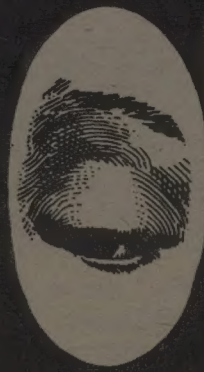


THE EAST VILLAGE



VOL. 3, NO. 49

METROPOLITAN 15¢

NOVEMBER 8, 1968



Dear EVO:

We (being numerous heads, Army freaks), would like as much information as you can supply concerning the Neo-American Church. We are currently being hassled by numerous Criminal Investigation Division operatives, first sergeants, sergeants and zealots in general over our own personal, spiritual and moral beliefs, which we find to be very much along the same lines as the Neo-American, and American Indian Churches beliefs. Consequently we are very, very interested in becoming members of the Neo-American Churches.

Love,

Paul D. Johnson - Roland J. Johnston
John W. Sparks - Mike Mason
Steven Grabbe - Glenn Mitchell
15th Trans Co. — APO 09154
New York, N. Y.

Dear EVO:

Those of us identified as, "The New left", have in recent months; been engaged in the business of trying to reform the "Establishment". Parades, Protests, and Demonstrations; Mass Movements of People trying to influence an even greater mass! Something has been accomplished; The Bombing has Stopped, (At least Temporarily!). We have also Created George Wallace; With out us he would continue to be an EX-Governor of Bama.

We strive to Transform the Cities; Remove the Ghettos Eliminate Poverty and Blight; all in the hope of living Free, Creative and Beautiful Lives; When in reality, The most Wildly Successful of our plans would replace the Old "Establishment with a new one!

Cities exist for the "Efficient conduct of Commerce" and only secondarily do they provide habitation for People. We have been conditioned to think in terms of "MASS". Mass Production, Mass Transportation, and as a reaction "Mass Protests". We strive to change the Master of the Hive; While we should really attempt to stop Being Bees! Bees exist for the survival of the hive; just as in Capitalism, The Worker exists for Commerce, and in the Soviet system He exists for the purposes of the State!!

ONE FORM OF BEAUREAUCRATISM IS AS EVIL AS ANOTHER!!

Men are by Nature SOCIAL ANIMALS!, But none of us can find intimate association with Thousands; or even Hundred of Others!

To be Free, Human and Creative to the utmost, while still pursuing Social Goals, man must associate with limited numbers of others with similar goals. The Tribe, Clan, Squad, and Village are meaningful terms for a Manageable Group of people. Only in this context can we live as Brothers; and still remain Free. Not that; such groups wouldn't cooperate with other groups similarly organized, but our Fundamental Loyalties should remain within this Tribal Group. It's paradoxical that we've destroyed the American Indian in the last 150 years, when HE had the formula for a happier existence than could ever be possible in MASS SOCIETY!

The creation of a New Establishment cannot cure the Evils of The Old. Marxist or Capitalist Beauracracy, remains the same. It exists to perpetuate itself and feeds on the Souls of the People!

Gene Kalin
Chicago, Illinois

Dear EVO:

This is for "STINKYFOOT" who said, "New York is sinking in a sea of dogshit." (Vol. 3, No. 47).

Dear Mr. Foot:

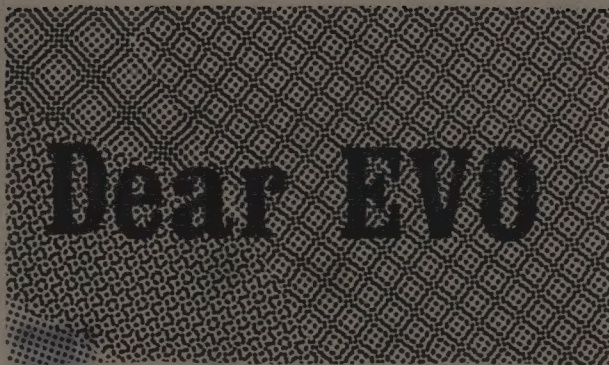
IF YOU THINK NEW YORK IS BAD, DON'T COME TO

PETER JOSEPH LEGGIERI - ALLAN KATZMAN

JAAKOY KOHN
JAY FAB
DON KATZMAN
LENNOX RAPHAEL
D. A. LATIMER
DAVID BODIE
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
PETER MIKALAJUNAS
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PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

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BELGIUM. KEEP SLIPPIN' AND SLIDIN.'
STINKY CHIN
Liege, Belgium

Dear Sirs:

I will turn the new moon to blood.. Happy Halloween.
The Good Shepherd
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear EVO:

Consuelo Lanham's article (Vol. 3, No. 48) about Castro's roundup of "hippies" was a real drag. Castro says that for the revolution to keep progressing everyone must work and study where Mr. Revolution tells you to. Lanham defends Fidel by saying he had to have the "hippies" picked up because obviously they had degenerated and were not doing what they had been taught. Castro's charge that these "hippies" were CIA agents and counter-revolutionaries reminds me of the charges one hears in this country accusing dissenters and hippies as "commies". Castro's charges are similar to Lley's and the Soviets' who had to invade Czechoslovakia because of counter-revolutionaries (Castro supported the Soviet invasion) Castro may have once been a heroic revolutionary but he has degenerated into one of the pigs along with the other swine currently rolling in the mud in the pig pen. (Daley, Hersey, LBJ, Mao, Wallace, the Greek Junta, Franco, Albert Shanker).

Peace-Love
John Stokely
Mamaronek Avenue,
White Plains, New York.

Dear EVO:

VIVA LA UNCLE ED! P.S. and Angel Food McSpade.
Brendan

Dear friends,

With great admiration for your publication, we have taken the liberty of including you in our free-subscriber's list.

Our magazine deals with political satire, especially with social criticism. We started publishing the PARADOKS three years ago in Zagreb. Now it is appearing monthly if — as it has occurred a few times — it is not banned by the court officials. We take great interest in all aspects of cultural, moral and political revolt in the society. The scale of our interests, besides politics, covers also culture, the arts and everyday life. Everything in the magazine serves solely this purpose. Even our sexy pictures are exclusively aimed at giving a more vivid explanation of various political events. We should very much like to get in a more close touch with you, suggesting a possible exchange of ideas and contributions.

We eagerly expect your answer.

Wishing you all the luck in your work,

PARADOKS
Redakcija
Zagreb Nikole Tesle 1/1
Yugoslavia

Dear EVO:

Destroy yourselves pleasantly as follows:

- 1) Get grass;
- 2) Apply same wherever it hurts;
- 3) Buy "Thank You, Music Lovers," by Spike Jones (RCA LPM - 2224);
- 4) Play "Hawaiian War Chant," preferably thru headphones;
- 5) About 3/4 into #4 you will hear the strangest human sounds ever uttered; believed to be George Rock recorded backwards at about 100 RPM;
- 6) Die laughing.

Peace,
(Name withheld)



Hermaphrodite (rare).

Dear Sir:

I think you are doing a great job. Long live Trashman.

Glascow, Scotland
B. GALLOWAY

Dear EVO:

It is the consensus of the intellectual mature students of Northland College that their long time friends, Uncle Ed, The Wonder Rubberman, and Jolly Jack-Off, the Masturbatin' Fiend, have been unduly and inadequately replaced.

We feel that their replacements definitely do not reflect the grossities of our everyday raunchy lives. Therefore, it is with optimistic expectation that we await the stimulating experiences of our two erogenous cronies, and that familiar cry, "The old Pego could use a work-out!"

Erotically yours,

D. L. J., R. A., M. W., K. H., J. T.,
C. C., A. K., C. L. A., R. R. S., B. L.
S., G. J., G. E., J. O., E. M. R.,
S. O. B.
Northland College
Ashland, Wisconsin

Dear EVO:

I have usually the greatest respect for my Virgo friend John Boardman, especially when he is jumping on pretentious nonsense, but this time he has tried to jump on the ancient discipline of astrology with both feet planted firmly on his mouth. Where he has landed you can guess right away.

So far from being self blind frauds unaware of the distinction between signs and constellations, astrologers have been aware of precession of the equinoxes for over a thousand years. It was precisely because of precessional effects that they developed the "tropical" or equinox-oriented astrology now in common use. So far from John's straw man of "patches of sky marked off by imaginary manmade lines" causing so-called planetary influences, the zodiacal demarcations are explicitly measured from celestial longitudes of equinoxes and solstices, critical points in the earth's orbit around the sun or (geocentrically)—for our purposes equivalently, (as relativity theory would agree) the sun's apparent trajectory along the ecliptic. The cumulative correlation of these regions with planetary positions and mutual angles so formed have been worked out empirically and, in recent decades, statistically.

The most recent demonstration, in American Astrology a couple of months back, took Weather Bureau rainfall reports cumulatively over some seventy years and showed that they correlated with lunar positions so closely as to exclude any hypothesis that chance was responsible. This kind of work, over and above observing the planetary correspondences over generations and centuries, has enabled modern astrologers, especially C. E. O. Carter and his followers, to discard some remnants of medieval rubbish and preserve mostly just what has been found to work out in practice. (I wish Stanley Fisher would rely a little more on these and a little less on the more arbitrary versions of numerology. . .)

John may also be unaware that there is a tiny (mostly British) minority of "siderealist" astrologers who swear at the signs and swear by the constellations, achieving their meagre results only by the most unbearably complicated mathematical rationalizations and by redefining the personality traits associated with the neighboring signs to cover the constellations. Using other forums than EVO, they have been battling the traditional or "tropical" majority for decades, but they have not proven their case. As for the constellations, proper stellar motion has long since distorted the original quasi animal shapes to unrecognizability.

As for Dunker's claim in HORSESHIT that the qualities associated with any sign apply pretty equally to you and me, it just isn't so. Nobody knowing both would claim that an Aries and a Pisces will look alike or act alike, for instance. Dunker is confused because nobody is a pure example of any one sign, having planets in several and therefore showing a mixture of traits. But one can get a good idea of major personality variables by knowing sun sign, moon sign and rising point (the sign on the eastern horizon at moment of birth).

Peace and Joy
Walter Breen

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

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THE MEDIA MARTYRS

BY ALLAN KATZMAN



Who is dying here? And who is being resurrected? These are the questions of Religion. "... What are you boys going to be doing here?" the deputy inspector asks. "I dunno," Abbie Hoffman answers, "but whatever it is, it'll be designed to bring down the Democratic Party'..." And these are the answers.

The battlefield in Chicago may have taken place in the parks — Lincoln and Grant aprks — but it has always been a battlefield for men's souls which has been and is being implied. It is just that our perspective has shifted and thrown "what is happening" out of context. The Coliseum of events which is now viewed from an easy chair and before a TV set instead of within the confines of an open amphitheatre and on a stone slab, is transitional as always. Who is dying here are no longer just martyrs of the Christian variety but those of the Media as well.

"I think Daley was right when he said it was the newsmen and TV that brought the demonstrators there," Abbie Hoffman of Yippie, Youth International Party, has said.

"Many of us understand the use of mass media as both a weapon and a battleground. In this country, it's what's 'new' that's going to determine the future and what's new is violence."

But violence is not a new thing in the world. What is new is the way we are made to be aware of it and participate in it. The high speed transmission of our electronic technology has changed the whole social spectrum of society, from the way we elect our government officials to the way we communicate our desires and needs as parents, children and adults. The old values and institutions no longer hold, and everything is up for grabs.

The effect it has had on young people's minds and psyches are mythical at best. The so called "youth revolution" is less determined by young people themselves than by the forms of communication that have influenced them.

"It's all a myth, man. Yippie's a myth. The pig's a myth. I'm a myth; whoever heard of a commie-terrorist-anarchist with a color television?" Abbie Hoffman has mused.

"But once a myth starts, nothing can stop it."

It has affected us all, especially the TV teeners and boppers; the young people who have grown up under the influence of mass media: the ghetto kids, the disenfranchised, the students. It is important what these young people are saying and doing.

Clark Kerr, who two years ago was forced to retire as president of the University of California after student revolts on his campus, recognized in a recent speech the importance of what these young students are doing.

"When people say, 'What's wrong with the younger generation?' they should ask 'What's wrong with the country?'"

"The students in any country are usually going in the same direction as the country itself, only the students are a little quicker and go a little farther. They are a very sensitive weather vane that will tell you the way things are pointing."

"Why? Why are students ahead of their elders in their pursuit of causes, of trends?"

"First of all, they are the one group in our society which is neither under adult authority nor exercising adult responsibility. They are in-betweens. As in-betweens, they have a degree of freedom like no other group."

Recently a friend of mine, who is professor of political science and an advisor of the SDS chapter on his campus, communicated his dismay at the students' intuitive solutions to their own problems in dealing with their own educational institution. He felt himself an anachronism and useless as an advisor.

"I'm logical about exposing the faultiness of our educational system. My approach would have been to publish names of teachers who I felt were detrimental to the education of students and would have given the reasons why."

"But instead, the students published names of teachers they felt were good for the students without giving any explanation at all. The students felt that other students would be curious to why they had published these names. It was only logical that they should tell their fellow students that if they were curious, then they should take the credits and go to classes and find out."

"As for the way they would deal with bad teachers, their solution was brilliant. They would simply load these teacher's courses and classrooms with their own students and laugh and laugh and laugh."

The medium is the message, the message, is evident from the way young people deal with their problems. Mass media has had a great effect on the approach that is tendered. As Marshall McLuhan has so aptly pointed out, "Young people are looking for a formula for putting on the universe."

In Abbie Hoffman's new book, *REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT*, he points a way to the new tactics that will turn on people's awareness to a new structure of communication.

"Maintain a sense of humor. People who take themselves too seriously are powercrazy. If they win, it will be haircuts for all. BEWARE OF POWER FREAKS."

And, "NEVER FORGET THAT OURS IS THE BATTLE AGAINST A MACHINE, NOT AGAINST PEOPLE. If, however, people behave like machines, treat them as such. If a machine slips on a banana peel, we all laugh. If a person slips on a banana peel, we help him off the ground. Our job is to line the streets of America with banana peels."

Our old values and institutions are slipping and

the banana peels which line the streets of America have materialized from the changes brought about by the way we communicate these changes.

As Harvey Wheeler, a fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, recently pointed out in the November 2nd issue of *Saturday Review*, "every mass medium revolution in history has been accompanied by a political revolution. Television, which has already had profound effects on American politics, is not only making the two-party system irrelevant, it is also producing a new political coalition and new systems of campaign communication."

Mass media are making the existing party structure obsolete and giving rise to a political system based on personality, "flying cadres of media experts," and, among other things, an electoral coalition representing new constituencies in American society.

The late Robert F. Kennedy recognized these changes more than anyone else. When he was elected as Senator from New York state, he completely ignored the traditional political machine and fostered a new political coalition composed of, as Wheeler again points out: 1) residual elements of the Democratic faithful; 2) the poor, the ethnic minorities, and the Negroes; 3) the functionaries of the newer service trades, largely white collar workers; 4) the young; and 5) the intellectuals.

"The latter two are especially significant. From a bare statistical point of view, young adults make up a newly significant segment of the population. From a political point of view, they are of even more significance. Moreover, if the present movement to lower the voting age to eighteen bears fruit, it will bring a permanent alteration in the matrix of electoral forces."

"Even more interesting is the group called intellectuals. This refers not merely to college professors, but to all those who can be said to earn their living from brain work. This includes, in addition to the entire teaching profession, those employed in all the phases of research, development, planning, systems engineering, technology, etc. It includes the entire cadre of cybernation-spawned workers who promise to expand rapidly in the next few years. It includes most of those in the arts, the entertainment industry, the mass media, and advertising. Intellectuals comprise the fastest-growing segment of our population. It is even possible — statistics ambiguous — that they already make up the largest single occupational group in our population."

The confrontation which recently took place in Chicago was brought about by these changes. The old political machine and conventions were a thing of the past, an institution without ability to absorb the changes.

(Continued on Page 20)

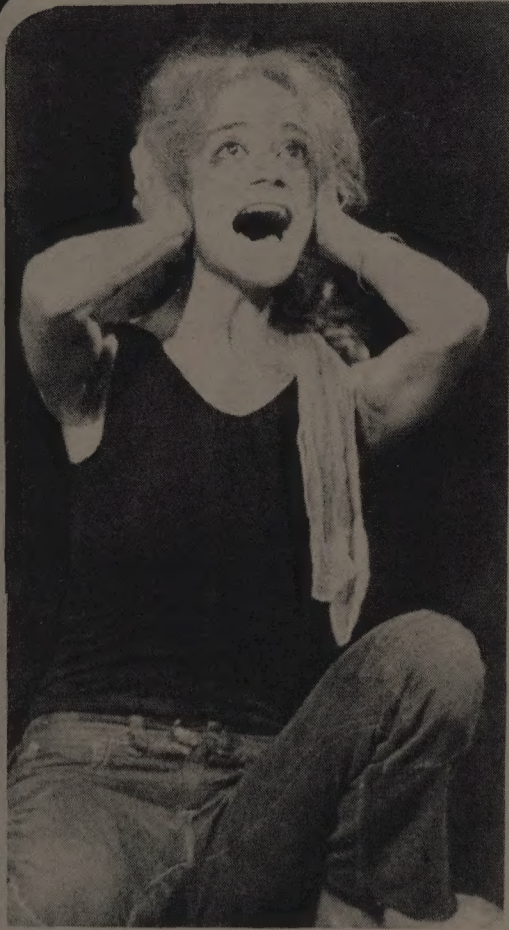


photo: Raeanne Rubinstein

This column is postponed for a week because the usual writer is out to lunch, along with the child in the picture, and both are probably a little out of their minds — isn't everyone? — at what they have seen, are seeing and think they see. In this space should have come a review of *Flesh*, at the Andy Warhol etc. Garrick Theatre: it's a very worthwhile movie; a compendium, a thesaurus — abridged — of variations of love and knowledge, and the power these two have to corrupt both spectator and actor. One male hustler, very beautiful, going about his Usual Afternoon in order to raise bread for his wife's best friend who needs an abortion. There is no mention of Vietnam, of Ocean Hill-Brownsville (still nobody seems to know why it is called 'Ocean' Hill — maybe because it is the site of another Atlantis?) or even of hurt. It is world where each acts according to his needs and takes according to his ability. The hustler in question takes everyone around him for whatever they will afford. The movie provides a crazy-house mirror, warped by circumstance, to hold up to all the key definitions of normality cherished by this society. Daily pursuits — to look beautiful and be willing; to cling to the realization that fun is anyway you look at it, much better than sodden, glum Salvation Army dinners where they make you pray for a 1/2 hour before they will give you the food you need. *Flesh* is about the substance itself, and the fascinating kaleidoscopic possibilities inherent in any viable material where the usual cliches are turned over, like stones near a pond, to reveal the other-life animals used for lab experiments and as examples of horrible creatures: worms, ants, etc. . . . Used for the most noble, empty purposes and also found repulsive. Oh well.

Flesh is also very funny, in the most ingenuous, fresh way, for it is comfortable with itself, self-possessed entirely as a film and as component parts separated and distinguishable; everyone aware of who he is and therefore easily living his life which belongs to no one else. In that sense, it is a peculiar film, because most movies are about people playing other people, or characters, and an action performed can therefore appear unreasonable or invalid. In Warhol movies (and this one was actually made by Paul Morrissey, and yes, there is a definite difference) the people, as has been noted before, are there because the audience is fascinated by and with the chance to find out a few details about other people, to 'see' a notebook rendition, a visual diary, of somebody's real life. Everyone wants to know about his neighbors: maybe he'll learn something about himself, in a rather less painful way.

Thilm

BY LITA ELISCU

Paul Morrissey has used rather a more finished, slick-y kind of method in this film. There is a sense of acting in certain scenes, a certain outside-looking-in attitude when someone says something obviously funny, as though the actors laugh with us at the scene they are creating. Joe D'Alessandro is quite beautiful, but there are moments when he and the camera are in league for his sake, close-ups and filtered lens-shots, and one whole exquisite sequence with a baby done in stop-frames. The effect is somehow more poetic and a little less lifelike, more aesthetic and less engaging. Unless, of course, one happens to agree with one of his hustled customers, that the key motivation of human behavior, is "body worship."

. . . The girl in the picture; is she looking in or out, or is she trying not to see at all? By now, it must be impossible not to see what is going on, in whatever private, non-communicable vision each one is privy to, from whatever lovely source of inspiration. Trying not to see could produce her expression, I suppose: hands over ears, half-sitting, kneeling, looking away, up, off, down into, out. Black all around except for beams of light, mouth wide open but no sound. What kind of sound could she be making, when only one makes the trip, no matter which detours down that yellow brick road you happen to take. Doesn't anyone ever meet up with some other?

(One wishes there was a way to say Long Pause for Station-Identification without seeming a little naive in the ways of ritualized sophisticated and cool).

But what about her. . . do I want to help her, is she there to be helped, is she even there when I turn my back, or after I stare at the picture for more than a few moments or is she a mirror image anyway, and just a back projection. Or did she try to go faster than the speed of light one time a while ago, and then realize that you don't come back from the other side of light, and is that why the beams play off to one side, striking behind her. The speed of light, and Arthur Clark says there is no reason why the speed of light has to be a natural boundary to the universe; so Stanley Kubrick made a film of what it might be like to go through light, to go past it, and come out on the other side of regenerated energy and matter. It ages you, in case you haven't seen the film.

Maybe she's doing a genuine mental penance for what has not yet been committed by her very existence, either thoughts or physical actions, all acts including those of omission. Or maybe the blackness inside her mouth is the very same as that outside and framing her body, and she's a cutout, only 2-dimensional, waiting for some power to give her depth and reason pitch and tar, a tarbaby-gutted chick, fresh from the latest theatre of operations over there.

And maybe most of all she is a cobweb victory triumphantly proclaiming the fragility, and therefore the strength, of human beings. It follows that if one has never known weakness, then one can't prepare to understand what strength is or how to get it, add it on, ingest it, or become it. Maybe she's doing a charade; "New York City."

Once upon a time, there was a good little girl and whenever she spoke, diamonds and pearls fell from her mouth in shining streams, waterfalls of expensive, german-jewish metaphors of goodness and purity; and once upon a time, there was also a little girl who was bad, and from her mouth came toads, scaled and mildewed and scummy, made rotten by the hypocrisy of nature in the act of being itself. And guess which little girl had a better life?

(Continued on Page 16)



POGRATES

BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

QUESTION: I've just started my freshman year in college and due to the starchy food in the dormitory cafeteria have gained 7 lbs. My roommate has some diet pills prescribed by her doctor. How many should I take? Is there any danger?

ANSWER: It's almost always dangerous to take a prescription medication without supervision from a physician. Otherwise all drugs could be purchased freely at pharmacy counters.

Many different kinds of "diet pills" are used to help control the appetite. The most commonly prescribed for this purpose are the amphetamines — dextroamphetamine (Dexedrine), methamphetamine (Desoxyn, Methedrine) and amphetamine (Benzedrine). The usual dose is 5 milligrams by mouth three times a day. Some drug companies package longer acting preparations which may be taken only once a day.

When used properly and for short periods of time, diet pills can aid dieting by curbing the appetite. But all too frequently they are misused. Tolerance (the necessity to take more and more of a drug to achieve the same results) develops quickly with amphetamines. I have seen housewives who started out taking diet pills as directed and wound up gulping one hundred of them each day.

Two effects of amphetamines, besides suppressing appetite, are to elevate the mood and postpone fatigue. Speed freaks abuse their bodies by ingesting large quantities of the drug, sniffing it or shooting it into their veins. But due to the phenomenon of tolerance more and more of the drug is used. Meth heads commonly shoot 100 to 300 milligrams of "crystals" every few hours when on a "run."

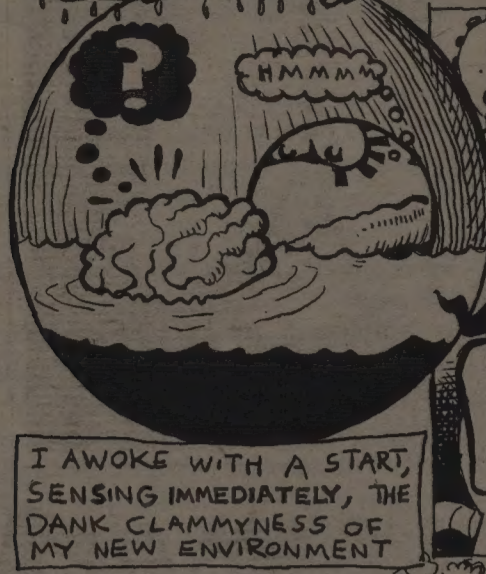
Toxic psychoses and permanent personality changes may result from long term abuse of amphetamines. Drug experts consider this category of drugs to have the greatest potential for harm of any commonly used for "highs" today. In short, amphetamines are valuable drugs when used properly but can be quite dangerous if misused.

When trying to lose weight, keep in mind that you must take in fewer calories than you expend. No pill can burn off excess fat. Daily exercise is important. Choose an exercise such as tennis or bicycling which can easily fit into your life, otherwise you will soon drop it.

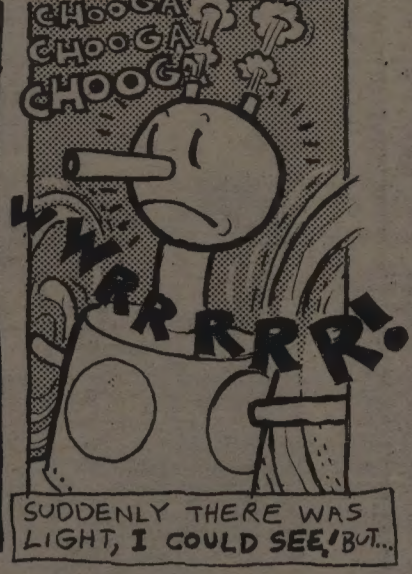
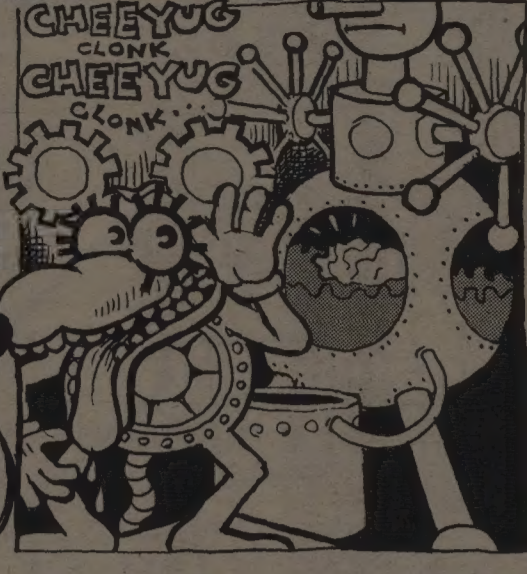
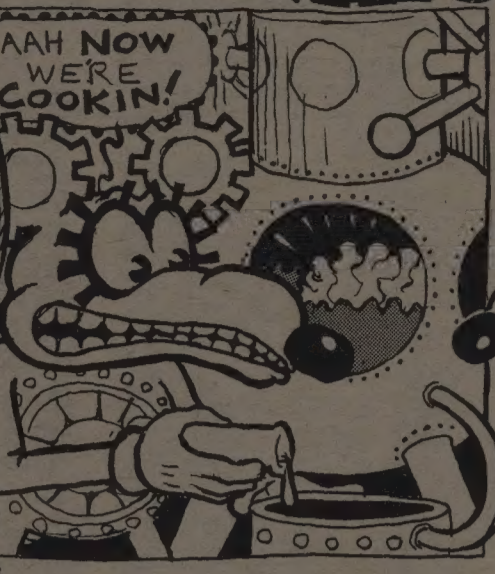
By the way, I doubt that the cafeteria food really has an overabundance of starch. Meals in college cafeterias are usually planned by trained dieticians. Try cutting down or eliminating potatoes, pastries, cakes, pies, candy, bread, soft drinks, pizza and beer. Your doctor can help you begin an organized diet.

(Continued on Page 16)

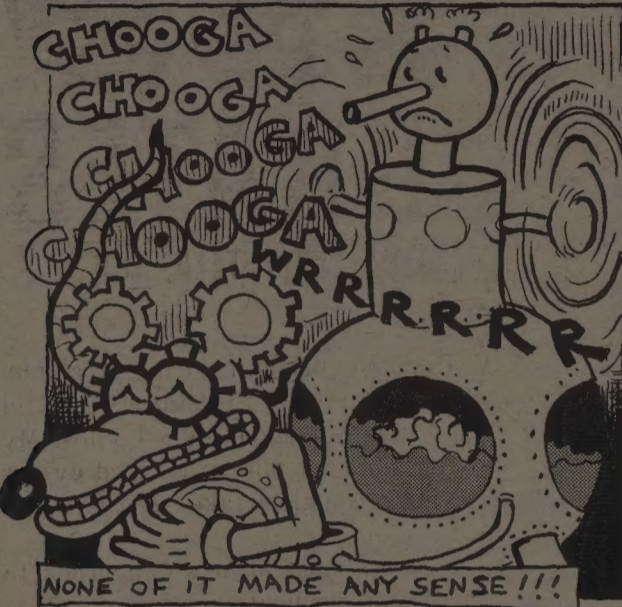
CRYIN (AINT LYIN) HIGH FLYIN FUNNIES



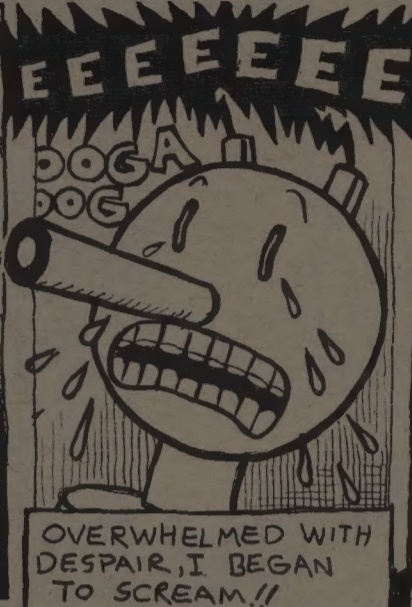
I AWOKE WITH A START, SENSING IMMEDIATELY, THE DANK CLAMMYNESS OF MY NEW ENVIRONMENT



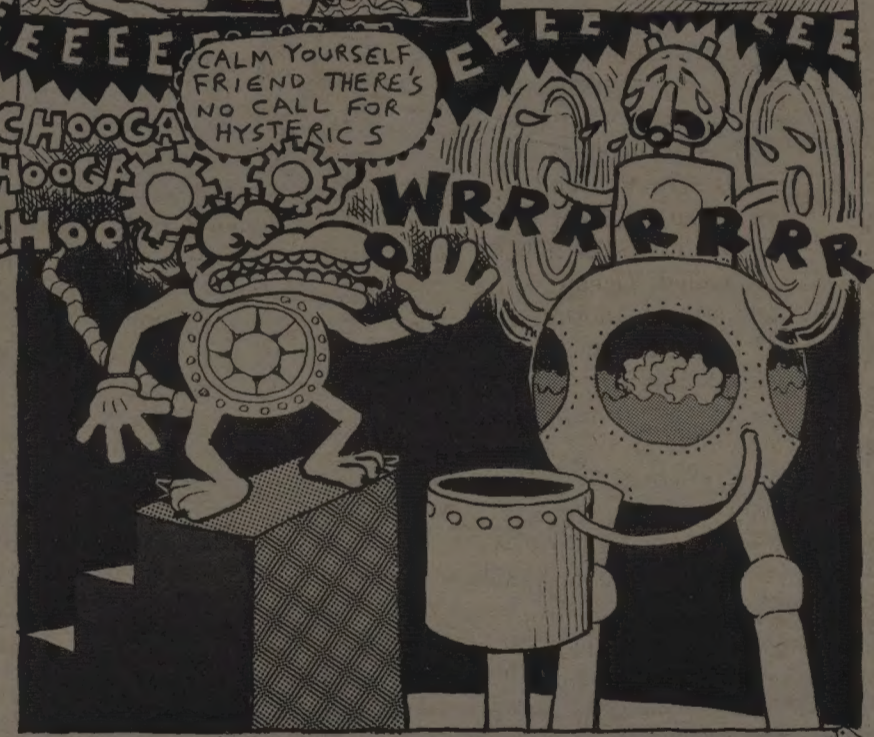
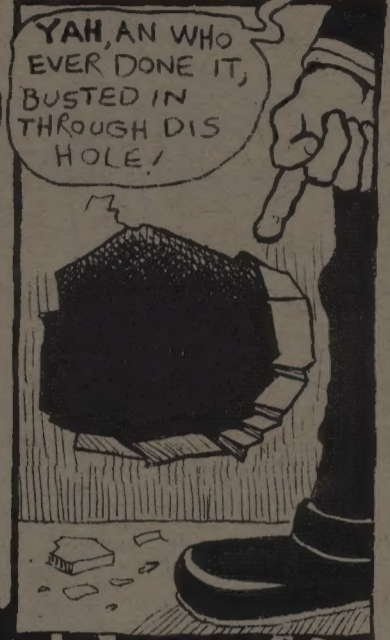
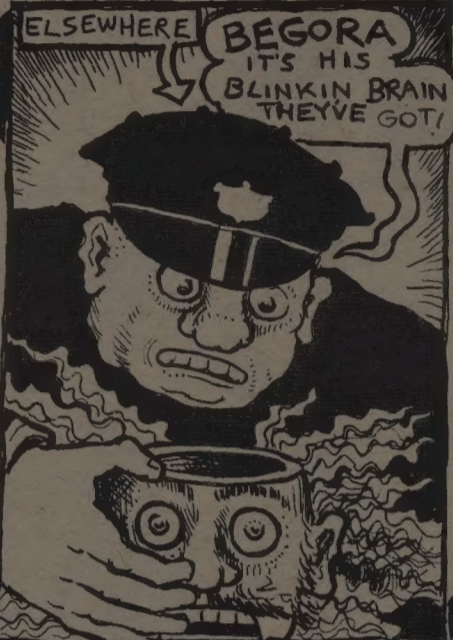
SUDDENLY THERE WAS LIGHT, I COULD SEE, BUT...



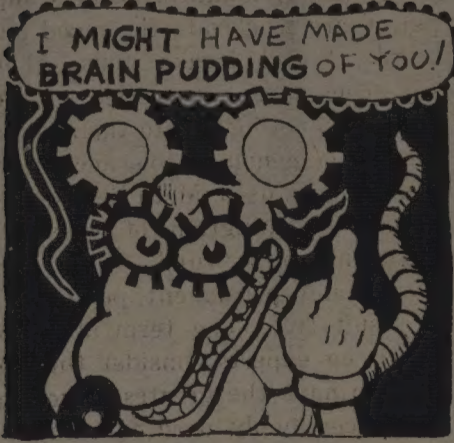
NONE OF IT MADE ANY SENSE!!!



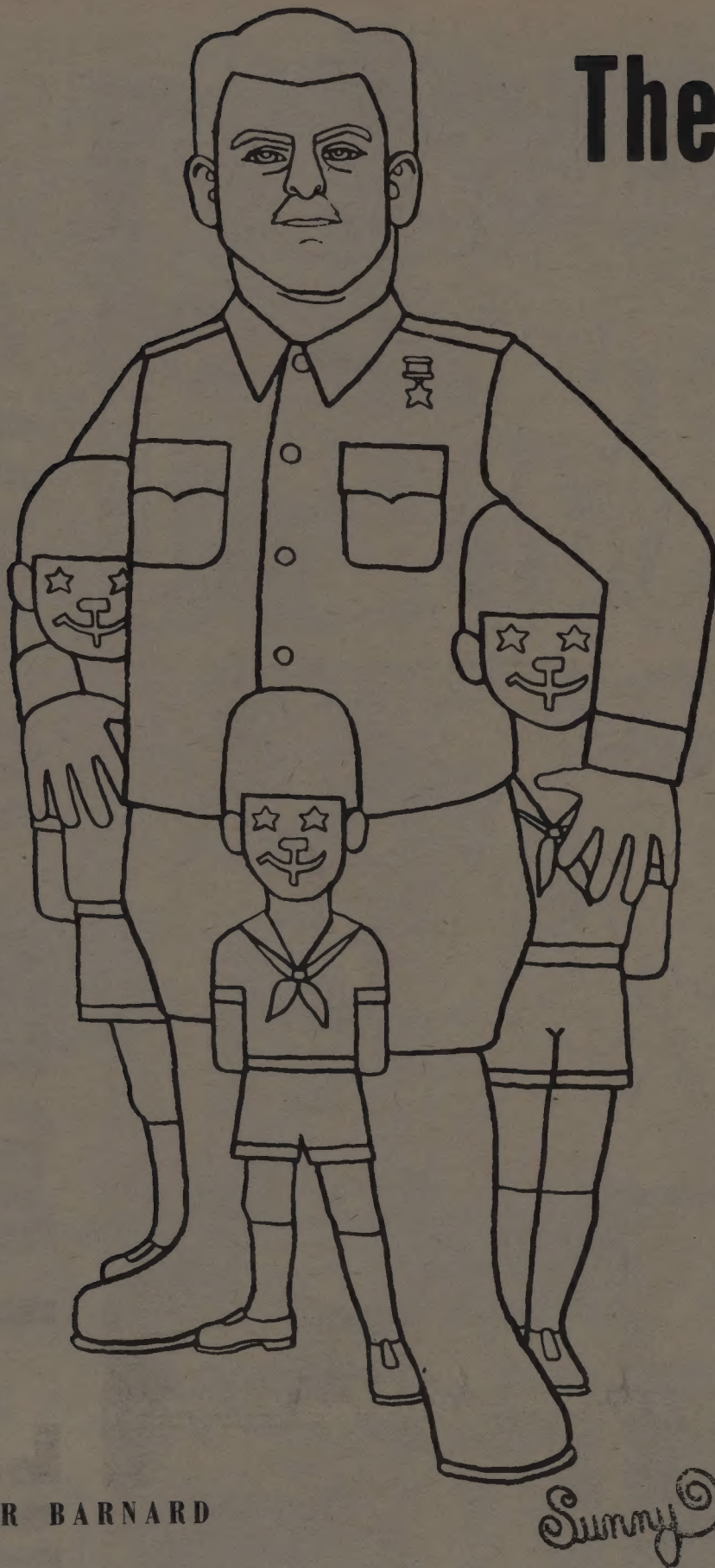
OVERWHELMED WITH DESPAIR, I BEGAN TO SCREAM!!



CALM YOURSELF FRIEND THERE'S NO CALL FOR HYSTERIC S



The Coexistence Myth



BY ROGER BARNARD

It should be obvious by now that the vital conflict today is not between one bloc and another bloc, nor between Left and Right, but between a world-wide dehumanised system of things and human decency or perhaps even survival itself. Yet only the young seem to recognise this — in remarkably identical language from Berkeley or Prague or Warsaw or Madrid. The people of my generation cannot see the wood for the trees. But the students will not come into their own for another 20 years, by which time there may not be any world left to come into. — PAUL GOODMAN,

One result of the crisis in Czechoslovakia has been a lot of talk among newspaper commentators about such concepts as "super-powers" and "coexistence" and "spheres of influence." Basically the talk has centred on the contemporary political phenomenon of what Andrew Kopkind has called Duopoly — the monolithic power-system whereby we are confronted with an interdependence of interests between the two Great Power blocs of East and West.

In this world-wide interlocking of "national interests" it is agreed, by mutual consensus, that each regime has its own exclusive areas of control and influence — roughly, for example, Eastern Europe and the Middle East for Russia, Asia and Latin America for the United States, though there is certainly some overlapping. And while it is true that each side may feel itself moved to make ritual noises whenever its opposite number engages in flagrant acts of aggrandisement or aggression, it is also true that there is an understanding, tacit but firm, that each Power is more-or-less free to shape up its "spheres of influence" after its own image, pursuing its free-booting imperialism at will.

MAIN SOURCE OF HOPE!

Some commentators — for example, Henry Brandon in the *Sunday Times* — have interpreted this dismal set-up with astonishing cynicism, as if such an arrangement were the best of all possible worlds, and have even gone so far as to assert that Duopoly is our main source of hope for averting nuclear war! But of course the truth is quite the opposite: under this intolerable system there is no chance whatever of real and lasting peace, no chance of mitigating the Cold War, and no chance of decreasing the danger of World War III.

Aside from everything else that the armed invasion of Czechoslovakia and the subsequent beautiful resistance of the Czech and Slovak peoples has taught us, this seems to me one of the profoundest lessons to be drawn from recent events in Eastern Europe. Our magical coexistence has been revealed for what it really is: neo-colonialism, the most vigorous new form of old-fashioned imperialism. And it is by means of this spurious co-existence that the sovereign Powers of East and West once more eagerly carve up the world, somewhat after the fashion of Metternich's 19th Century Grand Alliance but without overt military conflict. Political policy is made accordingly, and everywhere we drift towards the Age of Empire.

There is nothing particularly new about this analysis. It just took that shameless rape of Czechoslovakia on August 21 to show what it really meant when the chips were down. As early as 1963, in his book called *One-Dimensional Man*, Herbert Marcuse had written:

"The fateful interdependence of the only two 'sovereign' social systems in the contemporary world is expressive of the fact that the conflict

between progress and politics, between man and his masters, has become total. When capitalism meets communism, it meets its own suppressed capabilities: spectacular development of all productive forces after the subordination of the private interests in profitability which arrest such development.

"When communism meets capitalism, it too meets its own suppressed capabilities: spectacular comforts, liberties, and alleviation of the burden of life. Both systems have these capabilities distorted beyond recognition and, in both cases, the reason is in the last analysis the same — the struggle against a form of life which would dissolve the basis for domination."

Now obviously there are still numerous contradictions among the imperialist Powers. But the compulsive drives in each bloc towards colonial exploitation and military expansionism can legitimately be called the nodal points at which the new situation of co-existence has had a crucial bearing on the stabilisation of both capitalism and communism. It is not even too cynical to say that communism has become the friendly doctor by the sick-bed of an ailing capitalism and vice-versa. Or to put it another way, if it were not for communism it would be impossible to explain the political and economic solidification of the established order in America: if it were not for capitalism it would be impossible to account for the political and economic unification of the established order in Russia. And this is our co-existence!

Let us look at one specific example — it is perhaps the most striking one available — of how this Duopoly works to prevent any diminishing of international conflict, any relaxation of the Cold War, any slowing down of the drift towards holocaust. As was made clear by the brutal invasion of Czechoslovakia and the mixed motives that impelled it, the major key to peace in Eastern Europe lies in settling what is euphemistically termed The German Problem. Now the only proposal that makes sense in this context is a Germany united by free elections and neutral between the two Power blocs. Two closely related principles are involved here: (1) the German people have an inalienable right to determine their own form of Government and (2) in the present world-situation it is profoundly dangerous for either Power bloc to attempt to profit from this self-determination.

FEAR OF NEUTRALITY

At present, however, neither side appears even remotely willing to entertain, let alone accept, this sort of solution, because it would set in motion a chain reaction of tendencies that would threaten the American position in Western Europe and the Russian position in Eastern Europe. The smallest sign of those tendencies making an appearance would weaken the repressive military alliance of NATO and the Warsaw Pact and put the fear of God up the pants of the top brass in the Pentagon and Kremlin. For a neutral Germany would be a centre of infection for neutrality which might well lead to an end of the Cold War, thereby spoiling the grandiose dreams of hegemony over Europe enjoyed by the powers-that-be in both America and Russia. And at the moment, neither side wants to stop the Cold War when the price is such an abandonment of dynamic expansionism.

THE POWER-VACUUM

Berlin is a crucial focal point, of course, because it is the place where any genuine solution would inevitably mean rapid decline in the world-positions of both Russia and America. The two Great Powers share a common interest in not allowing any real neutrality to develop, on the ground that a Great Power is not a Great Power unless it is working furiously to fill up every available power-vacuum. And in their own terms, of course, the Powers are indeed correct in reasoning on these grounds — but it is

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BY
LENOX
RAPHAEL

THE LOSER IS WILD

The morning was preening its temper like Methuselah before the mirror. The Saturday morning Washington Square Park was a sprinkling of people and some trees holding their sides and laughing that early. Dick was coming, Dick Gregory for President. Dick for Love and Lust. The tough and gentle Pope Gregory, the just and beautiful hustler saint who would have painted the White House black. The color shifter Gregory riffer on his last day of campaigning. And he was wild with patience.

"Dick Gregory for President!" hawked two little girls on a large bike. "Gregory for President!"

And the sprinkling of people smiled; they raised their heads, let their adams apples lunge up, down, then forward; they opened their eyes; the kids were gone, but the sprinkling listened to the words, four words and one exclamation, the words hesitant and murderous like a B29 out of fuel over Manhattan; and then they smiled!

The two girls braked at Sixth Avenue. "DICK GREGORY FOR PRESIDENT NOW!" A last lap rally in progress. The sprinkling smile again as you have the great build-UP for the great kiss.

Dick was on his way. Where was the White House?

And, suddenly, he was there. The crowd was smiling, no hecklers, no Ho Chi Minh Hecklestra; Greg was a lover, a loser. Their lover, their loser; he was losing for them, too, and they could smile up to him with the victory spirit of those who are also undecided about the battle. They had had it the past months. There were winners and losers and everyone lost something.

They remembered the Kennedys. Everything for them, even the Onassis of it, started with the Kennedys, Death. They winced at that thought. Death always gave way to life, a kind of return without notice. Then they chose Lyndon Caretaker, and he started having these outrageous dreams of innocence. He lay in bed with them, in the dark, they felt him against them, perhaps his hardness, but they wanted him soft. But Lyndon was smart. He gave them what they wanted, told them what they wanted to know, to hear, set them adrift in lies, dragged their fear thru the flames and promised to eat it. Grief took them apart. Guilt put them together. In guilt and grief he tied them to the stake one night of his Great Society that never left the air, and he flagellated their dreams. Then, zap-sap: more assassinations, more keepers, Malcolm X, they were smiling. Martin Luther King, they would smile again. Robert Kennedy, they couldn't stop pretending to smile.

But '68 was supposed to be different. They had started to love many new people, started to understand themselves a little better, somewhat faster. Sometimes the return of the spirit was so slow and some days were magic carpet rides. Then they started to wach themselves from the sides. They loved those magic carpet rides, those visions. Sometimes, without their losers, they felt lonely, suddenly they were believing, then adrift in the icy waters of remembrance. Time embraced them. They walked thru the park and felt like trees, became trees. The spirit, like good sex, pulled them right out to silence and past dreaming. Then, thinking of death, wrestling with their social nightmares, their own losing streak of goodness perhaps, they felt so alive. There was fire outside, they saw flames. And the flames were avocado beautiful and Dick's smile.

All year long they followed the losers. They knew they couldn't afford to spend the long bread needed to be President. Losing. Winners were distasteful. Winners were anteaters crawling over the stomachs of their consciences. OuuuuU! Winners brushed their teeth with dirt; dirty dirt amerikani! Losers they could touch; and even then it was difficult, painful; the losers were their own winners, had themselves to protect, to touch back with some care, and there would be another day. Always another to lean on, dissect, succor, scream. Then, 11:30 on the West Side and Greg is there, wedding ring a glitter, eyes lively, fresh; he meets his people. He makes them laugh, he says serious things to them, these majestic men and limbo women, he smiles back at them without a growl!

"He is so refreshing," says someone in the crowd. Refreshing, like 7UP; drink but down take home. No stampede. No name-calling, and they applaud when he says he's the most moral, ethical and honest of the candidates, and if his people wanted a statesman they would vote him in. There were three choices for fool. He would have to take a cut in salary if he won; but he would be patriotic enough



to serve the public without taking too much. He said the right things and they cheered. They cheered his eyes, his lips, his glittering ring, his Swiftian jokes and funny way of saying nigger. 12:45; Tompkins Square Park, Greg is coming. Comes. Losing, but loving. Trees chatter. He tells them again. He's the "most ethical, morally dedicated, most honest statesman in the race," but it's a losing game; this was not the year for ethic, moral dedication, honest statemanship; at least, not among the politicians; these politicians, the ones who had the best chances of winning, and much more to lose, these love and hate candidates spoke in many tongues; they sought out confusion, acted on confusion; confusion sought them out and acted on them, changed their lies and truths from day to day.

"There is nothing wrong with America that the faith, love of freedom, intelligence and energy of her citizens cannot cure," Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"We find scarcely any persons of good sense save those who agree with us," La Rouchefoucauld.

Law and order! "Just another way of saying nigger!"

O.K., Greg said, law and order is what you'll get when I win. I'll go after the crime syndicates, drive them into the ground until they say China; and you . . . and you . . . and you — the common people—start practicing home grown happiness; plant your own, take chemical lessons—because I going after the syndicate boys, explode Wall Street bustline in their faces. "Filthy, corrupt, cracker No. 1 crime syndicate."

Are you now or were you ever a member . . . ?

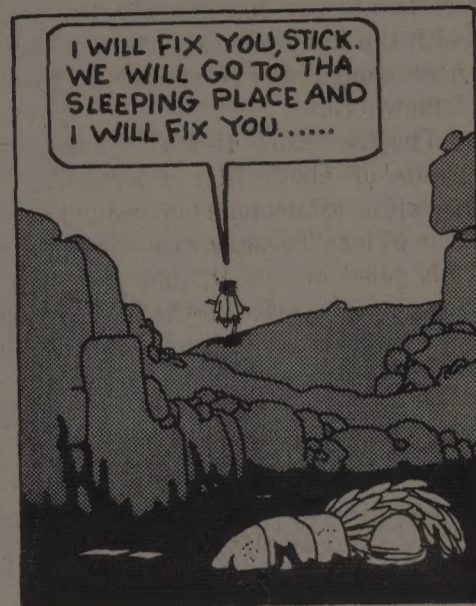
"I don't intend to end the war in Vietnam," the candidate said. "I want to bring our boys home." Bring the boys home and send the men over there to fight out the marijuana war. Anyone from 16 to

70 free to volunteer, to go to China, to lose. "Put your loyalty in the foxhole!" Law an order! "When the Constitution is enforced, the cop's job becomes minor." And the cops, he said, shouldn't rely on Hong Kong flu; that was no way to get a raise, especially when they had the gun, the eyes of death, the claws of blood, they could strike, they could whip some of the Bosses. During the Democratic National Convention, they should have whipped Daley; hippie-whipping didn't get them any raises. Daley was still ugly; but he stood to be a winner when Humphrey won; and, yes, he stood to win if anyone won. He had been hard, and 1968 is the start of the hardness, the coming out all over of it, the legitimization of it, the love of it, the fear. And when the chips began to fall in the wrong places, the losers were lining up behind the winners (after futile gestures of dissent). But every loser is his own best winner, even in private when the lights are off, the stage bare, alone with dreams, they come running like a losing streak, like being afraid to love, wanting it, and afraid to be found wanting.

"I didn't know he was serious," someone said. Everybody else was too. You had to look like Dick Nixon to get into the Republican Rally at Madison Square Garden and Rap Brown to get into the Wallace one; and at the Humphrey one (after poor O'Dwyer and McCarthy, and John Galbraith, and Pete Hamili and Lassic lost out to all kinds of fear and fear and joined the Humphrey bandwagon, spreading clean sheets over Hubert's blood at the Manhattan Center, John Galbraith paled when Sharon handed him the pig's head (remember John the Baptist) and naked aggression before 69.

And at 5 p.m. Dick speak to the Press. If he loses, when he loses, he will set up his Government-in-Exile with legations in the main capitals of the

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IN THE BEGINNING

WAS THE WORD

BY WALTER BREEN

Peter Farb: *MAN'S RISE TO CIVILIZATION*. . . E. P. Dutton, 1968, 332 pp., extensively illustrated, \$8.95.

I have long had a certain weakness for the better grade of popular anthropology — books some of which, like those of Malinowski, Benedict, Mead, Linton, etc., have in the long run proven to be sociological classics. Here is a new study which thoroughly deserves to rank among them.

What you will get out of this book depends on what you bring to it. The casual reader will get more details of comparative culture of American Indians than he probably believed could ever go into a single book; and beautifully illustrated and documented, at that. The Indian-idolizing refugee from the Haight will find much to love and many heartrending details of Indian confrontation with white man to deplore. Artists, especially those turned on to primitives, will find much to admire, though in a book as expensive as this one could have wished for color plates.

Sociologists and those students of the sociology of preliterate man calling themselves anthropologists, amateur or professional, will find much more. Under the guise of such a popularized survey, Farb's is in actuality giving us a depth exploration of the modern concept of cultural evolution. This is not the antiquated rubbish due to the likes of Turgot, Condorcet, Comte or Marx which would have it that man evolved in some sort of recognizable stages of socio-economic progress from Deepest

Savagery of the Digger Indian or Fuegian or Australian aborigine level all the way up to (here everyone patted himself on the back) WASP Civilization with its Christian Enlightenment and Technological Supremacy. Neither, thank god, is it the "social darwinist" nonsense of Herbert Spencer and others better forgotten, which raised the "survival of the fittest" principle into a shibboleth defining the "fittest" as those with the strongest armies. Farb's study fortunately wears feathers of other colors.

Specifically, he sees evolution implicitly as a general process of adaptation to changing environments, not progressing in any predictable direction, least of all towards a western pattern. (Evolution is now known to be demonstrable in populations of other kinds than species of plants or animals. Types of automobiles and vocabularies and drugs are three such populations. Processes corresponding to mutation, natural selection, ecological niches, extinction are all demonstrable; but that is another book). Farb does not fall into any crude analogy with biological evolution as that is commonly understood; he is, rather, adopting an evolutionary perspective for describing and understanding what happens within and between populations over time. This perspective is closest to the functionalism of anthropological pioneers like Malinowski; and it gives us a more convincing way of making sense out of many otherwise seemingly unintelligible cultural patterns — white or Indian or otherwise — than most alternatives so far presented.

The book is much easier reading than the above may make it sound. Einstein once said that the best test he had for whether he understood a theory was, could he explain it to a child and make him understand it? Farb has certainly succeeded on this level; and I have to give him this, that he has done a better job in convincing me of the validity of the Leslie Whyte "culturology" approach than White himself could have done. Such things as hundreds of simultaneous discoveries, or rediscoveries, far beyond anything one could call "coincidence," i.e. chance, can be explained on the basis of divine inspiration, astrology; or — perhaps simplest — filling a felt gap in the cultural totality. No doubt when a reliable turn-on impossible to make illegal, or an energy storage device more efficient than batteries, or a cure for the common cold, finally is discovered, it will be discovered simultaneously in many different quarters. So too with adoption of similar though unrelated solutions to culture-wide problems among Indians or whites; and what is in fact involved is, no less, an occult principle: if enough people unanimously wish hard enough for something to happen, sooner or later they bend the universe just enough to allow it to come about — though in, most often, unexpected ways.

The book is likely to send you off on trains of thought just as weird as those sketched out here; it is full a treasure. Speaking as a sociologist, I am greatly impressed. I hope a quality paperback reprint promptly appears.

AVOCADO STATION

by D A Latimer

There is no more free store to be had at 14 Cooper Square. Lee Penn and Steve Stiles gave away the last of the furnishings on Hallowe'en: for a lousy Trick or Treat you could heist a black leather desk chair. (A revisionist Tricks 'N Treats got you a session in the back room with the Red Fascists.) Herbie Moore was now here around, and story had it he was off crying somewhere.

The free store died, it is safe to say, at the hands of about fifty Puertorican kids. Four nameless sedans puled up around the place about four o'clock Tuesday morning, all of these little kids piled out of it, and they commenced to demolish the place to the best of their abilities. 'Doc' was crashing alone in the place at the time, and he swears he woke to the sound of gunfire out on the streets. And sure enough, a little Puertorican kid stuck his face up against the glass door, peered around, and proceeded to smash his way in with the ass end of a twelve-gauge shotgun. Happily, no one was killed or even seriously molested in the incident, and the kids eventually went away.

The next day, though, as the Yippies were nailing up a hundred dollars' worth of plywood over the shattered store windows, word came out that the City had revoked the franchise. Well, the lease had run out, and there'd really been too much trouble around, and what the hell, nobody's gonna riot in the wintertime even if there ain't no free store . . .

The Pagans had cut mostly out of the operation a few days before hand anyway, and the Yippies just shrugged and said fuck it. Steve Stiles hints that some really grandiose Yip projects are brewing despite the lack of a communications headquarters. An interim communications center has been established at 68 Varick street, and everybody's still alive. The Puertorican kids are home in the Bronx for the winter.

The summons said I was commanded to appear before the President's Committee on Havoc and Mayhem at eleven in the morning on Hallowe'en Day. It took a while to figure what they wanted me for, but eventually I remembered clouting a bum last month in front of the Tompkins Square Sweet Shoppe, after he had tried to grab ass off my old lady. It didn't seem too important at the time — I regretted breaking his crutch, but if he hadn't had that steel plate in his head it wouldn't have happened — but I figured if my President wanted to know what prompted me to violence, then it was my duty as a lifelong American to tell him. With the summons came a certificate entitling me to two days' room and board at the Saint Hester Merciful Nursing Home and a roundtrip Greyhound ticket, so packing my hash pipe and my 30-ought-6 with telescopic sights, I set out for Washington Town.

The smog seemed even heavier than it is in Manhattan. In fact, I was beginning to believe the signs on the New York Con Ed trucks until I stepped out on the street and noticed that most of the town was burning down, and hence the smoke. A National Guardsman kindly directed me to the Commission Headquarters, and I showed up only twenty minutes late with superficial flesh wounds.

Committee member Herring Scoffer opened the proceedings by swiping at me with a steel harpoon from across the conference table. In



his youth Mr. Scoffer had been fourth assistant screwball wiper in the Seattle-Vancouver Ferry boiler room, a position he maintained as romantically and successfully as Robert Frost maintained his farm. To while away the long idle hours afloat — or awash, often as not — Mr. Scoffer habitually sequestered himself in the head, reading Norman Vincent Peale and the Reader's Digest and cackling insanely. He impressed the rest of the crew as an ingenious goldbricker, and soon became the Northwest Coast's pet screwball-philosopher. His senseless mouthings were recorded and syndicated by all the best Sunday Rotogravures, and soon he became a celebrity of sorts: people said that for someone who didn't know what was going on either, Herring Scoffer certainly told it like it was. The President enjoyed Herring Scoffer's weekly column even more than Dick Tracy, and created the Commission on Havoc and Mayhem especially for Mr. Scoffer. Sharpening his longshoreman's hook on the shank of his ivory pegleg, Scoffer scowled me and growled, 'Ya got long hair, punk! Ya think yas smart??'

'Washington Town is burning down,' I said. 'People are dying in the streets. You speak to me of long hair when this stuff is happening?'

'Combustion is a manifestation of the primeval Id-force running amok,' Scoffer declared gravely, 'and so is your hair. Adam killed Eve. It's all your fault.'

'Let's get to the point,' broke in chairman

Miltown Roosenflower. 'Mr. Vladimir, what were you doing when the Commies attacked Chicago?' Chairman Roosenflower is the scion of a prominent American political family, a hybrid. People have said there is not a more ill-favoured face in any Terran government.

'I was cranking out mimeographed propaganda on the Lower East Side,' I admitted. 'And the name's Latimer.'

'Go to hell!' exploded Herring Scoffer. 'Fuck you! I've never seen a case of alienation that a little power couldn't cure. Baruk Kahzad! Khazad Aimeneau! Hang the little bitch, Miltown.'

'Gosh, I'm sorry, Herring,' apoligised Roosenflower, 'we ain't got hangin' priveleges.'

'Fie on thou!' Scoffer screeched, javelining his harpoon at me. 'There were fourteen Democrats in Tompkins Square, Vladimir, and you ate one of them, you low-life cocksucker. I'm splitting.' And he left the harpoon vibrating beside my ear and fled from the chamber.

The Commission recessed shortly thereafter, as member the Rev. Dr. Hymen Klapdrip threw an epileptic fit when a band of Negro teenagers broke in and threw a strobe light at his head. The confusion provided me an opportunity to flee, and soon I was back on the old Greyhound bus heading for Manhattan. On the bridge crossing the Potomac, I happened to look down and notice Herring Scoffer riding off into the sunset astride a great white whale. The sun sets in the East in Washington Town.

Hey, it's that time of the month again — new comic books all over the place. I recommend especially the Mickey Mouse Surprise Party, reprinted by popular demand and selling for a quarter. It's a regular anthology, this one, a whole mess of ancient Mickey Mouse stories dating from like 1953, 1957 — old home week for the snotface comic fans of yesteryear. 'The Brave Little Tailor' is the first episode, that enchanted fairy tale that had Mickey getting sucked into the giant-killing bag. The next one is 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice', straight out of Fantasia, anthropoid brooms and all. The last 2 sequences have Mickey and Goofy scrapping first with Black Pete in the Wild West, then putting down some crooked lumberjacks in the Yukon. A kind of *deja vu* grows out of this comic book — like when you see the Ugly Giant popping whole pumpkins into his mouth like bonbons, a most arresting image, one that blew your mind when you were seven, and you'd forgotten all about it. And all this Reprinted by Popular Demand, eh? Well, Latimer here fancies himself a popular person, got a thousand friends, and I respectfully demand that Walt iDsney Productions reprint the following: Uncle Scrooge in Atlantis; Donald Duck in the Wild West; Donald Duck and El Dorado (A few months ago they did Donald Duck and the Seven Cities of Cibola, weep if you missed it); and the Donald Duck Halloween special with Witch Hazel and Beelzebub. (And if Warner Brothers could reprint some of the old Bugs Bunny Halloween Specials, that'd be cool too.) All this would be so out of sight, it'd stone me for life. The low point of the month must be the new Nick Fury. S.H.I.E.L.D. has been deteriorating spectacularly since Steranko was moved to the (ecch) X-men, anyway, but this month's Nick Fury gets into a flap with Adolph Hitler and this has got to be the worst thing

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SPORTS

MEXICO - Liberation News Service

University students in Mexico City continue to strike, and the Mexican Army continues to occupy the National Polytechnic Institute, in violation of the Mexican tradition of university autonomy.

The students, under the direction of the National Strike Council, are devoting the time they usually spend in classes to an intensive effort to politicize workers and peasants in Mexico City and the small villages surrounding it. To a lesser extent, they are going into the isolated rural states of Mexico, carrying the same message, in an attempt to build a national alliance of students, workers and peasants, to force the government of Mexico to adhere to its own constitution.

The National Strike Council has, however, declared a moratorium on demonstrations in order to prevent a repetition of the massacre which occurred on October 2nd at Tlatelolco, a middle class housing project in Mexico City.

At least 200 students and workers were killed in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas at Tlatelolco, though responsible estimates place the number at up to 500. The number of wounded will never be known. The government has refused to release figures on the number arrested, but the Mexican press said that

about 1500 were imprisoned. Most of them have not been released.

The Plaza de las Tres Culturas was filled with families on October 2nd; many had brought their children along, since the government had given assurances that the demonstration would not be met with violence. Without warning, the troops opened fire. "The crowd was running, while soldiers—firing at the people—were coming in from the rear," wrote Tim Reynolds, an eyewitness to the slaughter.

He told Liberation News Service, "The sound of the guns was deafening and continuous, like a waterfall. In basic training in the military, I sometimes heard three KD ranges going at once, but this was ten times the noise; the rattle of rifles over everything, and occasional louder explosions (grenades, I thought, or cannons of some kind). This sheet of sound went on for about an hour. It was nightmareish. What could there be left to shoot at, for God's sake?"

Last week, according to a telephone dispatch from I. M. Bandita, the LNS correspondent in Mexico City, Mexican President Diaz Ordaz told a group of bankers, "If necessary, we will have two, three, many Tlatelolcos," in a play on Che Guevara's promise of "two, three, many Vietnams."

The conflict between students and the government flared into the open in July, when government troops seized upon a stonethrowing incidents between boys from two competing schools as a pretext for occupying a school and beating students on the streets. A protest against government action in that incident, on the 26th of July, and an independent but concurrent demonstration in support of the Cuban Revolution were suppressed by the military. According to the National Strike Council, at least 35 students were killed between July 23 and 29.

By the end of July, the Mexican government was desperately trying to push the protesting students behind a freshly painted facade of a "democratic Mexico" in time for the Olympics. The students were agitating feverishly, to insure that the world would see through that facade. Student "political brigades" began to go into the neighborhoods of the city, into factories and into the villages that surround the city to ask for the support of the people.

On August 14, the students organized a demonstration of 200,000 people in the Zocalo, the huge main square of Mexico City. In the crowd were electrical workers, railroad employees, teachers and taxi drivers, who offered to join the student strike if their demands were not met. (The government oil workers attempted a strike, but it was broken by troops.)

By the time of the demonstration in the Zocalo, the demands of the students had been codified: 1) immediate release of all political prisoners arrested since July 26; 2) immediate removal of the Chiefs of Police of Mexico, General Medeiros and Cueto; 3) indemnification for the families of the dead and wounded; 4) abolition of the laws against "social dissolution" (a catch-all statute allowing the arrest of political radicals); 6) freedom of speech; and 7) freedom of the press.

Last month, the National Strike Council appended three conditions which the Mexican government must meet before discussions can begin on the demands: 1) the immediate withdrawal of troops from all occupied schools; 2) the end of repression; and 3) the release of all those who have been imprisoned during the conflict for political reasons.

Some measure of the popular support of the strike can be taken from the attendance at the meeting of the National Strike Council on October 14. In addition to the representatives of 7 schools and faculties of the university, there were delegates from 400 peasants and workers strike committees. The participation of workers is in defiance of their government controlled unions. Peasants near Mexico City are participating in the Strike Council through the Federation of Southeast Towns, 250,000 members strong. The Federation rose out of student organizing efforts in the town of Topilejo this summer.

Now that the Olympics are over, and the scrutiny of world opinion, no one can predict with certainty what will happen. There are constant rumors of the onslaught of violent government repression, and student strike leaders are constantly disappearing.

I. M. Bandita, LNS correspondent in Mexico City, writes, "The movement has been decimated by the massacre at Tlatelolco and by the jailings, killings and disappearance of its leaders. The army and police refrained from further violence during the Olympics because, 'The eyes of the world are on us.' But after the Olympics is another story—and no one wants to talk too much about the prospects.

"Perhaps the best portraits of Mexico now is the white dove of peace on the green billboards (put up around the city in honor of the Olympic,—the dove with red paint running down its wings.

The dead lay strewn about the Plaza de las Tres Culturas in Mexico City, after Mexican government troops opened fire on a peaceful protest rally on October 2. More than 200 were killed, countless more injured and unknown numbers imprisoned. (LNS)



TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE 6th

TOTAL ASSAULT UPON CULTURE



OPEN THE POD DOOR HAL

TRASHMAN
QUICKLY, YOU AND YOUR MEN MUST HIDE THERE ARE PASSAGEWAYS THAT RUN UNDER THE BUILDINGS ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS STREET

TRASHMAN AND HIS MEN AFTER DITCHING THEIR WHEELS PROCEED ON THEIR MISSION...

DRAWN: SPAIN
WRITTEN: ALGERNON BAKKASH
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FROM A NEARBY SIDEWALK CRACK



THE RITING COMMANDOS

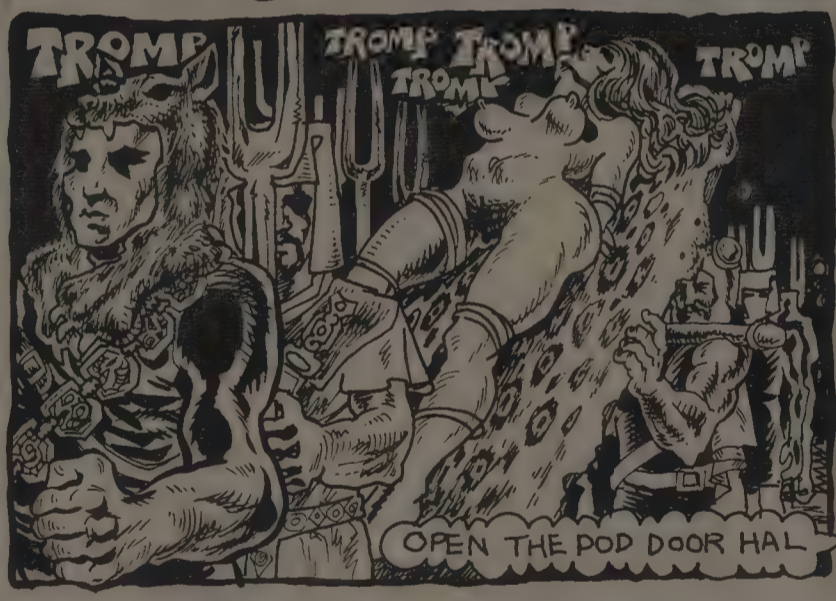
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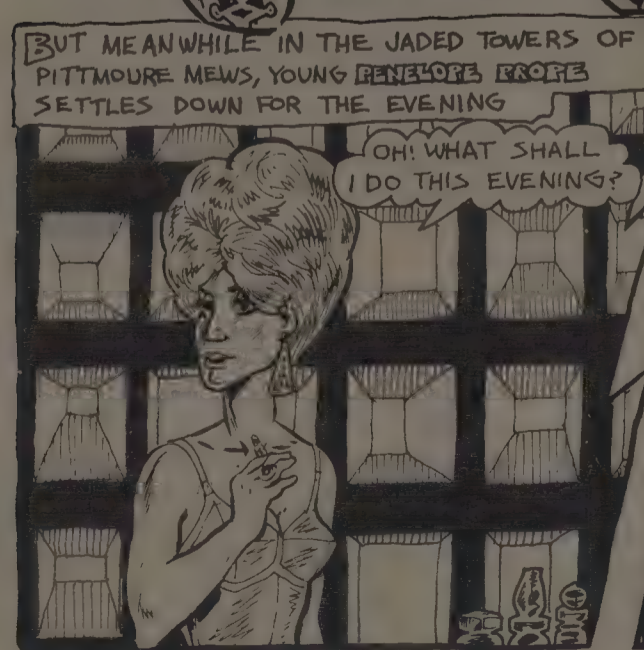
OPEN THE POD DOOR HAL



OPEN THE DOOR HAL



OPEN THE POD DOOR HAL

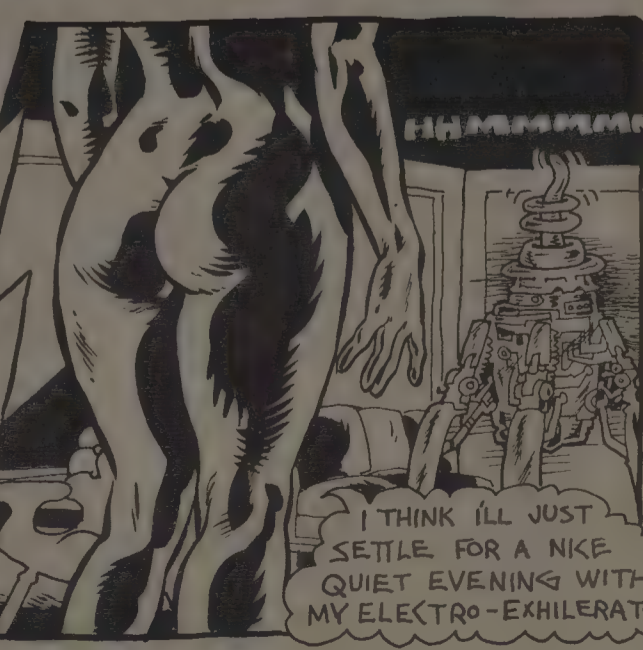


BUT MEANWHILE IN THE JADED TOWERS OF PITTMORE MEWS, YOUNG RENELOPE PROPE SETTLES DOWN FOR THE EVENING

OH! WHAT SHALL I DO THIS EVENING?



ALL OF THESE SOIREE'S HAVE RECENTLY BECOME A BORE



I THINK I'LL JUST SETTLE FOR A NIKE. QUIET EVENING WITH MY ELECTRO-EXHILATOR

Paternalist Papers

Madison Avenue has been the whipping boy of the have nots who have allowed themselves to be sucked in by the jungle. Its monopoly on grossness is undisputed and without its general shmuckiness it wouldn't be what it is. The energy it generates could, if diverted properly, be the single most potent soma of our future lives.

Just treading upon its plush shabbiness can clue one in as to where they are really at.

Being a streamlined organism that prides itself on its **SERVICECAPABILITY**; it is an industry in a state of compulsive tithers, put there by its own innate divisiveness. Never before as in the past five years, has Madison Avenue succeeded in turning the people on to something that it has never comprehended to begin with. They are thus permanently uptight for fresh blood in their ever collapsing turgid veins. In short—they are up against the wall and they **KNOW** it.

In lieu of all this the outer image of the Avenue has begun to show some changes too. The three button Brooks suit is no longer the undisputed monarch of MADAV attire.

Often the Kenneth Lane pasteup Medallion replaces the Phi Beta Kappa key and at times the incense stick on the executive desk messes with the otherwise deoderized air. On rare occasions one might even get turned on by an account supervisor (the stash a silver Tiffany cigarette case) and at times a cocktail party can even be outrageously HIP.

In the spirit of ever loving brotherly helpfulness it is important to help and assist those whose thing it is to me merchandise concepts that, if imbued properly, may indeed turn the American people on, if only in a small way.

The vast reservoir of magic juicy minds remains untapped. It is bottomless and simply reeks of goodies. One such is the invitation to "APE RAPE—an exhibition of the comic art of Spain Rodriguez, R. Crumb, Kim Deitch, Art Spiegelman and Bill Beckman held at the PEACE EYE Bookstore on Avenue A. If these names don't mean much to you Mr. Adman, just dig the accompanying copy.

These comic strip plexi are high energy spew-grids which at their best discharge intense power and beauty into the brain as the eye slurps across their surface. The jolt of such immediate energy creates in the beholder profound sensations of mirth, anarchy, poetry, sodomy-froth, Hideum apparitions and somehow, faith. It's not easy. These artists live and work together, constantly comparing a million ideas and anecdotes, cackling and chortling over the pushy violence of the world, annotating with their tense disciplined rapidographs the terror in the wall. Understand now the measure of a man's eye-spew!! They have seen the Oatmeal.

"In the rape-drool of the shimmering sodomy fits" 1st flashes, then tension, then vision.

God thru

Oatmeal

If the invisible romance of Sunshine Girl and Trashman did not evoke within you your most passionate fantasy drools, why not consider the vast talent of SUPERFUG ED SANDERS the perfect preventative medicine of your next ulcer tremors?

* * *

Unlike the Stock Market that tends to react vehemently to any fluctuation on the political scene, the arms and munitions peddlers abide by a steady course of hardsell that contributes its own to the general uptightness about.

Smith & Wesson, a firm rich in tradition in the deathly lore of arms peddling has excelled again in their advertising campaign for their products.

In the spirit of Public Service, that eternal copout of the sales spiel, Smith & Wesson has embarked on a thorough educational campaign that supposedly is intended to educate us and hip us on to the goodies that they, in the public interest, naturally, have come up with.

In an epic called "TRUTH ABOUT TEAR GAS" they let us in on their thing:

Law enforcement agencies throughout the U.S. are building up their stocks of tear gas and training in its use. Police officers are following advice like that in the FBI's riot control manual, which concludes that chemical agents are the most effective,



humane means of temporarily neutralizing a mob, while minimizing personal injury.

But many are wondering which kind of agent to get. The older CN ("tear gas")? Or the more powerful irritant agent, CS?

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has indicated in its reports that CS has been found by the military to be considerably more effective and safer than CN. The Commission has expressed an opinion that the only currently available alternative to using CS is applying potentially lethal force, and has strongly recommended the use of CS before rifles or bayonets.

Although Lake Erie makes both agents, we recommend CS.

THE FIRST DOSE DOES IT.

Simply stated . . . CS is the most apt to stop a riot so it can't restart! Though all rioters will run out of a cloud of either agent, the big difference is this . . .

After 10 minutes or so of "recovery" in fresh air, determined rioters may have forgotten the effects of CN to the point where they're ready to start trouble again, a block or two away. But if they've had a dose of CS, they're through for the day. (And maybe for the year.) CS has extremely sobering effects on a lawbreaker, including burning sensations and the feeling he can't breathe. These, added to the tears, are so psychologically demoralizing, even in memory, that wild horses couldn't drag him back.

Another point: CS grenades, properly used, are almost impossible to throw back. It would be difficult to find even a fanatic with the nerve to pick one up, without a mask.

Yet, according to a large body of impressive evidence, CS has proven extremely safe. More and more police departments are switching from CN to CS. And in our experience, not one has wanted to switch back.

With all these murmurs about Peace and other such nonsense rampant, the goals of the invisible international arms cartel are crystal clear. If a ready war isn't going, incite one. If one is on the verge of petering out, feed it more fuel.

In Biafra, the French arms dealer M. Lorenz does his best, with the tacit assistance and unspoken approval of the De Gaulle government, to stoke the fires of the waning Biafran resistance. On the other side of the fence, the British arms dealers openly defy the monthly limit of arms and munitions ship-

ments that the British Government has allowed to be channelled to the Nigerian forces. The net result of these deals—just look at the next picture from Biafra that you may encounter.

Not so in these United States. Smith & Wesson sets out to educate us. Their sisters in sin undoubtedly perform similar acts of Public Service. Big Merle Rose, candidate for the Texas House of Representatives, on the other hand, has a different thing going. He hands out to his prospective constituents red-white and blue rocks bearing the following inscription:

"This rock, replica of man's first weapon, is officially registered by BIG Merle Rose.—Let's register Rocks and Communists—not Firearms"

You see, they all do their own thing - each in his own way. After all, that's what democracy is supposed to be all about.

* * *

Jean-Luc Godard always was and still is the master put-on artist of them all.

He did it recently to the British. After promising to appear at the British National Film Theater and deliver a talk about "Images and Sound" he succeeded in avoiding a firm commitment and thus kept the organizers as well as the SRO audience that assembled on their toes full of hesitant anticipation. Their worst fears were confirmed when seconds before he was supposed to start his lecture, a wire from him was delivered instructing his hosts to take the fee intended for him and give it to the poorest man they could find in the streets. "From such a man you could learn much more about images and sound than from your anonymous Godard".

The hip dug and applauded, the unhip were infuriated and let loose with the battle cry "Sod the Frog" and all considered it is doubtful whether anybody's knowledge of the realm of images and sound was in any way broadened or enriched.

* * *

Perhaps the most appropriate epitaph to the three clowns that so desperately tried to keep us amused during the late election bore circus that we have just been through, is a definition of their basic personality trends offered by Julian Bond, the black hero of the dream sequence of some hopeful democratic political wheeler dreamers.

George Wallace sees a demonstrator lying in front of his car and drives over him. Richard Nixon sees a recumbent demonstrator and gets his chauffeur to drive over him. Hubert Humphrey stops long enough to watch Nixon's chauffeur drive over him, sheds a liquid tear or two and proceeds on his merry way.

* * *

The Augustan Society (SOCIETAS AUGUSTANA) whose esteemed members do their thing (and a THING it is) in the rich realms of Heraldry, Monarchy, Genealogy, Peerages and last but not least ORDERS, has informed us that all is indeed not in vain. Deep are our roots and therefore all the hue and cry about our obsolescence might just as well be chalked up to just another plebeian rumble. Proof of the pudding—George Washington is a second cousin SEVEN times removed of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second.

Perhaps a jolt to every Irishman amongst us but perhaps food for thought as to the possible relationship of Ringo Starr to George Corlev Wallace.

* * *

Just in case the humdrum in the media about such irrelevant trivia such as elections and cessations have prevented us from availing ourselves of our primary sources of information, we may just as well take notice that as of October 15th Lady Ruth Fermoy has replaced Mrs. Patrick Campbell-Preston as Lady-in Waiting to Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mother of All Lymies.

* * *

Saying of the week:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember it or overthrow it."

Abraham Lincoln

P.S. I guess we goofed again.

FABRICATION

BY TRINA

Michele: "All I want today is \$500."

The store is on Ninth Street between Second and Third Avenues, and in the window is a huge plastic dinosaur with an American flag in its jaws. However, Fabrications sells cloth, it is New York's only fabric boutique. Michele, Leo with her moon in Virgo, beautiful (she used to be a fashion model) and very harried (business isn't all it should be) is talking:

"All I want today is \$500. If I don't get it by six P.M. I'll hang myself."

"Why?" I ask.

"Because I owe the poor starving Indian government \$500 and they need it more than I do. And anyway, they'll cut off my credit if I don't pay . . ."

Indian handweaving and mirror fabrics hang all around the store, keeping company with American Indian beadwork and pieces of old embroidery, tapestry and lace. The prices on everything are enchantingly reasonable.

Michele's concept is to sell fabrics from all over the world, inexpensive stuff, but real native crafts.

"We've found a Nigerian girl who's gonna get us real Nigerian fabrics. We've been getting bad reactions because we don't carry so-called African prints, but all of that stuff is really made in Belgium."

Meanwhile Barbara, in long braids and a leather vest, sits at a table in back of the store, sewing Indian beading on leather. Barbara is Michele's partner in their American Indian venture.

"I went looking for hand-woven American Indian fabric for the store — went all the way to the Smithsonian in Washington, but they didn't have any. Then I wound up at this Shinnecock pow-wow in upstate New York. We got some of our beaded things up there and met and Indian chief, Tom Two-Arrows, who is willing to come down and work with us in return for a portion to the profits going to the Indians, but we'd have to pay his bus fare and expenses and we just have no bread."

So Michele and Barbara are designing their own Indian-Inspired leather clothes, but they still have no bread — no bread for the Indians, no bread to manufacture the clothes.

"That's the trouble, nobody has bread. We wanted to carry really beautiful things for the Boutique designers around here, but they're all too poor too. We started our American Indian line to sell to a local boutique but we got such a tremendous reaction to it — everybody wanted it — and we just can't afford to manufacture anything. Everyone is convinced our stuff is great; we just need to convince a businessman that it's great."

Michele used to be a menswear designer. Back in 1966 she was doing jackets and cassock shirts for Abracadabra. "Here," showing me a fashion sketch and some clippings from Woman's Wear Daily, "Here's a brown suit I did for Murray the K."

But she decided she really wasn't ready for that kind of scene. "The Seventh Avenue thing was awful, you really needed an iron stomach. Then I met a man with money. He kept talking about how talented I was and I kept talking about how rich he was and what great things we could do with my talent and his money, and that's how I got the \$7000 to open this store."



Photo: Walter Bredel

We are interrupted by a phone call. It turns out to be the poor starving Indian government, and after some fast earnest talking Michele convinces them to accept \$150 for the time being. "I don't have \$150 but I'll send them \$150. Tonight I'll call my backer and ask him for \$500 and if he won't give me \$500 I'll ask him for \$150."

Back to the interview: "This is really a store for young people and it's much harder for young people to get started, especially if they're hip."

The old stuff she carries? "A friend of mine had been off to some auctions in Vermont and brought me some really groovy old goodies. Then I found an old store with a beautiful stock of antique ribbons, buttons and trim and I bought them out. I'm not really into old clothes, but if any should get into a batch of old ribbons that I'm buying, why, I'll carry them too." A quick definition of her aims? "Basically, I just want to sell anything you can't get anywhere else."

BY IVAN G. SANDERS

One of the most extraordinary stories to hit the Western world appeared in the first issue of the Russian popular digest magazine entitled *Sputnik*, which was printed in Finland and reached this country in January, 1967. In this issue there is an article entitled, "Visitors from Outer Space" by one Vyacheslav Zaitsev. This article summarizes a theory published by a Chinese archaeologist about a visit of spaceship to earth about 12,000 ago. According to the article, the Chinese archaeologist's conclusions were so shocking that the Peking Academy of Pre-history banned publication of this work. Later, the professor received permission to publish, and in 1965, he and four colleagues published a work with the long title *Groove Writing Relating to Spaceships which, as Recorded on the Disks, Existed 12,000 Years Ago*.

The professor's work deals with odd-looking stone disks that archaeologists have found in caves in the Bayan-Jara-Ula Mountains on the border of China and Tibet. These caves are inhabited by members of the Ham and Dropa tribes—frail, stunted men averaging 4 feet 2 inches in height. So far, these tribesmen have defied ethnic classification, and detailed information about them is extremely scarce.

Over the past 25 years, archaeologists have found a total of 716 strange stone disks in the mountain caves. Each disk has a hole in its center and a double groove, which spirals out from the center to the circumference of the disk. The grooves enclose peculiar patterns and hieroglyphs which have puzzled scholars.

According to the Chinese professor, when deciphered, one of the hieroglyphs, presumably by an ancient member of the Ham tribe, read: "The Dropas came down from the clouds in

their gliders. Our men, women, and children hid in the caves ten times before sunrise. When at last they understood the sign language of the Dropas, they realized that the newcomers had peaceful intentions . . ."

Another hieroglyph expressed regret over the loss of the Ham tribe's spaceships during a dangerous landing in high mountains and the tribe's landing to build new spaceships.

According to Zaitsev's article, to learn more about these disks, the Chinese archaeologists sent them to Moscow for analysis. Russian scientists there found that the disks contained a large amount of cobalt and other metals. They also discovered that the disks vibrated in an unusual rhythm, as though they carried an electric charge or were part of an electric circuit.

In trying to solve the mystery of the disks, the professor's work points out that ancient Chinese legends speak about small, gaunt yellow-faced men who supposedly came down from the clouds long ago. These men had enormous heads and thin, weak bodies and were so ugly that earthmen and "some people on fast horses" beat them. In fact, archaeological diggings in the Bayan-Kara-Ula caves have turned up 12,000-year-old vestiges of graves and remains that seem to belong to human beings with huge craniums and underdeveloped skeletons. In addition, the inner walls of the caves are covered in many places with pictures of the rising sun, the moon, and the stars, spaced by a multitude of small dots — possibly tiny pictures — that seem to be approaching the earth in a mountain area.

Like everything else in life, this account given in the Russian journal can only be true or false. If it is true, some explanation of it must be possible. If no alternative explanation

of the facts comes to light, other than that offered by the little Ham tribesmen, theirs should at least be given serious consideration.

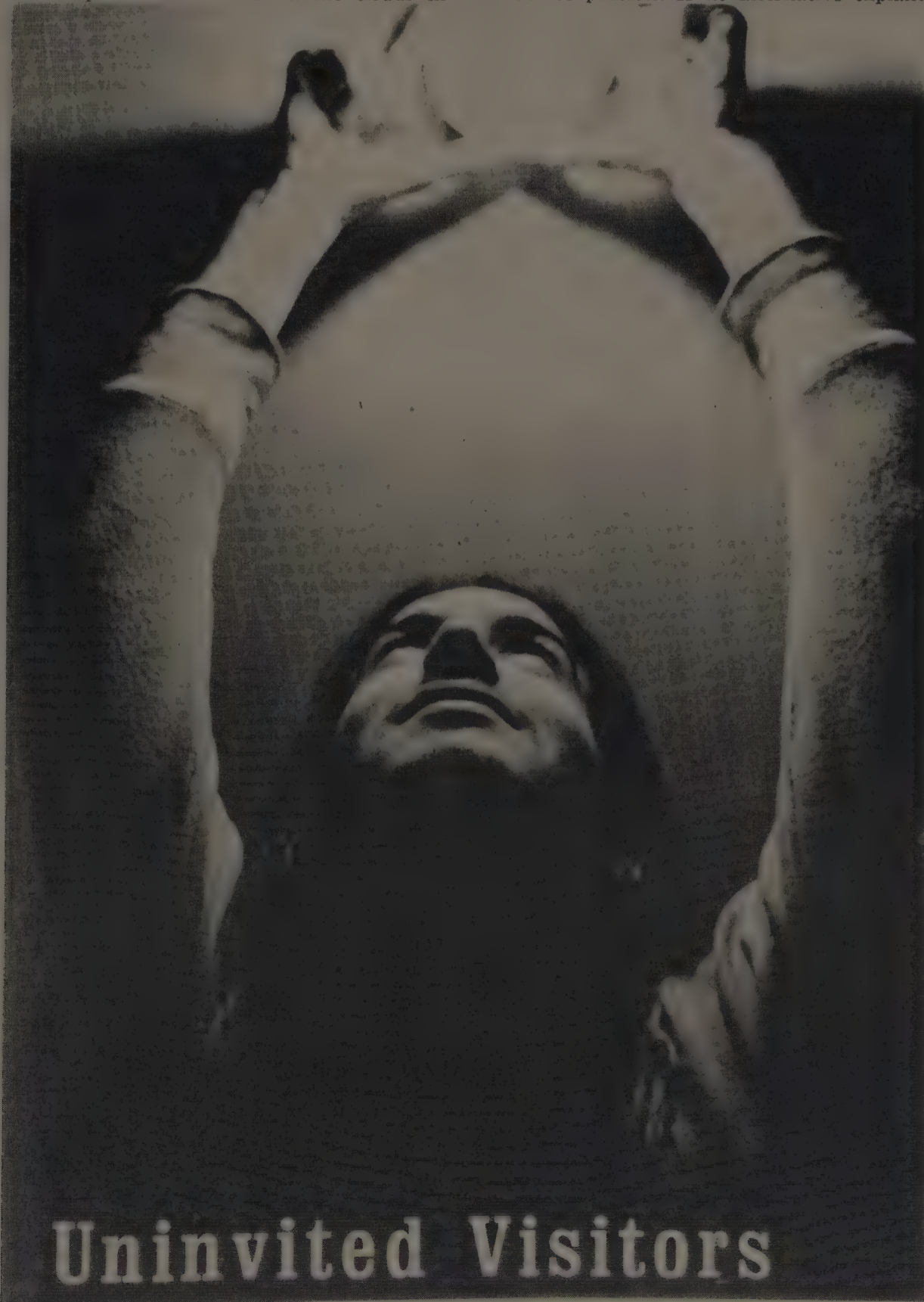
But there is confirmatory evidence of their contentions that has recently sprung up from quite another and most unexpected source: maps. This evidence, indeed, needs careful consideration. Let us look at it now.

In 1966, Professor Charles H. Hapgood, then of Keene State College but recently retired, published a work entitled, *The Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings*. This was the result of eight years of research, in which he was aided by two dozen of his graduate students and the Cartographic Section of the 8th Reconnaissance Technical Squadron (SAC) of the USAF. His interest was first aroused in the subject of this thesis by the researches (in 1956) of a Captain Arlington H. Mallery on a map drawn in 1513 by a Turkish admiral named Piri Re's, which had been discovered in Istanbul in 1929. A copy of this map had been presented by Kemal Ataturk to the American government as a gesture of international esteem, since it shows a substantial part of the New World. This amazing map depicts the whole eastern coastline from the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico to Tierra del Fuego, a good part of South America, and a portion of the coast of Antarctica!

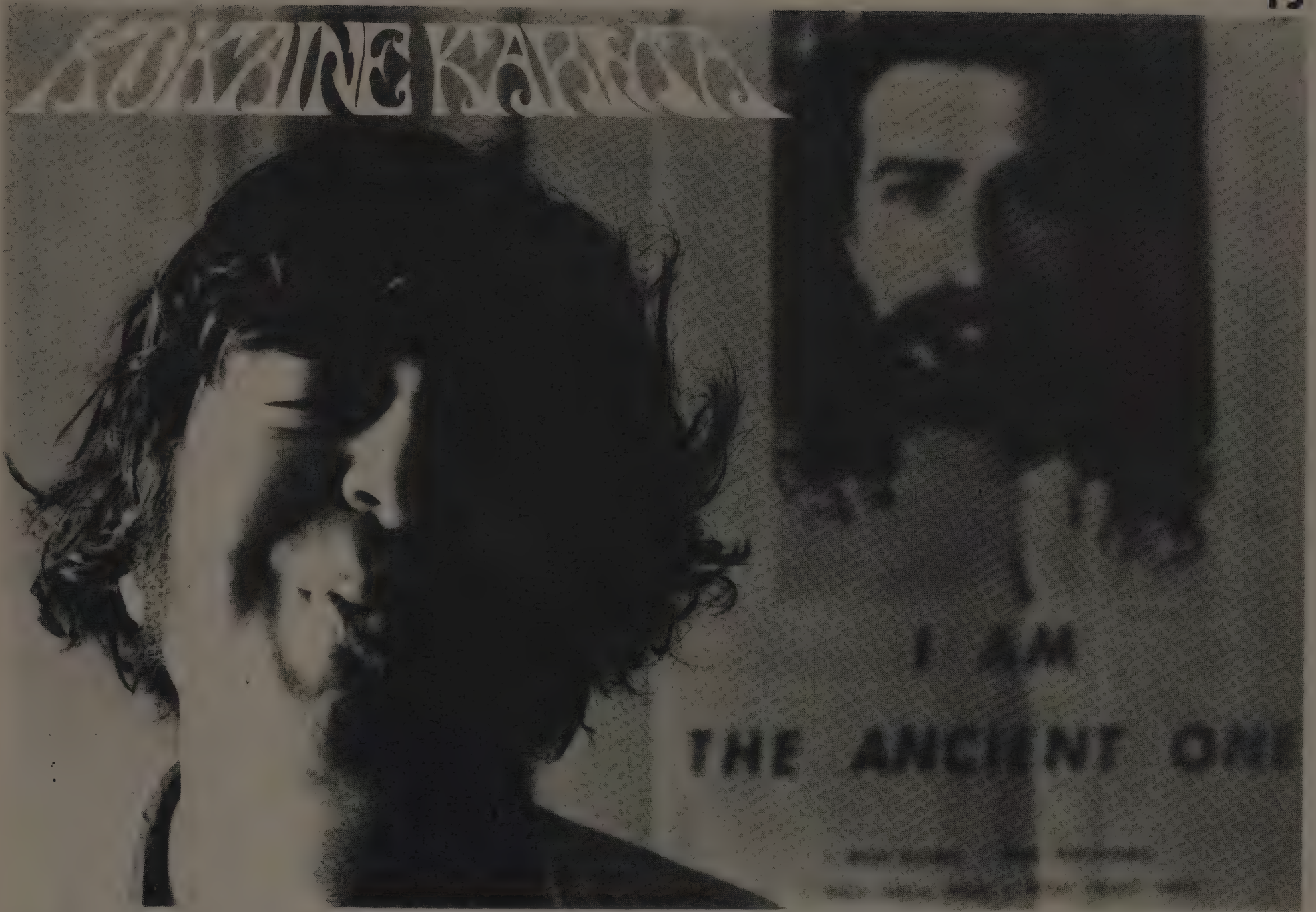
The importance of the map to our investigation is that it led Hapgood to institute a thorough and penetrating investigation into not only this Piri Re's map but into literally hundreds of other medieval maps — a great many of them in the Library of Congress — which showed that parts of the world, presumed unknown at the time, had been mapped and surveyed with remarkable accuracy. During the course of his researches, Hapgood brought to light the fact that all the so-called Portolan maps (14th century navigation charts of the Mediterranean and Black Seas) seem to be derived from one original. All these maps were constructed upon a scientifically precise grid, which could have been developed only upon spherical trigonometrical principles. What's more, the original cartographer knew the circumference of the earth to within a degree. Further, the original compiler(s) of this map must have had a precise method of measuring both latitude and longitude — something that we did not achieve until the 18th century. Piri Re's himself stated on his map that he had composed it, or put it together, from "ancient maps" that he assigned to the Alexandrine-Greek scientific community of the Ptolemaic period (circa 332 B.C. to 30 B.C.) in Egypt.

The question that confronted modern researches was where these unknown ancient cartographers got their information, which proved to be so stunningly accurate for thousands of details — and both in latitude and longitude. Clues discovered in classical writing pointed to the ancient 'Sea Peoples' of the Levantine coast. Among these were the Phoenicians, who were indeed the great navigators of the ancient world in both the Indian and Atlantic Oceans — they circumnavigated Africa, and seem to have known of the New World. But from where did they get their information? Searching around for leads to this question, Hapgood's group pointed to some of the residual, extant writings of the more ancient Greek scholars who had stated that there was "original" geographical knowledge stored in Egypt by the priests, and that the priests claimed to have originally obtained this information from what they called "The Ancient People." Livio C. Stecchini discussed this early Egyptian geographical knowledge in an article called "Astronomical Theory and Historical Data" in *The Velikovsky Affair*, edited by Alfred de Grazia. Stecchini describes a group of "well-known but neglected" Egyptian documents that prove that by the time of the first dynasties the Egyptians had measured the latitude and longitude of all the main points of the course of the Nile, from the Equator to the Mediterranean Sea. Another series of Egyptian texts, Stecchini says, show precise geographic knowledge of most of the Old World, "from the rivers

(Continued on Page 22)



Uninvited Visitors



BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This Week in New York

FillmoreEast: Steppenwolf, Buddy Rich

Village Gate: Down—Miles Davis, Jimmy Smith, Up—Bill Evans, Andy Bey

Village Vanguard: Larry Coryell, Tues. - Herbie Hancock Sextet

Slugs: Bob Hutcherson, Tues. - Paroah Sanders

Bitter End: New York Rock & Roll Ensemble

Cafe Au Go Go: Fever Tree (Nov. 8-10) Nov. 12-Ian & Sylvia

Gaslight: Mose Allison

Folk City: Blue Mt. Boys, Maxine Sellers

Apollo: Wilson Pickett, Coasters, Marva Josie, Jerry O, Wild Man Steve Gallon

It's amazing that the music which has become so free and full of life is still presented in rigid formats of commercial elitism which enforce restrictions and set up artificial boundaries that hold back energy forces. There are plateaus of acceptance and silver tipped success which are still based on myth, hype and old time show business superstition. People involved in music's big time money, lift sincere angelic voices in adulation about the breakthroughs in their flesh peddling business. Bullshit! The old system still exists and the barnacled boundaries don't disintegrate until "you've made it, baby."

The Neros of the entertainment arena are really not concerned with the quality of music but the quantity of money behind it. You ain't gonna gig in the big city just because you have a good sound; who are your backers? And when the fat money cats come with the blood of their latest star dribbling down their double chins watch how they delicately carve you up so they get the tenderest part of your hide.

First sign the contract with a HEAVY manager, then tie yourself up with a HIP record company, a GROOVY public relations firm and don't forget that SUPER booking agency that'll get you into all the important spots. And watch while they all come to your concerts (or anybody's for that matter) in rented limosines that you pay for. Even that shoddy record distributor in St. Louis will be flown in to see you, at your expense, of course. While outside the hall where you are performing, people who really dig what you're saying will get their heads busted for trying to sneak in to hear you.

Prize fighters were merely butchered but your flesh will be delicately carved and sauteed with the

suckers who bought your music.

That music isn't free is an outrage, that artists starve is a perversion.

Super stars are just people playing music. Two Thousand dollar fees per concert with \$10 seats makes as much sense as political conventions and usually provide less entertainment. And if you're grossing over a million dollars a year it doesn't make you a musical genius, just rich. John Coltrane is dead and he didn't make nearly that much.

* * *

The Beatles return to their rock 'n' roll roots with their new 2 record album to be released in the states on Nov. 12.

One of the records was played on Detroit's progressive rock station WABX. Some of the songs included are "Back in the U.S.S.R.", a Beach Boy-type song about the Miami Beach airport. Paul sings lead as the tune finishes with the sound of a jet taking off. "Birthday" is another early rock 'n' roll sound—similar to Jackie Lomax' "Sour Milk Sea."

"Helter Skelter" is a rocking, rolling song about nothing in particular. The sound is purely Elvis Presley and "Jailhouse Rock."

"Ringo sings a country and western tune "Does It Mean You Don't Love Me Anymore?" with its fiddle and jug band style reminiscent of "Does your Chewinggum Lose its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night?" On another country 'n' western song "Blackbird," Paul is probably doing the guitar work and singing on the solo . . .

Blackbird fly,

Blackbird fly,

Into the light of the dark black night.

"Goodnight" is a soft, romantic melody—an orchestral piece with heavy emphasis on strings. John does the singing with a chorus backing him in parts.

"Desmond and Molly" has a honky-tonk piano sound. "Rocky Racoon" a Dylanesque solo, also has the honky-tonk touch—with harmonica thrown in.

"Mother Nature's Son" is a guitar solo with brass embellishments. Purely folk. "Sexy Sadies" is a bawdy song with a hard beat and a good deal of instrumental wandering.

Sexy Sadie

What have you done?

You've made a fool of everyone

You've made a fool of everyone

Sexy Sadie

You broke the rules

You laid it down for all to see

You laid it down for all to see

Sexy Sadie

You broke the rules

The world was waiting for a lover

You came along to turn on everyone

Did you know the world was waiting just for you?

"Take It Easy," another simple early Beatle sound, is next on the album, followed by the last song, "Gonna Die," a heavy blues number with a driving beat. WBAX station manager is sure he hears Eric Clapton on guitar in the background.

* * *

WFMU-FM (91.1) has created a new dimension in fund raising marathons. Rather than stick to pleas for bread, Free Form Radio was broadcasting live from the Cafe Au Go Go this past week. Howard Soloman, the controversial proprietor of the Au Go Go, donated all profits during the 3 day event to WFMU. Some of the artists who performed were James Cotton, McCoys, Pacific Gas & Electric, Bunky & Jake, Fugs, Quicksilver Messenger Service Billy Mitchell, David Clayton Thomas, David Peel & The Lower East Side, Cat Mother, Children of God, Steve Katz, Larry Coryell, Norway, The Morning Light Show, New York Rock 'n' Roll Ensemble, Patrick Sky, Dave Van Ronk, Felix Pappalardi, Dino Valente, Frank Wright, Charles Tyler, Jeremy Steig, David Rey, Bo Diddley, Jazz Circle, Tommy Flanders, Fear Itself, Hamilton Face Band, Buzz Linhart.

WFMU, a listener supported station, needs \$30,000 to continue broadcasting and to boost its power. The station is only asking for money during a two week period which ends this coming Sunday. Please send contributions to WFMU 298 Prospect Street, East Orange, New Jersey or call 201-675-5343.

* * *

Former member of the Velvet Underground, John Cale, who did the beautiful arrangements on Nico's new album "The Marble Index" will be producing the Psychedelic Stooges for Electra Records. The Stooges and the MC-5 are part of Trans Love Energies.

Replacing Cale in The Velvet Underground will be another Piscean, Doug Yule. Yule plays guitar, organ and sings. The Velvets are on the West Coast recording their third album for MGM-Verve.

* * *

Pharoah Sanders starts at Slugs next Tuesday.



Photo: Karl Bisinger

The Other Stage

BY ALEX GROSS

The Art of street theater has moved forward at least one giant step in Crystal Field's production of *The Expressway* now being seen in and around both Villages. For one thing the theme of a community being menaced by the construction of an expressway could not be more topical for street presentation, for another Robert Nichols' script is a little masterpiece of climaxes within climaxes punctuated by fierce New York ironies, and finally the acting and general zest and devotion of all concerned combine to make a product so good as to almost defy description.

The production is a triumph of both political and erotic theater—the politics is literally dynamite, and there is more direct and open sensuality in five minutes of this simple street play than I have seen in five years of swinging London theater. There are so many dreary plays about the need of the theater to reach the people, but this play actually does reach the people, and without any of the usual sententious

sermonizing. *The Expressway* is what Brecht would have done if he could have forgotten about being a German intellectual and had really been able to put his theories into practice.

The play starts with news of the impending expressway—immediately a group of activists gathers together and dynamites a motorcade of officials responsible for it, killing the Mayor, the President of the Detroit Auto Works, his union boss sidekick, and the head of IBM television. The play has scarcely begun, and already the stage is littered with corpses. Then suddenly the dead come to life again, and the Mayor explains that of course no one ever dreamt of suggesting such a violent solution to political problems—the whole thing has merely been a publicity stunt to test the feelings of the people. Each of the four dead delivers a short speech riddled with double ironies, explaining why expressways are necessary, and the first act is over.

The second act is an extended fantasy involving

a couple busy making love as the expressway is built around them. This fantasy is also used as an excuse for a brilliant series of parodies on various modern theatre groups, including the Judo Engagement Audience Participation Group, the Open Fly Theatre, the Judson Funeral Parlor Players, and Wladeslav Grunt and the Grotesky School of Acting. These in-group allusions are saved by the liveliness of the presentation, the Living Theater being the main target for parody. The climax comes as the heroine is caught in bed not only with her lover, who is not her husband, but with a second lover and finally, even more strikingly, with a dog. And all the while the expressway continues to be built around the entwined lovers, until they are completely enclosed by it.

The third act begins with a pair of political speeches by two negroes, performed quite naturalistically—first the President of East Senegal dressed in African regalia exhorts the audience to organize the poor and dispossessed for the coming revolution. The second speaker is an American black union leader who explains that being arrested by the police is only part of an ultimate revolutionary tactic—to overfill the jails so that the police system collapses. These speeches would be boring in a theatre, but outdoors they worked beautifully, presented in the exact form of street oratory at the same time that various election campaigners were passing nearby with their loudspeakers. Another intimate scene between the lovers follows, and then they are killed in passing for their protest as a real car drives down the street and demolishes the stage they have been acting on. This effect has to be seen to be believed. Shakespeare appears and delivers a brief irrelevant epilogue.

The group responsible for this production is called *The Other Stage*, a recent offshoot of the New York Shakespeare Festival. The director Crystal Field also emerges as an actress of considerable skill, a deadpan comedienne with a studied gaucheness and a flair for off-hand sensuality. The play is of course meant as a protest against the Broome Street Expressway—the group intends to drop some of the sexier bits for actual performances in Little Italy. Unexpurgated performances can be seen, however, on Saturday, November 9 at 11 a.m. and Sunday, November 10 at 1 p.m. outside the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater at Astor Place and Lafayette Street.

thilm

(Continued from Page 4)

A fuller one? A more knowing one? Most of all, guess which little girl got the little boy behind the bushes where they both played, charged with the ugly awareness of how long they had to live.

Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man at last, "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree."

Someone screamed, during a performance of *Paradise Now*, at Julian Beck, "Evolution! not revolution, Julian Beck! evolution, not revolution" So maybe the girl in the picture is suddenly wondering; there is a motor truck right outside the frame and her life as she understands it is about to be crushed out, and she is reviewing all the high spots of her life as she knows it, remembers it, and suddenly that parable flashed into her mind, along with the wonder of it all. . . . But better, is that she is an actress in a play, and is expressing an emotion called-for by a script. Wouldn't that be so much more understandable, even comprehensible and therefore, likely.

* * *

Beginning next Tuesday, the Jewish Museum will show avant-garde films at 5:30 and 7:00 p.m. in the Warburg Auditorium. The program, which will show every Tuesday, is being sponsored and done by the Film-Maker's Cinematheque. Tickets at the door, 1109 Fifth Avenue (the Museum). Tel: 925-2250 around noon for more information. Admission \$1.50. Next Tuesday; Nov. 12: Ken Anger! *Eaux d'Artifice*; Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome.

hip

(Continued from Page 4)

QUESTION: I'm planning to go to Europe soon and hope to visit Scandinavia. Ever since I can remember I've heard that Swedes are sexually freer than we are in the U.S. Can you tell me if this is really true? I don't want to offend any Swedish girls I (hope to) meet.

ANSWER: A team of sociologists from the University of Stockholm recently completed a study of sexual mores amongst young Swedes. The report I read of the study was titled "Young Swedes Busy."

The survey showed that 9 out of 10 Swedes have sexual intercourse before they reach their 20's, one in three Swedish girls has intercourse before the age of 16 and that virginity at the time of marriage seems to be extremely rare. One male and three female out of 1,300 people questioned said they had not had intercourse before marriage.

Before you dash off to the nearest SAS office, through, you should know that Swedes are well aware of the interest foreigners take in their customs. Swedish "flickas" tend to be rather cautious about tourists, especially Americans. Italians and Algerians. Moreover, despite the above statistics, Swedes are not particularly promiscuous. They simply regard petting as a sexual perversion.

Almost all Scandinavians speak English and you can just about judge how much education a person has had there by his fluency with our language. By the way, be prepared to intelligently discuss our racial problems and involvement in Vietnam.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94719.

loser

(Continued from Page 7)

world to take care of the general food problem. Feed the hungry and clothe the naked. And Dick Gregory will be President of the Government-in-Exile. He will continue in politics; make long bread on the side as a comedian, but continue in politics, be innocent, rebuild the promise of America.

Dick was tired. He was also getting ready for another fast, this one from Thanksgiving Day to New Year's. Nothing but water, "to shock the conscience of the world".

What is conscience? And world? And conscience of this world?

His first fast was against the Vietnam war, the second was Ash Wednesday to Easter, and the third was recently, before that Democratic Convention (Chicago) while in jail for violating the law in support of the Indian Fishing Rights fight; and the fourth to start Thanksgiving.

The long fast. After all the the losses, all the defeats and setbacks, he will fast for Humphrey, Agnew, Nixon, Muskie, Wallace, even Curtis Le May, he will think of Gandhi. He will fast to death, to life and rebirth; he will hold fast to victory.

"That's why I'm so beautiful," Dick Gregory said to them, and they applauded.

They could love one loser who had everything to gain.

They could still smile.

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—Renata Adler, N. Y. Times

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myth

truly liberate itself, and in so doing help to liberate its adversary.

The problem is, it is precisely against this threat of inner liberation, this potential release of their own suppressed possibilities, that the regimes in each bloc are permanently mobilised, with all the vast military and technological means of repression and manipulation at their command. But there are some hopeful signs. It is true that in both the Eastern and Western blocs the champions of State Power thrive on the myth that the Big Regimes control all human thought and feeling and that the peoples themselves are powerless. Yet evidently, as this year's events have already demonstrated — from Prague to Warsaw, from London to Paris, from Chicago to Rome, from Berlin to Madrid — there is an underground Third Force in existence alongside the warring power-groups. And this force comprises the ordinary peoples who are ceaselessly bullied, cajoled, and deceived by the megalomaniacs and psychopaths who lust for State Power.

THE NEW THIRD FORCE

It is an immensely hopeful sign that everywhere, sporadically but in increasing numbers, this Third Force is making itself heard and felt and thereby coming to realise that it exists and counts for something — nay, that it counts for everything, since it is the only force that

is not patently stupid, callous, and incompetent in these matters, the only force going for us if we are to have any decent future at all. As soon as it becomes clear that these separate peoples are one humanity united in refusal, this force will be irresistible and it will then be an open question whether the Powers can continue to pursue their present catastrophic course — indeed, whether they can continue to exist at all.

WHAT KIND OF MAN?

For that's where it's at in September 1968. The most important confrontation now taking place in the world is not that between rival Power States, nor that between rival ideologies or rival ways of industrialising the world. On the contrary, the really crucial confrontation is what the sociologist Wright Mills called "an encounter of models of human character." In his last book, *The Causes of World War III*, he wrote:

"In important circles in both East and West, in differing ways but often with frightening convergence, we now witness the rise of the cheerful robot, the technological idiot, the crackpot realist. All these types embody one common ethos: rationality without reason. The fate of these types and of this ethos — what is done about them and what they do — that is the real and even the ultimate showdown on 'socialism' and 'capitalism' in our time. It is a showdown on what kinds of human beings and

"A fantastic film in which all of life becomes a week-end—a cataclysmic, seismic traffic jam. The film must be seen for its power, ambition, humor, and scenes of really astonishing beauty. One of the most important films Godard has ever made. There's nothing like it at all."
—Renata Adler, *New York Times*



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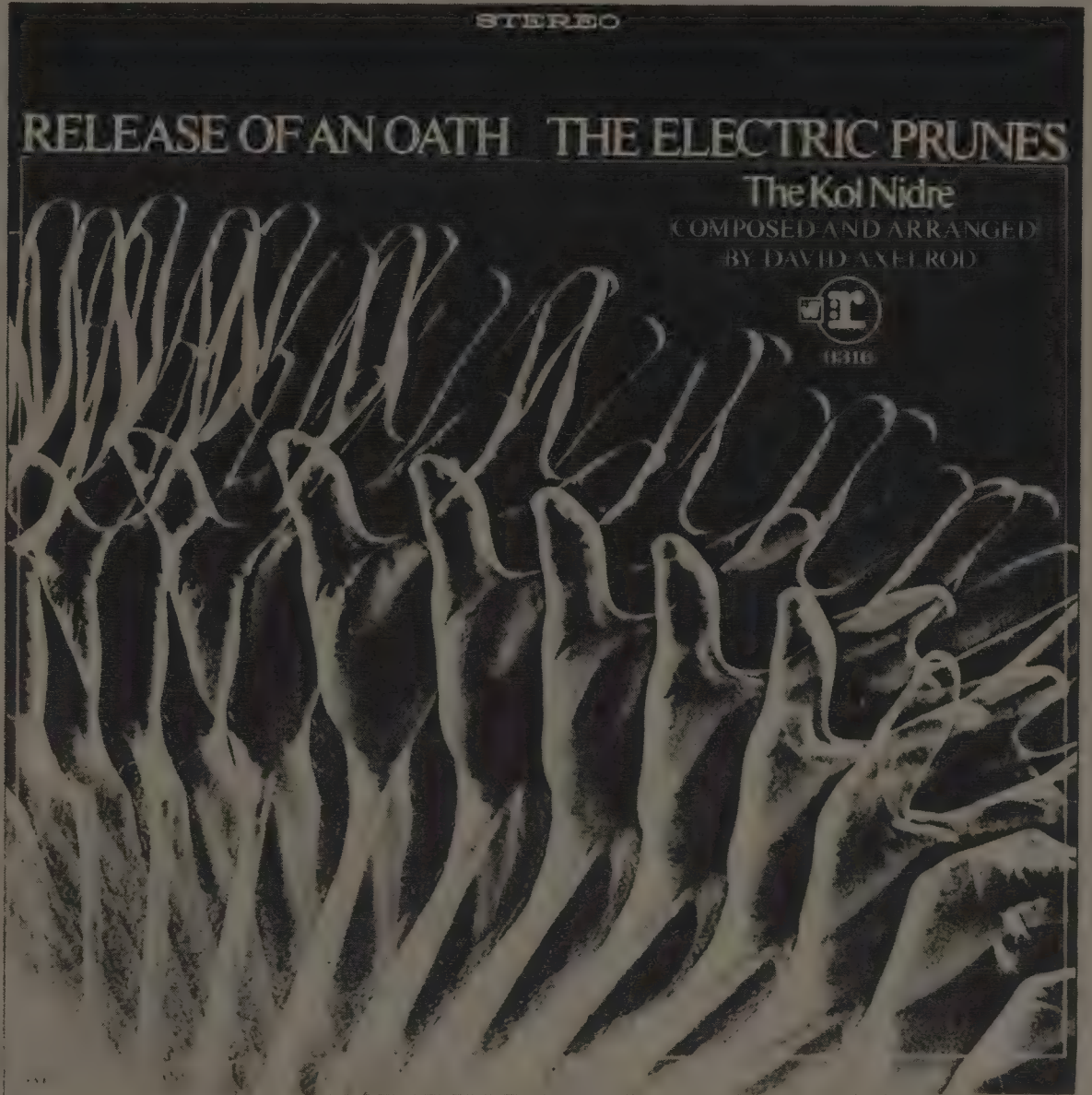
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Through the centuries and out of the travail of the past, man has many times, in his search for a better life, been forced by powers beyond his control to foreswear the principles of his fathers and to accept the yoke of a conqueror who might vanquish his body, but not his soul. But no man of principle can live with himself having foresworn the ideals that he lives by. In yearning to free his spirit of the conqueror's yoke, he has conjured up a psychological release that enables him to break the chains that bind him to any oath made under duress and in violation of his principles. Such a lament is the Kol Nidre—a

prayer of antiquity which cleanses the spirit and enables man to start anew, with his eyes again on the stars.

This, then, is the music of the Kol Nidre, which is as modern and meaningful today as when it was first written. David Axelrod has brought the music into a contemporary stance by blending the melodies of the centuries with today's contemporary sounds. Dave Hassinger has taken the efforts of David Axelrod and, with his provocative talents, has in turn blended them into this artful presentation by The Electric Prunes.

—Jules B. Newman

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media

ticipatory, community-building political action. In this latter movement the three strands of the new politics will come together and coalesce the new electoral coalition into a true political movement."

In this country, we have all been caught in the changes in one way or another. Some like the Kennedys and Martin Luther King were martyred in the media because they dared make their lives an example of that change. They were martyred for a media which has brought about a new awareness, a better way of life which could include not a select group of people but a much larger based group than ever realized before by any political system in history.

"My life," explains Abbie Hoffman, "is an advertisement for the revolution." But the revolution is more than just exposing it but putting it together along the new lines of new politics. In the Media, one does not have to die to be martyred, all that one has to do is to be replaced by reality. In the next five years, Abbie Hoffman will have gone the way of all media martyrs.

Two thousand years ago and a hundred years after the death of Christ, a Jewish merchant of silks and rare clothing was traveling along the road to Damascus. He was an ordinary man caught in the changes of his time. He was a man who was simply uptight about the despiritualation of his own being. Whether it was his own neurotic impulse which drove him to envision a BEING who had died for the lack of his soul to change, or whether it was that BEING who was driven to reach out to him, is an unimportant question. What is important is that he was changed by that confrontation and set

into motion the message which since then has changed the lives of millions.

The mysteries which he spread are no more mysterious than what is taking place today. The only important question here is, is how it will be gotten to as many people as possible in the next five years.

Sam B. Vitt, Sr. Vice President, executive director Media and Programming of Ted Bates & Co., Inc., writing in a piece titled THE MEDIA MIX in the September issue of Madison Avenue, seems to have supplied us with some answers:

"Philosophy and organization notwithstanding, the important thing is how the department delivers its clients' advertising messages to potential customers. There is a growing capacity within the industry to measure what is being accomplished for clients by media departments. But whatever the proofs of performance, the greatest values can only be delivered by those media departments which give the most meticulous attentions to their clients' marketing problems. To reach a goal it is essential that you know what the goal is.

"If this is kept carefully in mind, and combined with exhaustive attention to detail, media plans and schedules will just have to be a little bit better — and more often than not a great deal better — than those of competitors. In this manner a media department can position itself more fully the objective of getting clients' 'salesmen' to as many potential customers as effectively and as efficiently as is possible.

That is not so mysterious.

"Is it?"

To some people the above suggestion might be insulting and prosaic in relation to Saint Paul's position as a true Christian. But let us not forget when

Paul was converted, he did not change his professional status, only his product.

"We present America with her most difficult problem," Abbie Hoffman has written. "For America to burn innocent countries abroad is no problem, for America to commit genocide on the blacks that live in her cellar is no problem, for America to kill her children — that is her most difficult problem."

And to the questions — who is dying here and who is being resurrected, if all goes well in the next five years, the answers will be as evident as the symbols that are once again erected in the name of Democracy and Christianity.

decomposition

Marvel has ever done. We have Chancellor Hitler in an abbreviated Ku Klux Klan outfit with chain mail underwear, rattling on about the inexhaustible genius of the Aryan imagination — and it winds up, yup, the Hitler organization's riddle, with S.H.I.E.L.D. spies, notably a cute blonde, who winds up at the end of the sequence on a raft with Fury, Jimmy Woo, Dum-Dum, and that spade character. This Springer artist, the guy who drew this and Phoebe Zeit-Geist, he must be a creep. Nick Fury has not fared well of late — Jim Steranko used to show him actually living with an unmarried chick, but those days seem gone forever.

Oh, and **Bat Lash** reappeared at last. He goes through this sequence with a very sexy seven-year-old blonde chickie, pedophiliacs will be pleased to know. The story is kinda schmaltzy, but the incidental characters are very interesting — straight out of Adult Western movies, sure, but interesting. Bat Lash is his foul loveable self again, if a little subdued this time. The seven-year-old chick should grab you.

BRA CAME FREE

Scabby Gail Van Bureau is a lithesome spade chickie in catseye spectacles and white underwear who answers the lovelorn letters every week for the **Candid Press**. Draping her long satin-covered chocolate limbs around her portable typewriter, she holds forth a symposium on perversion: 'Dear Scabby,' writes Hard Up, 'I read your column every week and I just have to have your body. How about it?' And Scabby replies, 'Well, as long as you're hard up, I'm ^{some} ^{about} ^{it}.' Many of her correspondants, understandably, ^{had} ^{with} ^{col-} ^{our} ^{consciousness}: 'Tell me,' asks Q.A., 'what is the difference between an Afro-American and a white man?' Scabby answers him thus: 'About three inches.' But Scabby wears an ash-blonde fall in her photographs — a different one each week — and was nearly screwed when Crapp Brown asked her, 'What kind of Negro are you, Scabby? Why don't you have natural hair?' But rallying, Scabby replied archly: 'But of course I wear natural hair, a little triangle of it between my legs. You don't get no more natural than that.' White supremacists too like to jump on poor Scabby. S. Legree: 'Scabby, what can I get you to do for ten dollars?' Scabby: 'Three rooms, no windows.'

The **Candid Press** — known by intimates as the Hot Pink One, since it appears at Gem's Spa each week in lewd pink covers — is the newspaper that made EVO blush. Last week their editor proposed that 'the Constitution of the US be replaced by an equally important document, the East Village **Other**.' Accompanying this ground-breaking editorial was a depiction of Uncle Sam wearing long hair and hate buttons, drawn, strangely enough, by the L.A. Freep's Ron Cobb. This week Cobb reappears with his bewildered starving Indian pulling toothpaste and diet cola out of a CARE package, accompanying the weekly political expose by Joyce Rule. (Does Cobb know about this?)

Yes, **Candid Press** is careful every week to throw in some redeeming social comment. Sandwiched in among the lesbian photos pirated from **Sieze** and **Sapho**, and the reprints from the sado-maso comic books, one can usually find Joyce Rule — however she is — quoting at length from Drew Pearson or the Congressional

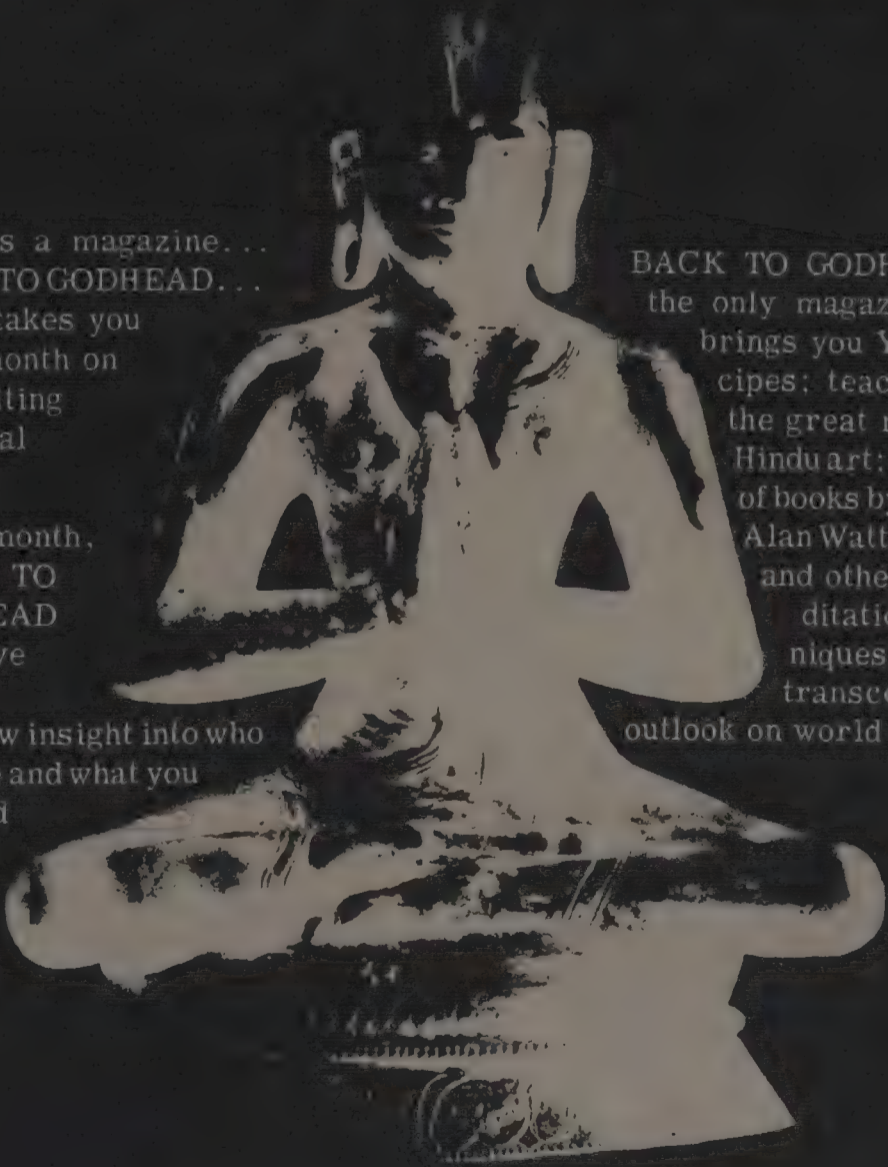
(Continued from Page 9)

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decomposition

(Continued from Page 21)

Record. C-P also serves the community by printing Exclusive Interviews with Francine Gottlieb and Richard Daley (Simon Scoop: 'Do you think the presence of the TV cameras caused some of the brutality?' Daley: 'Yeah . . . especially when my police beat the hippies over the heads with them.) The political vector of the Hot Pink One is nor right, nor left, nor center — it's fucking outasite iconoclastic. They put down hippies, commies, the establishment, themselves, and even the endless perversion they popularize: "I'm the only naked fifteen-year-old-girl for you," she screamed as the Nazi captain lashed at her again and again with the bullwhip.'

Published weekly by Novel Books, Inc. of 2715 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois, 60639, the **Hot Pink One** can be got for a quarter an issue or six dollars for 26 subscription issues. C-P could deprave and corrupt the whole country. Buy it.

ufo

(Continued from Page 14)

of Congo and Zambesi to the Norwegian Coast, from the Gulf of Guinea to Indonesia, including such unlikely places as the peaks of Switzerland and river junctions in central Russia."

These findings are startling in their implications, but ran the research into a blind alley. Then, something else began to emerge from Hapgood's investigation.

Hapgood had previously published another book entitled *Earth's Shifting Crust*, which was a brilliant compendium and synthesis of practically everything that scientists in many fields had published on the last series of so-called ice ages. In these studies, he showed that the now-agreed-upon date for the retreat of the last ice cap for the last time, in the northern hemisphere, took place between (circa) 20,000 and 10,000 years ago, while the regelation of Antarctica coincided with this. Now, the coast of Antarctica is today buried under a thick mass of ice and can be surveyed only by modern seismological methods — depth-sounding with controlled surface explosions.

Since coastal sea-bottom borings around Antarctica have shown that this coast was finally buried under ice for the last time some 6,000 years ago, how could it have been mapped since that date, and without our modern instruments and techniques that have been developed only during the past few decades? (This is quite apart from the fact that this coastline appeared on maps drawn in the 16th century, though Antarctica was not explored by our modern civilization until 1820 A.D., when a young Yankee sealer captain reported what is now known to be a peninsula that is named after him—the Palmer Peninsula).

Putting these two sets of facts together, Hapgood demonstrated that somebody mapped the coastline of Antarctica at least 6,000 years ago. At that time, man is supposed to have just been emerging from the Stone Age!

These findings seem to leave us with but two of our previously stated alternatives: either (1) there was a very highly developed civilization (of man?) on this earth at that time, or (2) there were operative here with a very advanced technology, who must have come from elsewhere.

I have known Charles Hapgood for many years, and we have also always been personal friends on both an intellectual and a social basis, so I would like to put it on record that I know that all I am now going to say is positive anathema to him! The very idea of extraterrestrials horrifies his careful methodological soul and the very thought of a UFO upsets him not a little. Yet, it was *he* who first brought up the vital question in all this. He was sitting in my apartment one day after a very exahusting map session, when he suddenly blurted out: "But *why?*" Since we had spent years, rather than mere months, discussing the "how" of these maps, I was completely stunned. It transpired that Hapgood had gotten around to this virtual expletive by the following reasoning.

If it is true, as all the evidence seems to imply, that there had been such highly skilled personages mapping the whole earth before the end of the last glacial advance in Antarctica (quite apart from who they might have been, or how they accomplished this), *why* did they bother with that barren continent? Hapgood had apparently been worrying about this for a long time, and in his search for a logical

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and reasonable answer to the "how" he was finally forced to ask the "why." Contemplation of first the U.S. Navy's efforts and then of international interest in Antarctica had set him to thinking. Just what *are* we down there for? The cost is fabulous, and it requires gigantic expenditures to initiate and maintain these efforts. Who had such back-up support before the ice age? Also, what was their primary interest in undertaking such a monumental chore from which no particular benefits might be expected to accrue?

Hapgood's ultimate (and I believe rather desperate) conclusion was that it could only have been commercial. However, as I say, Charles Hapgood, being a scientist, does not feel that he should indulge in speculation beyond the point of concrete evidence; simply that the Antarctic seems to have been mapped before it was glaciated. I therefore wish to exonerate Hapgood from any and all speculations that I may now offer.

I differ with him on this basic matter. I do not think it is logical or in keeping with what we know of history — both anthropological and geological — to assume that such an enterprise was accomplished by humans of this planet. If it was, surely some evidence of these vast eco-

nomie and technologically advanced civilizations would have been found somewhere by archaeologists by now. If, on the other hand, the job was done by extraterrestrials employing some kind of airships, the whole matter becomes quite explicable. Such aerial mapping could have been done in a comparative, short time and at negligible effort and expense. Moreover, it need not have had a commercial incentive. It could simply have been part of a global survey, undertaken just like our current survey of the moon, for purely scientific purpose. And, it should be noted, that at least one professional cartographer remarked, on seeing Mallery's first discoveries, that he frankly did not see how some of it could have been done — except from the air!

Should this be the answer, we must then contemplate some of these visitors either leaving some copies of their findings here or, as would be much more likely, gathering up some of the brighter locals (humans), setting them up in technical "colleges" in which they might be instructed in the useful arts, and then launching them as a priest class to disseminate the information for the benefit of all the planet's inhabitants, using the best method then known to control the wild masses — to wit, by exploiting their awe of the mystical. We get

hints that such may indeed have been the case from the beginnings of all the religions of the earliest human civilizations, especially of Sumeria and Egypt. Not only did agriculture, writing, and metallurgically, as well as mathematical, astronomical, and cartographic expertise, appear suddenly in these subtropical delta civilizations — they appeared there apparently full-blown. Just where did these ideas come from?

Mere curiosity, or what we call exploration, could be one reason for extraterrestrials to visit us, but it is by no means the only possible reason. Let us not restrict our speculation in any such way. A friend of mine who both writes and catalogs science fiction from what may be called a psychoanalytical point of view recently pointed out to me that the current trend in this genre is to assume that our planet is but a sort of way station, out in the boondocks, for intragalactic and intergalactic travelers, whose headquarters would most likely be in the center of their galaxies where the most stars are. In other words, we might be explored for any of a number of intentional reasons, but we could also be subjected to an endless parade of different types of visitors, for different reasons, and at different times. And what is illogical about our being visited by mere tourists? On this point, I rest my case.

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SHE LIFTED HER SKIRT...

and he stared hungrily at her legs. "You really do like Horseshit Magazine?" she asked him. "I love it," he said. "I've been looking for a man like you," she said, pulling her dress off. "What is your favorite section?" she asked excitedly. "The take-off on the Kama Sutra? You know, the one with all those unbelievable positions? I thought that was hilarious." "I did, too," he said. She started unhooking her bra. "Or what about the Doity Pictures? I tested all my friends with that, just like the inkblot test. Some of the answers I got were just incredible," she said as she slipped the bra off. "My God!" he said. "You're beautiful!" She kicked off her shoes. "Oh, everything in Horseshit is just so wonderful!" Now, she only had panties on, but he just sat there looking uncomfortable. "Well, aren't you going to do something?" she asked. "I... I don't know how to begin," he said. "I haven't had much experience..." "You phony!" she yelled at him, snatching up her dress to cover herself. "You haven't read Horseshit Magazine!"

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AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. A telephone number must be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Monday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

PERSONAL

GENTLE experienced bachelor, 39, seeks bright gal or threesome oriented couple 21-50 for stimulating, uninhibited mutually satisfying exciting experiences. Mornings, afternoons, evenings. — Frank, Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

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

LIFE IS OF limited duration. Mine is already polluted by too many frustrated erections. My dick is hard and ready for the women who want it. I.R. P.O.B. 222, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691

MUSCULAR LOVE, 35, blows spinning top but remains superbly funny writer and hilarious agent of Gogol Thorne Smith and Ambrose Bierce collective love will tour Mexico, Guatemala and myself in tasteless new convertible and prefer expenses of any superbly attractive complete individual Funny enough to answer this ad. Male companion not desired. Send cousin Gladys Salvation army pseudonym and

your own tel. Number to see what kind of a king I am, by love. Blessed are the encephaloskepti for one whose laughter Bell Sabers will see chichicatanango Wolf Devon Saint Borro, Apt. 416, One West Sixty-Seventh St.

HAIRY Rubenesque male, interested in Good looking, Well Hung Stud... white only... Call after 2 p.m. before 8 p.m. Mark, KY 6-9596.

ATTRACTIVE swinging couple who commutes to N.Y. once a month wants to meet other swinging couples. Executive caliber only. Ages 31 and 35. Must be white, attractive, and interesting and between the ages of 28-42. Write, Box 534, Anderson, S. C. or call 803-226-8608. Would prefer brief resume and photograph.

MAN 45, wants women over 40, for sex. Write, phone No. Can discuss desires, my place weekdays 10-3. C.N.T., Box 36, Staten Island 10304.

SWINGING GUY

In early thirties desires swinging female partner for parties. If you are not sincere don't bother. Calling 859-8017. Only Girls!

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Late twenties desire other couples for swinging parties. Please do not write unless you are serious. M. Kopelman, 554 East 26th St., Brooklyn, N.J. No phone calls please!

EXCEPTIONALLY — handsome young Adonis, very well-endowed, seeks love and pleasure with an attractive female. Phone number appreciated. P.O. Box 285, N.Y., N.Y. 10452.

TWO Swinging white guys looking for two broad minded chicks for fun and games. All inquiries with photo and phone number will be answered. A and B. P.O. Box 79, Bronx, N.Y. 10467.

ARE YOU A YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE intelligent, cultured and adventurous girl just starting life and zestfully eager to explore ideas, experiences, art, New York, sex, love and life, and, would like to meet a like guy? Call OX 1-6314. Mondays through Thursdays ONLY. No phonies or Fags please.

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"HIGHLY intelligent bachelor early forties needs young woman (student acceptable) to care for interesting apartment in exchange for accommodation and \$40.00 per week. Phone evenings till, 11 p.m. and weekend mornings. BA 2-9424, AI."

A. G. favorably disposed towards decent martinis and civilized intercourse so call 025-460-3185. Non business hours before Nov. 17. PF.

"WHITE young tall dark handsome muscular bisexual male desires meetings with young presentable, white bisexual couples, females, males for dynamic sessions. Dial PC #1 - ULA #1, John Reno."

BLACK male seeks white females with own pad who desires stimulation. Call Spade only if interested. Leave message Tele; 638-2353. I'll call back.

TWO strong men (B/W) want any type of women. For sex and fun! Just drop us a line. We are sincere. No freaks, no fags. Salt and Pepper, Box 147 Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

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YOUNG man seeks young girls and woman to enjoy a mutual financially rewarding experience. Send photo and phone to Box 145, Yonkers, N.Y.

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SINCERE girl needs passionate love and companionship? Considerate male, 26, 5'5", 140, oriental, will cooperate to your ultimate satisfaction. If single, clean, 30 or under, interested, call NS4, BNCX (Girls only).

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Turned on guy seeks swinging chick (soul or white) to share boss pad. Do your own thing here. Call evenings, after 10 p.m. 246-8029.

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SALESMAN, college grad, 35, loves swinging (sex orgies) is a member of a very large swinging club in N.Y.C. with many other interests as well. A regular guy who is a lot of fun is looking for an attractive girl well proportioned, 20-35 who is also interested in swinging (no perversion) the right girl may move into my apt. (3 1/2 rooms) if she so wishes. Please call 645-3374 if service answers please leave name and phone number. Thank you.

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YOUNG man 30, seeks to meet others. Must be hung large. Especially dig Puerto Rican's, love all sex. Call Donald, SPR-L 908, after 5 p.m.

DELICIOUS Kosher salami attached to 32 yr. old handsome married me. If you're "sweet", young, lovely and "hungry" lets meet for "Something to eat." 685-1541 days.

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I worked with and had to believe to see - To hear they crucified me am still writing, your poet, J. C. Yard 57-0520.

GALS have all the benefits of marriage without the blessing of the clergy or City Hall. Guy, 28, desires to share his W. Village apartment with tall sharp hip chick, 691-3065.

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PERENNIAL COLLEGE BOY, 30's butch, seeks strapping **YOUNG** pledgemaster(s), butch, for fraternal initiation games. Will be free houseboy to dominant young males(s) interested in discipline, etc. Can share pad or relocate ANYWHERE. Race immaterial if handsome, unfat, unbearded, congenial, enthusiastic. Stability, sincerity, assured and required. Photo, phone bring promptest reply. Write: OCCUPANT, Apartment 3, 257 South 3rd Street, Brooklyn 11211.

MALE Nude models (Amateur) wanted between (18-34) by Amateur photographer for private collection, will pay \$5.00 hourly. Please send resume about yourself and a sample to Tony M. P.O. Box 35, Hollis, New York. A reply will be sent for each letter I receive.

PROFESSIONAL man — wanted young warm affectionate sensitive girl to meet unusually sensitive guy. Call Bob after 5 p.m. No homo's. UL 5-3501.

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TWO swinging guys seek two swinging girls, broad-minded for fun games. Please enclose photo and phone number. Send to A.B., P.O. 79, Bronx, N. Y. 10467.

YOU are young, pretty white and straight (almost) it's hard to live on your salary. I'm 40 and square (almost) Spend a loveable evening each week at my Village apt. and pick up that extra quarter you need so badly. Picture welcome. No hookers please. W. W. Box 40, 1 Bank Street, N.Y.C.

MAN 36, white, suave continental type would like to meet girls 18-25 that are sophisticated, shapely, mod types to go down on. I am gentle and an expert, and you will be completely happy. Everything kept extremely confidential. Virgins welcomed. Call my answering service BE 3-5910 and ask for Tony Powers.

YOUNG attractive couple are looking for a gay girl (white) (married or single) to satisfy and be satisfied by the wife who is looking for new happiness. Discretion assured. APL-8022, after 8 p.m.

YOUNG MAN, 21, slim and attractive seeks a young masculine buddy for a worthwhile relationship. Please phone 242-0715.

DOMINANT handsome white male (48) wishes to meet docile females (no males) interested in Discipline and French culture. Call after 11 p.m. FOB-FHHX. (N.Y.Y.)

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HIP GIRLS are you interested in sincere friendship? I am Cauc, 24 yrs., 5 ft. 9 in., 145 lbs., and have modern Manhattan apt. Write: Lloyd, Apt. 9A, 170 Ave. C, N.Y. N.Y. 10009.

STRAIGHT well built masculine young men, ages 17 to 24 who desires to be serviced orally, athletes. Football and basketball players, servicemen, hippies and similar types call Russ after 6. Phone KAC-BUEF. Discretion assured. No hustlers.

SINCERE, middle-aged gentleman, white, wishes meeting girl, or woman for cunnilingus in her Apt. or mine. Strictly confidential. Call day or night. MKK-LLGM.



YOUNG MAN, 30, seeks to meet others. Must be hung large. Especially dig Puerto Ricans. love all sex. Call Donald, SPR-L 908 after 5 P.M.

ADROIT Professor of French solicits tutoring highly sensitive ladies solely intrigued by the receptive nature of this culture. Call YA-9-0785 anytime. Keep trying.

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GIRLS wanted to pose for nudist publication: \$50 per 2hs. session - cash call: Jay Monroe. 586-9205. Studio "J" 261 W. 54th St.

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PLACE your ad free in issue three of the Mini Guide to Nude New York. Just order your copy at \$2, and send ad to be placed free. Mr. Woods, P.O. Box 1125, Radio City Station, New York 10019.

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LOST — Small (10 lb.) female dog. Daschund. Reddish-brown. LONG HAIR. Friendly, answers to "Gretchen". Last seen, Sun., Oct. 27, between 1st and 2nd. Large reward. I am very worried. Any info. Please call 685-5709.

GREAT RAY IS searching for source to purchase real sexy smoker films, 200' reels, must be recent and clear. See my other ad — Personal column.

BUNNE — We LOVE YOU — Check for MESSAGE

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GIFT!!! \$4.95 for one, \$12.95 for three, or send for free brochure. Dealers inquiries invited. Send check or M/O to BUTTON UP, Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46 St. NYC., N.Y. 10036. Tel.: (212) 581-4199 Order now!!!! Limited SUPPLY!!!!

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Beautiful astrology chart tells what sign the sun & moon are in every day in 1969. With positions of planets for heaviest days each month; other secrets. \$1.00 to Perseverance Furthers Incorporated, 2528 Hillegass, Berkeley, Cal., 94704. Dealers please inquire.

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Norman Knight

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MINI GUIDE TO GAY NEW YORK — Again we have search the city finding all the little hideaways, finding all the private parties, finding all those special people. We then print it up with all addresses, phone No. or box nos. and sell it for \$2. Mr. Wood, P.O. Box 1125 Radio City Station, N.Y. 10019.

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

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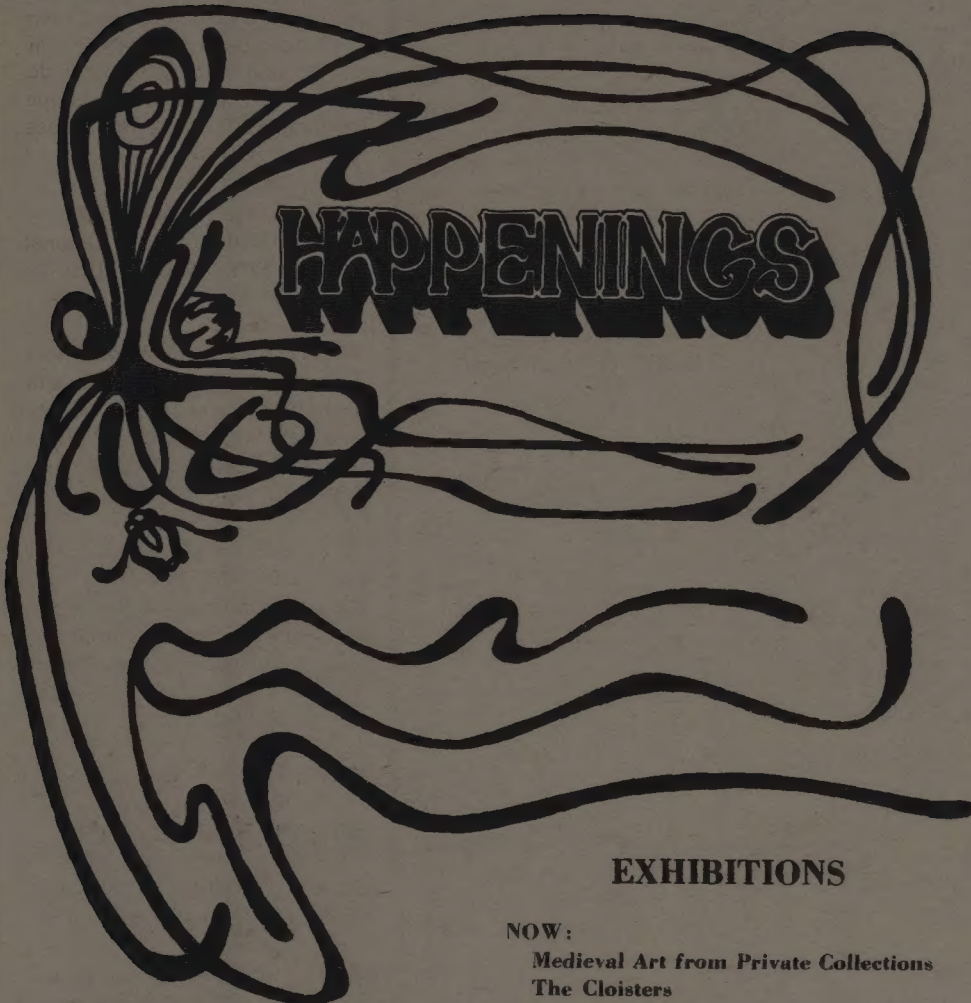
BLOW YOUR MIND before it's too late Supergrass is not illegal yet—however, it has been confiscated by police in the following places: Wash. D.C., San Francisco and Los Angeles. Why? Yet it's 100% legal substitute for pot. Supergrass looks like, smells and gets you there like the real thing. \$2.00 per lid. Send your bread to ON THE SPOT. 907 N. Harper. Box 3, Hollywood, Calif. 90046. (GUARANTEED)

NUDISCOVER Meet interesting people who enjoy social nudism. Any age. Male / female, married / single. Send \$1.00. Alan Tuck Associates, Dept. E-6, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

For photos, films on any subject, you name it, I deliver, don't be shy write C-A. Box 184, Staten Island, N. Y. 10306.

IN COLLEGE, OR COLLEGE BOUND? Turn on in Free School Setting. Meet head-on academic, personal hang-ups during eight week summer afloat. SCHOONER SCHOOL, R. R. 1, SITE 14, BOX 13, FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

INCREDIBLE FREE OFFER We start where all other offers end. If you are tired of being disappointed and want the wildest, most daring and erotic in books, magazines and films, and much, much more, send for our giant catalog which lists thousand of offers from all around the world. (Including free books, etc.) This offer is open to mature adults over 21. Greenwich Village Press, Dept. EV-148, Box 222, Cooper St., Station, New York, N.Y.



HAPPENINGS

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, NOV. 8:

8:30 PM

Poetry — Ron Padgett

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, NOV. 9:

4:00 PM

Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, NOV. 11:

8:30 PM

Prose — Bart Gerald, Seymour Krim

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, NOV. 12:

8:30 PM

Poetry — Peter Schjeldahl

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, NOV. 14:

8:30 PM

Poetry — Sam Abrams

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:

"The Hunter" by Murray Mednick

Theatre Genesis

St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

—"The Concept"

Sheridan Square Playhouse

CH 2-3432

—Sherriff's "Journey's End"

Roundabout Theatre — WA 4-7161

—"The David Show"

Players Theatre

115 McDougal — AL 4-5076

—"The Grab Bag"

Astor Place Theater

434 Lafayette — 254-4060

—"Dionysus in 69"

Performance Garage

33 Wooster Street — 925-8712

FRIDAY, NOV. 8:

8:30 PM

—"Peace"

Judson Memorial Church

55 Washington Square South

SATURDAY, NOV. 9:

11:00 AM

"Expressway"

Lafayette Street

(1/2 block below Astor Place)

SUNDAY, NOV. 10:

1:00 PM

"Expressway"

Lafayette Street

(1/2) block below Astor Place)

TUESDAY, NOV. 12:

8:30 PM

"Peace"

Judson Memorial Church 55

Washington Square South

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:

Medieval Art from Private Collections

The Cloisters

Ft. Tyron Park

NOV. 10 THRU JAN. 12

"Typically American"—Photographs

by Burk Uzzle

Riverside Museum

310 Riverside Drive

NOW THRU NOV. 12:

Craft Tools and Kitchen Utensils
from Colonial Period through Fed-
eralist and pre-Civil War to turn of
Century

NYU - Loeb Student Center (Free)

NOW THRU NOV. 11:

"Architecture of Museums"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 17:

Wallace Bearman: Verifax Collages

The Jewish Museum

109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 19:

"The Great of Fresco: Giotto

to Pontorno"

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 24:

Franz Kline

Whitney Museum American Art

945 Madison Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 25:

Sky Show: "The Legend of the

Flying Horse"

Hayden Planetarium

81st Street and CPW

NOW THRU NOV. 27:

Light and Sound Show from

Howard Wise Gallery

Contemporary Arts Gallery

NYU—Loeb Student Center

NOW THRU DEC. 8:

Paul Caponigro: Recent Photographs

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 1:

"The Career of an Actor: Anthony

Quinn"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:

Ingathering: Ceremony and Tradition

in N.Y. Public Collections

The Jewish Museum

1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 5:

Brassai — Photographs

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:

Robert Whitman's "Pond"

The Jewish Museum

1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 19:

"Maya Art from Guatemala"

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82d Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 26:

Rauschenberg — "Soundings"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

"Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

88th Street and Fifth Avenue

MISCELLANEOUS

FRIDAY, NOV. 8:

8:30 PM

East-West Dances by Leticia Jay

Cooper Union Forum

8th Street and Fourth Avenue

SATURDAY, NOV. 9:

2:30 PM

Ishangi African Dancers

Town Hall

113 West 43rd Street

—7:30 PM

"Unpoetry" Reading — Paul Thiel

12 West 4th Street

SUNDAY, NOV. 10:

3:00 PM

Poetry Reading — Joseph Cervalo

NYU—Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

THURSDAY, NOV. 14:

8:30 PM

The Visual Energy of Sound: A

Dance Concert by Jean Dupuy

Judson Church Theater

55 Washington Square South

TALKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 8:

2:30 PM

Master Craftsmen — "Brueghel"

by Angela B. Watson

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—3:30 PM

Gallery Talk — "The Wild Beasts"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

MONDAY, NOV. 11:

5:30

"Painting In The Royal Courts of

Europe" by Michael Levey

Sponsored by NYU Institute of

Fine Arts

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

Tickets available free from museum

—8:30 PM

"Poverty In An Affluent Society"

by Herbert J. Kramer

Cooper Union Forum

TUESDAY, NOV. 2:

2 PM

"Roman Art" by Allen Rosebaum

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM

Gallery Talk — "Italian Renaissance

Painting" by Angela B. Watson

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13:

11:00 AM

Gallery Talk — "Italian Renaissance

Painting" by Angela B. Watson

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM

"Naive Parents and Sophisticated

Children" by Emanuel K. Schwartz

Cooper Union Forum

8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, NOV. 14:

2:00 PM

"Roman Art" by Allen Rosebaum

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM

"Rauschenberg's Soundings"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM

"Atlantis: The Sons of Belial and

The Children of the Law of One"

A.R.E. New York Center

35 W. 36th Street (\$1.00)

FILMS

FRIDAY, NOV. 8:

2:00 & 5:30 PM

"So This Is Paris" (1926)

by Ernst Lubitsch

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 PM

Open screening 16mm Exper. Shorts

U-P Film Group

814 Broadway (11th St.) — Fee

—8:00 and 10:00 PM

Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga

Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"

"Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-

ovies," "Red Light," "The World of

Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-

menco"

Maurice Amar Studio

61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

EXHIBITIONS

—8:30 PM

"The Charge of the Light Brigade"

de Haviland and David Niven

The Manhattan Cinema Club

45th and 8th Avenue

SATURDAY, NOV. 9

1:00 PM

"The Art of Leisure"

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—3:00 & 5:30 PM

"The Love Parade" (1929)

by Ernst Lubitsch

Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 and 10:00 PM

The Beatles' "The Magical Mystery

Tour"

Wollman Auditorium—Ferris Both

Hall—Columbia University

155th St. and Broadway (\$2.50)

—8:00 PM

Kenneth Anger's "Fireworks and

Mike Sullivan's Tarzan Finds a

Mate," "Fight from Minos," "No

Smoking"

90 & 9 Coffee House

99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

—8:00 PM

Open screening, 16mm exper. shorts

U-P Film Group

814 Broadway (11th St.) — Fee

—8:00 and 10:00 PM

Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga

Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"

"Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-

ovies," "Red Light," "The World of

Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-

menco"

Maurice Amar Studio

61 East 11th St. — 982-6688—\$1.50

—8:30 PM

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..DAT'S HAVENS, YOU CLUMSY PIMPLE, NOT HEAVENS'!... BUT TELL ME, ..HOW MUCH YOU GETTIN' PAID TO READ DAT LITTLE SCRIPTCARD YOU HIDING BEHIND DA ALBUM THERE?..



..DAT IS.. AHH... MY SHOT RECORD.. [SHHH.. SHUTUP DUMBBELL OR YOU'LL BLOW DA WHOLE SCHMIR!].. ANYWAY, I NOT PLUGIN' DIS REAL WONDERFUL RECORD..

OH GAD, YOU IS DA MOST MERCENARY LIZARD I EVER KNOWED!... YOU BEEN MOUTHIN' OFF BOUT ELECTRIC HAVENS FOR TWO DAYS NOW!... WELL? ...GO AHEAD, PLAY DA DAMN THING!!

OH I WISH I WAS IN DE LAN OF COTTON

YOU STUPID BASTARD! YOU PUT DA WRONG RECORD IN DA ALBUM JACKET!!

