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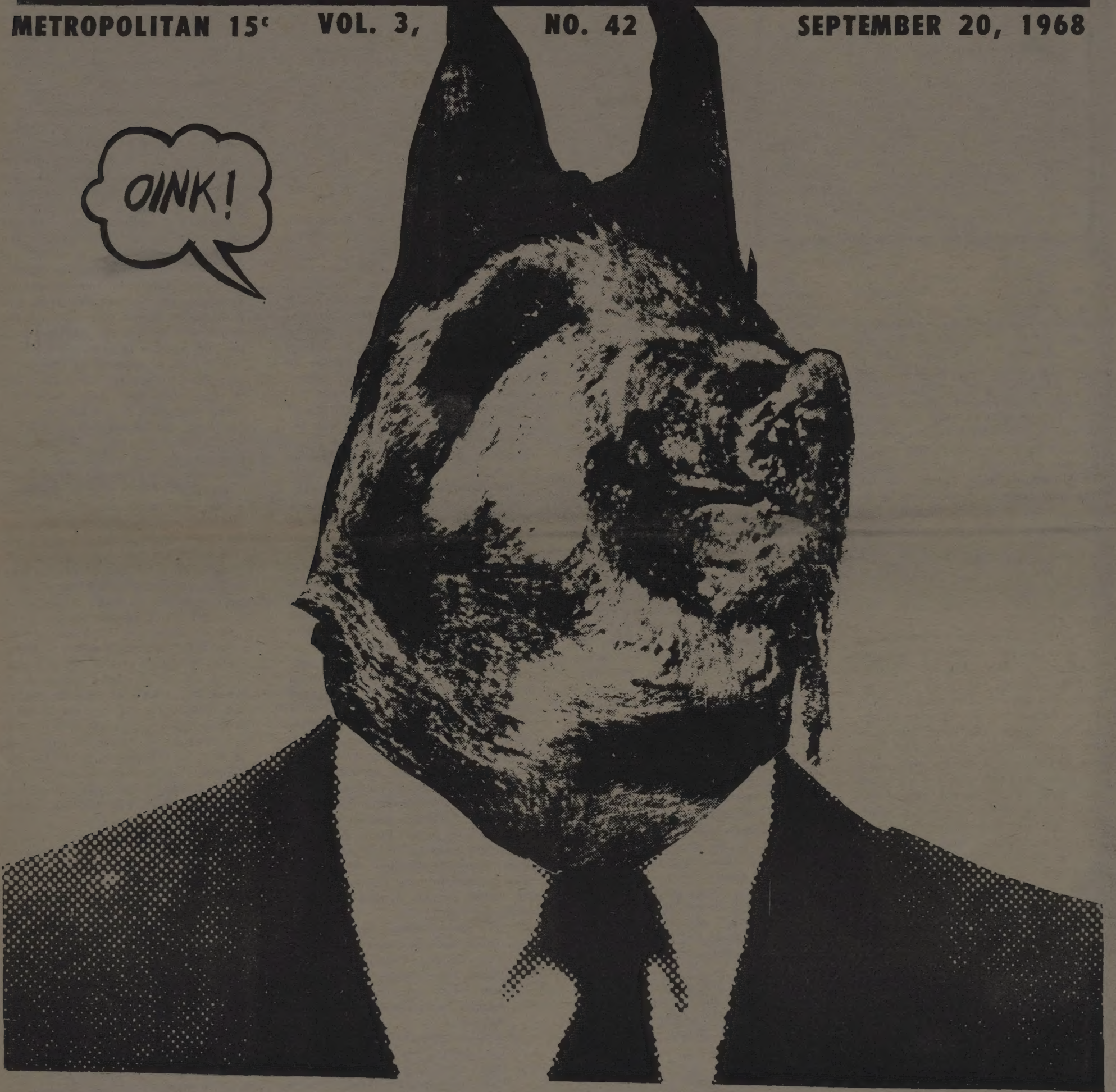
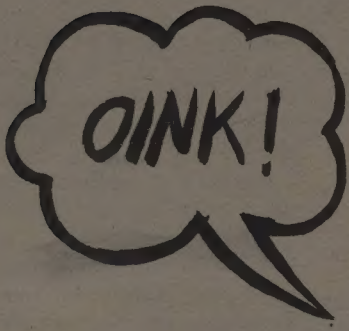
OPINION

METROPOLITAN 15¢

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1968



**GEORGE WALLACE
FOR PRESIDENT**

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dipshit

Dear EVO:

In reference to Snooglenick Yippie's letter (Sept. 6, Vol. 3, No. 40) concerning whether the social revolution will be won by infiltrating Big Brother or by mass defiance. It seems to me that both are necessary. If each man or woman is to (pardon me) "do his own thing," then some will necessarily have to conform while others will be rebels. Only by getting inside and doing what we can to change the Establishment and by storming it from the outside, will our chances of finally overcoming be greater. United we stand, divided we fall. The only common denominator is the spirit of revolution; the means to the end are diverse. The end is inevitable.

Love,

The Cactus Kid

(Tucson's answer to the Flower Child)

Dear EVO:

Your whole paper is the product of twisted minds, wallowing in filth and obscenity to match the filth of their bodies, clothing and souls. Your articles and pictures degrading the N.Y. Police Department are evidence of persecution complex. You're not fit to shine the shoes of any of our wonderful police, and the day is coming when you'll get yours—not only from the police but also from all the decent people who believe in live and let live. This is something you and your demented companions can't swallow because it's the truth and your twisted minds can't face the truth.

We'll see you all burn here on this earth and in Hell!

Mabel Rosen
N.Y.C.

Dear Jew Scum!

In Mein Kampf, Adolph Hitler describes Jews as, vermin, slime, and human blood suckers! After reading your filthy Communist rag, it's plain to see what he was talking about. You Black loving, Jew liberals, will soon find out that under National Socialism, a new America will emerge! Free from red Jew traitors, like yourselves! It's only too bad you Beatnik cruds weren't permanently gassed in Chicago. But don't worry, you'll be the first one's on our lists. You red Jew liberals are right where you belong. In a ghetto! a ghetto—known as the Village. Village it is! A Village of Scum. Hitler again says in Mein Kampf: The terror of the left can only be broken by a stronger terror from the right." Our day is coming, and yours is going!

Heil Hitler!
Larry Smith
Baltimore, Md.

Dear EVO:

This letter is to the entire underground, from an apprehensive person. Fearful, even, I fear for the embryo of

the alternative society. I fear that as it grows and struggles in the womb of its mother this nation and world, it becomes infected with her ills and will at birth bear them living into the future. I am speaking of the appeals that are heard to our violent propensities, our impatience, our hostility, and our very own bigotries. This is the fever within and by which we are nurtured, but by which we must remain uninfected.

In every confrontation (and there will be confrontation enough, for they seek us out) our moral stance must be impeccable. Their violence must not be whetted on our violence. Violence and repressive tactics must be shamed from them by our example, until even their own children despise those without shame. We all know that that is where the hope lies, for that is the way we ourselves were drawn from our own ideological oblivion, that seems so long ago. But violence, hatred and bigotry are supposed to characterize them, (we say so) not us. What is true of a rat-race is analogously true of a fight among mad dogs.

Maybe it was corny and perhaps it suffered from other weaknesses as well, but "Flower-Power" was the best slogan and peace-cry that this poor world has even known, and its equal is not likely to be soon seen again. But "Kill the Pigs" is hardly the mantra with which to chant into mind and being our alternative society. That is the old way—their way. If our cherished revolution is to come about, it must be with a shower of petals from our side, not a hail of bricks, bottles and bullets. If the latter comes it cannot be our revolution, but some other, and our hopes and those of mankind and history will have been again betrayed by our weak resolve.

Be of strong will and conscience. Go in peace before the nations.

Yours in Samsara
Everett Johnson

Dear EVO:

I've recently arrived in N.Y. but I've read with interest the letters of Compassionate Jim and Snooglemick Yippie. May I, an outlander, offer some small comments?

Snooglemick I fear confuses surfaces and essentials. We all conform, man, if only with our own ideas and ideals. To conform or not is not an open option. To what you conform is. Now, what is the essence: surface symbols, (which I don't mean to put down), or personal philosophy? For outside appearances can deceive. The recent big bust should prove that.

Some of my friends back home were as hip as you can get in a state like Kansas where people are so straight they have a hard time tying a shoe string. My hip name came about because I, like Jim, live in both worlds. But it was given affectionately. There was even an

informal semi-commune until the fuzz busted some of us for suspected utilization of certain local secluded and specialized crops.

Yet, in spite of hassel, paranoia, and often mutual waves of hate, Jim's argument is powerful. I think that sometimes those in the confrontation branch of the revolution forget the facts of human fallibility and brotherhood. It is understandable, for they are our front lines, and they bear the brunt—the physical burden of this effort to improve the quality of human life. But while agreeing with Jim's position, I can't agree with his opening "Everybody..." Perhaps that's the crux of Snooglemick's concern.

There should be room in this movement for all: those who desire confrontation, those who wish to persuade and try to garner converts, and those who prefer to try to establish objective alternatives to the plastic American monolith. After all, the cry in Chicago, Czechoslovakia was "Join us!" And many did. And that, I believe, is where it's at.

Slum Area
New York, N.Y.
Stay free.

Dear EVO:

On September 14, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago opened a show titled "Options", in which the undersigned artists were scheduled to participate. Since the Chicago police under the direction of Mayor Daley have made deliberate efforts to brutally suppress dissent, artists have second thoughts about showing their work in Chicago museums and galleries. A number of cago for two years as a protest against them have chosen not to show in Chicago for two years as a protest against the city's administration and with the hope that Chicagoans will then "have discarded their present political leadership."

We respect the position of these boycotting artists. However, we believe Mayor Daley and the Chicago police are not people who would miss exhibitions of contemporary artists, nor do such exhibitions show up in the city's income. Before the contrary is proven, we assume that citizens of Chicago who do care about contemporary art are not followers of Mayor Daley's conception of law and order. We doubt if their influence sufficient to insure that people are not beaten in Chicago streets and hotels. We think those Chicagoans who are interested in seeing our work should continue to have the opportunity to do so. They should be informed, however, that the exhibition of our work is not meant to create an atmosphere of phony culture that could cover up the machinations of repressive forces. An attribution of Chicago galleries and museums is likely to hurt the wrong people and might even be in the interest of Mayor Daley. We therefore do not withdraw our work from the "Options" show. We indeed are for options — particularly in Chicago.

Carl Andre, Harry Bertoia, Hans Breder, Jack Burnham, Jackie Casen, Enrique Castro Cid, Tom Doyle, Peter Forakis, John Goodyear, Hans Haacke, Eva Hesse, Richard Hogle, David Jacobs, Lila Katzen.

Stanley Landsman, Vernon Lobb, Tony Martin, Paul Matisse, Gerald Oster, Charles Ross, Edward Samuels, Joop Sanders, Robert Smithson, Rudi Stern, Theodosius Victoria, Paul Williams, Rober Zakarian.

Dear EVO:

The movement is dead. There was the flaming youth of the 20's, the beat, the hip, the flower children, the acid heads,

the militant revolutionaries. And now the apathetic, the children of the absurd, living from moment to moment for no reason in particular, just kind of hanging on, waiting for Godot.

Living and breathing unconcern. I sat watching the Republican Convention on TV and as they got near the end of the roll call I thought, my god, maybe there is some hope, maybe Tricky Dick won't be able to pull it off on the first ballot and maybe Rockefeller will be able to pick up some votes for the second ballot... West Virginia... he's not going to make it! Forgot about Wisconsin, the Dairy State. And you knew, looking at that convention, watching the people on the floor, the alte cockers with jowls and big ribbons across their chests, the real estate salesmen with NIXON bumper stickers stuck to the front of their plastic big-brimmed straw-type hats, the kids that worked for Rockefeller, the up-and-coming Yale Law types licking for Lindsay, the two or three good people in each polled delegation, (Virginia stands out in my mind) who weren't going to be bullshitted by any line of dried-ups fixated in their anal periods squeezing out Nixons into the microphone with a satisfaction as though someone was expected to pat them in the head and congratulate them for their good work, the people who said "the youngest delegate of the great state of

— casts his one vote for Nixon", as though their youth were an excuse, or they were prodigies, you knew that after the convention was over, and the only ones left were the guys sweeping the floor and the TV newsmen talking it over in a sea of empty chairs (remember "Our Town"?), you knew that every one of those to-the-last-hopeful Rockefeller people was going to get into bed with each other, the sex that is all that is left when all is gone. I once saw this great picture on TV, with members of the Polish underground fighting the Nazis in the sewers during World War II, and there was one pair, a girl and a guy, that got separated from the rest, and wandered the sewers looking in the shit and in the mice and in the dark for an opening out, dragging along for days until finally they find an opening and it is barred shut. And it was the sex those people would have had if they had the strength.

In the September 12 Voice, a man writes of Chicago as the eulogy to Lenny Bruce. He speaks of Chicago, of Bruce, of the old and once good Humphrey, of the Hilton, of King, of Billie Holiday, of Rubin, McCarthy and the dead Coltrane, of things gone and people remembered, only remembered. And in the September 16 New York Breslin talks of the old Humphrey, and of Chicago, and of pigs, and of drinking in quiet desperation in a desperately quiet bar. And you know, that that is all that is left.

Once there was no Now for it was always tomorrow, always to be bigger and better and higher things tomorrow, and it was said that you can not step into the same river twice. Today there is no Now and no tomorrow, only what was, and it is said that you can not step into the same river not twice, but once.

So blow brass bands and beat empty drums, the movement is over, long live the new movement, the dispossessed and the disenchanting, the people who have finally come down.

A great Hebrew poem of the Babylonian exile asks, "How can we sing the songs of god on foreign soil?", and so it is asked, how can we sing our songs, do our things, upon this foreign Babylon, land of the celebrated Tower and Whore, land of the dried-up and slack-joweled, land of the club, the gas and the camp? We sit awaiting the coming of the messiah who will lead us out of this bad trip with no end in sight, we

(Continued on Page 18)

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Saucers over the Hamptons



by Stanley Fisher

My speculation, in my last article, was that August 31st would be a day of portent and wonder. A note of irony and fulmination was added that day with the publication of a state dept. foreign policy declaration to the effect that the idol called the 'Status Quo' was in danger. California didn't topple into the abyss, but North Eastern Iran did—a major catastrophe—in which, oddly enough, 31 towns were devastated. And did you know that the F.B.I. investigation of civil rights violations in Chicago was based on the injury to—well, 31 reporters. Remember: 31 in Hebrew is EL or the godhead, and its opposite is LE or "not" or negation and has the numerical value of 13. 13 is the number of years that Mayor Daley has been in office. Channels 13 and 31 had their hands full that evening. They were in on the first board of education meeting ever televised. It all happened at 27 W. 27th. And did you know that in 52 years, N.Y. State will have a population of 31 million? That's the year 2020. Will we have to wait that long in order to see each other clearly? Another first on August 31st. "4 IN TEXAS GIVEN A WOMAN'S ORGANS." Is this another proof of woman's superiority? Or is she just ribbing us? Anyway, it was the 36th heart transplant; and the numbers from 1 thru 36 add to 666, the number of man, the beast. Also the numbers 1 thru 36 can be placed in a magic square so that each column adds to the number for the Holy Trinity, 111. It was on August 31, that I noticed that the ages of Humphrey (57) and Muskie (54) add to 111.

During the early morning hours of August 31st, I dreamed. I found myself in a city unknown. I wandered among tall dark buildings. Something prompted me to look upwards. A huge space ship hovered over the buildings. I said to myself: This is it! Finally The real thing! It was huge; staggering my imagination: cigar-shaped, majestic and finned. Its colors were silver and black, colors both calming and menacing. I saw markings and portholes. Hopefully, I thought: It's our own! Then I blacked out. When my eyes opened, (still dreaming), I was panic-stricken. The space ship had crashed? Landed?

and I remember seeing its huge metal-cast, pock-marked tail assembly—terror prevented me from looking at the main body—and then hearing—an interior hearing—a warning. Watch out! Take cover! Explosion! I staggered away—hypnotized, invaded by an eerie hopelessness—and at last turned back to look . . . and saw a fearful ruddy glow everywhere—as if a slow motion atomic chain reaction were engulfing the scene. I awoke—in wonderment.

The following nite, I met a casual acquaintance in Sheridan square. I had always thought of him as obnoxious because in the past he never missed an opportunity to rib me insensitively about 'my flying saucers'. Now, looking at me rather seriously, he commented: 'I finally understand. I know what you're talking about now.' He didn't have much time, but this was his 'conversion' story. He had taken acid the night before (Aug. 31st) on the beach at West Hampton. With him was a tripping chick. Suddenly, at the height of his high, he saw a group of space men. They were friendly and did not alarm him. They had very large 'clown' heads and very thin stick-like bodies. They told him that they were Martians, and that they came to Earth to help man achieve peace and brotherhood. They said that mankind must follow the precepts of Jesus or die. That all men must become Peace Walkers rather than peace makers, (I assume they meant that we should become models of our beliefs rather than 'making' others believe). They told him that they did not make themselves visible to the girl because she would not have understood. Then they left. And, of course, the following night, we met. A straight line is not the shortest distance between two psychic points. His last words to me were: 'I've heard that there have been saucer sightings in the West Hampton area'. Readers, have you seen any?

Saucers over the Hamptons was written before last week's article, "To Err is Divine", and so does not reveal the galactic location of those mysterious silicon extraterrestrials. But in the final paragraph of this postscript to the above article, I will give a clue to the whereabouts

of those celestials.

Last week another F-111D crashed, without explanation, into the sea. Also, in Jaipur, India, a filching warehouse keeper explained the loss of 111 tons of grain to hungry pigeons. But state officials thought that explanation was "for the birds." (Synchronicity: as I finished writing the word birds, the WLIB disc jockey was praising the lyrics to the song, the "Broken Wing Birds," by the 5th Dimension). Also—a bit a hanky-panky was being discovered at the headquarters of the Human Resources Administration, located at 111 John street. And, for whatever its worth, there are exactly 111 black colleges in the good old U.S.A.

And now to the mail: A letter from a G. L., who suspends his initials from an egyptian ankh! He has had an encounter with the numerics of the Holy Trinity. At 179th St. while waiting for the 43 bus (179+43=222 which is 2 times 111) a 1968 cadillac (8 letters) appears with plates marked VC 111. He wants to know what significance those plates had to him or to the Viet Cong (8 letters).

My answer: Things (experiences) are always more interesting than we make them out to be. Hence, by thinking about an experience in the most interesting way possible, we come closest to the explanation of the experience for others to experience, who, in turn, through gratitude, will endeavor to perpetuate a continuous chain letter (ladder) of illuminations. 111 lends itself (is a pawn) to the process of our becoming infinite.

VC, I believe, is also french for toilet. But in another context, v=velocity and c= the speed of light. To reach the great galaxy of which I have spoken, the god's sure citadel, during the lifetime of a human crew would require $v=0.99999c$, or a velocity per second of 186,000 times 0.99999. Does that clue help spiral you closer to . . . ?

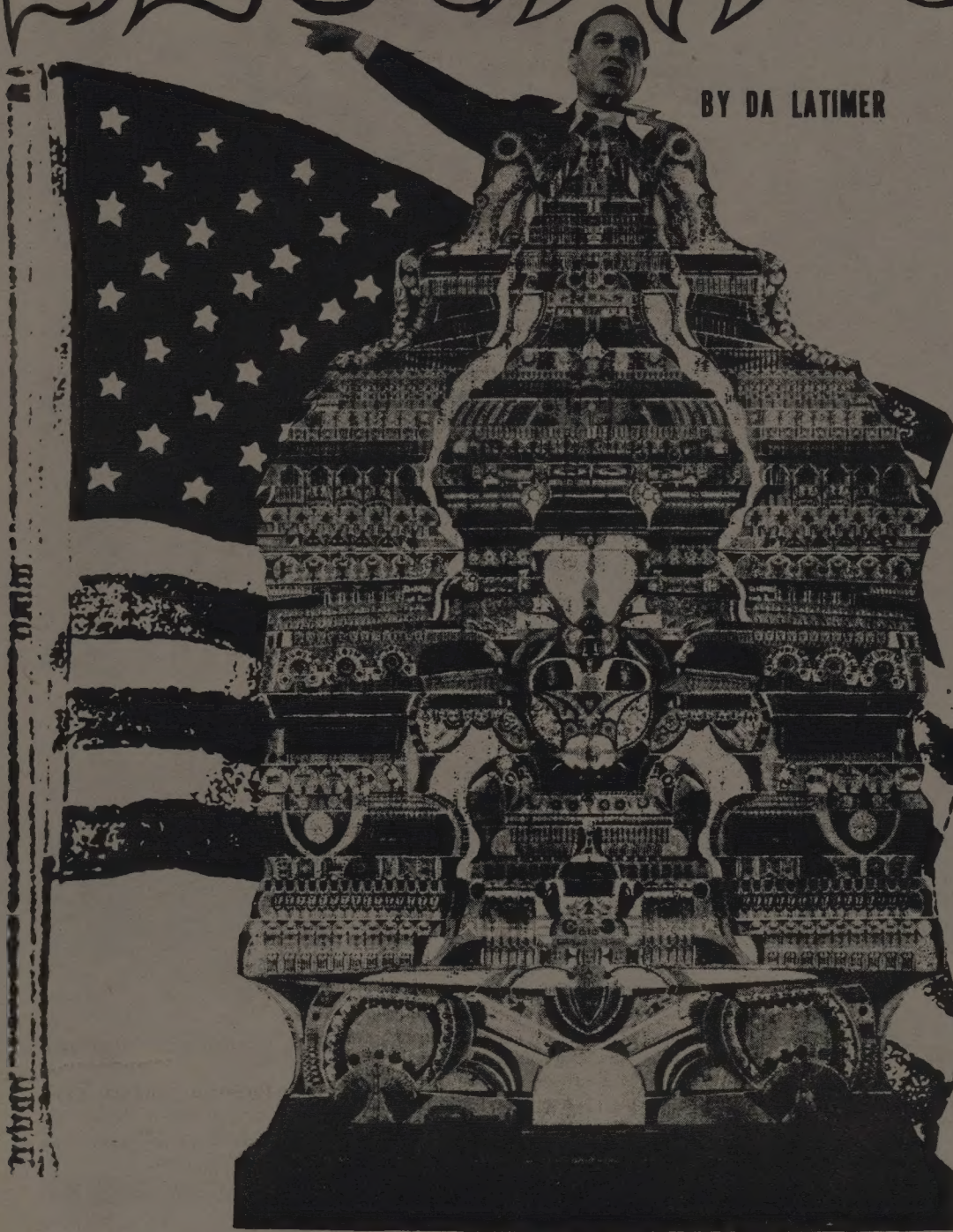
Stanley Fisher
Astropsychologist

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DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER



What's all this bullshit for? Hubert Humphreack did get nominated after all, God have mercy on his soul, and he's off on a wing and a prayer and a clotheshangar smile. Mayor Daley it would seem was left holding the bag by no appearances, and what if the bag began with S and ended with T, there was no reason for this awful film to be broadcast ever. All this film is going to do, all it was made for, is scare shit out of the Forgotten People.

Louie Heinz has two cars in his garage outside of Oswego, and he has a wife and two kids — one of them ran away to Woodstock last summer, but he came home last week — and a Teevee set, and on this teevee set last Sunday night he saw Mayor Daley's flick about the Yippie Conspiracy in Chicago. Louie Heinz makes twelve grand a year and he feels indignant, now that Richard Nixon has pointed out that Someone has Forgotten him, and he saw this horrible flick last Sunday night and now he's scared.

Migawd, those Yippies, they're all over, there's millions of them! Just look at all those little bastards . . . Tom Hayden, he's big in that bunch, huh? Jerry Rubin, yeah, heard of him, some kind of Jew, and Berkeley, yeah . . . David Dellinger, Christ, he looks like the foreman down at the plant — must be some kinda paid agitator. Yeah. They wanted to what?

1. Disrupt the convention.
2. Paralyse the City of Chicago.
3. Discredit the Government by discrediting the Police.

And the people who made this awful film then proceeded to show Louie Heinz the way the Yippies went about achieving these pledged objectives, by Roman Numerals I, II, and III. Number One, they disrupted the convention by, well, they, um, they stood in front of the Hilton Hotel and said things to the delegates and somehow they worked it so that Rev. Abernathy and his

people had to be saved from them by the police. Number two, they paralysed the City of Chicago in this wise, they threatened to put lysergic acid diethylamide into the water supply, so there! Number three, did they discredit the cops? I should say not, why, the Chicago Police Department acted with celestial compassion and restraint, they didn't use any guns at all and they didn't kill one single person. The gentleman who was narrating this film of Daley's made the Yippies sound ultra-puissant and Conspiratorial nevertheless. Louie Heinz stopped on the way home from work Monday and bought another gun to keep in his car trunk. First it's the Niggers and now it's the Yippies, if it ain't one gun it's another.

Such is the state of the Louie Heinzes of the world, that a halfdozen corpses and a couple thousand doom freaks can pry him loose of enough of his hard-earned income to buy yet another gun. Yeah, man, corpses: every one of those pig cocksuckers they had defending Daley in that flick was a corpse. You could tell by the look of them, stiff and pale and green around the edges, you could practically smell them way to hell the other end of the tube. There was no ghost in the fellows in any of them, they were through, they were dead in all parts of them. Chief Riordan had a lot of gall, for a dead man, gloating over those bricks and spikes and molotov cocktails like a bride fondling her wedding presents — had he turned around you might have seen a spike sticking out of the back of his head, with LOVE scrawled on it in day-glo. Corpses they were, bloodless and stiff, nevermore to fog up another mirror.

As for the demonstrators, well, good ole Louie Heinz, not a better man in the county than old Louie, Louie Heinz had not seen a more skillfully terrifying bit of film editing since Morey Safer did his report on the Red Guard

last summer. Here were all these freaks, George Meany don't like them freaks, and they were sitting around on the foofing grass like they owned the place, smoking these foofing cigarettes and laughing to beat the band, and behind them, right behind them, is this awful chanting . . . Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, Hey Hey LBJ . . . Louie Heinz gonna vote for Nixon, he'll put all the Commies in jail.

But no, Louie Heinz, he won't, ain't nobody gonna put all us goddamn Commies in jail. You look out, Louie Heinz, we gonna get you and take one of your cars out of your garage. Can you dig it? We gonna team up with the niggers and we gonna bust your ass up good. We'll show people fucking on your teevee set, we gonna say fuck where your daughter can hear it, we'll gather up all your garbage and bring it right home and dump it in your lap. Not Mayor Daley or President Johnson or even Chief Riordan, Louie Heinz — we're gonna do all this to you, you poor Forgotten nameless asshole. You just better watch your ass.

Guerilla tactics seem to be catching on everywhere — the Establishment too is quickly learning how to hit below the belt. Mayor Daley for instance knows full well the hysterical aversion with which the middle class, the Forgotten People, react to anything that begins with S and ends with T. Radical political power grows out of the end of your colon, if you work it right. James Eastland certainly works it right, he is clearly the Dennis McClain of the shit-ball, his saturation bombings of Abe Fortas have that gentleman smelling like a cornfield in May. Eastland lately has been screening porn flicks for any Senators that care to show up for such; the only price of admission is a thundorous denunciation, directly afterward, of Abe Fortas for finding such immoral insulting perverted horseshit Not Obscene, and thereby unleashing the youth of the Nation onto it. After thus steaming up the Senate chambers for some few weeks beforehand, Eastland last Friday (the thirteenth) asked Fortas to appear before his Judiciary Committee to discuss this perve, and also incidentally to answer more charges of hobknobbing with the Executive branch while on the bench. Everybody was rubbing sweaty hands over the prospect: after what they did to Fortas last session, they should really be able to stink him up over the porn issue this time. Predictably, Fortas disinclined to step into the shithouse on these premises, and Eastland's crew perforce waxed shocked and indignant over his "refusal to appear and answer further questions concerning the extent of his involvement in executive branch operations." Conservative political power grows out of the tip of your tongue.

Never let it be said Latimer is set in his ways and ideas; hardly a week of national campaigning has spiralled down the drain and he is already revising previous statements. Putting Humphreack down last week, Richard Millstone Nixon said this, he said: "Contrary to what this Administration believes and preaches, the war on poverty is not a war on crime and it is no substitute for war on crime." The Big Dick would have it that Welfare and Relief money went into Maçe and billyclubs, and that a doubling of the conviction rate would cure the country once and for all of Crime in the Streets. In view of those statements, Latimer revised his former attitude toward Nixon: I hate him now, I hate that motherfucker bad!

The director of the Law Enforcement League is John Donohue, a tense,

thin man with a blond crewcut, and member of the John Birch Society. He says LEG is seeking "the support of reasonable citizens to counteract the civil rights groups who are anti-police." If you are now or have ever been a civil rights group, watch out for this Fig. Me, I'm a Stegner Fellow.

Spirochete the Agnew is also eating his words. When he last week called Humphreack soft on Communism, or rather "squishy-soft", he claims he really had no idea that sort of terminology had been previously copyrighted by Old Joe McCarthy, and it took Ev Dirksen and Gerry Ford to slap his wrist and inform him that the phrase was out of the public domain. Pray, where the fuck was the Agnew at in 1953? Anyway, our Spirochete will no longer call anyone Soft On Communism — but he will happily show you a list of names of militant anti-war and Black Power leaders who went to Havanafi Hanoi and Moscow and Peking for lessons in Red strategy. The Forgotten People still remember the Communist Conspiracy.

It's sad to watch the Young People for McCarthy now, running around hopeless with all that money of Poppa's and no place to spend it. Last week they circulated a newsletter — Farina Number Four — and they gravely thanked everyone who had helped the campaign along, and suggested that the Paul O'Dwyer and Sid Davidoff campaigns were still going, but they were really wondering what to do now that there is a chunk of rightwing shit where once they could see a political alternative. EVO suggests they run around the streets some. In the language of the Real New Politics, shit or get off the pot, motherfuckers.

WALTER WINCHELL LIES

Three-dot-journalism is alive and crooked in the Daley Column: "Strange how Sen. McCarthy is so Dovish on the Vietnam war—yet was so Hawkish when it came to bringing his young followers to the convention and confrontation with Chicago police." . . . Ole WW'chell is a strong antAcid—says it destroys your powers of cogitative thought . . . And while we're on to the Daley Column, what of the report in their pages a couple weeks ago that some poor 2nd City fuzz had been 'paralysed for life' by the Yippies? According to the Official Daley Rept., as broadcast Sunday over Metromedia, the most serious cop injury was a busted nose. They portrayed it simpatico, most sympatico, blood and everything. Stuckpig, yes.

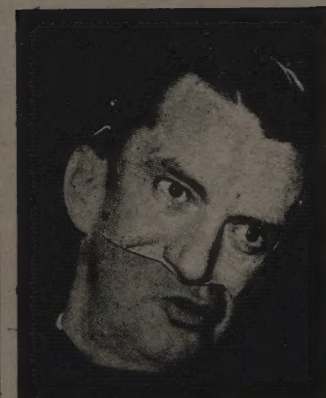
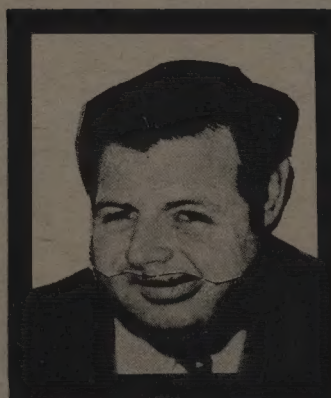
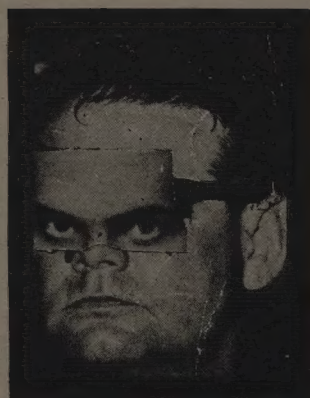
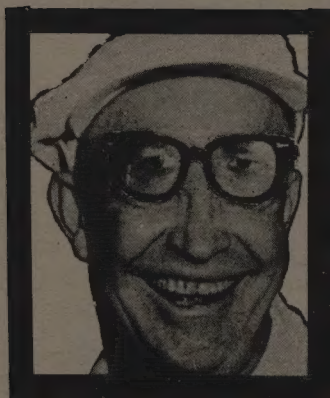
People in the Business Office here are Not Talking, but Latimer here has the impression EVO is going broke because copy this week is being typed on the very strangest stationery . . . YOU ARE IN ARREARS forms . . . Old press releases from the Ani-Triskedecaphobe League, the Park Department, Fred Cherry's writ of certorari, the Editor's Law School diploma . . . Anything with a blank sheet on the back of it . . . Cotey Typesetting is up in arms . . . EVO needs help: send money, wine, girls, tetracycline to the East Village Other, % DAL.

The Very Latest Adventures of Fritz: Robert Crumb is in town, he showed up at the EVO Office Sunday nite, seeking Kim Deitch's address . . . When I asked him, he just said 'I'm Robert Crumb,' just like you might say 'I'm DA Latimer,' or 'It's Wednesday today.' . . . Gosh.

Also, Great Ray just called up. May be writing a book on his experience in the EVO Wheel & Deal Column. . . . The Henry Miller of the Mouth.

(Continued on Page 19)

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL



THE BROTHERS YIPPIEDOV

Abbie Hoffman's the one.

He's the tube, the extension of it, the rose in a glass of champagne. He's the one with the color TV in his living room, on a stand. Abbie flies, he jumps, he's the compulsory muscle, the one Agnew loves, the one Wallace promises to slap, the one Sophie Tucker would have loved to spend ten days in bed suckling the pig of his loins — if she had the stamina. STAMINA.

He's the one with stamina. The media freak who knows it.

Daley loved him for that.

I saw Abbiegorin Monday night. Tuesday morning he was going to Chicago to have his CASE put off, since he planned to leave for Prague in pursuit of Shirley Temple Black. He was flying away, the criminal.

Abbie's the one who looks good on television, who's wanted by Godard for a movie.

O. K., Abbie is home. He's jumping. Color TV. "We don't look good on TV anymore," he says. "Mc Luhan is right. Best thing the country can do is put a black man in the White House. . . . good for our image . . . America's. And he'd look good on television."

Jerry Rubin was leaving to intensify the Berkeley front, and Sunday night, that's right, Sunday, the Whisperers were at work thru their jaws how the Brothers Yippiedov, had had a falling out because Rubin was the assassin & he, Abbiegorin, the ambulance driver. But Abbie and Jerry and Anita & Nancy were glued to the color for the Daleyscope, how they rolled under & over into mattresses and back to the door as Daley the Communicant launched his counterbrainwash against the Eastern Establishment . . . right up to Abbie Hoffman.

Jerry Rubin's the one too, everything; you can't pin yippie! down, and the "leaders" maintain the same flexibility, maneuvering in their own space, which is all space, because their minds are everywhere, in the chaos & the holy & the chaos, and Jerrytov is always there, hair flying, eyes flashing, crazielovies — and Daley hated Really hated Jerry Rubin. He knew that, before going to Chicago to defecate (now, that's not a word!) on his doorstep, intelligence knew that the said Jerry Rubin had spoken to Fidel, Che, Mao, Duvalier, Kennedy, Stevenson, M'Toto, DA Lattimer, Norman Mailer, Nancy and Crazy Blue Joe Flying Stick from Nebraska where Jerry was Vice President to Eldridge Cleaver, Mr. Molotov.

Daley hated Jerry. Praying one morning he was seized by masturbation fits and cooled by vision of Jerrytov shouting, "I want to take you home. You look so good for me."

Jerry returned to Chicago last week to challenge the Leader of the Pigs. . . . to burn his holy report. DALEY TELLS PRESS: "DID MY DUTY: Police magnificent now the same Jerry laughing rolling to Daley's thing on color TV, and he was returning to the place where he almost became Mayor — Berkeley. "I feel we are on the verge of the biggest social earthquake the country ever had," he said before flying out with Nancy Kirshan, his love.

. . . thousands of kids in the street at the rumor of the first robin of spring. . . . kids are going to take over all the colleges, all the high schools — and we shall know we are there when kindergarten joins the front. . . . now it's Inaugural Day . . . January 20 . . . when they swear in their pig . . . well, we're going to have ours too, right there, we are going to swear in our pig. Everytime the Man has a party we're going to steal the food. . . ."

NERO IS THE HERO.

"We're going to kill them with our information." Remember Daley shouting FUCK YOU to Abe Ribicoff from the floor during the Death Convention? "Don't say that," Daley shouted to a reporter afterwards, "I never used that language in my life and you say that or anything else and you lie, you're a liar," the communicant never cusses.

"Daley's a regular chicken delight," Jerry said, and laughed some more at his dead spider face. His Worship the Mayor, *el sucio!*

"We loved it," Abbie says. "It was fantastic. Daley should have used some more makeup though. Straights should never leave the powder base at home."

"The rabbi got hit."

"Where?"

"Right in the temple!"

Abbie's the one, and he has to raise \$150 to go to Chicago tomorrow.

"Chelsea Hotel," he says to the driver.

"I tried to get some bread from Mailer . . . Norman." "And what happened?"

"Couldn't get thru to him, man. I saw him at the airport two days ago and he came over and we shook hands. He said he still had this deadline. Deadline! I say Norman what kind of piss writer are you. Abbie goes to Chicago & fights the pigs and he gets busted for having FUCK written on his forehead . . . but you Norman, you didn't even get banged up — and it's taking you three weeks to write your book. It's a book, isn't it? Me, I wrote my book in three days. REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT. How's that? And Mailer said, Abbie if you were a good Jewish girl I'd lay you right here. No, he didn't say it like that. He said, I'd piledrive into you Abbie Hoffman. I laughed. Norman is just a fucking unbelievable bastard. He has a Negro maid. I couldn't believe it. Norman with a Negro maid. I tried to see him today. They—you know he has all these people around him, his actors & actresses & champagne prostitutes & his marital zoo collection. Always likes to have his wives around when he's working. So he's shut away in some closet praying before a typewriter while his entourage deploys about the ground. You know Norman, he's a structure freak. But he's great, you know, I love the bastard. Norman!" Abbiegorin wanted his fantasies crammed with visual chaos.

"It's a drag," Abbie says. "I can't leave without Daley's permission. But I'll do it. I don't want to end up spending my life in a Chicago jail. I'd rather shoot myself. Pain has its own reflection."

Gerald Lefcourt is his lawyer. Abbie Hoffman is being driven to Shirley Clarke's rooftop at the Chelsea. "She's giving me \$100," he says, "you know I can get the money from Paul (Krassner), but that's too easy. So here I am."

The game was on.

"Who's winning?" he says to the driver. "Two to one?"

"You're kidding," the driver says. "Nine to One."

"That McLain is something."

"An incredible sonofabitch," the driver is smiling.

"You've got to really pitch to win like that."

"Yes."

"What did you think of Chicago . . . the whole thing? I wasn't here for it. Away in another country."

"To be honest with you, I didn't read nothing," the driver says.

"Heard who was nominated President?"

"I know. Humphrey."

"And Vice President?"

"I don't know. He's got a funny name, Muuuuuu . . . Musty?"

"Something like that. Muskie, Musky, Mussie. Yes," Abbie says, "Muskiemoose."

"Something like that, yes."

"Who do you think is going to win? Nixon, Hump—"

"Whoever wins we win," Abbie threatens. "I mean, you shouldn't have to work so. There should be energy right here, in the car, nuclearpowered leisure. You can let the car drive itself forever . . . and you can become a yippie! You're not too old for that. We have to save the country together. All the pigs want is mud . . . mud. They want to trap us in their mud."

"Something like that," the driver says, "but I don't believe it at all. That nuclear thing." His father was 87, made the sweatshop journey. "Today the fancy machines do all the work. You go back 30 years and it's a different story."

"Your old man worked twice as many hours as you, and your kids are going to work half this time you're making. And if we got into the revolution . . . if we speed it up," Abbie says, "you won't have to work at all."

"What?"

"If you quit you can go on welfare. Everybody else is doing it now."

"What's the deal?"

"You get paid for doing nothing. You can come down to the East Side. Live!"

"I've got five kids, mister."

"So what? Bring them too. I've got eight. Think of it."

First stop, driver exits smiling at 8.30. We enter the Chelsea. Jackie Cassen is going to visit Bob Blossom, the poet. Jackie says, "Yes, Emmett. I know you. Emmett Grogan." Alright, he's Emmett, mad Digger with the flashing beautiful prole fantasies. O.K. He tells

her the story. Right now to get money from Shirley. Jackie will give Emmett maybe ten or twenty. She gets off at six, up up up.

"I do it all the time," he says. "I'd say I was Rudee Vallee. I turned down offers for 50." Abbie is that kind of extremist. "She said she was going to pin it to the door," he says at Shirley's. Yes, on the door, a check for one hundred dollars. He kisses it. Triumph & Expectation. "Hustling keeps you in good shape, mentally & physically." But look at him, allergic to pea grains, hasn't slept seven years, the catnapper who jumped up Sunday night started kissing Daley embracing his color you're such a sweet darling of a motherfucker. Daley, we love you, you first American honorary yippie, "you pig!"

He stops at Blossom's apartment. Jackie is there with her German Shepherd. "I had it," Abbie says. "Every cent, but I had to give it to two girls who wanted an abortion. Did you see Daley's movie last night? You don't have TV?" he says to Jackie. "You mean, all your light shows and—"

"I come from somewhere else," she says.

"Are you taking lights to Prague?" Bob Blossom wants to know.

"No, the Russians are doing that." And he remembers WBAI, he with a yo-yo, Bob Fass laying The *splanged Banner, and Kusama dotting her freaks. . . . they're wearing LBJ, Castro & Jackie Kennedy masks, and they were actually fucking & switching & swishing . . . on radio!

"What's the good?" Jackie Cassen says, "it should have been on TV."

He tells her how to not pay for airline tickets. (The info is too valuable to be set down here.) "Corporations don't give a shit if you steal from them," he says. "They call it shrinkage."

Then to Jackie's place for the bread, but, before, "Bob has something for you, Emmett."

Abbie the Emmett takes the ten dollars and embraces Bob. Once in this same building the real Emmett Grogan raised \$16,000 on the roof, and when he had all the money in his arms he started dancing & joying up throwing the money around pissing on it screaming, it was such a crazy time, and they loved it.

Who are they?

So he goes to Jackie's and gets some more money . . . a check for 20.

"I really shouldn't have attacked Emmett's panhandle," he reflects in the street while cussing out the taxis that don't stop to pick him up. "But, shit! he won't mind. He shouldn't. Anyhow, he's coming into my sphere of interest," he laughs, "Emmett should know better. COCKSUCKERS! Why won't they take us? Ridiculous. Do they expect us to knife them? Come," he says, "hide behind me."

To Steve Paul, the reluctant pervert. Steve not home. "That's what happens when you come uptown," he says. "You don't know what it's like to love somebody the way I love you," someone is singing. Abbie is invited to wait for Steve. "I get drunk easy," he says, "Apricot brandy . . . good for my health. Medicinal purpose." Drinks & leaves, outside the lights are dancing on his corneas off-on-off-on. Times Square. "I love it. I love it. Anita and I always come here to late movies. Great. Look, a circus tent! Oh, man, I'm going to die soon, I'm sure. Everything is so beautiful." Stops for cigarettes.

"Good thing I'm carrying a knife," he says as soon as he gets back to the taxi with two packs, one for him one for the driver. "Those guys are really into a thing."

So down to Max's Kansas City, and the lights are still dancing loudly.

"There is no myth without action," Abbie soliloquies, "and rumor is more powerful than truth." The war was being waged on the media level. Television was more powerful than Lyndon Baines Johnson & the Democratic Party. Reduced to the question of who knew how to use media.

"Lots of people on the left attribute too much power to the Government . . . to the USA . . . but Mao was right. America is a paper tiger." And he knows how to handle the FBI. "They're always calling on me. I know they're having a hard time. Chicago Police won't cooperate. Thinks they're outsiders. That's important. You have to know that. You won't find out if you made a scene . . . came down on them. But you start from the premise that you know more than they do. Then . . . mine bought me breakfast!"

(Continued on Page 6)

AMERICA'S GOING

BY DAVID BODIE



How do you transform revolts into revolution?

The International Assembly of Revolutionary Student Movements aims to investigate the problem during the week at mass meeting panels and in small discussion groups convening in classrooms and auditoriums at Columbia and NYU.

The assembly, co-sponsored by the Columbia Strike Committee and the national Students for a Democratic Society, includes representatives from the University of Montreal, McGill, University of Nanterre and other French groups, the Free University in Berlin and the German SDS, the British groups, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Czechoslovakia. The sponsors told EVO that they have paid the fares of seven or eight of the foreign delegates, but need of donations to cover other expenses. Central in the organizers' minds is the question of "where we go from here?"

The events at Columbia — which can be seen as an extension of Berkeley's Free Speech Movement which itself had its genesis in the civil rights struggles of the late fifties — are only a revolt.

The only tactics were and are revolutionary, just as sit-ins were in the beginning.

The next obvious step — especially after Chicago — appears to be coordinating the movements which are struggling against the common enemy: the established order of things as they are.

But the answers to the question of how to make revolution are to be found in the study of the problems, in the investigation of the actual relationships which now exist in society.

To this end, the assembly has scheduled seven evening sessions. The following afternoon after each session, small discussion groups are being held.

The following is a schedule for the night sessions. Each begins at 8 p.m. The afternoon discussions are at 2 p.m.

Sep. 18, at Columbia. "General Analysis." *The history and present state of the various foreign movements, and the situation and outlook in their countries.*

Sep. 19, at Columbia. "Action and Issues on Campus." *The use of reformist demands in making a revolutionary movement, ways to use a cultural offensive, how students are oppressed in other than political ways, curriculum, ideology, etc.*

Sep. 20, at Columbia. "Actions and Issues off Campus." *The relationship between workers and students, organizing in high schools, relationship to internal colonial questions (e.g., the black liberation movement in the States, regionalism in Spain), women's liberation, organization of professionals, and the kinds of issues that organically connect students with other constituencies (e.g., the Springer campaign and campaign against the Emergency Laws in Germany).*

Sep. 21, at N.Y.U. "Actions and Issues off Campus." *Discussion of the night before continued.*

Sep. 22, at Columbia. "Organization, Coalition, and Repression." *The importance of organizational structures, life styles, the problems facing the student movement as more and more people are "de-studentized," etc.*

Sep. 23, at N.Y.U. "International Solidarity." *The necessity for international solidarity in the face of international repression and the socio-economic structure of the capitalist world.*

Sep. 24, at N.Y.U. "International Solidarity Action." *Discussion of concrete ways in which the student movement can become a truly international movement, cooperating in action as well as in words.*

While we in America have participated (in person or through the participatory medium of TV) in the struggles of today, movements have been generating power in much of Europe, in Japan, in China (Red Guards), and to a lesser degree, in Latin America.

The struggles necessarily have led to confrontations, and the confrontations inevitably have led to human violence: the cops beating heads, the cops getting beaten (with their casualties lower of course).

The kind of revolution the movement both here and abroad is gearing for is a violent one, one which demands the exorcising of individualism for the sake of collectivism of action. (Individualism, the movement says, is the worst part of individuality, and should be exorcised anyway.)

But isn't there a human alternative to coercion? Is not coercion, in any form or purpose, as evil as the coercion of the cops or the authorities? Will the revolution leave a stain of horror impossible to rub out?

Yet how is a man to be a man in the coercive society that beats on our brains every day.

What can any one guy reading this paper do to make things better

The easiest (and that is *not* a qualitative judgment) move is not to move, to sit still so no one pays attention to you except when you're out of line.

But then you're always sitting in your own shit.

You can join the establishment, like working for McCarthy, and try to affect reforms from within, hoping that the American tradition of being willing to change if another way works better is still a live tradition.

But you saw what happened in Chicago.

Revolution is the only organized alternative it seems.

But the best people in America have always been the ones who *refused* to be organized, who sought the fulfillment of their own individuality, abandoning their relationships with neighbors.

But they went it alone and didn't try to be the social workers of the world, the saviors of the downtrodden, the defeators of the evildoers.

That was none of their business.

to win with love, too, man." It is loving them to death on the streets of the world as the old order of sindeath creaks under the rhythm of change.

Are you now ready to accept Christ as your personal Saviour?

* * *

P.S. 2: The rapbrownization of Abbie Hoffman. The slob was arrested . . . at the airport and, lo and behold to the fawning love of Daley, a penknife was found in the pocket of the tactical genius. Remember how Rap was charged with taking a gun across state lines . . . Federal charges . . . well, Abbie is accused of possessing that dangerous hydrogen weapon and, the unkindest cut, of taking his point across state lines. He will soon be charged with taking his sinus to Chicago. Daley laughed til he wet himself, another vindication . . . no good terrorist knifecarrying nigger-feeling . . . he couldn't stop laughing!

"Let him carry on," Abbie after stepping out on bail. "I won't do anything to stop Wallace from taking him on as Vice President. Me, I'm the President of God."

Yippiedov

(Continued from Page 5)

Mikey who owns Max's was on a stool. He chipped in 70 dollars. "I'll give it to you when my book comes out. Great book. REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT."

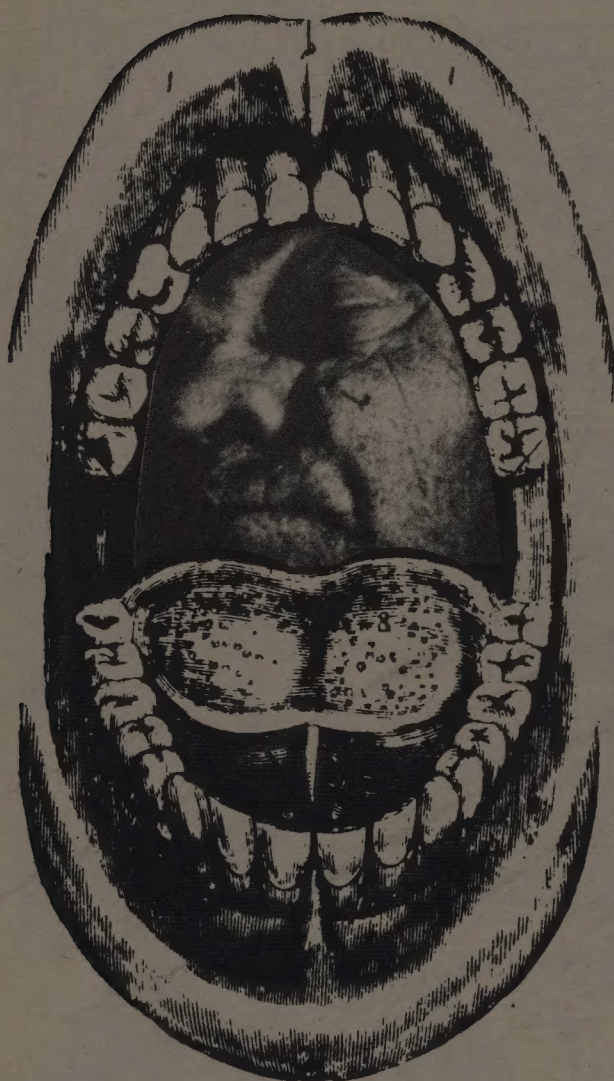
Outside again, he checks the day's takings. Three hundred & fifty dollars. "I'll have to give Anita a cut. If I'm up to it I can bring in \$1000 a day — and end up giving it away during the night. Poor as we are. No rent. Anita has to keep on making her beads." He can make a transplanted heart cry. "Everybody wants something."

He's the one. Abbiegorin is always telling the poor panhandling slob on St. Marks Place, "If you want to have fun hustling go above 14th Street. Go uptown, youngman. The theatre district. Guilt is thick up there. Stand outside GUESS WHO'S COMING HOME FOR DINNER? and get rich. Me, I can't stand Sydney Poitier. O.K.?"

He was the same one, the loving freak in gold dust.

P.S.: Send money pigincriminating photos, eyewitness

ness encounters, affidavits, the whole works — especially money to YIPPIE, Chicago Legal Defense, 127 North Madison, Chicago. Money is a must. Heavy legal costs, average fines for disorderly conduct \$100, \$150, and then there's more, absolutely ridiculous, so high, yippies & company will end up paying over \$100,000 to the City of Chicago to Daley's henchmen . . . "We should ask for a change of venue," Abbie Hoffman says after Daley, contrary to the communist structures of the Warren Supreme Court, used the media, after the fact, to prejudice every single trial . . . because no judge is going to go against Daley on the first level. And to make matters worse, Yippies are filing a \$100,000,000 lawsuit against Dick Daley & the City of Chicago, the same circles, for defamation of character, physical injuries, for personal injuries, and this major suit is being coordinated thru the Legal Defense set-up. "And if we win," Abbie says, "we are going to rent the Amphitheatre for one Big Pig Rally. And we shall invite all the veterans back to the windy city of our blood on the streets. And every Chicago policeman will given \$10,000 to leave the Department. We have



"Astrology has survived thousands of years of criticism and persecution and today there's more interest in it than ever, especially among young people."

Gavin Arthur, famed astrologer, bon vivant and grandson of U. S. President Chester Arthur, spoke of his work and life as we drove to the Oompali Commune in Marin County, California.

During the past year many of my friends and acquaintances had developed an interest in astrology, a "science" I had always regarded as fraudulent. My own brother routinely records his patients' astrological sign as part of a psychiatric history. Psychiatrist Carl Jung cast horoscopes for all his patients. If astrology did have any validity, I wondered, what could be the explanation?

One evening while driving alone in my car, listening to the "Zodiac" album on one of the local FM rock stations, I looked up at a full moon. I thought of its effects on our oceans, manifested as tides. If the moon can so dramatically affect those waters, it seemed conceivable that the moon, planets, and sun also could exert subtle effects on a person's internal fluids and chemicals.

To the best of my knowledge, no comprehensive scientific study has ever been made of astrology. Science is based on a conception of order and probability, so is astrology. We should be able to apply scientific principles to ascertain whether astrology is a fake or has validity.

One proposed study would be an analysis of psychiatric diagnoses correlated with birth dates (i.e. astrological signs). Similar studies could be done easily and cheaply using computers (the first of the psychedelic programmers will complete her IBM training soon.)

Physicians, no less than lay people, should regularly confront themselves with the fact that we can hardly conceive of much that is unknown but still knowable. What are my personal beliefs about astrology? I'm agnostic. I admit the possibility but do not believe. I think it's worth investigating.

On the other hand, a hip Larkspur dentist maintains that astrology is merely a reflection of a larger phenomena

FLOUR POWER

The stars, karma or coincidence combined to bring about a beautiful sunny day filled with love and groovy people. I was to meet Gavin at his dentist's office in Petaluma, egg basket of this part of the planet.

I drove down Washington Street, which shows signs of slowly changing into a glass and stucco replica of ten thousand other American main streets. Dr. Francis Crawford's receptionist slid open a glass window and beamed out at me. I mean beamed. No white uniform. Partial anesthesia derived from her good vibrations.

"Gavin's not here just now, but there's someone I think you'll want to talk to."

Sitting in the dentist's chair was smiling, tanned Garnet Brannan, Golden Gate Bridge of the generation gap. She told me she was working on a book about her experiences as a confessed pot-smoker of at least 18 years. Fired from her job as principal of a grade school, she now teaches the children of the Oompali Commune.

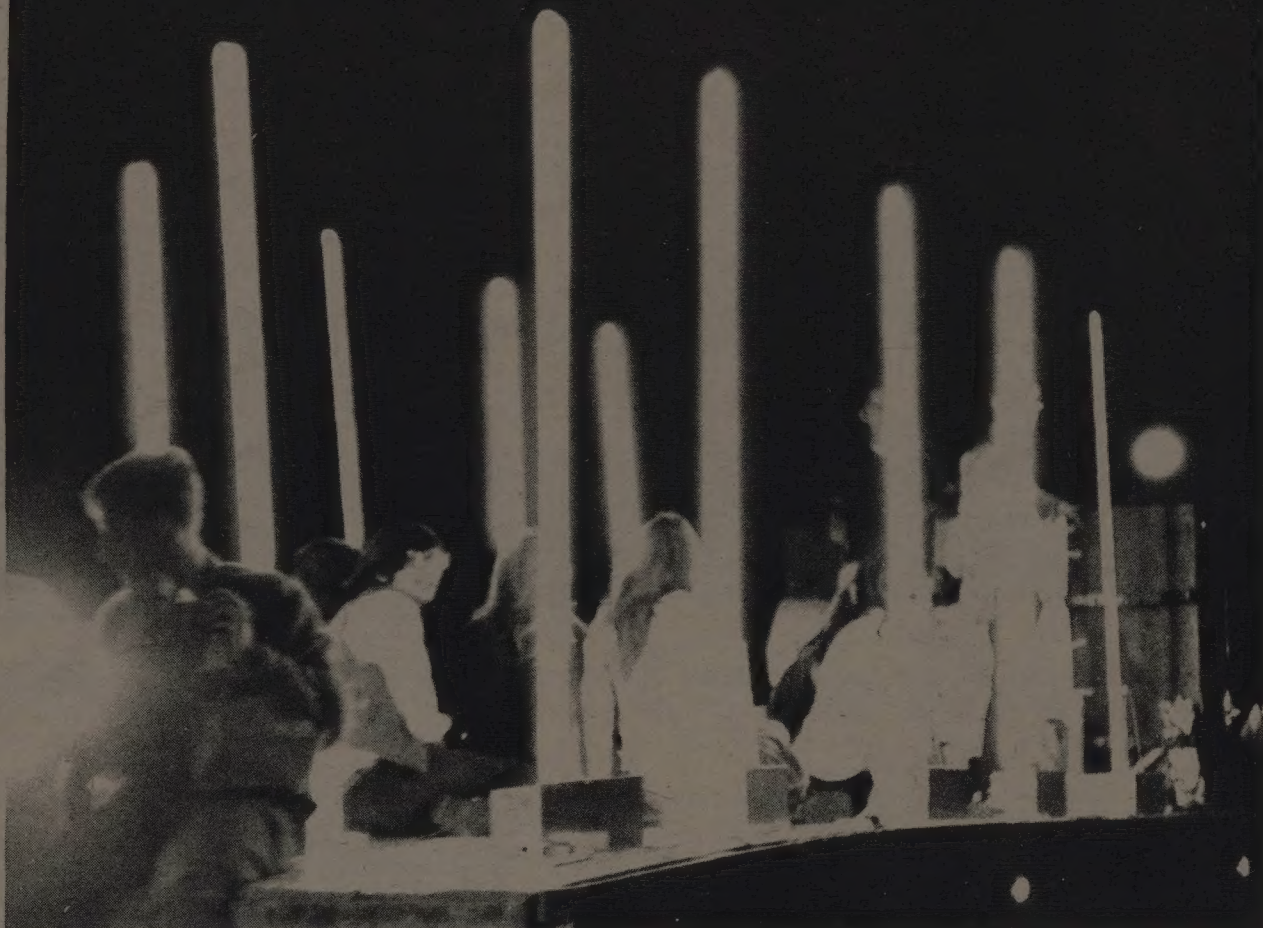
"See you there this afternoon," she said.

Time to have my teeth checked, I thought, as I left Dr. Crawford's office. Gavin Arthur was waiting nearby and we drove out of Petaluma and on to Oompali.

Hank Harrison, former head (!) of LSD Rescue, re-

(Continued on Page 21)

Avant-Garde Festival?



BY DA LATIMER

Saturday notwithstanding, Charlotte Moorman is still about as avant garde as a cattle car. Dress her in an orange jump suit, suspend her from balloons, hand her a cello that really has no say in the matter, and haul her down Central Park West in the vanguard of a freak parade, and still, well—any boat with such a figurehead would sink beneath your wisdom like a stone. The Sixth Annual Avante-Garde Festival, which manifested itself as a parade this year, could really have got on well enough without her. It got on splendidly. It was nice.

Around eight-thirty, an hour and a half late, things got underway. The parade had been held up for a while by a disturbing element from the Far East, one Yayoi Kusama, who insisted on infiltrating the ranks. Now, the parade was filled by invitation only—twenty displays, no more, no less—and it was sponsored by Consolidated Edison what's more, and it was feared that little Yayoi might prove embarrassing in any case. She has people run around naked, you know, and lately she's taken to political comment, burning flags and such. At ninety-sixth street, where a clutch of people had gathered in the sunset to inflate balloons and warm up amplifiers and such, Kusama's crew appeared early and began soliciting help from the onlookers. Producing a long spread of bright red linen, she wound it around a dozen people, including a tailend contingent of little kids. To some of these she handed fleshcoloured masks of notables like Johnson and Mae West—truly hideous masks, real freakouts, people were cringing back from these little kids who looked like Lyndon Johnson, it was a good effect. But then she blew her scene, did Yayoi, by burning two flags, an American flag and a hammer and sickle. "What in God's name are they doing?" "I think they're burning a flag." "Ahem, yes, that's par for the course, par for the course indeed. I wouldn't be surprised if there were some draftcard burnings too. Yes, yes! 'That's awful.' 'Boo.' 'Hiss.' The parents took their kids out of the red stuff and dragged them across the street. Kusama let them keep the masks. This sort of thing went on all night.

Finally though, the police stopped traffic along Central Park West from one hundred to fifty-ninth, and the progression commenced. At Onehundredtenth, where the main body of the parade had mustered, the strobes were spooking the squirrels out of the trees and the pigeons were swarming away toward the sheep meadow. One of the great things was winding gently through the park behind a kid on great tall stilts, weaving and sweating happily in the glare of a spotlight trailing along behind him, dancing on stilts while a happy combo played wonderful African music. Con Ed had provided the trucks and the power: a series of electrified art displays trundled down along behind, between the trees, up and down the little hills . . . Upper Central Park should be discovered and taken over by shaggy freaks, it'd keep us off the streets.

The streets, in fact—at least Central Park West—were taken over Saturday evening, albeit legally. The avant-garde parade had this advantage over any others I can think of: rather than merely stand and gawp passively at the parade, the people were encouraged to jump in and wade alongside the likes of Ralph Ortiz, Luis Camnitzer, Carolee Schneeman, Willoughby Sharp, Joyce

FOTO RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN

Wieland, Emmet Williams, and Lil Picard (late of EVO, sweet Lil).

Kusama tried that, walking alongside the parade. There was this ridiculous teeny-tiny Japanese chick strutting down the street, and blow me down if she wasn't smack dab in front of the middle of a great banner stretched across behind her reading—well, it went like this. SELF (kusama) OBLITERATION. That too was one of the great things.

But it was not to be. First of all, some patriot in the crowd noticed she was carrying a Red flag, hammer and sickle displayed prominently. Sure, it was in fact a Red flag—dragging along in the dirt behind her, people were walking on it, dogs were pissing on it, it was a shambles. But Con Ed was promoting the thing, you'll remember, so presently appears this racketeer type, cigar and vest and all, who gestures at the flag and threatens to turn off the power on the whole parade without Yayoi removes the hammer and sickle from it. Stripped of a bit more symbolism, the Sixth Annual Avante Garde Festival Parade continued with a plain red banner dragging through the soot. The Con Ed soot.

Now, what else was in the fucking thing? There was a movie screen that showed damn few movies, as far as I could tell. Somebody had lashed a dozen or so wooden chairs to the rear bumper of a Volkswagen van, nailed human silhouettes to the chairs titled them **The Chairmen**, and dragged them down Central Park West to the Mall, hoping they would break apart into flinders. Few of them did. The winch that carried the projector which illuminated the kid on the stilts also broadcast African music and snatches of conversation: the guy on the projector periodically swept it across the buildings facing Central West, narrowing the spotlight in on any windows that single people were staring out of like TS Eliot hollowmen. Charlotte Moorman was ruder than usual to whatever cello-players might have been watching her. Robert Breer loaded two ducks onto the back of a Con Ed truck, stuck in a waterfilled tub and lots of flowers, and let some kids sit on the tailgate.

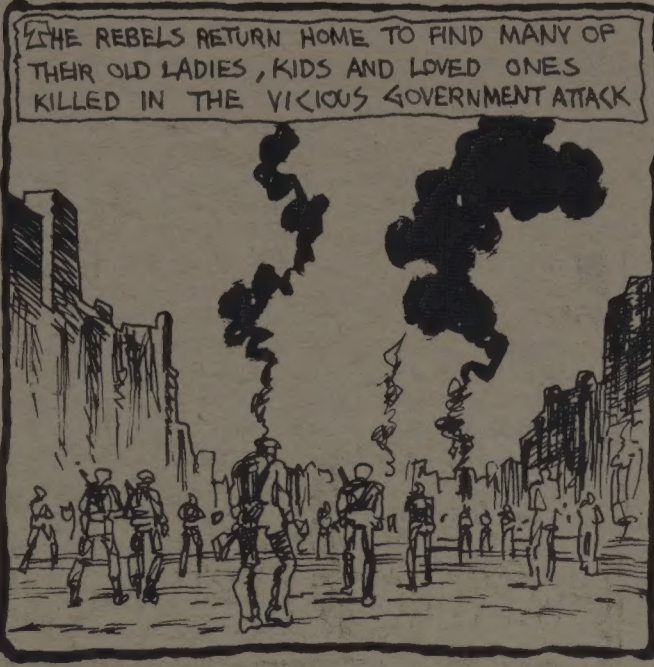
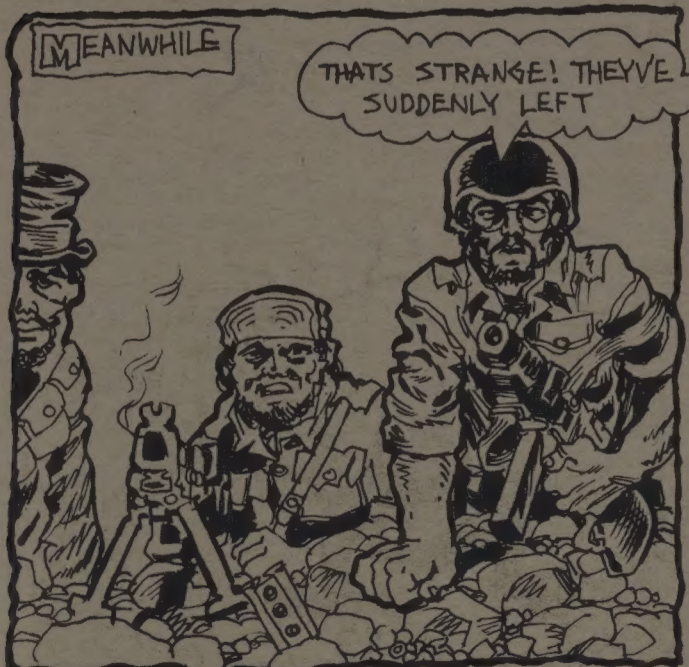
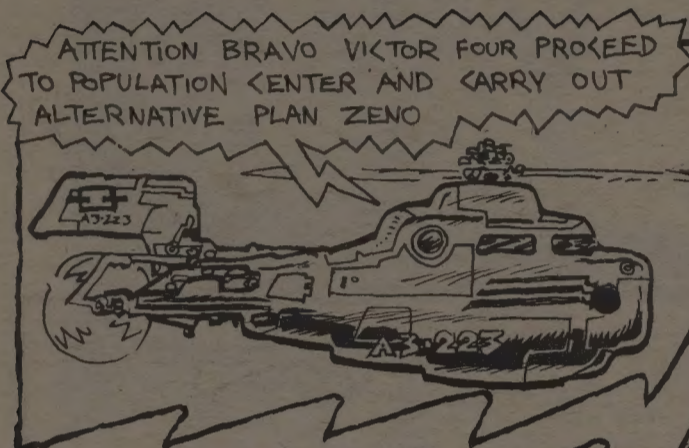
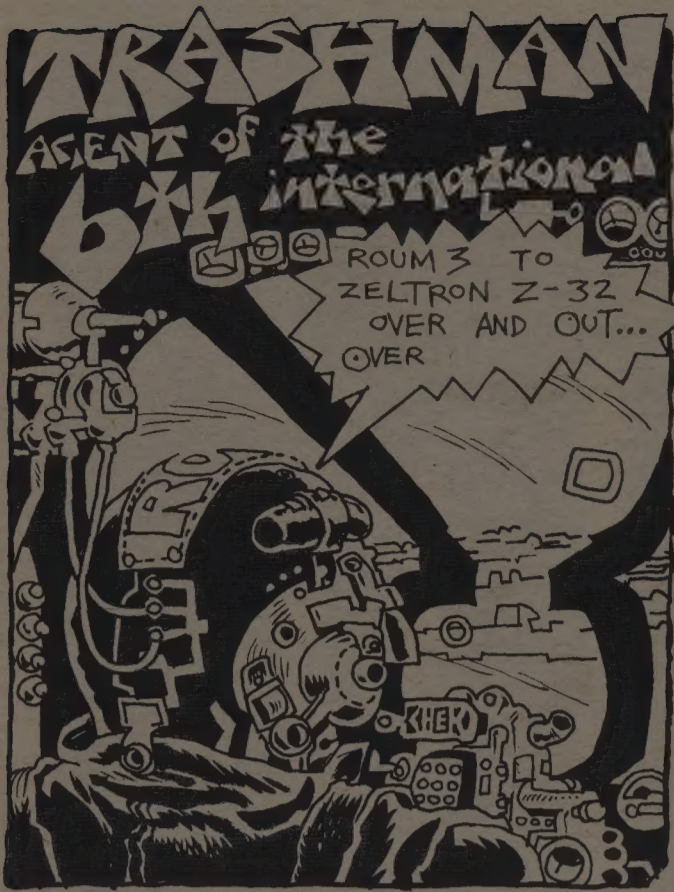
That was the way to go down Central Park West, perched on a tailgate next to the ducks, who indignantly refused to swim around the tub. The Con Ed stooge who was driving the truck periodically came back during the halts and threatened to throw us all off, to cut off Breer's power, to cut off everybody's power and take all the trucks and go home. Breer just wanted to get his ducks home, he didn't want any trouble—he was keeping an eye out for Ralph Ortiz. The rest of us sat on the back of the tailgate passing a bottle of wine around and talking politics; the wine was excellent, the politics flat. Entering the upper sixties, we noticed a lot of rich local residents lining the sidewalks, gawping at the parade.

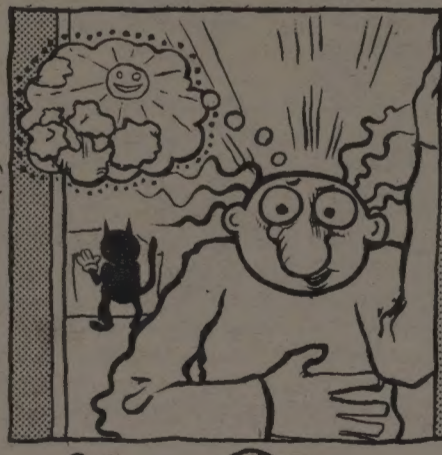
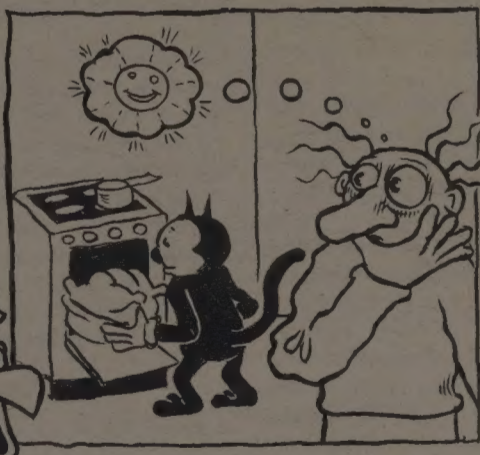
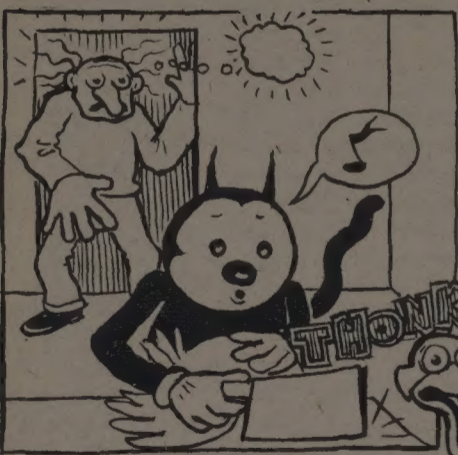
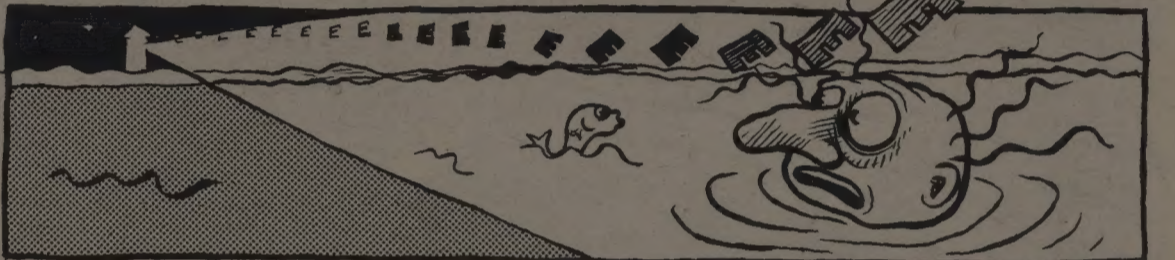
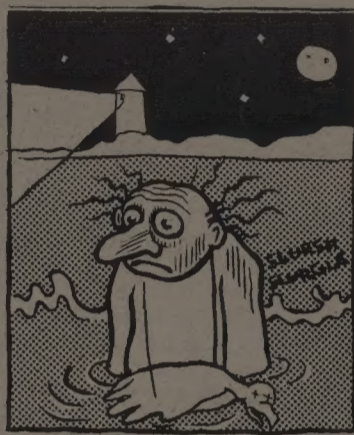
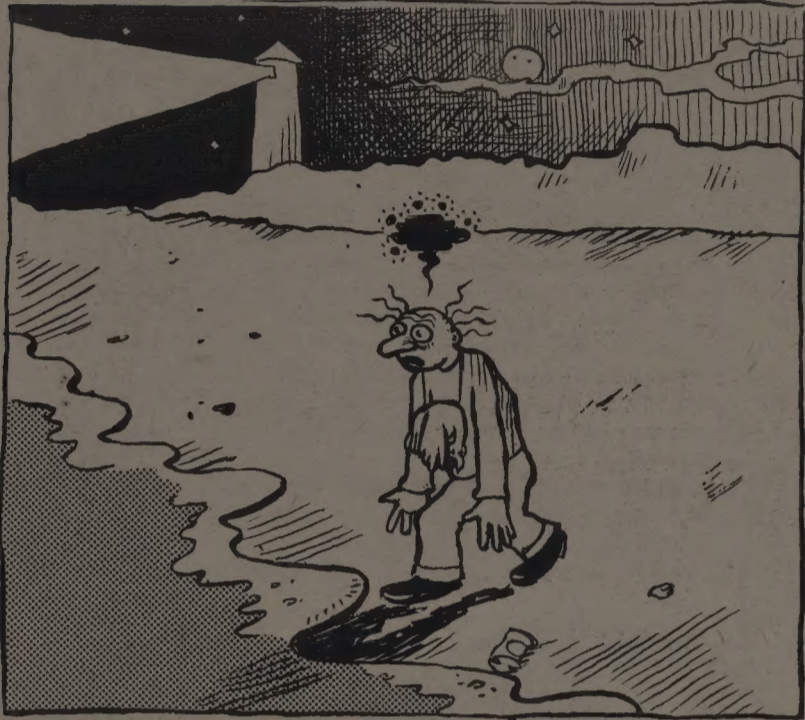
"Hey, hey, we're the honkies,
And we go honkin' around,"

was one of the things we said to them. Others included, "Get a haircut," "take a bath", and "join the parade." No hard feelings though, everything was remarkably groovy and comfortable. There were traces of the old Be-In feeling in the air, stirrings not felt since the Easter before last.

Qualifiedly. Kusama was still in the parade as it approached the Mall, walking fast, and she drew abreast of

(Continued on Page 16)





Patarealist Papers

BY JAAKOV KOHN

The troubles besetting President Nasser of Egypt just seem to keep piling up. They range from Israel to Arthritis, from conspiracies from within to conspiracies from without. The Russians smother him with military goodies and lousy doctors and the Americans take his verbal saber waving with a vengeance. His people love him but really don't give a shit. His efforts in modernizing his people's archaic existence have been thwarted from their inception. In what have been an effort to Outkware Nkruma, he passed a series of laws so irrelevant that they blow the western mind.

Among other things, he outlawed Hashish and Opium smoking which in our terms would amount to taking Flag, Mother AND Apple Pie away from us. Simply inapplicable.

Also, there is the law against child marriage. According to figures released by the Egyptian Government, more than 3 million girls in ages between 8 and 10 were bartered in marriage in Egypt during the past three years. Those same girls have during the same period borne 2½ millions babies.

The same report states that the usual reason for such marriages is the dowry involved. Unlike the fortunes sometimes paid by Arab Oil Princes for flesh, a sheep or a lamb is all the Egyptian peasant gets for his daughter. The report finishes on an optimistic note, pointing to 195 arrests already made in the allout governmental ef-

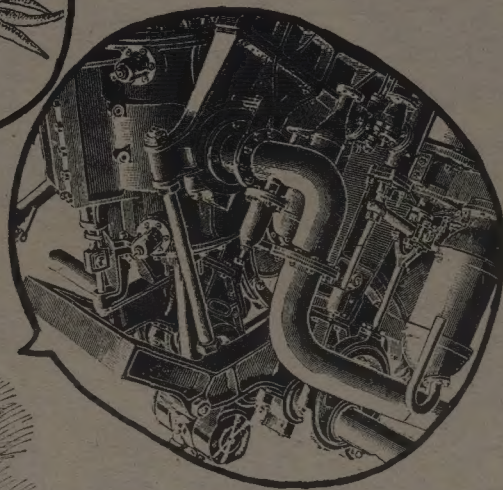
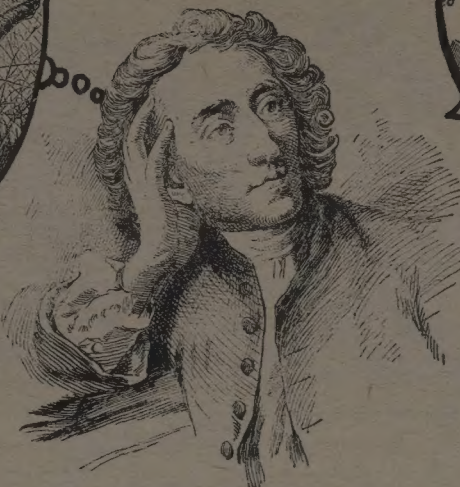
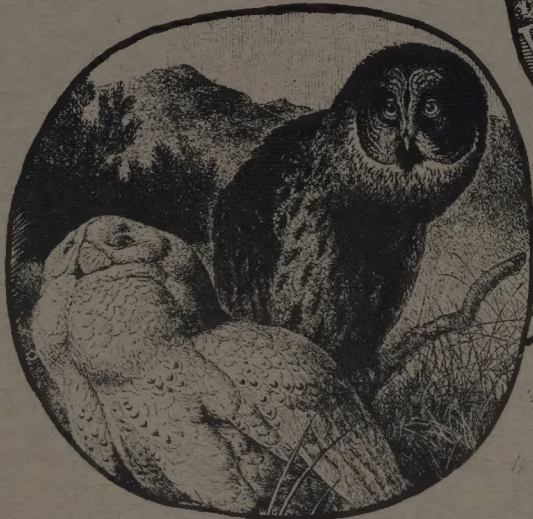
guerrilla warfare concepts conceived and practiced by him and his men have been guideposts to every guerilla war fought during the past twenty years. Oh yes, Alon recently paid his dues to his British alma mater with a lecture on "The Application of Strategic Studies to Security Policy" given to the students of the British Institute of Strategic Studies.

Alumni are the same the world over, anyway you look at it.

There is something wrong in God's business. Even though Billy Graham manages to make a good thing out of it, (his mountain hideway in North Carolina should be sufficient proof), the past attractions of the ministry seem to wane with the times.

The Methodist Church recently reported that the number of preministerial students in it's colleges and universities has dropped by one half since 1960.

Emory University's Dean of Theology, William R. Cannon characterized the situation as extremely critical "with no sign of improvement in sight."



fort to enforce these "progressive" laws.

As Spiro Agnew says, Law and Order is all it amounts to.

One of the more remarkable things about the British is their ability to swallow the glories of their colonial past and concentrate with unique single mindedness on the present.

Former rivalries have not prevented the British from creating an atmosphere to which even the most avowed of enemies have gone for their education. Like all other British educational institutions, Sandhurst (Britain's West Point) today is a composite of just about every budding militarist nation from the far flung corners of the former Empire. A proof thereof is that the armies of just about every newly independent nation in Africa and Asia use English as their command language. The British military tradition is by and large upheld, symbolically at least if not always in practice. One might say that good karma flows between the respective military establishments. (Ask the Nigerians how well british weapons slaughtered the Ibo's of Biafra).

Every once in a while the British get repaid for their generosity. At times the students return to their alma mater to dole out some of their knowledge. One of these is Yigal Alon, the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Immigrant Absorption of Israel, and former commander of the Palmach and one of the most original military strategists and tacticians of our times. The

He attributes this lamentable state of affairs to society's antagonism toward institutional religion or even worse, it's total indifference to the existing church structure.

Con Edison and RCA did it. Why doesn't God try to remake his image. Just Image, the structure can stay the same. Just like Con Edison and RCA.

Nicer to look at but the same old taste.

The ties between Church and Mammon are historic fact. Even when the connection is not always clearly in evidence, it nevertheless exists.

The pill is no exception. The Pope raves about it and Wall Street thrives on it. At times they boom, at times they bust, but there they are nevertheless.

The following is from a Wall Street newsletter and properly reflects the importance attributed it on the Street.

Those swinging birth control pill stocks were off pace again yesterday. G. D. SEARLE fell 4-1/8 to close at 38-7/8 on a 57,000-share turnover and UPJOH slipped 1-3/4, to 49-1/4, on 7,500 shares. Meanwhile, on the Amex, SYNTEX fell

2-7/8, to 54-7/8, on 73,200 shares. Syntex supplies the raw material for birth control pills.

The rumor evidently stemmed from discussions at a closed meeting of the American Cancer Society regarding research projects that are in an early stage of development.

The Wall Street rumor — which was actively making the rounds on the floor of statistically significant relationship between the Big Board — was that there was a statistically significant relationship between the pills and cancer. However, the studies in question are nowhere near complete enough for evaluation, and observers at the Cancer Society indicated that no relationship had been established.

Perhaps because it is the sign of the times, garbage has become one of our major preoccupations. Somehow garbage permeates every facet of our existence. As a consequence, the garbage collector had his status in life elevated from that of a plain garbage collector to an important link in the chain of national survival. The last grabage strike in New York proved that point.

In accordance with this, great care and solicitude is heaped upon the Man in Green. We all try to present him with neat bundles, carefully assembled, wrapped and tied. The

man's hands certainly shouldn't be soiled with our shit. Fair and square.

It seems that all these efforts are in vain. The poor garbage man is still not satisfied. The most recent complaint: Disposable hypodermic needles carelessly cast about.

According to the New York Sanitation Commissioner, 114 sanitation men were pricked by needles during the past months.

The Commissioner appealed to doctors and nurses to discard all future needles properly wrapped. Certainly reasonable but somehow one sided. Aren't junkies and diabetics equally entitled to the commissioner's thoughts? Are our subcultures that worthless? Can't they be allowed to make their contribution to the garbage man's welfare?

Three Gems From Spiro:

"We shall establish clear and unequivocal guidelines as to what constitutes peaceful confrontation and what is deliberate provocation."

"Efforts to discredit the police strike at the very foundations of domestic peace and order."

"Those who falsely allege police brutality, maliciously or not, encourage criminals and contribute to the spread of crime and violence."

The energetic drive by Japan to make its presence felt on the markets of the world received a boost from the recent Japanese discovery of major copper deposits in the Congo. After three years of secret

(Continued on Page 23)

THILM



BY LITA ELISCU

You Are What You Eat is due to open with a benefit for the American Indians . . . and that's O.K.; they have as much to do with this flick as anyone else. The idea of community, beads, living off the land—they're about the only Americans who ever really practiced that as a way of life (excepting early Pilgrims who had no choice). **YAWYE** (and if great hordes of moviegoers don't pick up on that upon first sight, they aren't going to enjoy what comes after) is about the overall process of ingestion, digestion and excretion; people feeding off each other with exquisite table manners borne of trust and love, knowing nobody is getting something for nothing. It is a movie about the Underground, and what one man in particular, Peter Yarrow, thinks is the basic substance, plus a few forays into dessert: Super-spade glowing day-glo but even more psychedelic while going down on some blonde chick who happens to be like a bakery customer with a half-hour time slot ticket; Zappa is there for fleeting moments; Vito; Tiny Tim; flowers, acid, green green grass and lots of tongues, mostly wet. Peter Yarrow sings some numbers, and appears in his film at various moments, eating watermelon, listening to a Southwest hippie talk about family, hearth, and what a roof blue sky can be . . .

Some of the scenes catch: musicians playing instruments in the hot Arizona (?) sun, on top of low plateaus and mesas, girls around, all going faster in the sun; the Greta Garbo Home for Wayward Boys and Girls in toto; Super-spade, who just uses that telephone like the extension cord is only another manifestation of his black cock.

The movie is very aware that 'perception' is only digestion under different colors; the one term implying more intellect (a + word) and the other more earthy and associated with wastes (a — word). **YAWYE** hopes everyone is past that hang-up, realizing that in cycles of life and death, there is no concept such as waste, although there may be plenty of shit.

Everyone to his own digestive tract; part of the movie hit like psychedelic cotton candy, other parts deserve a flash of recognition—you've been there, too. It's a nice ride, and may be like Joe Franklin's **Trip Down Memory Lane** for some. Like **Hair**, it will be a visual confrontation for many who think that 'hippie' implies an inability to exist in the world. Their world, yes; but then nobody ever said it was going to be their world forever . . . the flick opens Sept. 24, Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56 and 57 Sts. . .

A selection from the already short biography of James Lee Byars, artist: "His Head weight 25 pounds;" May be Zeami's ghost; Likes the number 100,000,000; Admires Einstein, Stein, and Wittgenstein; Is a natural a.m. type . . . and furthermore, he creates conditions so that events may take place; one might say he is the irritation which causes the oyster to produce a pearl. Not even he knows how it will turn out. Last Thursday, he held the opening of a new—production?—show?—at the Architectural League up on Madison. 500 people poked their

FOTO RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN

heads through precut holes in a long red curtain which went all the way around the block, to the amazement of people inside the red wall, outside, and those who became performers through happening to be there (passing taxis, pedestrians, and several little boys who ran up and down inside the red curtain causing infinite alarm to those glancing down their head-hole at that moment, watching blond heads race past their knees). Everyone had their price to climb inside the curtain; some held out for three "no's", some four, but most went under at two. Once the line had gained enough momentum to plunge around the first corner at a sedate and slightly drunken walk, volunteers became more frequent.

Mr. Byars will have 6 such 'plays' going on at the League, through October 3rd. All dates are tentative, so call first: 628-4500. This Saturday, the 21st, from 1-5 p.m., Mr. North South* constructing mile long strip in gallery will be on; repeated over the weekend from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Next week, such events as: 12 in a Pink Pants; Hopefully Mile Long Strip will be performed on 5th Avenue sidewalk between 59th and 79th Streets on Sept. 26, 10 a.m.-12 noon.

The Architecture League is at 41 East 65th Street. Call 1st: 628-4500.

Duffy is a bummer. Not even James Coburn and all 159 teeth gleaming can help; not even Susannah York and James Fox looking very drug-thin and speed-freaked (but it isn't, we all know—drugs are too aging; they just went to spas like the Golden Door for a couple of weeks) can help this flick. Plot: James Fox and John Alderton are half-brothers whose Dad is James Mason—who is much smarter than either of them; he married their mothers and got all the money in both divorce settlements. Strange, even for England where a man's home is his castle, and possession is 9/10 of the law . . . Any way, we're going to pull this super, absurd caper, see and rob dead Dad—for the sensation of it, for the kicks!!! Got it? Right, then; on to pop porn of erotic statuary (good) cool dialogue (**terrible!**); Tangiers and the Mediterranean (Mmmm-skinny bikini'd bodies are in the way most of the time); and the craziest character you've ever watched: Duffy. He is a jack of all trades hip, beer-around type; smokes hash, introduces himself to beautiful women with James Bond elan and experience—and then turns into the wierdest bourgeois puritan this side of Spiro Agnew—a real freak of unnature. "Like man, **DUFFY** is in, a gas; it's with it; it's like groovey." That was a direct quote from the credit sheet. Yippie-skippie. The flick is at Cinema I, 60th St. and 3rd Avenue.

The Stranger Returns, on the other hand, is one of the finest spoofs available, doing for the Western what **2001** did for sci-fi. There's this cowboy—**The Stranger**—and he rides a black mare named **Pussy**, who comes when told to . . . and he is mild-mannered, clean, courteous and is as attracted to female companionship as Tiny Tim. Mainly, ma'am, he kills, kills! kiii-ulllls!—but always in the same efficient, cool way, whether it's a rabbit bothering **Pussy** in the bush or a band of outlaws who

SPROCKETS

BY BABY JERRY

The following oral cabbage concerning this film is undoubtedly the 20001st attempt, and yet worthy of my attention when considering the illustrious number of conflicting critical responses. Unfortunately, most are inadequate in appraising Kubrick's intentions or his manner and none face analysis of Kubrick's art which, for better or worse, I shall rudely attempt. Dick Preston, himself, (in an interview with Kubrick as of yet unpublished) complained to me of Kubrick's silence concerning issues of interpretation and his overall coyness with the exception of discussing pyrotechnics. Thus, all the more reason to pin him down. Not like a butterfly, but simply to get a closer, even if conjectured, look at his face.

For the sake of perspective I went to see **Paths of Glory** and **Dr. Strangelove** at the Elgin Theater and now only need to see **A Killer's Kiss** and **The Killing** to complete my knowledge of Kubrick's repertoire.

All of his films are calculations toward dramatic spectacle of one form or another (compare **Lolita** to **Spartacus**) and it's necessarily inevitable denouement, a fatalistic and histrionic point of view; his obsession with causality. The crux of his manner is the credibility gap of naturalism, a style with variant methods all bent! To the task of mass gullability and mechanical experience, so similar to . . . let's see . . . breathing? Not that intellect has much a premium over everything . . . but should the unnaturalistic and technically inferior Melies brothers' **Trip to the Moon** be left holding the straw? Kubrick even goes so sardonically far as to bait 2001 with present day conundrums (i.e. fashions of the sixties, Howard Johnsons, Bell Telephone, etc.). Mass mentality . . . a pulp to be manipulated under the patriotic slogan of real life! Experience! That his next spectacle will disguise itself with the megalomaniacal personality of Napoleon should not come as a surprise.

Someone next to me is extolling the special effects of 2001, but as far as I'm concerned, he damn well better climb out of the shit smelling of roses after spending ten million dollars! The brilliant effect of the sequence using animation techniques is in Kubrick's use of the audience as the protagonist's body, but that to me is a fairly obvious use of the cinerama screen. Always speeding forward! never up, down or sideways or it becomes the portal of a ship rather than your body . . . with it's peripheral vision.

Kubrick, though never terribly interesting in his ideas, seems to improve upon his sense of objectivity film after film. Although dramatic and scenic texture in **Paths of Glory** is somewhat sensitive, the story is a thematic contrivance, and the characters are two dimensional as a result. **Spartacus** is ridiculous, except for Kubrick's dramatic visualization of spectacle. I believe at this point his handling of script was minimal within the Hollywood machine and contains the same thematic problem as **Paths of Glory**. **Lolita**, though more complex in that every character is now culpable, still affords the audience the complicity of watching a freak show! **Dr. Strangelove**, satirically implies that we all, film characters and audience, have become freaks; yet, finger-wagging is, of course, one dimensional dogmatism. 2001, in a sense, is a step for Kubrick in that humans are now only as mechanically complacent and vain-glorious as Hal, the computer, created by them in their own image and somehow as a result (excuse me, but I don't know how.) Are even more ignorant of religious, mystically individual experiences and communication with the cosmos of life. 2001, possibly contains commonplace science-fiction propaganda because of Clarke's influence: i.e. paranoia over the built-in? Obsolescence of the human mind and body vs. machine. Personally speaking, if computers eventually acquire independence as well as identity, and still exist harmoniously with man (including propagation?) I can quite naturally imagine myself supporting electric suffragettes and a civil rights of existence bill.

Thus, the Kubrick cult and "enfant terrible" myth is to me like a helium balloon that has lost its owner and continues to rise so very, very high till, like all false gods, it can only look down at the quivering maze of "ants," itself fated to never rejoin them and destined to a mere "pop" in the vacuum of space. The stars of mass-art are light years away . . . yet, I may be mistaken . . . Kubrick, though mediocre, is still talented . . . and even if only for entertainment's sake, I would recommend his films to you. For truly, you must be the best judge!

Time has fled and I have a day gig and after having been up all night finishing the above idiocy, I have to put off till next week a discussion on the movie revival empire and aplogize to Ben Barenholtz.

have nearly murdered him.

I saw it at Loew's Orpheum, 86th off 3rd Avenue, and there is a great Tom & Jerry cartoon playing with the feature at this theatre. It was like getting nuts and whipped cream with your hot fudge sundae—and you didn't even have to ask.

(Continued on Page 21)



**If you won't listen to
your parents, the Man or the
Establishment...**

**Why should you
listen to us?**

Because of the power of Rock,
the shriek of the Blues, the doubt of
Country Folk
Because of the sound of love and
anger and confidence and hope.
The sound of a search.

Because of a white chick belting
black Blues and wiping you out—Janis
Joplin
three greats together for the first
time feeding each other's souls—
"Super Session"

brothers signing their vibrations
with peace—The Chambers Brothers
a young songwriter who got tired
of other people singing his songs—
Gordon Alexander

the sensation of seven guys
creating a new direction for Rock—
The Millennium

the greats of British Blues brought
together in one album
the sound track of the image of our
time—"You Are What You Eat"

a musical accompaniment to the
agonies of heroin—"Chappaqua"
an album that's as different as it
looks—Small Faces

an imported sound with a
macabre name—The Zombies.

Because it's you.
And that's why you might want to
listen.

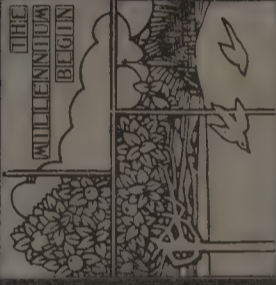
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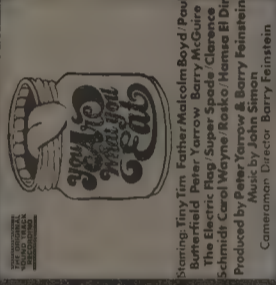
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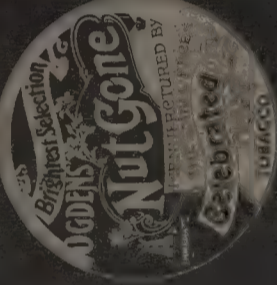
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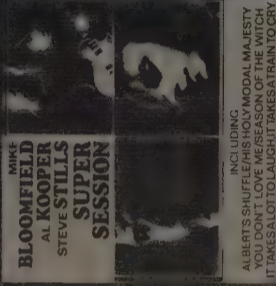
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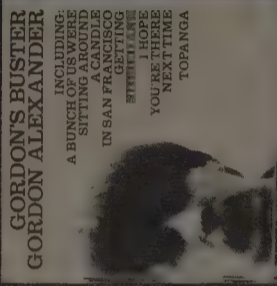
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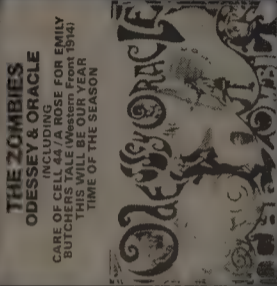
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Kokaine Karma

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRANKLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York:

Apollo: Marvin Gaye, Manhattans, Carla Thomas, Tommy Johnson & Dancers, Listen My Brother

Au Go Go: Rhinoceros

Bitter End: Ars Nova, Hedge & Donna, Nick & Valarie Shaw

Scene: Turtles (Fri), Spooky Tooth, Mandrake Memorial

Slugs: Archie Shepp

Gaslight: Monty Rock III

Village Gate: David Steinberg, Larry Coryell, Steve Marcus, Herbie Mann

Village Vanguard: Thelonious Monk

Central Park: Free WNEW Concert — Tuesday Sept. 24 from 5-9 P.M. in the mall featuring Spooky Tooth, Traffic, Wind in Willows, Elizabeth, Group Image, Bunk & Jake, Rhinoceros

Diplomat Hotel: Wed. night dance, light and music show with Soft White Underbelly, Wind in Willows

The Pugs, now on their way to Prague, have a new record, "It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest," their second on Reprise. Their conglomerate madness is presented in an even more slick and better produced LP than their last epic work, "Tenderness Junction." But the minstrel cunt lappets of the Lower East Side are as magnificent, outrageous and poignant as ever with their quasi-religious, country, baroque, scaring music.

Shoving red hot spears up the rectum of contemporary American society, the fragrant Pugs have chronicled the lives of plastic dimpled defecation. Tuli Kupferberg's "When the Mode of the Music Changes", provides more insight into the fact that makes revolutionary change than all the dogmatic old left rhetoric.

"When the mode of the music changes

The walls of the city shake" . . .

You can have the man who make the laws
Give me the music makers

Beware a man who is not moved by sound
He'll drag you to the ground"

Johnny Pissoff Meets the Red Angel is an Ed Sanders piece about the stereotyped real American who warns that he is Fighten' mad at the dissident, the dirty and the black in this country. The whole album is a muff divers paradise of Fuganics with lyrics like "Let me slip my horny candycane into your existential hole."

Noncommercial superrock radio station WFMU-FM (91.1) and listener supported WBAI would rather help than annihilate each other. The two community oriented stations are exchanging tapes and reciprocally publicizing each others formats and crusades heralding a new era in broadcasting.

The electrical Kokaine Karma broadcasts live on 91.1 Monday thru Thurs. at 9 A.M. and kick off the week with a monster six hour show that starts at 11 P.M. on Sunday. The WFMU switchboard was flooded with calls Tuesday night during an on the air phone conversation between KK and Lou Reed of The Velvet Underground. The Velvets will be heard before Karma's electric phallus in the near future. Sharing the Karma juices this coming Monday (Sept. 23) will be jazz-rock guitarist Larry Coryell. A veteran of the Free Spirits, Chico Hamilton and The Gary Burton Quartet, Larry is currently featured in the Steve Marcus Group. He will sing and play live as well as be presenting a tape of his latest record done at the 12 track Apostolic Studios. Aided on the recording session only by drummer, Bobby Moses, a former Free Spirit who is also in the Marcus band, Larry play guitar, bass, keyboard, and sings through overdubbing on the recording. Other Karma guests this week will be singer-songwriter Burt Sommers and Traffic.

Tiny Tim, our lovable vaudeville style singing hero, has obtained a restraining order halting a record company, Bouquet Records, from manufacturing and distributing an album, "Concert. IN Fairyland", and a single, "Be My Love".

Tiny, whose real name is Herbert Khoray, made the disks in 1952 under the stage name he used then, Darry Dover, and proclaimed the sale of these old records with his face and present name "unlawful appropriation of . . . property rights" charging them with "blatant piracy" and is suing for a million. A hearing is set for Oct. 7.

Rhinoceros, a highly touted west coast band will reside at the Cafe Au-Go Go for the next month with legendary singer-songwriter Tim Hardin slated to join them Sept. 27 to Oct. 5.

The Group Image are traveling to Mexico City for the Olympics and the Wed. night music, dance, and light shows at the Diplomat Hotel will be hosted by Wind in the Willows.

WNEW, following WFMU's lead is hosting a free concert on Tues. Sept. 24 from 4:00 to 9:00 in the Central Park Mall under the direction and promotion of Dominic Scellin. Groups slated to devote their time and talent are Traffic, Spooky Tooth, Wind in Willow, Elizabeth, Group Image, Bunk & Jake, Rhinoceros. Free albums will also be given away.

Andy Warhol entertained in his studio — "The Factory" — last Thursday night for the first time since an attempt was made on his life there last June. The event was the World Premiere of "The Marble Index," a new Electra album by Nico, the "MOON GODDESS" of the Warholclan. Guests were seated in front of two speakers and a microphone and the playing of the album accompanied by Warhol's signed portraits of Nico. Supper and dancing followed. Approximately 100 guests were invited including members of the press, patrons of the arts, and friends of the hosts.

"Traditionally," said Electra's Danny Fields, "works of art are unveiled before an audience as an event, such as a gallery opening or a first night." "In recording, the product, the work of art, is an album, so why not have a premiere for it, rather than a live performance by the artist." The album contains Nico's first original songs with the velvet Underground's John Cale doing the arranging.

Stevie Winwood's Traffic along with the gospel sounds of the Staple Singers offer the patrons of the Fillmore East one of their finer evenings of music this weekend. However ticket sales have been slow so seats should be available for performances. Incidentally, original bassist and guitarist Dave Mason, who had left Traffic on their last tour is back with the band.

Spooky Tooth, another rising British band will be appearing at Steve Paul's Scene for the next week. Their music has a funky R & B country flavor often reminiscent of the band.

Comedian David Steinberg returns to town for a gig at the Village Gate. Also on the bill are the-not-be-missed Steve Marcus Group featuring Larry Coryello and the trend following commercial flautist Herbie Mann.

Major record companies are looking over a new home grown New York band, The Train. The group is an expansion of the 5-man Mandor Beekman and features Garland Jeffries (vocal), Bob Lenox (vocal and keyboard), Ron Burzel (guitar), Richie Weiner fender bass, Howie Levine (amplified stand up bass), Don Keider drums) and Abby Raider (drums). Jeffries, a follower of Swami Satchidinanda, delivers his own beautiful lyrics in hypnotic style. The band behind him present a strong sound and could develop into a major East Coast rock group.

Buzz Linhart, currently touring the British Isles with a back up group, has signed with Mercury Records. An album recorded while he was a leader of The Seventh Sons, a rock group, will be released shortly on ESP.

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SEPTEMBER 19

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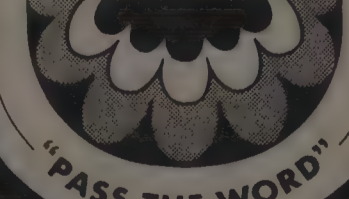
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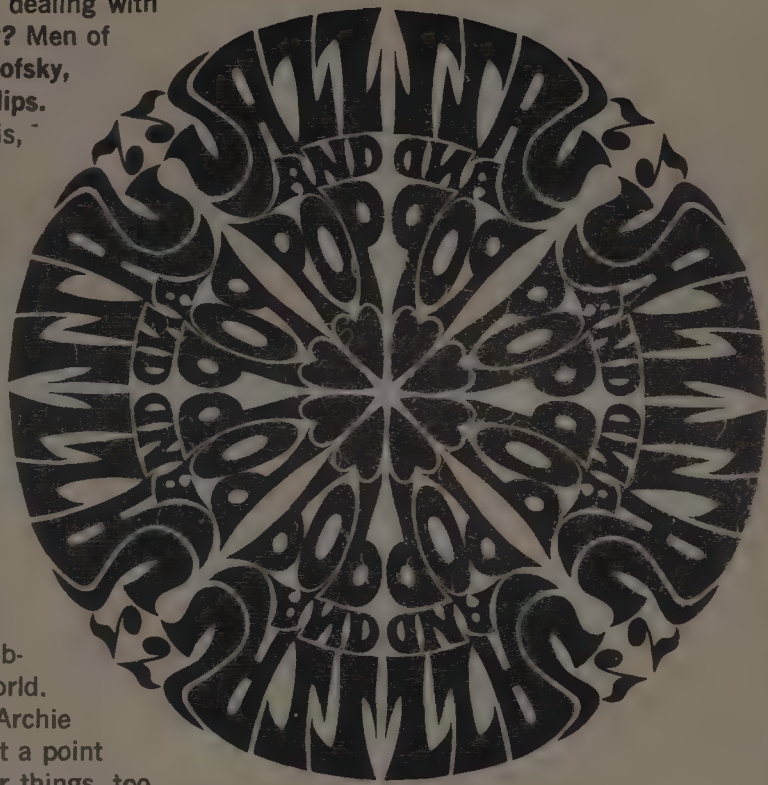
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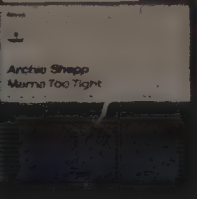
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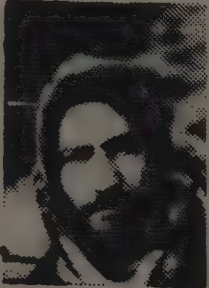
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Parade

(Continued from Page 7)

Charlotte Moorman and her poor paranoid cello. Once she caught sight of her, the Wonder Woman of Central Park West eddied over toward her, giving the grateful cello a breather, and grasped at the banner, hauling it aloft. 'Get out of my parade!' she shrieked. 'You weren't invited! Get off the street!' And so on. Yayoi and her people retired a few furlongs back, nursing a grudge.

Eventually, everyone was back under the trees, playing with the saran wrap, poking at the ducks, digging the music . . . 'This is the nicest parade I've ever seen,' declared a nice lady who had just happened by. 'Everybody's so happy, so nice.' It was nice of her to say a nice thing like that. The parade was indeed nice, very nice indeed.

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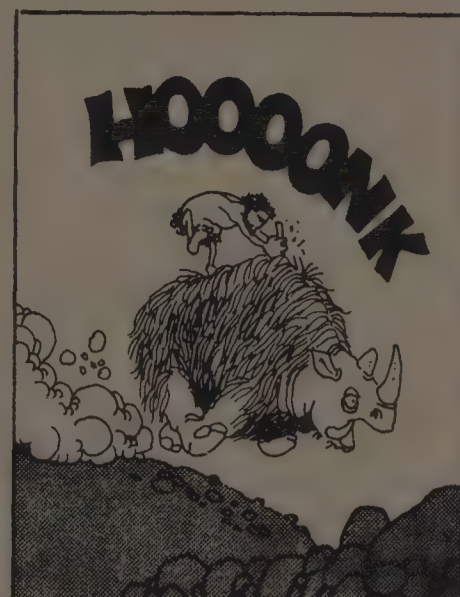
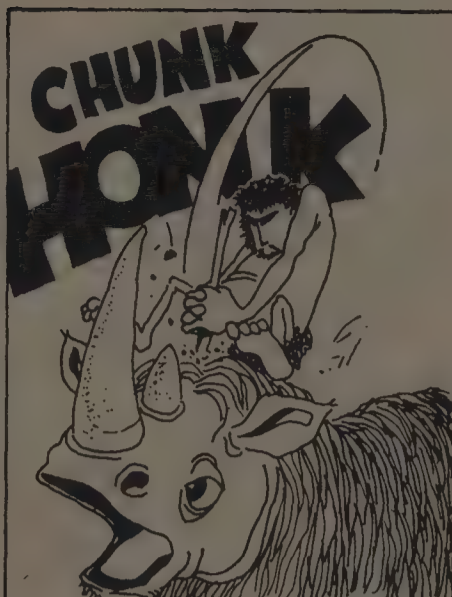
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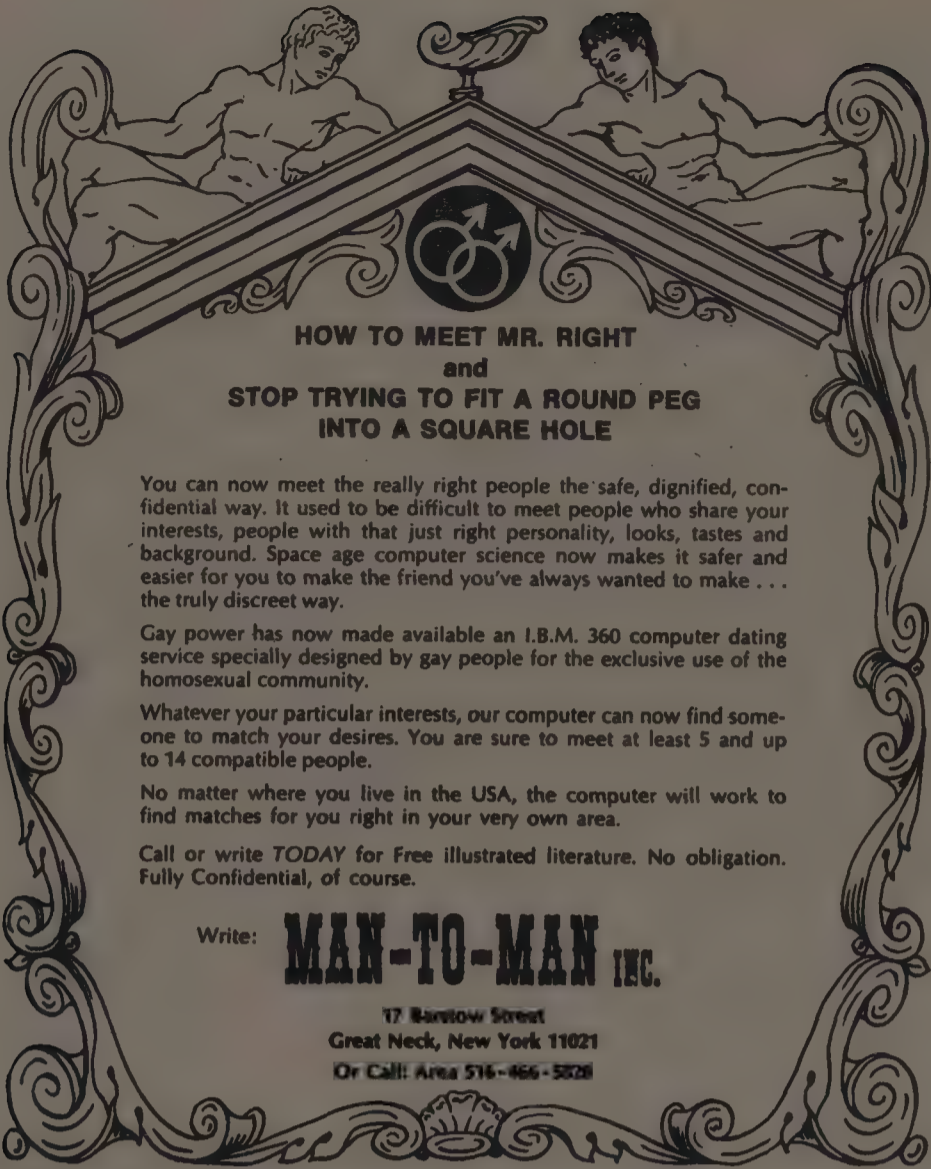
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dipshit

(Continued from Page 2)

sit awaiting Godot.

Koestler says that science must now save us with a drug, but science is mute, and acid is not the answer. So I ask, Baby, can we get much higher? What can bring us down? And I say, we can't get much higher, and war can bring us down. Not assed rice paddy war, Vietnam style, but honest to god blood and guts World War II type WAR, and that is our drug and our Godot, and that is where we are going.

For good times, and the movement, and flowers, while it all lasted, a dirge.

Alan Lipschitz
N.Y.C.

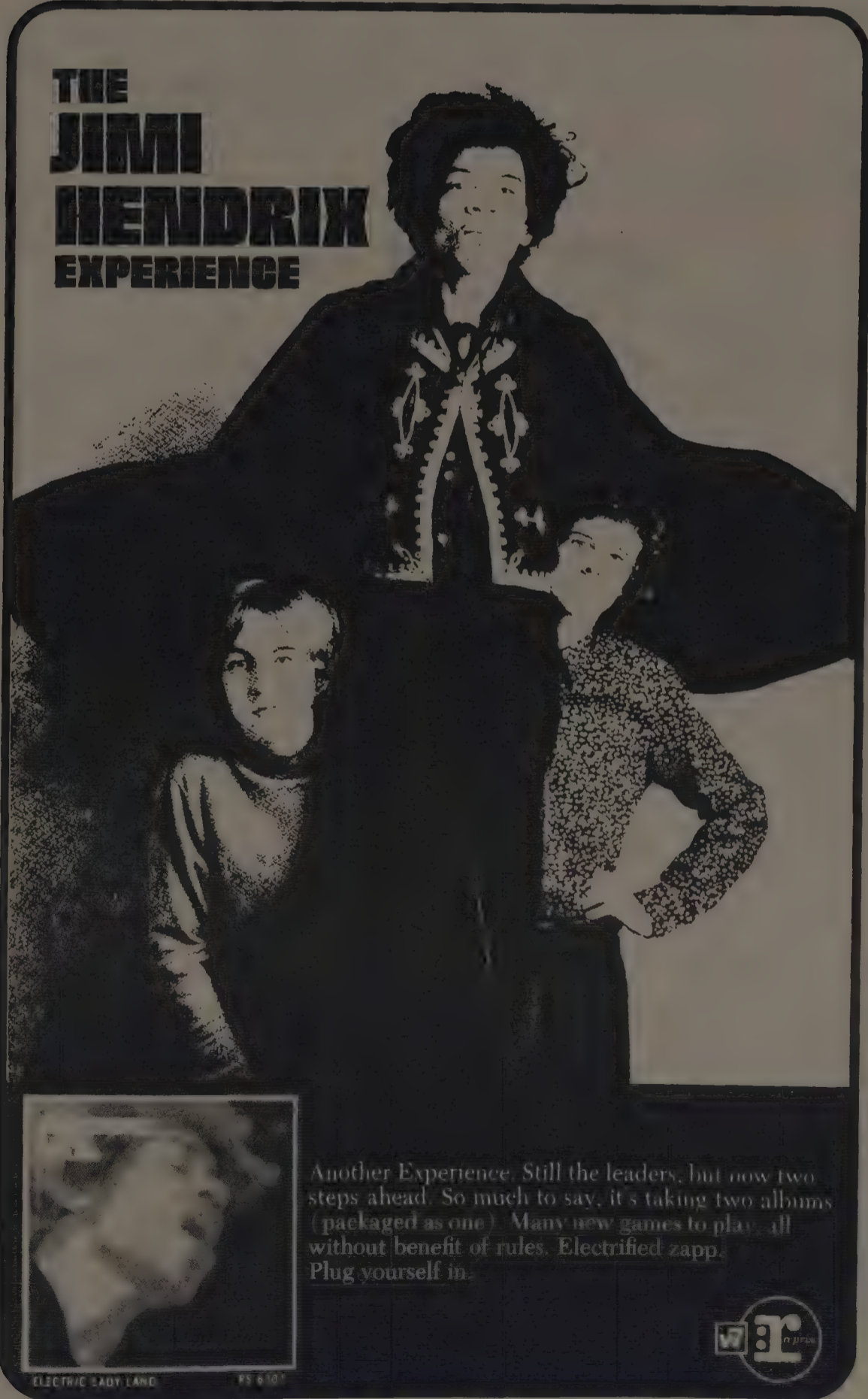


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Decomp

(Continued from Page 4)

Life between comic books is intolerably barren. Last week the newsstands were falling over with them, groaning under the weight of *Thor*, *Iron Man*, the *Fantastic Four*, the entire *Justice League of America* and their teenage auxiliary, and all those enchanting Donald Ducks and Bugs Bunnies reprinted from ten or fifteen years ago. This week they are all gone, with only a few second-string Archie comics—Jughead, Reggie, Laugh etc.—between us and the tabloids. Things get a little better every month, it seems, especially with the DC/Superman line—old Marvel Comics, of

unusual sex

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course, are still the best goddamn comic books that ever were, and are not likely to ever be overtaken. With its own thing, though, Superman/DC is clearly Trying Harder.

Angel and the Ape appeared for the second time last week, comics fans and dirty old men, and may the Hoary Hosts of Hoggoth ride roughshod over me if it's possible to get all the way through this one without raising a hardon. Angel O'Day pulls off a totally new thing in this issue—she wears a miniskirt, all the way through it, which is literally no more than a flimsy fringe. She is made up all of long lines and little dimples, oh she's just fine . . . Sam Simeon also touches the extreme limits of what the Comics Code deems acceptable, notably by socking the teeth out of another gorilla—UGGG! The title of the story is "Case of the Missing Go-Go Girls," and the incidental cheesecake is simply not to be missed. Besides all the skin, the general excellence of the satire compares favourably with the maiden issue of *Angel and the Ape* last month.

Also too came out last week the second copy of *The Geek*, unhappily enough. Contrary to all the laws of probability, this month's *Geek* outstrips last month's for sheer total unredeemable disgusting shit. It really astounds me how frighteningly foul this comic book is. *The Geek: a Thing that Lives and Fights for its Soul*. Dragged forth from the garbage and the flowers (dee-dum) of San Francisco Bay by The Clinkers, a teenage vandal gang, he directly beats shit out

of the Berlin Airplanes, a batch of hoodlums who ram around in a wooden model of a Fokker Biplane. You will remember that the *Geek* is a tailor's dummy improbably animated by the action of the sun and a bolt of lightning upon the foul hippie threads he has been dressed in. Nevertheless, this revolting thing finds itself gainfully employed in the assembly line at a large spaceship factory, What's more, he finds work for his hippie friends there, giving them something better to do than to bash counter-demonstrators over the head with PEACE signs. The heavy this time around is Lord Sliderule, an old-line Imperialist with an entourage of incredibly repulsive dwarves and giants—this batch mixes it up with the *Geek*, who is no sunflower himself. At the end, naturally, Lord Sliderule goes down to ignominious defeat—reprimanded by none less than Ronald Reagan himself. Vomit vomit. The *Geek* winds up riding a rocket ship on an interplanetary cliffganger. If this rotten comic weren't so superlatively nauseating and incredibly forgettable, it wouldn't be worth twelve cents; as it is, it has to be seen to be believed.

In Olean, New York, the latest plaything for the local fuzz is a closed circuit television hookup that broadcasts innaresting happenings from the local downtown business directly to the municipal police department. Rumour has it that the screen that monitors the ladies hosiery section is closed off in a room all its own, and that anyone standing outside this room is privy to certain rhythmic sticky noises emanating from

within, punctuated by occasional whistles and groans.

Pray, what is the New York Police Department doing with itself in this age of electricity? Last week on a crowded Lexington train your reporter was frosted most foully by a feeble faggot all the way from Grand Central to Astor Place, and there was not a single camera on hand to witness his defilement. And the noises that come out of that bedroom next door . . . Where is Big Brother now that we need him?

Some people have wet dreams, Latimer has Yippie dreams. Eleventhirty in the morning he lifts out of kief-drowse slightly, enough to look at the clock and wonder whether to get up and go to work, or lay back and go to sleep. Presently, a vision interposes itself between sleeplevel and wakelevel, and it is shown I am one of a multitude of Jews and hippies following Aaron wearily, wearily up the last bluff into the Promised Land. Abruptly, Aaron sights it, ahoy Israel, crawling with milk and honey, there it is, the answer to our dreams, so to speak. But before he lets us charge over the top of the bluff, he has to invoke the Diety and bless the populace and spout propaganda: he is yabbering away a string of Yiddish, his arms spread majestically, looking for all the world like Charlton Heston. And suddenly there is this strange shaggy freak, Abbe Hoffman no less, dancing around him, cavorting, simply apeshit. It's Abbeee, so I figure to hell with the promised Land, and get up and get dressed and go out for the *Post* and breakfast.

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Wild Blue Yonder

About a year and a half ago, EVO reported an incident on the Da Nang air and missile base where 300 black service men had rioted because their civil rights had been violated due to the improper attitudes of their white counterparts while off duty. Since this demonstration and riot the Air Force had passed a regulation, AFR 35-78, forbidding civil rights demonstrations by service men while on base and making it a punishable offence. The Air Force, of course, had never passed a regulation forbidding service men to demonstrate or organize a demonstration on an Air Force base against the war in Vietnam. Below is a copy of an official Pentagon communique concerned with an aforementioned 2nd Lt. Hugo F. Smith, who is in process of organizing such a demonstration and the steps to be taken to stop the demonstration from taking place.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

AFR — Air Force Regulation
 AFR 35-78 — Prohibits participation in civil rights demonstrations
 AFR 36-3 — Outlines procedures to administrative discharge
 349th MAW — 349th Military Airlift Wing, Hamilton AFB, California
 22AF — 22nd Air Force - headquarters at Travis AFB, California
 DOD — Dept. of Defense

Following is a reprint of the original text, unclassified message received August 28, 1968 at Headquarters, USAF Communications Center. All details of the text are exactly as originally transmitted:

Personal for: General McConnell from General Estes.
 Subj.: 2nd Lt. Hugh F. Smith, FV3179560.

I am informed that facts and circumstances of this matter have been discussed with you by General Manss and Cappucci and that there is secretarial interest. Smith is organizing a 'Peace in Viet Nam' demonstration for men in uniform to take place in San Francisco. He applied for and received a permit for a demonstration to be held on 21 September. Subsequently, permit changed to October 12. Strongly believe this demonstration should be quashed if possible because of possible severe impact on military discipline throughout the services. There is no AFR specifically proscribing this type of activity. AFR 35-78 is pointed solely to civil rights demonstrations. Since there are national policy considerations in such an order it should emanate from DOD or at least Air Force level. I recommend this be done at once so that Smith will realize that if he proceeds he subjects himself with certainty to criminal punitive action. In the absence of a regulation or order specifically prohibiting such activity believe any criminal prosecution would be tenuous to say the least, particularly in view of the political climate of the day. If the foregoing is unattainable I reluctantly recommend that we be given authority to proceed with dispatch with the AFR 36-3

A FOOTNOTE: Gen. Estes was asked for a comment on the above message, and his spokesman, Col. Jack L. Giannini, said: "I am giving you a categorical denial."

When the colonel was pressed on the issue, he said with a smile in his voice: "You missed the first word of the message—personal—and we only give a 'no comment' on personal statements . . . I can't comment on a message to the chief of staff, that is a privileged matter not meant for the public."

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Hip

(Continued from Page 7)

ferred to this commune as a "hippie country club" perhaps because of its large swimming pool. But Oompali is basically a ranch with a gracefully fading mansion, outbuildings and a stable as well as 640 acres of rolling hills, oaks and sunshine.

The San Francisco CHRONICLE ran a story about Oompali recently featuring a photograph of beautiful nude girls baking bread in the sunshine. Thousands of loaves of bread are baked weekly and given away free. Must be a plot of some sort.

One of the occupational hazards of baking bread in the sunshine is swarms of yellow jackets. Several of the merry bakers were stung that day, some on delicate parts. Stings of yellow jackets, bees or wasps cause local pain but the symptoms are usually mild. Cold compresses, baking soda, aspirin and antihistamines are adequate treatment for most insect bites. Rare allergic reactions may occur, though, which require emergency medical treatment.

Near the baking area was the huge swimming pool, well-used by playful tanned children and adults. The water was warm and clear. Good therapy for Gavin's arthritis. Good therapy for my Pisces head.

Later, a group of us sat in the sun by the side of the pool drinking beer, eating cheese and hunks of the good rich bread. Suddenly Bobby fell backwards in his chair.

"Guess I'm not used to alcohol" (Bobby's Santa Cruz marijuana bust was widely reported two years ago because he claimed to use the drug as a religious sacrament. His case is on appeal).

While we visitors swam in the pool or lolled in the sunshine, commune members carried freshly baked apple pies from the huge revolving bake oven to the kitchen. Oompali and Morningstar Ranch members were planning a flour power demonstration and visit to their jailed leaders Don McCoy and Guru ex-Lime-liter Lou Gottlieb.

Lou had been jailed for the crime of letting people live on his own land. MsCoy joined him in the Sonoma County Jail for the crime of singing outside the courtroom where Lou was being tried. Free bread and pies were to be given away near the jail. A more powerful act than the explosion of a bomb.

Before we left the ranch Gavin introduced me to Sister Mary, a Roman Catholic nun who joyfully spreads the word of God - but in her own way. I had seen her room earlier in the day. Have you ever seen a peace symbol in the middle of a Crucifix? The lasting picture I have of Sister Mary is of a nun in full habit, walking toward the swimming pool, her arms around a nude boy and girl.

We drove back to San Francisco. Soon the endless rows of commuter autos appeared, inching their way the suburbs. The city itself came into view, beautiful as always even with its new skyline. My favorite city, I thought, but life out of the city, almost anywhere, is better.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o EVO.

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Thilm

(Continued from Page 11)

Beginning this Friday, Thresholds will present a play, *Cain's Mangoes* written by a young Cuban artist, Sberlardo Estorino. The characters are Cain, Abel, Adam and Eve, and deals with injustice done by men to other men. Call for reservations: 677-5504. The play will be presented through the weekend.

The Sixth Annual New York Avant Garde Festival took place this past Saturday; those who are time-oriented and could not amuse themselves for 2-3 hours before the play really got under way were disappointed. The ads said 7 p.m. and they expected . . . 8 p.m., at any rate. Around 10 p.m. it got going, floats and people interacting and the parade began, down Central Park West. It was worth waiting (we cheated; figuring nothing would happen until late, we didn't start out until 9:30.) Up at 97th, children watched as floats with lights went by, another float containing that Miami Look-oranges, greenery and two live ducks . . . "Ah sheet, dass bee-yoo-tee-fool" said one little boy, about 9, echoed by his younger sister: "Ah. Seet. Ees b'y't'ful," accent on last syllable.

Energy levels got higher as the parade lurched on down the avenue, stopping for red lights, green lights, and too many helpful joiners. Carolee Schneemann's float The Flying Blue Float, consisted of people throwing non-toxic plastic blue chips at people; Pat McDermott waved red flags and screamed Vote For Wallace, giving whole campaign spiels; others danced along side, totally immersed in the incredible highs, both personal and contact, which just kept spiralling upwards in impossible waves of powerful vibes. The night filled with children screaming, adults yelling, excited and pleased, and finally (was there ever an end?) creating a near-visible, near-tangible flying carpet of sound and pure energy for the whole parade to float on.

As the parade continued down, it became larger and longer: people were following it, all the way down to 67th Street, and more were pouring into its shape and form as they were swept up by the whirlpool of interaction flood-


ing the street. I was on Carolee's float—(One is tempted to use Mailer's style and use a proper name: Eliscu was on the Schneemann float . . . ????) and children danced along-side like junior grade banshees, screaming and hooting, throwing back blue chips at us, then throwing them at passers-by. They were the elect, and followed the float right into the park, separate from the ordinary parade watchers by their mutual baptism, with us, of plastic blue chips thrown with lots of love and maybe an excess of power. We were all covered, spotted, furred with those chips, by the time we reached the park. There was hardly time to look around and see other floats; every person was caught up in his own creation, his own experience of his happening . . . The park was reached, and it became one big grope-in, nobody knowing where to turn their new power first, on whom, for what, just getting higher and higher . . . Lights everywhere. Earlier, I had fallen off the float (not easy to do, but also not hard, considering who was involved and that person's sense of non-balance and lack of coordination). Anyway, it began to occur to me that my hip would soon be all colors (it is) and that my arm would hurt (it does) but that all as for the future. Right then, all that existed was the swirl, the absolute maelstrom of human energy pouring out in waves of trust and love—there was no tension, just vibrations; no fear, just curiosity; no knowledge, only awareness once and for all.

Even though the festival was marred by incidents: Les Levine's light equipment was ruined by some Con Ed men "cleaning up"; Kusama was miffed because she was not doing a float in the parade; etc.—the overall effect and affect were way above the expected level. When people are not afraid to find joy in a parade down the street, full of people whom they would normally (whatever that means) gawk at or maybe take photos of, "in their natural habita," Then an important barrier has been removed.

. . . I hope there is another festival soon—maybe a winter version . . . ?


Monday, Sept. 23, 8:30 p.m., Radical Booking Agency will present Taylor Mead doing several things (maybe all at once, maybe not) in a program of his own device at Washington Square Church, 133 West 4th. For further information and to check the time, please call: 598-3279.

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MALE, 22, PhD student training psychotherapy, Scorpio, activist, liberal-left, seeks groovy at-

tractive slim girl desiring a meaningful honest relationship and/or who would strongly consider rooming with me in the Columbia area once we got acquainted. Bob, 332-2969.

SINGLE young Bi-sexual girl seeks friendship with same kind who enjoy the unusual. Photo, telephone. Write G.P.O. Box 1272, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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Patareal

(Continued from Page 10)

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