction by having tiny seeds of radioactive material planted in his brain. The apparently successful operation was performed four weeks ago. The name of the singer has been kept secret."

## THIS WEEK IN NEW YORK

**Au Go Go:** Albert Ayler, Buzz Linehart, Sea Train  
**Bitter End:** Tom Paxton, David Steinberg, Raun McKinnon.

**Central Park:** Fri. (8 and 10:30 P.M.) Sun. (6 P.M.)  
— Indrani's Festival of Indian Dance and Music with Ali Akbar Kahn. Sat. — Phil Ochs, Jim & Jean. Mon. — Janis Ian, Rosko. Wed. — Vanilla Fudge, Ultimate Spinach.

**Dom:** Elvin Jones

**Electric Circus:** Electric Ear series on Mon. nights.

**Fillmore East:** Jefferson Airplane, H. P. Lovecraft.

**Gaslight:** Monty Rock III.

**Museum of Modern Art (Jazz IN Garden):** Thurs. July 25 — Reverend James Cleveland & His Gospel Singers.

**Scene:** John Hammond, Kenny Rankin.

**Slugs:** Jackie McLean.

**Village Gate:** Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie. Top of Gate-Toshika.

**Village Vanguard:** Sonny Rollins, Freddy Hubbard.

George Harrison didn't discover Ali Akbar Kahn, master musician of Northern India, so there's no telling how many people will attend his concerts in Central Park. An outdoor setting, where one can get high and lie under the trees, is much more conducive to enjoying eastern religious music than stuffy, up-tight auditoriums. Indrani's Festival of Indian Dance and Music will perform in addition to Ali Akbar Kahn on July 19, and 21.

Al Kooper's Columbia LP with Mike Bloomfield will be called "Two Jew's Blues".

Douglas International has released an excellent album; "The Essential Lenny Bruce—Politics". It features some of the best of the satirical genius's last ventures of scathing insight intermingled with the actual voices of this country's fearless leaders. It serves as a companion to the Ballantine paperback book, The Essential Lenny Bruce, which Douglas also is responsible for.

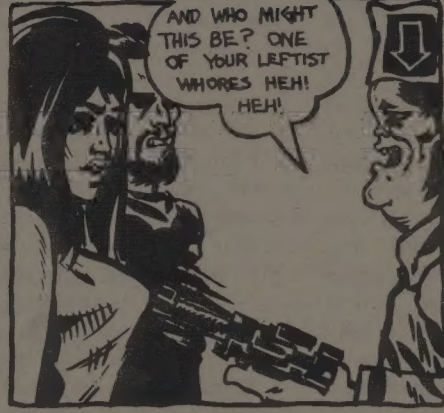
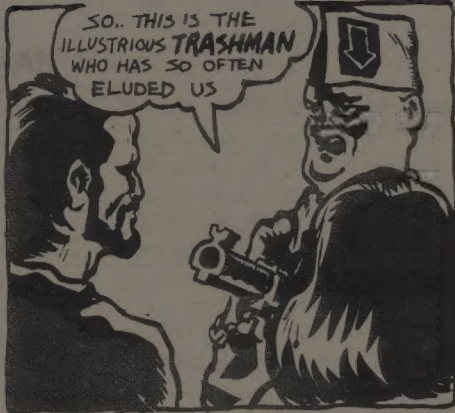
Don't Forget Albert Ayler opened this week at the Cafe Au Go Go. His music represents an explosion of freedom and individuality, and a "directness of emotion" in a manipulating society which has attempted to inhibit and restrict its members by forcing them into the mold of white Christian bland middle class America.

(Continued on Page 19)

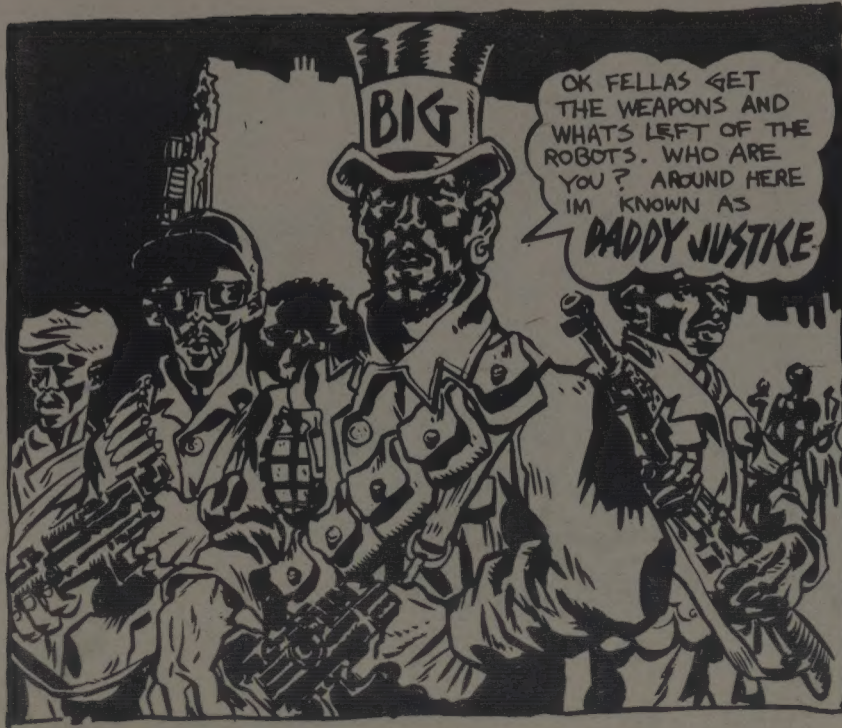
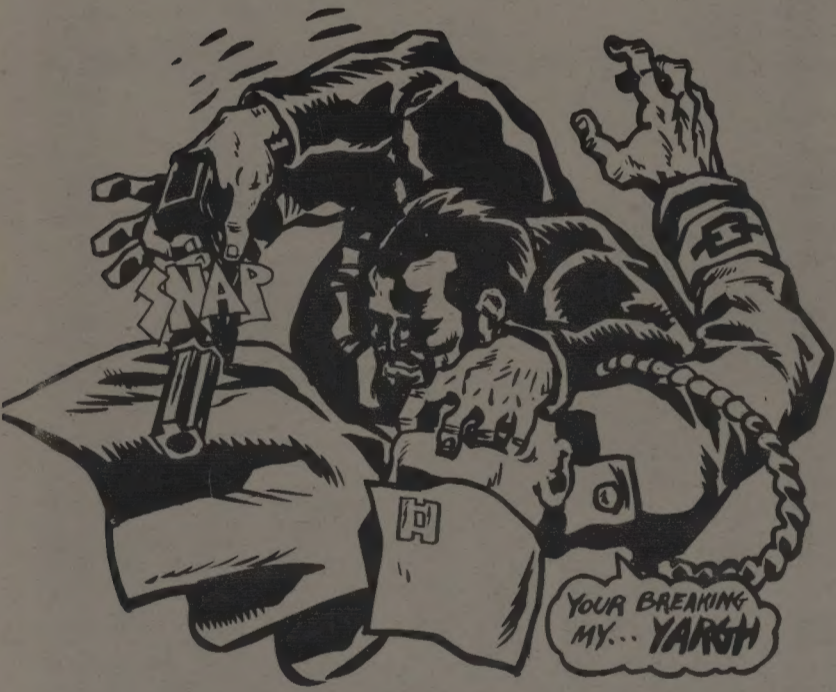
by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley



**SUBVERT COMIX**  
PRESENTS  
**TRASHMAN**  
AGENT of the 6th international



BETTER YOUR TIT THAN OUR COLLECTIVE ASS



MEANWHILE

NEW BLUE CHEER PRESENTS

# BIRD COMICS

OUR STORY HAS ITS HUMBLE BEGINNING ONE STICKY DAY IN JULY, WHEN A SMALL GREY SPARROW HAPPENED BY.....

DIRECTIONS:  
SHAKE WELL  
BEFORE USING



Kim Deitch

# COPE OF THE SEA



Timothy Leary has said: "You are a god-act like one," and followed up with things which needed saying. It is time we reflected the inner vision in our lives.

Many have turned off because they could not tune in and harness their energies to a harmonious way of living, or because the goal was not clear, or if clear they saw no way of reaching it.

How can we make our dreams live? We take up group activities or form communities and, like others before us, are swamped by layabouts who will not pull their weight. We may lead a gypsy-like existence, but where will that get us?

There is a way.

Those experienced in the disciplines of deep meditation and LSD trips are able to move at will from one level of consciousness to another. At the second level one may tune in with the radial consciousness of thousand of years and know, forcefully and often painfully, that neither the inner nor outer life is a "trivial ego game." Almost without exception Eastern yogi, by meditation or with the aid of the sacred mushroom, avoided this level and made mystical experience an ego game. Not so the mystics of Britain some 3,000 years ago, who made our land the sacred island of the Western World, inhabited by a free and intensely practical people.

Those who have experienced the lowest level of this second state suspend in an endless expanse which is neither light nor darkness — innumerable soundless voices sigh and plead. The universe of humankind is lamenting, seeking guidance and help. Did you tune in to this psychosphere of human sorrows? Did you ignore the voices and, like the Eastern yogi, seek happier experiences — the sublime self?

This level has been called the Valley of Lost Soul, or hell. Such names help us to avoid reality. Here in the psychosphere of the racial consciousness is the soul-life of the dead and the living, the inner longing for the peace, tranquility and beauty of the Eden which haunts the souls of most men and women. Those who practice transcendental meditation or take the LSD trip without first tuning in to the human environment may be unaware of this level or by-pass it to reach the font of intuitional knowledge. This is what I mean by the egoistic game of Eastern yogi and acid heads of today. It is almighty wonderful to reach the third level and experience the synthesis of human knowledge and experience, but what of the lower level of the human hell? Should be by-pass it, drop out as we drop out of the living hell of the Establishment?

We may go beyond the third state, a mote of consciousness speeding with incredible velocity in the no-where and no-when of eternity — or is it through a long black tunnel towards a distant glow — to merge with an ocean of light and joy where the individual finds the cosmos in the heart of every atom? Here one experiences the irradiance of lines, curves, points, interwoven in brilliant colours, a pulsing, living, changing multitude of patterns of a universe born and yet to be born — the whole dancing to the rhythm of creation.

On returning to the norm the glory of the vision is gone beyond recall: it cannot be expressed (as you may have found) in music, painting, song or poem, or even in imagination unless one has tuned in to the racial consciousness.

Edward Carpenter was illuminated by the cosmic consciousness yet al-

# ACREB ISLANDS

ways remained tuned in to the consciousness of the human race. He made this evident in his "Towards Democracy," the one-time bible of the social reformer which still talks our language.

By consiring (a special form of deep meditation) and by disciplined use of LSD, one may pass at will from one level of consciousness to another. One may have many strange and wonderful experiences during a trip, perhaps tap the very front of truth and knowledge, but there is no assurance that such experiences will be of benefit to the person or anyone else if he neglects to tune in with the racial consciousness during the trip and with his personal environment afterwards.

The wise men of the stone, bronze and iron ages of Britain were masters in the art of consiring. Others took the trip after drinking from the Cauldron of Wisdom a potion brewed from amanita muscaria and four herbs. It is clear from the bardic statement in the *Book of Dwyfyddiaeth*, *Barddas* and *The Spoils of Annwn* that the novice took his first trip with the assistance of a bard who monitored him in each level of consciousness. The novice was guided until he became aware of the racial consciousness, and here he remained for a long period before being allowed to pass to higher levels. Only when the novice became thoroughly tuned in to the consciousness of man, the "dead" and the living, did he acquire the ability to recall and relive at will the knowledge and experiences obtained at other levels.

With the power of recall men and women became exceedingly practical mystics. Living on the edge of a dream they sought to make it real. They built the Golden Age of Britain. Greek historians said they lived like gods, proud, free, fearing neither life nor death and, unlike other peoples, just and honest in commerce.

Because they were able to retain and put their inner experiences into practice, life became a poem. The music of the spheres was a reality. For them the cosmic life was expressed joyously in wind and sailing clouds and in a glory which shone in all living things.

Each found his purpose in life and, tuning in with his fellows, expressed it in character and accomplishments.

The living dream gave a rich and even redundant wealth of artistic technique remote from the world of the senses. In combinations of flowing lines and curves they depicted strange unwordly motifs in clay, wood, bronze, silver and gold, embellished with dyes, enamels and precious stones.

Greek art depicted man in his own dignity. Celtic art depicted the inner world where nature, flowing in smooth lines and multi-coloured geometries, creates life, sensation and form.

Then for a thousand years the inner perception and its art were lost, to be rediscovered in the psychedelic designs and colours of our generation.

Can our generation of idealists which makes love, beauty, harmony and freedom for self-expression its goal, shape its environment to the patterns of its dreams? Our distant forefathers did: they were skilled craftsmen, international traders, astronomers and freedom loving. They devised a Common Law which guaranteed to every man, as a natural right, five hides of land ample to provide for all his needs, s' me and wood for his house and furniture, the right and responsibility of self-government and complete freedom of self-expression.

These laws may be found in the Welsh Triads, also in our unwritten Common Law which irresponsible

parliamentarians and usurers have ignored or perverted for their own use, turning human society into a ruthless, debt-ridden, profit-mongering complex wherein none find peace or security, where all live under the threat of atomic blast and chemical warfare.

We can march and protest in our thousands, rebel, fight and squabble, be led into side issues, support this and that in the name of peace, security and freedom, and get nowhere, except, perhaps, into the hands of those who may ride on our bandwagon.

It is a waste of time to protest about the bomb, about war and the loss of liberties. Human life and happiness count for little in the Establishment. Only debts to the usurer are sacred and all else must be sacrificed to pay his demands.

It is a waste of time to give support to any political party. Parliament, as at present constituted, can only introduce patchwork reforms. We will remain mere cogs in an industrial complex, bled white with rising prices and increasing taxation.

It is no use yelling for piecemeal reforms, there must be a complete change in everything which politicians, the press and the money lords would have us hold as sacred.

Since politicians have not our dream they cannot get down to the bedrock of humanity. We must take action ourselves; either drop out of the profit complex and let humanity go to hell in its own stupid way and involve us in its ruin, or become practical mystics and shape society to our dreams.

First put the dream into words — something like the following:

1. Human life is sacred: Man shall not be treated as subservient to monetary policy or to private or public institutions, or be subject to industrial or commercial exploitation.
2. No man, woman or child shall suffer poverty or insecurity whilst there are available actual resources or potential capacity to meet their needs.
3. The curtailment of supplies by restriction of production or distribution, or destruction of food, or curtailment of purchasing power shall be prohibited until everyone's needs have been met.
4. The primary responsibility of government and the nation shall be to ensure that every subject of the Realm shall be free to contribute to the community according to his ability, and shall receive sufficient purchasing power to provide for his material and spiritual needs and to live a full life.

This simple code of four precepts contains the spirit of the ancient British way of life. It contains the essence of British Common Law. Natural human rights take precedence over all else. It is a waste of time to demand less than this.

It must become a written Common Law, binding upon Parliament and so make politicians our servants instead of our masters as now. Parliament would be constitutionally bound to provide for the spiritual and material needs of the people. They would cease to be puppets of international financiers and we the victims.

All citizens would enjoy to the full the fruits of the nation's industry.

The usurer's debts would cease to drain away the life-blood of the people.

Since the need to compete for an increasing foreign market to pay increasing debts to international usury will have ended, imports will balance

exports and the economic causes of war will be gone.

The code requires that the total purchasing power of the people shall at all times be equal to the total prices of consumable goods for sale. There would be no inflation or deflation. Industry would be able to produce to the required limit and always pay its way. Since the code abolishes the practice of usury, parliament would create its own monetary credits to finance industry and social services. Rates and taxes now imposed on us to pay the extortionate demands of money-lenders would cease.

We must cease to harbour motives within the present Establishment. It must all be cast aside or we will remain hostages to it and slaves to be taxed, exploited and deceived. Only by making a code such as this binding upon parliament and society can we resume the ancient dignity of our race, lost and forgotten as it is.

How can we do this? Not by accepting the promise of political parties, for they will always deceive. Not by industrial strikes, since prices will always rise with wages. Not by violence since greater violence will always be brought against us. Not by war, since the victor is always the loser. Nor by peaceful procession.

There is only one way, it is simple and can become overpowering.

**DROP OUT.** On a given day, walk out of shops, offices, factories, schools and universities. Do not demonstrate. Go home, enjoy life somewhere, or organize a peaceful, happy festival of rejoicing. Drop out and keep out, for three days. Let the press know why, that is all.

Spread the idea. Then drop out again for a week. The key notes — love, peace and determination; the Code and nothing but the Code. Spread the idea and drop out again and again, increasing in numbers and power until the whole debt-ridden, profit-mongering Establishment is brought to a standstill.

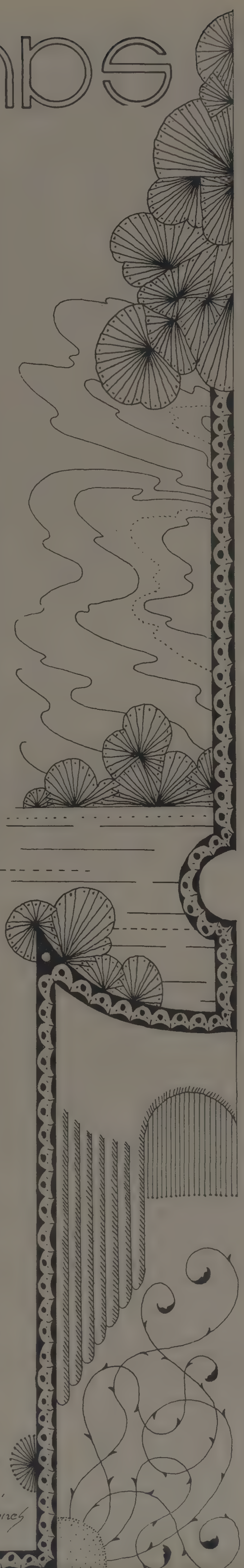
Our purpose should be that parliament shall make the Code written constitutional law defining the powers and duties of parliament, the purpose of human society and the rights and duties of citizenship.

The New Common Law must be binding upon all members of society and provide a code of right and wrong to which political, financial, industrial and social institutions shall conform and thus ensure that all social activities serve the common good and give meaning and purpose to life.

When the Drop Outs gets under way, political opportunists will try to get on the bandwagon and offer schemes. Ignore them.

Don't have leaders, then there will be no heads to cut off and none to betray. Do not debate among yourselves how a monetary and political system can be devised to meet your requirements. That way lies difference among the ranks. Insist that parliament calls in experts to devise a new economy and a debtless monetary system. Abolish usury, mortgage, rates and taxes and open the way to a free and increasingly leisured and spiritual life. I know how it can be done. Many of you know. But SHUT UP. Our job is to make our demand effective. The job of the experts is to devise ways and means to put our demand into effect. Demand the written constitution binding upon parliament and national usage.

Tune in to the dream and to its commonsense, the DROP OUT. Our power lies in doing nothing and agreeing to nothing except that the Code shall be made constitutional law.



R. Lynch

# THE FILM

by Lita Eliscu

The ad says that Bert Parks thinks it's "A Pageant," and that Herbert Marcuse finds it "sexy," but it's better than all of that: the F.L.O.G. Theatre can well be proud to present *The American Pig*, which may be theatre at its most essentially funny and best. Where *Hair* stops, *The American Pig* begins. For about 1½ hours, the 16 people of the company put on skits: Reification; The Shirelles; An American Housewife; Masturbation; Dead Air . . . not everyone was pleased equally all the time, but not one skit failed to impress some of the audience all the time. The humor is very sharp, some of the skits even approached the noncomprehensible, especially a couple using dual-personality lightning-quick changes, such as "Scarlett O'Hara" who turns out to be a little pregnant hippie.

One of the more delightful qualities about all of this great revue is that nobody ever stops to find supposedly brilliant solutions to all the problems ranging about us these days and nights; instead, they are content to just describe the situation, using perceptive sardonic humor to do so, letting the diamond-bright reflections occur in the audience as they may.

*The American Pig* is at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette — the home of the Shakespeare Festival. They have been given the use of the building for the summer, are happy about that, but have been given no money and so will be charging \$2.50 per performance. As of now, they are doing "The Pig" every Thurs., Fri., and Sat., at 8:30 P.M. with a matinee at 3 on Saturdays. For reservations, call 533-6990, or, as the program says, just "come: we do it."

The Pig company is composed of Yale graduate students, all 16 of them, and that seems such an interesting thought I just thought I'd add it on also to point out that beginning sometime in August, *The Pig* will alternate with a Brecht work, *The Learning Play*, so that by August, one had better call to find out which production is being presented.

\* \* \*

Lincoln Center's annual Film Festival is underway, and the program this weekend at Philharmonic Hall is one of the best ever. Called *The Kinetic Art*, the series lasts 2 more days — Friday, and Saturday, July 19th and 20th. All different kinds are represented: animated, experimental, documentary, etc. One of the more interesting entries for me is Jordan Belson's work, represented on Program 3, July 20. Belson is a West Coast filmmaker who does color abstractions which are superior half-sisters to Kubrick's "trip" sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Superior because a finer intelligence is creating the experience as an entity, not a sensory subscript to another whole film, "half-sister" because the Belson work is only somewhat related to Kubrick's; Belson is interested in wholly other directions possible for film, on other levels. Also on Program 3, *The Last Trick of Mr. Edgar*, by Svankmajer, offers a newly grotesque and absurd experience, as two life-sized carnival puppets gradually rip each other apart.

On the second program, July 19th, "Three Films from Ulm" — which is a filmmaker's school — are especially good; Svankmajer, who is a director of the *Laterna Magika* in Prague, has another film, *Et Cetera*; and there is a longish documentary, *Tonight Let's All Make Love in London*, which is about exactly the possibility of that. (The growing inclination to separate sex from love is what makes the operation harder than it looks.)

For information, call: TR 4-2424. Tickets are also on sale at Lincoln Center, The Philharmonic Hall. Each night's program begins at 8:30. Although the price — seats are \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50 — may make it hard to go to more than one program, they're all worth it, obnoxiously easy as that is to say.

\* \* \*

Every one of these film works, and the least exciting are still better than most of the schlock being touted in the papers as the newest of the local entries. Besides, they are all short; *War and Peace* are described, not recreated.

*The Virgin Spring* is one of those movies so simple, so devoid of imbalance, so shattering, that it remains a pure experience, not to be argued about, either as to its rank in Bergman's so far completed works, or its worth on a comparative basis to other films. Oscar Wilde once noted that there is an elect "to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty . . ." *The Virgin Spring* is part of the APA\*Phoenix Janus Films, and will be on again Aug. 20th. The Lyceum Theatre, where this and other Bergmans, Truffauts, etc., are playing is at 45th St. east of Broadway.

*Istanbul*, another Rochelle Owens' play, is now being done at Thresholds, 23 East 20th St. Her plays are held together on the page by her own mysterious (although not mystic) vision; in production, everyone must have some common thought, although June Taylor-precision gestures are hardly desirable. This production lacks a cohesiveness, an undercurrent of common heart-beat rhythm; or, considering the play's nature, they don't come together. Instead of sustained flashes of firecracker-brightness, there are occasional sparks from the disjunctive elements. The play is still stimulating and provocative but without the weight it might have. In this production, however, there will be 13 actors changing off the 9 roles, so it is possible that I just got a new combination, unused to all working together as smoothly as some others. This is the restaging of the original Judson production, again directed by Don Signore.

Thresholds' phone number is 677-5504. *Istanbul* will be on Wed.-Sun., through August 4th, all performances at 8:30 P.M.

\* \* \*

*No More Excuses* is a multi-level four-dimensional tapestry whose key thread is your own head weaving its way through. There are four sub-plots rescued from strange sources, including interviews (real) and overload footage from another film. There is: one Alan Abel, head of SINA which believes that naked animals don't really want to be that way ("all animals over 6 inches high and 4 inches long"); an interview with people who go to singles-bars — Sample dialogue: "I brought her along 'cause she's a good lay." . . . there is the assassination of President Garfield, re-interpreted and plumbing to new depths in research efforts; there is *A Priest and His Woman* making it — after some struggle. There is a Civil War soldier who leaps a creek and time to find himself in New York City, early '60s; 20th century (played by Robert Downey who made the film). The film has its own logical sequential after effect mainly made possible by the introduction to the title, a short-take in itself. The possible selection of visuals to go with . . . NO! No? No No No! No More! No More!?? No etc., all the way to *No More Excuses* is awe-inspiring, and the scenes chosen are exactly that.

Like any good art, the film is a reflection not a pedantic, Congressional explanation of what's happening. The most disturbing realization comes when all the yuxs are over and the more insane sequences turn out to be the straight interviews. A world where 100,000 people actually spend time diapering pigeons because somebody said it might be a good idea . . . is the kind of world that probably will think the chimpanzee humping a broad has overtones of perversity; although, let it be noted in Alan Abel's favor, the chimp made practically no advances until its underpants were removed.

*No More Excuses* came out (debuted . . . ?) in between King and Kennedy, so it may be looked upon as an entr'acte for those two psycho-drama acts in the whole play. Like most good comic relief scenes, all the meanings are hidden and double, finally providing not relief but a reverberating shock when the pieces are all put together.

Playing with it at The Gate Theatre was Ed Emswiller's *Relativity*, one of the most beautiful shorts ever produced, strangely able to suspend time according to its own meter. Rather than offsetting the other flick, each of the movies was a harmony unto itself, so that friction or contrast becomes irrelevant.

Next at the Gate starting this Wednesday is *Thigh Spy* and another Kuchar: *Hold Me While I'm Naked*.

\* \* \*

*The Death of Tarzan* is a strange movie, the kind that gets comments like "interesting," "flashes of perceptivity" and other such cop-out descriptives to take up space. I'm still thinking about it . . . meanwhile, it is playing at the Fifth Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. and 13th, along with two shorts; one, *A Dull Afternoon* is gruesome yet the whole trip down is so crazy, nothing hurts until it's over. It is one of those small, perfect works which have unrecordable depths, containing a whole life cycle with wheels in minutes. The other short, *Audition*, gives a Milos Forman-view of youth and hope a la Czechoslovakian amateur rock performers. You ain't heard it until you've heard Sha-boom done with a Czech accent.

# LIBRARY OF THE GODS

by Renfren Neff

Affable, articulate Donald Weiser sits at his cluttered desk answering customers' questions, answering the phone, answering my questions, which strike me as being rather naive, incongruous, too, considering that forty year old Weiser, Van Dyked and fairly distinguished, looks more like a business executive than a man who runs the largest occult book store in town. As we talk I get an image of a stock report on the metaphysical in which the bottom drops out of witchcraft and there's a split in the tarot. But, in point of fact, Weiser isn't "selling" anything. His product, the occult, sells itself and has been big business ever since 1925 when his father, Samuel, founded the store on Fourth Avenue. Nine years ago Weiser's Book Store moved to its present location at 845 Broadway, and from the corner where we sit the aisles fan out, lined floor-to-ceiling with books on every aspect of the metaphysical . . . Psychic Research, Astrology, Theosophy, Alchemy, Witchcraft, the tarot, Palmistry & Graphology, Oriental Studies, Zen, Hypnosis, and the most recent field of interest, Flying Saucers.

Between phone calls and customers' inquiries Donald Weiser tells me something about himself: He got into the business because his father had this store that specialized in the occult. While majoring in history and education at Brooklyn College, Donald worked part-time for his father, but he had no idea that he would stay with it once he got out of school. Once out of college, he decided to give it a try for awhile.

"That first year was catastrophic and funny . . . I had to learn to keep a straight face when the customers told me these nutty stories. I was listening to all this weird terminology and trying to take phone orders at the same time. It was crazy. Finally, I began to meet an awful lot of respectable people, what you might call "solid citizens," who were deeply involved in this material. Fortunately I had an open mind, and I began to think that maybe there was something to it all, because these people weren't crazy. I listened to them and started to read the books, and eventually, from nothing came a personal involvement and I could face every aspect of it. Although I would violently disagree with most of it, I keep quiet. One thing I've learned from running this store is to keep an open mind whether I agree or not with the customer."

What sort of clientele do you have?

"Most of our business is repeat, rather than transient or off the street, and they're interested in the serious aspects of the occult . . . the more publicized and commercial writers, like Zolar, for example, are very unpopular here, although we do stock their books. The Maharishi sold in the beginning, but then sales fell off very quickly because he's not saying very much. We cater to a clientele who want serious substance, and it's a diversity of types . . . from a ditch-digger who'll ask for the most difficult literature on some fairly obscure philosophy to a sophisticate in search of something that's just inspirational. There's no one particular type of buyer, but we do get a lot of young people these days."

To what do you attribute the renewed interest in the occult within the past few years?

"I don't really know, but it's been in the last three or four years that the younger generation has been into it in a big way. It may be part of the so-called "hippy revolution." After World War II a lot of servicemen who had been stationed in the Pacific had learned about the Oriental philosophies. I suppose the real impetus came from all the publicity from the mass media . . . yoga on television, Long John Nebel, panel discussions, and that sort of thing. Universities have expanded their Oriental departments and N.Y.U., for example, is building up its whole Near Eastern library, so all of these philosophies are being taken very seriously and there is a tremendous interest in them. Of course, all of these branches of metaphysics have always been popular in Europe, particularly in England where there are subsidized societies for these studies, not to mention the huge collection of Orientalism (?) in the British Museum. Then, of course, England has its secret societies and witches covens."

What are the trends today?

"Astrology is about the biggest trend these days, followed by just about anything on or by Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, the Tarot, and Oriental philosophies, in that order. There is a reawakening of interest in palmistry and graphology, but the thing coming along most strongly now is Sufi, the mystical aspect of the Islamic faith based on the Koran. This may be due to the Black revolution in this country.

"Although Oriental philosophies are very strong, interest in Zen has fallen off. The LSD market was never too big with us, but Leary and Alpert's The

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LIMELIGHT 

# polkadots

(Continued from Page 5)

The polka dots didn't go away, either; not all the thorzine in all the nuthouses of the world could disappear these polkadots! They had to be exorcized, and Yayoi Kusama went about spattering polka dots everywhere — on canvases, on sidewalks, on movie screens, on people, on clothes, on phalli, everywhere. Before they had quite gone from the inside of her head, a matter of a few years, she had gotten well into sex, and the manifestations thereof. Her phallic armchair came out in 1962, a regular old Princeton Men's Club easy chair upholstered in cloth phalli daubed with acrylic polka dots. This was followed by her phallic overcoat, her phallic boat, her phallic sofa and her phallic dressing table. Macaroni was another recurrent motif, viz. Macaroni girl on the macaroni carpet, the macaroni jumper, to be worn on especially extravagant occasions . . . Messing for a while with a kaleidoscopic effect, in 1965 she designed her infamous Light-Infinity Room, a septagonal chamber lined with mirrors, guaranteed to cast at least one thousand reflected images; into this she put her phallic boat, lay down in it nude, and produced the notorious 1000 Boats photograph.

The Happening phenomenon appeared about that time, introducing Kusama to a whole new medium to work in, one that utilized light, spontaneity, and the phenomenon of Time itself to achieve its effect; the genuinely spontaneous nature of a Happening liberates it from the strictures of Drama, and its inescapably ephemeral quality lends it an infinitely more Artistic authenticity than cinema, which is after all no more than patterns of silver salts on film stock. Kusama really grooved on it.

It was in the Happening medium that she made her bundle. Sex and polka dots and people — Yayoi Kusama had discovered her milieu. Naked people started appearing everywhere, committing outrageous indecencies in public and filling volumes of newspaper columns with amusement and indignation. Washington Square and Tompkins Square were assaulted last Summer by Kusama's people, and the Electric Circus immediately booked them for thirty-two performances — it kept them off the streets, but just barely.

Last winter, having completed her film, *Self-Obliteration*, Kusama took off to Europe for the Belgian Film Festival. The Continent proved a more amiable environment for naked happenings, at first. Her crew appeared on German television, conducting a homosexual orgy in such a phenomenal fashion that the videotape would have been burned by any American television network, commercial or educational, before the FCC ever got word that such an article existed. Later, however, at the Utrecht Armory in the Netherlands, a brawl ensued that landed quite a number of people, performers and audience and fuzz alike, in the infirmary.

Back in the States, Kusama again received applause for her flick at Palm Garden on 20 January, where a consensus of the viewers appeared to hold that *Self-Obliteration* was considerably more intriguing than Warhol's Empire State Building. By this time Yayoi Kusama had got a name for herself, perhaps a trifle more name than she could handle easily.

She's little, is Yayoi, and uncommonly lovely, and altogether superbly designed for such a diminutive chick. Now, every time she got her little naked butt into EVO, for instance, or the Daily News, dirty old men the city over and even beyond would look up Kusama Studios in the directory and ring her up for questionable purposes. She's grown familiar with every sort of crank line from "I would like to appear in your picture, because I'm very well hung you know, and . . ." through "Darling, I just saw the most beautiful boy with you on the Brooklyn bridge, and oh I just had to call you up and ask you . . ." to plain old heavy breathing and staccato gasps. This would be evil enough, but the irritation is compounded by the lady's suprisingly rational aversion to sexual intercourse, where she herself is concerned: "If you can't fuck on

the streets, why bother?" asks Yayoi Kusama, genuinely puzzled.

They tapped her phone, too, the dirty old men who wear badges and carry .45s around. This is the sort of thing that does not sit easy on the head of anyone who is given to seeing polka dots and such. When Kusama has to make a phone call, she generally goes three or four blocks away and uses a pay phone; when someone calls Kusama Studios to ask when a happening is scheduled, he is generally told it's been called off. She keeps a karate expert around to handle the dirty old men, and she's thinking of retaining a counter espionage agent to handle the police.

Dirty old men have ever been an irritation to Kusama — they seduce her entourage and break it up most abominably. Homosexuals groove on Kusama, she's so pretty and asexual, and besides, they all love to run around in the nude. At one time, the entire Kusama crew was made up of faggots, and this is not as awful as it sounds — walk down Christopher Street some weekend evening and see if it makes your eyes sore.

The problem Kusama has with girls lies in getting them to take their clothes off. Most of them, she says, will get nude as far as bra and panties, but nearly all of them balk at exposing their secondary sex characteristics to the photographers who invariably swamp Kusama happenings. Now, there are multitudes of wonderfully appealing teenyboppers who hang around St. Mark's Place, the automobiles there are festooned with them, lying around in miniskirts and hipuggers and midy blouses, suggesting suggestive suggestions with every gesture, every word, every pose — if they'd care

to put their nubile little bodies where their great loud mouths are, Kusama would not mind having them around. No one in Kusama's outfit would want to ball them, but it would be a most spectacularly effective bit of guerrilla tactics if they forced the middle class to look at them naked. Getting the bourgeoisie by the balls is an infallible way to convert them.

Hell, look at what happened on Wall Street last Sunday. Kusama had four kids there, besides Daniel Barrajanos, the bongo drummer. Linda Meyer and Sarida Fotouhi, two extraordinarily slender and lissome honeys, danced from the Treasury to the Exchange with Ernie Blake and Paul Sanford, a couple of exquisitely sculptured young sorts who fair took the breath from the assembly. Services were just concluding at Trinity Church, the tourists were standing about with cameras agape, confoundment reigned for ten whole minutes.

It took ten minutes for the cops to catch wind of it. Having prudently stationed sentries all around the Exchange area, Kusama and her crew were alerted long before the fuzz approached Wall and Broad Streets, slowly and quietly, like quail hunters.

Everybody was dressed, wearing an air or unruffled casual cool by the time the cops showed up. "Alright, wherezza demonstration?" the sergeant asked the crowd. Everybody — tourists, churchgoers, malefactors, all — they just shrugged and went on admiring the statue of George Washington, the columns before the Treasury. "Where'd those naked people go?" The assemblage was mum, not a word escaped their lips.

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# hip-pocrates

(Continued from Page 7)

## MILK IS NOT FOR SHOOTING

Dick Fine, a resident in internal medicine at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, reports the case of a 14 year old girl advised by "friends" to shoot up milk to cure a bad heroin high. Folklore among junkies has it that intravenous milk is good treatment for bum "smack" or heroin. But milk is for drinking, not shooting.

The girl was brought to San Francisco's Mission Emergency Hospital near death. Pink froth was bubbling from her lungs. When an emergency tracheotomy (an opening in the windpipe) was performed, pink foam sprayed 40 feet in the air. The girl remained in the intensive care unit of the hospital for 2 weeks. Milk injected into the veins causes defects in the clotting of blood and fluid to accumulate in the lungs.

Injecting anything into the veins can be extremely hazardous. Bad reactions can result not only from the impure substances used but also from the needle if it has been used by another person. The virus of serum hepatitis is not killed by boiling water. The incubation period of the disease may be as long as six months. Thus many people may be infected by one needle before symptoms appear in any of them.

Hepatitis is a serious disease which affects the liver. The symptoms are fatigue, nausea, possibly vomiting, dark colored urine, light colored stools, and yellowing of the skin and whites of the eyes.

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The largest known human dose of STP was ingested accidentally by a four year old boy in Southern California last week. His parents returned home to find as many as 40 STP tablets missing and the child lying on the floor convulsing. For several hours they hesitated taking him to a hospital, hoping the seizures would stop, fearful they would be turned over to the police. When he finally reached a hospital, the seizures were one-sided and a partial paralysis existed on one side of his body. After two days he was able to respond to questions. Whether he will fully recover is unknown at this time.

This unhappy incident is told to remind parents that small children are apt to pop medicine into their mouths if they can find it, especially brightly colored or candy-coated tablets or capsules. The most common household medicine, aspirin, kills more children each year than any other drug or poison.

Why should people have to fear that physicians might act as agents of the police? It's time that doctors began to act as independently in their primary role of treating patients as they are when dealing with economic matters.

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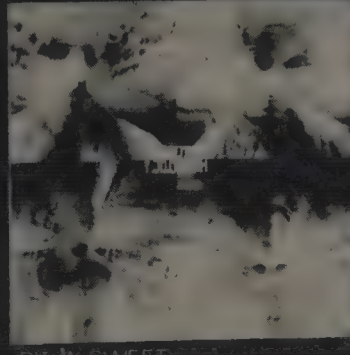
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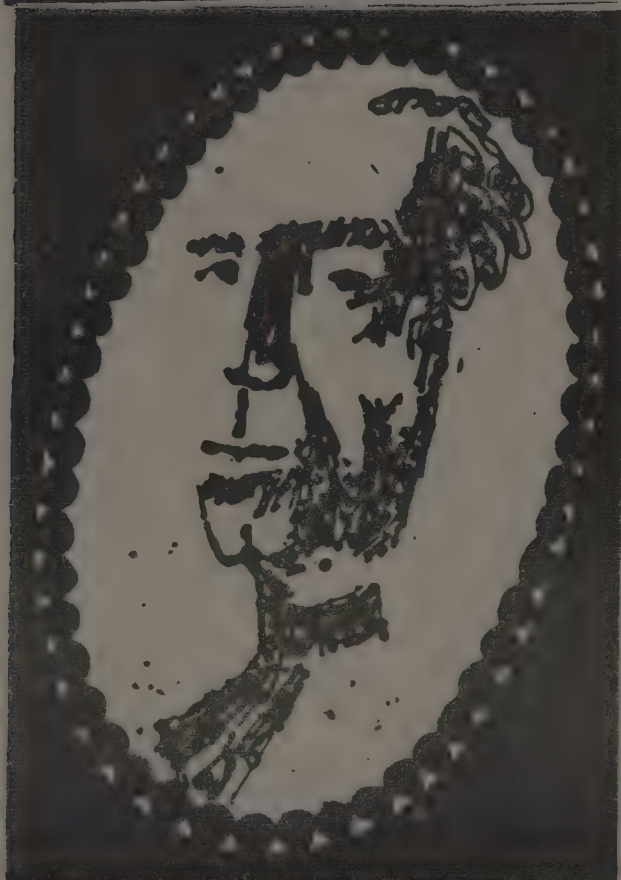
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# campaign

by DA Latimer

"I don't know," Abolafia said wearily, squashing a cockroach against a campaign poster, "like, if I was elected President, I'd need a few weeks just resting before I assume the office. I'm pooped." Pooped but not discouraged, hope springs eternal in the Abolafian heart. It's been something over a year since the Louis Abolafia crew inaugurated their campaign for the Presidency, and a lot's happened, an awful lot. At first Abolafia's competiion could have been numbered on the tip of one finger, preferably the one next to the index finger — Lyndon Bane Johnson. "I started the thing as a simple symbolic statement," Abolafia admits. "I wanted to point out the absurdity of the situation, and to get people involved, get them to vote for somebody besides Johnson — vote for Ralph Meany, Arthur Sulzberger, Dick Gregory, Porky Pig, I don't care. But VOTE!"

Oddly enough, the press loved Louis. For over a year now, he's been swamped with coverage—**Times, News, Post, LA Free Press, Bergen Record, St. Lawrence Plaindealer, Der Stern, Life, Modern Nudist** — and all of it free, not counting that for which he got paid himself. His cape was a prominent asset, second only to his hat — as for his popularity among the nudists, well, you'd have to go ask the nudists what they noticed. The Abolafia campaign platform was likewise appealing, the Bahai philosophy. "It's an international conspiracy of love," he has been known to divulge. "Think of it, love missionaries going all around the world, subverting government right and left with the truth . . . College kids, lots of them, going off to other countries and preaching love and getting laid and getting married and breaking down cultural barriers, class barriers . . . An International society of the World finally emerges through a bloodless revolution, capitalism and commercialism die, businessmen get their heads straightened out, anybody wants to go grub money gets a lot of flack from the President . . . That's me, your President." And so on. If the press did not exactly eat this line up, they couldn't keep its essence from seeping through whatever copy they gave Louis and his crew. His crew, in these instances, generally consisted of a few beautiful chicks in the background, wearing as little as possible.

But Abolafia perseveres. All last winter, for one thing, he handled runaways. The kids would come in looking for a place to crash, somebody'd turn them on to Abolafia, whereupon he'd counsel them, dig their story, try to get them to look into the situation beyond their own parental egos . . . And then he'd fetch the kid, rap with the bra, try to dig where the kid was at, effect some kind of reconciliation if possible . . . He handled mail for the kids, took phone calls, tacked up

photographs and descriptions on his campaign headquarter walls. Jesus, no wonder he's pooped.

"The idea is that runaways don't have to be revolutionaries, they don't have to get into politics. Teenage guerrillas, that's Viet Cong stuff. I try to help them see where their thing is it, painting or dancing or playing or whatever. try to show them and let them go at it themselves." Is this the voice of Lower East Side conservatism speaking? "Well, the Yippies, they want to confront the society, do it right away. And the way things stand right now, well, I think They can take us."

Fiat.

The chicks were just the icing, though. It didn't take long to discover that Abolafia's arrogant bid for the Presidency was touching a definitely responsive chord in the desires of the American public. Pretty soon, according to Abolafia, the idea caught on and Gene McCarthy decided to run; Aboafia takes some considerable pride in this development, he wears his ego on his sleeve. Kennedy enlisted before long, Abolafia was delighted. Johnson abdicated, Abolafia was delirious. Presently, what with Wallace and Nixon and Happy Humph and Rocky and a whole 'nother fucking bloody vomitory of crooks and liars stumping around the grass roots and kissing delegates' asses, you'd think Abolafia could sit back with a can of beer and watch the television set until November.

But things are not good at home. The Lower East Side has been through a pretty rough year itself. "Last year it was beautiful, really beautiful," muses Abolafia, with a sort of misty look creeping across his usual bearded leer. "Things were great, what a community, you could just walk down the street and enlist a dozen, two dozen people in whatever was happening . . . Love-ins, body paintings, poetry readings, free food, orgies . . . It was great, everybody got together, everybody got the clap together. Beautiful." But the depredations of the greater community have left their mark on the microcosm: "It's all speed freaks now, and Yippies, and these kids in from Queens and Jersey sitting on the cars around St. Mark's Place." Louis bitches. "After King got shot, and then Kennedy, a lot of the real people, my friends, left town, got a place in the country, just closed off entirely from the society. The love thing was great last year, spread it around, act it, show people what it is, they'll catch on — but it didn't work. King, Kennedy, all that hate . . . Everybody's exhausted now. Hell, that last Be-In we had in Central Park — no singing, no music, no love, no nothing. The Be-In we had in Louisville was better, in Kentucky. Southern people are really great . . ."

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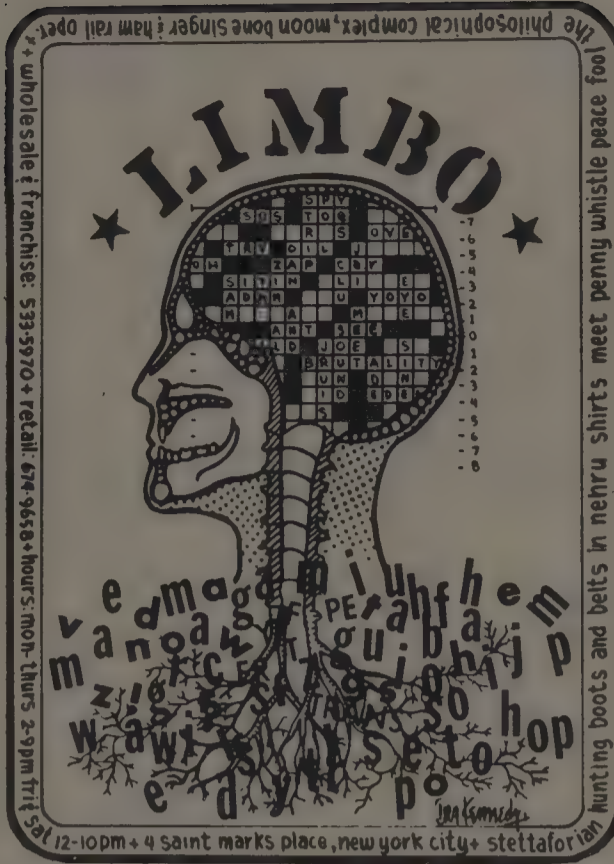
(Continued from Page 9)

The Jefferson Airplane this weekend at the Fillmore. They will be playing some of the new tunes from their recently recorded fourth RCA Victor album. Also appearing will be H. P. Lovecraft from Chicago and Glen McKay's Headlights.

The third annual Memphis Blues Festival is being headed by Rev. Robert Wilkins. It will be held at the Oberton Park Municipal Shell in Memphis Sat. July 20.

David Behrman represents the avant-garde at work in accepted channels of the Arts today. Born in Austria, the former student of Stockhausen divides his time between presenting "live" world-wide electronic music concerts with the Sonic Arts group—and his duties as an editor and producer with the classical music division of Columbia Records, where he was most recently responsible for the series of electronic music recordings issued by that company on their Odyssey label. He is also the author of numerous articles on electronic music.

On Monday, July 22, Mr. Behrman will direct "Questions from the Floor," at the Electric Circus, in conjunction with the "Electric Ear" series of the Electric Circus Foundation for Experimental Arts. The presentation which received its first performance under Lukas Foss' group from Buffalo at Carnegie Hall last Spring, uses sound amplification to shadow the identities of performers who represent figures currently on the political scene. The voices of both reporters and politicians are pre-taped from recent televised press conferences. Reporters will be represented by life-size sculpted figures in the audience, while a special electronic TV distortion technique will project the images of the designated political figures. Bodily, the reporters are represented by figures contributed by sculptress Sari Dienes.



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# decomposition

(Continued from Page 8)

trash are they trying to peddle the youth of our fair nation, anyhow?

Oh, and Archie Andrews, he's a psychopath, a potentially dangerous paranoid psychotic. Note that he remains perpetually oblivious to Betty's desperate overtures — a clear case of involuted narcissism, assuming that subconsciously he feels tremendously masculine and potent on that account. And consider further that his affections for Veronica are at best of a vacillating nature: she herself is frequently forced to demonstrate her feelings for him loudly and extravagantly, and often as not he takes no notice at all of her antics. He's sick, he could blow up any day now and slaughter all the other characters in the strip with a Prussian cavalry sabre, one by one, until they were all dead and he left alone in the final panel, exulting. Watch out for him.

Is there anyone I haven't slandered? Oh, Jughead — Jughead is fixated at the oral stage, pure and simple, he demonstrates a primitive aversion reaction to sex in all of its manifestations, preferring to devour endless strings of frankfurters (phalli), hamburgers (yonic substitutes), and banana splits (the penis mutilated and annihilated in a waste of sperm, menstrual flow, and ruptured mucus membranes), at Pop Tate's — Pop Tate, of course, being the ultimate provider of food and milk (a doppelganger for the mother) and conveniently separated from Jughead by a soda counter and the capitalistic ritual of currency exchange (the father, at a safe distance, and in chains).

The things you can get away with under the new Comics Code . . . Dr. Wertham may die.

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A & A trucking has the lowest rates in town. If you have to move, see us first. Long distance - Points in between and local if you like that scene. et's Talk. 254-5916.

WANTS to buy 8 mm films of advanced topics from private collectors only. No salesmen. Box 301, Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021.

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A collection of 5 of the grooviest young Superstuds you have ever seen! All new faces. Five 8x10 Glossy prints only \$3.00 to Mr. Kenneth, Box 2141, Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

NUDES — male or female nude magazines. Gay and unusual books, over 300 different items. Send 25c (credited to first order) for illustrated catalog sent in plain wrapper, first class to: Aquarius Book Service, Box 605, Dept. E., San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

"IF YOU LIKED HITLER, you'll love Wallace." Buy this and 247 other buttons. Also 12 peanut buttons, name buttons, buttons made to order, bumper stickers. Free catalog dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., New York 10036. Tel. (212) 581-4199.

GRAFFITI, for swinging Johns. Two 17"x22" posters. Three dozen boffs on each, with a lot of room for you to add a few gems of your own. \$2 per pair, postpaid from: RE: Search, Suite 1527, 250 W. 57 Street, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019. RE: Search also publishes a bookful of personal ads each month. For couples and singles. Sample \$1. 6 issues \$3.

CUSTOM copying and enlarging of wallet size photos to poster size photos (six 4x5 feet) or any other size desired, black and white or color negatives supplied on request very reasonable prices. Quantity limited so don't wait photographer. Robert Dudas, Box 155, 1651 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028.

SPECIAL SUMMER PRICE reductions on all adult movies, 8 mm 200' reels color \$21 B&W \$12. Male/male, male/female, female/female. John Peters, G.P.O. Box 793, New York, N.Y. 10001.

MINI GUIDE TO NUDE NEW YORK Showing, telling all private nude parties, models, photo clubs. Addresses, telephones. \$3.00 Cuppole, P.O. Box 1104, Radio City Sta., N.Y.

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.

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GIRLS WANTED, pose for Nudist Magazine. \$50 for 2 hrs. Also studio modeling. Lee, Studio "A." 279-6452, 68 W. 39. Thur. - Sat. 1 - 9.

AMATEUR photographer needs amateur female model for portrait and figure work. Must be over 21, shapely, slender. Will pay for time with small pay plus 11x14 enlargements of your choice. Must be available twice a week for at least three months. This is for test shots only, no publication of work. Call 838-0454, leave name, number. Best time 4 P.M. - 6 P.M. daily. — Please keep trying.

HIP, sympathetic young writer to do serious article on unmarried girls who have babies and raise them alone. Needed for interview: Such a girl, under 25, pretty, intelligent, at least 2 years college. Complete anonymity absolutely guaranteed. \$ for you if I can sell to quality magazine (highly likely). After 5 P.M.: 924-3432.

GROOVY, Hip, vibrant talent needed to fill staff of new periodical to be produced for homosexuals. Call BE 3-5910. Lou Maletta.

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.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro etc for illustrations of dresses, etc. figure pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Ave., MU 6-8827.

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.

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.

PRODUCER of sex exploitation pictures needs attractive girls for immediate shooting. Please telephone JU 6-2187. — Sam Lake Enterprises, 630 Ninth Av., N. Y. C.

MODEL wanted \$3.00 per hour female only. Apply afternoons 97 Saint Marks Place, Ground Floor. — T. Morton.

GIRLS wanted, pose for photography \$50 for 2 hrs. Nudist magazine. Lee, Studio A, 68 W. 39 th, 279-6452. 1-9 Thurs., Fri. and Sat. Also studio modeling.

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Be a sales representative for a socio-political-satirical new poster line. Ideal for individuals and organizations. Write for complete poster profit kit: Gross National Product, Box 427, Wayzata, Minn. 55391.

SINGER WANTED, blue oriented male. Age 16-18. Must have or be able to buy P.A. Call Ronald (212) 762-4659 after 6 P.M.

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

MODELS FEMALE: \$25-60 per hour. Beauty faces only. No nudes. No experience. 14 to 27. TV opportunity for the right face. Jamie JU 2-0019.

I WAS A talent agent for four years. Money was fine but work unsatisfying. I have something to say as a writer. I'm 27, need steady work while getting it together; would prefer something offbeat but will consider any offer. Christopher Winner LO 4-3250.

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DON'T BE bashful. Let me know what you want and I will supply, also college and working girls make spare modeling. All replies confidential. Write C. A. Box 184, Staten Island, N. Y. 10306.

GIRLS — Improve yourself physically and financially Meet uninhibited financially sound men. Send uninhibited photo, phone number and \$5.00 registration fee to Ganley G.P.O. Box 145, Yonkers, N.Y.

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ATTENTION SWINGERS: The Dial-A-Message Service will call any number in the N.Y. vicinity and relate your question, comment or complaint to anyone! Any topic, nothing is too far for this organization. Use your imagination! Nominal fee for more info. Call 795-1438 during morning, evening hrs.

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Free beaches where you may disrobe or not. Your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info send \$1 to Craig, P.O. Box 85175, L. A., Calif. 90072. Yes, East Coast nude beaches too!

I WILL PAY \$10 per month for a mailing address where I can receive business mail. No packages. Location unimportant, reliability important. Write H. Krasner, 360 East 31 St., Bklyn, N.Y. 11226.

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CUSTOM MADE by Norman Knight — Make up for Black Men and Women! Lip gloss, lip sticks, brow color, brown foundation creme, moisture Cream, eye shadow sticks, eye liner, eye-neck creme. Big question? Why use white creme on black or brown skin? Answer — Don't! The only true make up designed and made especially for the Black Race. Also great for whites who tan darkly. Store and design studio — 17 East 13th Street.

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from San Francisco, is now in Chicago. For you 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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