

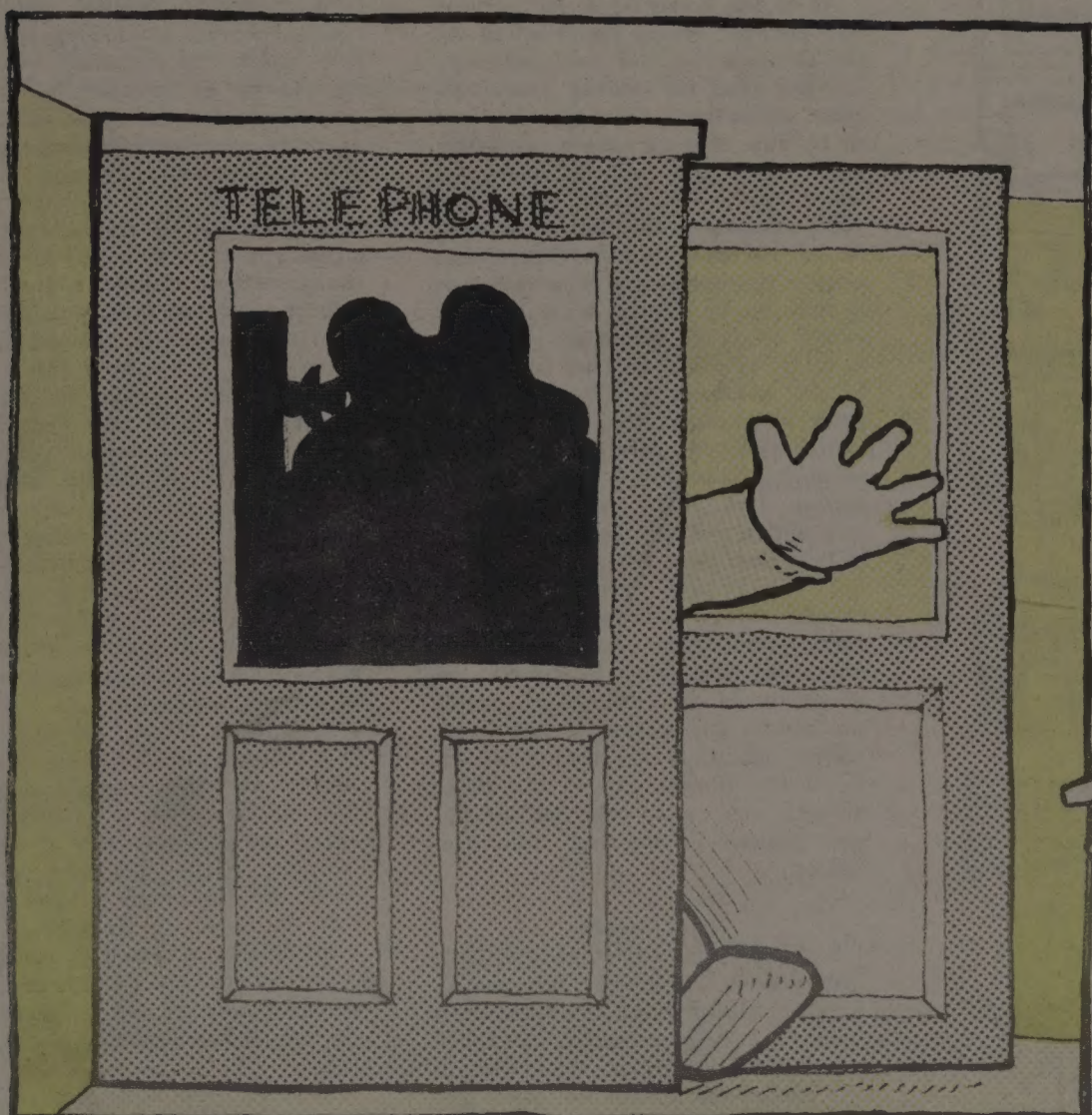
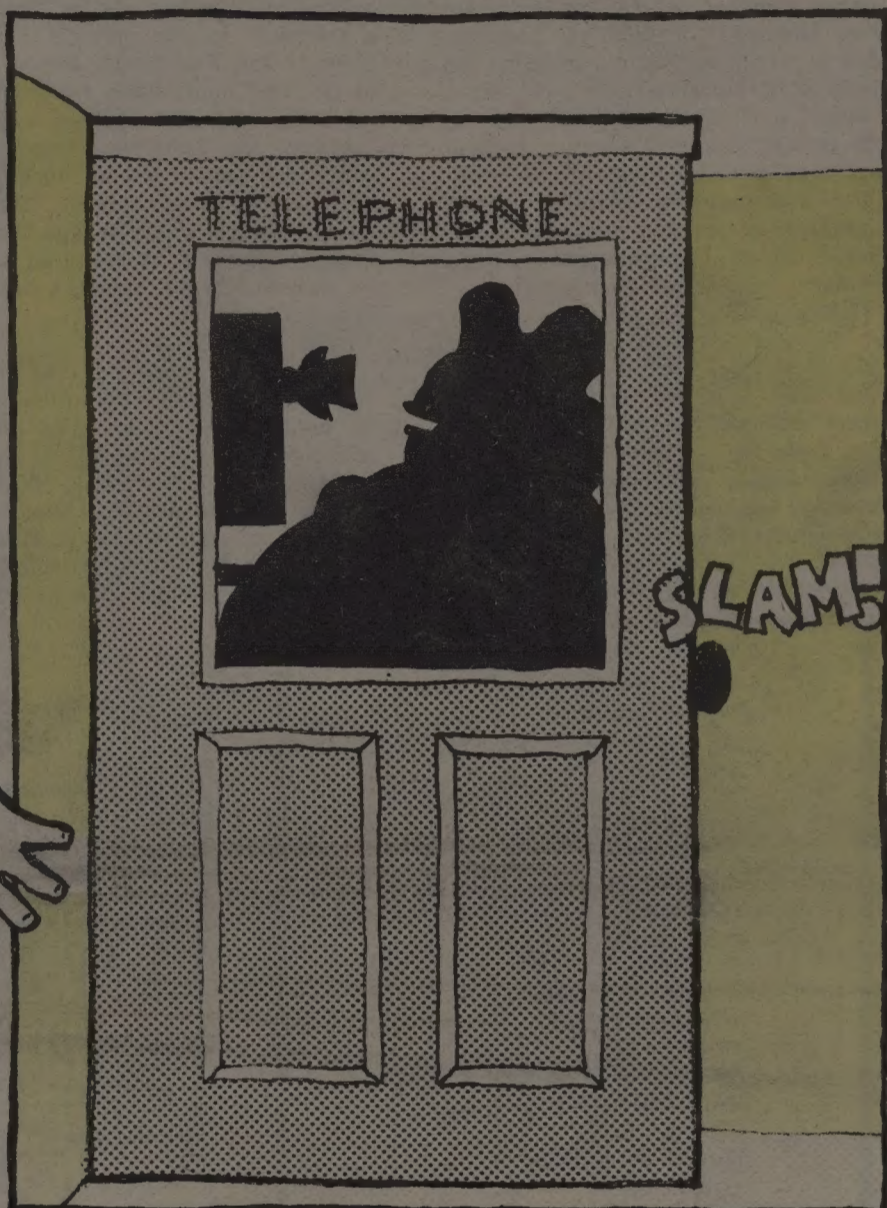
THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

VOL. 4, NO. 2

METROPOLITAN 15¢

DEC. 13, 1968

SUNSHINE GIRL IN TELEPHUN!



ZOWIE GANG, THE FUNNIES ARE BACK! HONEST

Kim Deitch 68

KEYHOLE IN THE DOORS

"The magic key of the lumber room closet slipped with gratifying ease into the keyhole of a green door confronting them, and would have accomplished the act promised by its smooth entrance, had not a burst of strange sounds coming from behind the door caused our explorers to pause."

—Vladimir Nazokov

In the wake of A. J. Weberman's interesting article, second in a revolutionary series of no-nonsense explications, we sit bobbing in a sea of surprised distress, eagerly hoping we could attain the blissful state of mental calm—not to mention catatonia—suggested by the title of Jim Morrison's witty and high-spirited "Horse Latitudes". Now to lay it on you straight like, we're wondering whether A. J. isn't mistaking San Domingo for India. If Morrison has any politics they are probably the politics of homeostasy. So dig "Love Street" is all about Big Jim's past; to be precise, this 20th Century Provençal lyric is a description of J's torturous and beguiling discovery of the meanings of sex and love, and a lovingly cynical commemoration of his initiator in the ritual of puberty.

VERSE ONE

"She lives on Love St." — try the hypothesis that "She" is a Frisco prosty and that "Love St." is argot for the local redlight district. "Lingers long on Love St."—"loiters" would have been unobscure and inellegant. "She has a house and garden"—(in the traditional sense of fertility and transmitting the tradition; as well as in a literal surface figure for the bordello she runs

and the flowerchildren she grows into mature—corrupted—women of the night). "I would like to see what happens"—(a blissful reminiscence of the pristine thrill of adventure for its own sake, childlike compared to the speaker's present disabused condition in which it is clear as water—imagery that nothing has happened).

SECOND VERSE

"She has robes and she has monkeys" (then zooming in like the finely-honed lense of a Fellini camera, Morrison gives us a sweet whiff of detail, describing with elliptical zest the oriental decor of the "salon"). "Lazy diamond studded flunkies" (highclass pimps work for her, so obviously she is a big wheel with strong almost paternal force of will—apparently a vision pleasing to Mr. Morrison's oedipal fancy). "She has wisdom" (perhaps a reference to the mystical philosophies of the East) "and knows what to do" (the implications by this point are crystal clear, the tie-in is with the "wisdom" and "kama-sutra" type books which the woman has no doubt mastered adding to her appeal). "She has me and she has you" (by this time the image of the lady as Sex itself begins to take hold of the listener's imagination).

VERSE THREE

In the third verse we find an example of Morrison's expansion of lyric material to include in this case a reference to the hip scene. "I hear see you live on Love St." (Read Haight St. or for that matter St. Marks Pl.). "There's the store where the creatures meet"—(the whole Drogstore-Gems Spa syndrome). "Summer Sunday and a

year" (every day is a sabbath for stoned out junkie types—a beautiful use of time dilation to express the otherworldly sense of distorted temporality. Sexual overtones of **Long Hot Summer** and **Never on Sunday** exhibit master-craftsmanly compression of material). "Wonder what they do in there" (doubling again for the innocent Morrison's plaintive query, and the typical tourist-obsessional fantasy about the drug culture). "Guess I like it fine . . . so far" (sexual disenchantment will follow as ineluctably as mental degradation from drug abuse.) This is all followed by a break which culminates in a musical quote from the Byrds first album, a song called "I'll be a whole lot better off when you're gone" (suggesting the cult of Love-rock, and referring in the same double sense to the now-corrupt speakers cry of agony and painfully enforced cynicism!) Morrison is making statements about the condition of the artist and a host of other conditions as well, not to mention the ingenious shift from third to second person and back to third evincing no doubt some progression or other of the artists or speakers frenzied conceit. The closing "La-la-la" riff leaves us in complete and utter dejection, confusion, madness and ecstasy, lolling our own tongues in acrid selfhate.

Yours fatihfully,

Peter Occhiogrosso & Erik Nisensen

Dear Evo,

I am writing this letter to expose the founders and perpetrators of this underground newspaper as complete and total hypocrites, frauds, atheists, martyrs, liars, sinners and ass-holes.

The other day I duly swear by the Bible and by the memory of my mother (who was a saint) that I did see Ed Sanders with his white suede shoes get into a taxi on the corner of Ave. A and 14th St. It made me laugh so hard that I started crying. How dare he get into a taxi-cab!—being a pseudo-leftist, anti-bourgeoise, anti-establishment, avant-garde, hippie, cool (he made the cover of LIFE), labor lover patron of the afflicted, patron of the arts, poet, writer, martyr, singer, musician, and everything else. How dare he take a cab? By that single act he has lost favor with God, and with his only begotten son, Jesus, whom he is not—because Jesus didn't believe in taxi-cabs, even if they were cheaper than the ones in New York.

Ed Sanders—I am disillusioned and now I am once again alone in the world—for I've been back from Jupiter many times before.

My name is Judas, and with this kiss you Ed Sanders.

A Cab-driver

LETTERS

Dear frustrated New Age Foetuses,

The Revolution that is to come (astrally unavoidable) is not created from your little heads. If you want to 'make' a revolution, you are still thinking in the manner of the very Old Age order which you want to overthrow. The more you put people down, the more uptight they get; the more uptight they get, the more likely they'll blow us all up. Antagonizing is especially bloody dangerous now, and mostly irrelevant; the time of martyrdom is over, anyway. Don't sell out, either, though.

All your slogans, all your Big-Brothers, all your hero-idol-leader-figureheads belong in essence to the Old Age. Protesting, demanding, fighting, governing, rioting, shooting, organizing, frustrating, winning, losing, scaring, fearing, brutalizing, stealing, buying, selling, hating, evangelizing, bluffing, ordering, alienating, adjusting, militating, raping, judging, resigning, impeding, duping, murdering, suiciding, influencing, arresting, patronizing, castrating, brainwashing, worshipping, attacking, defending, betraying, mystifying, mortifying, defining, identifying, boring, believing, and hoping, are words and actions that essentially belong to the Old Age of rationality vs. irrationality (when the real point is ecstasy), of order vs. disorder (when the real point is harmony), of For vs. Against (when the real point is With). It has been going on for ten-thousand years (actually more) without any real radical change, and we all know it. It was only a long, complicated, illusory game, but also the necessary apprenticeship of mankind . . . a long trop out of Eden.

The 'Old Age' is dying and the 'New Age' is about to be born (we are presently just at the transition). All the multiple forms of conflict happening all over the world are actually: the Old Age agonizing, grasping desperately all the vestiges of what have been its 'securities' (see the list of verbs above) for so long, unable to accept that they no longer work, and the 'New Age' not-yet-born foetus kicking the belly of his mother impatiently.

Dear fellow foetuses (or rather, parts of the One Foetus), the only thing you can actually prepare yourselves for is the state in which a new-born baby comes out of the womb of darkness into the light — the state in which Adam and Eve return to Eden. (Given that the Fruit of Knowledge taught them Duality so that the concept and actualization of the Fall implies its annihilating opposite, the Redemption. By the way, Adam-and-Eve is also a duality).

Well, . . . what is the state of a new-born baby? Have you forgotten? The answer is so simple, I feel funny about saying it: and its simplicity is the best means for unity and mass participation.

Dear Evo,

Enclosed is a copy of an article published recently in a Florida newspaper. The article provides a clear, yet understated example of what life is like in Nixon's favorite winter resort area. It is an understatement because it says nothing about the treatment given hippies who don't own businesses, but who happen to be living in, or passing through Hallandale. However, an incident which involved my wife and I some months ago should provide some indication of what the article failed to state. We were passing through Hallandale on our way to Miami when we stopped for a red light. After the light turned green we proceeded on our way, but before we had travelled fifty feet we were stopped by two motorcycle cops who proceeded to question and harass us. After ten minutes of insults, we were allowed to leave. The charge: not pulling away quickly enough after the light turned green. (My hair was only medium long, I had a moustache, and I was driving a car with New York plates).

. . . All of this brings me to the point of this letter—the Miami Pop Festival. As the article states, this new ordinance will not affect the festival. This is because the same fascist pigs who pass such laws are not above exploiting those whom they wish to oppress. I would like to inform the groups that will participate in the festival (between 60 and 90, many from the West Coast) of what they are getting themselves into if they go to Miami. If the festival comes off, a lot of people are going to be busted. Most of those busted will be the spectators, but the groups are going to be targets too. In Hallandale, as well as near-by Miami, the pigs have an open warrant called the Search and Seizure Law which allows them to stop and search any person or vehicle at their discretion. When Miami passed its "no hippies" law, Search and Seizure allowed the pigs to break into, break apart, and close down ALL hippie owned head shops, bookstores, and dancehalls in the area. Many people are now in jail because of these ordinances, but many less than there will be if the festival comes off. Please do what you can to help stop the biggest bumner on the year from happening.

Peace
Thom. Robey

P.S. While I was writing this letter Hendrix was in concert in Jacksonville, Florida. He prefaced his performed with "I've been censored." He then proceeded to do "their" thing with all the house lights on for the entire performance. Outbusted. If you don't think people are going to be busted at the festival, ask Hendrix!!!!

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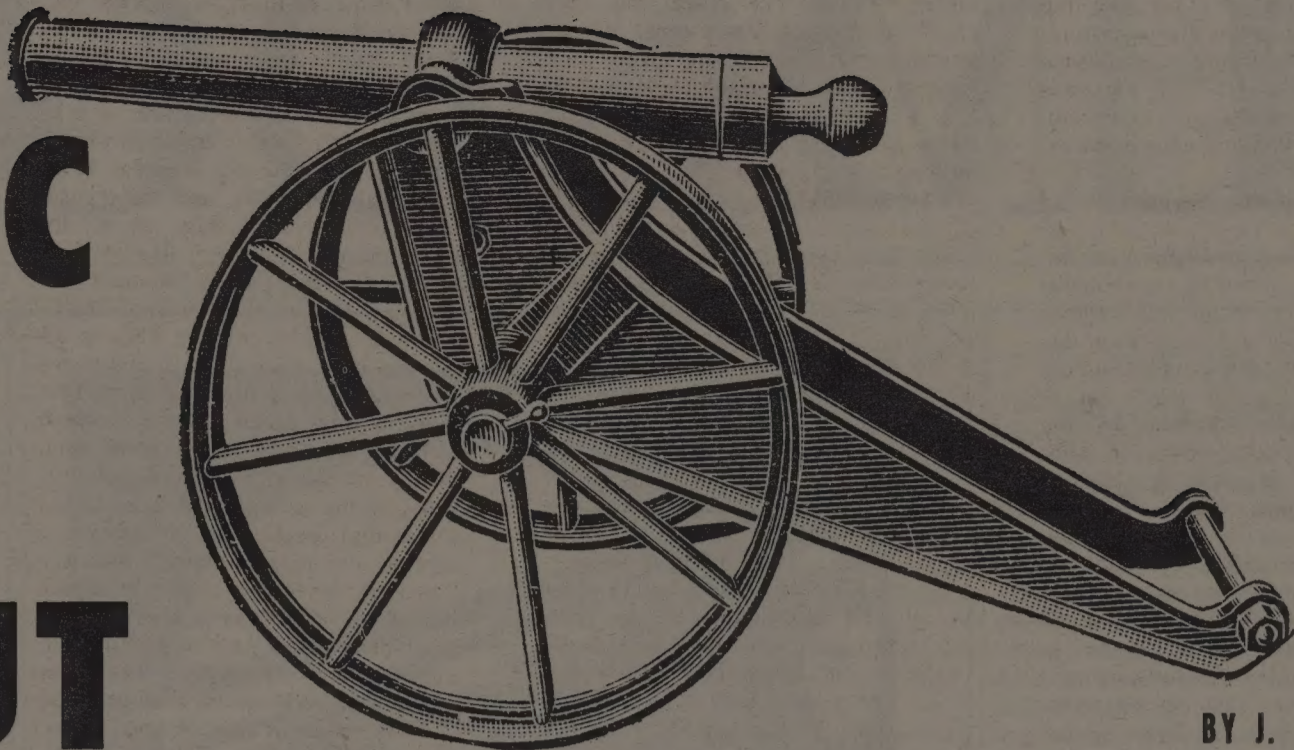
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LETTERS



A FRANC WITH KRAUT



BY J. J. LABEL

Six months have passed since a semi-improvised mass movement, taking the old world completely by surprise, created a situation unique in the history of modern industrial society: in May, for a while, there was an utter vacancy of power. When de Gaulle disappeared without even telling his cabinet ministers he was leaving and flew to Germany, it became obvious that the repressive structure of the State had been disrupted. An extra shove would have been enough to make the whole system topple over. General Vanuxem (a leader of the O. A. S, a fascist conspiracy which followed the Algerian War) said after May: "One didn't expect our nations to be so fragile . . ." How come, then, the fragile capitalist frame-work didn't collapse? It was protected or rather sustained by the old left which held the movement back and diverted it towards a counter revolutionary, idiotic and safe objective: the elections. The final share didn't come and the state was allowed to recover from the terrible blow inflicted upon it. And of course de Gaulle won the elections by a landslide, the frightened bourgeoisie having voted for security against turmoil, for "law and order" against the wild uncontrollable fiesta launched by the revolutionary movement.

What is the situation today? De Gaulle's last speech, merely emphasized his government's determination (first expressed by head cop. Minister of the Interior, Marcellin) to drop the regime's "liberal" mask for a more traditional fascist manner. This is corroborated by the following events which took place this week:

1/ TRICONTINENTAL the political magazine published in Havana was banned by Government decree here (this indicates that the oligarchy still believes it's own paranoid lie according to which the masses which took over the streets of Paris in May were manipulated by specialists who had been trained in guerrilla warfare in Cuba).

2/ 4 films on the May uprising shot by the Etats Generaux du Cinema and shown in a provincial town by a local Action Committee were seized by the police on Government orders.

3/ Members of the Maubert Action Committee are arrested every Sunday in the streets near the Latin Quarter while putting up posters, distributing leaflets and having a political debate with the gathering crowd.

4/ All street-demonstrations whatsoever are prohibited. Off and on, an enormous amount of uniformed and plainclothes police occupy the Latin Quarter (November the 22nd, Vietnam Protest Day, 2 regiments of C. R. S were kept ready at the Invalides, near the Chamber of Deputies. The Sorbonne in which we continued to hold meetings was completely surrounded by armed fuzz).

5/ Last night the pigs brutally interrupted a well attended private showing of slides on the

genesis of the May Events organised by the Maubert A.C. The slides were seized. We were told the meeting could continue but that all PROJECTIONS were banned (thus the government decides that the spoken word is less dangerous than the visible image).

These are but a few examples of the fascist atmosphere which prevails here. The first "reason" for such Wallace-type "law and order" enforcement is the panic touched off by the economic and political crisis of which the most obvious sign is the devaluation of the franc. Beneath it's superficial show of force, the power-structure remains extremely weakened. The effect of the terrible blow dealt to it in May by the workers and students is still active. There is a struggle for power within the bourgeoisie itself, De Gaulle's domination is being questioned by those same bankers, technocrats and managers who sat him on his napoleonic throne. His latest concession was to allow them (as well as some nationalized institutions such as the E. D. F., the electric concern) to speculate with government money by the billion, putting it either in Swiss Banks or changing it into Deutschmarks. He first announced the devaluation, but had to back out. The telegram Johnson sent him indicates it was a close shave for international dollarism. Any Deutschmark/french franc fuck-up of this size would have inevitably touched off an avalanche of English pounds, Italian liras and eventually, of U. S. greenbacks. What temporarily saved de Gaulle once again is a typical dirty deal: all prices go up and, as usual, the burden of the crisis lies solely on the workers whose wages are simultaneously frozen. The old left and particularly the C. P. whose reformist bureaucratic and feeble opposition completely integrated itself into the capitalist system, is helping de Gaulle to manipulate the workers back into the passive situation they were in before May. The C. P.'s reaction to the pseudo devaluation was an ugly chauvinistic stint about the deflating of "our poor franc". Whose poor franc? As if this new crisis could be solved according to the C. P.'s nauseous wish by the military and the workers, the industrial magnates and the students all singing together "Rally round the franc, boys!". The french C. P.'s adapted and castrated version of "communism" obviously rules out class war as indecent. The question is: next time, will the C. P. again have strenght enough to put out the fire, like it did in May, and the authority to crack down on the spontaneity of the masses? The "communists" characteristically preferred an election to a revolution, they lost both. How clear is it really to the victims of the bourgeois backlash that it actually was the C. P. who saved the capitalist system and the gaullist state from collapsing in May/June? The future of the revolutionary movement in France is related to the awareness of that fact. It is indeed hard to explain in solely political terms

how the same workers who occupied and sometimes self-managed their factories, who defied at the same time the rules of the bourgeois state and those of the counter-revolutionary trade-unions, now, once again, bend to the authoritarian demands of their rulers. There is revenge in those demands. The workers are literally made to pay for all those red and black fags, for widely disrupting the system and laying their hands on the means of production, for those weeks of the most important general strike in the country's history, for the movement's slight (but potentially tremendous) resemblance with the Paris Commune of 1871, for all that creative freedom they unleashed in the streets together with the students and above all, for that magnificent sacrilegious act: the burning of the Stock Exchange, on the 24th of May. De Gaulle now fucks the working class and clamps down on the radical students just to show who is in command. Not for long, baby!

The current trend of government towards an effectively fascist regime will oblige our movement to harden and strengthen itself and go underground. Let's face it, for the time being the great collective orgasmic fiesta is over. We are entering a period of pregnancy. We must now prepare for a much bigger stronger and international eruption. The news is excellent: from countless places in "advanced" industrial states or in the third world we hear of the student revolt gradually turning into a revolution. Our problem in France is the same as everywhere else: gathering or coordinating the forces. Grossly speaking the movement is divided into two main currents. On one hand there are the partisans of a rigid centralized Leninist organization, on the other there are the partisans of a freer, less bureaucratic and more imaginative associative type of organisation. It's the revolution from above as opposed to the revolution from below.

No truly revolutionary organization can, without defeating its aim, be modelled upon the pyramidal structure of power which is that of General Motors, the Army or any capitalist institution. Neither can the movement survive in such un-organized, un-coordinated and sloppy ways as to be unaware of its own potential, its own accomplishments or its own fuck-ups.

Until some kind of effective synthesis is worked out, the movement will be incapable of definitely destroying the capitalist power structure. The government knows this. That's why it tries every trick in the bag to divide those different forces whose spontaneous alliance created such a deep impact in may, that's why it is trying to harass to death the action committees in which the workers and students are united.

By the same token the bourgeoisie wants to suffocate the permanent student revolt which triggered the may revolution; a plan of limited

(Continued on Page 14)

LMNNOUGH

The News of the Week In Review

LEFT AT GUARDIAN BENEFIT

by David Bodie

H. Rap Brown, upset by a sort-of heckler, walked out of the Guardian newspaper's fund raising benefit where he was to be the main speaker.

Brown warned the audience of 2700 people crowded into the Fillmore East for the Guardian's 20th anniversary that he would tolerate no hissing or booing while he spoke. Moreover, the black power advocate instructed his aides that he would not go on stage until the audience was seated and quiet. That information was conveyed by the chairmen of the benefit performances, Bernadine Dohrn, Columbia SDS, to the audience. And the people acted affirmatively.

But Brown, who followed Herbert Marcuse, Carl Oglesby, Pete Seegar and the People's Street Theatre to the podium, greeted his audience this way.

(Applause rising from the audience as Brown strode across the stage) "I don't know what you're clapping for, I'm not a leader . . . I know why you are all here; because there's nothing on TV tonight . . . (jeers and hisses from the audience which included a large representation from New York's political cadres, most of whom probably don't want or own TVs).

"Your booing and hissing is infantile. If you don't like what I say and you aren't leaving, well, I'm prepared to leave (grabbing hold of the speech he had placed on the lectern).

(The audience sat silently.)

"I'm going to show the differences between militancy, radicalism and revolution because people have these ideas mixed up and think they are the same. There is a big difference . . . I agree with Mao: politics is war without bloodshed. All the militants sighed with relief when Nixon got in and Wallace didn't. And you all took a breath of air. But smell again. That's gas you smell. There was no choice in Wallace, Nixon, Humphrey and you militants when you voted for Humphrey" (shouts from the audience, a few boos).

(Brown started to look up at the balcony in a threatening way. Silence. He was about to return to his speech when someone shouted, "We didn't vote in November. Brown fiercely gazed at balcony.

("What, you have a corner on revolution or something?," a balcony person yelled out in the stilled auditorium. Brown picked up his papers and strolled off the stage.)

The entire evening last week had an inverted structure, at least in terms of theatrics, with the best stuff first, and everything else coming after in descending order, with Rap Brown at the back of the bus.

The People's Street Theatre, principally an offshoot of Columbia SDS, demonstrated the dynamics of the New Left more startlingly than Oglesby, one of the main creators and forces in SDS, and Marcuse, theorist and expounder.

They didn't just tell it; they showed it. Not with any stars (all the setting was good, none superb), but by their unity and group cohesion. They were as well orchestrated as any Bach fugue.

Briefly, their show, which always had been done in the streets until last week, was called "an election year" production. A barker leads his players to the Big Top, to the biggest show of them all.

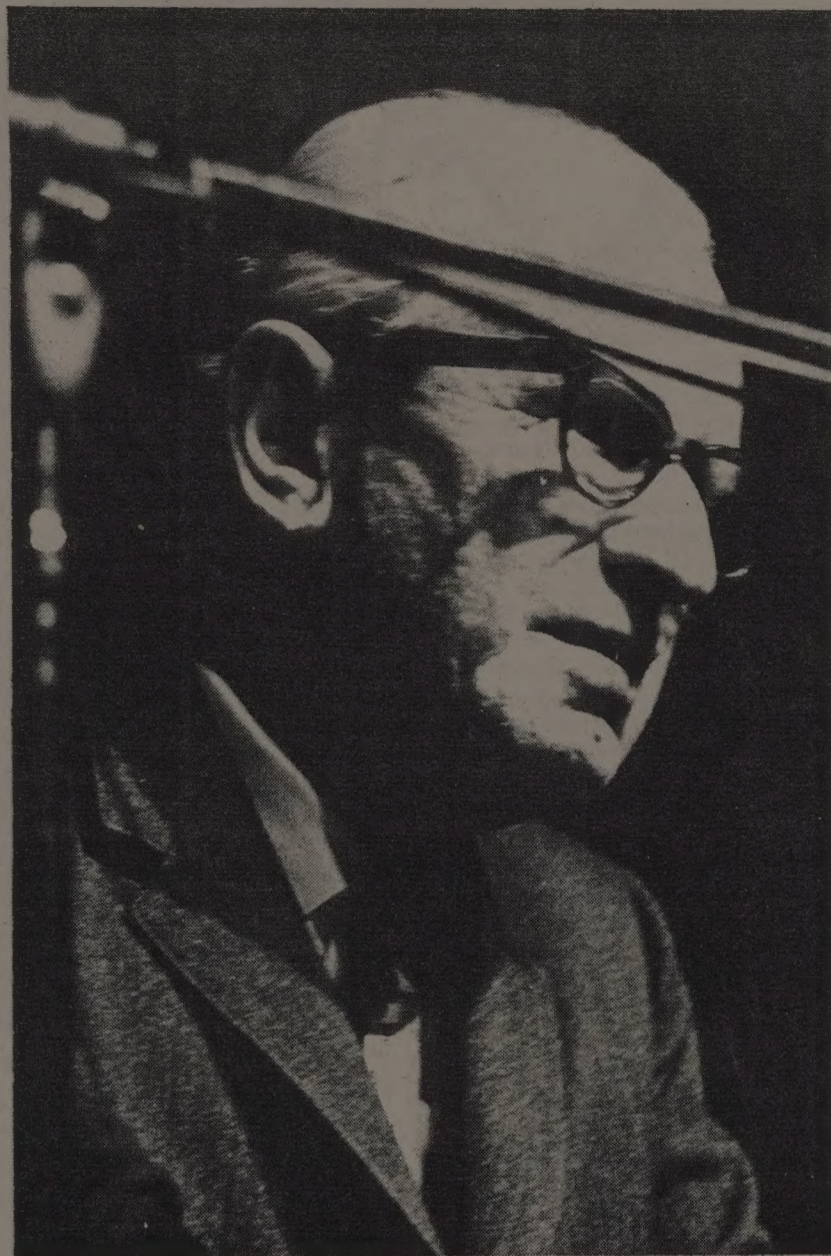


Photo: Walter Bredel Dr. Herbert Marcuse

He acknowledges that Big Tops, on a smaller scale are being played "before foreign audiences and training troupes. We write the music, they sing the songs. We write the acts, they perform."

Then they bring the audience back to the ceremony which "made the Big of business and government!"

A wedding ceremony takes place between a young woman wearing a sign round her neck reading "government" and a young man labeled "business."

And so it went for an electrifying twenty minutes. The incorporated marriage of Government and Business brought forth their first offspring, the Military who is given the job of: killing King George's men, the Indians, winning Mexican land, the whole Southwest, eliminating the "immigrants from Europe with their foreign ideas" about strikes, fighting the Spanish American War and the pacification of Latin America.

The players race through American history, razors slicing to the bone of it all, and with sword thrusts at the prime, pet projects of the liberals (we'll expand our industry and call it economic aid. More markets, more profits.), ending the scene with "On to Vietnam."

Chorus of the people: If it started so happy/why is it ending so sad? It's peace we wanted/it's wars we have.

The Ringmaster moves onto the next ring of the three-ring Big Top: education and then labor. And the performance ends with admonition:

"Get free, before it's too late

"Don't believe their lies any more.

"They cry for law and order.

"It's control they want!"

Pete Seegar allowed that he didn't

know what to sing any more, and that was one of the reasons he came to the Fillmore to hear what he could learn. But he did sing songs "I learned as a teenager"—songs about the Lincoln Brigade in the war against Franco.

Oglesby had taken the microphone when a ruckus started in the balcony with shout for "Bill Graham (owner of the Fillmore East theater) to get off our backs!" Someone in the know sitting down front went to the stage and whispered something to Oglesby who had walked to the front of the stage to hear the whiperer.

He walked back to the mikes obviously disgusted and remarked that "New York is heavy and I wish I had stayed in San Francisco."

"I wanted to talk with you about the Nixonian Empire which will be here for the next four years, but that's so linear, calculatable . . .

"What the Movement needs most is some looseness—which I am into this band business, to make some laughs go around.

"No point in talking about Nixon. He's going to play hard. We are going to play harder. We are going to beat him."

Oglesby quickly etched the outlines of much of the Under-30 world of today 'who first learned their thing from the Beats."

"The question is what made us turn on," he said. "For awhile we were afraid we couldn't answer the question of who we are. We were just to have a transient role, we were to be just a small motor which was to start the big motor of the masses going, and then we'd be swept aside by the big engine when the New Day came. And our

job was to wait until all was ready, to prepare and work for the future.

"We are the New Day. We don't have to wait for anybody.

"We are not waiting for others to come across the many bridges we have built.

"We are NOT WAITING FOR THE PROTELARIAT?"

"We have no choice. We can't live in it any longer. We are not making mistakes because we are history and history makes no mistakes.

"We are what it is!

"We are the people!"

Marcuse set his task as describing "the situation of the Left today."

"The Left always has been split, because they have been split by ideas. So that is nothing new. And the right never is split because they don't have ideas . . .

"On one hand, we have an increasingly destructive, repressive world, enslaved by jobs, morality and colonial policies," the aging professor said as he vigorously gripped the lectern.

"Some say what alternatives exist. Some say, 'We'll see, just carry on, we'll see what happens.'"

"But we must strive to be human beings, to be these human beings which (represent the) reason for our being here."

He then talked about the "targetism," "methods," "and organizations" which he thought were necessary for the Movement to come to fruition. He said that he envisions "entirely overt organizations around local activities and groups . . . for small groups will become the basis for the libertine communities. We will need, in a word, organized spontaneity."

Asserting that the radicals operate without a party, nevertheless "the new left is the only hope!"

GOOD BEHAVIOR OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

NEW YORK (LSN) — Ever since Project Camelot (the one the Army called a study of social change in South America), the status of the behavioral and social sciences with regard to their financial patron, the U.S. Government, has been a little shaky.

In the battle to wrest government funds from the natural sciences, social scientists have played along with the needs of the State Department, the CIA and the military for information in such fields as controlling mass human behavior, mapping jungle terrain, combatting "unrest" through pacification programs in the underdeveloped countries, etc.

In the vanguard are the Area Studies institutes whose findings on the more obscure areas of the world help U.S. policy makers maintain hegemony in order to tap their resource potential in the coming years.

These institutes developed as a direct result of "the-natives-are-restless" movements in the late fifties and early sixties. The response of these social scientists (the anthropologists have been helpful all along) has earned the gratitude of the Defense Department and other government agencies, which now finance research in areas not directly related to the needs of U.S. policy planners.

The government has also seen the advantages of financing projects of a purely academic nature. On the one hand, it helps legitimize the blatantly

LMN OGH

!!BUY WAR BONDS!!

military and political research missions while forcing these projects to continue by holding power over large segments of "innocent" research activities. On the other hand, the government realizes that the large amounts of independent and government research even when it is not a direct extension of the activities of the state might lead to important unexpected discoveries that could be useful in maintaining imperialist political and economic interests.

Thus, as Science magazine staff writer John Walsh points out (Science, 161, Sept. 13, 1968, page 1112), about 30% of the total overseas behavioral and social science research conducted in 1967 was financed by the Pentagon.

Now, with the expected money freeze in government and institution-supported basic research in all fields, the behavioral/social people would like to see other disciplines take the loss. As the physicists, and later the chemists and biologists did, they have prepared a report on the reasons why their research is worth support. Apparently, they have tended to the "join 'em rather than beat 'em" philosophy, requesting more participation of social-behavioral people in the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC) and also in the Office of Science and Technology (OST), two of the main general policy setting boards for the relation of the government to science.

Somewhat optimistically, the report suggests that the State Department, etc., should be asked to set their priorities, but that the administration of the cash should be through independent agencies such as the National Science Foundation (NSF) or National Institutes of Health (NIH). (It was the NSF that withheld legitimate grant money from Dr. Smale, the mathematician who made the mistake of speaking out against Vietnam policy, apparently because they were shaken up at the prospect of punishment from Congress.)

SDS ATTEMPTS NEW ALLIANCE

San Francisco — Workers in the San Francisco area have been invited to join SDS and black students in continuing the strike against San Francisco State College which has been virtually closed for several days.

Workers were asked to help police who have forced students and their sympathizers from the campus now under the acting presidency of semanticist S. I. Hayakawa. The forcing has been done at times at gun point.

"The students want to take control of the college and put it back in the hands of the people," SDS spokesman John Levin said. "This strike is not going to be manipulated by racism, red-baiting or the lies of newspapers."

"This struggle is a movement to take the power that has been stolen from the people. The struggle of the black people and Third World Liberation Front people is the beginning of that struggle."

"When Hayakawa and (Mayor) Alioto give into our demands, that's just the beginning of the struggle."

The workers were invited to join in the strike early this week.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU SMOKE!

San Francisco — Four researchers here now offer evidence that you are what you smoke.

The Hine Laboratories quartet recently summarized a method for "the separation and quantitative determination of cannabis constituents present in plant material and when added to urine."

Kenneth D. Parker, James A. Wright, Anita F. Halpern and Charles H. Hine, operating with U. S. government public health grants, took the task of developing urinalysis methods for the "detection of cannabis use and abuse."

The scientists also set out "to provide rigorous proof of chemical identity and reliable quantitative determination of various individual constituents of cannabis plant materials; to study biotransformation of cannabis plant constituents in man; and to study chemical alterations which occur during the aging of the plant material and the smoking process."

Hine Laboratories, 1099 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103, had a summary of the report published in the United Nations Bulletin on Narcotics, Vol. XX, No. 4, October-December 1968.

However, there was no clear indication whether puffing machines were measuring cannabis effects on men, or if men were puffing away like machines.

TURKEY TRICKS TOURISTS

by Harvey Matusow

In order to build their tourist business, the Turkish Government has been cracking down on long haired, hippy type visitors from the United States and Western Europe.

The Turkish law allows the court to impose life imprisonment or the death sentence for these offenses, and the case of one Dutch youth, Hans Van Der Aar, the prosecution asked for the death penalty. However the court showed leniency and gave him 30 years.

His crime was having 4 lb. of hash, and he has already served one year. In a letter which arrived in London this week from Van Der Aar he said he was in court twice and the government brought no witnesses, they exhibited no proof. "But they beat you with a wooden stick on your feet, hands, etc., here till you admit what they want you to say."

He says he lost 30 lb. in the time he's been detained and that the food is only one piece of bread and one bowl of soup daily. He must sleep on the floor, and has no bed or bedclothing. Friends in London recently sent him a sleeping bag, and it was returned because he did not have the import duty for Turkish Customs.

His letter also told of his being put in a mental ward for fifteen days. "This happened about a month ago. It was a Turkish mental hospital that was more like a stable. I've seen people dying there of hunger and from being

beaten up. The Turkish prison is still a paradise compared to the mental hospital."

The harsh sentences given these young people are part of a recent drive to build the tourist business. Five years ago in New York the Turkish Government started their drive. They hired a Madison Avenue advertising agency, Lawrence, Kane and Artley, and increased their budget on selling Turkey in the United States.

When in late 1966 the world's press began to highlight the pot smoking problem in the Western countries, the Turkish policy hardened toward the unkempt hippy type. It was feared by some Turkish governmental people involved in the tourist business that so long as Turkey was a haven for the hippy type, it would be bad for the image, and affect the number of big spending tourists who would come to Turkey.

It became easy under the Turkish drug laws to cack down on the hippies. The Turkish law states that if a person has information which leads to the arrest of any offender, the person giving the police the information cannot be prosecuted.

What in effect has happened, is that Turkish drug pushers approach some youngster and offer him some hash. If he buys, the pusher then goes to the police and informs. After the arrest is made the police usually give the hash back to the pusher, allowing him to keep the money he received from the arrested youth, and then he goes out and tries to set up his next victim.

Last September the Turkish government passed a new passport law aimed at hippies and beatniks. When the law went into effect, 40 young people staying in Istanbul were deported. The Turkish word for beatnik is bitnick, "bit" in Turkish meaning louse. And this applies to anyone with long hair and a beard.

Last month in Istanbul one young American was given two one half years for barely enough hash for one cigarette, and a Scottish boy with him was given two months for just being with him. They were arrested on the street and handcuffed, while walking, by a group of police waving guns without uniforms whom they thought were bandits at first.



Turkey

There is little that the American Embassy or British Embassy can do in such cases. In Kabul, Afghanistan, the American Embassy has put up notices in a few of the cheaper hotels which attract the young people, warning of the severity of the sentence for people caught with hash. But this type of warning is not given in Turkey.

Many students and others have gone to Turkey, in that it is the main East-West route to India and Afghanistan,

and have been told that if they are caught with hash they just deport you.

One of the ironies is that once inside the Turkish jails, they can get all the hash they need.

One young London student now doing eight years wrote to his family recently, "I've been stabbed once, but this was in a period when there wasn't anything to turn on with and everybody was hung up but it isn't often."

One young Englishman from Oxford, Robert Pontin has already been in prison for two and a half years of his eight year sentence.

One of the inconsistencies of Turkish justice, is that while Pontin received eight years, the same court gave Hans Van Der Aar 30 years for the same offense.

In a letter to a friend recently Pontin said, "My sentence is comparatively small. There are at least two Germans, and one American and one Lebanese who are serving 30 years."

Pontin added, "Turkish prisons are like hotels with caged animals. We don't receive amnesties: murders here do."

Two Americans in prison at present are K. Roder in Cubuk Prison, Ankara, and Vernon Williams, serving 8 years and 4 months in the same jail.

In the Sultan-Ahmet Jail, which is the remand center for Istanbul, normal remand is three months and prisoners have to sleep in the corridors. The tourists arrested by the Turkish police receive extremely bad treatment there.

Many of the prisoners are sick because of the bad diet. Their mental health suffers more, and many have been sent to the mental hospital. There is nothing to read, and nothing to occupy their time. The Turkish prisoners are extremely hard on the "softer" American and European youths sent to the prison. Rape and forced homosexual acts are a common occurrence. Gangs of hardened Turkish convicts prey on the new prisoners, and if they resist they are liable to be knifed.

Every two or three months the authorities declare an arms amnesty within the prison. And during the three days of the amnesty large quantities of guns and knives are usually turned in. After this period, the Turkish Army is called in to conduct a search, and severely punish those who didn't turn in their arms.

The American and British Consuls in Turkey, do make a token attempt to look after their nationals in Turkish prisons, but there is little they can do, as consular treaties do not permit their interference in cases which are a violation of the Turkish criminal code.

Brian Walden, English Labour M.P. was contacted about the case of Robert Pontin. He said, "I do not believe that there is very much that can be done for him."

"He has been tried and sentenced according to Turkish law and there is nothing we can do to set that law aside."

"I shall not, however, lose sight of this matter. I will, however, see whether some of my colleagues and myself can get together on this and make further representations. This might be possible."

Think of the impact on a 21-year old boy who last month was informed that his final appeal was turned down, and along with the notice was a slip of paper telling him that his release date from the Turkish prison was October 1996.

Thirty years in a Turkish prison for having pot, and in that same prison he can turn on any day if he has the money to buy enough pot from any one of the guards keeping him there.



BY JAAKOV KOHN

One of the more interesting sideshows accompanying a Presidential transition is the game of comeuppance and/or who gets what and for what. Authorship or rather ridiculously fat publishing contracts are a foregone conclusion whenever a politician or bureaucrat makes the "sacrifice" (some sacrifice) and accepts a high government position. Eventual partnership in the half a dozen lobbying law firms in Washington or New York is another. The foundations are always wide open for presidents, fellows, advisors, and a wide collection of other parasitic copouts (Dean Rusk was just made a "distinguished Fellow of the Rockefeller foundation" whatever that means). All and all the options are many yet the whole thing puts the politicians so uptight that some will even hustle a gig with the new incoming administration and we all know that this spells TREASON. The saddest of them all are the few ones left without takers.

By far the most interesting case in the latter category is that of Walt Whitman Rostow, Johnson's chief brownnoser and McGeorge Bundy's successor in the White House basement position room.

Now Dr. Rostow was one of the prime academic plums of the last two Democratic administrations: A man of impeccable credentials as Professor of Economics at MIT and author of numerous "well received" books, and as such he had all the reason to assume that his return to the groves of academe is a foregone conclusion.

After Nixon's victory, when the end to the White House gravy train was finally in sight, Rostow naturally expected to be reappointed to MIT and regain with it the intellectual glory long lost in the dreary atmosphere of Johnson's White House.

Bang. Surprise. They simply won't have any part of him. After endless discussions on Rostow's return to the economics faculty among his colleagues, the nays had it. Further efforts to find a place for him in another MIT faculty proved equally futile. And the picture suddenly became crystal clear even to Rostow himself. All his sentimental wishful thinking notwithstanding — he was finally getting his comeuppance. Even that sacred cow of academic collegiality couldn't bail him out of his responsibility card all these years. Time has finally caught up with him and he was made to pay his dues.

Oh, yes, like all tragic tales this one had a relatively happy ending too. Amidst great bravado generally associated with everything Texan, good ole Walt (That's what he will probably be known as hereafter) was appointed to a dual professorship at the University of Texas in Austin and in a fit of typical Texan generosity they gave a professorship of sorts to his wife too. The myth of them taking care of theirs certainly holds up in Rostow's case.

No doubt to those of us who loved the last five years, the whole thing makes our hearts tingle with joy. Especially bearing in mind the close proximity of the old boss to the whole scene. The Lyndon B. Johnson Presidential Library already under construction, the Lyndon B. Johnson courses in Government (government?) on the university's spring cur-

riculum and the unmistakable presence of Lyndon's ass all over the place, should make things for good ole Walt. Just hoity toidy. After all, with all this there, even ole Walt's nose will remain irrevocably imbedded in its natural habitat.

* * *

Mayday, one of the more exciting additions to the generally dull crop of publications that we have been lately treated to, came up with a nostalgic piece of information taking us back to the distant days of August in Chicago.

The following item appeared in *Mayday's* most recent issues and certainly bears reprinting:

Abe Ribicoff wanted to find out exactly what it was Mayor Daley was saying from the floor of the Democratic National Convention as Ribicoff condemned Daley's pig-force. So Ribicoff's senatorial campaign staff asked a lip reader at Washington Gallaudet College (for the deaf) to look at the television films of the scene. The official transcription, as reported to Ribicoff:

"Fuck you, you Jew son of a bitch, you lousy mother fucker go home."

How about using sign language the next time around, that is, if there ever will be another around.

* * *

Pity that rare breed of uptight intellectuals called SINOLOGISTS whose chosen bag is the supposed understanding and the eventual interpretation of everything done by or done unto the Chinese Communists.

The stodgy fuddy duddy Neandearthal posture assumed by these practitioners of the most orthodox and inflexible form of Marxism tends often to leave even the noncaring laymen in a state of illogical tithers, and must certainly put our por Sinologist friends in a state of total confusion at best, barest ignorance at worst.

The erratic actions taken recently by Chairman Mao's disciples consistently leave one bereft of any sense of understanding, let alone logical comprehension. The recent treaty between Albania and China which will result in the permanent stationing of a Chinese garrison in Albania and an eventual effort to establish there a Chinese missile base is stupidly justified by Huang Yung Shen, Chief of Staff of the Chinese Peoples Army as an answer to the "Soviet renegade revisionist clique's naval reinforcements in the Mediterranean and Soviet provocative acts on the Chinese border." What the good comrade general has in mind are evidently the current Soviet maneuvers in Mongolia to which the Chinese retaliated with a massive half-million troop shuffle.

Almost simultaneously with this hectic activity on the far flung horizons of China's current international involvement, occurred the most peculiar and eccentric act of them all. The Chinese began to ignore the war in Vietnam and simply stopped reporting on it. The Paris Peace conference is barely taken cognizance of and the whole question was out of nowhere dropped into oblivion.

It is hard to imagine the Sinologists' reason for such a bizarre act of political irrelevance but a safe bet would be to assume that Uncle

Ho must have drifted too far into the camp of the Soviet Renegade Revisionist Cliquesters and thus lost all relevance to the reality of the Cultural Revolution, geographical proximity notwithstanding.

Strange are the paranoid ways of Mao's boys! First they ban Shakespeare for being just another capitalist lackey, then they persist in entertaining old fashioned imperialist designs on the Balkans, and last, but certainly not least, they decide to ignore what's happening right on their doorstep.

Paranoia or not paranoia, one is left with the gnawing question: Is that a way to run a revolution, let alone a cultural one?

* * *

Anybody entertaining the notion that the British have lost their thing with the loss of the empire, has another think coming up.

Two British Engineers have designed a little city car with a plastic body, capable of carrying two adults or a driver and two children with a load of shopping at more than 30 m.p.h. The three-wheel car, named the Collday Chariot, is ready to go into production and is planned to sell for about \$700.

The car with rounded lines and open or close bodywork, will turn in a 7-ft. circle. It will use a 250 c.c. British twin-cylinder two-stroke.

The Chariot has no gear lever, clutch or conventional brake lever. The running controls are a starter switch key, steering wheel, and two pedals marked Stop and Go.

Transmission, with three forward speeds and reverse, is fully automatic, the gears moving into neutral when the car comes to rest and the brakes being applied automatically. On moving off, the brakes—front discs and rear drums—are released as the lowest gear engages; handbrake manipulation is eliminated.

Who knows, perhaps this will settle once and for all their account with Germany. High time after all.

* * *

The price the Japanese have to pay for PROGRESS is at times more than they ever bargained for.

A mouse, evidently despairing of ever attaining the simpler pleasures of life, found itself compelled to nibble at some electric wires. The calamity that ensued from this simple culinary adventure was a catastrophic tieup in the Japanese railroad system.

Five Super Express trains were brought to a stop for several hours and a wide network of rail signals got all fucked up. They all changed to red which was evidently the color thousands of super rushing Japanese saw for quite a while.

No doubt the thought that must have crept into their minds was the relative value of progress as such and particularly when it relates to the price they have to pay for the folly of one measly mouse.

* * *

Saying of the week:

"It has come to be assumed that what the public will support in the way of a military establishment is what the Pentagon and the associated industries define as necessary. And what is proclaimed as foreign policy is what the military and civilian bureaucracy believes it should be. Not even the power of the President here is plenary." — John K. Galbraith.

MINI BRUTES

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

Eldridge Cleaver is Media. Underground wherever he is, somewhere alive his beauty. Or tragic manner of his love.

And God is Media.

BUT MEDIA SUCKS. US. We who love games. To play. To be gamed.

Thanksgiving evening we flew to Madison, Wisconsin, for a meeting of underground media (sponsored by LNS, NEWSREEL, UPS and the pig), underground meaning not established like Life magazine, or an alternative and revolutionary community of mind and action, or a society of satanists and dreamers, the romantic and alienated, the growing, discover-

ing kind, narcissists, foxes, niggerlovers, run-aways, psychopotheds, butterflies, werewolves, tampax witches, motherfuckers, beatniks, spies, lightheads, frothing freaks, consciousness cannibals & loving idiots of hope.

We were the game. Everything. Seriousness and games. We were lovers.

We were curious & excited. The Electric Panthers was underground. Everybody loved the myth & magic of his existential Promise. His spirit surfaced at the University of Wis*con*sin.

And Madison was cold fresh moving our body into air breathing arms & dreaming. Jim

Fouratt assassinated the Prez of the United States & They were chasing him all over the country He was hiding running, The Fugitive.

And our media?

"Our media is too much horseshit."

Everyone ready to define revolution. Start by putting down, you can't pick up. Circle. Center. "It's not revolution to put on a black hat and walk around like Wyatt Earp." Chick said it was more important to influence life styles, that kids were groping for guides and losing their minds.

"EVO did its thing. We have to go past sensationalism."



Bullshit.

Revolution is the sweet sensation of loving. SENSATION, a pleasant sensation, satiation of the senses. Fluid, personal. Organization and illumination.

A high school student, "Being political is a new life style."

"We've got to realize we're a political weapon. Pretty soon. . . already started. . . there's going to be repression against papers. . . We can no longer be voyeurs."

Had to see themselves as propaganda arm of Revolutionary Committee world rule this country. Power, responsibility.

"Time to get away from the myth of street-fighting and deal with what's happening now. . . AND THAT IS REVOLUTION. Revolutionizing."

History, language, ideology, blood, flesh. Media Mafia.

"WE ARE TALKING ABOUT REACHING OTHER PEOPLE, BUT HOW THE FUCK DO WE GET THRU TO OURSELVES?"

Cross talk: Freudian Proletariat. Rationalizing the obvious. Streets belong to the people. "Your nudes as vacuous as your talk of revolution and power."

"Everyone, take your clothes off."

"Masturbation is counter-revolutionary."

"REVOLUTION IS NOT ORGY BUTTER."

"OR FLYING WANGS!"

"Light & beauty of their own transcendental self."

Chaos & Challenge.

Speaker after speaker wanted to know how to grab someone's mind. How to make a page kick, a sentence fuck, a picture. Illusion and visual ecstasies.

Maybe smut and porno.

"We can rip the state apart if we have media organizers."

THE DRAB UNDERGROUND AND THE DRAB OVERGROUND.

Us and the Straights, Us, the Squares. The revolutionary in us; beam, mote, I, vision. Most of the papers are closed community. "We're not reaching out to people." Charisma, sincerity, intent. The hassles were uniform among the hip. Guys in Mississippi have some of the same problems as those on St. Mark's Place.

Cops the same. Hoped the conference would end with "some kind of UNIFYING ORGANIZATION, and we wouldn't just go home with papers." Papers can be used to serve the radicalized community and also to bring people into the community. WHAT IS RADICALIZATION? "Means making truths available to people. . . truths they can't get in the New York Times. Radicalization means to clear up. . . to deobfuscate!" Applause.

People kept talking about truths, credibility, sincerity. The issue is creation. Do. Doing. Lets do. Create. Every county, every mind, every computer has its credibility gap.

"Life magazine mediafrights can in fact take over our roles."

"We can't have our message sandwiched between Mod Squad and Beverly Hillbillies."

Orgy butter knows better. THE REVOLUTION MUST START ON TIME. Blue Chip Revolutionaries.

Underground should not become synonymous with bad taste. Must be a retreat from bad taste to good karma. MYTHS. HATE. GOD. To escape from the tomb, he became another person. Career gave way to conviction. He stepped down from the cross. Taste without haste. An ecstatic quibble. Or state of wine. Go to Pot. Rescind our darkness. Taste informed by action, a concern for the total committed. In our heads too. Our lies shall save us. I believe in God. Heat at my temple, smoke, the sound of love. It's media when a monkey paints.

And "Names reflect what people think of themselves.

Rat, Rag, Old Mole, Great Speckled Bird, Piss. Compare with LIFE, TIME, LOOK, FORTUNE, HOLIDAY, TRUE, READER'S DIGEST, NATIONAL ENQUIRER, SUN, THE HORSE'S ASS RUNNING.

"Life magazine can, in fact, take over our roles."

"The underground press does not present the great panorama of America life."

"Revolution is no longer a private sentiment."

So Saturday we were high & everyone floating in suds, restless walking not doing anything talking.

"Are we vicarious niggers?"

Love is a hurling feeling More Newsreels. And a lot of time wasted on analysis. Ego tripping. Guilt & paranoia. More time should have been spent on ways & means of expediting information, turning on the light, less time on explaining or rationalizing errors of judgement & craft. Lots of revolutionaries become so paternalistic, MASSES, MASSES, THEY, THEY, THE WORKING PEOPLE, they slip up on the feeding and care of their own minds, illumination, dreams, their private persons, deny that every revolutionary must come before he mans the barricades.

"We are not just the other side." "We must challenge the veracity of established media."

Down with everyone's Marcuse hangover.

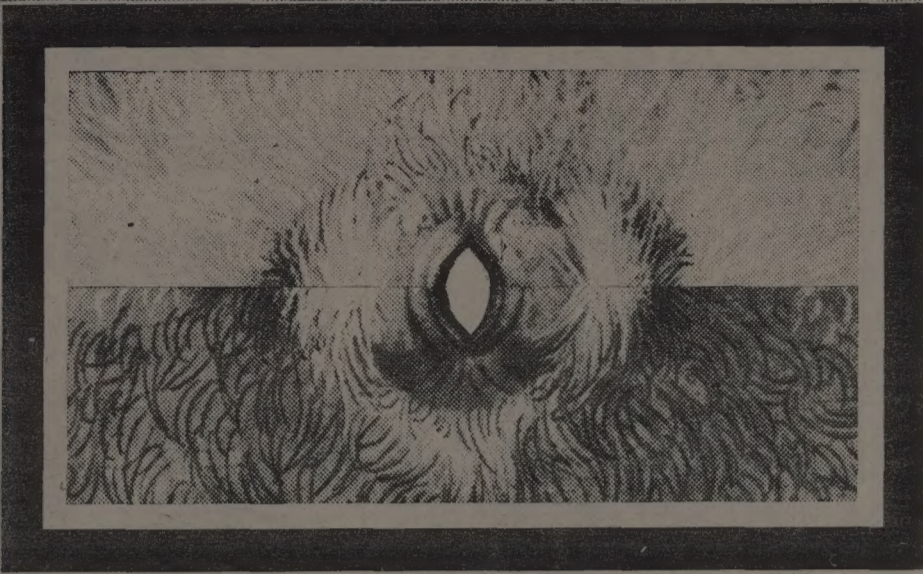
"We shouldn't think of ourselves as media or counter media. We are."

Saturday night a member of N.Y. Newsreel said he wanted to do other things too; to step out of hardline analysis and guilt, make movies, get into fantasy as a weapon, art doesn't have to be stiff & flat like asphalt dawn. For example, he would like to do something like Jim's dream of killing the President. And sex? Why everybody so uptight? Sexual imagery sometimes the only effective way of dealing with political reality. People can know sex. Their organs hum. You don't coopt creativity, the spontaneous chaos, the loose eye, confusion. Cooptation is a bumtrip. Saturday night we heard that the conference was too exclusive; that ecstasy and creativity should have overshadowed paranoia and jealousy. Workshops should have been designed in advance, every facet of media should have been investigated with particular attention to the tricks of expediting information and heightening visual perceptions, flexibility, electromagnetic ecstasy, taste, instead of assuming that everyone should think as one computerized mind.

Everyone agrees that people in the underground don't read underground papers, too dull, flatirons of defense.

"There are people on all levels with different ways of doing things." All propaganda is commercial for revolution, Das Capital. Holy Bible.

(Continued on Page 15)



DECOMPOSITION

FRANK SINATRA IN CEMENT

My God, it's

FRANKIEEEEEEEEEEE!

More or less Frankie. Getting on in years now. Looking like the skinny Mafioso who picks up the take from the neighbourhood spade bookkeeper. Supposing those characters ever wear makeup and waist corsets, that's what Frankie looks like when he plays Tony Rome. He's a steely little guy, guts of finest Youngstown alloy, gestures of flashing sabres, voice like shraphnel — but his eyes, oh he's hip, he digs it man — no, he ain't Frankie no more, he's Tony Rome. Frank Sinatra is Tony Rome!

'So big deal,' said Lita. 'You want to write about Tony Rome, you go write about Tony Rome. It's the worst movie I've ever seen.' When Renata Adler reviewed *Tony Rome*, she remarked on a formless transparent blob that appeared on the screen at the New Amsterdam theatre — apparently, she said, a drop of water on the projection lens — and forgot to say anything about the flick. 'You like Tony Rome, then you do it,' said Lita. 'I'm not gonna touch it.'

Lady In Cement, the second in the Tony Rome series, has Raquel Welch in it, and you just can't go wrong reviewing a flick with Raquel Welch in it. It was Raquel, rather it was her body, who (which?) made *One Million Years B. C.* a work of art totally beyond valuation, when by rights it should not have been even a mediocre skin flick. 'Ooka leega bigga onna rag!' said Raquel, and the mezzanine creamed its pants en masse. Now she's messing with Frank Sinatra, and something good should really be said about it.

One of the places the flick is presently playing is the Academy of Music, at fourteenth and fourth. Now, forty-fifty years ago, that area around Union Square was much similar to what Park Avenue is like in the sixties right now. So the Academy of Music is one of the grandest places Frank Sinatra has ever been allowed to play in. Back in the forties during the War, when he was still Frankieeeee, one imagines him playing there in person. There

are two enormous mazzanines in the Academy and a grand orchestra floor, and they'd be filled brimming with ratty-looking chicks with calf-length plaid skirts, bobbysox two apeice, straight part in the middle of the forehead. . . Guys in bellbottoms, similar part to the hair, lots of military uniforms, copping feels in the general hysteria. . . Jesus, and Frankieeee up there — e-nour-mous stage — syncopating away, crooning like a fiend, skinny skinny little guy with greasy hair, fucking the standup microphone, but with class! He's the cat's pajamas, that Frankie. The atmosphere is sharp with the tang of urine escaping from teenage forties girls' bladders.

So you go to the Academy of Music now, dig it, in the daytime, and it's still all there — crystal chandeliers, marble staircases, alabaster fireplaces with marble ashtrays on the mantle, rugs like velvet quicksand — but the mezzanine is full of snoring bums and puertorican teenyboppers conducting oral intercourse in the seat right across the aisle. Times is changed. And there's Tony Rome on the screen — Frank Sinatra — and he's a private dick in Miami, that most profligate of cities, he's dealing with scum, and times have, oh! but times have changed.

FRANK SINATRA — RAQUEL WELCH — DAN HOSS BLOCKER says the marquee out front, and it is also interesting to see how Hoss Cartwright conducts himself away from the Explorer Scout ambience of the Bonanza ranch. He's weird in Miami, that's all there is to it, weird. When we first see him, he is conducting an interview with Tony Rome, the private detective. Rome is sitting on the grand piano, little teeny bony fucked-over guy, and Blocker ('Kronski' they call him, therewith perpetrating the heaviest Polack joke of the season) is in a chair below him, exuding an ultimate massiveness, a great and gruesome weight, surely the specific density of the planet Jupiter and all her moons. 'I like a man who has a sense of humor,' drawls Hoss, and Sinatra grins and nods like Charlie McCarthy. Kronski, it turns out, likes countless different varieties of men, and shows little perceptible affection for

females of any stripe. But nobody in this movie is about to call him a faggot.

Because in Tony Rome movies, you can generally tell a faggot right off. When Rome acts campy with a cat, you know that cat is queer. Every bartender in Miami is a closet queen, if we are to believe United Artists, and they're just the most hateful sorts of creatures. . . Little spiteful fairies with that horrible vomerine lisp, the Tiny Tim limpwrists, and oh of course Connections with the Mob. . . Or their butch boyfriends, like the ex-tailback from Green Bay whom Tony Rome lays out with one swat on the jaw (his campy roommate whines 'Arthur? Arthur?!' most plaintively). One of the drawbacks to the liberation of the Third Sex has been their new vulnerability before such as Frank Sinatra — all right, girls, you been accepted, now Tony Rome gonna show the world what a buncha pansies you really are.

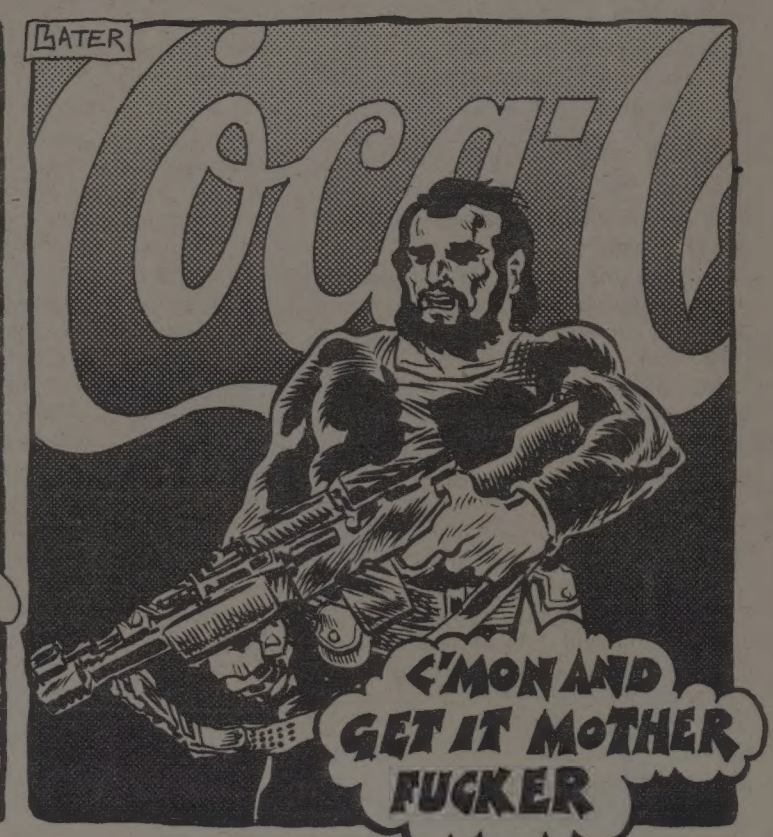
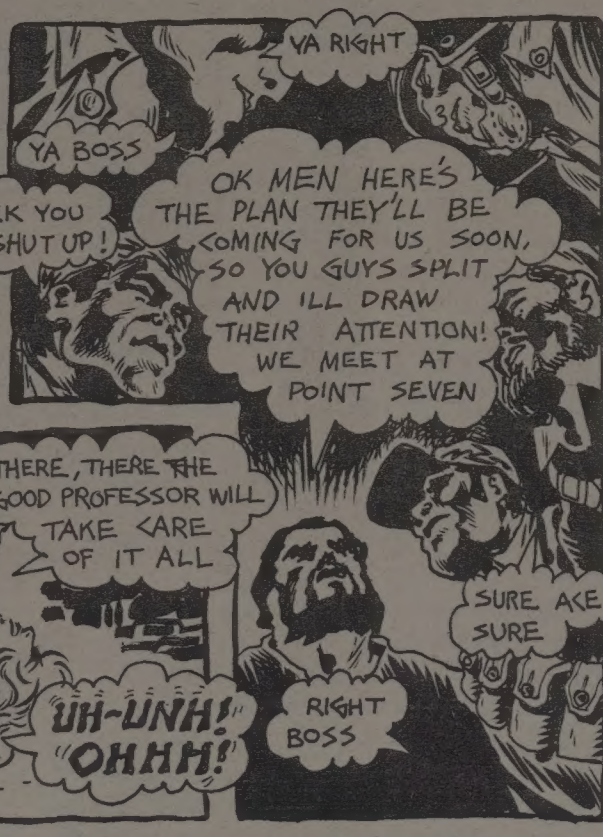
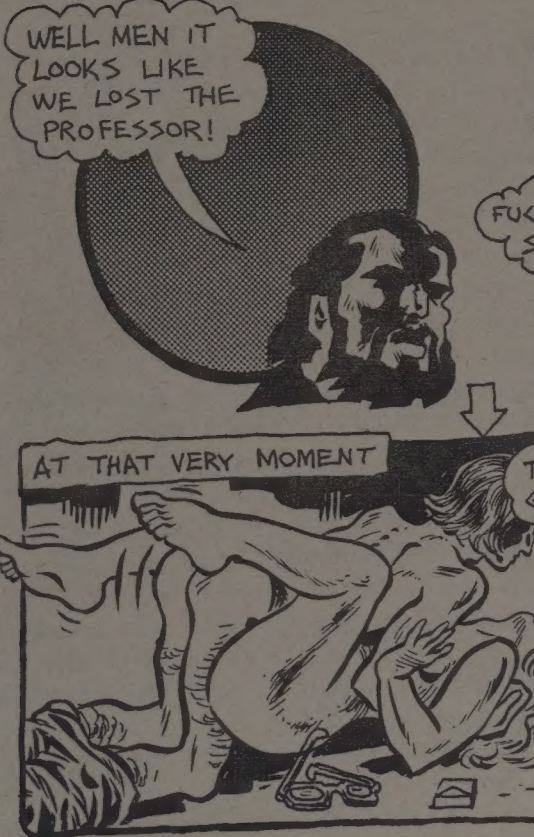
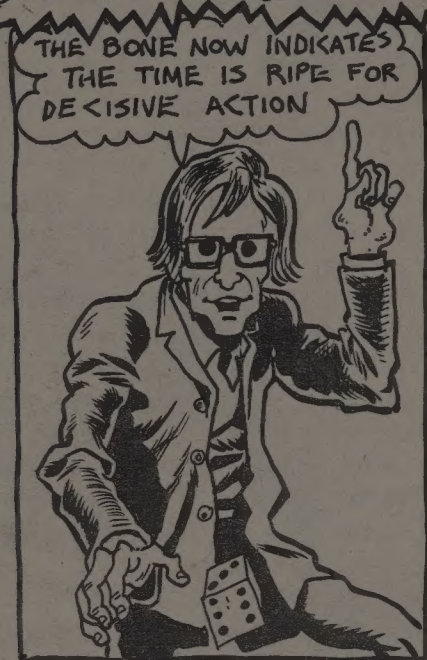
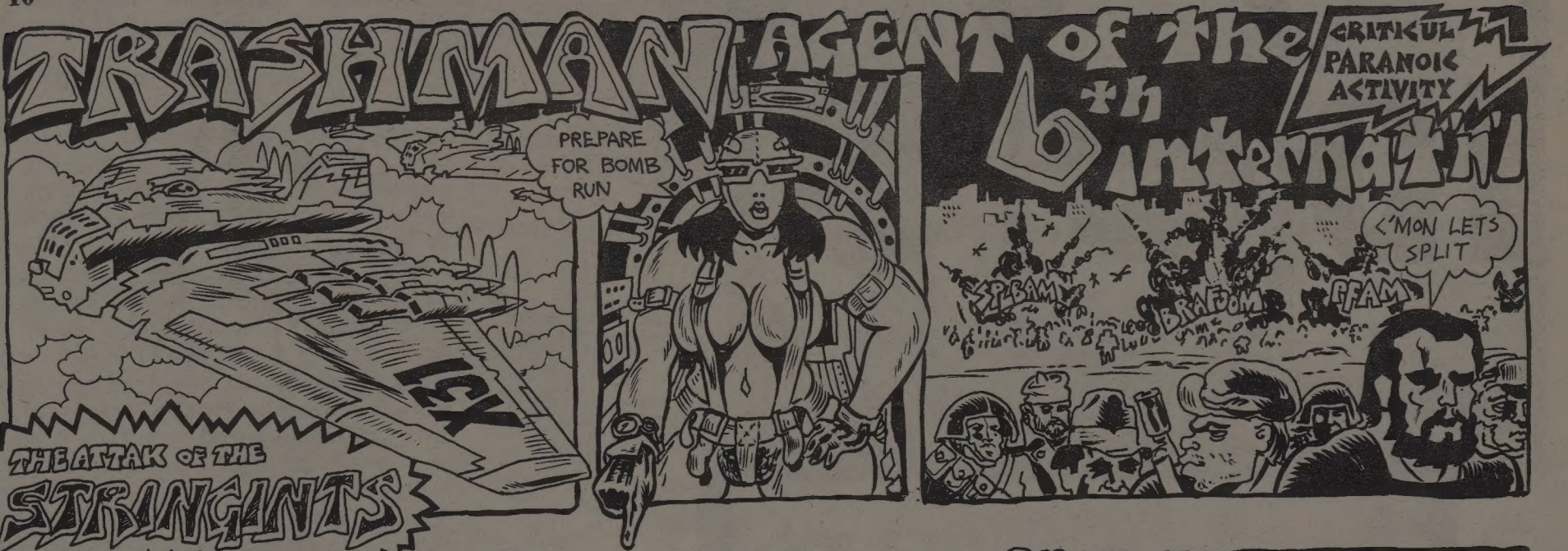
And what of women in Tony Rome flicks? How are they treated? Oh, very roughly, I assure you. Why, in the very first scene in *Lady in Cement* — the best scene in the movie — Tony Rome goes skindiving for sunken Spanish Galleons, and finds among the tranquil coral and seaweed a stiff chick, waving like a verttable anemone in the current, platinum hair wafting between her arms, with her feet stuck in a cement disc. Hence the title. And my word, you can see her tits, nipples and all. But this lechery is cut short when a mob of sharks — real sharks — sidle up to Rome and he heads nervously for the surface, kicking away at their noses with his fins. So he hauls up on the boat, dig it, where his partner's playing a frustrated hand of solitaire, and the first thing Rome says is, 'Black eight on red nine.'

Now that's just plain mean.

Later in the flick, Rome is digging some dirt from a cheesecake artist, who is painting a picture of blonde, who is posing au natural on a high stool under the skylight. Oh, she's wearing a long red purposeless cape over her boobies and buttocks — presumably the cape was removed for the European version — and she has to go to the john. 'Marvin' she keeps whining in horrible Bronx, 'Marvin, can I please go to the john?' Marvin keeps saying no, while he chats idly with Rome, sipping coffee, smoking cigarettes. . . This goes on and on, more sadistic than any three Vincent Price movies, until finally Rome himself gives her his dispensation and she hops on one leg across the room, little round arse twinkling while the cape balloons out in the breeze.

Oh yes, Tony Rome is an ass man, one of the few redeeming features of either flick. Maybe it's in to prefer butts over tits this season, and if so, the season is not a total loss. The last scene in the flick, for instance, involves Miss Welch's incomparable posterior. Incidentally, it might be safe now to say that Raquel Welch's arse is her finest contribution to any movie. Rumours have been circulating that the lady can actually act, but this movie dashes them as thoroughly as a faggot's pride. She acts like Richard Nixon: the script calls for a smile, she smiles; the director says 'Shake it,' she shakes it; Rome lays her down and kisses her, she puts her arms around him like a delivery boy hefting a bag of groceries. No, this isn't acting, but God damn it, she doesn't need to act. The acting was done for her long ago by her parents' genes, by her pituitary and her thymus and her thyroid. And oh yes, isometrics. At the end of *Lady In Cement*, now a Bad Girl turned Good, she is on Rome's yacht, playing twosies with him to see who skindives after the galleons first She loses. So she turns around in her tight white slacks and stoops over to pick up her wet suit. It is a stoop to make history. It ought to win an Oscar. The camera pans in on her ass, twin spheres of total grunting lush, and oh — oh — oh wow! Her matchless pudendum is so neatly and unmistakably and invitingly outlined. . . Fingers, teeth, saliva, prick, be still my glands. . . 'Uh, forget it for now.' Rome claps her on the back.

(Continued on Page 18)



BOGO

Review of the Arts

art art

BY LIL PICARD

THE DOMINANT THING

The Finch College Museum will open on December 13th a typical Elayne Varian brain storm idea group show "The Dominant Women". A constructive idea of this inventive avant-garde museum director who had dared, only a half year ago, to organize the controversial "Destruction in Art" exhibition. Theme shows are Mrs. Varian's force. With the Dominant Women she strikes again into the center of the target ART, and I think in times of Nudity in Art versus the Machine-and Tech Art the Dominant Women Art explosion in the Finch does have dominant importance.

Elayne Varian said in an interview about the Dominant Women Happening at the "Finch": "It is amazing how many painters and sculptors and especially very young artists work to-day with the female figure. I could have shown many more artists with their works, but the Museum's space restricted me to a very special selection of a contemporary pure flat style."

There technique is smooth, clean and immaculate. I can see a definite influence of the Filmstar—Cover Girl—Fashion Queen—"dominant chick"—the girls we know from all the ads, the girl who comes up on TV Commercials to the Kool side of Life. The Alec Katz kind of chick, the dominant Wesselman mouth, the dominant Lichtenstein Hair, dominant Marjorie Striker tits, dominant Alec Katz make-up eyes, the Walter Gutman heavy set strong women wrestler circus dames, come on, come hither, just "come", and here I am a strong female sex thing approach, the dominant Rosalyn Drexler smile. Nevertheless, the Dominant Women show is not sexy, porno, physical or visceral. It is not a show with an erotic touch—quite to the contrary, a calm, quiet sometimes humorous show of the latest Pop and Postpop type. The show stresses "skin", the body, the flatness of surface, the immaculateness of execution, the clarity and simplicity of forms—it has one look—a very strong dominant cover page T.V. screen modern mass media look.

The days of MOM as seen by Willem de Kooning seem to have disappeared into the grey past. None of his typical women monsters are in this show, but as Miss Varian writes in the catalogue: "... this is due to the fact that an important exhibition of the Kooning's work is now in Europe and none of those powerful painting are available. However we were fortunate in finding a transitional piece, "Portrait of Elaine." 1942-1943, which is strong and educationally important: showing the beginning of abstract expressionism."

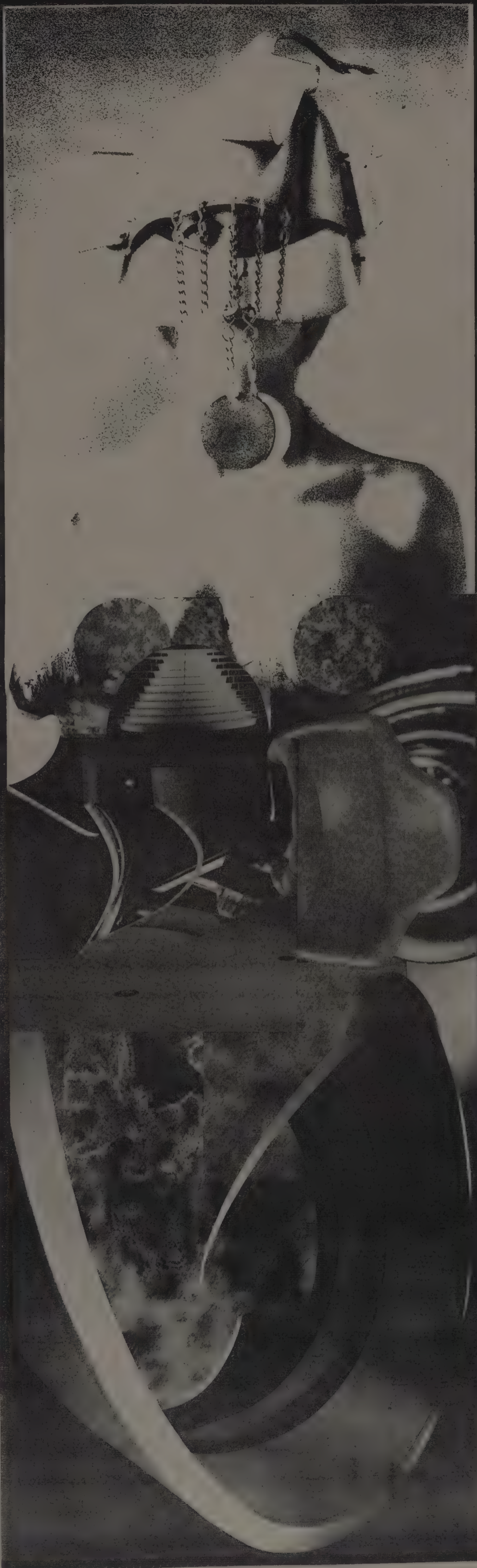
Mrs. Varian writes further in her statement: "The artist today has complete freedom in his intuitive assessment of the female form. The word torso in Modern Art does not mean a

fragmented or severed piece, but a complete whole created by the artist, confined to essentials. It is interesting to note in this exhibition how many parts of the body are created as new wholes: hands by Marisol, knees by Oldenburg, a foot by Wesselman, a torso by Dine, a head by D'Arcangelo."

Body parts are a new theme of Art, and it seems also dominant in the work of an artist who—though not included in the Dominant Women show—works—so it seems to me—in a direction which coincides with the female dominance. Elaine Galen does Body Sculptures made from a pliable metal to be worn directly over the nude body, leotards or a body stocking. Miss Galen says:

"Body sculpture grew out of my interest in armor, myth, and ancient ritual as well as contemporary materials and I therefore created a number of large heads in this same spirit that could be rolled about on wheels and or walked into. From this I developed the idea of putting the sculpture on a person. This body sculpture is in stainless steel with nuts and bolts (although I conceive of other contemporary materials) and can be viewed or worn. It can be viewed on a wall plaque as one visual experience, more in keeping with tapestry, or the same piece, when worn, can evoke a different esthetic experience. For example, medieval armor could effect beauty, power, fierceness, etc. Or ancient ritual could invoke the gods to bring about that desired state. Body sculpture may be thought of as a modern day invocation in a contemporary medium. The person (body) and sculpture activate each other. When these pieces are worn they communicate very differently than when viewed alone. It evokes the person's identity to a tradition—bringing regal powers to his past (race or personal character) as well as invoking the individual to accent himself in this polyglot mishmash. Body sculpture speaks to the issues of to-day, philosophical and social . . ."

The metal body covering of the sculptures Galen have a kind of "medieval" look. They introduce a mystical and secret meaning into the Nude Fashion which up to now only stressed taking off materials,—but net covering up and nevertheless staying nude. It is not anymore the body paint polka dot play with a put on for just sensational goals. It is a much more artistic kind of costuming of the skin with a metaphysical esthetical approach. Covered with this modern Armor chastety belts, Bras, headgear, the body emerges in a crystal beauty—untouchable. Miss Galen takes the triviality out of Nude—fashion and replaces it with a new kind of sincerity, honesty and directness and changes fashion costume into Art Gear, Art-Body-Armor. I think this Metal Sculpture Wear has great future possibilities for dancers, actresses and just the real beautiful girl: the Dominant woman.



Photos: Body-sculptures by Elaine Galen - 1968

thilm

w!47

BY LITA ELISCU

The *Fixer* is not an easy movie to watch, considering the amount of interaction fast becoming a prerequisite for such spectator sports. The very simple, starkly exhibited theme requires emotional involvement past hoo-ha retort; the story of anti-Semitism is still around, not yet legend, and all too familiar even given the foreign localization of Czarist Russia just before October happened, days of progrom and the Black Hundred troops. The whole civilized Marco Polo world can be divided into jews and non-jew, in the sense of Outsider/Insider (although black militants disagree vehemently and etcetera), and watching one of the Outsiders be tortured is not pleasant. If you can sympathize or have been there too, the pain is too great to feel any sense of revenge; if you haven't been there, then no movie does it. The movie, in other words, leaves you exhausted, beyond hate and more into tragedy, because human nature is revealed, under a mossy stone, to be just what you thought it was; revolting and slimy.

Once there was this happy jew who lived on his stetl, and then his wife ran off and he left the village (stetl) too. During which course of events, he discovered that by removing his beard, he transformed himself into Alan Bates, blue eyed Russian peasant-imitator, shazam! And he crossed the wall into The Other Side where the real Russians lived and his luck, he got good fortune. Being the hero of this tragedy and a jew, soon the good luck became bad, and in the 3-year plague which followed, he found himself, or at least his very own self; he found he was a man, and the only way to continue to be a man when everyone (else) told him he was a dog, was to find those qualities called exclusively human. Jakob Bok found courage, not an easy quality to live with.

The film opens and closes with mob scenes, perhaps the only times in the movie when there are more than three people present: there is, first, the fear and hatred of a progrom, the churning twisting frenzy all communicated without dialogue—who has time to talk?—and inside that overwhelming, chilling awe with which one generally experiences human catastrophes; at the close is the excitement of a mob watching a living symbol, a social conscience, walk up the stairs of the Grand Imperial Court, to meet its chosen fate; the touch of Jesus for us all, a Mason-Dixon line demarcating the cause of an awful lot of bloodshed through the years. The rest of the time, there is only the sufferer, in relationship to his tormenters, and it is a mark of this film's comprehension and grace that the two nouns need not be capitalized or otherwise made more than human. Throughout the long ordeal (2 hours-plus for us, 3 years for him) Alan Bates manages to retain his essential face and identity, resulting in a film far beyond mere spectacular-length parable, resulting, as it happens, in that major movie miracle: a great film . . . and as I make that judgment, there are parts of me curling up in contempt, because every good critic knows that words like 'great' are to be reserved for indisputable, long-dead, universally acclaimed masterpieces. *The Fixer* hasn't even withstood the test of B'nai Brith. As Jayne Mansfield and others have noted, though, don't care whether they walk out saying good or bad things, as long as they leave talking, and nobody is going to walk out of *The Fixer* without something to say.

It is playing at the Sutton, 57th off 3rd Avenue.

Riot is coming to town, and if you haven't been there, you can't be a New Yorker, not even an ersatz one. Once upon a time, no matter where you saw

or heard it, people felt they could reason their way out of or past urban problems. Then, they discovered they were their own worst urban problem, so they looked around for miracle-workers. The miracle workers with brains said they were out for lunch; the hungrier ones, like the White Knight of City Hall, tried to clean up using weapons as ancient as the Ajax lance . . . anyway, we all know where everything is now: right in our laps, still squirming and peeing like a St. Bernard puppy. Try kicking it out of your lap, though, and it bites. It is this last amazing discovery that has everyone screaming for muzzles while 'someone else' tries to find a lion-tamer.

Riot is an effort by the OM Theatre Workshop of Boston, an evening of mystery and reality presented in the hopes that combined energy levels of audience and cast will prove exorcistic. The play is a dichotomized account of an event, the civil rights panel seated on stage. While the four position-men talk, rant, and scream, the 'Rioters' or dancers pass among the audience, performing ritualized actions and gestures. Lights are used to more stunning effect that almost any other theatre group has yet been able to do (and of course, here are equally interesting groups who choose to work using lights as a passive technique). The four men discuss the 'rat problem' of the ghettos; the lights go out . . . when they are on again, there, in the middle of stage-in-the-round, is a garbage can adorned with 2 rats. And the audience reaction—that's the rat problem, yeah.

Riot ends quite realistically, in a riot—and the reasons and causes for such civil disorder are right up-front, and just as invisible as they have always been.

The only thing I would have liked more was a less Godardian photo-journalist approach and a more Brechtian one; some of the dialogue and action was too rooted in particular recent events rather than the underlying bases for such events. A scene illustrating to black militants now naming names and cities is surely sensational, but then so are the newspapers. *Riot* itself as an experience, however, is undeniable. The play previews through Sunday December 15, at the Broadway United Church of Christ, B'way and 56th, tel. 245-5587. Riots are often shattering; this one is, most definitely.

Up Tight opens December 18th and so will a whole lot of mouths. The movie is a 1960's updated black version of Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer." (If you read that, you now know; if you didn't read it, then I know what the response is . . .) The story's 'when' is the night of Martin Luther King's assassination; the 'who' are all the vast spectrum composing black power these days, clear on to white, both liberals (guilty-ridden) and radicals ("I marched with you, jail . . . what do you mean, no whites . . .?"). The movie delineates some of the positions, and a lot of the feelings, in re: Black, just that one word, black-ness, the condition of black. A review next week . . .

Candy finally makes it to the screen next week also. Yes, it stars everybody (would you believe Living Theatre, Marlon Brando, and not to mention Elizabeth Taylor, Richard, and good grief, Jesus Christ, everyone in the whole fucking world is in there somewhere . . . although stars were just not named in order of importance or role . . . and one final comment: Sugar Ray Robinson—also in the movie if not Candy—said only: "What kind of movie is it . . . well, let's say I'm the only one who didn't fuck her." It is up to you, dear reader, to decide if he meant on or off stage.) Opens at the Astor, Broadway and 45th St.

(Continued on Page 17)



emanations

BY ELFRIDA RIVERS

Q. Can you be hypnotized against your will? And can you be made to do anything which you would disapprove of normally? I've heard it both ways. B.R.N.

Dear B.R.N. — Standard practice says no to both questions; in general, active co-operation of the person being hypnotized is necessary for hypnosis to take place at all. Also, it's been proved — within limits — that *in general* you won't do anything under hypnosis that you wouldn't do in the ordinary way. For instance, there is a famous experiment; a young and modest girl is told that she is alone with her doctor — not knowing that there are spectators behind one-way glass — and asked to undress; she promptly does so without any fuss. But although equally deep under hypnosis, the same girl, asked to undress in front of half a dozen young medical students — although told she is alone with the doctor — snapped out of hypnosis indignantly, though not remembering what request had been made. Thus it's hypothesized that the mental censor of the unconscious mind still operates even under hypnosis.

However; I have *seen* people hypnotized "unaware," as it were, without knowing it. Drivers can attain autohypnosis on a long, boring highway, which fatigues the eyes. *They* certainly aren't trying to cooperate in hypnotizing themselves. And a degree of hypnosis is possible through subliminal flashings on a lighted screen. Thus I am certain that a skilled (and unscrupulous) hypnotist could hypnotize an unwary subject without the subject's knowledge or consent. After all, propaganda is a form of hypnotism, and mob hysteria has also a good deal in common with hypnotism.

As for a hypnotist not being able to make you do, under hypnosis, anything you wouldn't do normally — I'm not so sure of that, either. Most people have seen the stage hypnotist's exhibition, where the village stuffed-shirt and old maid do all sorts of ridiculously undignified things. I doubt if they really wanted to have themselves made laughing-stocks. Maybe a really balanced person, ordered to commit some crime such as murder or rape under hypnosis, would snap out of it — but how does the average hypnotist know what unconscious wishes and conflicts are inside a person? The man who has hated his mother-in-law for years, and manages to treat her politely anyhow, might get into the hands of someone who ordered him, for a joke, to murder *her* — and I, for one, wouldn't trust the censor that far.

In short, I'd say hypnosis is safe 99 times out of a hundred, in the hands of a scrupulous person, whether that person is a dentist, a psychiatrist, or a carnival showman. The hundredth time, I'd rather give a stranger a loaded gun and play Russian Roulette with him than put myself in his hands for hypnosis. Doctors, in trying to make hypnosis sound safe for dentistry, childbirth, and so forth, tend to poo-poo the dangers; psychiatrists, trying to do away with carnival hypnotists and the like, in order to give hypnosis "dignity," tend to exaggerate the dangers — except from psychiatrists. The truth is — and having done it myself, I know — that it is safe in careful hands, but when all is said and done, it does play around with the mind, soul, spirit or what have you;

and unless you feel you can trust your mind, soul or spirit (choose one) with a specific person, it's better to forget about hypnosis, either seriously or as a game.

Q. Which of the many packs of Tarot cards on display in the bookshop is the best? K.B.

Dear K. B. — As far as I know, they are all reasonably good, although I consider that Manly Palmer Hall's set is too esoteric and that the original meanings of the Trumps and the cards have been obscured by the new designs. My own personal preference is for the Pamela Coleman Smith set, (also called the "Waite Pack" because it is keyed to A.E.W. Waite's book on the Tarot) but it has been somewhat Christianized in symbolism, and if that bothers you, you'll want one of the others. Such as Marsilles deck.

Despite all claims, of course, for antiquity, no known set of Tarot-card designs goes back more than two or three centuries. Isolated cards have been preserved from the time of Louis XIV, but no complete set is known from that date. So any claim on a deck of Tarot cards that the design has come down from the ancient Egyptians, or the Gypsies in the 13th century, is pure bunk.

Anyone who knows Tarot symbolism, of course, can use any set of cards. It's largely a question of which ones you can afford — and which ones you feel more comfortable with.

Q. So much has been written lately about witches that it sounds as if half the women in New York are practicing witchcraft. I have a girl friend whom I am sure is a witch. How can I tell for certain? V.S.

Dear V. S. — You probably can't — for certain. Even in this day and age, practicing witches who take it seriously are usually secretive about it, except for the few who want to go on television or sell books about how much they know about witchcraft.

You could try asking her, of course. If she is a witch and doesn't mind having you know it, she'll probably tell you. And if she asks you what in hell you're talking about, with a blank stare, she probably *isn't* a witch — or else she's a good enough actress that you aren't going to catch her napping.

However — and here I know I risk sounding like a modern witch-hunter — there are a few signs. If she has books on occultism and witchcraft all over the place, if she uses objects like skulls for decorations, if she owns a crystal ball and laughs it off as "just a conversation piece," if she seems to know a lot about herbs, and if she is always asking people for their birth date and looking up their horoscope, you can guess that she knows something about it. If, in addition to that, she can usually predict a change in the weather, and is given to uncannily good hunches on this or that — if, for instance, she suggests that you stay off a plane which is later wrecked — she's a witch.

Or else she has extraordinarily good ESP and unconscious clairvoyance — in which case, if she isn't a witch she might as well be.

Q. Are there any Satanists operating in New York City at present? R. L.

Dear R. L. — I'm not personally acquainted with any. But if there aren't it's the first large city I've ever in where there weren't.



franc

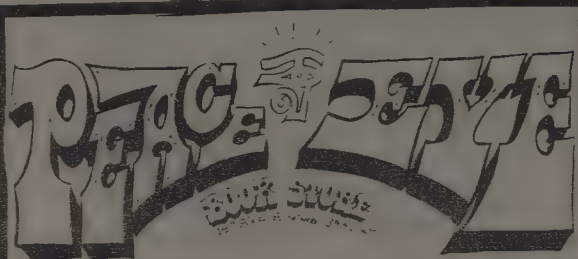
(Continued from Page 14)

the image it tries to put across is that of a happy capitalist garden of Eden which was slightly disturbed in may and which is now back to "normal."

Our answer to this bullshit? The movement is far from dead, it is just in a different phase of development. Let me give a few examples of what I mean: the high-school action committees are extremely active, in some schools the kids have managed to establish their own political counter-education programs; many uncoordinated and spontaneous strikes are taking place all over the country in factories, hospitals, airports, etc. . . and the tension is getting high again; on November 25th at Nanterre University (where it all started last March) an exemplary action was carried out, two technocrats sent by the super capitalist Dassault firm (the makers of the Mystere, a

military jet) were acting as professors in an exam, the day before 2 action committee members had been arrested while putting up posters, so the Nanterre students decided to lock up the two capitalist agents and hold them as long as their two comrades were kept by the police. It worked. Such news of course never gets honestly reported in the bourgeois media, that explains why an important underground circuit of information is being set up. Quite a lot of papers, magazines and bulletins are being published by all the different currents within the movement (anarchist, Trotskyite, pro chinese, etc. . .), here are a few titles: Action, Passer Outre, Rouge, Lutte Ouvriere, Jeune Socialiste, Cause du Peuple, les Cahiers de Mai, la Base, I.C.O., Noir et Rouge, Partisans, Comité, l'Anti-Mythe, etc. . .) These circulate regardless of police harassment. Also a radical news agency somewhat like L.N.S., called Interlutes (13 rue Pascual, Paris 13eme) is putting out two newsletters a week to coordinate the information and the different leaflets emanating from the many action committees or groups in France and

(Continued on Page 19)



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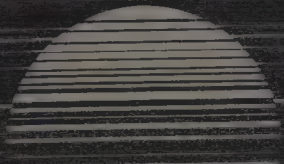
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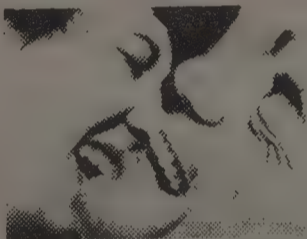
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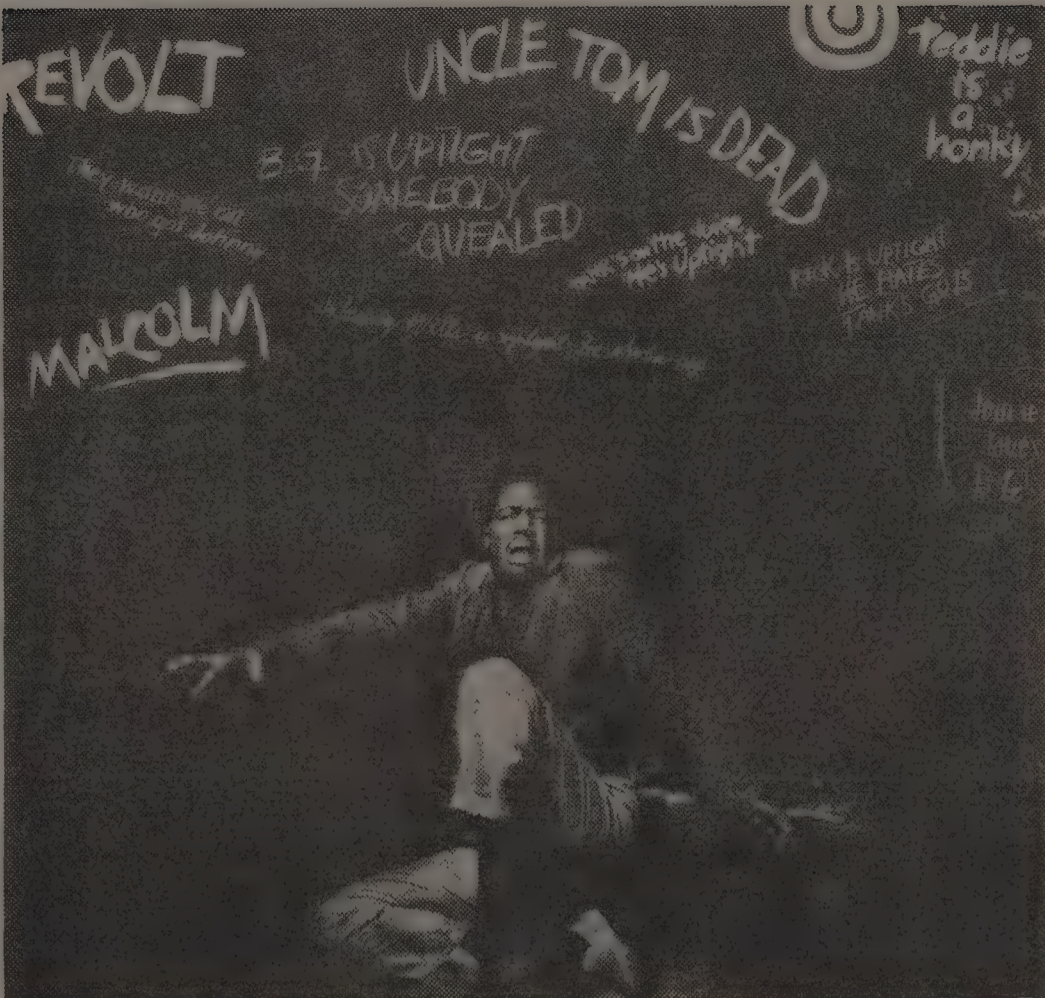
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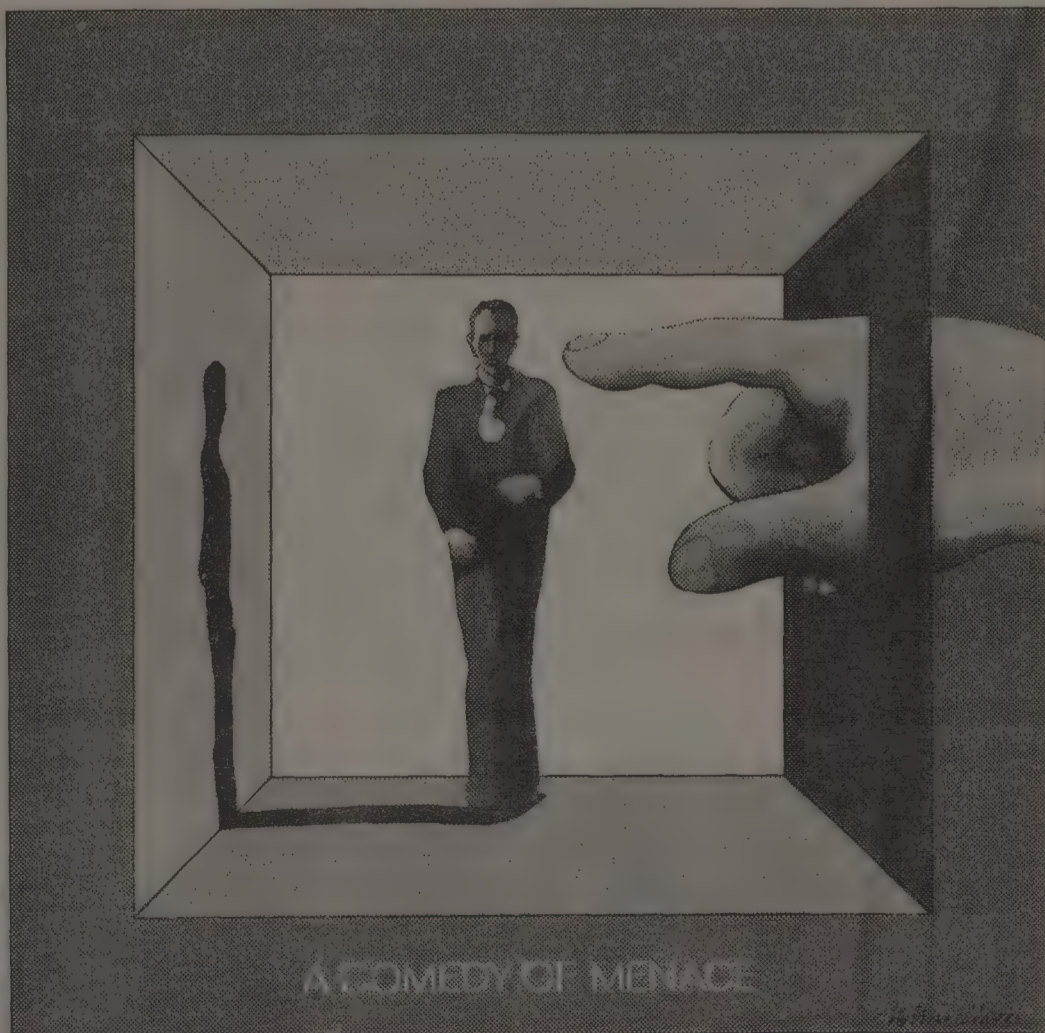
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decomp

(Continued from Page 9)

'Huh?' she says idly, looking up innocently. 'You got something else in mind?'

'I'll think of something,' nods Rome, leading her down the companionway.

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Now dammit, will this flick not be worth a buck twenty-five at your local neighbourhood theatre? And for all you little children out there who shouldn't be reading this horrible paper any more than you should go see this 'R' movie, there is a very charming scene in Lady In Cement where Rome blunders into Kronski's pad and turns off the television set — in the middle of the theme from Bonanza.

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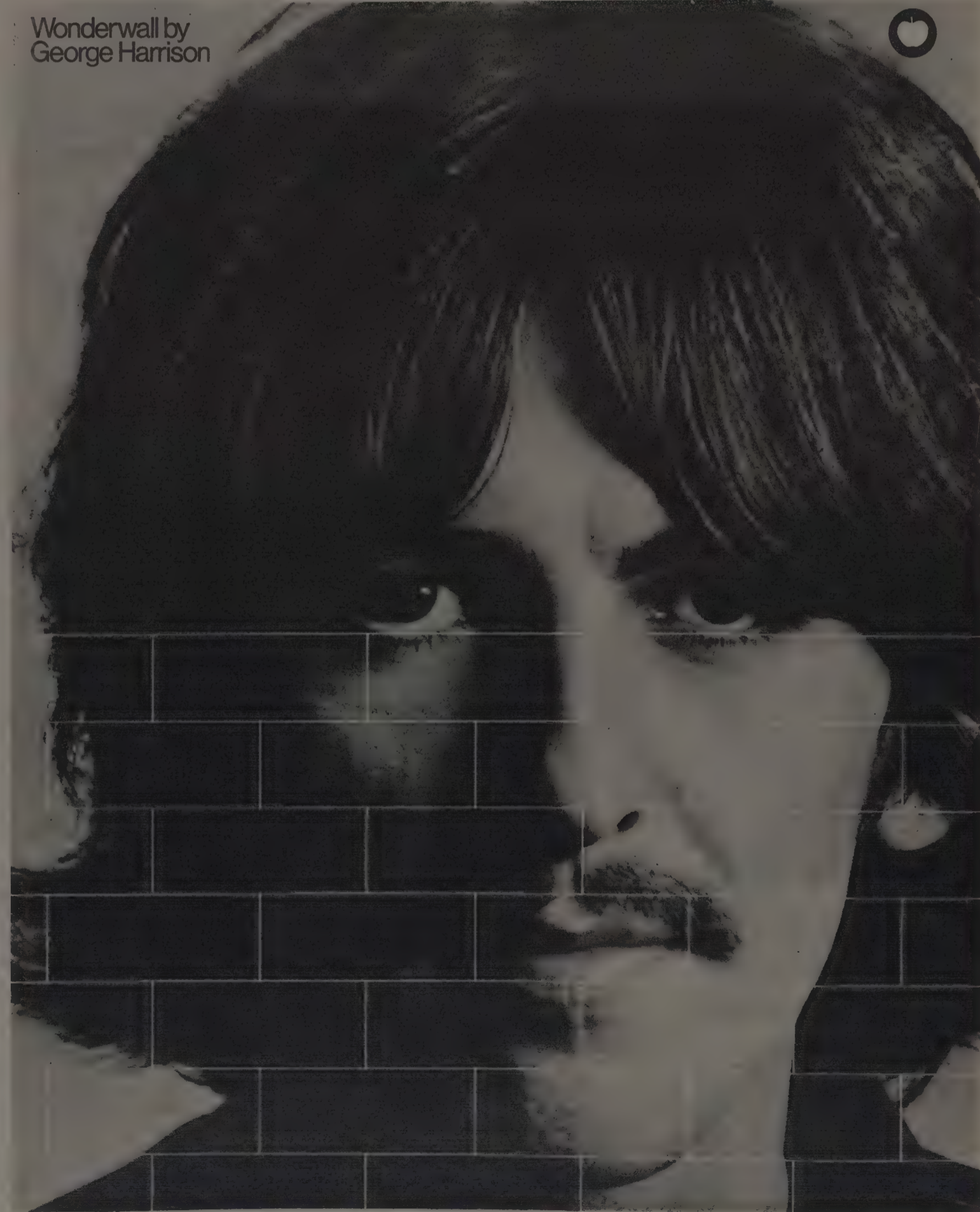
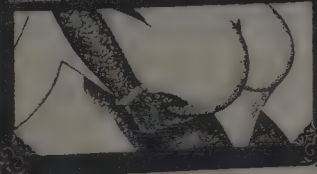
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franc (Continued from Page 16)

abroad (Interluttet would appreciate any help or news from movement in the U.S.). Les Etats Generaux du Cinema, a group of radical filmmakers is also busy shooting the action and establishing an underground circuit of images, news and communication. It would, by the way, be a good idea to show some of their films in the U.S. in universities or elsewhere (whoever is interested can contact me directly: J.J.L., 12 Rue de l'hotel Colbert Paris, (5).

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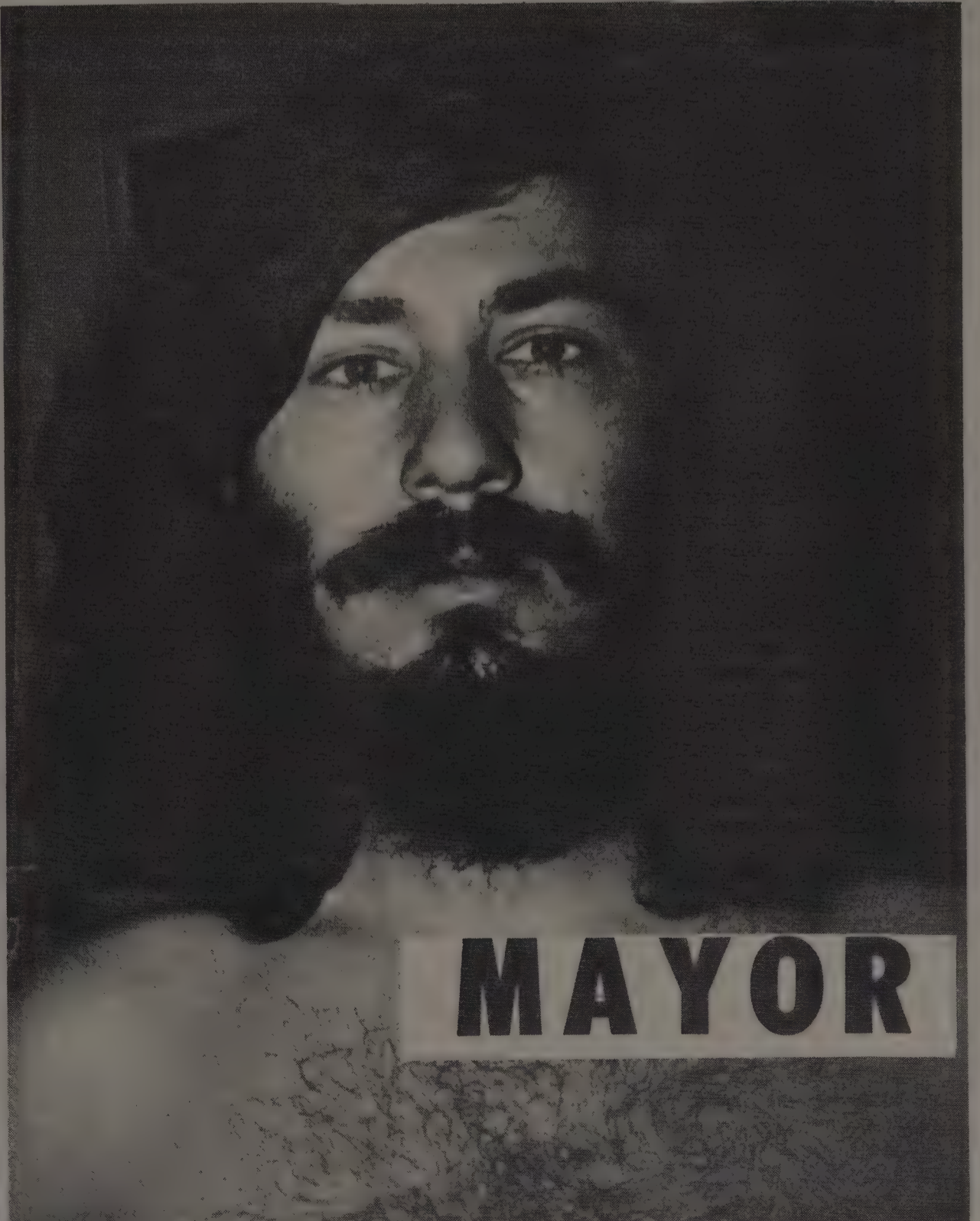
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AMATEUR actress, model oriental, black white-full description, clear photo, a must new underground, Venture, Milano, Studios, 403 River Street, Paterson, N.J. 07524.

TO THE ACTOR IN YOU

And of course he's there. Just a matter of YOU permitting HIM to exist. FOR BEGINNERS ANTHONY MANNINO is beginning a new course designed specifically for you, Tues. Dec. 10, 8 p.m., Thurs. Dec. 12, 6 p.m. Just curious? A little uptight?? Attend a class FREE and simply take in what's happening. Call, write or just come down to ANTHONY MANNINO'S DRAMA TREE INC. 182 5th Avenue (nr. 23rd St.) Phone AL 5-6353.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE A WRITING BLOCK . . . tell us how you feel about therapy. In reply we will try to show you how to make the experience more productive. Write to Academic Educational Series, 145 E. 27th St. N.Y.C. 10016.

TERM papers available for English, history, sociology, classics at reasonable rates. For free list, Write Box 466, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

I feel like I'm fixin to live . . . Don't ya know everybody's comin home together . . . MAY THE LONG TIME SUN SHINE UPON YOU . . . ALL LOVE SURROUND YOU AND THE PURE LIGHT WITHIN YOU GUIDE YOU ALL THE WAY HOME MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . SEE YOU ALL AT CENTRAL PARK ON CHRISTMAS DAY, AND WILL ALL GO HOME TOGETHER. SINCERELY, LOVE, EVERYBODY.

PLACE your ad free in issue three of the Mini Guidi 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.

FOR PHOTOS, films, etc. on any

subject, you name it, I deliver, don't be shy, write C. A., Box 184, Staten Island, New York 10306.

NO COMPUTERS NO GIMMICKS

Just a personalized dating service for all. To join send \$4.00 and we'll mail you our MATCH MASTER where you list your own SPECIAL thing. GIRARD, Box 1050, N.Y.C. 10023.

SOUL MATES CLUB is a social, correspondence, and date matching club for African and Afro-American males and Caucasian females. For free literature, write or phone name and address to: Soul Mates Club, P.O. Box 127, St. Albans, New York 11412, Phone BE 3-8989. Specify Soul Mates Club. NEED place for evening or weekend filming, photography or sketching? \$10 an hour rents studio with lights, plain backgrounds and some props. Ask for Mr. Buchanan at 262-2879 before 5 p.m.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

BUNEE - CHECK for other MESSAGE.

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

URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. URGENT!!!

GROUP EXPT. you are invited to join in our effort (10 men, 10 women) to join in an effort to communicate feelings on a gut level. We can only accommodate 20 people (10 men, 10 women). The expt. will be run under medical supervision; trained professionals will be present. Call Phyllis Gorden 675-5778 between 12 noon, 7 p.m.

ATTENTION MICHAEL SHERER. Please pick up your mail at the Village Project, 70 St. Mark's Place, New York, N.Y.

GARY — PLEASE CALL HOME OR DAD at 516 JU 4-5400. We all miss you.

ALICE J. — Urgent you call Jibby Needleman. Also call us. Mom and Dad.

BRIDGET McM call Bo. Collect 215 WAA 5-4658, after 6 p.m. and/or Mother anytime.

PERSONAL

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.

BACHELOR DATING SERVICE— Girls . . . need extra money for holiday gifts? Rent increase? Get on our swinging dating list. No pruders. Teenyboppers welcome.

Send fone and foto to Taylor. Box 398, NYC 36, N.Y.

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.

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS needing American Boy-friends "free details" Mexico, Box 3973 - MEVO, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

SHY affectionate overweight male, 36, wants to meet understanding females. Can give you much tender loving care of the French variety. Couples welcome. B. Smith, Box 5236, Trenton, N.J. 08638.

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.

HORSEMEN (women)!! Take hote. Easy-riding used (Western) saddles. First come basis. Orig. cost \$180 plus each. Now \$80. Contact John Cunneeh at (914) EL 8-7162, evenings.

MALE, 30's, seeking Garden of Eden; transvestite; you must see to believe; beauty contest gams, seeking your type of adventure; erotic, straight and exploration with gays (female-male) and straights; the action is here, who wants a sample? Joanne Francis, 180 Centre St., N.Y.C. 10013.

DANCE ON FUNKY BROADWAY to music Cat Mother, The Downtown Tangiers Rockin' Rhythm and Blues Band, with Incidents and Entertainment by The Fugs, Visions by The Light Brigade. Sunday, December 15, 8 P.M.-2 A.M., Broadway Central Hotel, Broadway near 3rd. Women \$2, Men \$3. After midnight general admission is \$1.

YOUNG wife loves to suck couples with large cocks and big tits. Husband sucks too. Detailed letter and revealing photo only answered. Box 1739, New York, N. Y. 10001.

WESTCHESTER Swingle, Hip, Group Organizing. No Fee. Planning private parties. Send name, address, phone, photo if you have one. Box 86, Golden's Bridge, New York.

AFRO-AMERICAN. Mature, stiff penis.. Seek young passionate vagina for weekends. Fun and sex. Know how to please. Write Jimmie, Box 6533, Philadelphia, Penna. 191388.

RUGGED looking 26 year old desires chick for sex in any fashion. Just send phone number. Fags need not apply. Post Office Box 2605, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C.

HANDSOME guy, 28, with nice pad in Village will entertain girls interested in fellatio. Can be miss or mrs. Age unimportant. No fags. Call 691-5361.

BACHELOR, 30, white, trim, attractive, horny, seeks D.C.-area gal with similar qualifications for unabashed but discreet balling. No homos! P.O.B. 372 College Park, Maryland 20740.

ATTRACTIVE & charming transvestite, intelligent conversationalist, desires friends, stimulating relationships. Write: Box 520, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

I WANT VERONICA FOR CHA-NUKAH.

ENGINEER, AGE 39, Seeks daytime dates, no balling \$4.00 an hour. Box 303, Freeport, New York 11520.

To My Palatial Feather a mystery that exists in the depth of a smile begins when the sun screams with guile

and the secret of a clouds vulnerability explodes into a glacial dream of humility when the impossible seraph of a serpents caprice betrays the untouched illusion of a cowards kiss

YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

My stringed Atmosphere? the wine of a lords metamorphosis softened a nightmare of avarice when eleven and four explored the mountains shore

YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

WHITE male butch, 32 years old wants to meet same or younger for sex or longtime friendship. Have own home in New Jersey (Paul) 201-868-TIHR.

QUALITIES of head and heart are more important to me than whether you are well-hung or not. Introspective, intelligent, square masculine, musical, warm-hearted, cool - tempered bachelor, 38, seeks compatible non-hip young man under 27, Caucasian or Oriental (preferably smooth-skinned, trim, quiet, good-natured) for friendship and relaxed, uncomplicated sex. I have never answered an ad like this, but why not take a chance? Burt Brown, Box 4018, Grand Central Station, New York, 10017.

Hear my Heart when birds lose their nest and liberty question the crest

Hear my Heart when decay inspires the throne and gold bewilders the graon

Hear my Heart when the bridge outlives a blaze and growth enriches a maze

Hear my Heart when kingship banishes communication and enlightenment obscures incarnation

YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

MALE 36, seeks male friend who doesn't care for the gay scene. Phone number please. EB. Post Office Box 1716, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

PERSONAL AD Good looking, affectionate, understanding, avant-garde European, 22, medium height, is looking for attractive and intelligent girl. Write to Dominic Carioti 1702 W 13th St. Brooklyn. Please enclose phone number. No phonies please.

MALE 26. 5'5" oriental college graduate seeks sincere passionate girl 18-35 for mutual intimate enjoyment. Send letter with photo, phone number, information, and inquiries to: Box 2724, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

HELP! Woman trapped in male body needs female understand-

ing. Sisterly communication. Liberation (however brief and illusory) from hell of male existence. Box 63, Whitestone 11357

"MALE 32 white, is not confident of himself when it comes to sex. Would like to meet sincere girl with similar problem ir experienced confident girl. Box 1124, Linden Hill Station, Flushing, N.Y."

DEEPLY SATISFIED? Witty writer 6' high, 8" deep, very presentable, affectionate, grown up, welcomes bright verbal woman. (No men or game players). Jay Roberts, 989-5024 or 586-6300 (message).

YOUNG white male, 28" waist, will buy skin tight sailor suit. Wants to meet similar males who have one. Write Box 2341, N.Y.C. 10001.

YOUNG wealthy single exec seeks gal for spankings and sex. Can help a career, pay some bills, be a real friend. Send phone number to Box 369, Planetarium Station, New York. N.Y. 10024.

HANDSOME, MALE, Italian. Early 30's. Looking for uninhibited girl 18-30 for mutual sexual delight, anything goes. Married OK. Discretion assured. Write Tony, Grand Central Station, Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10017

CALLING all women from 18 to 30. Let a man of 24 share the pleasures sex has to offer to one another. Call 683-7250, between 5 and 9 p.m. Ask for Barry.

PROFESSIONAL Man, 50's distinguished appearance, athletic build, seeks romantically inclined female 20-45, for enduring friendship. Serious only. Michael, 477-6470. 10 a.m., 6 p.m.

SEEKING young, long haired, mod, beauty to show me sights of Fun City. College grad, executive, 27, generous nature, visiting N.Y.C. next week. Uninhibited, sensitive, funloving, temptress interested in a rewarding interlude call (404) 428-3166.

FEMALES only, handsome young man 27, Jr. executive, virile, and uninhibited with a wife that does not respond needs you, months of un fulfilled sexual desires are here for the right gal to exploit. Experienced in all the arts, write brief letter. Photo pref. P.O. Box 9, Church Street, Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10008.

ATTRACTIVE impotent gentleman, 29, scorned for his inadequacy, honestly seeks an understanding girl who can truly appreciate an active Frenchman. Sincerely call WAY-0785.

Help! I NEED SOMEBODY Clean old man with 2 year old daughter needs live in help. Plenty time off. Eats. Disposable diapers. Hopefully young, healthy (5 fls.) Girl or Boy (guitar picker?) from off the street. Clean, Warm place (own rm.) to winter in N.Y. and some wages hopefully. 861-5803.

YOU ARE WHO YOU EAT.

GERONTOPHILES, young males looking for rewarding relationship. Contact distinguished continental gentleman with vast experience. Literary collaboration and cohabitation possible. Promiscuity encouraged. Call: Plaza 5-6794.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE IN 20's seeks the company of a young lady for a lasting friendship. Call Sunday and Monday, Day or Night at 645 0124.

SINGLE male, member of trio, 28 seeks shapely, attractive passive AC/DC Female 21-30 with pleasant personality who is marriage minded. College helpful but not necessary. Willing to relocate or travel. Include full length photo and phone number. Photo returned, likewise appreciated. Write A. Cannata. 31-15 53rd Street. Apt. 3A, Woodside (Queens) New York 11377.

2 WHITE males with 4 room Apt. Desire good Times with nice people. Singles or couples. We are 35 and 40 years working guys. Like people. Call 455-6684.

PHOTOGRAPHER 27 desires attractive female roommate 18 to 24 to share large West side apt. rent free. Evenings late 565-6338.

STRAIGHT guy, 27, wishes to share spacious five room pad in Jackson Heights with student or business girl. Rent \$60 a month each. Call 478-2123, before 4 p.m. Girls only.

LONELY, mature (50) successful gentleman with Village Pied a Terre interested in the avant arts desires to share same with an attractive young girl graduate. In absolute confidence just your first name and phone. If you're shy—don't be. W. West Box 4-0, One Bank Street, New York, New York, 10014.

ATTRACTIVE 26 year old male, caucasian actor-director, teacher, interested in meeting attractive female for love and friendship. Serious replies only. TW 7-3519, 6:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m.

SEPIA male jr. exec. mid 30's good dancer, amateur photog. and artists, seeks uninhibited girl, blonde or redhead, 22-23 for mutual sexual delights. I have east side lux apt. Dial 982-4476.

GOODLOOKING masculine — young man, lower twenties, debe under 27, handsome and well sires domination by same. Must hung. Just men please. SU 7-0055.

DISC JOCKEY 26, goodlooking, desires a fun loving, attractive, uninhibited GIRL to share in lifes finer things. If you are willing to invest a dime call me between 5:00 p.m. and midnight at 345-4303. Please no games, fatties, or fags.

GAY Black, puerto rican, cuban, asian male lovers sought by white male, 5'8", 140. (Broadway, 98th) Slender tall, brainy, butch, affection-loving homebody preferred. NO HUSTLERS. UN 6-2262.

SOUL PUSSY, HERE I COME WITH DEEP HOT LOVE. NO MEN. 652-3806.

"SLIM Ac-Male Italian Indian Student 20, needs chips, pad everything. Do anything (almost) Will discuss terms. 'D' Room 552, 215 West 23. N.Y. 11."

ARTIST and photographer with pad in West Village desire contact nice girl with beautiful eyes to interchange ideas about art movies and photography no business involved. Only the

search of beauty is my gal. Call my from 7 p.m. WA 9-0919.

SNOTTY village girls have fun with you. Make new friends and Christmas money in your free time at home. Discreet dignified procedure arranged. 982-7141. Call without obligation. Blexitito.

BEAUTIFUL brunette seeks small or big financial assistance while writing famous Hollywood novel. Write only, Ann Page, Advertisers Telephone Service, 225 West 34th St. New York, New York 10001.

YOUNG couple looking for submissive female for permanent relationship. Right girl will have a good home in lovely area. Woman 26 and quite attractive. Man 30 years. No men please. A home is yours immediately for right girl. (201) 391-1255.

DISCREET, groovy guy, early 30's, handsome, hung and horny! looking for similar males for uninhibited mutual delight in twosomes or threesomes! Send details and photo if possible to Box 1684, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

TELEVISION Exec. new in Manhattan, tall, thin, white, 32, affluent, seeks girls for fun, good times. J. Askerman, Box 580, Cooper Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

SPLITTING to Mexican Himalayas. Have Truck-Camper-Rice-Dog need head chick with appetite for maithuana and mushrooms. Write Bill Rodriguez, Hillside Lake, R.D. 2, Wappinger Falls, New York 12590.

ATTENTION versatile swingers —attractive white trio—shapely passive AC/DC Female 26 and 2 handsome well endowed males 28 and 31 desire meeting goodlooking Bi minded single fe males and bi minded couples to 35 only who are sincere, honest. Discrete for weekend parties. Write A. Cannata, 41-15, 53rd St. Apt. 3A, Woodside, Queens, N.Y., N.Y. 11377.

2 ARGENTINIAN GUY STRIKE AGAIN! Latin lovers style, etc. Ready for the girls that want it. Weekend Blues. Write to: Oscar, 77 7th Ave., Apt. 5-U, New York, N.Y. 10011.

COLLEGE boy—intelligent and very ionely would like to meet a young fellow who is also lonely. Send photo if possible. Ted 148 East Gorham Street, Box 5, Madison, Wisconsin. (Will return soon to New York).

GOOD looking but introverted young man would like to meet a groovey chick for after hours balling. You won't be disappointed. No couples, please. Write TIM, P.O. Box 3907, New York, New York, 10017.

WOMEN—if you're between 24 and 35, fun-loving cultured bachelor wants to meet you. Object: dates, possible enduring relationship. Smart, midtown apt. No men. Telephone: 838-4658.

YOUNG slender guy 30 with hot ass, wishes to meet well hung guys butch only, or if you have large balls for my hot mouth. Call Dick 7 p.m., 11 p.m.. TR 7-9794.

"MONTHLY blues relieved by male student 22 using french method. I'm ready for he girl that want it. FEMALES ONLY. Write Michael Francis, Box 5823, Phila, Pa., 19128."



happenings

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, DEC. 13:

8:30 PM.
Poetry — Ron Padget
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, DEC. 14:

4:00 P.M.
Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, DEC. 16:

8:30 P.M.
Prose — Bart Gerald, Seymour Krim
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, DEC. 17:

8:30 PM
Poetry — Peter Schjeldahl
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th St.

THURSDAY, DEC. 19:

8:30 PM
Poetry — Sam Abrams
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th St.

MUSIC

FRIDAY, DEC. 13:

8:30 PM
"Aida"—Ruffino Opera Association
Coper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

SATURDAY, DEC. 14:

8:00 PM
Rashidah Abu-Baker — Traditional
African drama with African drum
90 & 9 Coffee House
99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SUNDAY, DEC. 15:

8:00 PM
The Fugs, Cat Mother, The Towntown
Tangiers Rockin' Rhythm and Blues
Band, Visions by the Light Brigade
Benefit for WBAI-FM
Bway Central Hotel, 3rd St. & Bway.

MONDAY, DEC. 16:

8:30 PM
Lionel Kilberg
Folklore Center Folk Festival
Washington Square Methodist Church
133 West 4th Street

FILMS

FRIDAY, DEC. 13:

2:00 & 5:30 PM
"The Grand Hooper" (37, 18 min. short)
"Theodora Goes Wild" (1936)
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

SATURDAY, DEC. 14:

3:00 & 5:30 PM
"Only Angels Have Wings" with
Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and
Rita Hayworth
Museum of Modern Art

SUNDAY, DEC. 15:

2:00 and 5:30 PM
"Nothing But Pleasure"
with Buster Keaton, short
"His Girl Friday" with Cary Grant,
Rosalind Russell, Ralph Bellamy
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

MONDAY, DEC. 16:

3:30 PM
"Images Medievales," The Geese
Book," "The Searching Hart
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, DEC. 17:

5:30 and 7:00 PM
Paul Sharits "Seven Loops," "Nothing"
The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM

"The Balcony" by Jean Genet
NYU School of the Arts
111 Second Avenue, 5th Floor

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18:

8:30 PM
Film Repertory Theatre presents
"The Trogan Women" and
"The Forced Marriage"
NYU — Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

FRIDAY, DEC. 20:

8:30 PM
Millenium Film Workshop Meeting
53 Pitt Street (3rd Floor)

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:

Medieval Art from Private Collections
The Cloisters
Ft. Tyron Park

NOW THRU JANUARY 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 53rd Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:

Robert Whitman's "Pond"
The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 12:

"Typically American—Photographs
by Burk Uzzle
Riverside Museum
310 Riverside Drive

NOW THRU JAN. 19:

Up Against the Wall:
Protest Posters from France
and Czechoslovakia

NOW THRU JAN. 19:

"Maya Art from Guatemala"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 26:

Rauschenberg — "Soundings"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

"Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
88th Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU FEB.:

"The Machine As Seen At The End
of the Mechanical Age"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

SHOWS

"Dionysus in 69"
Performance Garage
33 Wooster Street — 925-8712
—Shakespeare's "King Lear"
Roundabout Theatre
307 West 26th St. — WA 4-7161
—"Cornflakes"
Pageant Players
721 E. Broadway — YU 2-8703
—"Big Time Buck White"
Village South Theatre — 989-7736
—"We Bombed in New eHaven"
(Closing December 29)
The Ambassador — CO 5-1855
—"Untitled"
Public Theatre
—"Georgie Porgie"
Cooper Square Arts Theatre
GR 3-8066
—Jules Feiffers "Little Murders"
Circle In The Square — 473-6778
—DMZ (Political Cabaret)
Village Vanguard — 8:30 PM
AL 4-4037

FRIDAY, DEC. 6:

8:30 PM
"Around The World In 90 Minutes"
Presented by International House
Cooper Union Forum

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DEC. 13-14:

8:30 PM
"In White America"
Presented by Youtheatre of NYU
Randolph Somerville Theatre
100 Washington Square East

FRIDAY, DEC. 13 - WED., DEC. 18:

8:30 PM
"The Tavern" by George M. Cohan
NYU School of the Arts
Atlas Room Theatre
11 Second Avenue

SUNDAY, DEC. 15:

3:00 PM
"Hot Summer Night," performed by
Rodney Douglas & New Day
Repertory
NYU — Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

POETRY READING

FRIDAY, DEC. 13:

4:30 PM
George Starbuck
NYU — Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

SUNDAY, DEC. 15:

8:30 PM
Richard Gosselin
Folklore Center
321 Sixth Avenue — 50c

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18:

8:30 PM
Gil Sorrentino
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
10th Street and Second Avenue

TALKS

FRIDAY, DEC. 13:

2:30 PM
"Master Draftsmen — 'Rembrant'"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

SUNDAY, DEC. 15:

2:00 PM
Mary Kochiyama will describe her
experience in a U.S. Concentration
Camp
Stop Police State, Fight Back Rally
Penn Garden Hotel

—3:00 PM

"Christmas at the Cloisters"
The Cloisters
Ft. Tyron Park

MONDAY, DEC. 16:

8:15 PM
"Afro-Brazilian Music and Rhythm"
By Eunice Katunda
NYU — Commerce '17 Lounge
Loeb Student Center

—8:30 PM

"The Brotherhood of Black and White"
By Donald S. Harrington, D.D.
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18:

11:00 AM
Gallery Talk — "Ways of Looking at
Painting"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, 8:30 PM

"Revolt Against the Establishment"
By Paul Krassner
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, DEC. 19:

8:00 PM
"Around the World in 80 Months"
Illustrated lecture by David Skillen
Washington Square Methodist Church
133 West 4th Street

mini brutes

(Continued from Page 15)

Make good commercials. Learn to sell. Clarity. Distortion. Cleanse your wretched mind. Do unto the revolution as you would have the revolution to do you. A stranger is at the edge of town. Media does not exclude. Inclusive. Touch every rib of fear & mind to make someone whole. Inform taste. Stop lights are media Message.

"Come on, babe, take a chance with us. Meet me at the back of my mind."

Sunday almost 6 the MC5 played music to film of their energies as a rock group that mixes sound of music and sound of god reaching out to grab your mind, to make you see the temper of blood & visualize the promise of change, make you action. Sunday all day up & down the corridors into workshops & out, a potpourri of mind expanders and downers, but no challenge.

"We had to babysit people's egos."

"What do you do with nudes in the community?"

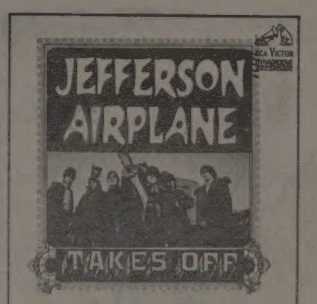
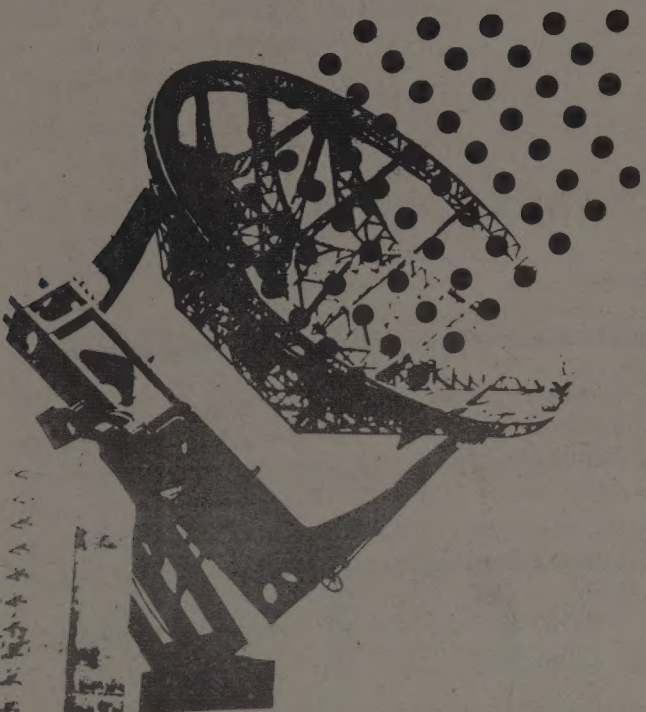
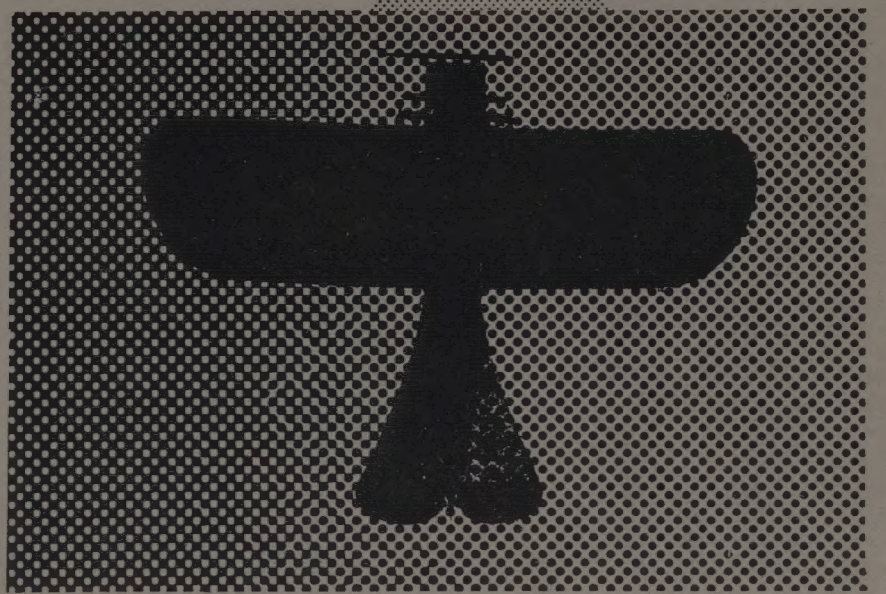
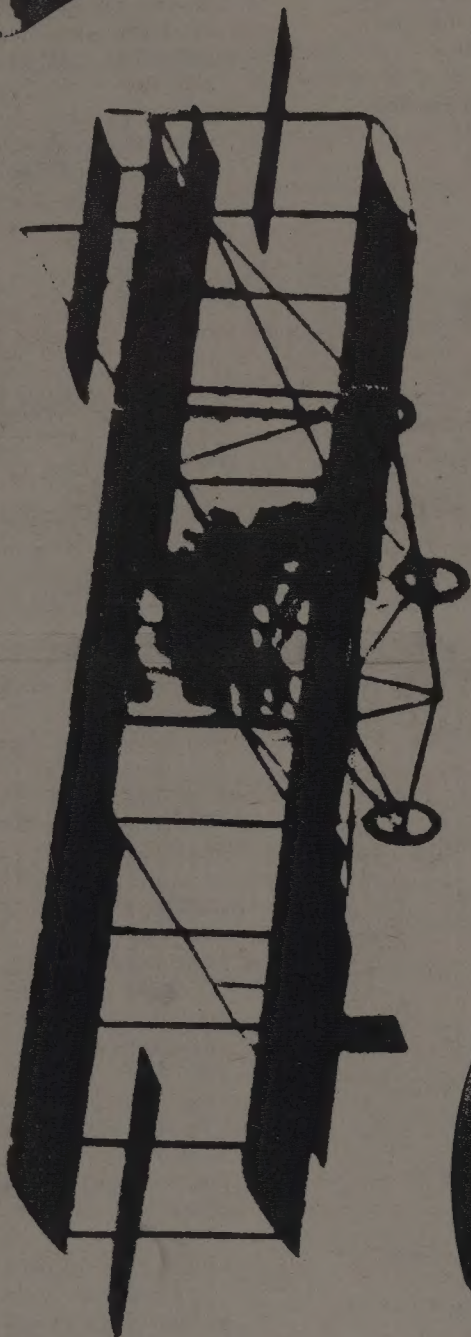
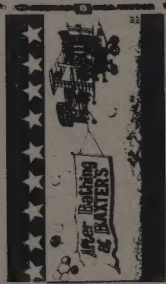
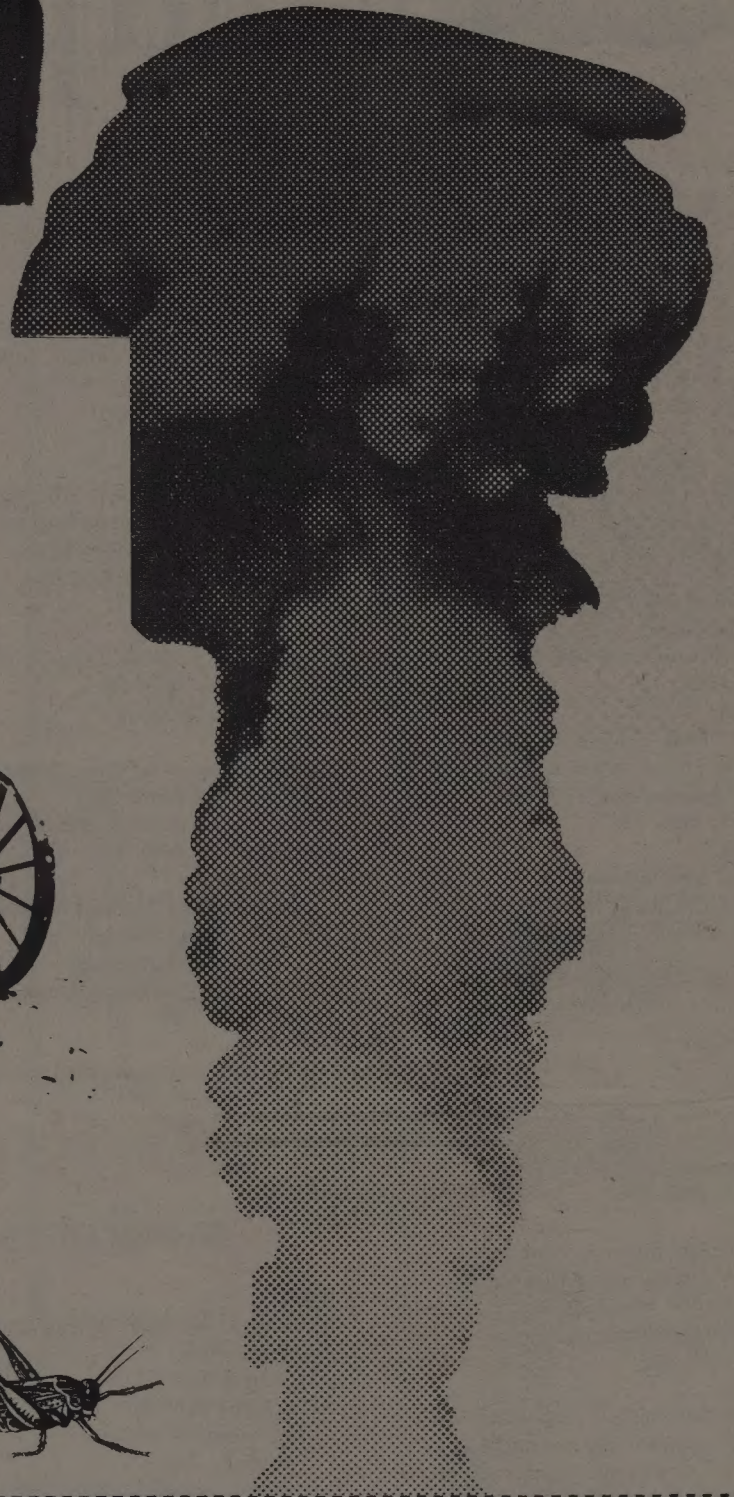
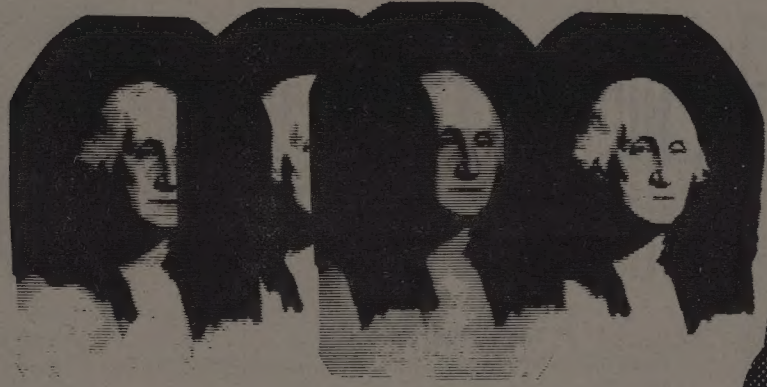
Sunday night planes hovered on wings of death. Farewells. People to people, communal sustenance, no unity organization triplick. So what was achieved? Well, everything was achieved, and nothing, because everything is media of nothing and gamely serious something.

FOR MEDIA SUCKS NOT ITS FINGER. Challenge! Cleave!

"TO SURVIVE IN AMERICA AS A TOTAL HUMAN BEING IS REVOLUTIONARY."

You dont have to go to Madison to kill a President.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE



RCA