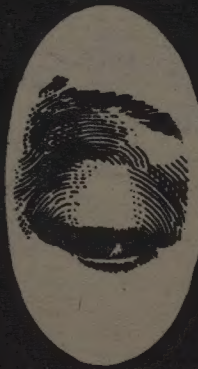


THE

east
village



OPINION

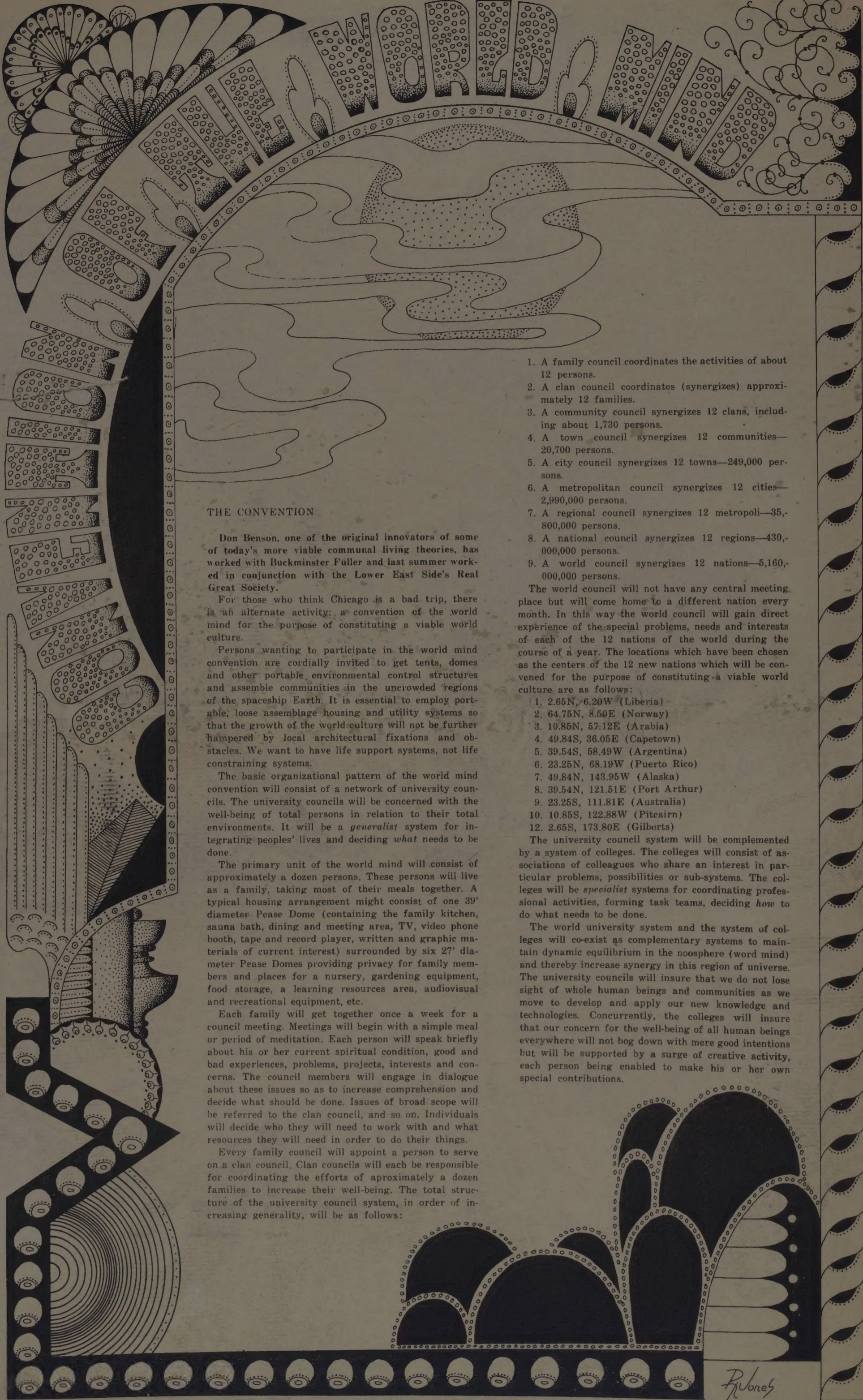
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METROPOLITAN 15¢

AUGUST 16, 1968



VAUGHN BODE



THE CONVENTION

Don Benson, one of the original innovators of some of today's more viable communal living theories, has worked with Buckminster Fuller and last summer worked in conjunction with the Lower East Side's Real Great Society.

For those who think Chicago is a bad trip, there is an alternate activity: a convention of the world mind for the purpose of constituting a viable world culture.

Persons wanting to participate in the world mind convention are cordially invited to get tents, domes and other portable environmental control structures and assemble communities in the uncrowded regions of the spaceship Earth. It is essential to employ portable, loose assemblage housing and utility systems so that the growth of the world culture will not be further hampered by local architectural fixations and obstacles. We want to have life support systems, not life constraining systems.

The basic organizational pattern of the world mind convention will consist of a network of university councils. The university councils will be concerned with the well-being of total persons in relation to their total environments. It will be a *generalist* system for integrating peoples' lives and deciding *what* needs to be done.

The primary unit of the world mind will consist of approximately a dozen persons. These persons will live as a family, taking most of their meals together. A typical housing arrangement might consist of one 39' diameter Pease Dome (containing the family kitchen, sauna bath, dining and meeting area, TV, video phone booth, tape and record player, written and graphic materials of current interest) surrounded by six 27' diameter Pease Domes providing privacy for family members and places for a nursery, gardening equipment, food storage, a learning resources area, audiovisual and recreational equipment, etc.

Each family will get together once a week for a council meeting. Meetings will begin with a simple meal or period of meditation. Each person will speak briefly about his or her current spiritual condition, good and bad experiences, problems, projects, interests and concerns. The council members will engage in dialogue about these issues so as to increase comprehension and decide what should be done. Issues of broad scope will be referred to the clan council, and so on. Individuals will decide who they will need to work with and what resources they will need in order to do their things.

Every family council will appoint a person to serve on a clan council. Clan councils will each be responsible for coordinating the efforts of approximately a dozen families to increase their well-being. The total structure of the university council system, in order of increasing generality, will be as follows:

1. A family council coordinates the activities of about 12 persons.
2. A clan council coordinates (synergizes) approximately 12 families.
3. A community council synergizes 12 clans, including about 1,730 persons.
4. A town council synergizes 12 communities—20,700 persons.
5. A city council synergizes 12 towns—249,000 persons.
6. A metropolitan council synergizes 12 cities—2,990,000 persons.
7. A regional council synergizes 12 metropoli—35,800,000 persons.
8. A national council synergizes 12 regions—430,000,000 persons.
9. A world council synergizes 12 nations—5,160,000,000 persons.

The world council will not have any central meeting place but will come home to a different nation every month. In this way the world council will gain direct experience of the special problems, needs and interests of each of the 12 nations of the world during the course of a year. The locations which have been chosen as the centers of the 12 new nations which will be convened for the purpose of constituting a viable world culture are as follows:

1. 2.65N, 6.20W (Liberia)
2. 64.75N, 8.50E (Norway)
3. 10.85N, 57.12E (Arabia)
4. 49.84S, 36.05E (Capetown)
5. 39.54S, 58.49W (Argentina)
6. 23.25N, 68.19W (Puerto Rico)
7. 49.84N, 143.95W (Alaska)
8. 39.54N, 121.51E (Port Arthur)
9. 23.25S, 111.81E (Australia)
10. 10.85S, 122.88W (Pitcairn)
12. 2.65S, 173.80E (Gilberts)

The university council system will be complemented by a system of colleges. The colleges will consist of associations of colleagues who share an interest in particular problems, possibilities or sub-systems. The colleges will be *specialist* systems for coordinating professional activities, forming task teams, deciding *how* to do what needs to be done.

The world university system and the system of colleges will co-exist as complementary systems to maintain dynamic equilibrium in the noosphere (word mind) and thereby increase synergy in this region of universe. The university councils will insure that we do not lose sight of whole human beings and communities as we move to develop and apply our new knowledge and technologies. Concurrently, the colleges will insure that our concern for the well-being of all human beings everywhere will not bog down with mere good intentions but will be supported by a surge of creative activity, each person being enabled to make his or her own special contributions.

R. Jones

Butcher

(Continued from Page 3)

By subway, Jackson Park or Englewood trains to Clark & Division.

By car, north or south on Lake Shore Drive to North Avenue exit, west on North Avenue.

By raft, St. Lawrence seaways to Lake Michigan, head southwest. Think of Sir Alfred.

"Be prepared for any eventuality," Abbie says. Yippies, it is widely felt, wouldn't get a permit, but would be allowed to stay in Lincoln Park while the other "more respectable" politicians scrape and rape for their democracy, breaking their chains and eating their rocks. "Something's got to give," Abbie believes, explains that Yuppies have the best chance in the Park 10 miles out of the city away from Johnson's last glory, and if people stay in the park and be cool they wouldn't be hassled by the cops. "Throw a brick thru a window, and they'll kill you with a smile." What is worse, the ism or the cannibal?

It's like this: you're doing the definite *Festival* story, and you speak to Abbie Hoffman in Chicago and Jerry Rubin in Manhattan, a few hours before Mr. Rubin emplanes for Chicago, that windy city. Mr. Rubin had just come from lunching with Mr. Julius Lester, and he kept saying, "That Lester is heavy. Oh, what a heavy cat!"

Rubin was in good spirits. Everyone thought he would have to go to Oakland, California to serve an honorable term in jail from September 6 to October 15, for being a public nuisance, "but the appeal was strengthened surprisingly two days ago" by a San Francisco district court which ruled that the public nuisance law applied to things not people. Jerry Rubin is not a tree. So he was off to Chicago, and the farewell-to-jail party at Liberty House was off. "It makes me go to Chicago with a little more Umph. With my chest out." Rubin feels the Yippie Festival of Life has been misunderstood and misinterpreted. So he explains: it's a b-in plus a political confrontation, the total life force at work with spontaneous, uncongealed energy, and you act out this life force. "You dance in the whale's mouth," the new kind of Jonah vs. Moby Dick Daley and Co. Unlimited. The festival will be in the park and will spread over the park snake thru the windy city and use satire and destruction to suggest the middle class rebel's alternative to the mortuary tactics of a sane society gone perhaps irreparably mad mad mad.

"Chicago is happening," Rubin said. "People are showing up. Oh, oh, I don't know. The storm is just around the corner. I can feel the tornado," he held himself tight. "Best thing we could achieve is to throw the election to Nixon and prepare the people for 10, that's right, ten!, continuous years of underground warfare."

"Take off your pants and I'll take off my hat," Jimi Hendrix clouted someone at the Fillmore one night, and yuppies will sing "We'll show you our pig if you'll show us your pig," as they march their pig thru the city. "A joyous festival of love, laughter and lye."

Let Nixon win. Let everybody win. Let Nixon lose.

"Stress one thing," Rubin said, comfortably knocking the ego. "This: Nothing from the top down! Everything bottom up." Orders are orders. "The first person who comes up to me saying What's happening, I'm going to be very upset. You can't go around asking What's happening? We aren't P.T. Barnums creating circus for the masses. What we are saying is this is the place this is the scene and let the underground come and do its thing. That's what Chicago's got to be."

And the Death of YIP will be celebrated.

"The whole atmosphere has to be cleared so a whole new spirit could express itself." And what's going to happen After? "I don't know. My head is not big enough to imagine the consciousness that will be in the air two weeks from now." But he believes that MOTHERFUCKERS are waves of the nearest future. "Everything'll be more Motherfucker from now on," Rubin said. Some people are yip yip yip yippies, but he . . . "I'm an assassin. Hey, you can't put that down. I'll be arrested . . ."

. . . Demonstrations are sound gathering," he said. "I hope everyone would come to do something, not just to speculate. Fuck spectators. Fuck bodies."

And The Big Word. The Chicago Police intend to single out Rubin and Hoffman for special pig treatment for being outside agitators. "That's what American foreign policy is based on," Rubin said. "When you can't understand, control, or stop, you call it outside agitation. Agitators. Aggression. The same bullshit way of dealing with reality."

Thus spoke Mr. Rubin before leaving to dance in the mouth of the whale.

Ed Sanders, FUG, will be there, and here's his 13-point Predictions: plus Precautions and Suggestions:

1. Poetry readings, mass meditation, flycasting exhibitions, demagogic yippie political arousal speeches, rock music, and sound concerts will be held on a precise timetable throughout the week August 25-30.

2. A dawn ass-washing ceremony with 10's of 1000's participating will occur each morning at 5:00 a.m. as yippie revellers and protesters prepare for the 7:00 a.m. volley ball tournaments.

3. Several hundred Yippie friends with press passes will gorge themselves on 800 pounds of cocktail onions

and puke in unison at the nomination of Hubert H. Pastry.

4. Psychedelic long haired mutant-jissomed peace leftists will consort with known dope fiends, spilling out onto the sidewalks in porn-ape disarray each afternoon.

5. The Chicago offices of the National Bisquit Company will be hijacked on principle to provide bread and cookies for 50,000 as a gesture of goodwill to the youth of America.

6. Universal Syrup Day will be held on Wednesday when a movie will be shown at Soldiers Field in which Hubert Humphrey confesses to Allen Ginsberg of his secret approval of anal intercourse.

7. Filth will be worshipped.

8. The Yippie Ecological Conference will spew out an angry report denouncing scheiss-poison in the lakes and streams, industrial honky-fumes from white killer industrialists, and exhaust murder from a sick hamburger society of automobile freaks; with precise total assault solutions to these problems.

9. There will be public fornication whenever and wherever there is an aroused appendage and willing aperture.

10. Poets will re-write the bill of rights in precise language, detailing ten thousand areas of freedom in OUR OWN LANGUAGE, to replace the confusing and vague rhetoric of 200 years ago.

11. Reporters and media representatives will be provided free use of dope and consciousness altering thrill-chemicals for their education and re-freshment.

12. Pissed off hordes of surly draft eligible poets will somehow confront conventioners with 16 tons of donated fish eyes.

13. 230 rebel cocksman under secret vows are on twenty four hour alert to get the pants of the daughters and wives and kept women of the convention delegates.

Precautions and Suggestions

a. Don't accept shit as a form of communication from any public official, pig, service employee or anybody. Demand respect from the stodgy porcupines that control the Blob Culture.

b. Share your food, your money, your bodies, your energy, your ideas, your blood, your defenses. Attempt peace.

c. Plan ahead of time how you will probably respond to various degrees of provocation, hate and creep-vectors from the opposition. Know carefully your responses.

d. Learn the International.

e. Bring sleeping bags, extra food, blankets, bottles of fireflies, cold cream, lots of handkerchiefs and canteens to deal with pig-spray, love beads, electric toothbrushes, see thru blouses, manifestoes, magazines, tenacity.

Remember, we are the life forms evolving in our own brain."

Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, King Bruce, was in California. He said, "The presence of large numbers of visitors amidst the summer tensions of Chicago may well add to the possibility of unintended violence or disorder." And what would that do to the Senator whose own people plan to demonstrate their disapproval of the way the Democratic Party and its Convention are run. "This would be a tragedy," the Senator said—a personal tragedy for any hurt or arrested and a tragedy for those of us who wish to give the political process a fair and peaceful test.

"I hope that my supporters would conduct rallies and other public demonstrations of support in their own communities and not in Chicago."

30 Million of Voting Age Failed to Ballot in '66 Focus of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War demonstrations will be on the dual goals of and immediate withdrawal of U. S. and allied troops from Vietnam and the liberation of black Americans, but will not be related to any presidential candidate, leaders, among who are Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger and Tom Hayden, emphasized. And they do not intend "physical disruption of the Convention, its delegates or proceedings. Dellinger, editor of Liberation magazine, is chairman of National Mobilization, an umbrella anti-war group comprising more than 100 peace and civil rights organizations. It planned the Pentagon demonstration last October.

And the Police? A recent report of a blue-ribbon citizens commission charged Chicago Police with extreme brutality and accused city officials of a conspiracy to suppress the civil liberties of anti-war demonstrators during a peace march there April 27.

So a series of meetings have been held with federal officials urging an investigation of Chicago Police because of potential violence initiated by the force or by national guardsmen.

National Mobilization will hold a birthday celebration for Lyndon B. Johnson "noting the failures of his political career and administration," and a massive march thru the city to the International Amphitheater on the night the Democrats select their unlucky candidate.

Anyhow, dig this letter fro the Free Survival Committee. "consensus of a group of people who have worked toward the Festival of Life, and now feel that it's no go.

Don't come to Chicago if you expect a five-day Festival of Life, music and love.

The word is out. Many people are into confrontation. The Man is into confrontation. Nobody takes the

Amphitheater. Cars and buildings will burn. Chicago may host a Festival of Blood.

We worked for five months toward a joyous alternative to the violence that has become America. We were busted, roused, hassled. We filed for a permit in the hope that such a Festival be staged. We kept it in even when it became apparent that 50,000 people could not gather peacefully in Chicago. We kept it in because we wanted people to have a sanctuary. But people are still into the Festival flash. People are buying an illusion. *They only way to end the sham is to withdraw our permit request. And that is what we have done.*

The chances for a permit were minimal. New York Yuppies are reapplying, but Chicago officials have expressed an unwillingness to deal with them. New York Yuppies have told us to expect a lot of static for this decision. That's cool. We refuse to pose as front-men for an alternative that no longer exists.

Don't come to Chicago if you expect a five-day Festival of Life, music and love.

It was a chance to pull off a freaked-out fun-est in a large city. It probably was the last chance for a long time. It is a chance that has disappeared. A Festival is impossible.

Chicago police do not love you. Chicago police will not love you if things break down in Lincoln Park. Many people will play in the streets. The cops will riot. The word has gone down. "Brutality be damned."

Don't come to Chicago if you expect a five-day Festival of Life, music and love.

On August fifth the Park Superintendent told us that he wasn't aware that we wanted to sleep in the park. Do not trust sleeping beauty.

There will be ample opportunity to disrupt the Democratic Creep-Follies. There are many reasons to disrupt the Death Gala. If you feel compelled to cavort, then this is action city. There is no reason to wear flowers for masks. If you want to go up against the wall, then come. But, once again,

Don't come to Chicago if you expect a five-day Festival of Life, music and love.

We refuse to lure you from your homes for an impossibility. As individuals, we may join in trying to stop Hubert the Hump. As a group, our advice is

Don't come to Chicago if you expect a five-day Festival of Life, music and love.

25% of the people in Amphitheatre will be F.B.I. or Secret Service.

8000 Chicago police officers will guard delegates at their hotels. National Guardsmen stand nearby. And space has been readied for 10,000 in a jail yard.

Tears of greed, there are no mysteries. Yuppies go or stay, but trouble is ever active. The CIA, the FBI, and the Russians (having goofed in their boast that last month's violent Cleveland shoot-out with cops was signal for national war) are staking their guns on something big in Chicago. All eyes on Chicago. "What happens if Chicago goes?" Trouble would confuse poor Mayor Daley, 66, who is demanding a say in the naming of the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate. Here are some of the goodies trouble in Chicago can bring: trouble in other cities, other states, martial law, Mr. Johnson can throw everyone out of the Amphitheatre and declare his boss-ship. Nixon, Republicans win. Wallace decides, or perhaps Senator McCarthy would consider it "fair and peaceful" if the President, skilfully, quietly, professionally, masterminded himself into another four years of headaches.

AND THE WAR IS NOT OVER.

Meanwhile the Democrats build their fences and search for possible loopholes in security and wait and wait, and everyone is waiting for Chicago.

Does Chicago deserve love?

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BY
ALLEN
KATZMAN

ode to the east mind

Friday. The East Side. I sit in an all-night restaurant, cold, soaked to the skin. I stare through a window and the window stares back: Rain strikes the invisible, the shield that guards my face. In the streets the dead are lonely and lie in puddles; the moon is in the water as my feet rest across half the sky. Genius hits the road again and the darkness comes rattling:

I am walking across second avenue, untouched, thinking of Ted Berrigan.

When will he introduce me to Frank O'Hara?
When will he introduce me to the Wind?
My own mind is very hard to me. It's as if it were carrying ME around:

- MEMORANDUM GET out of Viet Nam.
- MEMORANDUM Leave the Santo Dominicans alone.
- MEMORANDUM Impeach President Johnson.

Oh Eastern Wind, when can I go home and be a man?

Dear Ted: At 4:30 this morning, they took the horror from my hands and gave me a last cup of coffee. And from the other side of the sky whoever lives there is coming and makes a noise.

Saturday. The East Side. I walk down 9th St.; the night sweats pasting a shadow to my skin and turns the corner. DAWN: Two women converse on the street, shy apple to the moon; faces and gray hairs, staring. A hearse is black-catted by the curb: No angels. A drunk lies in an alley. It begins to rain and loud, idiot cats hightail it home. The only other person on the street is a policeman. I walk on. I don't have to dream the truth but the wind suspends itself between us. I stop and easedrop into life:

I am talking with Ed Sanders. We listen through a maze of streets; the Poets of Gossip are beautiful:

THEY ARE SENDING 20,000 MORE TROOPS
THE LATIN COUNTRIES HATE US
PRESIDENT KENNEDY WAS ASSASSINATED.

Oh Eastern Wind, when can I go home?

Dear Ed: 6:11 a.m. When I dreamt of the dead, I blew them to my hands, brushed them from my face into the night. This morning, the street is screaming for help. They are killing my country and there is nothing I can do. I walk on and horses rise from the ground and trample me.

Sunday. The East Side. First Dream of the Year: I lie in bed and turn my belly from the moon. It is morning. Outside the sky is dark, a soft flesh of violence; the sun has torn out its eyes and like two shells burst through the window and sever my leg. A wind settles in the room with a coldness of braille. I lie in bed unable to love and read the day:

I am standing with David Henderson. We watch a thousand soldiers marching. The sun is unbearably hot. They throw away their packs and rifles; their bodies and arms dissolve. They are legs 2000 strong and they are marching:

- STOP THEM from Killing.
- STOP THEM from Hurting.
- STOP THEM from Hating.

Oh Eastern Wind, where have I gone with my Humanity?

Dear Dave: 6 a.m. I am awake. Most of America still lies asleep. What do you say to a leg? How do you greet it? If you come upon a leg walking in a field, should you act surprised? Should you ask it where it was going and why it was alone? And what should you reply when it answers 'it decided to take a walk in the warm sun'?



BY JAAKOV KOHN

The presidential spectacle is beginning to assume a state of atonal dullness. If things will proceed as they did until now, it will be a sleeper in November. So what the hell.

"The patient suffers from a severe state of chronic anxiety, manifested by tensions and anorexia (loss of weight)".

This was the diagnosis reached by George Wallace's via doctors after they examined him in September 1945.

In December of the following year he was found to be suffering from "psychoneurosis" and thus eligible to monthly disability payments of \$20.

When his case was reviewed ten year later in November 1956, the following were the results of the review:

"Patient is found to be tense, restless and ill at ease. He frequently drums the desk with his fingers, constantly changing positions. He sighs frequently and occasionally shows a tendency to stammer, resulting in a state of total anxiety reaction." Payments were continued.

Why shouldn't every red blooded american boy have a chance to be-come President? Plenty of desks around the White House to drum one's fingers on.

* * *

Last week in the grand finale of the republican spectacle in Miami (86 Sunshine votes) sprightly Spiro Agnew or was it Agnew Spiro? came huffing and puffing and telling one and all how "stunned" he was to receive Tricky Dicky's call to "service". It smelled but who paid much attention?

Not until his kid blew it. Randy Agnew, the governor's son currently a seebee with the Navy in Vietnam, was not too surprised at the news.

"My mother mentioned the possibility in a letter more than a month ago." Doidy rotten spoiler.

* * *

No wonder the Cultural Revolution in China at times had overtones of overt paranoia. According to a document published in the organ of the Red Guard leadership, more than 1 1/2 million of Chairman Mao's words have been put on tape. Unauthorized by him, at that.

As part of the vilification campaign against the Chairman's former comrades turned traitors and finks, the Red Guards described their discovery of the bug on Mao's vacation retreat in Hangchow. It seems that for the past 10 years Liu Shao chi and friends deemed it worthy to record the old man's telephone conversations.

What's wrong with a little old age insurance?

* * *

Hooray for the Choo choo train. It may be old, filthy, dilapidated and never make it on time but it sure represents a tour de force as far as our american reality is concerned. The trains simply stopped killing as much as they used to.

According to figures released by the Department of Transportation of the Federal government, the year 1967 represents a significant drop in the number of people killed at railroad crossings. The number of deaths listed is 1297 as compared to 1353 in 1966. 3015 were injured as compared to 3171 in 1966.

It seems that for once both management and unions managed to bury their hatchets long enough to asponsor a grade crossing accident prevention program (GCAPP) which evidently reaped fruit-life. One of the more positive aspects of the class struggle in America does not have the monopoly in crash pads any more.

* * *

The Holy land and the oldest of professions — what a combination.

Like their sisters throughout the Western world, the Israeli zona (whore) is subjected to a relentlessly idiotic brand of police harrassment. As their counterparts elsewhere, they are a reliable source of the BAKSHEESH (bribo).

Unlike their counterparts in othr countries they choose to fight back, when their point of saturation was reached.

They simply took to the road. All houses were closed, the streetwalkers disappeared and whoever wanted to get laid had to go on the road likewise. They enlivened the highways with their presence, hitching rides and doing their thing on wheels,

The police, under heavy pressure from the uptigh upright, in turn started to chase the hookers in unmarked cars so that things at times got pretty hectic all the problems not with standing. It seems to work pretty well since the number of morality busts in Israel has not increased lately.

This might be one formula to solve the unpleasantness of the chronic congestions on our highways and byways. How about a mobile trick on the Thomas E. Dewey Thruway?

* * *

The Police Benevolent Association's suggestion that police dogs be used in New York, in the name of Law and Order naturally, reminded me of good ole Bull Connor, of Birmingham.

Bull Cassese or John Connor what difference does it make anyway.

A rose is rose, is a rose, a pig is a pig is a pig is a pig etc. etc. etc.

* * *

Saying of the week:
The Founding Fathers did not have any experience either."
Governor Ronald Reagan

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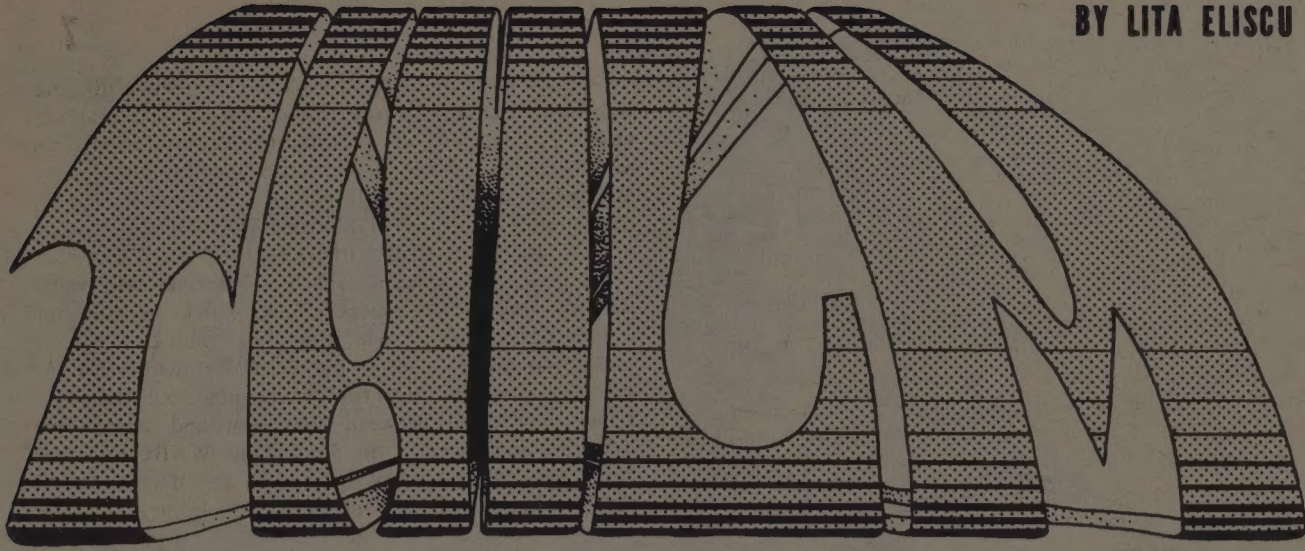
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BY LITA ELISCU



The *Seventh Continent* is another of those endless, Middle European schmaltz conversation pieces, an allegory about all the children leaving to go to a magic island . . . and the reaction of the fumbling, cata-tonic, bureaucratic adults who are their parents. The photography is exquisite, wide-screen and sensitive to every nuance of joy and other emotions expressed by the children: the first little girl goes tearing around the island, and all that exists for either the viewer of camera is that bright-light sandy island from nowhere, a blue lake sky, and that little girl running now fast, now slow, now slow motion.

The parents' reactions are foreseeable; remember when you were a kid and you had Important Questions to ask and nobody paid you any attention or said, Just go play, dear. And how you wanted to run away to a place where everybody cared for other people, and had time for friends . . . ? So you did, you ran around the block and when you made your return, the whole family had forgotten you were not allowed around the corner by yourself, and loved you all over again. If you had seen your parents while you were gone (the obviously ultimate satisfaction) they probably would have been hysterical, furious, alarmed, just like these parents. If all our children disappeared, no doubt the U.N. would take the matter up, appointing a subcommittee to study the situation. The members would argue of course over the title of the subcommittee, insisting that it sounded as though one country in particular had abducted the children when they had actually vanished . . .

And all this is in beautiful color, and the children are very cute (a couple are almost beautiful but they don't make it). Still, after the first children have found the island, the quality remains static from there through the rest of the movie — although at a pleasant level. One supposes the movie is most recommendable to parents and U.N. subcommittee members, but if you are really enjoying someone, the two of you together might like the flick.

It is at Carnegie Hall Cinema, PL 7-2131 (6 West 57th Street).

Ondine is a Warhol extravaganza, and so is the movie *Loves of Ondine*, in which he is starring, along with the usual profusion of sharp-featured, lean, snaky girls and beautiful boys. It is notable for two reasons: Viva again proves just how much quality she possesses — an indefinable one, the kind a thoroughbred animal has, which moves people to exclaim: it sticks out all over him, etc. Hers is actually a sort of self-possessiveness, a lightly arrogant, indestructible, highly pleasing belief in herself; the other feature is Joe Delasandro, who is 19 and one of the more lasting male mini-superstars, is totally beautiful and will be in *Lonesome Cowboy* (not *Midnight*) when it released. It is a great subject for summertimes lazy thinking: where do they come from, why do they stay — and how are they chosen — this mythic superstar species of people.

The truth is simple, and it is this basic realization that fundamentally structures Warhol movies. They come from a need, a desire to have them exist. They are what the audience wants or even think they need: these beautiful amoral self-loving people, whose humanity and compassion extends most often to, "To thine own self be true." They exist because they are true metaphors for this society, illustrating most frankly, through sex rather than politics, the same conclusions as Godard: the decay of one way of life, the rise of another. Some of the footage appeared to be from * * * and again, the beach scenes are fantastic, ranging from momentary flashes, serene beauty through pounding, lengthy exhibitions of perverse pleasures illustrating the Tom Jones ethic. Warhol makes voyeurs of a society which complains about that, yet loves TV for the chance of seeing another real-life drama, maybe another assassination. People don't die in his films they just keep on living in the face of what everyone knows exists out there. Maybe they do have something worth trying to possess, only what they have is that incredible self-belief, and like Siddhartha said, Only one makes the trip, baby.

Ondine, by the way, is a focal point, a happy-go-lucky Taylor Mead type, if he can't fuck he'd just as soon suck — as long as it's a worthwhile experience. You may never have believed college wrestling could be so much fun. Still, he has his preferences, and they don't even include Viva, who performs a sincerely wonderful strip which only she could manage to pull off . . . that last sentence is a visual pun in the

movie, so I won't explain it further.

The sound track is typical Warhol: burred. Make up your own communications, the action is easy enough to follow. There are incredible cuts, more whistles and white frames than I've seen in any other of his films. Then, there's less need to keep playing that narrative game these days; there's finally growing up an audience who knows there is no such thing as absolute sequence, it's just what you want to see in between blinks of the eye.

The movie is at the Garrick — which is not only air conditioned, but has fixed its equipment so that the movie can be seen!! and heard!! in a piece. The Garrick Theatre (alias the New Andy Warhol, etc.) is on Bleecker near the Au Go Go and the Bitter End.

★ ★ ★

Revolution stars Louise Stoddard Malone — a typical hippie with perfectly white teeth, long blond hair, and a genuine love of good Owsley acid—who is changing her name legally to Today Louise Malone, because "Today" is such a good word, and so perfectly expresses the sentiments but not the reality of this movie. The camera watches all along the Haight-Ashbury ramparts, waiting to record the drama of it all, and succeeds in giving a picture of yesterday, and only half of it at that. Still, that half is rather good, certainly better than some of the obvious hysterical cookies tossed by the mass media to a snarling, worried bunch of parents hungry for knowing where their children are at.

Revolution of course does not discuss any of the political (realistic) revolutionaries who are often labeled hippies; instead, it sticks close to those happy, stone-high VD-ridden love children of the Haight, whose revolution is more a sociological affair, or biological — according to some. No movie is instantaneous, and as this is a documentary, not a prophecy, much of the movie is a rose-prismed-glass look backwards, to those last few years before being a hippie became a business. There are nude scenes either to titillate or to simply experience, Country Joe's music (among others) and love — for whatever value one places on any of these or other of life's presents.

The movie is at The Trans-Lux West (49th and Broadway) and at the Greenwich (Greenwich Avenue and 12th Street).

★ ★ ★

Murder-Czech Style is a marvelous movie, about an extremely plain, ugly fat waddling little man who manages to marry the most beautiful girl in the whole realm of Prague and surrounding Czechoslovakia . . . and then finds out why she married him. Almost every frame has a purity about it, in contrast to the sometimes pathetic, sometimes absurd events which fill the screen. The soundtrack is great, too . . . It is a story of simple people, who share the complex emotional make-up of everywhere. They work, they save, they eat, and they have children. But love — here they show their ingenuity and daring, for this is the last province, the only outlet for men who feel like wood or stone given a human body for strange unknown reasons.

The whole film has the warm detailed sincerity of the opening shot, which watches Frantisek, the everyman hero, carefully putting things in order, right down to squaring away the envelope next to the paper next to the plate. Cut to an overhead shot, and the whole room is visibly laid out exactly along these angled-off planes, all in tidy, shoddy repute and correct relationships. Cold. Nasty, almost. Maybe priggish.

The camera constantly invites the viewer to enjoy its own subtlety as well as that of the story. In a sense, this is a detective story, for certain facts presented exist only in the mind of Frantisek, who is remembering the account for most of the length of the film.

This is a modern-day triangle, possible only through a bureaucracy, and the eventual criminal accused could be any of the three. Frantisek calls himself "Othello" at one point, but he acts more like a Hamlet; a Hamlet with more than a touch of the bathos surrounding Falstaff.

The end of the movie gets a trifle murky, and is rather facile, yet it is no stranger than the events which have happened so many times in the past. The movie's bite is very gentle, sort of a vampire's — you don't even know about it until it's too late, and you're left strangely comfortless at the end, rather than uncomfortably strange as at the beginning of the

(Continued on Page 12)

REVOLUTION

BY DA LATIMER

"Recommended for mature audience only."

The title of the film is *Revolution*.

But it's recommended for mature audiences only.

Revolution. This flick almost screened at Cannes and Berlin last spring, but was postponed due to certain loud and unnerving noises offstage. Nobody missed it much: it's a film about 1967, understand, and it has little business being seen in 1968. It's all about love, and love was last summer's bag; Summer '68 is the summer of the Molotov cocktail, of rifle bullets shattering patrol car windows, shotgun pellets in cops' backs. This *Revolution* flick is another revolution entirely: it's last year's revolution, one that swiftly and silently vanished away, quite away, from being smothered in ignorance, from losing patience with itself.

This is the revolution of the Haight last summer. A gentleman from the West Village made it, Mr. Jack O'Connell, he dragged his equipment and crew across to San Francisco for the Solstice. That was 21 June, 1967, a good solstice, remember? Some people said the flying saucers were going to land at the Grand Canyon; other people said the San Andreas Fault was going to dump California into the Pacific: it was a good solstice. This year we all curled up around the rocks alongside Limekiln Creek in Big Sur and listened to the Angels raise hell all night, shivering, and we all paid our two-fifty to Vern Gates and Harry Murphy so they could stay drunk all year. Last year Jack O'Connell set up his gear in Golden Gate and took pictures of people loving each other; this year he's cashing in on it, at two-fifty a ticket at the Greenwich Theatre and Trans-Lux 47. Mature audiences only need apply.

O'Connell brought with him unimpeachable credentials to this flick, he formerly worked with Antonioni himself, and he left his mark on *La Dolce Vita*. Bearing then in mind what the Italian cinema has largely turned into by this time, it will come as little surprise to find that the film has somewhat less Soul than a Denny's Drive-In and enough dazingly gratuitous special effects to qualify as the Manic Montage of the Year. O'Connell has shot the thing as a documentary, and he strives to editorialize it along the lines of a kind of hippie manifesto. This is the way the hippies dug things last year, this was their weltanschauung, this is the world seen through diffraction glasses.

Art it ain't, but it is kind of amusing, the way O'Connell has edited the thing. Hippies are sweet and naive here, dwelling lightly on the eternal truths of the Cosmos between nibbles of peach peels and sniffs of gladioli. Straight people stink of booze and look constipated and prate on about the hippies in cliches and malignant distorted rationalisations. Of course, all straight people, in the depths of their souls, want to be hippies. It's embarrassing the way O'Connell puts this across: from a bit wherein Today Malone, the blonde hippie chick starlet, is lying on the grass with two stone girl friends, giggling in gentle hysteria, he switches to a very gawky and clean-clipped young couple, cocktail glasses in hand, drunk to the very adenoids, carrying on about how great it would be to be a hippie. Immediately after a discussion overheard between two bronzed lovely nudists on San Gregorio beach, we are presented with the image of an enormous bottle of Seagram's Seven glooping into a whiskey glass, over which some lady's sexually frustrated voice is droning on about how hippies don't wash, how they panhandle, how they'll all be wards of the state someday. The liberals are going to love this kind of thing, but those of us who were there last summer might squirm a bit in our seats.

Oh, but this presentation has its pretty points, too. When a scrawny hippie chick declares that "Hippie boys are, well . . . I think they're more . . . More men than straight guys,"—it makes you want to pat the guy in the next seat on the padded heather hopsack shoulder, commiserate: "That's all right, I was straight once myself." He can take it, he's a mature adult only.

Mature adults, Jesus Christ, half the kids in the fucking film won't get to see it until it shows on television a couple years from now. At one point, somebody in it says "Fuck." Later on, when the Ann Halperin dancers are doing their thing against a Country Joe & The Fish background opus, if you look close at the right time, you can spy some guy's balls hanging out, considerably obscured by the autumny light show, which didn't take up at all well on film. Great advances here in the liberalization of cinema techniques, for mature audiences only.

Mature audiences . . . It really pisses you off.

On. The music. Doing this you have Country Joe and the Fish, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Blues Band, and Mother Earth; they were all second-string bands last summer, and for the most part they sound like it. This movie is put together something like a fugue, there are five distinct passages in its 106 minutes where all hell breaks loose with music and kaleidoscopic effects, and they are likely to set your teeth a-rattle so that you are given to sitting around places saturated in 120 decibels of sound. During these ejaculations appear the best of the visual sequences, many of them done by film

(Continued on Page 12)

Look out, Redwood City!! Having jury-rigged another stereolapidoscope, EVOstrologer Abdul Sean de la Villeneuve has scanned the heavens and plumbed the ether, scurrying excitedly about the executive mash-room scrawling arcane astrological equations over the graffiti. What he has come up with tends to corroborate the observations of a legion of other astrologers, and the news is not good for those living west of the San Andreas Fault. Between the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth of this month, Comrade de la Villeneuve unhappily declares, seven of the planets in our solar system will conjoin with the constellation Virgo, and all hell will cut loose on Terra. Virgo has been hanging up there for over two hundred years just waiting for something like this, says de la Villeneuve, and when it happens the Entire West Coast of the North American Continent will be vomited into the Pacific Ocean, along with generous hunks of

You can too catch clap from toilet seats. Don't listen to them, you can catch clap from toilets seats. Or something . . . I don't know. It's all very strange . . . etain surdlu.

Avant-Garde's articles on Cinema, rock, and the new scene are a stoned groove. Also, the sometimes editor of *Open City* is doing editor work for A-V now, and other underground writers may appear in it next month, after the Chicago convention, so look for a quick flipout soon in *Avant-Garde*, published by that hip revolutionist, *conoiseur d'Arte*, and all-around good American, Ralph Ginzburg. Who was the first to publish a picture of an interracial couple balling? Ralph Ginzburg, that's who. Who got the shaft from the

Gounds, Goddamn, feelthy ole Metromedia's dipping her Usurious fingers into the slough of Arts Patronage! Here we are at Washington Square, caballeros and carisimas, here we are at Washington Square last week where ole Bob (Bobaloo) Lewis is all set to Grand Prix somebody in the WABC-FM.

PSYCHEDELIC POSTER CONTEST!
Signore Lewis does a nightly schtick on that radio station, playing Progressive Rock, you know, and for a month he's been promoting this event like it was something Mary or Zoom or even Worthwhile. All the youthful yearning hopefuls have submitted their entries, they're all between seventeen and twenty-five and the idea here is to do up the WABC-FM dial digits (95½) with psexy psychedelic pserifs all around them. Dong Kingman and Bernie Fuchs are judging, comrades, and here are the winners . . . *David Lowenherz, Jean Biladello, and Jane Wiley!!!* Flum, folks,

DISCOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER

Japan and Chile. The rest of the world will be lucky to get away with tidal waves and plague, he adds mournfully. When asked what happened on 15 April to avert the catastrophes and calamities he assured us would result from the moon passing out of Pisces, Comrade de la Villeneuve shrugged and complained of a faulty lens purchased from Medo Photo Supply; when pressed further, he admitted that he broke it himself, in a consultation with a fiery young Scorpio. Somebody else asked this dirty old man why Icarus didn't so much as graze the stratospher last June, leaving al those heads stranded on Sugar Loaf Mountain with egg in their hair. "It was that *Verschlug-gener* cave man with his time machine!" screamed de la Villeneuve, tearing great clumps of hair out of his beard and rending his cossack shirt. "Without this aboriginal ofay and his Pre-Cambrian calculations, Max Rafferty would be fish food by this time! But just wait til the end of the month, *mes freres*, all will be desolation and wailing at last."

Can you swim? Are you between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five? Are you male? If you qualify in these three areas, you may be just the sort of person Parks Administrator August Heckscher is seeking. Report to the gym at 342 East 54th Street, Manhattan, any weekday between ten and six. Bring trunks, towel, and lunch. It may be YOU who is chosen to participate in an accelerate course in techniques of life-saving, and eventually, who knows, pick up a cushy lifesaving job on a city beach, earning twenty dollars a day a six day week. "There are additional fringe benefits," Heckscher tells us. So don't delay, fellows, do it right away!



Waren Court for peddling his papers the best way he knew how? Ralph Ginzburg, goddammit. Who's the National Smut King who still calls women "Tomatoes"? Folks, that's Ralph Ginzburg, your friend and mine. Buy his rag now.

PICK UP STARDASH

For a nationally-syndicated columnist, this Latimer kid has wieweeerd taste . . . Is three-dot journalism dead?

*Daphne with her thighs in bark
Reaches toward me her leafy hands,
Subjectively—in a naugahyde taping room
I await the recording engineer's comamnds.*
(Ezra Pound-Off)

what an honour. Miss B. and Miss W. get Grumbacher gear, and may they wear it in good health. Mr. Lowenherz gets a \$600 scholarship to the Famous Artists School!!

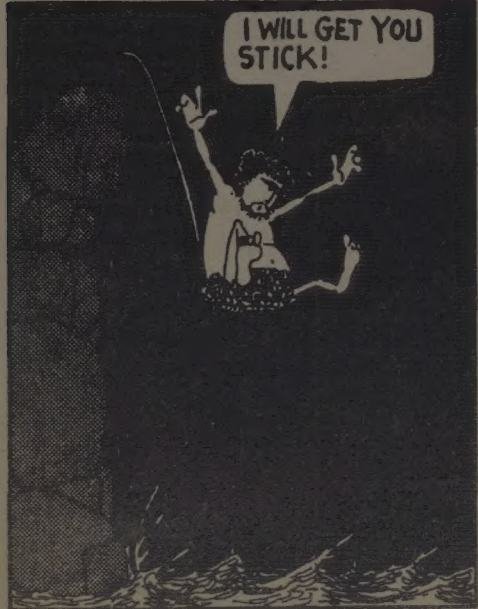
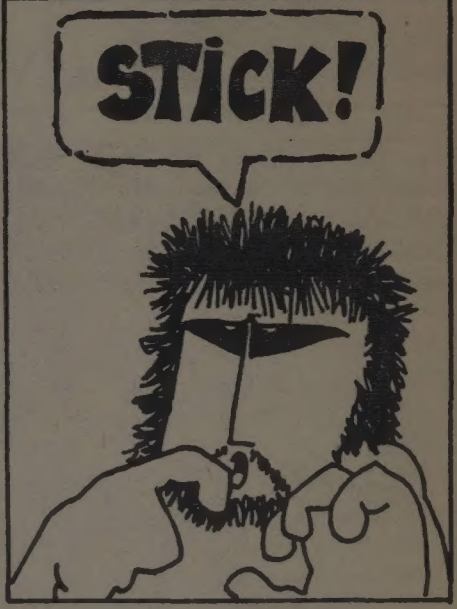
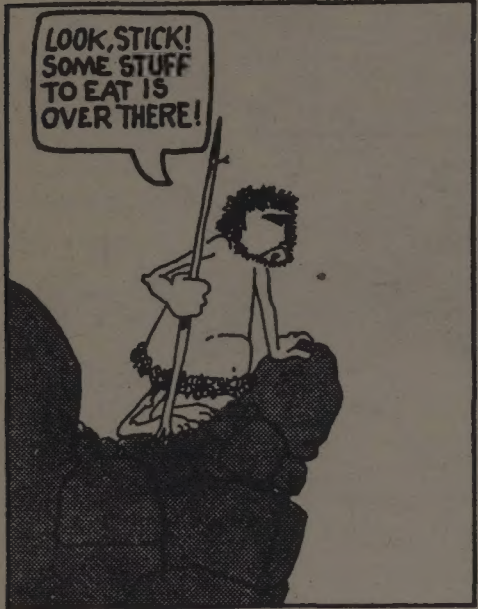
Betcha neither Robert Crumb nor Vaughn Bode could Draw Me

The above postcard and much interesting stuff from Cuba — magazines, posters, politics, can be obtained from M. Oswaldo Paredes Alvarez, Sibirske Namesti, C-1, Bubeneč, Prague 6, Tchechoslovaquie.

(Continued on Page 11)

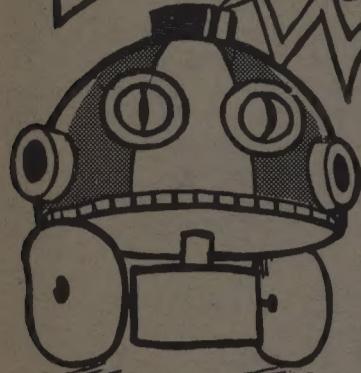
THE MAN ©1966

by VAUGHN BODE



DOCTOR ZOTS!

THE MECHANICAL BRAIN



GREETINGS WITLESS VICTIM TYPES

THINGS HAVE BEEN REALLY POPPING SINCE LAST WEEK

BUT ENOUGH; WALDO AND UNCLE ED FRONT AND CENTER!

YOU CALLED SIRE?

STRE-E-ECH

SPROING

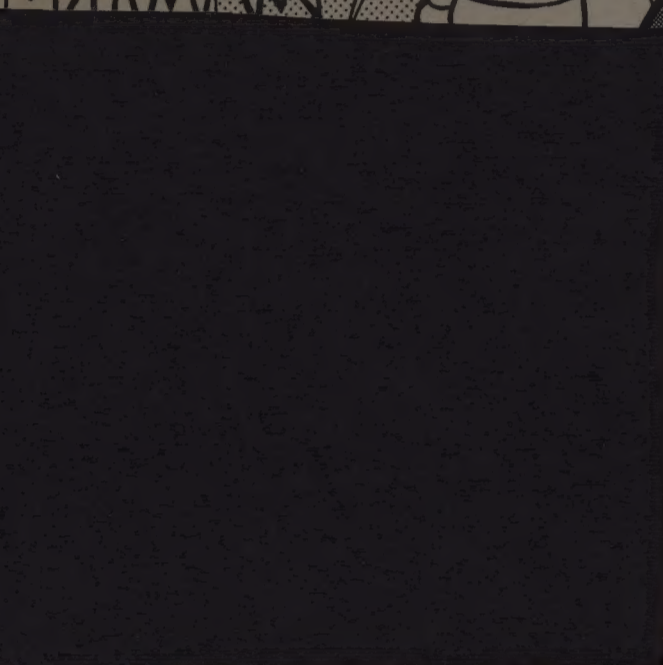
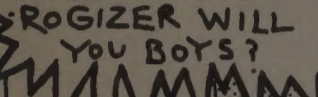
WHOOSH!



SUFFICE TO SAY, THEY HAVE BECOME YET ANOTHER FEW IN MY EVER GROWING ARMY OF MINIONS

WARM UP THE ENSEPHALONIT-ROGIZER WILL YOU BOYS?

IT SHALL BE DONE



NOW! HUH!



STEADY AS SHE GOES ON NUMBER THREE

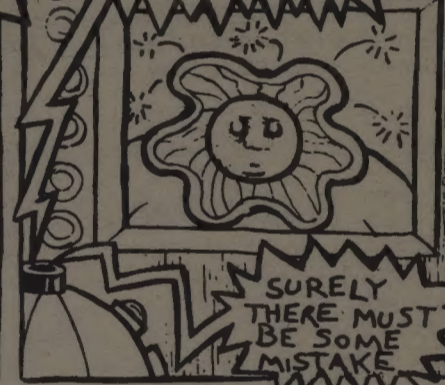
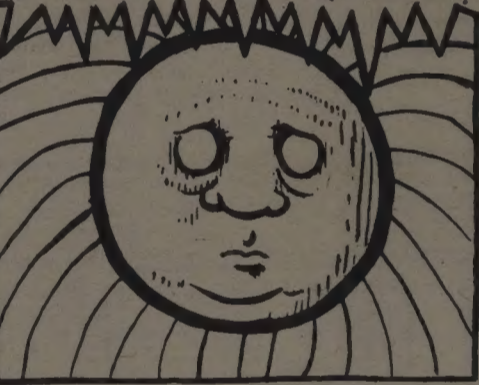
CHECK

GOOD MORNING WENDEL! HOW GOES IT OLD BOY

PRETTY GOOD DR. ZOTS...

CAN THIS WEARY AND BEATEN BROW BE TRULY THAT OF SUNSHINE GIRL?

IS THIS BLOATED SHADOW OF SORROW, MY VICTIM?



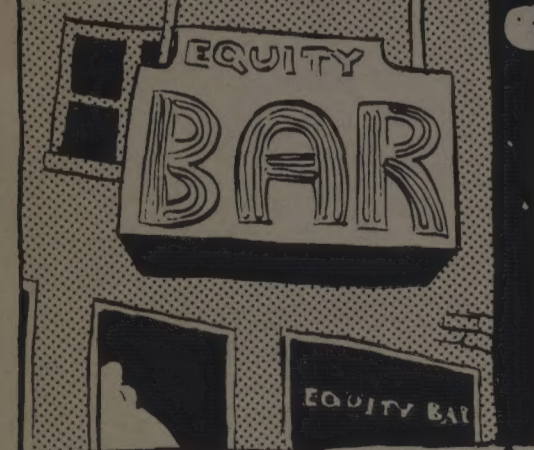
SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE

AH BUT IT IS NO MISTAKE FOR WHERE IS SUNSHINE GIRL? GALAXY'S AWAY? NAY! TIS OUR DUTY TO REPORT HER CLOSER AFOOT. AS CLOSE AS SAY 22nd AND 3rd WHERE...

AN AGING RELIC OF THE FLOWER ERA, LANGUISHES

IT ISNT THAT I WOULDNT LIKE TO HELP

REFILL LADY?



UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER FUCKER

ID JUST RATHER WATCH THE TUBE



THAT IS ALL GENTLEMEN. YOU MAY PICK UP YOUR CHECK ON THE WAY OUT

SAY DOC YER A SWELL GUY AFTER ALL

ENOUGH LEAVE ME!

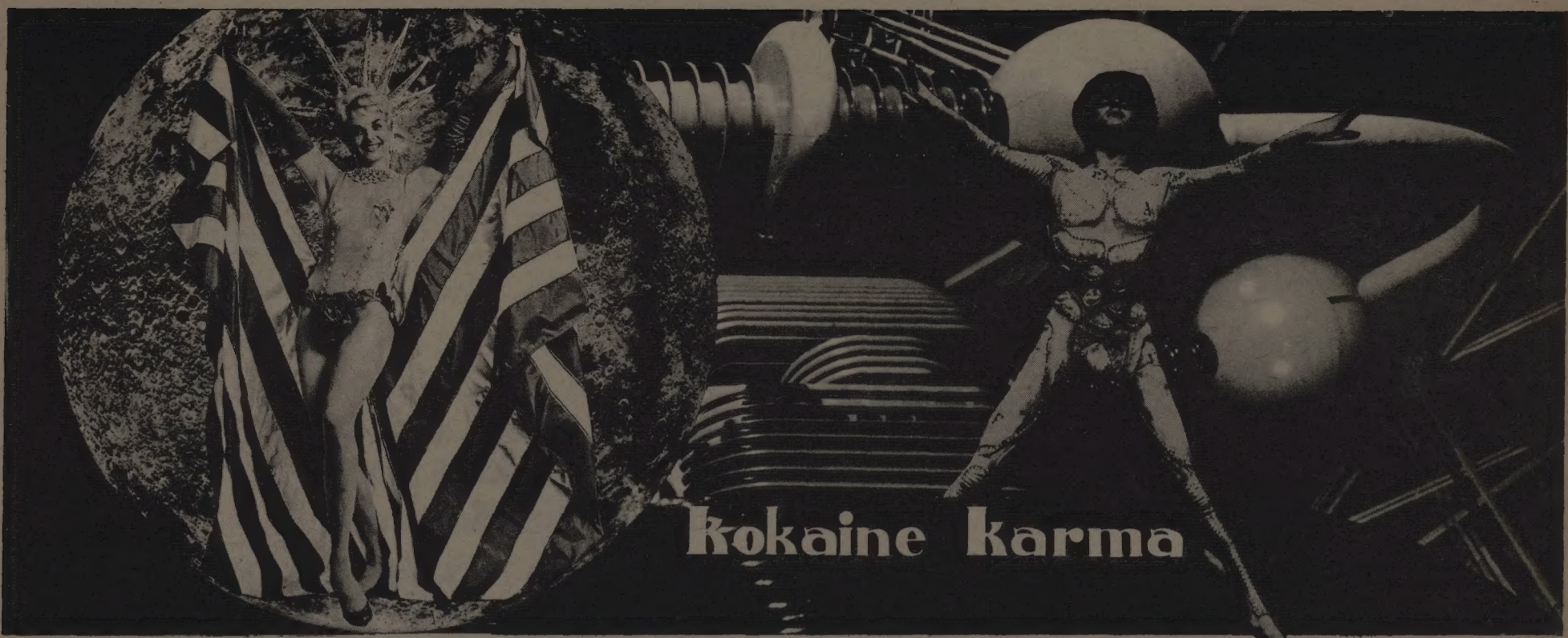
YOU SEE I WANT

TO BE ALONE



TRASHMAN is getting laid this week

Kim Deitch



Kokaine Karma

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS
This week in New York

- Apollo:** Gladys Knight & Pips, Ritche Prior, Apollo Players
- Au Go Go:** Junior Wells
- Bitter End:** David Steinberg, Jerry Jeff Walker, Bunky & Jake
- Central Park:** Fri., Tom Paxton, Patrick. Sat., Little Richard, The Chambers Brothers, Buzz Linhart. Mon., Paul Butterfield, Tim Buckley. Wed., Country Joe and Fish, Eric Anderson, Buzz Linhart.
- Electric Circus:** Time. Tues., Aug. 25, Sly & Family Stone.
- Gaslight:** Monty Rock III, Billy Mitchell, Bernie Travis, Carl Waxman.
- Museum of Modern Art (Jazz in Garden):** Thurs. 8:30 p.m. Ritche Havens.
- Group Image:** Music, dance, and light show Wed. nights at the Diplomat Hotel.
- Scene:** John Hammond Buzz Linhart, Kangaroo.
- Slugs:** Art Blakey, Sat. aft., Guiseppi Logan Quar. Mon. night-jazz vocalists. Sun. aft., Substructure with Howard Johnson and Stubas.
- Village Gate:** Upstairs—Walter Bisip Trio. Downstairs—Carmen McRae, Dizzy Gillespie.
- Village Vanguard:** Bill Evans Trio, George Benson Quartet.
- Tompkins Square Park:** Sat. aft. WFMU-FM-Be-In-Concert.
- Dom:** Wynton Kelly Trio (Tues.-Sun.), Pharaoh Sanders Quintet (Frid and Sat.) Sun. 5-9 Jazz Interactions presents Clark Terry.

It was one of those amphetamine charged electric weekday nights at The Scene when everyone comes from Max's, The Salvation, and even EVO to catch the super-star musicians jamming together in the great jazz tradition now refined into "popupmanship". Jimi was in town — the psychedelic meanigger never misses a jam at Steve Paul's cellar club when he has time. And appearing was Ten Years After, the latest in the flood of competent but same sounding British blues groups with strong lead guitars. Yes, pop plastic polkadots elboed Brooklyn punks and superficial revolutionaries to get the perfect see-but-be-seen seat. All waiting for Jimi to come. And the master of the sadistic stage appeared as expected — dressed to the hilt in flower, fauna and basic black and velour. But he dropped his image to play music and prove to scoffers that something lurks neath his burning sperm stained black and blue guitar. He developed exciting riffs playing bass in the Hendrix style of explosive bursting clustering of repetitious notes at high volume. The primping fans, proud of their symbolic hero, beamed, more sure that the greatest showman of modern times (tied with Jim Morrison) can also play. They sat back digging their man as Larry Coryell joined the jam which now included Experience drummer Mitch Mitchell as well as Ten Years After. Coryell, sans mustache and long locks, had just left the mellow avant-garde jazz group of Gary Burton and as he felt his way back into rock, bending blues notes at rock volume, hands slithering up the neck of his guitar, the polkadot pasties stared, Jimi slowed down-stunned or stoned, to marvel at the little known, most exciting, devoted, diversified virtuoso of the electric six string.

Coryell's gentle manner and concerned personality are the antithesis of his savage emotional playing. His concern is the projection of spiritual emotional energy and his presence makes the celebrated pop-rock guitarists appear as eloquent as wooden Indians. Larry's music isn't simply fast, showoffy playing, it transcends notes and structure fusing technical ability with spiritual awareness. Blues, rock, jazz, folk and country, and eastern influences permeate his music not in an eclectic hodgepodge of surface influences but into a total sound force conglomerate of his emotional core often analagous to John Coltrane's Ascension.

Although ignored by the fickle trend following pop world, Larry Coryell has achieved during his tenure

with Gary Burton, a reputation and notoriety as a jazz guitarist of magnitude. Still in the Rock and Roll-blues idiom from which he springs he is virtually unknown.

Before his 18 months tenure with Burton, Larry was the leader of The Free Spirits. Their power sound of hard driving blues with free jazz improvisation and acid rock lyrics made them the strongest and most exciting band in New York until Coryell's departure. (It remains one of the funkier and most exciting bands under the guidance and strange blues peenings of bossist Chris Hills). They cut every band opposite a bill with them. However, except for bookings at Steve Paul's Scene and the now defunct Baloon Farm and one album on ABC Paramount, The Free Spirits became a legendary but starving group of musicians.

Their album was poorly produced, packaged, and promoted, along with being hurriedly recorded before the band had even appeared publicly. It leaves little space for extended solos by the gifted improvisers. However, it is the only disc of the incredible Free Spirits who then consisted of Larry on lead guitar and vocals, Jim Pepper on tenor sax and flute, Chip Baker-guitar and vocals, Chris Hills-bass (present leader, vocalist and composer), and Bobby Moses-drums. All of the tunes were written in part by Larry and most with Chip Baker with Larry and Chip on vocals. Some of the titles are "Cosmic Daddy Dancer", "Early Morning Fear", "Tatto Man", and "I'm Gonna Be Free."

Rumors are circulating through the rock magazines about a new super group centering around Buddy Miles of the Electric Flag with everyone from Coryell to Eric Clapton and Stevie Winwood included. As of this writing, negotiations are under way to cement the combination of at least Larry and Buddy with perhaps the soaring saxophone of Jim Pepper.

Some albums on which Larry Coryell performs are the following: on ABC Paramount-The Free Spirits-Out of Sight and Sound, On Impulse-Chico Hamilton's "The Dealer" featuring Larry Coryell on Vortex-Steve Marcus's Tomorrow Never Knows and the last three Gary Burton albums on RCA.

Junior Wells will make a rare New York appearance August 16 to 24 at the Cafe Au Go Go. He is one of the best of the young Chicago bluesmen, and it was in his band that Buddy Guy (currently appearing at The Scene) rose to fame.

The best Junior Well's album is "Hoodoo Man Blues" on Bob Koester's Delmark Records. It contains fantastic versions of "Snatch It Back and Hold It" and "Hound Dog Man". Wells' two albums on Vanguard don't compare to this one. It is a Kokaine Karma essential album to any record collection freak.

WFMU-FM at 91.1 will continue its Free Form format. This Saturday afternoon, the total music station will sponsor a free concert in Tompkins Square Park. Performers who may or may not be appearing are Buzz Linhart, John Hammond, Alan Asnen plus surprise guests.

Alice Coltrane, widow of the late famed musician John Coltrane, was signed to an exclusive recording contract with Impulse Records, as announced by Bob Thiele, director of artist & repertoire for ABC Records, Inc., parent of the jazz label.

Mrs. Coltrane, noted pianist and harpist, will record her own original material as well as compositions left by her late husband. In addition, Impulse Records will acquire tapes made by John Coltrane which were in the possession of his wife. These tapes will be issued on the Impulse label.

Negotiations for Mrs. Coltrane's recording contract were made through Coltrane Recording Corporation which produced John Coltrane's "Cosmic Music". All recording released by Impulse made by John Coltrane and Alice Coltrane will carry a special Coltrane Recording Corp. logo.

Bob Thiele worked with Coltrane for five years preceding the jazz man's untimely death a year ago,

and both he and Mrs. Coltrane will aim at perpetuating the music and the goals of John Coltrane. One of John Coltrane's favorite projects was the furtherance of music through the discovery of new young musicians and this ambition will be furthered primarily under the guidance of Alice Coltrane. Her own recordings will feature Jimmy Garrison, Rashied Ali and Pharaoh Sanders, all of whom were part of John Coltrane's last recording group.

Bob Thiele states "the discovery of the John Coltrane tapes held by Mrs. Coltrane, as well as several unreleased tapes in the Impulse catalog, will provide a continuous flow of new product by the late artist for the next three or four years."

Reacting to its feeling that the younger generation is going through a rekindling of interest in the occult, magical, spiritual, and associated emanating particularly from the Mid- and Far-East, Douglas Corporation has announced plans aimed at establishing itself as the major force in multi-media development of properties allied to these fields.

Dr. Gunther G. Weil, a professor of psychology at Boston University and director of the Cambridge Communication Corp., left Boston early this week for India, where he will complete final selections "The Authentic Indian Music Anthology," being developed by Douglas and Cambridge in conjunction with the Government of India and a major international wire-service.

The package, which will include works, selected from Government Archives, by artists such as Ali Akbar Khan, Ravi Shankar, Chatu Lai, and the Ali Brothers, is scheduled for Mid-Fall release.

Other projects in this socio-documentary series will include "Buzz Words," a categorized compilation of status-oriented words associated with statusdirected professions (law, electronics, entertainment, etc.), "Cosmic Poetry of the Rock Children," an analysis of the poetry of the Rock-Revolution, "Why People Turn On," a comprehensive study of the use of drugs in society, and "The Inner Search," a study of various methods currently used in gaining knowledge of oneself.

Each of these newly conceived and oriented Douglas properties will be treated to multi-media developments, and will be distributed in the record, t.v., book, and motion picture fields.

Come to Woodstock, New York for the two-day musical happening, August 16 and 17. Come to camp on the great field, light bonfires at night, hear, see, and meet the hottest-and the coolest-musical groups and performers.

It will be the third in this year's series of Sound Festivals, and a swinging prelude to the Labor Day weekend grande finale. In the season's first two events, such musicians as: The Blues Magoos, Tim Hardin, The Chrysalis, Cat Mother and the All-night Newsboys, Major Wiley, Bunky and Jake, The Children of God, The Soft Machine, Buz Linhart, Scott Fagin, Jerry Jeff Walker, Happy and Artie Traum, The Grovenors, Think Dog, Sweet Honey, and Billy Batson appeared.

Among the many expected on the 16 and 17 are: Tim Hardin, Major Wiley, Scott Fagin, Fear Itself, Crow Dog Indian Dancers, The Children of God, Chrysalis, Colman Windfield Blues Band, Don McLean, Rebecca and the Sunny Brook Farmers, Leonda, and the Chickie Neubles River Band.

A meadow in the mountains, a blanket to sprawl on plenty of refreshments, fantastic music and a light show by the Pentacle. This is the scene at Sound Festival.

If you come by car take the New York Thruway to Exit 19 (Kingston), go to Woodstock, turn right at route 212 and follow the signs. By bus, directly to Woodstock on the Pine Hill Bus from Port Authority terminal.

(Continued on Page 11)

Kokaine Karma goes ELECTRONIC-WFMU-FM-91.1 Sunday thru Thursday 9 til Midnight



BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

"THE PILL" FOR MINORS

QUESTION: Could you please tell me how and when I can get a convenient contraceptive?

Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to get any by prescription as I am 17, single and living with my parents.

P.S. — I hope that you understand "convenient" to mean something I would not have to use at an inopportune time. This can tend to be mood-breaking at best.

ANSWER: It's true that many private physicians are reluctant to prescribe birth control pills or other contraceptive devices for minor females without the consent of parents. But, fortunately, birth control advice and devices are available to females of ANY AGE at Planned Parenthood Centers. A list of PP Centers follows this column. If, for some reason you don't want to go to the Planned Parenthood Center in your community, you can go to another one. You'll be seen regardless of where you live. The fees are set on a sliding scale depending on income and number of dependents "but no one is ever turned away."

According to literature from Planned Parenthood of Alameda County (Calif.) women under the age of 18 are seen (1) "If married or planning to be" (they won't press you for the marriage date); (2) "If ever pregnant or at risk of becoming pregnant" any girl who does not use birth control pills runs this risk); (3) "If referred by a recognized social agency, doctor or clergyman"; (4) "Or with permission of a parent or guardian."

During the first visit to Planned Parenthood, a nurse will conduct a class in methods of contraception. Males are welcome. Next comes a short intake session with an interviewer. Following the brief interview, a physician gives a breast and pelvic examination, including a cancer or Pap smear. Contraceptive supplies are then issued.

Most girls prefer contraceptive pills because they are 100% effective when used according to instructions. Some, however, prefer to use an intrauterine device (IUD, loop), diaphragma or vaginal foam. Even the rhythm method is taught for those Catholic females who will choose to follow the Pope's recent opinion about birth control (not until 1870 did Pope's decide they were infallible).

Planned Parenthood is a voluntary agency which provides many services besides birth control information and devices. They maintain an infertility referral service for couples unable to have children, premarital counseling, pregnancy testing, and a referral service to private physicians for medical problems, tubal ligations and vasectomies. They also provide educational programs to community groups and information and training for professional workers in medicine, social work, religion, social science and public health.

Fifty years ago, Margaret Sanger and her sister, nurse Ethel Byrne, were arrested and imprisoned in New York City for the crime of dispensing information about birth control. Similar arrests continued until recently when the Supreme Court decreed that laws forbidding the prescribing of birth control devices by physicians were unconstitutional.

A similar question is the right of a physician to perform an abortion when he feels it is medically justified. This battle will shortly be waged in the courts by the American Civil Liberties Union. Hopefully, it won't be fifty

more years before Planned Parenthood can include amongst its services therapeutic abortions.

Following are Planned Parenthood Centers in your area:

- 1) Planned Parenthood of New York City
29 West 57th Street
Tel. 421-2290
- 2) Margaret Sanger Research Bureau
17 West 16th Street
WA 9-6200

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him
c/o The East Village Other, 105 2nd Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.
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Round trip is \$34. Buses will leave at 2 pm Monday, August 26th, from Union Square. They will return to NYC by 12 midnight Thursday, August 29th (leaving Chicago 8 am that day). This enables people to be in Chicago all day Tuesday and Wednesday, August 27th & 28th, which are the two big demonstrations (Johnson's Birthday and the Nomination).

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17 east 17th street, New York, N.Y. 10003 255-0062

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- I am available to work on the Chicago action and other Parade Committee actions.

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FOR BLACK PEOPLE
AN END TO
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&
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decomp.

(Continued from Page 7)

I was sorry to hear about the death of Don McNeil, Village VOICE reporter and one of the Lower East Side's nicer people. Don died last weekend in a drowning accident in upstate New York. The underground community of the Lower East Side turned out Tuesday morning on St. Mark's Place to pay their final respects. I knew Don only slightly, the few times that he wrote for EVO, and the many excellent columns and reportage that he turned out for the VOICE. Don and I were always eternally shy, and therefore never found time to know each other as friends. But he was one of the few people that I had ever met who always liked you even though he never knew you. In a community like the Lower East Side, such people are rare.

NOTABLE EVENTS

Thor saved the world from Ragnarok last week. Spider Man beat the pants off the Red Skull. The Hulk was rendered powerless to keep the Earth's magnetic poles in equilibrium. Nick Fury destroyed an asteroid that was threatening the Earth. The Rat Patrol, on Channel Seven, successfully kept their end of the bargain and trounced the Nazis. The Sahara should be liberated any day now. Nixon was nominated for the presidential Republican ticket, in what turned out to be one of the worst TV shows of the season, except for the comic relief provided by three thousand delegates and three presidential candidates.

FLASH — According to a bulletin from the editorial recesses of the Sunday Times, Nixon derived the name of Spiro Agnew from a session on the Quiji Board at the Fontainebleau Hotel; his choice for Secretary of State, Walton Quigley Harpo, will be announced as soon as any individual with that name applies in person at the home of Mr. Agnew.

August Heckscher opened yet another vest-pocket park on the Lower East Side.

Betty failed to win Archie from Veronica's clutches for the umpteenth time.

Spider-Man, in an exceptionally active week, beat shit out of the Green Goblin.

karma

(Continued from Page 9)

The Central Park Beer Festival offers an exciting week for folk and rock fans. Contemporary singer-songwriters Tom Paxton and Patrick Sky (young relics from the folk boom) appear Fri. night. On Sat. the physical, exciting, ballsy, primitive rock of the great Little Richard comes to the stage of the rink along with the gospel rock music of The Chambers Brothers and rising folk-blues shouter Buzz Linhart. Paul Butterfield brings his enlarged band (10) back to New York on Mon. night opposite popular folk singer Tim Buckley. On Wed., Country Joe & Fish, Eric Anderson, and Buzz Linhart offer another excellent array of contemporary folk-pop talent for only \$1 or free if you want to lie in the grass and listen.

* * *

Important free music innovator-saxophonist Guseppi Logan, will be playing Saturday afternoon (5-9PM) at Slugs in the Far East (Ave B and 3 st.)

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thilm

(Continued from Page 6)

movie. It is, very simply, well-worth going to see. It will be at Cinema I starting the 19th, 3rd Avenue and 59th, PL 3-6022.

★★★

Targets is a flashy, facile response to the recently publicized sniper attacks — the ones that have been in existence ever since this country entered its physical decline. Boris Karloff plays himself under another name, an old horror actor tired of the cheap thrills of today's life, tired of the plastic people and their fake emotions. Meanwhile, young, clean-cut, all-American Bobby Thompson lives with his wife in his family's house, where he calls his Dad "Sir" and goes with him all the time — all the time. His wife humors him, thinking of him as a nice boy; his mother and Sir! treat him as their son: "Go to bed early, Son." Nobody really understands him. He kills a lot of people in a last desperate attempt to . . . and here is what the film doesn't explain. To what? To gain a recognition he never had from his family? To gain self-respect? To fix those chromosomes because:

- a) He was adopted and always suspected.
- b) His family took acid years before it was fashionable? Only the Shadow knows, and he'll never tell.

The movie does raise the question of snipers, true; and that in itself is a good thing (like Lena Horne playing Richard Widmark's wife in an up-and-coming movie). Still, it seems a little like an answer-job: done because the question was raised and whoever answered first gets a prize, if not the grand prize. The sequences focusing on Boris Karloff are the best; the movie just gets sensational in following Bobby on his route to deliver his mail. One of the cleverly-made points is that it IS so goddamned easy to buy a gun, to get bullets, to just smile with a nice face and get that snaky revolver over there . . . The movie does attempt to also predicate that just changing the laws won't help; Bobby is not a thug or a Bad Person. He's just another crazy American . . . Hmm.

Targets is at the New Embassy, 7th Avenue and 46th Street. PL 7-2408.

★★★

The Fall of Atlantis is a play: shades of Christmas Turkey, in whose image it is partially created having the same author, Ed Wode. The play is about that lost continent, and love, and people making it together (on stage). It will begin previews this Saturday, at the Cooper Square Arts Theatre, 35 Cooper Square. For further information, call GR 3-8066.

★★★

Blecker is running 8½ and Contempt this weekend. See Brigitte Bardot! See Sandro Milo!

Fifth Ave. Cinema is holding over its children's show because so many adults have realized it is one of the best double features around: The Red Balloon and Do You Keep a Lion at Home?

The New Yorker has another fantastic (if adult) bill: Don't Look Back (see Albert Grossman live!) and La Chinoise (see Godard's newest wife . . . ?)

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REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 6)

artists indigenous to the San Francisco area—Tom DeWitt, Jerry Abrams, Gary Pickering and such, doing cameo appearances. Unfortunately, the good stuff is out of context, since the context of the entire film is tenuous at best. The music shifts, but the photography is generally pretty good; slick, but good.

Mature audiences though, you can't get away from it, it makes you want to puke. Look at Today Malone: between this little round blonde and maturity lies a lot more disillusion and a lot less adolescent estrogen. O'Connell found her freaking at the Avalon and decided to make her a demistar; for our enjoyment we are tendered this sweet pink young homely hippie-chickie, how hippiechickie can you get?, and maybe we're supposed to fall in love with her, paternally of course, for her naivete and innocence and enchanting girl-next-tenement sexuality. Oh God, she's peddling papers on Haight Street, and she's panhandling at Sutter and Oak, she's smashed on dope!! Is this intended to be charming? Well, it may simply be that this reviewer is fraught hopelessly with Bad Karma, but Miss Malone provoked his everlasting wrath when she produced a big white pill, crowed, "Look, folks, here's that nasty old acid again!" and gobbled it down and provided editor Carl Lerner an opportunity to annihilate ten minutes of my life with another one of his hypersynaesthesia sound-screen gotterdammerungs.

But this all may be the kind of thing mature audiences only go for these days. Being still only an egg, more of an egg than ever in fact, I was done with it last year. If Revolution can mess up some staunch straight minds, it's worth its celluloid.

One sombre moment temporarily occludes the general ethereality of the flick. About three-quarters the way through it, there is found a hippiechick and a hippieguy lolling on the grass rapping about chromosomal damage. Neitser of them professes to be panicking over the prospect. The chick admits she used to fret over the idea, but once she found out the theory behind it and the mechanics of it, she ceased to worry; nothing had changed, just that she was educated now. The guy was way out, he reasoned that since the acid experience was a positive force in itself, any mutations devolving from it would be bound to be beneficial. Then we find ourselves in some sane scientist's laboratory, and he is rapping about the dreadful and hopeless and inevitable effects of LSD on the chromosome structure. This is about as close as the flick comes to a bum trip sequence. And this is bullshit. LSD does not cause chromosome damage. They lied, they lied again. Acid does not hurt your genes. Those kids are rationalizing nothing away; that scientist up there is talking through his hat, he doesn't know his ass. Read this paragraph well, commit it to memory, you are not likely to find it repeated in any of the other media: LSD does not cause chromosome damage. They lied, they lied all the time, that's their thing.

Back to the flick. It's fun, it's pleasant, it's a gas, go get it when it gets to the neighborhood theatres; don't spend more than \$1.25 on it, tops. Those who were in the Haight then will recognize people they know, and idle lechers might find the skin sequences to their taste. Actually, the only sexy bit in the whole film comes right at the beginning, with a few extremely pleasant moments showing Today Malone crawling all over a calliope horse, going up and down in great swells, her little white minishift hiked up over her patterned-nylon thighs, with a liberal length of black leather boots thrown in. She is really very pretty, in the right poses.



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MALE artist traveling week-ends to Provincetown, Woodstock, etc. Aug. Sept. Oct. Seeks available, intelligent congenial female companion 18-25. Call herman 777-3131.

UNWED mother or girl 18-23 interested in raising family and in stable or permanent relationship with exciting, active, professional man. Write Box 86, Golden's Bridge, N.Y.

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MALE, 30, would like to service young men: CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, TRUCK DRIVERS, ATHLETES, SERVICEMEN, and simijar types. Box 3884, Grand Central Station, New York, 10017.

PROFESSIONAL man, 32, successful, likes to go down and "around the world" on shapely girls. If you call we can meet at some neutral place for mutual appraisal. Call Jay 673-1963.

GAL: FREE PAD

Young, unsquare white male. Seeks swinging chick, soul or white to share boss pad. NO strings. Everything FREE. Call John, evenings after 10. 246-8029.

BACHELLOR, 32, caucasian, desires girl to teach him art of cunnilingus. In exchange I will do housework. TU 6-4891, evenings and weekends.

ATTRACTIVE male, age 26, seeks to share his apartment with female under age 25. Must be attractive. Temporary 4 to 6 months. No strings. You share 90 & utilities. East 80's. What have you got to lose! Call 737-9776.

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MY TARZAN — Tall Handsome Deep inside you Everyinch will take you to heaven (to present no complaints) if you are a female 18 to 40, married or single, call WA 9-0919.

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YOUNG MAN, 30's seeking very attractive, shapely gal 18-40, for dating sex minded. Photo, phone to Box 103, Fresh Meadow Sta., Flushing, N.Y. Married or unmarried.

HUNG-UP! Couple who believe nothing is perverse, looking for unusual methods of sexual

gratification between man and woman. All suggestions will be tried. Mail to: Kenneth Kisler, 22 Barlow Lane, Rye, N.Y.

DOCILE MALE, desires dominant, sincere FEMALES. I'm obedient, interested in Rubber, Leather, etc. NO MALES. Call 384-8471, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., Mon. to Fri., ask for Robert.

BACHELOR, successfull, handsome bronze thrill, seeks girl who likes the finer things in life. Couples also. Call after Midnite and wk. ends. Keep trying. 756-4325.

YOUNG MAN, 35, masculine, virile, desires afternoon and occasional evening get together with attractive woman married or single. Utmost discretion used. Call 263-9278, 5 P.M. to 8 P.M.

LONELY RADIO DISC JOCKEY seeks sincere gal (all ages considered) to share my beautiful nearby upstate New York apartment with free meals, good companionship in exchange for your good companionship and sex. I'm very mature, although young, lonely, and marriage-minded, if the right girl comes along. Please call Larry Kay, at (914) 831-1260, any evening except Tuesday, between 7 and 8:30.

I WANT a very young girl to enjoy just Oral Love, sundays. I'm an attractive unmarried man, white, 50, gentle, passionate. TR 9-2913, 8-9 evenings.

SERVANT or slave available to dominant woman, couple or group. My name is Steve Roth. I'm handsome, well-built and will do anything you ask. Please call 777-3131.

INTERESTING, financially independent gentleman enjoys the arts — theatre, music, etc., exotic food and drink and the current scene. Sensitive, romantic and generous. Should like to meet romantically inclined young lady, interested in a meaningful relationship to share my beautiful apartment and activities; including travel to the Islands and Europe. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's arrange to wine and dine.

ATTRACTIVE female wishes to meet handsome bachelor for weekend parties and trips—call after 6, 982-4330 and ask for Pat, or write: Patricia Kubyns, 516 E. 11 St., N.Y.

N.Y.C. Limousine driver works til 12 midnite, would like to hear from those who crave a little variety and who could use some bread. I'm especially interested in those who enjoy the arts, especially the Greek, Love that! By all means, all blonds, red-heads, brunettes, but must be slim! John Mc Brady, PL 5-4000, Rm. 3022.

YOUNGMAN—white (22) finds gay scene a drag. Needs sensitive masculine guy (white) for emotionally satisfying relationship. J.W.S. Apt. 6c-137 East 26 St., N.Y. 10010.

THE GROUP:

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865-6634.

NYPHO GIRL read "National Climax" (any newstand) for the hottest ad from PIERRE, who goes down so that you climax properly. (201) 943-3962.

GAL FRIDAY — Type, other chores, return for piano, voice training, coaching, career opportunity. Broadminded. Photos if possible. Write full particulars. Rare opportunity, 23-F, 2039 Broadway, N.Y. 10023.

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GREENWICH Village Bachelor, entertainment field, 5'11" (210 lbs., 53, wishes to meet strong willed women between 40 and 60 for travel, companionship and sex. 777-6825 or write Studio 3, 55 West 8th St., N.Y.C. 10011

SINGLE man in forties would appreciate meeting sincere young fellow for country week-ends, theatre, etc. I am the type who is always tempted to answer an ad, but doesn't. I would especially like to hear from the young fellow who is also tempted to answer but doesn't. Please give some details. Box 8, Ramsey, N.J.

STEVE from Ellenville—I telephone you at the booth at 8:30 P.M. as you requested, but received no answer. WOULD appreciate hearing from you again.

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FEMALE attractive, slender, long hair 17-25, hippie or mod type preferred, for mutual boy girl relationship. Send resume, picture. Box 470, Kearny, N.J. 07032.

Females (s) with interests in the bizarre and exotic, to share experiences and such. Send resume (photos) to Box 470, Kearny, N.J. 07032.

BACHELOR, age 28, exceptionally good looking. Seeks younger girls for weekend togetherness and possibly some photography. Write Bob, Box 171 Village Sta. Include phone number.

ONLY a grownup, intelligent woman, 26-36, will be happy sharing conversation, beaches, baroque music, sweet Sunday breakfasts and McCarthy campaigning with me . . . tall, bright, sensual publicist, 40. JAY, 989-5024 (when I'm out, electronic recorder takes your message).

DELIBERATELY SQUARE MAN (pleasant, intelligent, sensitive, affectionate, sincere, devoted, well-adjusted, reasonably attractive, youngish 38) wishes to meet same. Please? Call: BKJ-DNCM.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

BLOND, good-cooking, well groomed, slender young man, intelligent, refined, uninhibited, interested in intimate relationship with wealthy man who will sponsor young talent. Box 25, Gracie Sta. N.Y.C.

GENTLEMAN, 45, seeks young attractive male for companionable beach week-ends, sociable-masculine, all expenses paid. Send full details, recent photo. Box 3054 Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

YOUNG man, 30, white, handsome, successful business executive, wants attractive affectionate uninhibited girl 18-30, share his modern 3-room A.C. apt. east 20 (free rent and food). Total friendship and long term relationship. Photo and phone a must. A.S.S. P.O. Box 93 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

STERILE male, 40, white, good looking. Have apartment, car. Very discreet. Seeking passionate uninhibited girl for mutual, intimate enjoyment. Will answer all. Phone appreciated. S.H.M. P.O. Box 132 G.P.O. Bronx, N.Y. 10451.

WANTED—Female rider to Los Angeles; leaving August 25th or 26th. Attractive bachelor, 33, wants pretty, slender, female, 23-33, as rider. Free transportation, and meals for round trip. Sexual involvement NOT a prerequisite, good conversationalist is! Your time in L.A. is your own if you so desire. Call Marty (201) 352-2437, 8:30 P.M. till very late.

MATURE Public Relations Executive is seeking sexy uninhibited gal who enjoys the finer things in life. Enjoy posh night life and traveling abroad, may share my East Side apartment if you desire. \$150.00 per week plus all expenses. Call R.L.J., 628-4583.

BACHELOR TEACHER, 60, 5'6", seeks attractive females, any age (with/without swinging group), share interests: conversation, arts, psychology, nudism, sex. Box 12, 209 Eldridge, NY3 (254-5403).

MALE — goodlooking, above average build would like to meet attractive guys 18-28 yrs. old for stimulating sexual relationship. Write: P.O. Box 225, Ryder Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11234.

GALS — I am hip, but NOT a hippie, I dig everything. All foreign cultures, mature, discreet, endowed. Self-employed, can travel. P.O. Box 260, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.

COME home . . . When sun-rise destroys a glass . . . and promise inspires the brass. . . Come home . . . When victory torments the gate . . . And the wish lingers to contaminate . . . YU 2-4471, Orpheus, Jr.

I'LL PAY RENT, be literal slave to attractive woman or women. I'm 27, attractive, have independent income. PL 3-6800 X 1513. Before noon or leave message.

GOOD looking guy, 24, seeks to meet attractive, sincere, motherly girl-woman, 18-26. Please include photo. Write: Stan, P.O. Box 4362, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

FUCKING IS FUN . . . when you're in bed with a guy who really goes. Writer/photographer (30) wants lively, lovely girl

to share creative arts . . . music, theater, dance, books, and LOVE. The fun begins with information and phone number to: Mr. Thomas, Box 1624, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

YOUNG sensual European couple extremely experienced, seek tender passionate young couples or single girls for delectable loving. No debauchees or prudes. Photo and phone apprec. N/T, Box 405, Cooper Sta., N.Y. 10003.

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Love, Savy.

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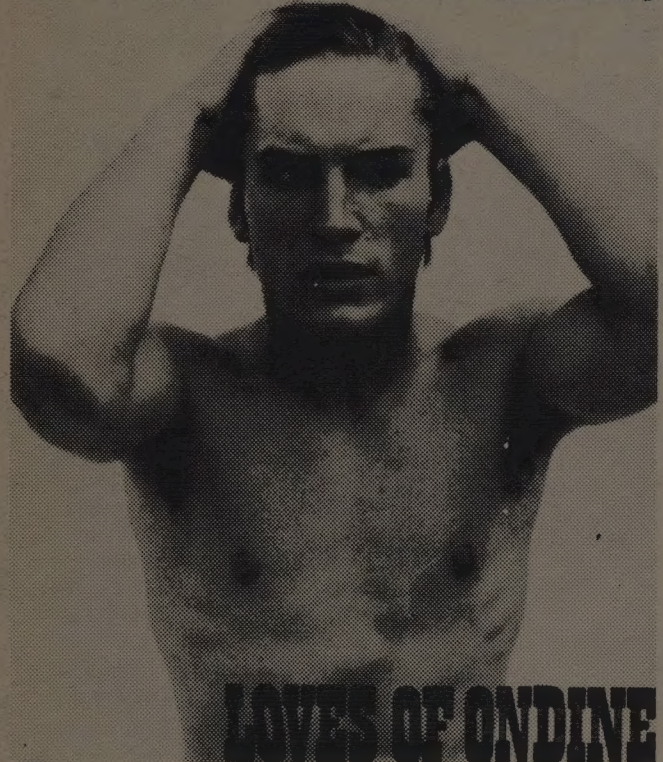
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There is a saying in folklore: Speak of the devil and the devil appears. Last week I spoke about the Gnu, and two or three days afterwards Agnew appears. Spiro Agnew. Spiral Anew! Nancy's in the news with gnus. Herblock's in the political zoo with his cartoon, "So what's new?" Also at the Post, "Nixon's Off And Running With Agnew." So, was there anyone who Knew? It is said that the source of the Pulsars, those intelligent signals coming to us from outer space, are mysterious neutron stars. Knewtron stars, we know, are hypothetical objects of extraordinary "density," being solid balls of gnuclear particles (NUtrons). Wasn't it Isaac Newton who gave us the laws pertaining to gravity, or was it really levity?

Would Nixon have nixed Agnew if he knew? Nixon, a new Ixion, he. Ixion was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled without cease through the sky, for not honoring his benefactors. Nixon is tied to the image of opportunism, once again resurrected through his choice of Agnew-Nixon. Is that to be his fate and crucifixion? Of course, it was Zeus who meted out Ixion's punishment. And it was in the "Olympian" Zoos of gnus and elephants that Nixon met his.

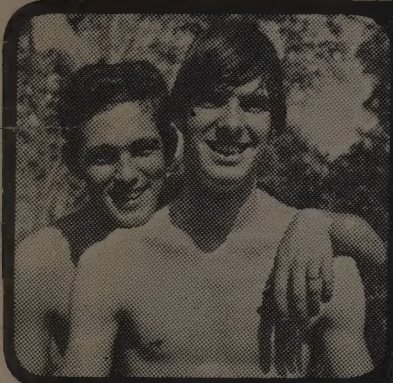
Also in the news: The death of the father of fission, Otto Hahn, who probed the secrets of the atom, and ushered in the New-Clear age. Fortunately Hitler considered the new theoretical physics too contaminated by Jews (ewes) to be worthy of much support. And not to be dismissed lightly is the article, "Pulsars Found To Be Highly Rhythmic Phenomena," which cropped up in the N. Y. Times, August 8, the day Agnew made news, which starts, "New and highly precise measurements of pulsing radio sources, or pulsars, that dot the sky have shown them to be one of the most rhythmic phenomena in nature." Pulsars err by less than one second in 30 million years: real cool cosmic clockwork. Strange, but somehow not to scientists, that in recent days, four were discovered. Are the Pulsars synchronizing the solar system to the rhythm of their beat? Do the Lords of the fifth dimension think out loud multi-dimensional puns that become the views and the news of the New Yuk-Times? Did they help me write this knotty limerick which goes: He knew enough about the gnus to make him chuckle and a muse?

By STANLEY FISHER *Astropsychologist*

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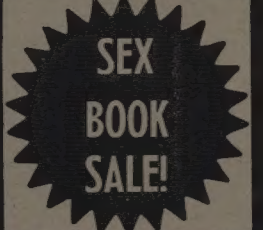
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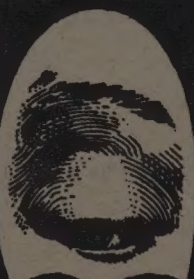
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