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METROPOLITAN 15¢

AUGUST 23, 1968



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# AN EDITORIAL

This is our 'last ultimatum' to BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY.  
 Sometimes the Russians are so stupid. The gall of those bastards stink. The human stink is stinker still. Those Russians and their holding company (Poland, East Germany, Hungary and Bulgaria), crabassed by the same kind of ego paranoia and daddy-goodness that condemned the Americans and their holding company to militarily intervene in the Dominican Republic, those interventionists are now in Czechoslovakia.

WHY?  
 No reason suffices.  
 As recent as July 19 last, BIG BROTHER over there summoned the Presidium of the Czechoslovak party to Moscow to explain why they were less red than red.

BIG BROTHER AND HIS AMERICAN HOLDING COMPANY SUMMON MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TO WASHINGTON TO EXPLAIN TOLERANCE OF CUBANS or BIG BROTHER MAO AND HIS CHINESE HOLDING COMPANY SUMMON CAMBODIA TO PEIPING TO EXPLAIN "LOVE" FOR JACQUELINE KENNEDY.

It's the same dance, ideology or death. Three imperialist powers and their holding companies fighting egotistical-ly & pridefully for the rest of the stupid world.  
 So the Russians made their move.

Now what?  
 Big Brother's latest intervention has caused sympathy shifts. In some ways it has sucked blood from the moral position of the anti-death league now massing to confront our own dearly beloved BIG BROTHER in Chicago.

And look around this world falling apart at the seams: re the Sympathy Shifts, it's a move against the National Liberation Front and Hanoi's position in Paris . . . and the Arabs are already saying, Why didn't BIG BROTHER AND HIS HOLDING COMPANY "so hastily come to our assistance last year?"

Liberalization program? But Czechoslovakia isn't even a touch as "liberal" as the Tito Yugoslavians.  
 Did Big Brother time his invasion to steal the fire from Edward Kennedy's "major Vietnam speech calling for an end to the war"? and, strangely, to coincide with the horribly fixed Chicago Death Convention and Ike's unfaithful dying.

For BIG BROTHER'S INVASION HAS STRENGTHENED THE HAND OF JOHNSON, OF NIXON, and all the flies.  
 BIG BROTHER'S invasion of Hungary took place during the 1956 Eisenhower-Stevenson campaign while Britain & France were preoccupied with the Suez takeover. Now it's Czechoslovakia's turn to be lashed by the cat-o-nine tails' ego while BIG BROTHER AMERICA AND HIS HOLDING COMPANY INCLUDING BRITAIN are nocturnally emmissioning over Vietnam.

So?  
 THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, spokesman for the Newest Left under the Benevolent God, ANATEK, says to BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY: GET TO FUCK OUT — OR ELSE!

## Dear EVO...

EVO:  
 Being very favourable to the Liberation News Service, I did not mind the rather high price of admission charged to these the "Magical Mystery Tour" at the Fillmore East. Thinking the show would start at 10 PM, as advertised, I arrived 15 minutes early. The program did not actually start until 10:45 PM. Then we were treated to nearly an hour and a half of L.N.S. "Newsreels" and two poor short films and a segment of light-show-with-canned-music.

The people who put on the show must know that the audience had come primarily to see the Beatles' film, as many shouts confirmed. I would like someone to explain why the entire audience was manipulated in such a cheap way — forced to wait until around 12 PM to see the film it had come for! If the Beatles film had come on first thing, I would have stayed for the Newsreels and I think most of the audience would have done the same . . . but the way it went down, we were all forced into waiting, and there was no technical reason for the delay — it was audience manipulation, plain and simple. Anticipation finally became fatigue. Would some person responsible for the program please explain why the audience was treated like trash?

Cheap tricks should be beneath L.N.S.  
 Doug Pomeroy

Dear EVO:  
 Everybody cut your hair, buy a suit and get a job. We are talking over business. The kindest way to beat Big Brother is to infiltrate him. Gain your Boss' confidence, teach him to groove on your humanity and love—then turn him on! If you are as tuned-in as you think you are, demonstrate the compassion you claim to have by taking the first step forward. Extend a helping hand to the people who really need it—strait society! Did great men like Jesus preach only to enlightened people? Of course not! He went to those who needed his message, not the few who had received it.

Help the Needy, the Troubled, The Aching, the Straight!  
 Love and beautiful thoughts to you all,  
 Compassionate Jim  
 P.S. Tell Jock K. Spittler (August 9, 1968) in Elmhurst we love and forgive him.

Dear EVO:  
 I was at the Anti-Vietnam war rally & march at the 34th St. Armory, and I saw all the fucking and ass-busting

and head-splitting led by Fun City's Genuine Tasmanian Pig Patrol. I saw the Blue Bucket Bastards on their fine stallions, charging into the midst of crowds along sidewalks, directing the larger part of their fury on the slower one who were forced to duck behind parked cars, into corners, behind fences and into stores. I saw the mounted pig order everyone out of the store. I saw the pig outside smashing everyone who came outside. I saw them both bust everyone who didn't.

And I think it sucks.  
 The problem is simple: no one really fought back. The reason is simple: No one was really able to. Sure one stalwart fellow threw a cardboard tube that bounced off a motherfucker's blue bucket, but is that fighting back?

The best way to fight the Horseback Hooples requires a small monetary investment at Woolworth's — and it is quite effective. I am talking about MARBLES. Yes, imagine the street filled with marbles. And the horseback cops trying to get through. Actually, ball bearings are best, but no larger than three quarter inch. They could be thrown in paper bags that would burst upon contact with the street, or even upon contact with blue buckets (say, that would be jolly).

Paranoids unite! Hang on to your marbles . . . They may save your life I mean the schweinhunt scheisskopfen will have to stick their fascist asses in their pigmobiles, which can't be driven onto sidewalks (parking meters, remember?) into corners, behinds fences, or into stores and hotel lobbies.

Omega,  
 Stephen A. Wagner

Dear EVO,  
 Ever since the post office caused a friend to be busted, it has been #2 on my defecation roster. The fuzz are, of course, #1.

Something happened at the post office today that causes me to feel I might have a great case against a trouble-making postmaster. Do you agree that what took place represents (a) misleading claims by a federal employee (b) an incident poposition by same, etc.?

The local postmaster discovered I pose for erotic pictures. Now, whenever I pick up my mail, he burns holes through my jeans with his eye balls. I know he is hot for laying me, but ugh. Today he put the enclosed message in with my mail. Do you think it means what I think it means? If it does, I think it is a hell of a way to try getting into a girls pants.

Love,  
 Betsy

Dear EVO:  
 Tell Stan Fisher he's a fuckhead. The stars have nothing to do with WNEW's name (Aug. 9). There was this vaudeville comic who bought a little radio station about 45 years ago because being that he was on the waves himself, and very successful, mind youse, he happened to be able to afford it. Anyway, this comedian, being very successful and all that, decided to use his initials for the call name of the radio station only he found out that in New York, another very successful town at that time, same stations were required to use the letters WN first. So that's what are hero did. But pretty soon there was a big crisis because the shit hit the fan for all the fat businessmen (also Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo who had big shares in Anaconda Copper and Steel — blame Chico for that). That Was Around 1929 Or So. Anyway, our comedian had to sell the station because he had some dumb investment — as did Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo — but the station kept his initials even after he left. He later made a bundle by joining up with Texaco and even got promoted to fire chief. Our comedian-hero-friend's name was Ed Wynn and to this very, very, actual day that radio station is called wnEW. And that, gang, is our true-adventure story for today.

Suck off, Stan.  
 Bestest:  
 Bob London

Dear EVO:  
 In your August 2, 1968 (Vol. 3, No. 35) edition on page 19 you ran an ad for a book on self-induced abortion. Even though the book may state that self-induced abortion is dangerous, I dread to think how many knocked up girls are going to try them. I knew yours is a free press but I think you should draw the line somewhere and when it comes to something that could kill someone I sort of hoped you would CARE enough not to print it. I dig your press but this time I'm really disappointed.

Love,  
 Gwen Carty

Dear EVO:  
 Regarding the comments on the Door's Singer Bowl concert by the Rudnick-Frawley team (August 9, 1968), we have this to say:

It wasn't just clits that Jim Morrison set pulsing, but also cocks, blood vessels, nervous systems, brains, hearts and souls. The Doors performance was extraordinary — a complete experience, musically and dramatically. A concert is supposed to be theater. If you just want to listen you should stick to your force, a cosmic power. Jim Morrison is the real thing, the pure Dionysian — and if he has the power to set clits pulsing, you can't blame him for it.

Love,  
 Sal and Juliet Cartelli

Dear Sirs:  
 I must commend you on the caliber of your recent articles, although I can see why your publication breeds the contempt of the people you criticize. Presenting the truth to the public can be very discouraging at times. There are still a few of us that haven't conceived on identity yet and still see the truth, and we thank you.  
 Martin J. Coffey III  
 Co. 'E' - 50th INFANTRY (ABN/LRRP'S)  
 9th INF. DIV. US 52752209  
 APO San Francisco, Calif. 96370

Help us man,  
 They're fucking us all over the place. These shithead lifters are trying to make fools out of all the heads.

Here we are, halfway around the earth and people send us Kool-Aid. Why don't they get us out of here We never started any trouble with these people why should we have to kill them. Man get us the fuck out of ehre. Can you give us some advice on getting discharge? Maybe you could get some people to write to our "leaders." We need help and we need it now.

Bob Ward and the Heads from  
 53d Signal Battlaion  
 II Field Force  
 Vietnam  
 APO San Francisco, Calif. 96266

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# Correo de Toros

# IN COLD TYPE

BY TRUMAN KAPUTE

Those riots in Mexico last week weren't entirely unprovoked, as the general press media suggested. With the '68 Olympics impending, the Peña government has instigated a general crackdown on loud and troublesome groups and individuals, and there are damn few more provocative things in this world than a Central American federal crackdown. To protect his country's progressive image, Peña has pledged his troops to avert all possible unpleasantness before and during the International Games; hence, we see a half million people in the streets every weekend, and a lot of fire and gunsmoke. All this may well prove more embarrassing to Peña than he figured, but the CIA is happy enough about it, it thrives on this sort of thing.

For one thing, these upheavals provide a splendid cover for flushing all those expatriate heads out of the mountains down there and packing them home where they can be prosecuted and jailed for narcotics violations. Story has it that the Mexican Immigration centers are processing hundreds of heads every day, sending them out of the country by the jetload.

Mexico is ever eager to ingratiate herself to that Big Brother to the North. Hell, who owns most of the land down there? It's not difficult then for the CIA to keep Americans out of Cuba, despite the recent Supreme Court decision that overruled visa restrictions to Communist countries. Mexico, understand, is the only Central American country which conducts diplomatic relations with the Cuban Republic. So last week, when a party of fourteen law students and Black Panthers landed at Mexico City en route to Havana, they never got any further than the Cuban embassy; after four days in jail, they found themselves evenly dispersed around the continental United States.

It happens that a few members of the Law Enforcement Guild decided to take advantage of the recent Supreme Court ruling and tour Cuba and study the legal system under Castro. With them they took three members of the Black Panther Party and happened to meet two more anthers at the Cuban Embassy the day they arrived. Since all were bound for Cuba, they all took rooms at the same hotel.

While waiting for passport clearance, several members of the group were privileged to witness a Mexican riot, protesting the Peña repression. After talking to some students from the University of Mexico, they walked alongside the demonstration for several blocks — it was as large as the 15 April Mobilization Day Parade in New York — and happened to accept some Spanish leaflets from some "bystanders." Promptly arrested, the group was hauled off to jail, where the "bystanders" turned out to be special Mexican federal security agents.

They were grilled for hours: why had they come down to start a riot against the Mexican government? Why had they worked with in Mexico? Why did they want to escape to Cuba? Didn't they know American officials had warned the Mexicans to be wary of people headed for Cuba? This Kafkaesque sequence climaxed with the Mexicans forcing the Americans to stage a posed photograph, holding Spanish protest signs confiscated during the riot. They were then held in jail for four days.

Earlier that afternoon, unbeknownst to the rest of the group, the Black Panthers had been deported. While waiting at the Embassy, several Panthers decided to go across the street for cokes. As soon as they had left the Embassy, Mexican federal plainclothesmen apprehended them, read their names off a list of Panthers they had with them, and put them on the quickest jet back into the States, minus luggage. Three landed at New Orleans and two wound up in Phoenix.

Back at the jail, the law students were allowed one phone call to the American Embassy. Embassy officials promised to "look into" the affair, and the students never heard from them. Four days went by, with the Mexicans promising to release them every hour or so. Finally, after three days held virtually incomunicado, denied clothing, toiletries and medicine, the students went on a hunger strike, and refused to enter their cells at night. The following morning the Mexican government hustled them onto different jets heading for the States. Having sworn to hold a press conference the first thing they touched American soil, the group found itself spread rather wildly about the country: three people from California found themselves in New York; four New York people wound up in California; somebody else landed in Texas, and another New Yorker deplaned at O'Hare in Chicago.

This is what passes in CIA circles as High Intrigue, apparently.

All this is for the sake of the Olympics, understand. Mexico has a statute whereby the government can hold any foreign national for up to seventy two hours without charges, and deport him just as summarily;

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Liberation News Service has been liberated we hear. The only confusion is about which sense of liberated they mean. Some people these days use "liberate" for an old life style word: steal. Readers of the TIMES heard last week that \$11,000 and the Liberation News Service Presses were in dispute because half the staff wanted to stay in smoke-filled New York rather than be transported in Grassy Massachusetts by "country power". Bloom and Mungo, the cofounders of the Service in October 1967, with the other half of the staff moved into a house in Montague, Mass. without leaving a goodbye note for Daniel McCauslin and his half of the staff. So there may now be two liberated news services. The plot thickened, brothers and sisters and we quote from the bulletin we have received from the country cousins:

Ray and V. had gotten up to leave with their party. They went to the car when all of a sudden, the house was swarming with thirty people who had dragged them back from the car and who were now in the process of searching all the rooms demanding to know where the presses were.

The violence that followed this has been exaggerated in some accounts and an attempt will be made herein to correct these misimpressions. Only some of those who entered the farmhouse were carrying sticks and weapons of any kind, and only one of these was an "LNS" staff member. The far majority of the people who busted in were not in LNS, many were people we had never seen before, but many were recognizable people with whom we had shared the liberated Columbia buildings.

Marshall Bloom was immediately ringed by four people while one of them slapped him across the face several times and then punched him a few times. An incredible amount of animosity was focused on Marshall, although there were twelve people who had agreed to come up and live and work on the farm, a number equal to the displaced New York people. But these others were for the most ignored at first—it was assumed from the start the entire move had been directed and engineered by one madman and to rub him out would solve the whole situation.

Interestingly enough, when the initial "action" of punching out Bloom was occurring, only one of the twelve or so New York LNS people was in the room. The others, ashamed or unable to "dig it," waited in the next room until the job had been completed. Then they came in to take over and interrogate, to find out where the presses were.

A short while later, Steve Diamond drove up in his station wagon from the home of a friendly family where he and Al Dickinson (who is working in the New York office) and Laurie Gilbert had been working on copy for that evening's mailing. As he stopped in front of the farmhouse, three people leaped in the car and ripped the keys from his hand. That done, he and the other two were forced into the house only to find the rest of the group sitting in one of the rooms, crouched down in non-violent position, harangued by the marauders and the disgruntled group. Bloom, whose face was bloodied, and was still refusing to tell where the presses were being kept, and many of the women were sort of crying softly.

After Bloom was beaten up and taken to a room for separate interrogation, Cawley came back in and said: "Okay, now if any of you knows anything you better tell it now, 'cause if we find out you haven't told it, that'll be it for all of you."

It was then that Cathy Hutchison gave Cawley the check.

"If you just co-operate and don't cause any trouble, you won't get hurt," we were told.

"I think we should use the VC method and burn their fingernails," one LNS staff member kept repeating, as he walked around with a thin metal rod which he struck above the heads of the girls sitting on the floor. He would laugh as they shrieked in front. One time, he hit Verandah on the head doing this. Commenting on his behavior later, he said that in every group of cops, there are the good ones and the bad ones, and he was just playing the bad cop.

During the rest of the evening, while we were kept hostage in various rooms and ordered, threatened and cajoled to say where the presses were, (ah, the symbolic little mimeograph machine with the college education) there were really no major incidents of violence.

A short while later, Bill Lewis and Steve Marsden, who had been at the factory printing up the first few pages of this mailing, returned with the truck which we had rented to haul up the presses and the office equipment which had been brought in transit (as it turned out) from Washington to New York. Steve was pulled out of the truck and then, when he dashed back into the cab, was pulled on to the ground and circled by four guys who started to beat him. But he walked all right to the farmhouse when they let him up. Later in the evening, he asked permission (and got it) to leave his second floor cell and go to a first floor one. But on arrival he was ordered back. He refused and sat down on the floor in standard non-violent pose. He was dragged to the stairs and pulled up by his hair. (These

kids had learned a few things from the NYC pigs.) But by this time there was some protest by those guards who couldn't see why it was so important that he be returned.

George Cavalletto, former managing editor of LNS NY, said he didn't see any violence and had no responsibility for what went on. Norman Jenks, former printer, slept in the car. Thorne Dreyer claimed he wasn't "around." Hear no evil, see no evil, Presto!

There was little actual damage done to the farmhouse. (When one person started poking holes in the wall he was stopped by another saying, "Hey man, don't do that, we own this house now, hah, hah.") Nor was it surprising that such files as had existed had been gone through and various papers, such as articles arranged for this mailing, and other material removed.

At one point in the evening, when it was discovered that the presses had conveniently been installed in a warehouse belonging to a local friend and pacifist (who was the editor of The Phoenix in the thirties), George Cavalletto took it upon himself to call their house at 4:00 a.m. and tell Mrs. C. that Marshall Bloom had something to tell her, I was assumed that Bloom would then order Mrs. C. to have the key ready for the mob, but Bloom refused.

But when daylight chased them away, it was dismaying to find some of Bill's pills had been spilled onto the floor and individually crushed, and that his thyroid pills (needed daily) had been taken to god knows where. Cathy's glasses had been stepped on, only one side though. Wastepaper baskets of accumulated dirt and fallen plaster were thrown across Gene Kahn's bed and someone felt it militant and revolutionary to remove a Lysistrata volume with Picasso illustrations and dump it, with other books, in the mud.

At daybreak, suddenly, all were smiles as they announced they were returning to the city to form a new news service, and would we please send a copy of the LNS mailing list. They were leaving with a \$6,000 check which had been forced from Steve Diamond and Cathy Hutchison, money which came from the Beatle Magical Mystery Tour benefit for LIBERATION News Service. Any equipment which was in the barn was also gone.



The sunrise was, as always, incredible, only it seemed even more hopeful and significant than usual. Some of the visitors even ran to romp in the fields and one said, "If I had this farm I wouldn't give it up for anything."

After the outside muscle had been loaded into a VW bus and a station wagon, only LNS people were left to confront the remaining group of New York staffers. Bloom tried to make them understand what the farm would mean for LNS. He took several for a tour of the land but he had to dash back when he saw George Cavalletto and Sheila Ryan rummaging through his suitcases left outside the house. Sheila had LNS' documents rolled up in her fist and she and George ran for the truck. For the first time, the farm people realized what had happened. Not only had they coerced us into signing a check which was to get this farm on the road (and pay bills from the Beatle benefit to the ad agency which helped us out and to Newsreel for the films which they gave for the showing) but they had also taken the papers which (they thought) would authenticate them as the true LNS. Steve Diamond and Steve Marsden made a mad dash for the truck as it

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# DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER

Let us retract what was written here last week, that all the kids staying at the YMCA commune on East Sixth Street were WASPS, let us advise that now before Lee Penn wraps us around a streetlamp. Operatives of the Y filled that commune through a totally random selection of kids off the streets, story has it, so then how could one expect to get a 100% WASP dispersion from the poly-ethnic Lower East Side? That commune moved this week to a place by the new Free Store on Cooper Square, and with it went Kitab, who is an Arab; Melody, who is Jewish; Lady, a Chinese chick; Amette, who is said to be 'black as the day is long'; Billy, Catholic; Scott, a Welshman; and Mike, who can only be typed as a Banana Fetishist. If this random selection boogies anyone's imagination, he still has the word of the Young Men's Christian Association that no one was discriminated against, except maybe Hector, the pet rat, who was... it on Sixth Street with the landlady, who was pissed.

Prolonged exposure to the Oakland Pigs may have more serious side effects than to LSD and MACE put together. Only speed could do what has apparently happened to Dell Ross, star prosecution witness in the Huey Newton trial: Mr. Ross cannot remember as far back as 28 July, when he discounted the testimony which he had given before the grand jury last November. He can't remember any of all this, not can he even recognize a photo of Huey himself. Assistant DA Lowell Jensen has tried to prod his protégé's memory by reading aloud the transcripts of the grand jury testimony, wherein Mr. Ross, a bus driver, positively identifies Newton as the man who pulled a gun in a scuffle with a couple Pigs, and shot one of them to death; Ross was just happening by at the time, he said.

Newton's attorney, Charles Garry, he too failed to dispel Ross' amnesia, even after playing back a recording taken in his office on July 28, on which the voice of Mr. Ross was heard declaring that his testimony of the previous November was false, that he was frightened, that the Pigs had certain 'parking ticket arrest warrants' outstanding for him. 'I can't remember any of this,' said Ross.

What is it has happened to so beeloud Mr. Ross' mind? Well, the trial led up to it in this wise: earlier this week, Mr. Ross was pleading Fifth Amendment right and left to all questions the DA was asking him, afraid of being prosecuted for something he might let slip in the testimony. Eventually, bored to death with the situation, Superior Court Judge Monroe Friedman suggested that DA Jensen waive any rights to prosecution of Mr. Ross, so that Ross would have to respond to questioning. Jensen did this thing, reluctantly, and set about nagging at his star witness again. Ross remained mute. Finally, His Honour Friedman swore to elap Ross in the big for contempt if he didn't open up. Ross was having none of it. Quickly, contorting his face in a conspiratorial fashion, Jensen asked Ross if he 'remembered' giving testimony before the grand jury. Brightening somewhat, Ross responded that he'd be darned if he could recall what a grand jury was, exactly. Jensen then produced a photograph that Ross had previously identified as one of Newton, and showed it to Ross, who was catching on quickly: 'I don't remember a guy like this,' he declared. Then he said he wasn't going to answer any more questions at all, and the DA took him off the stand.

Charles Garry then took over, and produced the tape-recording, with transcripts for the jury, wherein Ross admitted lying before the grand jury. When asked about this thing, Ross said he couldn't remember ever talking with anybody named Charles Garry.

Dell Ross is black. Maybe he remembers that.

This list of notables supporting presidential candidates is stolen from the Times, with many thanks. George Plimpton, William Styron, Arthur Miller, Allen Ginsberg, and 'four poets' threw a fete for McCarthy last week at the Cheetah. Happy Humph (who was quoted yesterday as railing in front of a group of college students: 'You want something to demonstrate about? Well, I'll give you something!') has Ralph El-

lison, Isaac Stern, Sol Hurok, James Farrell, Frank Sinatra, Alan King, and John Steinbeck, among others. Lining up behind Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew are Roy Calhoun, Ray Milland, Art Linkletter, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Connie Francis, John Wayne, and Lawrence Welk. This might be the scrapings from the bottom of the celebrity barrel, but on the underside of that, even, we have George Wallace's stinging supporters, who include the country and western bands of Sammy Smith and Curley Brook, and pop artists Johnny Long. With whom has the Black Shirt Puppy Farm itself? Walton Quigley Harpo?

Philanthropic rock freaks have one day left to both save some Biafrans and also groove on some high-powered hard rock. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery has for four days now been presenting such electric powered hard rock. St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery Joan Baez and Pete Seeger at two dollars a pew, all for the benefit of the starving Biafrans. While it has excellent acoustics, St. Mark's is unfortunately not air conditioned—but that makes it smell really beautiful, along around the third set of the evening. Besides singing, Country Joe was fanning the Fish with his teshirt all night.

Less cultured theatregoers would not go far wrong to watch *Carmenita*, a Spanish play done by local Lower East Side ghetto children, to be performed on 21 August at 117th Street and Riverside Park. *Carmenita*, a "rock fiesta" based on Bizet's *Carmen*, has been in production since 22 July. Seamus Murphy, who choreographed the off-Broadway production of *Hair*, conceived and directed the evening, and is arranging it with the assistance of Tony Laesio and Margaret Singer, under the auspices of the Board of Education's Teenage Performing Arts Workshop. The kids themselves designed the costumes and wrote the dialogue, and the production includes special effects such as authentic hippies, posters, light shows, bongoes and whatnot. The first production of the play will commence at 8:40 p.m., and is followed by another at 9:40.

*Ta Tze Pao*, anyone? Not a Sage, not a game, not even a new macrobiotic, *Ta Tze Pao* is a Red Chinese term (straight from Peking, J. Edgar!) for poster tactics. The Establishment slaps up a "One God, One Country, One Dilldome," you slap up a "Fuck the System" right over top of it, that's *Ta Tze Pao*. In 1984 they called it Agit-Prop, and Big Brother was behind it all; in '68 it's *Ta Tze Pao*, and PSSST! puts it out. See how much Orwell knew? Send a dime to PSSST!, c/o H. Goodman, 140 West Gilman Street, Madison, Wis. 53703 — PSSST! will send you as many large poster-size sheets with garish headlines, photographs, news not fit for print, R. Crumb ZAP comix, and other goodies as you can stomach *Ta Tze fucking Pao!*

The Industrial Workers of the World will convene at 2422 North Halsted St., Chicago 60614, on Sunday, 1 September. "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common" say the Wobblies.

If you've left for Chicago already, then disregard this notice. EVO doesn't get to Chicago early enough for you to read it in time. If you are indeed reading this, then you missed a Resistance meeting at Wobbly Hall (address given in above notice), on Sunday afternoon, 25 August. You should have called Lincoln 9-5045 for details. They would have introduced you around, given you a city map, fed you and suggested places to stay. Too bad, suckers.

Frank O'Connell is a sorehead. And I am not neither no dyke, fuster.

The Army is not simply a bummer, it's *stupid!* From the Resistance Press comes this notice, telling of one soldier Gallatin Deitz, who was discharged honorably from the service because the brass found him "embarrassing" to have around. While not half a pacifist, Deitz was so unfond of American foreign

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# PATAREALIST PAPERS

BY JAAKOV KOHN

The ripples of discontent are spreading into the most unlikely places. In keeping with the mood of the times, a group of 20 leading institutional stockbrokers have threatened to resign from the New York Stock Exchange. This drastic threat to drop out, came as a result of the uptight panic currently besetting the Wall Street in general and New York Stock Exchange in particular.

For the past month two intensive investigations into the NYSE are being conducted by the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Justice Department. The objective—to determine once and for all that the present commission structure is in direct of the Anti Trust Laws.

To soften the inevitable blow, the Board of Governors of the Exchange came forth with proposals to cut the commissions on large volume orders and thus take the sting out of the investigations. All hell broke loose and twenty of the leading firms that specialize in servicing the huge institutional investors are seriously considering quitting the Exchange altogether. Such a step would eliminate more than 55% of the \$660 billion in business currently transacted on the NYSE.

Whoever is foolish enough to believe that money solves all ills, take notice. As the Presidentia Burlesque goes through it's bumps and grinds, it becomes more and more evident that the final strip won't really make the sad mess on hand any more palatable, let alone appetizing.

The outrageously monotonous quiver of the double chins interspersed with the ever so slight swish of Nixon's newly capped teeth, bring home the inevitable realization that the old bag of tricks simply won't work anymore.

The cracks are unpatchable and the open sore is throbbing away. At stake is the crux of the whole game—the presidency itself. It is unnecessary to detail the many shortcomings of the solitary presidency, one of many being the inevitable megalomania besetting its holder. Rather than partake in this pathetic swan dance of the have beens, a change must be brought about in the institution itself as well in it's function. The first step toward this goal would seem to be the conversion of the solitary presidency into a triumvirate.

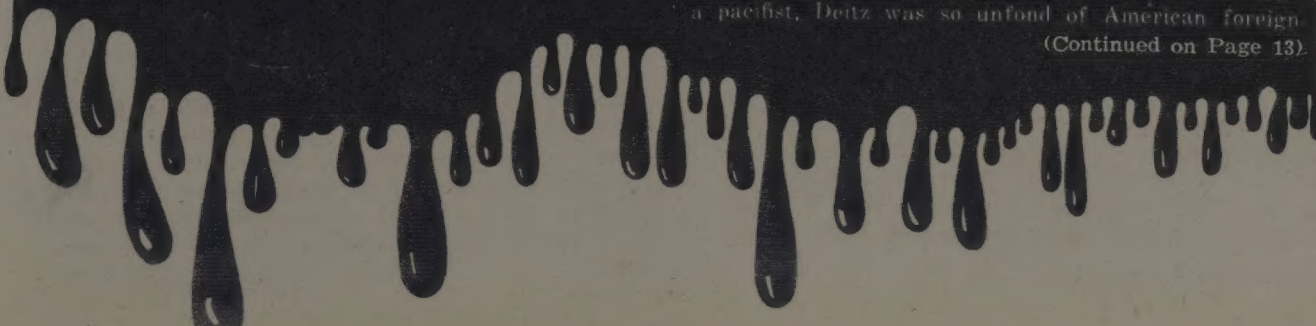
Only such an arrangement has the potential of bringing to an end the mess that has resulted from the retarded notion that one man can do it all.

Might not an ideal ticket consist of Tim Leary, Alan Ginsberg and Dick Gregory? All three are possessors of worthy heads, hearts and souls. Three heads are better than one, any way you look at it.

Nobody really loves him, poor boy.  
Even the staid Pennsylvania Jewish Life Magazine ("please patronize our advertisers, they are friends of the Jewish people) saw fit to print the following item:  
LBJ Won't visit Israel.

"There is no truth in the rumor that President Lyndon

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# rebuttal

Da Latimer's "review" last week of the film "Revolution," which I produced and directed, makes it obvious that he is not only a very bad film "critic" but a malevolent little liar. His article is a series of dumb inaccuracies, nasty smears, and some outright lies (which he knows are lies).

In viciously irresponsible form, like the snidest of establishment critics, he snarls at the film for almost two full columns, getting some personal jollies I suppose out of his verbal masturbations (at the expense of all the people who made this film) and then he says, and I quote, "Back to the flick. It's fun, it's pleasant, it's a gas. Go get it when it comes to the neighborhood theaters."

Thanks a lot—after 1500 words turning everyone off on the film!

He tees off at the start as if the words "Recommended For Adults Only" were some commercial gimmick dreamed up by us, the filmmakers. Nasty ignorance on his part. The theater owners decide on this when they feel that some people who unknowingly take their little kids might later bitch at the content. They're trying to advise these people in advance to stay away if they'd be bugged. If Latimer has any qualifications as a film critic, he ought to know these simple mechanics.

He says the film was almost screened at the Cannes and Berlin Film Festivals, but was (I quote), "postponed due to certain loud and unnerving noises off-stage." A deliberate (or ignorant) half-lie combined, once again, with nasty innuendo. "Revolution" is the only film in the world that was invited to both the Cannes and Berlin festivals before either opened. The top 15 French film critics invited it (they were offered 200, screened 70, invited 9). Similarly, their German counterparts later invited it to Berlin.

The second French Revolution closed the Cannes Festival the day before it screened, so we had a screening privately at Cannes and then, at the invitation of Langlois and some of the top young French filmmakers, held a private screening in a theater near the Sorbonne right at the climax of the Revolution there. (We had been invited by Langlois to show at the Cinematheque, but the Revolution had closed it by the time we got the print to Paris). The film was screened as part of the Berlin Festival. Not "almost." But "was." That is fact. And Latimer should have known it.

He says I'm now cashing in on last year's Summer of Love at two fifty a ticket and that half the kids in the film won't get to see it till it shows on TV a couple of years from now. Another lie—and he knows it. And I'm going to tell you just how nasty a lie it is.

I know lots of kids wouldn't have the bread for it, so at my own expense I had two kids circulate over 500 pamphlets throughout the East and West Village announcing free screenings for all at the Greenwich Theater for the two days before the opening of the pic. Free. (We're also planning something similar for the Straight Theater on Haight St.). The very nice people who run the Greenwich were kind enough to bring in their staff early for two days gratis to go along with this. Latimer knows this, because he was also invited, yet he concealed it in what I can by now only conclude was a grotesquely self-indulgent piece of maliciously inaccurate writing on his part.

What seems to bug Latimer most about "Revolution" (and I quote) is that "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." Who say so? Latimer? Bet he hasn't hurled a ladyfinger since the 4th. Who the hell is he to declare Love and Gentleness dead? To dictate that there is only one way? Does he mean that Gandhi, Christ and Buddha never existed! The love bag will be winning the day long after Latimer's cheap Hearstian bombast has faded away.

That's what "Revolution" is about. I'm not sure Latimer even saw it. He says it's 106 minutes long. It is 87, in fact. He says I show straight people at a cocktail party who stink of booze, who are "drunk to the adenoids." Anyone who has seen the picture knows that this is a gross lie. Latimer's playing with people's lives here (mine, for one). And he's criminally irresponsible about it. It's a damned irritating professional slur that I would bum-trip anyone (hip or straight) in this or any film. He says (and I quote), "we are presented with the image of an enormous bottle of Seagram's Seven glooping into a whiskey glass." No such image is in the film. It's in his mind. A fiction.

He gets livid at a sequence in which I let one of the country's top geneticists tell us that in his experience there is chromosome-breakage and rearrangement in LSD users that parallels that of radiation victims, and that therefore he would not recommend the taking of LSD until the answers are better known. Latimer, the devoted scientist, then asserts that "This is bullshit. LSD does not cause chromosome damage." "Acid does not hurt your genes." He tells us that flatly, on his authority. You see, the geneticist is an ignoramus for even suggesting that there might be some questions, but Latimer, that Nobel Prize Scientist cum flick critic, he knows! See. He just tells you!

Don't ever let him tell you again what movies to see, See for yourself.

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# THE FILM

BY LITA ELISCU

Once upon a time, some men got down on it and generated the transcendental structure of a nation, trying to make the frame strong enough to withstand the centuries of eventual chickenshit destined to form the exterior of this gingerbread sandcastle-by-the-seas. A myth grew up and calcified, hardening the circulatory arteries of the vital structure: Life will always continue because every four years, the floods come and wash off the last four-year layer, the audible belches of an overworked and rotting constitution have lately achieved the resonance of a farting tom-tom — and still nobody seems to really believe it — so they decided to find a new faith-healer.

Eugene McCarthy is being touted as being good for everything from gastric pains through terminal cancer, but even he doesn't try claiming a cure for congenital blindness. One of the problems in getting the job in this country is that it's not what you do (or say you will do) but the way that you do it (or put the image across), and McCarthy's perilously low-key tightrope is always near to turning into another fine line down to Pennsylvania Avenue's Hall of Fame for also-rans. Of all the candidates who make any sense (Eldridge Cleaver, Marvin Garson, or maybe in a pinch Dick Gregory . . . Robert Scheer . . . ?) McCarthy is about the only one who has the popularity of even Tiny Tim, let alone Pigasus — and he's the only one with a chance at the Monopoly board. What he has been learning, as his chances get better (the tidal ripple of interest) is that you can't just appear on radio anymore, or explain what your position is: you have to entertain and be entertaining — a President's most important quality is his ability to project the image of a good host. So he's having these nifty rallies and nightclub deals, and actors (next of kin to politicians anyway) have been out there identifying publicly, and nonesuch. The latest New York gig was a one-two punch across the board, one evening apiece at Cheetah and Madison Square.

Now the Garden event was a fund-raising rally, and thousands of people were going to cheer and demonstrate. So I went to Cheetah, a plastic empire which once comprised a boutique, a magazine, a full-pace discotheque and whatnot, but like The Silver Apples, seems to have replaced the diversified elements with more of the same: now Cheetah = five bands stashed in various parts of the two-story building.

That night, last Wednesday, the first money plea came from a Kennedy Assassination Inquiry Committee leafletting outside the door. Inside, a band could be heard warming up, and the atmosphere was sharp, tailored like the clothes, and bright with the anticipation of an evening's worth of entertainment at little cost. This was no fund rally; these were the people who are already putting out for Gene in some way or another, either name, money or position. For an idea of the class, George Plimpton (well-known as the favorite date for Marianne Moore and, at one time, Jackie Kennedy) was running the party, and the press release said that a whole galaxy of celebrated artists would do their own thing for McCarthy (self-love can turn into self-abuse just that easily).

Michael Harrington and David Amram went 1-2 and were earnest and sincere and people clapped politely and beamed when the Vietnam war was mentioned and renounced, and nodded sternly when they were told of the increasing crisis of the cities. Then Richard Wilbur read a poem about a stockboy immersed in his *Playboy*, and words like "breasts" and "shit" came out sounding terribly refined, and everyone laughed appreciatively at the breath of air-conditioned reality. W. S. Merwin read some of his poetry, sincere and gentle . . . Then Arthur Miller came on, and dramatized a metaphor about killing, using a non-violent woodchuck and two suburbanites with lots of time and itchy trigger fingers, yeah . . . and people glowed with the comprehension that this was related to That War, Mr. Miller read beautifully, and the tension was that of a suspended moment during teatime, when one wonders idly if the cup is going to perhaps slide off the saucer, and watches that fruitless struggle between inertia and gravity.

Piri Thomas, the brown man's friend, came on and stayed past belief, doing his glossolalia routine: "all races could be one; all speak with one tongue" and punctuating with English-translated Spanish: "Nunca! . . . El mundo!" plus an invocation of names to show whose company he keeps, including the late Robert Kennedy and "all my brothers." . . . Comedy relief, Comden & Green came out and sang a song about the end of the hippies and the coming of Gene, and then Allen Ginsberg was introduced — and the *Times* in its typical fashion forgot to mention this

(or maybe they had just left early after using their free drink ticket) and now everyone stood up and reached closer to the stage. Attention was at an all-time high for the evening to a poet who could only, at best have torn allegiance to this whole party and to the man he ostensibly was supporting. Ginsberg more than anyone else, though, gently but richly, scolded and didn't everyone at least duck their heads, if not actually hold them bowed, for the pleasure of being told just how wrongful have been thought and deed. Here, finally, was the patient, kind, high-pitched voice parentally recalling the sins of forgetfulness and stubborn ignorance and unawareness — but not so much Vietnam. The applause at the end was sincere and of the moment, a spontaneous appreciation of a human being who really cares and somehow communicates that, for the minutes he spends on stage reading his poems.

The next few moments were spent scrambling, as everyone went looking for platters holding remnants of sandwiches, and cries of discovery were followed directly by agonized groans meaning someone had been just one person too late to grab more than empty slices of tired white bread-triangles, lying limp among the toothpicks and stray mildewed cheese slices.

The slowly swaying, enormous balloons seemed like sagging flesh, puffed up through great tension, and the vile, smelly green lights of the room had the madness of Van Gogh without any of the swirling depth. Neon and gross flesh everywhere, while more lights came on and the party-party began. David Amram and Jeremy Steig finished a beautiful piece, and were replaced by the original five-piece rock combo, and people clucked and shook their heads, looking for anything edible, looking for friends and people they knew.

The people at Cheetah were not the doers, but the money-lenders; the percentage they get will be neither a fantastic dividend nor a crash. Most of them will do nothing else to help McCarthy win, but that's the system. People can't get that when it doesn't even make that much difference, anyway. Besides, they're safe and comfortable in the knowledge that without them, the mediating force of money, there would be nothing to do, and no more passionate levels of reality would be reached. In a way, they are the safety net giving the illusion that the tightrope really is off the ground; for all the huffing and puffing of the active doers doesn't raise the line one inch, it just keeps the line up there when it has been raised to wherever it is.

I wonder if they knew that earlier that day McCarthy had announced his choices for a Cabinet (figuring that it might be the only chance he'd get to make the appointments): Fullbright for Sec. of State! Nelson Rockefeller to head Housing and Urban Development; Mitchell Ginsberg for Health, Education and Welfare; David Lindsay (John's brother) for Attorney General. Actually, they hardly care: It isn't what you do, it's the way that you do it. Too bad there weren't more sandwiches . . .

*Fall of Atlantis* (yes the subject is changed) is wonderful metaphor: where else can you see the Pope sucking the life out of his flock — literally? Or as literally as a stage will allow. The play is a medley of brittle, funny moments and flights into straight, sweet romanticism; some of it works all the time, but not enough for the play to be without weak spots. Will "idiot" love triumph over greedy, cold lust . . . ? There's a bird, a Pol Parrot, who might know; a Black/White Man who definitely does; and a simple girl named Mary Aphrodite who just believes so . . .

Some of the stage effects are good, although Death removing people with the aid of his trusty black sheet does get ludicrous rather than chilling (solemnly, the flag is unfurled, and the "dead" character arises, feet showing under the flar as he and it shuffle off stage). The leads all act in total belief of the play's reality, and achieve beautiful moments, most especially Jean Gaspard; Valerie Ogden, and Rene Levant.

The other half of the bill, *The Reconstruction of Oliver Jones*, is a totally untogether, non-play which in spite of itself manages to have a few good lines. It is about a Black Man (new variety and nothing to do except nominally with the other play's Black Man) and a White Girl each representing not only the heavy-enough load of themselves but different Ways of Life and such. They each want to re-form the other, after an image from God only knows where. They talk, and talk, and talk. She brushes her hair. He rolls joints, and talk, and talk, and talk.

In a terrible confusion of bad dialogue with reality, she does an imitation of him hustling little honky hippies in Washington Square Park. After the play, the scene actually recurred in reality — to me. Fas-

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York

- Apollo: Martha & Vandellas, Vibrations
- Au Go Go: Blood, Sweat, and Tears (Fri.-Sun.)
- Bitter End: Jerry Jeff Walker, Kensington Market, Dick & Valerie Shaw
- Central Park: (rink) Fri.- Judy Collins, Sat.- Herbie Mann, Caj Tjader
- Electric Circus: Sly & Family Stone, Aug. 27- Paupers
- Museum of Modern Art: (Jazz in Garden) Thurs. 8:30p.m. Clark Terry
- Group Image: Music, Dance, and light show Wed. nights at the Diplomat Hotel
- Scene: John Hammond, Kangaroo
- Slugs: Pharoah Saunders, Sat. aft., Al Shorter. Mon. Night- jazz vocalists. Sun., aft. Substructure with Howard Johnson and 5 tubas
- Village Gate: Upstairs- Les McCann, Downstairs -Carmen McRae, Gary Burton Quartet
- Village Vanguard: George Benson Quar., Bill Evans Trio.
- WFMU Free Concert: Central Park Mall Friday at 6:00 P.M. with John Hammond Buzz Linhart, Kat Mother and All Night News Boys and others.

Music is the revolution. It swells the hearts and filters through the brain infecting the listener with the message of the artist—a direct line of truth communication not distorted by mis-managed bullshit media. Music must be subversive-stealing the attention of youth, capturing their spirit and damning their minds to the paranoid fears and uptight oppressive parental nausea that has enthralled the freedom and joy of living. Sound expressions of the libido, the spirit and the will to survive are fused into the war against the aging orders. The musical explosions of Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler Pharoah Saunders, Marion Brown, Grateful Dead, MC-5, Group Image, Velvet Underground, Sun Ra, Free Spirits, are fueling the emotional fires while the lyrics of Dylan, Lennon, Ochs, Fugs, Rolling Stones, Mothers, Country Joe & Fish influence the intellect. Shepp speaks of the artist's 'responsibility to make order out of chaos without the specific aid of a gavel; that is, to capture a religious moment and convey it in the intelligible language God inspires.' The guitar to Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan is a gun.

If the music is truth it will be the rallying point for revolutionaries and the most direct line of communication to the masses.

Long was the night, slow the coming of the red dawn, For a hundred years the devil monsters whirled in a dance, And there was no coming together of the myriad people.

Now the cock crows, dawn breaks over the world, And from a thousand places arises a swelling music, Never were poets so inspired!

-Mao Tse Tung-

The Yippies are destroying the doddering Democratic convention with a Festival of Life. They are savagely mutilating the carcass of the ass with screaming swords of music and laughter. Kicking off the real American Pop Festival of 1968 will be 'I-will-not-kiss-your-fucking-flag'

groups like the MC-5, The Fugs, Country Joe and the Fish. No money down motherfucker, this music is free, free blowing through Lincoln Park to the Pig Butcher's ears it's really the folk festival of the sovereign states speaking to people not ghosts, for the living rather than the hallowed 78 rpm portrait politicians of green fortune tongue and worn-out-groove minds the needle is stuck.

\*\*\*\*\*

Muddy Waters has just finished cutting a new album. Entitled 'The Electric Mud', it will be released in September on the Cadet/Concept label.

\*\*\*\*\*

Maria Coccozza has recently received a gold record certifying a million dollars in sales of 'The Great Caruso', done by her son, the now deceased Mario Lanza.

\*\*\*\*\*

World Pacific has another super album coming out by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Containing his own words of love and wisdom, it will be entitled, 'The Seven States of Consciousness'.

\*\*\*\*\*

Joan Baez will do a country and western album.

\*\*\*\*\*

Due to poor box office, the Beatles feature length cartoon, The Yellow Submarine, has been replaced at a number of London movie houses by Walt Disney's Peter Pan.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pianist Chick Corea has joined the Gary Burton Quartet, filling a gap caused by guitarist Larry Coryell's departure. The band will be appearing this weekend at the Village Gate.

\*\*\*\*\*

Donovan will become the first pop star to perform in the U.S.S.R. When he does concerts in Leningrad and Moscow this December.

\*\*\*\*\*

Freak Form Radio, WFMU-FM, has been offered a grant of \$5,000 by the State of New Jersey. The all music station has no commercials or tedious appeals for money. Located at 91.1, the station is sponsoring a free concert at the Central Park Mall on Friday from 6-9 P.M. featuring John Hammond, Bundy & Jake, Buzz Linhart and surprise guests. Danny Fields of Electra Records will be hosting the 9 to Midnight show on Friday nights beginning next week.

\*\*\*\*\*

Pharoah Sanders is currently at Slugs. His music is among the most exciting going down: dig his Tauhid album on Impulse.

\*\*\*\*\*

There will be a free concert at Tompkins Square Park in Bedford-Stuyvesant on Saturday from 4:30 to 10:00.

# to Sirhan with love

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

Remember that birthdayparty scene in SOME LIKE IT HOT?

There they were, you know, the gangsters, Lueky Toe, Joe Feedback, Linseed Rinse & Mango Mike, with trinskirted Curtis & Lemmon trembling under the table, and, Lordy, this big and fancy gangster cake is wheeled in, and everyone, even SPATS, is happy for Spats for he's a jolly good fellow, oh whart ah joihly goooooo fehllloooooow, and the SWEET ASSASSINS erupted from the icing to give Spats HIS. Bang, Bang Bang.

Spat's Big Day was in Chicago when he was Chief Sweet Assassin and gunned down . . . well, were those unfortunate souls Democrats, Republicans or sword-fish hippies?

Chicago provides the answer, always does, and Lyndon Baines Johnson, our beloved 36th democratically-elected dictator, will be 69 next Tuesday. He will be 69 in Chicago. Is he Spats? Send him cakes, fruit cakes, one-pound cakes, vegetable cakes, cakes of soap. He will need everything, if we are to selfishly believe everything, all the rumors, all the lies that's fit to print, all the false truths blowing everybody's mind and sex.

ALL CHICAGO PROPHYLACTICS EXPECTED TO BE SOLD OUT BY TOMORROW.

O.K., sour Chicago loves rumors the way a pig loves mud. Those beautiful people were brave enough last April to believe that Stokely (Carmichael) was commanding a Chinese sub. WOW.

Now, there are other rumors. Or are they really rumors? Rumors allow people to develop ideas, exploit credibility, deliver death to innocence.

Well, the one currently pushing every motherfucker out of the "news" is the rumored fact that Humphrey and McCarthy are going to be sirhaned to death next week, during the Convention, or, hiply, THE DEATH FESTIVAL.

The Plot has been legitimized by the Chicago Tribune, another newspaper. And the chart is said to include the destruction by explosives of several police stations with the intent of producing chaos.

Daley and Company, off course, are heartened by this new development. So yes they can say they are right to construct a fortress in Chicago, right to call up national guards and vietnam veterans, thousands of police, thousands of FBI, CIA, Press.

<p>CLASS OF SERVICE This is a text message unless no defined class code is indicated by the sender.</p>	<p><b>WESTERN UNION</b> TELEGRAM</p>	<p>SYMBOLS DL=Day Letter NL=Night Letter LT=Letter Telegram</p>
<p>The time shown in the clear box on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination.</p>		
<p>SQA066 (39)(23)SYK066 1968 AUG 19 7 2 44</p> <p>BY WA327 PDR FAX WASHINGTON DC 19 200P EDT</p> <p>PETER LEGGIERI, PUBLISHER</p> <p>THE EAST VILLAGE 125 SECOND AVE NYK</p> <p>SORRY UNABLE TO ACCREDIT YOU TO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. QUOTA ALREADY FILLED</p> <p>MARTIN HAUAN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE (222)</p>		

First national political convention in memory to require the protection of troops, a pillared portico at the delegate entrance to the convention hall has been enclosed with bulletproof materials for protection against sniper fire, special Swedish 571 vests (bullet-proof) have been ordered for the President, the Mayor, the vice President, and, perhaps, for McCarthy, and Viva Superstar, everybody is triggerhappy, nobody knows what's happening, do you Mr. ?, but everything is graphically pleasing.

So some still like it hot. And poor Spats? Who will erupt from the cake on Tuesday, or Wednesday, Thursday, where?

Will it be a Yippie eruption . . . Paul Krassner and one of his strangely existentialized franks? Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin under the table in drag with some real fine cuts of their own pig, Ed Sanders singing, in place of the \*spangled banner, singing UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHERFUCKERS. And Louis Abolafia, the Love Candidate, clity eating his way to victory "his tongue scouring their cunts like a berserk brillo pad," Sanders said to some lesbian dwarfs in Tompkins Square Park last week.

Next week is heavy.

**FRENCH TICKLERS**

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

**JOHNSON**  
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New York, N. Y. 10024

# Rock Bottom

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

I'm back in New York and that's a revelation. The smog, the giant cock buildings jabbing the sky and insulting infinity, the hog traffic speeding your mind home when you exit from the east side terminal on first avenue, the so-called practical things that make city living unadvisable; these are the pulses which inhumanly reabsorb one after being away no less than two months. What is revealed is rather obvious. I have not been away at all. The inaccuracies still exist. The only difference was I spent the last six weeks in California instead of New York.

What reveals itself to me first is the garbage, the mental as much as the physical. There are all kinds of idiocies we accept because we happen to have been brought up here or moved here; one is, it is possible to live a healthful, practical and meaningful life in our great cities. And once even when we recognize the problems, trying to solve them becomes a sick and unhealthy ordeal. Some of us who have personal presence of mind can only manage to do our thing and protect our rear as it all comes down about us or just laugh about it and hopefully and eventually leave and get out from under.

Once during the long, drawn out garbage strike in New York, I ran into a rather pretty and friendly airline stewardess who had just returned from a week in Tokyo. She had left during the first days of the strike and addressed herself to me with open smile and concern. "When I left it was getting bad, now that I have returned, it's even worse!" I looked at her and smiled. "Yes!" "What's going to happen two weeks from now when I have to return again?" she continued, hopefully asking me for my opinion which would then lead to me being nice and eventually asking her for a date. I replied spontaneously without realizing her real heart-felt intentions. "The next time you won't be able to land." She laughed. I laughed. And everybody who was in ear distance to us laughed out loud. I somehow told the truth but missed the boat. Not that I mind telling the truth but being one of the many who live in impotent new york city I was better off getting laid as much as possible than just telling the truth.

All this inane patter is just leading up to an interesting story that appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle some weeks back about a Japanese scientist who solved the problem of city garbage. He simply reasoned that "Garbage was treasure," and started from that basic premise. He had devised a method by which garbage could be converted into building blocks for apartment houses by simply compressing the garbage into a block and adding asphalt and tar as a cover base. He brilliantly, in one swift stroke, solved the costly occupation of collecting garbage, and the unhealthy task of getting rid of it by burning with ozone gas, (a deadly chemical) or dumping it into the ocean and thereby polluting the surrounding bay and ocean areas. In a healthy society there is no wastage to poison the air, the food and our psychological state of mind. But as I stated before, the inaccuracies exist. We no longer have to go to war to keep the economy going, to conquer other peoples' resources because we leave ours around to clutter our minds and nostrils. Even this we can make into profitable and, at the same time, healthy enterprise and industry as long as we are prepared to think positively. And that is the key to all our solutions. What we would do for ourselves, we must do for others so that everyone profits on all levels.

It is not an easy thing to "think positively", especially if you live in the type of society where just the simplest solutions can become a normanvincentpeale camp commercial. It is even harder to play the fool every time you say, "Be happy!" without technically knowing how to implement the solution. But as far as America goes, it has no complaints in that area. (It is practically unamerican to be impractical!) We are a race dedicated to technology but somehow our dedications are doing us in. And this is the inaccuracy as well as the problem. Politically all the candidates are saying "they will," but no one is saying, "How." And even if they did, everyone knows they couldn't do it anyway because none of them are thinking positively. How could you, when all it is, is a power game and the place you have picked out to do it in. Chicago, is a shambles. Police and national guard in the streets, barbed wire and dissenters taxi cabs on strike, electrician unions refusing to hook up radio tv pa systems inside the convention, and the neighborhood ghetto (one of the worst in the United States) ready to explode. This is not a city to think positively in but a city of paranoia. If we elect anyone or any one thing this coming November, it will be Paranoia.

One only has to look at the track. Nixon the Noxious. Used car Salesman Supreme. Humphrey the Happy Drooling all over his smile. It is a hard choice when you have to choose between a knave and a fool. And what about McCarthy. One must consider him, for there is that possibility. McCarthy the Mundane. His riff is the Politics of Pleasure. That's a good beginning, it's thinking positively. One can see McCarthy has enjoyed himself; but at whose expense? McCarthy is a cynic and that's why he has the intellectual vote all wrapped up in this country.

(Continued on Page 11)

# SPAIN IS BURNING

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

## THE U.S. POT HANDLE

WASHINGTON (AP) — Customs men figure they snatched 70 million marijuana cigarets from the public's lips in the year that ended June 30.

Seizures of marijuana during the fiscal year totaled 70,210 pounds — more than 35 tons — the Customs Bureau reported. At the customary rate of 1,000 cigarets to a pound, that's 70 million smokes.

The seizures nearly tripled the 13 tons confiscated in fiscal year 1967, the bureau said.

Anyhow, this is about two friends of mine who could have been burned to death last week.

My two friends, Peter & Spain, crazy artists, work on Second Avenue in crazy & beautiful New York, in craziness.

Wednesday evening they walked from Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place to First and 13th. They were hungry. The falafel was good. Then they started back, slowly, bopping to work, splaying along, recklessly eyeballing, and checking out the midweek vibes of reluctant bohemia.

They were approached on St. Marks near First.

The salesman was short, stocky, no more than 20, and wore his stingy brim at the brim. And he would never talk too much.

"Want to score?"

He spoke first.

"What do you have?"

"Speed, acid. Some grass. Want a kilo?"

"No. Maybe an ounce."

"I have some gold. Dynamite. And some hash. The gold is 25\$ an ounce. Some very heavy shit, man."

So the gold took over. Good gold is golden, like silence at times.

"Oh, shit," Spain said, "I have at most 17 bucks."

"Well," the Stocky One said, "we can arrange something."

The shit was on 11th between B & C, on the block called Saigon.

The Stocky One had been sitting with his friends on a stoop. He walked back to them for keys to the apartment on Eleventh Street.

An old man was seated before the building in Saigon. The old man was old & harmless & grey.

They walked into the lobby and the Stocky One said, "Wait here."

He climbed the stairs at a run, and when he came down two minutes later he stopped to piss in the hallway near the mailbox.

The piss frothed like . . . like what?

"I wonder where they went," the Stocky One said after shuddering pleasantly thru the piss. "He's not home."

"I said 7," the old man said.

The Stocky One drew nearer to the prospective buyers.

"Give me the bread," he said to Spain, "I'll run up & get it."

"O.K.," he said, "come with me." And, to Peter, "You wait here."

So Peter was left with the evil piss.

Spain suspected something was up, but he had to go thru with it, if only to see how it went, whether his suspicions were correct. And Peter was there. Two of them. Two against . . . yes, they could take care of themselves, and Spain had been thru a lot of shit before. He could always give a good account of himself.

Someone opened the door . . . and Spain knew something was up against the wrong wall. And a third person slid out of the darkness of another room & a hand around Spain's neck the cold formality of a knife at his adam's apple, stroking.

"What the fuck?"

"Just give us your money and you won't be hurt." Spain relaxed. Good thing, he had no hero hang-ups. Knife & flesh were hot and alive.

They rushed thru his pockets.

"Shit, man, only fifteen dollars?"

"Look, man," Spain said, "I'm just a poor guy."

"JUST BE QUIET."

"O.K., man."

"Well, let's get the other cat. DOES HE HAVE ANY MONEY?"

Spain said no.

"Bring him up," they said to the Stocky One.

Peter listened as the Stocky One descended the stairs. He knew he was right, but he had to find out, to complete the experience. Artists are curious gods. The Stocky One's footsteps were loud & ominous. Peter had been suspicious of the Stocky One from the very start. He remembered seeing a blackjack in his pocket, but he thought little of it then. What's a blackjack? They were two against one. And Spain was a killer. But everything had been so slow & strange. Tompkins Square Park seemed curvier than usual. They spent extra time getting thru the park around those mysterious curves as the Stocky One led the way to Saigon, the blackjack smiling darkly out of his side pocket.

"Hey, man, go up & try some," the Stocky One said to Peter.

Walking up to the second floor, Peter was still sure, and sensed the way the Stocky One held back a bit. The door opened. Or someone opened the door. Vacant room, faint light in the kitchen, a creative thrill raced thru Peter's eyes, he felt the Stocky One's hands push him inside, then a knife at his throat, "Don't move!", large foldout blade, a third salesman gently led Spain out of another room. Spain was so loose, so relaxed, Peter thought, and it almost surprised him that he Peter wasn't afraid, that he was calm, cool, collected, strangely amused, curious.

The Stocky One started searching him. The Stocky One was frantic. His fingers sharp & impatient as they clawed for pennies, quarters, dimes. But there were no dollars. He stood there with the small change. He was puzzled.

"Hey, man," Peter said, "can I have my keys back?"

The Stocky One returned the keys and some of the change.

Then he rushed to another pocket, the frantic search again, and he paused to listen to the noise of keys and pennies in the first pocket . . . so he liberated the pennies.

"Say, man, is that all you've got?"

"You're finding out for yourself," Peter said.

Then the three salesmen started arguing. The Stocky One said he had done most of the work. He wanted seven dollars.

"Shit!" one said.

"No shit!" the other said.

"Go into the other room and lie down on the floor," said to Peter & Spain.

"You don't have to do that," Spain said. "You've got our money, man, and we're not going to call the cops."

The Three wanted to leave. They pushed Peter and Spain into one room, placed a refrigerator in the doorway, and they were gone, their feet down the stairs as my friends shoved the refrigerator away and sped after them, but they were gone, disappeared . . . and the old man? to the sea.

Fifteen minutes later they returned to Saigon with another friend. They climbed to the vacant, airless, trap apartment.

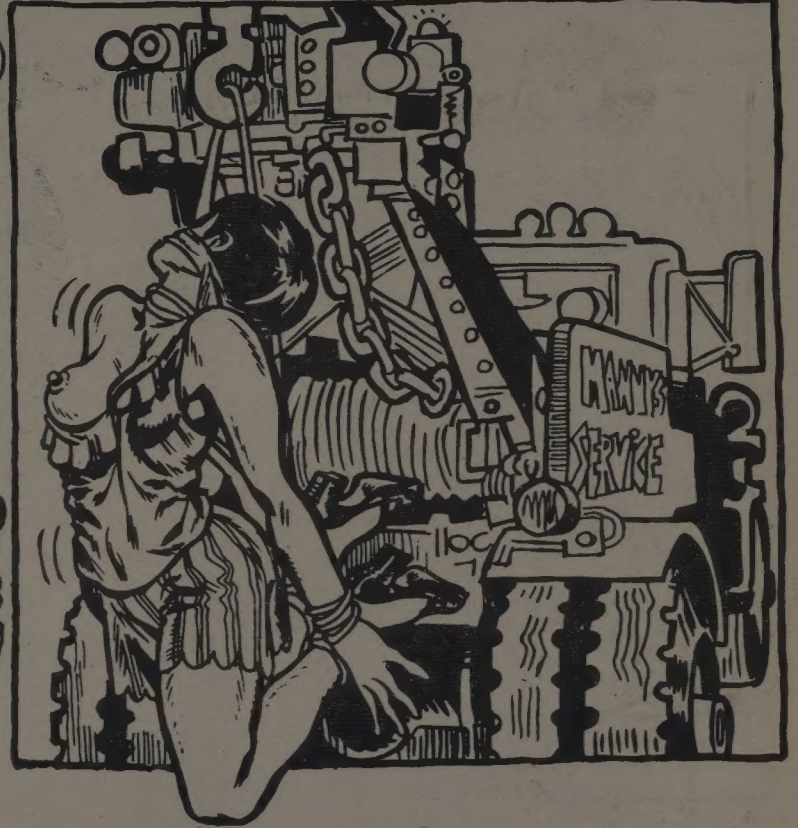
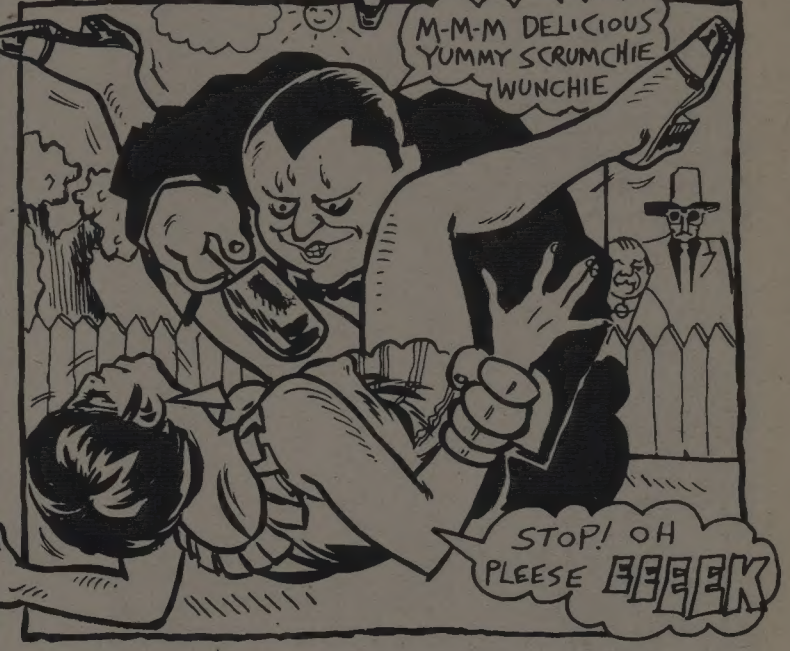
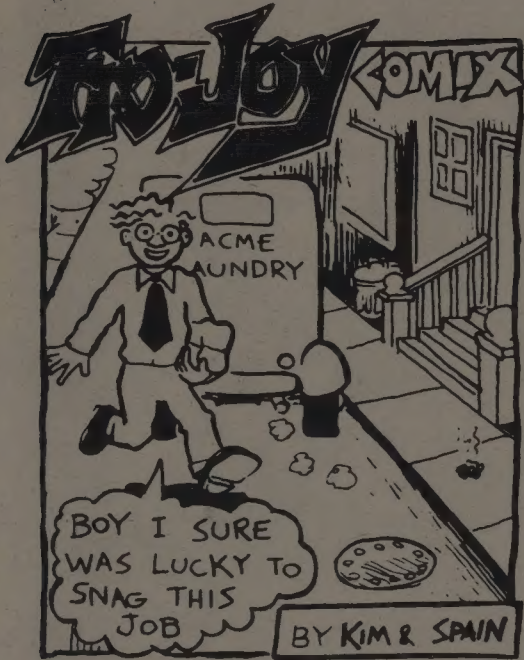
They drove around and around with a machete looking for the three businesslike operators.

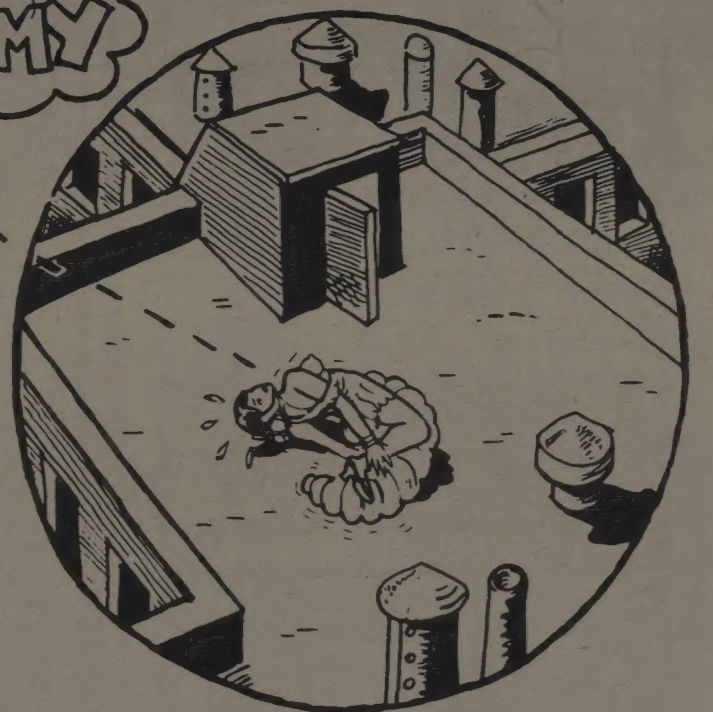
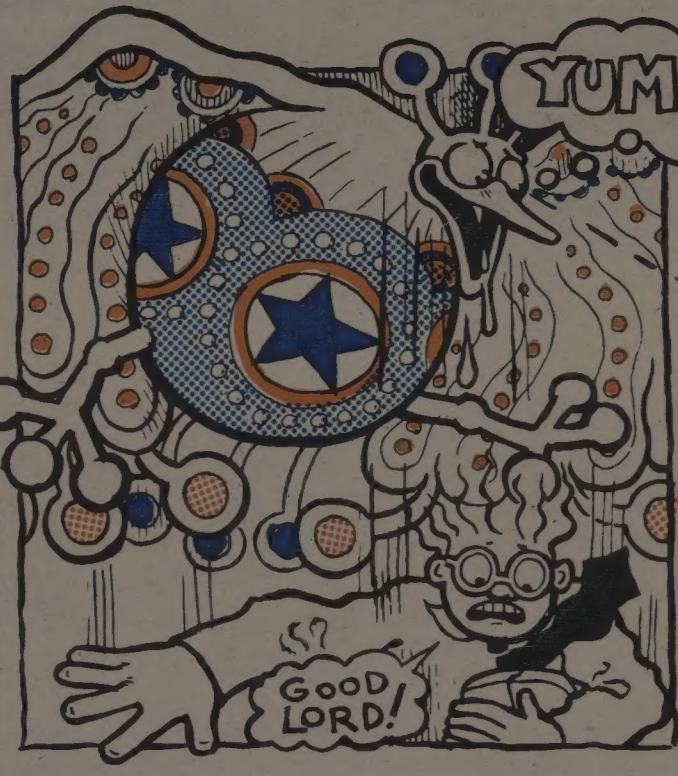
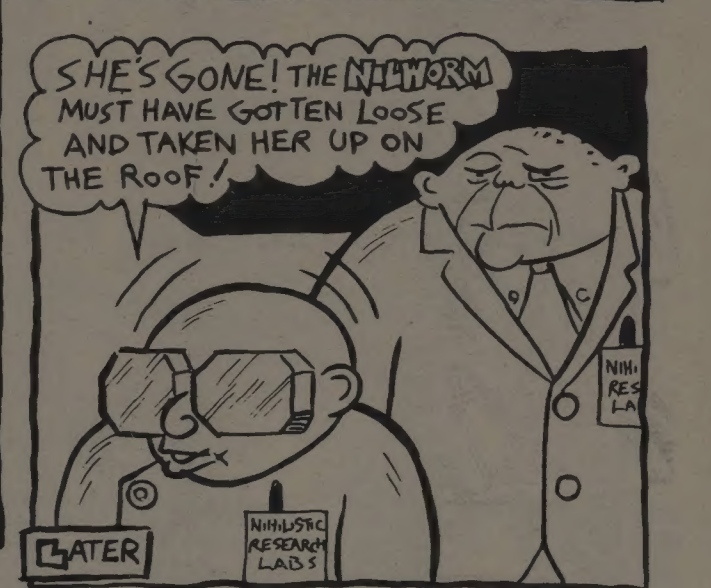
Nowhere, nowhere.

And Spain, armed to the balls, returned alone that night to look for his missing rapidograph pen. Not found.

Spain remembers the Stocky One, "If I see him & he's alone I'll just grab him & punch him out, and take whatever he has. Look, if they had put us thru a lot of changes, you know, like indignities, like tried to humiliate us, I would be on the street now looking for them still. But they were very cool. And, shit, I've suffered worse at the hands of cops. Cops would take my bread then put me thru a lot of changes. They have to humiliate you . . . let you know they always had the gun . . . but those guys, those guys . . . look, I have more respect for them than people who pan-handle"

And Peter said, "Fuck it, man."





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**General Tendencies:** Peculiar tendencies and influences evolve into a pervasive ascendancy during the subsequent fortnight. The unexpected abruptly occurs, the unbidden seeks its conception: not since the reign of Assurbanipal in Time-dimmed Persia has a conglutination of such Astral intricacy come to pass, and all is a bloody flux. Trust nothing, confide in no one. The Native is to maintain circumspection at all costs, he should wear an impassive visage and go forth full prepared to fend obtrusiveness from any quarter. Sources dependent on the Native will be particularly insistent over this period; be wary. When Mars, Saturn, Mercury, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Pluto conjoin with Virgo, there will be little to do about it.

**Aries: (21 May-19 Apr.)** — This is no time to muck around, you jerk-off! With your cycle commencing to wane, any time that you fritter away now is bound to result in mortal grief when the Others rise into their ascendancy. What you do now is, you embezzle the funds and take off for some place where you're not well-known.

**Taurus (20 Apr.-20 May)** — Beware of men wearing long capes. Such garments may well conceal Prussian cavalry sabres just waiting to be stuck into your face. Libras especially.

**Gemini (21 May-21 June)** — All the other professional astrologers have been urging you to put your faith in your friends for some weeks now; however, none of those incompetent fools has a stereolapidoscope, so none of them knows that the axis of Juniper is divergent from the Solar Wind, which totally reverses this aspect of your chart, as through a glass seen darkly. Your friends are plotting behind your back, schiesskopf that's what you get for listening to quacks.

**Cancer (22 June-22 July)** — Lots of spare time coming up for you, as soon as the District Attorney gets your file from Washington and instigates proceedings. Now is the time to stock up on all that classical literature you've never gotten around to, and buy a set of monopoly for those long, idle evening hours; a goodly supply of rolling tobacco and cigarette papers will pay dividends in the future.

**Leo (22 July-21 Aug.)** — Now you've really done it. Now you've really gone and done it. The first time in a millenium that Uranus grazes the Crab, and you have to go ball some dumb little Pisces. Better get back in touch with that doctor you knew in college.

**Virgo (23 Aug.-22 Sept.)** — If you were born this week, your abiding characteristics include an extraordinary resilience in matters of morals and a superb physical appearance. Call 228-8640 any evening after six, and ask for Abdul. Be candid. Other famous people born this date: Dr. Almond Serteale, Archie Andrews, Caligula, and assorted fellahin.

**Libra (23 Sept.-22 Oct.)** — The beans have been spilled, the Taurus natives know what's up. Better leave your cape at home and carry your sabre in a piccolo case. Better yet, try Pisces natives.

**Scorpio (23 Oct.-21 Nov.)** — Keep your chin up, you should be feeling better any day now. If the depression lingers beyond Wednesday, try some of Dr. de la Vileneuve's Magical Medicine Mixture, seven dollars a cap from your neighbourhood culture broker.

**Sagittarius (22 Nov.-21 Dec.)** — Better watch out, better not cry, better not pout, I'm telling you why—your mother's thinking of having you committed.

**Capricorn (22 Dec.-20 Jan.)** — Next weekend is the perfect time to take the wife and kids and inlaws to the beach and drown them.

**Aquarius (21 Jan.-19 Feb.)** — Man, you are just too far out. Better cut your hair and take a bath and go get a job in a shipping office somewhere. That's what it says right here in your chart, and don't mess with the stars or they'll mess with you.

**Pisces (29 Feb.-20 Mar.)** — You Pisces natives have really got it made. Anybody with all those brains and good looks should really be in Hollywood. To hell with that grubby little job, that sordid tenement hole, that family that drags you down and keeps your light from shining through your bushel. Get out of there! Break your piggybank, pack your toothbrush and take your thumb out down that golden road to fame and stardom!



**patareal** (Continued from Page 4)

Baines Johnson will visit Israel during his overseas sojourn. The Arabs wouldn't like it, you know." End quote. What happened to all MA JEWISH FRIENDS?

Has commercial Mayonnaise gotten to you lately? Are your taste buds dulled by the intake of the Ersatz spread? Why not make your own thing?

Put the yolks of two eggs in a bowl, add a dash of salt, dried mustard and a few drops of lemon juice. Stirring continuously, start adding 1/2 pint of olive oil one drop at a time until the mixture begins to thicken. The rest of the oil can then be added in a very thin trickle. Taste and add more seasoning and more lemon juice if required. It often helps here to get one child to pour the oil whilst another stirs. This mayonnaise can be used as the basis for an egg salad, a tuna fish or cold chicken and rice salad. (The leftover egg whites can be made into meringues).

Should you, by any chance be in need of a 200 ft. stone balustrade and be willing to dish out two grand for it, get in touch with A. MORRISS, Pippingford Pk., Nutley, Sussex, The United Kingdom.

HEP HEP HURRAH. To each his own.

The wages of bullshit and deceit are at times sweet indeed. After wasting decades of his life on the systematic poisoning of the already panic stricken mind of America, Harry (Pothead) Anslinger has retired to Hollydaysburg, Pa., amidst the splendor of the accumulated bounty of his career.

The place simply reeks of orientalia. Scores of hand-carved teakwood tables, screens and statues, surrounded by an endless number of lush persian rugs, share floor space with a cushioned bar and an organ of all things. Cabinets are stuffed with pearl inlaid opium and Hashish Pipes, interspersed with a wild assortment of pistols. Other such paraphenelia is stuffed in various other places throughout the house. In short, a heaven for one who might appreciate the better things in life.

Unfortunately this is completely irrelevant as far as Harry Jacob Anslinger is concerned. The better things in life simply do not relate to him.

Saying of the week:

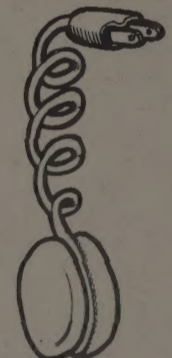
"If the ministry of the Church of England is to be thrown open to women, it will be the death knell of the appeal of the Church to men."

Archbishop of Sydney  
Dr. MARCYS LOANE,

**toros** (Continued from Page 3)

that law is being used, to the discomfort of anyone who has any business visiting Mexico for any nefarious ends. Those residents of Mexico who fall afoul of the Establishment do not fare so nicely: thirty-three Mexican students were killed by police during the 26 July demonstrations, according to the Mexican press. The American papers failed to pick it up.

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pp's

(Continued from Page 7)

What goes down in Chicago in the next two weeks will be Democracy with a loud thud. What we will be seeing and hearing is not a convention but a coliseum where the media martyrs come willingly. It will be really all the same garbage, one big religious waste. I am tired of Christianity and I am tired of History. If I have to fear anything, it is not technology but the wasting of valuable energies.

But I am going to Chicago anyway with a little honesty and a lot of sechel (shrewdness). I am going with the realization that I too could possibly become a martyr for the media . . . I am going to Chicago like the farmer who came to the Kingdom to return the loss of the King's own royal bird. As the story goes, the farmer was refused entry at the gates by the King's own royal guard unless he was willing to share half of what he got for returning it. This the farmer accepted gladly not interested in being greedy about it. When he came before the King and it was time for his reward, the farmer startled his majesty by requesting fifty lashes instead. This request puzzled the King but he complied with the farmer's wish making sure that the Royal executioner applied them lovingly. When it was over, the farmer thanked the king and then requested that his partner receive the other half of the reward. When the King asked him to explain, the farmer related to him the incident that occurred at the gate. The royal guard was then brought in but the fifty lashes were applied harshly and what hurt even worse was the guard receiving the punishment and at the same time watching the farmer walk out of the court with 200 gold pieces in a brand new leather pouch. I am going to Chicago and I hope I leave richer than I came. A little Christianity and a little pragmatism jingling is my bloodstream. As for the rest, it is really all garbage.

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If this arouses your prurient interest, the Supreme Court says you must take a cold shower and run around the block.  
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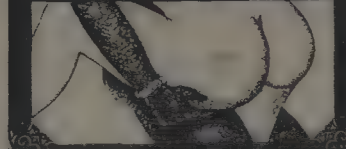
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LNS

(Continued from Page 3)

began tearing down the dirt road; they caught up and clung to it for a second then fell off. They were gone.

We were mostly too stunned to do much. We madly tried to get the highway patrol to stop the cars so we could get our personal things at least—like Lewis' thyroid pills, Bloom's letters, and the figurine he wears around his neck—but this seemed to only involve us deeper in a morass of police charges against them and was not any answer.

The next day the underground press became merged with the over ground as Dan McCauslin told the New York Times the familiar line, "There were no incidents of violence." No Administration or Southern cop could have been more candid.

In the same article, Bloom, who started LNS with \$2,500 of his own, and who took out a \$4,000 personal bank loan in December to give the money to LNS, was accused of "embezzlement."

McCauslin called later in the afternoon of the day of their raid on the farm and issued their ultimatum. The phone had been busted when they took out the mouthpiece, so we could only rap on the wall, one if yes two if no. "Listen, bring down the presses and all equipment and paper work, or we are going to get Steve Diamond for embezzling the money fro the Beatle-movie."

We tried to get back to our business of putting out the mailing, but between technical problems and our reacting to the raid, this mailing has been delayed three days.

We are none of us Pacifists, but those who acted that night kept shrieking, as someone would be hit, dragged away or threatened, "We're not pacifists. We're militants." As if being "militants" gave one an excuse to do anything you wanted. The movement used to be small and defined by principles that were so important a few individuals in every community risked a good deal to stand up for those principles. But now, pseudo-revolution is hip, is popular, and people define themselves as the movement. In the name of the movement, whatever you want to do is justified. Pursuing a family in a quiet house in the dead of night like a lynch mob is not revolutionary.

As much as these participants may have believed LNS was theirs and was not to be moved by the LNS family, there are a thousand more horrifying things every day, most committed by our government, which should make us intensely angry. But the movement is not, can never be mobs, must always be individuals acting together.

The invasion was a scapegoating, a taking out of all the horrors of living in America and especially New York City. It was a good and pure act to those who did it; women stood by silent and emotionless when Bloom was dripping blood. The only thing that prevented much more blood was that we recognized we were outnumbered and didn't fight back.

No physical courage was involved in what was done. "Militants" like Guevara fought in bands of 8 and 13 against a whole country. Black people in the ghettos are a minority, less populous and less armed than their oppressors.

"This was the most frightening night of my life," Cathy Hutchison wrote home afterwards, and for two days none of us could work on any mailings for "the movement" or "The Revolution."

"You're not part of my movement," one girl kept shouting, and maybe we're not. The difference between the two groups are great and we hope they publish their own news service, starting from the beginning, as we did, thinking of their own name. But LIBERATION News Service is an idea—not a property—that we still hold to. It was designed to appeal to the individuals who stand out and feel and know and make change, and not to mobs whatever their rhetoric, and with your help, it will continue on that basis. Accept no substitutes.

signed:  
hutch, diamond, mars, lews, porche, mungo, higgs, kahn, gilbert, hyman, quan bloom, dickinson, wasser-man, matross, dill etc., and a cast of thousands.

thilm

(Continued from Page 5)

inated, I listened to this rather drunk, rimless-glass-eyed spade as he marble-mouthed almost the exact same incredible dialogue on that stage — and he hadn't been there during the play. His sense of timing was better than the play's, though.

The bill is worth seeing, however, for *Fall of Atlantis*, which has more than enough sharp with to compensate for the murky moments. "Reconstruction" is a short opener piece, anyway.

The plays are on Friday through Sunday, 8:30 p.m., at the Cooper Square Arts Theatre, 35 Cooper Square, telephone GR 3-8066.

\* \* \*  
Fifth Ave. Cinema is bringing back that World Repertory so if you have not yet seen *Beauties of the Night* and *Beauty and the Devil*, either go this Tuesday, or wait until next year . . .

\* \* \*  
The City Street Theatre Ensemble will present Brecht's *The Exception and The Rule*—with music this weekend at the Jacob Riis Park, 8th St. and Ave. D, 7:00 p.m., Friday.



Copyright by Eugene Schoenfeld, M. D. 1968

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Your discussion of the sneeze-orgasm question in a recent column gave me the unaccustomed and satisfying experience of becoming aware of a mysterious part of my own behavior.

If I begin to have a conscious sexual phantasy after a period of physical and mental sexual inactivity, it will often be followed immediately by one or two sneezes. This happened often enough over a period of years in various circumstances (driving, lying in bed, etc.) that I came to have no doubt about the correlation between the phantasy and the sneeze. But for me it had remained mysterious and, as far as I knew, unique until now."

QUESTION: Whenever I swallow semen, my left nostril runs. Why? How can I prevent it?

ANSWER: Perhaps the above letter offers a clue. Or you may have a rare allergy. Ask your local pharmacist or dealer for an antihistamine.

QUESTION: Ever since I was a little girl I have had the habit of constantly picking my nose. My friends in school used to call me Booger.

I have had this problem for years and I have recently been wondering if it can affect my helath.

Is it normal to have an accumulation of snots all the time? I can't help but pick my nose to have clean feeling and breathe freely. Could this possibly be cured with an operation?

ANSWER: Read this column from the beginning. Then a visit to an otorhinolaryngologist (ear, nose and throat specialist) should reveal whether there is a physical defect as cause for your complaint. Your county medical society or nearest medical school can give you the name of an ENT doctor in your vicinity.

QUESTION: What does the term "AC/DC girl" mean? I have been reading over the ads in one of the underground newspapers and have seen this term used frequently.

ANSWER: The term refers to the current upsurge or at least bringing to light of a fact that many find shocking, i.e. the many females (and males) who fuse with members of their own sex as well as the opposite.

QUESTION: I just finished reading your answer to the lady who wanted to make her vagina tighter in your recent column (sic!).

Unfortunately, the method of squeezing in the vagina is the major cause of all the millions and millions of PAINFUL childbirths the women in this country have. Also, tightening the sphincter muscles only causes the sphincter muscles to tighten, leaving the whole back of the vagina ballooned out and anything but tight.

In order to make the vagina really tight and allow for a less painful or even pleasurable childbirth, the female should do PUSHING OUT exercises. This takes practice too.

What you do is push out like you're trying to have a bowel movement. Do it gently at first and as you become accustomed to it, increase the pressure gradually. Put your finger in a friend's vagina and have her do both the squeezing in and the pushing out and feel the difference.

After a while, the female will have such control over the vaginal muscle that she can contract tight enough to force out an erect penis.

Would you publish this letter for the benefit of your female readers?

ANSWER: I think you're wrong about squeezing exercises causing painful childbirths. Pushing exercises contract one set of sphincter muscles and squeezing exercises contract another set. Both sets of sphincter muscles support the vaginal walls.

Most of the pain of childbirth in this country is due to fear. Many women have become hip to classes which prepare for "natural" childbirth. Even if some medication is used at the time of delivery, the breathing and relaxation exercises make make childbirth easier for mother and child.

I read your letter to the topless dancer who exercises while doing her routine on stage. She said she's not interested in pushing out her friend.

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

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# decomp

(Continued from Page 4)

policy as to join a number of leftist organizations while in the service, and quietly advocate the fucking up of the system; his decision to strive within the service for the System's downfall came about after he witnessed a violent anti-US demonstration from the window of a cafe in Buenos Aires — where he was hiding out from the draft — while holding in his hand a copy of *Time* magazine which told how South Americans were reacting calmly to the US invasion of the Dominican Republic. Back in the States, in uniform, Deitz joined the Spartacist League, and handed out literature at an SDS meeting in East Lansing, Michigan. As soon as his photograph, flanked by Lenin and Trotsky posters, appeared in the press, Deitz was back in civies. That's the Army, those dumb cocksuckers.

That the Army brass is full of shitheads is further testified to by the appearance of the latest *Bond*, the servicemen's newsletter. One of the virtual miracles of modern dissent, the *Bond* has come out once a month for the last year or so, and every issue, besides being vitally informative, has been a total gas to read.

This month the *Bond* tells about an incident at Duc Phu, South Vietnam, wherein the base ammo dump accidentally exploded, killing two cargo handlers; the men took refuge behind some rocks on the beach, but were ordered straight back to the still-burning dump by the C.O., one Captain Dimwit. The dump promptly exploded again, killing seven more men, before an emergency airlift was called in. The sergeant in charge, one Sgt. Lard-ass returned to the company from leave a couple days later, choking up with regret for not having been with his boys. A week later, when the dump exploded again, Lard-ass holed up in the

hatch of a reefer ship headed for Natrang. A few days later, having returned, he was publicly tounge-lashed by Captain Dimwit; company morale was thereby preserved. Predictably, not a word of this appeared in any American paper.

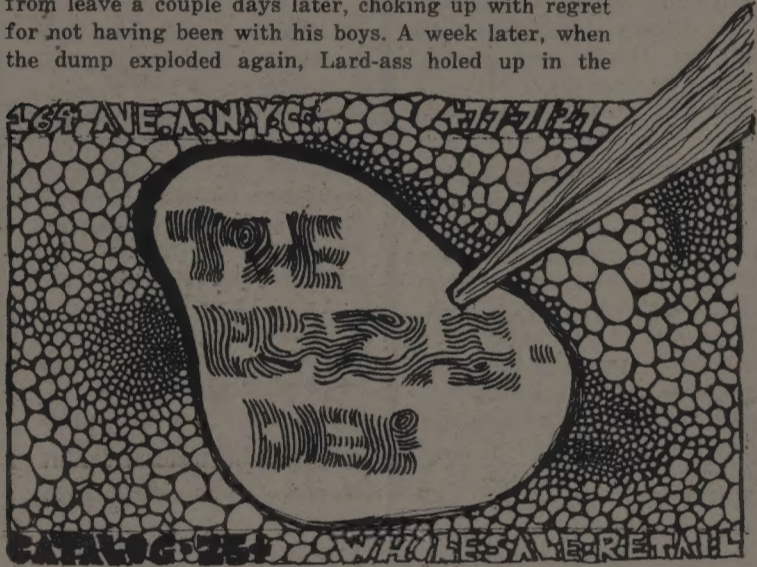
In this issue, the *Bond* also tells of Robert Flaherty, son of the president of the North American Aviation Co., who is stationed at El Centro Naval Headquarters in southern California; Bobby got his own airplane to fly around in.

Re-elect Hersh? Groovy. But who's Hersh? There used to be a waiter for Ratner's named Hersh, he got beat up and fired when he was sixteen, for trying to organize a waiter's union at a resort hotel in the Catskills — that Hersh? There was a Hersh who quit CCNY recently, after spending seven years there, during which Herbert Aptheker called him an "impudent, heartless beatnik." Re-elect him? Re-elect the Hersh character who was arrested in the Local 1199 hospital strike, and again more recently during a demonstration before the Polish Embassy supporting Polish Students? Yup, Barry Hersh, that's Hersh. Re-elect him to what?

"There is currently no incumbent running for reelection in the 61st D.A.," admits Barry Hersh, twenty-five, running for state congressman from the Lower East Side, on the Peace & Freedom ticket. "In the interests of providing continuity of representation in Albany for the Lower East Side, I felt it was incumbent upon me to run as the incumbent. Besides, the incumbent always gets more votes." Ah, yeah, that Hersh. And what will he do if re-elected? Why, he'll "stress the need of the community to organize itself

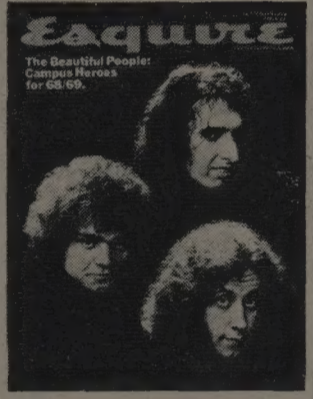
for protection against the Tactical Police Force invasions." Excellent! "While we all have many differences among ourselves on the Lower East Side, we all feel the tremendous pressure created by the brutality and unwarranted intrusions of the TPF. We hope to organize the community in such a way as to prevent this, by . . . unflinching community control of police activities. We hope to work with the Black Panther Party and similar organizations in the Puerto Rican community on a coalition basis, toward the goal of organizing the entire community to work together against its common enemies." Re-elect Hersh!

Judith Malina and Julian Beck are coming home, four years after being kicked out of their fourteenth-street theatre for the non-payment. With them they bring four plays, never before seen in this country: a new "Antigone," "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces," "Paradise Now," and the infamous "Frankenstein." Formerly, only European audiences were privy to the production of these Theatre of the Mob pieces, but now; thanks to Yale Drama School director Robert Brustein and Harvey Lichtenstein of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Malina and Beck are scheduled to mess up American minds all next month. Unless the Internal Revenue Service conducts a raid on the company, then, Yale will host the Living Theatre repertory company all next month, and the Academy of Music will have them all October. Sell outs are expected.



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PERSONAL

**YOUNG MAN** — Seeking young, warm, uninhibited girl for mutual satisfaction. May share apt. Call Ernie, UL5-3501. No fags.

**COUPLE**, attractive mid-30's. Interests include, but are not limited to, domestic discipline (she dominant, he passive). Seek attractive girls or couples for mutually agreeable evenings. Photo & phone a must. Box 1094, Radio City Station, N.Y. 10019.

**MEN — MEET** other males who share your interests. Call 532-1270. Eve 6-10 P.M., Sat. 1-5

**TWO SWINGING** handsome Caucasian males will entertain and satisfy blond uninhibited girl (21-24) must be very attractive clean and petite. No kooks. Call 683-6254.

**TWO HANDSOME**, sharp guys who are eclectically hip seeking females of all ages to offer beautiful physical and spiritual experiences. All need apply. None will be turned down. Call mornings and evenings. Ask for Frank or Hank. Leave message if not home. You will be contacted immediately. GE5-9490

**COUPLE**, both 30, white, interested in meeting other discrete, proficient, attractive, uninhibited couples. White heteros only, please. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 580, Cooper station, New York 10003.

**VERY HANDSOME**, well built, masculine man, 30, married seeks a mature married couple for enjoyable experience. I have excellent experience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Discretion assured. All replies answered. Write and give phont number. P.O. Box 56, Times Square Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

**DIVORCED**, 38, attractive white male, nice Manhattan Terrace apartment, wishes to share intimate sex anyway YOU like it with honest attractive Manhattan white girl 25-35. Besides sex I like good dining, good cinema, and good jazz. Please call 222-7938 after 10:30 P.M.

**HELP ME!** . . . I am LOST. Good-looking guy, early 20's, SEARCHING for pretty MAMA, young and understanding. — Please write: Trowe, P.O. Box 4362, N.Y., N.Y. 10017 ;

**EXTREMELY** handsome and well-built young man seeks attractive, uninhibited female for mutual sexual pleasure. Leave phone number. P.O. Box 285, N.Y., N.Y. 10452.

**BACHELOR**, 30, cunnilinguist, seeks AC DC couples — Call Alan (215) 546-0308, after 8:30 P.M.

**MASCULINE** male (30) seeks same for casual but enjoyable sex. No screaming fairies. Photo & phone requested. P.O. Box 73, Dept. O, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11232.

**HONEST**, 24 yr. old photographer-writer seeks female roommate to share Yorkville railroad-retreat, share expenses. Must dig animals. No nymphos, psychos, speed freaks or teenyboppers. No sex unless perhaps for kicks: I dig my old lady. For Info call DAVE: 348-7092.

**THREE** wealthy execs in early 30's desire young pretty nympho types as sex slaves for pay. No fags. Call Treo at LOL-AMPE

**YOUNG** girls wanted with experience in kama sutra position, whip & leather selective action, for high pay. Private men's club. Nymphos desirous of discreet income contact: clubs at KONBMRE.

**M.E.R. II** — We love you. Things can work out. Everything in S.A. is okay. Everyone and everything waiting for you. Your new white V.W. too. Please, please call home collect. LOVE FOREVER AND ETERNITY — M.E.R.-F.J.R.

**VERSATILE** male, late forties, wants to share apartment with male or female or couple. Wish to use it occasionally and mainly in the afternoon and to receive mail, but willing to pay full share. M. Fox, 126, 1651 Second Ave. New York City 10028.

**SWINGING** fun couple interest in meeting other hip couples or if a single, bi-sexuals only. Call 688-0193.

**INTELLIGENT**, understanding. Mt. Vernon man needs young girl ready to enjoy variety of erotic pleasures for mutually satisfying sexual relationship. Long-term relationship possible. Phone 914-667-8991.

**SWINGING NUDE PARTIES** in groovy Manhattan pads. Beautiful couples and single girls, under 35 only. Single guys: find an uninhibited chick and join us. No pros; no freaks. Complete discretion. For more information and invitation to next week's party, call Frank Oaks at 924-2676. If I'm not in, please leave a number with my answering service were I can reach you in the evening and I'll return your call the same day. Or, write Frank Oaks, Apt. 2RW, 74 Grove Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

**YOUNG MAN**, age 24, college graduate, professionally employed, is tired of silly computer-dating, match-making, and other pretentious games. I would seriously like to meet an attractive girl who is interested in dating with the ultimate goal of marriage and having a nice home together. Please write to T.N. Thomas, P.O. Box 243, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

**ATTRACTIVE**, tall trim intelligent guy has tried everything girls - guys - orgies, psychiatrists - consciousness expansion, weight lifting-yoga, nudism-black tie. Frankly, -I'm bored with them all. Desire meaningful relationship with someone beautiful in mind & body, who also has learned that relationship is necessary for self-fulfillment. Photo & phone. Box 13, N.Y.C. 10023.

**WELL HEALED** unconventional businessman in NYC frequently, generous, kind, loving, eager-to-please, 39, 5'8", 150 lbs, would like to meet warm-hearted lady for daytime/evening dates and lasting friendship. Howard, Box 294, Putnam, Conn.

This is your pilot. Airlin pilot seeking uninhibited and sexy gal, must enjoy Europe and posh night life, may live in my posh East Side apartment if she desires. All expenses paid, plus \$150.00 per week. Call, Capt. R.L.J. 628 4583.

Is it impossible to find a tall masculine well built caucasian man 35-45 looking for a real relationship with same? Must

be attractive looking, solvent, educated, good body, hairy chested affectionate sun worshipper, with no serious attachments not attracted to gay scene, but loving and wild uninhibited sex with right guy — who can offer all above if person is sincere and maybe a little lonely for a kindred soul. No tricks or thrill seekers need answer. Box 178, P.O. Murray Hill Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

Loving, sincere educated lonely bachelor seeks lovable attractive bosomy gal. Race, color and age unimportant. Love and communication very important. Call Reid 281-9200 or 949-5224.

**MALE**, 31, wants to meet masculine guy to age 40, preferably married, for pleasant relationship. Call RYE 2662. Evenings after 8. All day weekend.

Young man, 22, considered extremely handsome and well built, seeks very attractive girl for serious and intimate relationship. Photo and phone number appreciated. P.O. Box 285, N.Y., N.Y. 10452.

White male 5'8" 135 lbs. wants to meet Negro males to age 45 for sex and or companionship. No queens or hustler. Jack 475-7950, 2-10 P.M.

23 Yr. old Masc. Gay male is planning to leave country Feb. for finland on trip working and bumming, which may take him round world. Looking for yng comp., gay or straight, to share experience and expense. Required are attractive, adventurous, hip, easy-going and possess enough bread to get his ass in gear. Call Rick, Phils., (215) KI 5-1478.

Man (40) with older children, no wife, 15 minutes from village wants woman or girlfriend for sex Lund (201) 795-0017.

"Discreet, masculine guy seeks horny, male guys who want ashes hauled, offbeat loving or photos. 265-0060, Ext. 820, any hour after 8 P.M. or all weekend."

N.Y.C limousine driver works 3 to 12 mid-nite, would like to hear from those who wish some personal loving. Must be slim form to 40 by all means call. Perhaps I can help in other ways. John PL 5-4000 Ext. 3022.

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**MALE**, 20, college student, very lonely seeks intelligent, lonely girl to share department. Maybe we can learn to love each other. All serious replies will be answered. Please write: Larry Bank, 171 Eastern Pkwy. Bklyn., N.Y. 11238.

**GIRLS!** Young male musician, just arrived in N.Y. wishes to meet swinging chicks for dates, etc. Call Roy after 6 p.m., GE 6-1790. No homos, prostitutes.

**EROTIC** dreams and action: The creativ man — the elegant gentlemen — the activ boy — dating — letter of introduction one admission to health club. Only \$1. Frank P.O. Box 1282, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

**WHITE MALES** seeks attractive gal 40-50 with pad for uninhibited sex roudvous — no emotional involvements, just sex. Call Jack 9 to 5 Mon. thru Fri. 687-2359.

**NICE GUY**, 37 yrs. old, handsome, tall, slim, have car, pad, enjoy movies, TV., conversation, would like to meet young lady. Please positively no guys. 342-8198.

**YOUNG** professional needs tall, attractive girl for modeling and fun. Should look terrific in miniskirt. Under 25 only. (Leave message). Lee, 777-3131.

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

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

**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.

**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.

**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.

**GREAT RAY**, cunnilinguist, desires clean attractive nympho type women for oral genital stimulating "frenching times." Private, discret, serious! White, 34, 6' 3", 195, single. 215 TRemont 2-0532 (Phila. area) after 9 p.m. Travels N.Y.C. often weekends.

**THUNDER** from an unusual fruit sings upon a palm of disbelief when justice captures the fruit with a monument of relief. UN2-4471 Orpheus.

**HANDSOME** bachelor — forties — love to meet an honest girls up to thirty-five. Not under, one-hundred twenty lbs. White only. Have beautiful pad with all goodies. Am an expert cunninlinguist. Must appreciate sex. Discretion fulfillment assured. Married girls O.K. No homos, phonies. Please call (212) 799-5039. Call any time. A.M. or P.M., Billy.

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THE QUEEN CAN ONLY BE SEEN AT THIS THEATRE

**rebuttal**

(Continued from Page 5)

Because Latimer is a journalistic liar, a sensationalist who will twist things to make himself look witty, a very cheap hack.

He very snidely calls Today Louise Malone a 'blonde hippiechick starlet.' This, despite the fact that the met and talked to her extensively. That at least 2000 kids in the Haight and a couple of hundred here know that she didn't act in the film, has no interest in acting, and only appeared in this film because she, like thousands of others in the Haight (and they all helped make "Revolution") knew that I was not going to bum-trip them the way all the media had. That I would let them put their version on the screen, just the way they felt it. She is not here to defend herself against the likes of Latimer because she has returned to the commune in which she lives in Petaluma. But I'm hereto call a liar to his face for calling her a "starlet"—as would anyone who knows her. She just emerged, by my choice, as the one person we got to know the best in the film.

So don't believe Latimer. He's on a very nasty trip. He reviews films not to serve you, but just to see his own silly (and vicious) blather in print. And don't believe him about "Revolution." Ask an honest friend who has seen it. See it for yourself.

**JACK O'CONNELL**  
Producer/Director of  
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DESIRE white female traveling and sleeping companion to San Francisco area. Leaving about Sept. 1, will arrive about Sept. 10. For further information write Federal Station, P.O. Box 3352, Rochester, N.Y. 14614.

BECOME KNOWN. AIR YOUR VIEWS ON RADIO INTERVIEW PROGRAM TALKING ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE SUBJECT. WRITE BOX 3400 CHURCH STREET STATION, N.Y.C. GIVING BRIEF TOPIC OUTLINE.

PARTY-SINGLES, live music, dancing, fun begins 9 p.m. Friday, Aug. 23, 1968 at Les Champs, 25 East 40 St., N.Y., Operation Party, Inc. Adm. \$3.

HELP. The Mind Garden people (Vermont) are still trying to find a suitable 5,000 to 10,000 square foot location

(N.Y.C. or ?) for their new rock/dance palace. The new Garden will feature a Leviathan three-dimensional cosmic Light-show unlike anything in all existence! (Sans projectors). IF YOU CAN PUT US ON A SUITABLE BUILDING, call Marcel Ban, (201) 923-4476.

**WOMEN:**

If you know that you are different; if you think and feel more than others; if the game you are now playing is just filling time and space, come be with others who are safe because they are together. We ask much but we give much. This notice will be open for a long time. An ad for men will be placed later. Legal Hassles, runaways, crashpad seekers, etc., go elsewhere. 331 W. 21st St., Apt. 3W, N.Y.C.

WE NEED staff and investors to help us start a new underground paper here. Please write to Hawaii Free Press, 885 Olokele Rm. 403, Honolulu, Hawaii.

NEW underground filmmaker needs photogenic people — all types, all talents.. Give experience, if any, photo and phone. H. Landes, 37 East 40 Street, Bayonne, N.J.

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ASTRO — CALL CENTAUR EMERGENCY 581-5360

ALLAN GORDEN, where the fuck are you? Call Chester, (212) 925-6680.

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