

THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

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edited by Emmett Williams

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LINEAR THAN THOU FESTIVAL

Revolution For The Hell of It

by Allan
Katzman

Is Revolution this century's pastime? Is the rest of it going to be spent in turmoil, war, revolution, and change? (The first fifty years of the 20th has already had almost forty years of just that!) In other words, the two vital questions which are on everybody else's lips: "WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?" and, "WHO IS IN CHARGE?"!

In *REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT* by Free, there are many answers given and they are all correct. It is an extraordinary book written by an idiot, magician, juggler, and/or fool whichever is your perogitive.

He is the mythic dream of revolution. He is popcorn paralysis. He is Christmas Past, Present, and Future rolled into one. He may even be Abbie Hoffman.

He is not only lover but dancer as well. He was in Mississippi. He was at the steps of the Pentagon when mystic freaks tried to raise it from its moorings. He was at Wall Street throwing real money to imaginary stockbrokers. He was at Grand Central station when the New York police rioted on schedule. He was on the Lower East Side getting arrested for the ump-teenth time. He was in Newark and the Boston Commons doing his own thing. He was at Chicago and created it along with the help of Mayor Daley and everybody else who decided to show up via in the flesh or TV.

He will say anything. Do anything. Be anything. He will even write a book. He is a media marauder par excellence, a stoned guerilla of monkey warfare, and a martyr if it suits the hustle. And the hustle, in this case, is a revolution—just for the hell of it.

But above all, and at all times possible, the Revolution is always Free. Brought to you by Infinity Unlimited. Breathed in and exhaled free of charge.

"Free is the essence of Yippie! We operated Yippie! on less than \$4,000 that we raised at a benefit and that we burned in a month. By the end of March we had no money, never used our bank account, had no meetings, had an office with no lock on the door and typewriters that would be liberated hours after they were donated. The non-leaders rarely visited the office, people who dropped in found themselves in a vacuum. They were forced to become leaders and spokesmen."

"In a Perfect Mess everyone gets what he wants."

Words, like everything else, are irrelevant for him. He spews it off the page, into the air, anywhere which is the place he is standing.

"The revolution is wherever my boots hit the ground."

What he is talking about is a living, breathing Frankenstein of an illusion which bleeds when you strike it, cavorts in ecstasy when you touch it, and freaks out when you ignore or accept it.

Half of what he says is meaningless but he just says it to reach you. He is a doer: A pin ball impressario of the world's psyche. He is Lights Camera Action. He is everybody he wants to be. He is how he wrote his book.

"I have only glanced at the contract, have no lawyers and no agent. I still believe in the power of a handshake. I kept my name off the book as well as off *Fuck the System* for a variety of reason. One is that I would like people to use the books as props to help them to hustle. That is, say they wrote them. I've done that when I wanted a free meal or to meet someone. Maybe I left it off because I'm on the biggest ego trip of them all. Maybe I'm for real."

Abbie Hoffman does not exist. What exists is the Abbie Hoffman in all of us. We are real. He is a believer.

"Getting killed is the risk involved in living a revolutionary life to the fullest."

"We are united in our determination to smash this system by using any means at our disposal and build a new world."

"The ability to withstand frustration is what keeps us alive."

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism. If people were forced to eat what they killed, there would be no more wars."

"Politics to me is the way somebody lives his life."

"I believe in the politics of ecstasy."

"Are the runaways going back? I don't know. Ask them. I tell you one thing—I sure as hell ain't, they'll have to kill me first."

"I have just visited the future. One cannot really talk of revolution without visiting 'Man and his World' (formerly Expo '67) in Montreal. It is fantastic on a weekday morning when there are few tourists. It's magic to walk the mahogany boardwalks, ride streamlined tramways and flashing escalators. All Day-glos, purples, pinks, and greens. Twisting copper cobwebs, stretches of steel pillars, flowing concrete wings, and plastic tunnels. Cubes, triangles, bubbles, spaghetti nets, circles of light, fountains of energy; these are the shapes of things to come. One cannot tell the church from the funhouse. 'Is this the roller coaster or the subway, sir?' It is a perfect blend of harmony and excitement. I watched the people carefully as they laughed and danced through Future City . . . No one threw his garbage on the floor."

"The only pure revolution in the end is technology. Yet that is the same as the revolution in consciousness."

Jerry Rubin, New Left organizer, Yippie, is down on the book. The title puts him off. Rubin takes his revolution seriously and by so doing gets caught in the hustle. But this is the book's greatest strength. The author does not get caught. He makes his own. He is a disbeliever as well.

"The kids are getting stoned. We're all talking now. Lots of resistance. Kid says to me, 'I like what you're saying and I'm going to drop out in a year.' 'What the hell are you waiting for?' 'Well, I wanted to finish school first.' Reminded me of an SDS picket line I saw on a campus last year, protesting the tests used to determine draft status. Most of the demonstrators put their signs down and went in to take the test. These are the potential revolutionists? *Eich Meir* a revolution!"

"MAINTAIN A SENSE OF HUMOR. People who take themselves too seriously are power-crazy."

"The days of the audience died with the old America. If you don't have a thing to do, stay home, you'll only get in the way."

"The Old Left is shitting, really scared of acid. They are losing control, Marx with flowers in his hair, can't deal with contradictory stimuli, simultaneous bombardment. Marxism is irrelevant to the U.S.A., as irrelevant as Capitalism."

"The Left masturbates continuously because it is essentially rooted in an academic tradition."

"If the Left considers this adventurism, fuck 'em, they are a total bureaucratic bore."

"To my brothers, I tell the real truth, which is that I don't know why I did it. They smile because they know any explanation I give is made up."

OTHER: What do you want?

ME: To win.

OTHER: To win what?

ME: Fuck you!

STUDENTS CLUB POLICE RIOTERS

Editor's Note: The following dispatch from America's newest battleground was relayed to EVO by Liberation News Service as the action happened. For extraneous details, see the New York Times.

By TODD GITLIN

Here is the list of demands made by student at San Francisco State.

1. Black Studies Department must be granted full departmental status immediately, with all Black Studies courses placed under its jurisdiction.

2. The Black Studies Department will grant a BA in Black Studies.

3. Doctor Nathan Hare, chairman of the Black Studies Department, must be given a salary suited to his qualifications.

4. Unused special admissions slots from this semester must be filled next semester by Third World Students (i.e. blacks, Mexican-Americans, Latin Americans, Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos).

5. All Third World students applying to S.F. State in the fall of 1969 must be admitted.

6. Twenty full-time teaching positions must be provided to the Black Studies Department.

7. Helen Bedesem must be replaced as financial aids administrator by a Third World person who can meet the special needs of Third World students. [The charge against her is that she has been slack about properly disbursing money that's been given the college for Third World students.]

8. No disciplinary action will be taken against students, faculty, staff or administrators for their participation in the strike.

9. The Chancellor's office proposal to restrict student self-government and authorize the administration to dissolve student programs will not be implemented.

10. George Murray must be reinstated in his teaching position for the academic year 1968-69. [Murray, Minister of Education for the Black Panther Party and an Instructor in English at San Francisco State, was recently dismissed from his teaching post because of his political statements.]

The Third World Liberation Front presented a list of related demands.

SAN FRANCISCO — The student strike at San Francisco State marks a quantum leap in the history of the student movement. The tactics are new: they jump beyond the politics of confrontation.

For the orgasmic decision to occupy buildings, the students substitute the long strike, at times educational, at times disruptive, always insistent on building mass support over a long haul.

Instead of acting out a defense with barricades, where we await the inevitable retribution, we keep moving, attacking in our own time, defending ourselves when the police try to block our momentum.

Instead of sealing ourselves in a building, apart from the student body, we're outside, everywhere, among them.

For educational theater, we can rely on the rigidity of the State College Trustees, and the desperate incapacity of the administration, to drive students and faculty into the movement, into radical senses of who they are, what they need, who their enemies are.

ONLY A TACTIC

Seizing a building, the tactic that made Columbia famous, was never more than tactic. Apocalyptic moods turned it into a strategy, or the appearance of one. The occupation of Moses Hall at Berkeley marked the shattering end.

The occupiers of the San Fernando Valley State administration building are up on kidnapping now. The administrators are organized,



"You can usually spot a wrong kid just by the way he looks"

Call it unfair, but it's a fact: people today judge a youngster by appearance. And once they've tabbed a boy, it's tough to change their minds about him, their attitude toward him. Look at your boy. Look at him through his teacher's eyes—your neighbors' eyes. Could the way he looks, the clothes he wears, give them the wrong impression? Are you making sure he looks right, dresses right, everywhere he goes?



American Institute
of Men's and Boys' Wear

To Dress Right, shop at stores
that display this symbol.

Dress Right—you can't afford not to!

too, nationwide. They know now to bring the cops in fast — a one-night stand is all you get.

San Francisco State is our first counter-blow, a revolution in the revolution.

INTO THE VORTEX

Things happened fast. President Smith was sucked into the vortex of events and expelled, only to be replaced by Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, the famed semanticist. And Hayakawa adopted a get tough policy, pushing back at demonstrators when they pushed him, suspending leaders while warning faculty that five days in a row of absences would be considered a resignation.

But action went on anyway.

On last Tuesday morning large picket lines started to form as early as 7:30 in the morning and divided into three lines in separate places. They were out to cover three buildings.

The captain of the Tac Squad appeared and marched a group toward one of the picket lines. Suddenly a group of 15 cops broke ranks and attacked.

Those who could escape did. The others were badly beaten. Cops pursued the demonstrators into Commons, a campus cafeteria and arrested eight persons after beating them to the ground.

The Commons had been nearly full. The scene was much like Chicago. One guy was singled out as a leader and taken away.

The administration strategy was to break the picket lines and prevent a planned rally

from taking place.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock that morning people continued to gather in front of Commons and stuck together. The black students brought Willie Brown, a state assemblyman, Cecil Williams, a minister, Ron Dellums, a Berkeley city councilman and others to speak at the rally and support the strike. The rally drew 2,500 people.

It was proposed that the rally march on one building, BSS (Behavioral and Social Sciences). Tac Squad appeared from two directions. Crowd dispersed and regrouped.

From then until 3 or after there was continual war. San Fran Police, Tac Squad, State Highway Patrol, Santa Clara County Sheriffs, Contra Costa County Sheriffs.

I can't possibly describe what happened in those few hours. There was window breaking in the Commons and in front of the BSS. Furniture legs were used as weapons.

The cops used different formations.

By end of the day, 43 persons arrested, including one faculty member. At least 14 were treated by doctors. Some were beaten while trying to help students. Several concussions reported. Five cops injured. One cop had a broken collar bone when he was attacked by a student with a pipe.

The cops at a certain point were indiscriminate. Standing on the Library steps was formerly considered neutral ground, but several were beaten there.

students

The press has become much more shrill and reactionary. Hayakawa was quoted as saying on the networks that class attendance was 90 to 100 per cent. Mayor Alioto went on NBC discussing police action. A reporter asked Mayor if cops were beating persons while down. Mayor replied that he had observers who would report if was so.

The City and the press have become much tighter. The Committee for an Academic Environment gained support of officials and wore blue armbands. Students who innocently wore them Monday took them off Tuesday. Tuesday it was mostly squad of jocks. Cops allowed them move broken furniture into Commons after which they played football on the lawn.

The SFState Chapter of the American Federations of Teachers (AFT), met Tuesday afternoon. They decided to seek strike sanction from Central Labor Council of AFL-CIO. Picket lines will be honored by other unions.

The second part of the resolution empowered their Executive Committee to call a strike if a member of the faculty is suspended or dismissed for political reasons.

Almost all charges made to date are felony charges with stiff bail bonds.

A RE-CAP

A re-cap of past events:

Tuesday, Nov. 19, the theater moved under the proscenium. Then President Robert Smith invited the kiddies back to campus, after three closed days, to hear his "state of the campus" speech.

Faculty and press got it live, in the main auditorium; students squatted in front of closed circuit TV screens around the campus.

It was like one of President Eisenhower's press conferences. Smith maintained one expression, stolidity, and wrapped himself in a word-screen of lurching and inept cliché: "Cooling off period," "muster the resources," "dispersal of priorities," "breakdown of communications."

Only once did he summon even the shadowy trace of emotion, and that was to hold open the threat of police on campus, for which he was roundly booed.

UTTER DISASTER

It was an utter disaster. The students I was with, not all of them strikers, by any means, saw through it:

"He didn't say anything. . . he didn't even mention the demands. . . he's stalling for time."

Leo McClatch, head of the Academic Senate, leaped headlong into the breach and was swallowed up in turn. He moved for a vote of confidence instead. Uproar from the faculty.

They were operating under rules of continuous session; their next order of business was suspension of classes; the motion was out of order. McClatch played a parliamentary game, ruled their motion out of order, and was soundly overruled himself.

Secure for the moment in their limited prerogative, the faculty voted almost unanimously to close classes indefinitely and to substitute a campus-wide convocation on the issues.

At the closed Academic Senate meeting right afterward, Smith let his mask drop. They could at least have told him beforehand what rules the faculty was following. The professors apologized to "Bob," as they called him, but they could do nothing.

BOB'S RULE

Later that night, "Bob" ruled that classes would indeed meet the next morning, at least from 8 to 10. "Bob" was "Every-Administrator" a scared man in a corner — of his own making.

Playing at puppeteer, a revival of Buffalo Bob Smith trying to make his Howdy Doodly show behave. He had tangled himself in the strings of his Directors. The Trustees had met in Los Angeles and ordered the campus opened.

All day Wednesday, Nov. 20, the convocation met. Black Student Union (BSU) and Third World Liberation Front (TWLF) leaders facing off against Smith & Co. The blacks and browns stole the show.

IMPOTENT SHUFFLING

Some white strikers had been paranoid, suspecting a cooptive trick, but most realized the advantage in publicly setting the strike's clarity and justice against the impotent shuffling of the man called Smith.

The convocation worked for us; many more students and faculty were won to the demands and the strike. Then, after hemming and hawing, Smith announced classes would continue to meet the next day.

Hundreds of plainclothes cops, many of them volunteers from outlying counties, were stalking the campus; we began to call them by their proper name, secret police.

Smith's betrayal was public. Thursday morning, the BSU walked out, followed by TWLF, SDS and hundreds of students whose sense of procedural if not substantive fairness had been offended.

At a rally just thereafter, BSU and SDS leaders said: Enough of this crap; we've gone every step of the way with them; now we have to close down the campus another way.

RIGHT UPSURGE

It was the right upsurge at precisely the right time. Over a thousand students charged through classroom buildings, beating on the doors of scab classes. When some secret police tried to make arrests, brother and sister students — as such they were now, stopped them.

As the cops were bearing down, an administration loudspeaker was blaring: "Please go to your classes. Please clear the center of the campus and go to your classes."

Never had business-as-usual so revealed its mindlessness.

The secret police used Mace and steel clubs and one secret policeman (a volunteer from Piedmont, the ritzy white enclave of Oakland) drew and fired his gun in the air, then leveled it at the crowd:

"Freeze! This is it!"

SHAKING HANDS

Dozens saw his hand shake. The he ran off to summon the Tactical Squad. Strike leaders were scattered, scared but the crowd didn't need them to decide to move to another building, shouting, "On Strike, Shut it Down!" (led by the beat of a revolutionary drum), then leaving quickly.

Casualties for the day: three students arrested, a few beaten, at least three cops injured. Smith closed the school.

Community in the community. At the strike meeting that night, more than enough bail was raised in a flash. We were euphoric, but the sense of tactics had never been more supple. The tone was set by SDS organizer Alex Foreman:

"Today was good because it was mass action, because we explained ourselves fully, because it was the right time, because we had no alternative. The problem is that mass action needs mass support: it depends on specific circumstances. We have to watch out that our light-headedness does not lead to isolation."

SOME BEAUTY

It is beautiful when people together can stake out a new kind of action and then a few short hours later, listen to cautions without feeling they have to repeat their militancy in a mechanical fashion.

The meeting voted almost unanimously not to repeat the disruption the next day, but to maintain picket lines, discussion groups, rallies, self-defense if attacked.

We continued Friday to point out and ridicule the secret police. The Tac Squad came on once again. We scattered. We fought in our own good time.

A clear majority were striking. Some departments, including art and flim, were out en masse.

The faculty decided on another convocation: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Nov. 25-27. This time Smith bowed: no classes. No doubt he hopes to stall the strike into the ground, for after the three-days of convocation, there are four days of holiday; but the BSU and TWLF show no sign of weakening. If anything, their

tone is more demanding:

AIN'T NEGOTIABLE

"The issue is not equality, but self-determination," and that ain't negotiable.

Smith had a lot more bowing to do. The trustees met in closed session to discuss personnel, and Smith was out.

The strike has infected the entire 17-campus State College system: there have been strike stirrings at San Jose State, and the president of Chico, apparently a cool hand at counter-insurgency, convened his own convocation.

RAFFERTY ORDER

Ex officio trustee Max Raffety was quoted Monday, "If I were president of San Francisco State, there'd be fewer students, fewer teachers, and more order."

Mass public higher education, racist to its California core, is falling prey to its fanatical enemies, and the irony is that hardly anyone will miss it.

The biggest hand at Monday's convocation went to the BSU's Roscoe Blount when he answered the question, "What would a BA in Black Studies be good for?" with a question of his own: "What is any BA or BS from San Francisco State good for?"

MAJESTIC MEN'S STORE ST. MARKS & 2nd AVE.



BY ALEX GROSS

technology in art

A slow-motion underground explosion of nuclear proportions is taking place in the art world. The first tremors are now being felt, but almost no one is aware how deep or lasting the overall effects may be. Not even the people who are causing the explosion understand the full power of what they are doing, but this is probably true of most people who cause explosions. The phenomenon in question is called Technology in Art, or Tech Art for short—its outlying spasms have recently been felt at the Documenta exhibition in Germany, at the Denise Rene Gallery in Paris, at the Redfern Gallery and the I.C.A. show in London, but the epicenter of the blast is right here in New York City, where two shows have just come seething to the surface, one robustly, even violently, at the Brooklyn Museum, the other more fuzzily and sedately at the Museum of Modern Art.

The impact these shows will have is difficult to foresee, but a few guesses are still possible. Within the next eighteen months at least some and probably most of the following will have happened:

A leading art critic will accuse all artists who cooperate with technicians of treason to the cause of art.

Another leading art critic will accuse all artists who oppose Tech Art of being old fuddy-duddies.

The name of Leonardo da Vinci will be invoked by artists to prove that only a great artist can be a great technician.

The name of Leonardo da Vinci will be invoked by technicians to prove that only a great technician can be a great artist.

Painters and sculptors will picket the offices of E.A.T., the organization connected with both Tech Art shows. They will carry signs warning the populace against the menace of Tech Art.

Tech Art proponents will disturb the opening of a major exhibition of paintings by setting off a sound-and-light bomb.

One or two Tech Art ideas will reach the mass level, being made in every form from vast display devices in Times Square to miniature and toy versions costing a few dollars.

Light shows will rival television as the home entertainment medium of America. An artist, subsidized by a major electrical corporation and using giant lenses ground by the Corning Glass Works, will give a light show on the clouds.

Three painters will attempt suicide, one of them succeeding—they will claim in their suicide notes that the competition of Tech Art was too much for them.

An artist being supported by a leading corporation will quit his post, giving as his reason a lack

of clarity in the relationship between artists and company.

A major corporation will discharge its artists in residence, giving as its reason a lack of clarity in the relationship between artists and company.

President Nixon will applaud the role of Tech Art in stimulating the nation's economy. By this time the main Tech Art pioneers will have disassociated themselves from the movement.

The biggest controversy in art history is brewing. It took a lot of fighting to establish the modern movement in painting and sculpture, but the battle over Tech Art will make the modernist controversy look like a pillow fight. The reason is simple: for half a century artists have tended to look at art as the one possible alternative to the industrial society, the one place where the mass production world could never enter, unless it was willing to dress up in its Sunday best and pay a high admission charge.

More specifically, many artists and art critics have defined art as being irrevocably opposed to science and technology in its basic assumptions and daily practice. Science might transform the entire world around us and the lives of millions of people, but the sanctuary of art must remain pure and inviolable. But now scientists and technologists have dared to turn artists, bringing their knowledge and methods into the holy places. It is not surprising if some people feel themselves menaced.

There is also the original—versus—reproduction problem—until recently the original was everything in art, and reproductions were tolerated only as long as it was understood that they were merely reproductions. There was no shortage of people to claim they could instantly feel out an original from a reproduction, though a few court cases involving forgeries ought to have weakened this conviction. With Tech Art it is hard to see how this distinction can be totally maintained—the copy that is mass-produced in a factory may actually be superior to the Tech Artist's clumsily assembled prototype. Furthermore, if the artist's first model does find its way to a museum, will it be an art museum or a museum of science and industry or does it matter? It is obvious that a number of things are in for a change, not least of all the categories of thinking inside our heads.

One thing to get straight from the beginning is that there is good and bad Tech Art just as there is good and bad painting—in fact the standards may be clearer in the long run for tech art than for painting. But in a show like that at the Brooklyn or the Modern (or the latest display at the Howard Wise Gallery) there is a further element at work which is certain to influence judgement, quite apart from the intrinsic worth of any given piece.

What the organizers of these shows have done, whether they realize it or not, is to create an at-

mosphere where the whole is far greater than the sum of the parts, a mixed-media environment which has as much to do with theatre or architecture or fun houses of the future as it does with what has traditionally been understood as art. This is one reason why conventional critics have missed the point of these two shows.

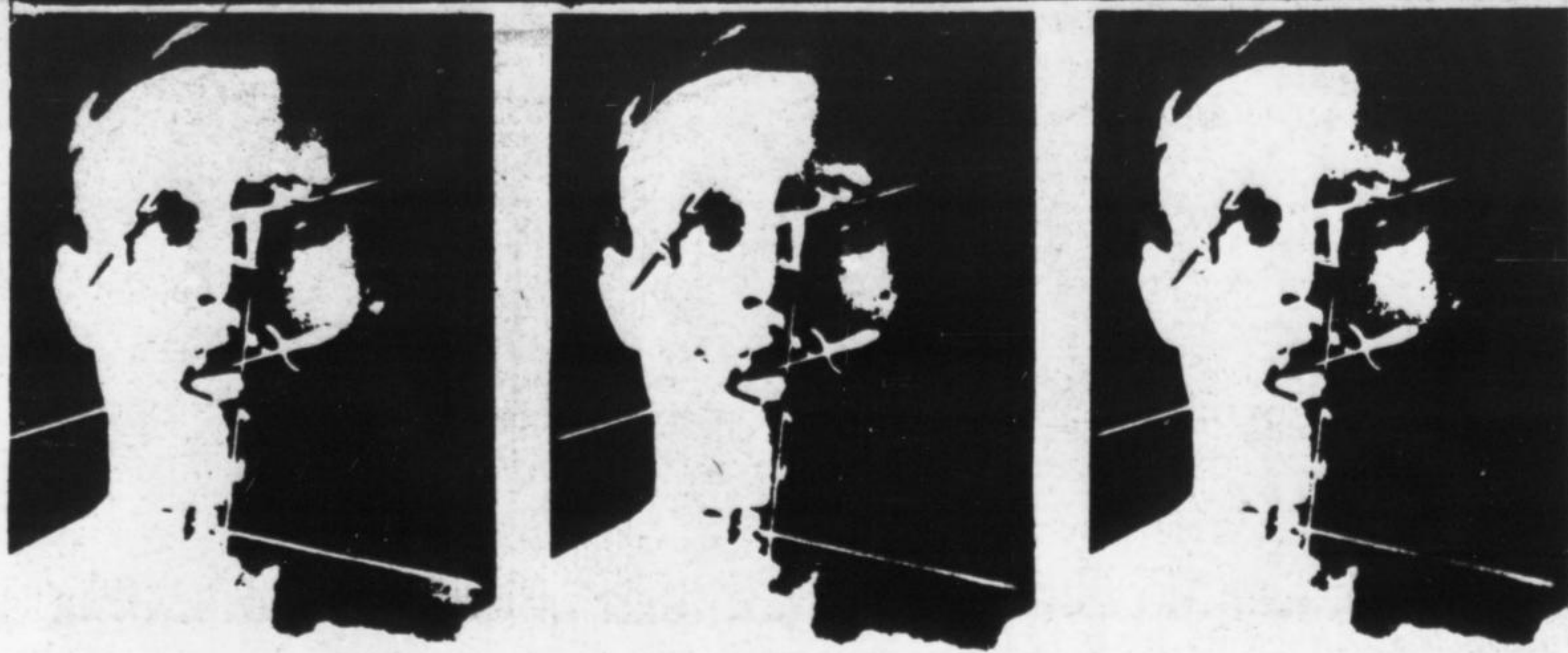
What is needed to judge and understand these new environments is not a painting or sculpture critic at all but a mixed-media correspondent, correspondent rather than critic because it is often necessary to "travel" into the world set up by these environments and observe how they fit (or do not fit) together on their own terms. An outside view of the individual elements can sometimes be completely irrelevant, even if it is correct as far as it goes. Seen from this viewpoint the show at the Brooklyn is an enormous success, constantly provoking the brain in any number of directions, creating meaningful motion inside the mind itself. The show at the Howard Wise gallery is similarly successful, though on a smaller scale, because the organizers realized it was there at least partially to amuse and to create internal motion. The show at the Modern is less successful because the organizers were not sure whether they wanted to present a complete historical retrospective or merely try to show how with it they are. In many ways the Modern remains wedded to the grim, grey, "serious-art" concepts of the thirties.

Mixed-media environments can come in all shapes, sizes, and moods from the glare of an amusement park to the contemplative air of a neo-Japanese garden. In fact the museums of the future (if there is still any reason to call them museums) may be buildings and domed-in pleasure gardens entirely composed of different mixed-media environments, corresponding to all the levels inside the human brain. Here will be constructed in at least four dimensions all the psychic states which have blessed or bedevilled man from the beginnings of time—they will be externalized, and he will be able to walk through them and live them out harmlessly on all sides of him instead of having them take control of him unpredictably from within. What we call museums today will be conserved in a single historical wing of these gigantic Mind Palaces.

The show in Brooklyn is a step on the way towards this, which means that it is likely to be controversial among museum administrators themselves. Another reason for hostility: this sort of show is likely to take art out of the hands of a small circle of esthetes. Whole gangs from the Bronx may descend on this show and take home something they have never received from an "art" exhibition before. There is also the possibility that a gang might go through and wreck it—in which case why not make an environment specifically designed to be wrecked and put together again—invite various gangs and have a contest as to which one can wreck it most quickly and completely. A society, which

(Continued on Page 16)

PATAREALIST PAPERS



by Jaakov Kohn

The myth of America being that impenetrable fortress against which all onslaughts of foreign capital are rebuffed, just suffered another crushing blow. In a refreshing display of swift and highly effective negotiating, British Petroleum, that gigantic oil combine, succeeded in obtaining a large stake in the ever growing gas market in the United States.

A \$3,000,000 transaction resulted in BP's takeover of the marketing assets of Sinclair in 11 eastern States. All and all counted this involves a British takeover of 2 refineries and 5600 filling stations strewn about the highways and byways of the eastern seaboard.

The thing that delights the British is the huge drilling program in Alaska that British Petroleum has been sponsoring, and which according to some of the geologists involved in the project, may turn out to lead to one of the world's largest oil deposits. One can easily imagine how tickled pink the lymies are at the prospect of being able to support the considerable demands of their already large operations. Considering that the Canadian market is already theirs, one can easily imagine the possibility that not everything was really lost for the redcoats at Valley Forge.

* * *

The distant memory of Audie Murphy, the hillbilly kid war hero turned movie actor who managed to accumulate more medals in World II than anybody else, was evoked again in the dashing image of Captain Robert C. Rankin, USAF. The way things have been going for him lately, the 27 year old gentleman and officer may as yet beat ole Audie at his game.

During his six months tour of duty in Viet-

nam, Flier Bob managed to bag not more and not less than 19 medals.

In his fruit salad the good captain has a wide variety of goodies such as the Silver Star and the Oak Leaf Cluster, not to mention all the mandatory theater ribbons handed out to anybody who happens to be there.

The man (who is currently stationed in England) seems to be pretty blase about it all. When asked by the press for whatever he might have to say, all he managed to come up with was a cryptic "The flak was so thick that you could walk through it."

Men, it isn't Audie Murphy he is after. It must be Moses who walked across the Red Sea. After all, not everybody's ambulatory terrain has to be the same.

* * *

In spite of the insanities that are the realities of every day life in the Middle East, the area produces from time to time phenomena that are so positive that they border on the absurd.

Even though censorship was abolished in Israel a number of years ago, the long years of the censor have left their indelible mark on the Israeli press. The constant threat of the man's scissors has conditioned the Israeli journalist to a style that smacks of outright selfrighteous patriotic flagwaving. What is being printed now often outdoes the pieces produced previously, under duress supposedly.

With the fantastic increase of Israel's Arab population after the six day war of 1967 the need for an Arab daily newspaper was eventually met by the staid and very correct Jerusalem Post, a paper that was, is and will always be the unofficial organ of the Israeli government. "AL-

ANBA" (The News), the Post's Arab product, easily fitted onto the mother ship's concept of journalistic "objectivity" and is therefore nothing but an Israeli paper, edited by an Iraqi Jew and therefore totally unresponsive to the needs and problems of the Arab community.

The paranoia that has beset Israel during the past weeks as a result of the increased Arab sabotage and the ensuing punitive response of the Israeli government, has made things anything but pleasant for the Arabs.

All this borne in mind, the recent appearance of "AL KUDS" (Jerusalem) certainly has to be attributed to the idiosyncratic nature of the Middle East. Practically out of nowhere, amidst all the uptightness that prevails, appears a paper that is not only a typical Arab product but to top it all boldly demands the return of Jerusalem and all the other occupied territories to Jordan.

The paper's editor, Mahmoud Abu Zalat, notes that he is unaccustomed to the freedom granted him by the Israeli Government. He added nostalgically (all Arabs are nostalgic by nature) that under Arab rule he never did enjoy such privileges. In an appearance on the Arab program on Israeli state-owned television Mr. Zalat repeatedly asserted that he considers the status of the occupied territories as unchanged, and King Hussein, whom he hoped to see soon—where he did not bother to say, still his one and only sovereign.

When asked about his financial setup, Mr. Zalat hipped his (Arab) interviewer to the fact that his expenses, unlike those of any other publisher in Israel, are considerable lower.

Being a man of principle, Mr. Zalat, reality notwithstanding, still pays his men according to the Jordanian pay scale. What this really amounts to is that the poor editors and writers of AL KUDS make a proximately 63% less bread than the lowest paid Israeli scribe.

The only logical deduction to be made out of this is the sad fact that principles and starvation remain inseparable even in this latter third of the twentieth century.

* * *

God help us from all the Italian wrath that this story will bring about. No, it wasn't Columbus, nor Vespucci nor the Vikings. Gussed right—Jews or rather Palestinians. They are the ones who discovered America for us. According to Professor Cyrus Gordon, head of the Department of Middle East studies at Brandeis University, "sailors from ancient Palestine came to the New World in ships built by Phoenicians and JEWS more than 2000 years before Christopher Columbus made his historic voyage in 1492."

When asked about the source of his history shaking discovery, Prof. Gordon said that it was all documented in an ancient sheard discovered in Brazil in 1872 and which he, Prof. Gordon, recently managed to decipher.

The only remaining question in which Rabbi would stand in front of which synagogue to review the parade of the marching Jews on ? day.

* * *

The arrogant audacity of the twentieth century's man was brought to a screeching halt by a noble bull in Toussus Le Noble, France.

In the course of his grazing on a meadow that happens to be adjacent to an airport, his roving eye sighted RED. Mind you, not homo sapien red but a piece of red cloth hanging from the cockpit of a French Naval plane. Being totally free from fear and any such similar hangups, toto simply jumped the fence and let the poor plane have it. It must have been a supercharge since the casualty list reads as follows:

One gored Mirage, one pierced private plane and one totally fucked up glider.

With such talents the bull's rightful place should be North Vietnam and not France. De Gaulle or not De Gaulle.

* * *

Saying of the week:

"If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, then I want them to be Americans and not Russians—and I want them on this continent and not in Europe."

Senator Richard Russell

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DECOMPOSITION

One dazzling summer day my nephew Tom and I collected a sack full of frogs and toads, and decided to take them down to the general store and blow them up with the tire pump. There were lots of other things we knew to do with frogs and toads and such, but Tom was really curious what would happen if we used the tire pump on them — he was maybe nine or ten at the time, Tom, and he was discovering a natural aptitude for tire pumps and similar mechanical gimmicks. I was about fourteen, my interests as always lay in devising the most amusing ways to kill time, until Things Changed. So it was off to O'Day's general store we went on our bicycles, the burlap sack of frogs and toads sweating and belching in Tom's front carrier basket.

Mr. and Mrs O'Day ran the general store. God knows how old they were, but he was pretty deaf and damn near blind, and she spent most of the time up in their house across the road, with a multitude of valuable chow dogs, which she raised for fun and profit. Very noisy they were. They barked multitudinously as we pulled up in our bikes, but we ignored them. Tom went in to talk to Mr. O'Day while I stood outside squeezing the petulant lumps in the bag. Presently Tom came back out and loudly announced that it was all right to use the air pump 'to blow up our bike tires,' he said.

Tom always ran interference like that because he had a way with older people. They invariably pegged me for a wiseass from the word one: old Ivan O'Day would never have let us use his damn pump.

It really worked fine, that pump. It made lots of noise, hissing and dinging that little bell, but old O'Day was too far gone to hear even that. The technique came naturally, no question about it: Tom held the varmint while I thrust the nozzle down its throat until the pressure against its backbone released the air. For the littler ones, especially the pale tiny tree toads, Tom stood aside, because that initial pulse of air was enough to blow the critter's tongue out its ass, along with guts, lungs, fat. The big ones were even more fun, the bull-liver, kidneys and various long flinders of yellow frogs especially: they'd swell uncannily around the ribs, great white throats expanding big as Aunt Petra's goiter, and then *ftoop!* little seams would appear in the flesh and the innards would spew out plashing in trails of grey and white. Even after this, some of them would insist on staying alive, and Tom and I went into convulsions watching them jerk around determinedly in their own guts, trying to get back off under some stone somewere. 'Here's that stupid bastard we had to stomp on before he'd let us pick him up,' Tom'd say, prying open the jaws of a particularly battered specimen. 'Look at that *mean* look in his eye. We gotta fix him good. Try not to kill him right away.' It was all pretty artistic: we decorated the White Owl Cigar lady's face with the guts and warts of a considerably decrepit old toad, and we sprayed a tree toad across the sign reading 'I. O'Day, Prop.', rendering it infinitely more attractive. We had only four or five frogs left when Red DeLaval stopped by in his station wagon and chased us off. 'Well, I never,' his wife kept saying. 'My land, I just never! Tsk . . . Wuh! Wuh!'

It was that sort of countryside we grew up in, hundreds of miles of woods and streams and lakes, you could be in just as privately evil as you wanted and nobody ever knew any better. When I tell people about it now, they either don't believe me or they tell me I was crazy — but even then I knew it wasn't crazy, or at least no crazier than playing varsity football or going to rock 'n roll hops. Psychopathy is relative at best. It was my observation that *all* country kids killed time sticking frogs and such, and I further suspected that the way the town kids conducted themselves — these wierd arcane late-fifties teenage social conventions, that perpetually obsolescing slang talk, this horrible adolescent *status system* that *still* puts Mad Ave to shame — it was all just frog-sticking, that's all, except in town they used people for frogs. Early adolescence is a pretty evil time, that's all.

And it seemed to me that sticking frogs was highly preferable to sticking people. In fact, I even-

tually came to take a species of pride in frog-sticking, and would associate closely only with other frogstickers. One of these, at least provisionally, was Barney Smegma, who moved to a house on my schoolbus route when we were both about twelve. He was sort of a creep, Barney Smegma — we called him 'ol' wierd Barney' behind his back, and often as not to his face — and like a lot of wierd creeps in school, he attached himself to me. I wasn't exactly a creep, too bright for that, but I was antisocial and I read a lot and lived eight miles out of town and I was *strange*. So I ol' wierd Barney sat next to me on the bus every day for a couple years, and we talked a lot about frog-sticking since it was the only thing I could stand to talk to ol' wierd Barney about.

And what a wierd ol' frog-sticker he was, too. He was always talking about blasting frogs off in homemade aluminum rockets, or hooking them up to complicated electrical devices, playing with like hydrochloric acid and stuff. He always went into lots of scientific detail describing these things, and while I admired his theory, I generally lost interest midway through.

He just really didn't have the proper attitude toward frog-sticking, that's all. Ol' wierd Barney was more concerned with the apparatus than the execution itself, he was not a murderer but a hangman. With Tom and me it was really atavistic—with a spatter of gore and a spurt of adrenalin we consolidated the frog's Karma with our own, for better or worse, 'till death do us part. Ours was primitive ritual among the cornstalks, his was High Mass in St. Patrick's with carbonated host. Besides, I was highly skeptical if he really did it like he said.

Tom and I were more informal about our frog-sticking. Walking through the pasture for instance, we'd chance upon a likely toad, and close by would be a length of fencepost the size and heft of a baseball bat. So *wop* we'd get a home run off the damn frog! But he'd still be alive, pretty much in one piece—tongue squashed out of his mouth, one eye burst open, legs and back busted but mostly whole—so we'd trade sides and *wap!* another homer. Most were good for three or four, and that'd get us going. We'd take the bat down to the nearest creek and chase after more frogs. *Sock! Paf! Bip!* Sometimes you'd hit one straight up by accident, and then you could swipe it again on the way down. *Poo!* When he was just guts and legs hanging on by twisted rags of flesh, then we'd find another. This could go on for an hour or more, no lie—we rarely stopped until we were good and nauseated, despite ourselves.

Tom never stuck frogs without me, nor did I in his absence. It was ideally a team sport. But ol' wierd Barney did it alone, mainly because nobody lived along his stretch of the road and nobody could stand him anyway. But one soggy autumn day when I was about sixteen I was hunting rabbits out his way and I met him in the woods. It was rare you met anybody at all in those woods—*No Hunting* signs all over the place—but there was ol' wierd Barney, and when he invited me to go stick frogs with him I said shit sure.

And God send me to Borneo if he hadn't been telling the truth all these years! 'Way back in this horrible swamp, this fucking creep kid had fixed himself a goddamn Cape Canaveral: he had miniature launching pads, derrick gantries, a cinder block control shack and God knows what all. I swear it on a stack of Leary's Psychedelic Psalms, I have yet to encounter a stranger sight. Now, ol' wierd Barney was already taking special undergrad science courses at the local university, but even so, this bugged the imagination. In the blockhouse he had cages of frogs and white mice and hamsters, a goddamn butane Bunsen burner, drycell car battery, and two boxes of 2-inch aluminum pipe.

But I kept my cool, I was not about to say even 'Gee Whiz' to wierd ol' Barney. Into a capped length of pipe he thrust two frogs, tamping them in with a plastic bag of previously prepared chemicals. This he fixed to a sort of fuse device, took it out and attached it to a gantry, lit it, and ran for the blockhouse. From there we watched it ignite—KHFT-HOOMB!—and soar five hundred feet into the air and burst in a puff of flame. There was no indi-

cation of what might have happened to the frogs. 'I must say,' I told him (I was already talking this way) 'this is a far cry from clotheslining a couple cats by the tails and watching them claw each others' eyes out.'

He wanted to show me his electrical apparatus in operation, but I had had enough that day of wierd ol' Barney and I begged off. Anyway, Tom and I had mostly graduated out of the frog-sticking phase by now, we were into hunting and petty vandalism. An instance of how petty our vandalism generally was is our assault upon the property of Red De Laval.

Red lived about six miles by crow from my place, through the woods. The hunting was fairly good off that way, Red's *No Trespassing* signs notwithstanding, so Tom and I happened around there every few days that fall. Red pastured his cows along those woods—hence the *No Trespassing*—and one day we found a rail gate in one of his fences, between the pasture and a cornfield. There were just these three wooden rails in this fence way to hell off where nobody could see, so we dragged the rails down the hill to a creek and dumped them in. They washed off toward the rapids and we went on hunting.

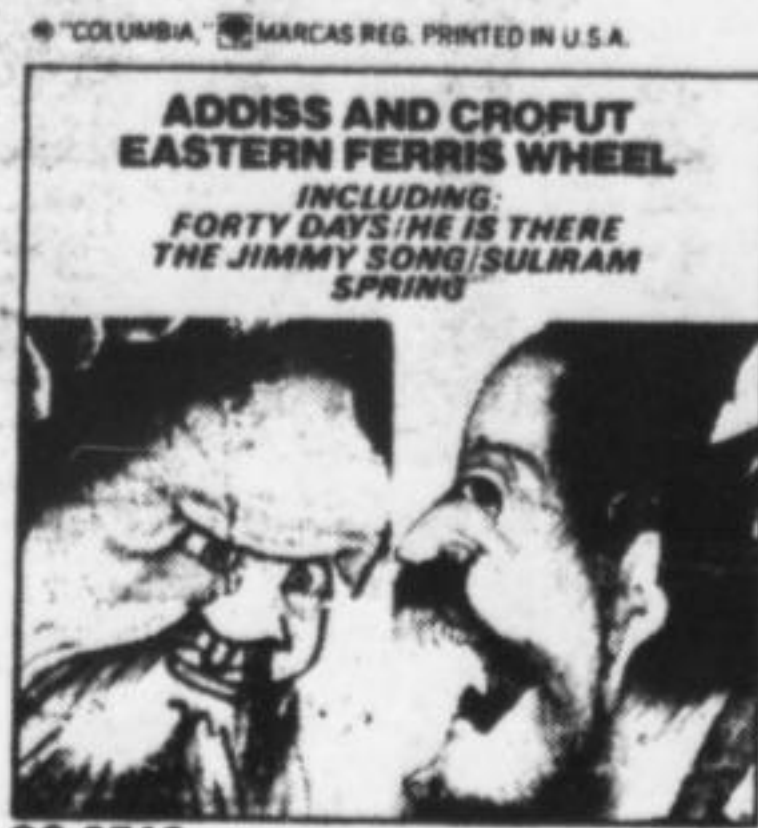
It was the very next evening we happened by there again. By God, the very same rails were back in the gates, still wet and swollen from their trip down the rapids. 'Well son of a bitch,' drawled Tom, 'ole Red musta climbed down to the brook and followed along the bank, through the *mud*, an' the *thorns*, and the *rocks*, fallin' into the fuckin *water*, draggin' his goddamn rails out one by one. Went maybe two, three miles down the fuckin creek just to get his fuckin rails back. And him with his goddamn slipped *disc*, the stupid son of a bitch.' Tom and his old man, my brother, were drinking buddies with ole Red DeLaval. 'Shit,' he shrugged, 'now was that nice? After we just nicely took them down, special for him, and took the trouble of draggin' them down to the goddamn *creek*? He got his nerve, that's all.' Hefting the top rail, Tom started dragging it free. 'C'mon, gimme a hand,' he grinned, 'we'll give ole Red just one more chance.'

But the next day the rails were back again, wet and glistening and lashed down with baling twine. We cut the twine with hunting knives and the next day there were all new rails there, lashed to with metal cable, f'Chrissake, and a pile of spare rails next to the fence. It was a rough job but we were indignant, and presently there was not a rail in sight near that fence. I don't know what Red did next: after that we took pity on him, and anyway we'd be laughing for years as it was.

One thing came out of it: Henry Cleff, the eighteen-year-old halfbreed Indian ex-con who was working off his reform school parole on the farm next to Red's, he went back to reform school about that time, for some reason. . . Let me tell you about Henry Cleff sometime, now *there* was a *real* psychopath.

This episode must figure prominently in the annals of crime as the very pettiest of petty vandalisms. But ol' wierd Barney now, he got into some *heavy* stuff, by all indications. Nobody knew who it was kept busting into the Acme supermarket at night all the autumn of '63, but ol' wierd Barney was never short of cigarettes and beer that year. And the wall at the boy's john upstairs at the high school, who was it kept scrawling those monotonous pictures all over it, three-four feet high, in indelible feltpen? I had seen samples of wierd ol' Barney's artwork, it was no less repulsive than anything on that wall. And the night Dr. Simeon's car was stolen, that was the night I bummed a ride with Barney Smegma in a new '64 Imperial. . . But maybe I'm just biased because I don't myself like to send frogs up in rockets.

The upshot of all this is totally obvious: Tom's getting drafted right now, I'm starving on the Lower East Side, and wierd ol' Barney Smegma, having graduated *summa cum* from Swarthmore with a physics master's, has himself a fat security clearance and an assistanceship with the Rand Corporation. And the moral is: he who would stick frogs this late in the century should have a firm grasp of ballistic physics.



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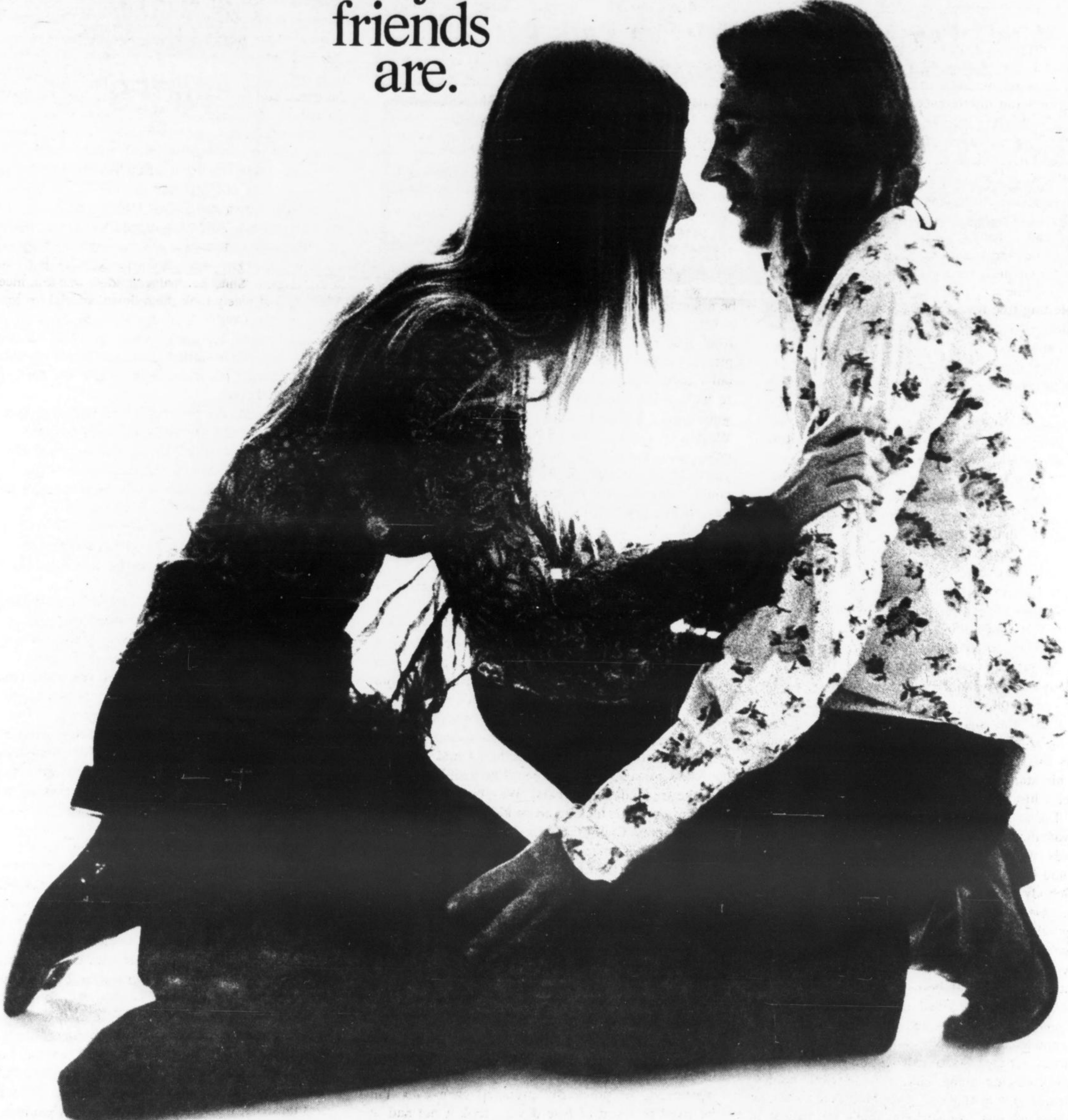
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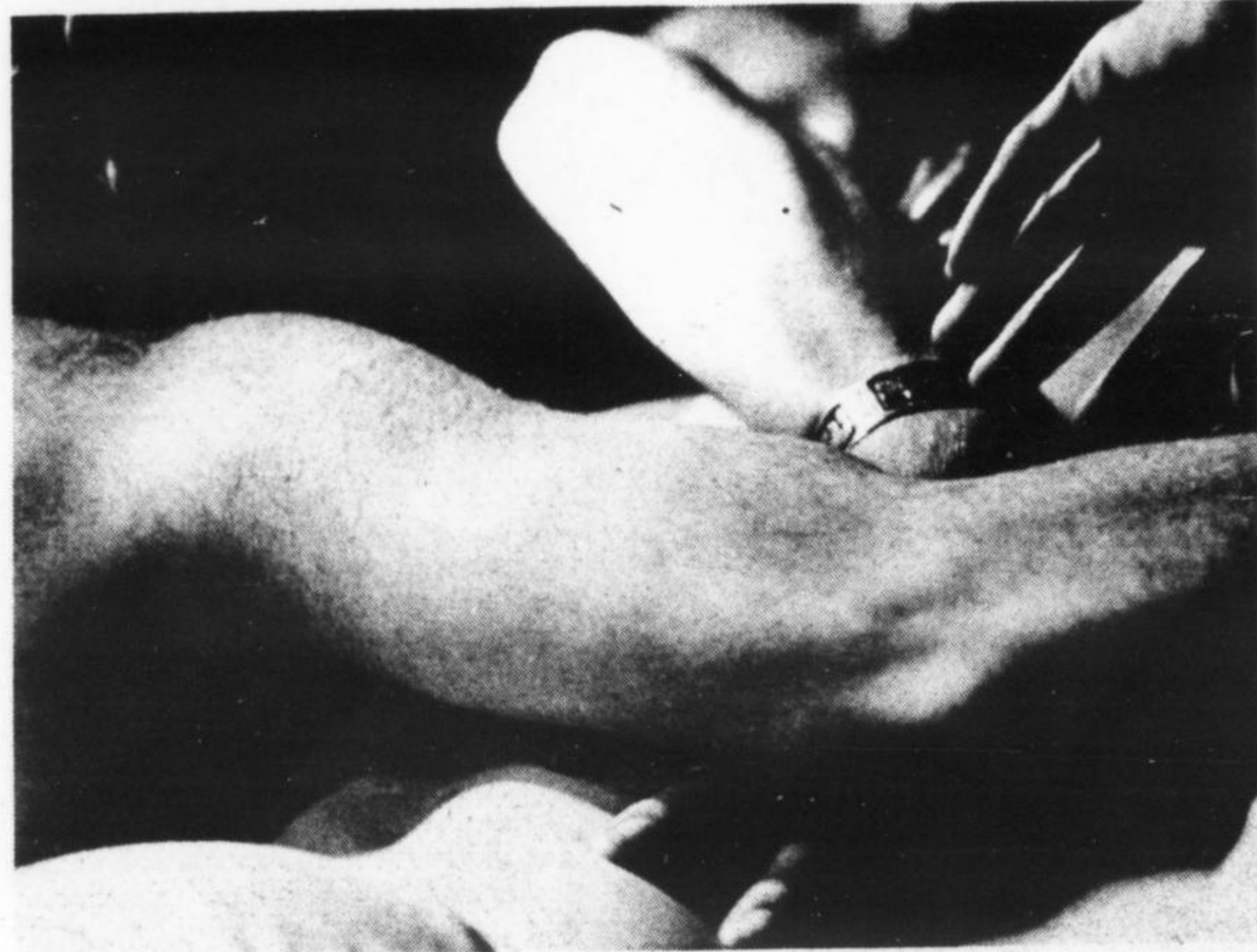
A WALTER READE THEATRE

thilm

photo: Raeanne Rubinstein

Why don't I feel like writing about Living Theatre in Philadelphia . . . is the rhetorical question of the day. Because it was the same story told over, only this was the first of the series. Le Living went to Philly (the city of brotherly love; just keep remembering Cain and Abel) to perform three plays, and ended up being the audience at a fourth, called *The Bust*, starring the local arm of the law and a concerned citizen. As the story appeared in the Philadelphia News, it seems that a civic-minded person was walking past the YWHA where LT was playing, when he saw a naked man cavorting in the street. He hailed a nearby policeman, who happened to have stopped his car at the garage across the street, in order to "clean the lint off his windshield glass." The policeman called for reinforcements (yeah, for one supposedly naked man) and "50 bluecoats appeared." The result: Julian Beck, Steve Ben Israel and Echnaton of LT were arrested, along with two audience members.

Instant Replay: *Paradise Now* ends in a cry to go to the streets; actors lifting other actors and audience-people to their shoulders go charging out the theatre and then, depending on the impetus, either stop before actually hitting the outside, or walk outside and come back in as the audience rushes past them into the street. In Philadelphia, the latter action took place; the three actors named were out on the street, on the sidewalk . . . the police had been forewarned of the end of *Paradise Now* and had been preparing for it since 11 p.m. that night, 1½ hours before the play ended. At 11 p.m., the squad cars were being called in to the general area, an unmentioned fact in the papers. (How do we know? We



them where he lives, so they beat him up a little more, turn him loose, and he does it again—maybe a little harder next time . . ."

And in *Paradise Now*, people still bravely cry for the end of wars, police, hatred, and money; and the cast still scream at one another, "Black! White!" or "Young! Old!" and the split is still there. People are still afraid of what they cannot understand; inside a theatre, non-comprehension can result in giggles, or catcalls, or just getting up and walking out. In the street, fear just becomes another half-measure taken, another kid beaten up and getting harder and older through the years; try to walk away from him and he'll probably follow you.

Bleecker Street will be running a director's series: (so they say)

BY LITA
RUBINSTEIN
thilm

know because it was 11 p.m. when we finally decided to go to the performance, and as we came out of our door uptown, all these squad cars came roaring, sirening past us, heading downtown. There was a time when we—and I mean both myself and trusty EVO photographer, Raeanne—went to school in Philadelphia, and it was always the case that cop cars + 11 PM = fraternity demonstrations or ghetto problems. Barring that, by simple elimination—the cars did not turn off for the campus or the ghetto—there was only one possibility for Philly at 11 PM: Living Theatre).

So we hopped into a cab and hustled down to Broad and Pine, where all was absolute quiet both in and outside the YWHA. The usual streams of people were making their way out of the auditorium, some smiling who stopped to touch our hair as we brushed past, others sort of giggling or simply walking out, eyes straight, shoulders squared, lips tight.

It was a typically successful *Paradise Now*.

The people still inside the auditorium were well out of their seats, clustered near and on the stage, joining in the howls and chants and ritualized actions. Standing there, I felt someone put his hands over my eyes, in the darkness, and say "Peek-a-boo!" I laughed, "I see you too!" turning to see who it was. The lights came on, and there facing me was a little, middle-aged man, who grinned, then excused himself to stack some more of the chairs. It was a typical *Paradise Now*.

It was Philadelphia, not New York, so the freedom was as intense, but expressed differently: few people removed their clothes; pot was everywhere; heads nodded in agreement

Review
of
the
Arts

DOGO



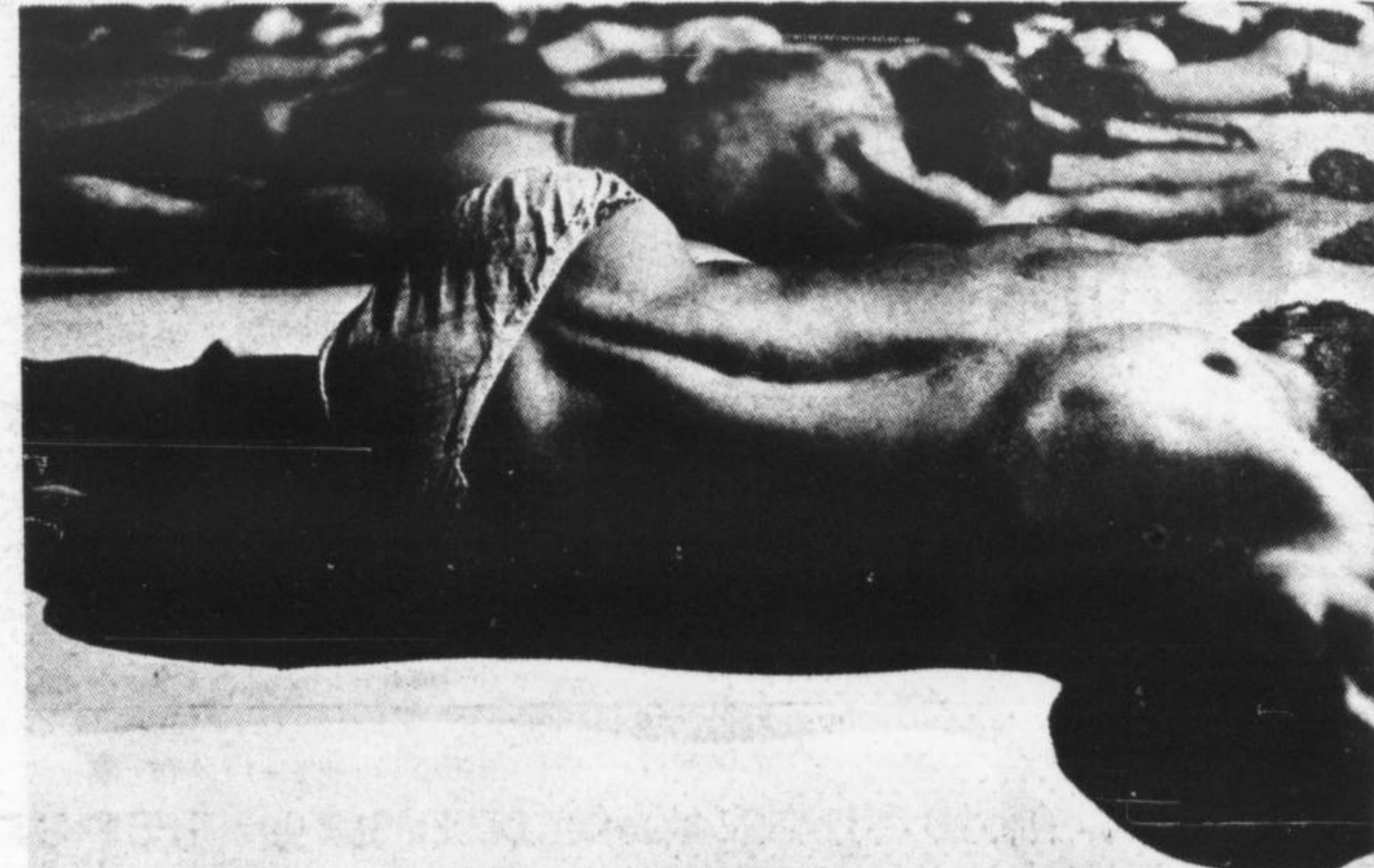
rather than whole bodies shaking; minds were bending every which way, as usual . . . Then it was over, and this time the crowd that walked out, ran out, all were smiling or shouting, and then the auditorium was silent, emptied of all sound and energy, full of metal folding chairs slanted crazily in domino fashion all over the floor and walls.

Down in the lobby, people were milling about, and the news broke that there had been a bust, so everyone stayed around trying to figure out what to do, what they could do, was anything to be done.

It was true that Julian had been out on the sidewalk; it was true that he had been wearing only the G-string costume for *Paradise Now*; it was true that the cops had been waiting that night for just this to happen (the end of the play); it was true that the cops had been following around almost every member of Le Living during their stay

in Philadelphia. It was all true; and therefore the expected happened, that the police used a silly law or two to arrest some of the actors so that this version of the Philadelphia Story could be finished.

. . . The next day, over at a friend's house, we heard a scream from outside. The street, a typical 'good' street, is cobble-stoned, and each house has a little garden or courtyard, and lots of space (most people in Philadelphia live in houses rather than apartments). The scream came from a little old lady who was knocked down and her purse had been snatched. Some men came back down the street, a postman holding onto a young black boy, maybe 10 or 11 years old, and the woman nodded: it was him. Our friend came back inside the house, shaking his head. "It happens about once a week, and what do you do . . . I used to run out and try to catch them, but then what. The cops come, beat him up; the kid won't tell



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The experimental wing of the National Shakespeare Company is called The Cubiculo, and is located at 414 West 51st St. In addition to plays, both contemporary and Shakespeare, The Cubiculo will sponsor programs of dance, poetry and film. This weekend, Dec. 6-8, they will have *Benbow and Divorski*, a study in schizophrenia; Monday, Dec. 9, there will be *The Peloponnesian War*, a new dance by Daniel Nagrin, with multi-track score by Eric Salzman and Archie Shepp. Call 265-2138 for further information.

kokaine BY BOB RUDNICK/ karma

DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This Week in New York:

Fillmore: Country Joe & Fish, Fleet-

wood Mac, Kusama's Self Obliteration

Village Gate: Down-Gloria Lynne, Slap-

py White, Up—PAmad Jamal

Village Vanguard: Gabor Szabo

Slugs: Yusef Latef, Tues.—Harold Vick

Bitter End: Pat Sky, Dickens

Au Go Go: Silver Apples, Danny Kalb,

Tommy Flanders

Folk City: Jackie Landron, David

Buskin

Scene: Fleetwood Mac (Sun)

Apollo: Jackie Wilson, Barbara Acklin,

The Chillies

The Karma has been chilled lately by some rather bizarre messages and signs the Gods have left lying about. The first freezing effect on the Kokaine Kundaline came while nonchalantly promenading past the graceful panhandlers sheltered against the cold wind in the Fillmore East entrance. There in the ugly yellow and green starkness of Bill Graham's cum and attraction was the announcing of a December act—Super Sessions it said.

"Who is this?" Frawley sneeringly questioned Rudnick. But the hassidic healer could not imagine. Was this some new freak psychedelic spade? Or a big drug dealer, a west coast heir to Super Spade? Or some Cuban stag movie sex star like Super hombre? The Karma twins were stumped.

Then a bedraggled fading speed queen chattered out the mysterious answer between nervous twitchings of her frazzed lips. It-t-t's K-Kooper and Blumenfield, she intoned demonstratively to the starled duo.

"Al Kooper" cried the astonished malevolent Frawley. "You mean the former stalwart of the Royal Teens of 'Short Shorts' and 'Big Name Buttons Fame'." An astonished Righteous Rudnick queried, "You mean Mike Bloomfield—a kinky haired jew who played with those old niggers in Chicago a couple of years back?"

Yes, it was this new underground combo featuring the funky Columbia Records executive Al Kooper. Few are aware that Al was schooled in the blues idiom by its notorious master, Banana Dave of peace demonstrations and street singing fame.

The Karma column remembers those thrilling days under the arabs of Washington Square Park when David Peel would jam for the community. Kooper, Steve Katz of the Even Dozen Jug Band, and other fledging folkies would stand in awe as Peel ran his ax while his clear voice issued forth with the noncontrived, simple lyrics of our troubled times.

Peel's band, The Lower East Side, has been a virtual spawning ground for the east coast rock super star elite. But Dave remains true to his New York roots never playing a gig for bread, just singing for his brothers and sisters.

It is to Elektra Records' credit that they have recorded this singing street document of our times. "Have A Mari-

Every Saturday and Sunday night from 8:00 to midnight, Rudnick and Frawley broadcast live the vital music of today on 91.1, WFMU-FM.

Minister of Information for the White Panthers, John Sinclair, a well known deviant, has informed us that the position of Ministers of Propaganda has been filled by Dennis Frawley and Bob Rudnick. Never before in history has such a high position of honor and responsibility been bestowed on such scumbag perverts as these. Notorious for their irresponsibility and infamous for their unprofessionalism, the Karma Kids intend to use the highly exalted White Panther position to seduce minds and bodies of the children of diplomats, hookers, faggots and bums. The syphilitic drug crazed minds of Rudnick and Frawley are expected to be the disgusting vanguard of a White Panther attack on all aspects of our leperous, cringing culture.



juana" on Elektra presents original words and music by David Peel and The Lower East Side, including the now famous "Up Against the Wall, Mother-fucker."

Bill Graham has finally conceded to community demands and the Fillmore is ours at least once a week for the next four weeks. During the two free Wednesday nights in November, the vibes were never so good and alive at the Second Avenue psychedelic counting house. There was free food, music, dancing, smoke, tumbling, nude dancin, and a flock of meeting to coalesce our neighborhood. It was a free exchange of goods and energy.

Among rock groups that have appeared free on the past Wednesdays were The Group Image, The Fugs, David Peel & Lower East Side, Children of God, Fear Itself, and many others. Anyone willing to appear at these free concerts contact Marvin Fishman at the Common Ground Coffee House or Kokaine Karma at 228-8640.

The schedule for free nights at the Fillmore is Wednesday, December 11, Wed., Dec. 18, Tues., Dec. 24 and a free concert sponsored by Elektra Records and featuring the body-fucking-guerrilla rock white panther scum MC-5 on Thursday December 26.

The electric Kokaine Karma is back on the air. Since all New York stations are liberal, scared shitless of having us on, the clear Karma voice rings out from beneath the foliage of mainstream America, East Orange, New Jersey.

But as the saintly duo begin their holy work, from the other side of the subversive barricades comes the news that five 5) Kansas City policemen have formed a "rock and Roll" band. Although these jackals attempt to capture the fervor of youth's music, their rectums are too tight to carry it out and their music falters quickly into sneaky reactionary soft and low tones fit only for retirement parties and Policeman's Benevolent (sic) Balls.

Ed Sanders, leader of the FUGS, was found unconscious last night in a circular position on the floor of a shower stall in his New York apartment. Police called to the scene said Sanders was locked in a body position with himself "so bestial and disgusting that we almost puked." Hip observers noted that Mr. Sanders semicircular scrunch-posture was remarkably similar to the wadded-up remains in certain stone-age North African graveyards.

After prying him apart, police searched Sanders' apartment, confiscating Mr. Sanders' albino penguin and coming across large quantities of smut, poetry and grass. Also confiscated was a wierdly painted vaporizer which police said was spewing out some sort of cannabinous dope-smog.

Mr. Sanders is still unconscious following surgical efforts to straighten his back. More information to follow.

art

BY LIL

PICARD

art

Tow shows organized by the Museum of Modern Art and EAT (Experiments in Art and Technology) came to the Beginning of the Beginning. The show in Brooklyn, 137 works, and nine more which are also simultaneously exhibited in Moma is called: "Some More Beginnings", 200 works—Exhibition on 11 West 53rd Street has the extraordinary Marat/Sade-Peter Weiss Title: "The Machine—as seen at the end of the Mechanical Age." The Brooklyn show lasts until January 5th. The one in the Museum of Modern Art will end February 9th, 1969, will proceed to the University of St. Thomas Houston, Texas (March 25 through May 18) and from June to August to the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Two shows, 350 works, a real double feature. A lot for the money . . . lots of Technology and lots of Art. All the old time Art from Picabia to Schwitters, to Gabo, Laszlo, Moholy-Nagy, Calder, Leger, Futurists, Surrealists, Dadaists, Bauhaus-artists, all the many Tinguely Machines, the rusty Stankiewicz-robots, Matta, Toulouse Lautrec, Takis, Duchamp K.G. Pontus Hulten, Director of the Modern Museet, Stockholm, has gotten them together for the Machine-Apotheosis at the end . . . of the mechanical age. Attending the Grand Opening, where one couldn't move and could barely see the machines working and acting—so many machines—crazy people came to see the End of the Mechanical Age and the Beginnings of the Cybernetic one, one felt, that the end and the beginning are quite gay.

The real Machines behave fine in the Museum meeting the human machine—orgy of holding on to each other in a kind of wild despair . . . at the end of the mechanical age. In Brooklyn one did a completely different kind of "Fun-Show." I will come to this later. First let me describe the Five Automobiles which really are the best examples of Motorized Art, the Moma show can boast of. Star No. 1: "la Royale" by Ettore Bugatti (1929), a perfection piece of Technological Art work, lent by the Henry Ford Museum . . . called by Pontus Hulten in the 216 page catalogue "the culmination of the heroic period of the automobile."

Bulgatti, born 1881, had been a painter, became the artist who created cars, beautiful, perfect masterpieces the white and silver shining "Royale" is standing in the window of the Museum and is the No. 1 attraction for the elder and youngest generation, loving motorized objects. Buckminster Fuller, born 1895, has created 1933 the "Dymaxion". A strange black-gray half destroyed monster which had been found discarded in a shed by a student from Arizona State University. Fuller had built three Dymaxion cars, the one on display is Dymaxion No. 2 . . . a work of Destruction Art.

Vertically suspended is a Racing car, appearing as an Art-Object-Relief. It's the McLaren B. R. M., a colorful beauty . . .

Sitting on Nam June Paik's small plexiglass T.V. chair, one has a very good view into Edward Kienholz tiny blue sprayed "Black Seat Dodge", which has the Number 692 and is surrounded with empty Beer bottles. On the back seat of this typical Teenage-weekend-Baby are two figures making love . . . she holds a beer can in her plastic hand, he is a wire-mesh-mess; on the floor of the car are more Beercans in a wooden box . . . one hears faint radio music . . .

Finally at the entrance stands the pop-extravaganza: Ray Farner's Boot Hill Express, a hearse, a remodeled horse-drawn vehicle, adorned inside not with a corpse but with a white metal assemblage of a Chrysler Street-Hemi engine . . . headlights and tail lights are kerosene-burning lanterns from India . . .

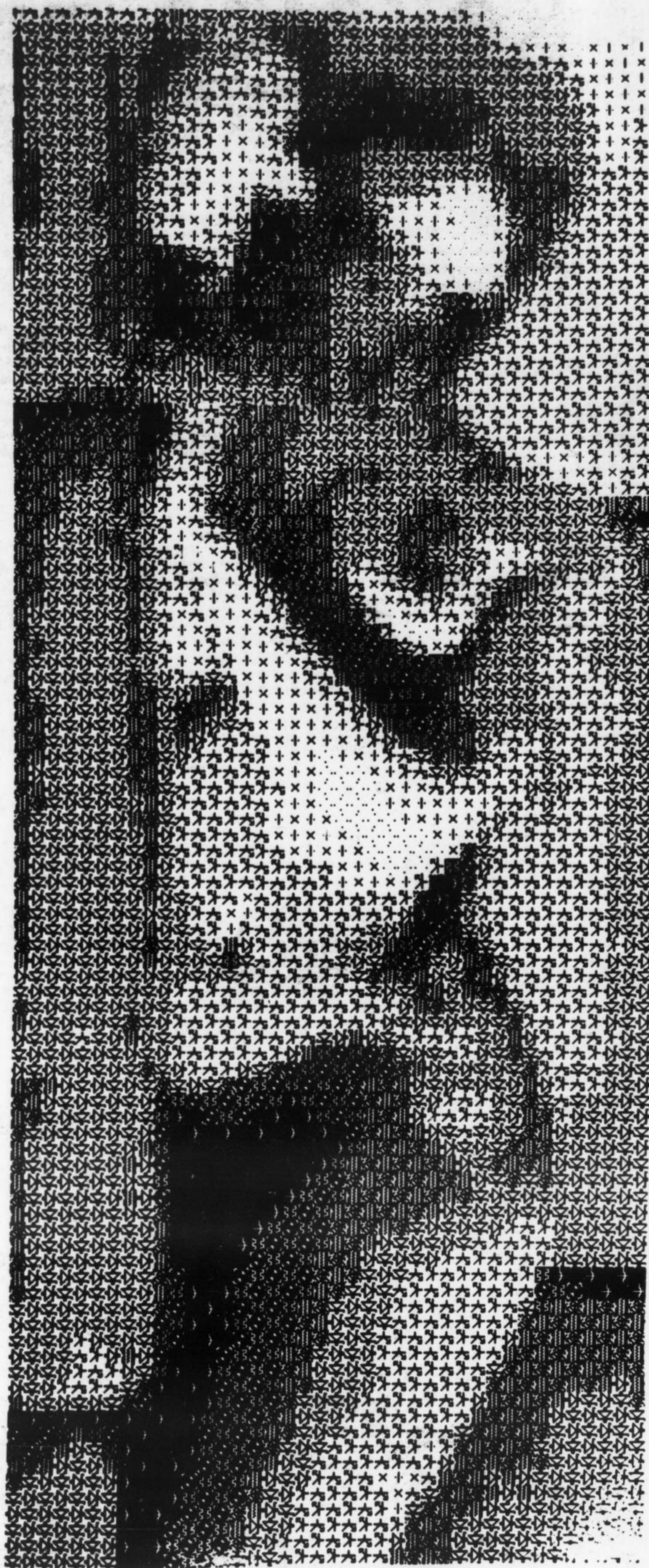
In the years from 1920 to 1930 most

of the inventions in modern Art had been made, and many examples by Artists like the Twittering Machine of Paul Klee, the constructions by the Russian artists Vladimir Tatlin, Kasimir Malevich, El Lissitzky, the prophetic works by Moholy-Nagy are now in one show assembled to give an insight on how keen the mind of these artists of our century worked in relation to the mechanical "happenings, the technological structure of the present . . . and one feels that the technological structure of the present . . . and the young artists of today basically do not much more than what had been created 50 years ago. With one exception: Computer-Art, Cybernetics and electronics used as Artmaterial are definitely "Today". We are, as one young sculptor once told me, the primitives of the Cybernetic Age . . .

In the Brooklyn Show "Some more Beginnings," the Computer, the electronic components, the Photocells, the Stroblights work overtime. So much so, that at the artists' opening night one elegant, fragile glass piece, a high rising column, filled with a flame, designed by artists-engineer team Edward Franklin and John Brooks shattered into thousand tiny glass fragments . . . as a kind of offering to the Art and Technology Gods. Claes Oldenburg spoke the tipsy toast to the start of "Beginnings", calling the affair a wedding between Engineering and Art . . . Also as a good omen one can take the birth of a baby-girl "Lumiere" to Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern, who had for the Occasion built a kind of whispering, musical, milar-stroblighted silver shining round pavillion—Boudoir, called "Sound-Mobile" (Engineer Edwin Hodder.) One has to get into the new poetry of words to participate mentally in the sound of things as: Photo-electric cells, Plexiglas, Sound Amplification System, Projection and Stroboscopic units, Flashlights. . . and I go on from the computer-design printed "Beginnings" catalogue to quote some lines, which sound to me like op-Poetry:

"By Kasoundra, American, born 1945, Astrological Clock. Electric Clock Mechanism . . . The Face of Clock elaborates Details of Astrology this clock can be read as 5 minutes to 4 or 5 minutes to cancer . . ."

One walks hypnotized into Drop City—Ultimate fainting turning turning black light surrounded Hippientent, one is blinded by the ultra-aggressive message by Jean Toche (Belgian Artist) who shouts out in anguish facing the life and the times he lives in,—with many thousands of Volts electrical, dangerously blindingly destroying The Message: "I AM A HUMAN BEING—DO NOT DESTROY." and one is consoled and amused and falls in love with the tiny creature "TOY-PET PLEXIBALL" by Robin Parkinson (artist) and Eric Martin (student of architecture.) This adorable little Plexiglas Baby responds, as most all the instruments of electronic Art do, to stamping one's feet or clapping one's hands.—It rolls around slowly, happily just like a toy, in fact it behaves exactly like the baby-doll one watches on T.V. "Crawling baby." But it is an abstract doll, a twenty-one century doll, a science fiction doll and I think the show in Brooklyn, brainchild Billy Kluever and Bob Rauschenberg and many others, who helped the birth of EAT along, can not be judged with the criterium of old-timeart, but must be looked at, as one looks at a Stanley Kubrick Film, Barabarella, Head, science fiction, and I mean "Science", and I mean "Fiction". I want to say, one should judge this art work in a new way, with an open mind for a future imagination, a future kind of phantasy, a future type of ART-MAKING. The old type is very well preserved in the Museum of Modern Art . . . and the catalogue is a work



Studies in Perception, I, 1968

of Art by Pontus Hulten, in fact it is a masterpiece for the Price \$6.95. Bound in Beer-cantin, all indestructible cover in colors, after a Photo of the Museums facade by Curator Alicia Legg. It's a collectors item and absolutely worthy to be put into a plexiglas box by Kulicke.

The six Price winners of the Moma-Brooklyn show and competition of Experiments in Art and Technology are: Jean Dupis, French, b. 1925 (artist) Ralph Martel, American b. 1935 Engineer, Harris Yman, American, b. 1936 Engineer.

The No. 1 work is named: HEART BEATS DUST. It is a poetic beautifully working Heart-machine, which gives out the taped heartbeat of a human being, and makes it visual through a conically shaped red pigmented dust column. The essential material is dust, the dust used

(Continued on Page 14)

Kenneth C. Knowlton (engineer)
Leon D. Harmon (artist)

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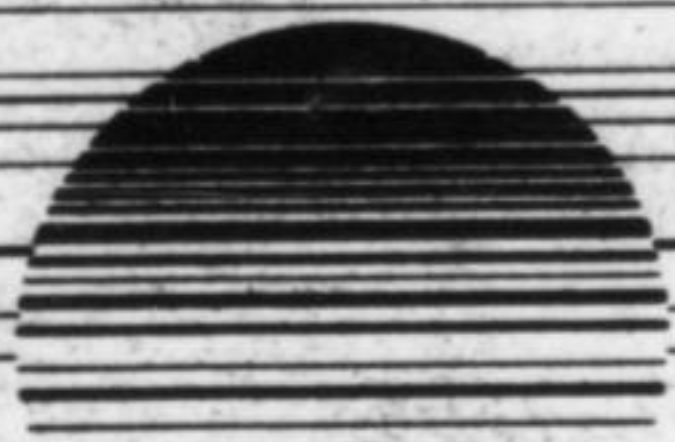
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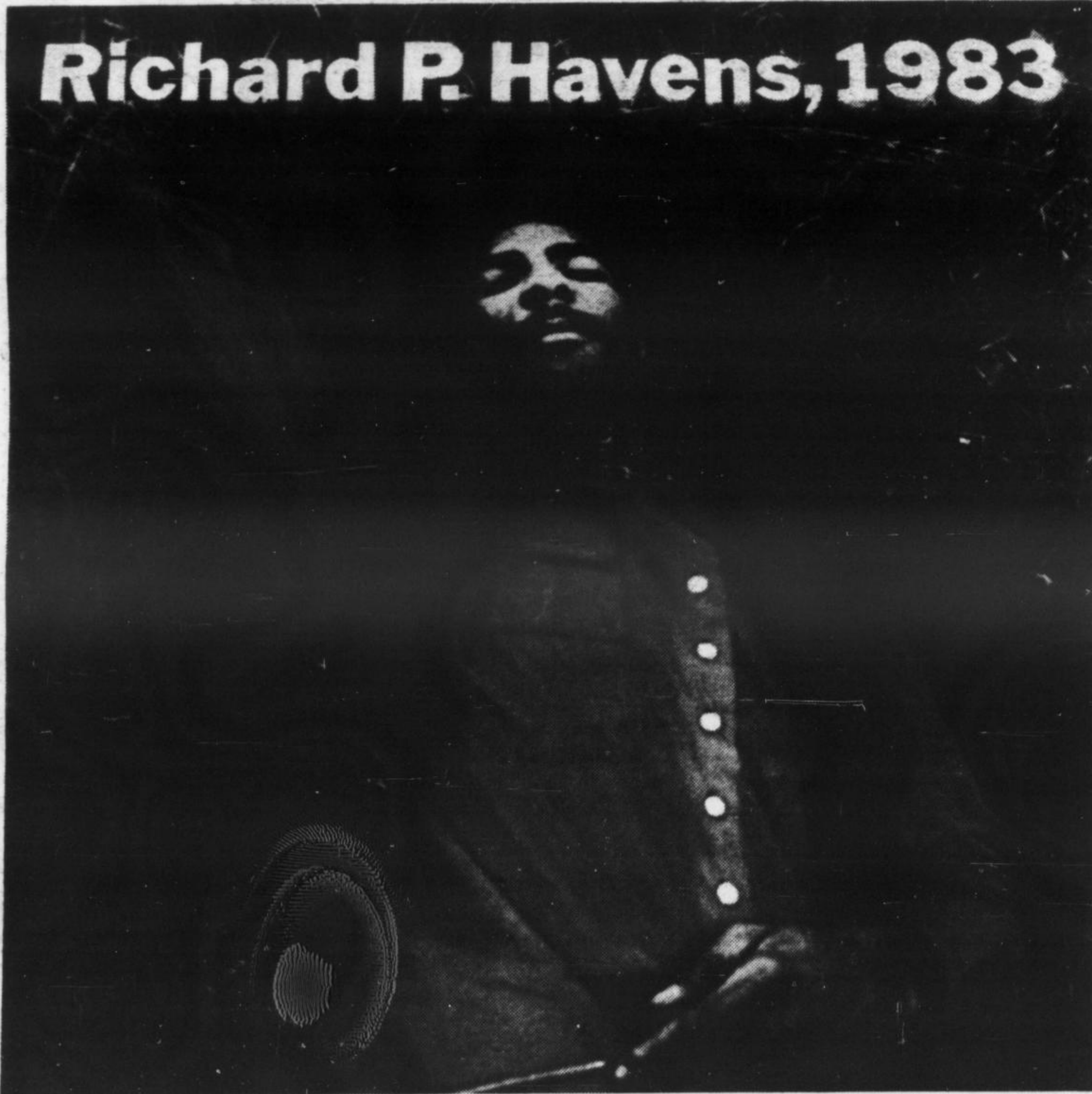
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art

is Lithel Rubine, a brilliant red pigment of low specific gravity, chosen for its ability to remain suspended in air for a long period. The Dust jumps on the bottom of the Rectangular Box regularly appearing like the eruption of a volcano, or like a moonscape with geysers spouting red dust. Price given \$3,000 to the engineers.

Price No. 2 went to the engineer of artist Wen-Ying Tsai, born in China, 1928, Frank T. Turner, American b. 1911. Name of York: Cybernetic Sculpture. It is made from multiple stainless steel units and dances like a Belly-dancer when turned on by oscillators, stroboscopic lights and electronic equipment. Tsai is a very inventive young artist, who has a sense for the aesthetics of mobile steel rods, which he animates to a dance in space. He has a smaller work now in an exhibition at the Howard Wise Gallery, to which he belongs as an artist and shows there regularly. His smaller

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art

piece at Wise's "Fun-on 57th Street-Show" reacts and responds to the clapping of hands immediately. The rectangularly arranged thin tubes of steel do an oriental dance of the most sensual rhythm. Go and look at this (not at all funny, but very attractive) holiday show at the Howard Wise Gallery, 50 W. 57th Street. Here Art and Technology meet in happy pleasing cooperation. Also the exhibited Bubble-Bath is a new Art-possibility. . . something for young and slender beings to crawl into and become part of a plastic Bubble. And in Agams empty room one can rest in "Peace"; it is an electronically turned on room for mental concentration, and philosophically it does the same as the Hippie-Drop City Tent in the Brooklyn Show.

Second given Second Prize was presented to Lucy J. Young (Artist) b. 1929, American and to her Husband Engineer Niels O. Young (Physicist, Vice President of Block Engineering, Inc.) Name of the piece: Fakir in 3/4 time.

The wife had the idea for a moving ribbon in Space, the husband designed the Motor-machine, — it's a much more complicated procedure, than what I have just described — to make the ribbon rise to great heights and perform beautiful arabesques in space. It's in a way like writing in air, with a ribbon-line. Both second Prize winners received each \$1,000.

In EAT News from March 1968 one can find the Motto or Leitmotiv for the show of the "NEWART": "E.A.T. is concerned with the Process of making art and not with the work of art as final product."

After having watched the many examples of Art-Machines, and motorized objects doing what comes naturally, moving and making sounds being turned on, or plucked in, and having been hypnotized by Marcel Duchamp's fascinating spiral record-plates whirling around and having paid a dollar for a genuine Jean Tinguely (unsigned) done by Matamatic No. 8, and also been attracted by a TV Sculpture (in Brooklyn) women/and a poetic shoeshine machine, called "Life" by a young Swedish artist Per Olof Ultvedt, (in Moma) noticing in the Moma also that since Leonard da Vinci, the School of Durer, and in the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th century many artists were compulsively under the spell of Machine-Art machine pre-occupation, finally got really completely convinced that the DADA-ists had been right with their prophesy of 1920: "ART IS DEAD — LONG LIVE TATLINS NEW MACHINE ART." One reads this slogan on the large photo-mural, which is exhibited facing the work of the Russian constructivist Vladimir Tatlin. His Monument to the third Internationale is reconstructed and exhibited in the sculpture garden of the Museum. On the Photo-Mural taken from the DaDaist Catalogue of the Berlin Show 1920, the young George Grosz and John Heartfield are holding up the sign. It is a manifesto of "Political Art." Is old-Art "again condemned to a new death?" I think so! Very few people like to see something that is Ultra New and Imperfect. Most art critics are, will be and always have been AGAINST everything they cannot read easily. They are mostly blind and stuck in the mud of tradition. For them the NEWART is dead, for me the NEWART lives, has started with SOME Beginnings.

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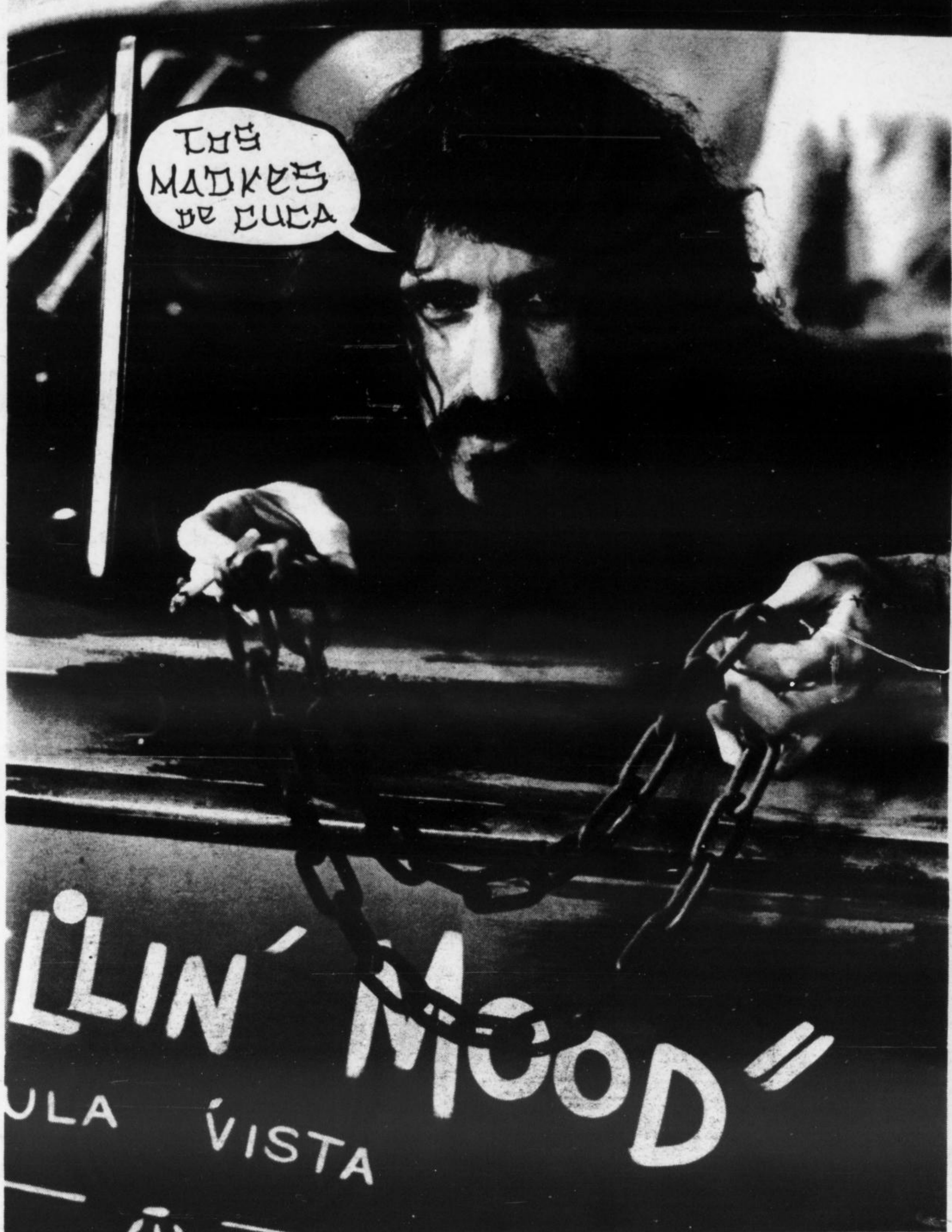
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One night, J Marks and Shipen Lebzelter were meditating over a page from the Papyrus of Ani, when they disappeared in a silent, emerald flash. They awoke in a solar boat where Karlheinz Stockhausen sat at the tiller, dreaming. His dream filled the sail and the boat moved through drifting star clusters of music. Brass choirs chanted, electric choruses exploded, shining freaks played glittering instruments, sonic vibrations double-crossed and tripled-back, razor-thin rushes dissolved into fragments of speech and a bunch of very famous rock stars spoke of many things. A millennium or so later, J Marks and Shipen Lebzelter cleared the smoke from their ears and leaned back. "I'm sure glad we had the tape recorders with us," J Marks said.

Rock and Other Four Letter Words is on
Columbia Records

tech art

(Continued from Page 5)

can channel the forces that might destroy it has the chance of developing into one worth living in.

Basically the goal of a mixed-media environment is to make the spectator (who is preferably also a participant) go more deeply into himself or further out towards other people. This is a genuinely revolutionary function, aimed at recreating the bases on which people react to things, each other, and their own minds, unlike much of the reactionary posturing which now passes for revolutionary. Human nature may be immutable (or may not be), but the elements that compose it can be mixed in any number of different proportions and combinations which distinguish different cultures from each other—mixed-media is a means of transport into the next culture.

Obviously there are certain individual items in the two shows which fall short of the desired effect, though they make interesting padding within the overall environment. It is an open question whether everything should be on the same level of brilliance in a mixed-media showing—possibly a few things should be left less than perfect in order to provide a background for what is better. In any case light boxes with vague, evanescent streamings almost coming to a climax are probably already a cliché and will only work if skilfully juxtaposed with other devices. This is also true of some other light gimmicks based on nothing more than the use of a Carouselle or other automatic projector (though these are used with true art in the Cassens-Stern environment, perhaps the best piece in the Brooklyn show). Flashing lights have also been used a bit too often, though once again they are blindingly effective in the piece one staggers by as one enters, Jean Toche's work I AM A HUMAN BEING, DO NOT DESTROY. Simple kinetic effects powered by magnets and solenoids are also something of a bore now as are inflatables (depending on how all these are used) and plexiglass abstracts rotated in front of a projector, though these will probably prove effective for someone seeing them the first time. It might also be a good idea for all devices to be built as sturdily as possible—with or without gang attendance, it is always a disappointment to come upon an Out Of Order sign.

Leaving to one side the mixed-media aspect, there is finally the question of whether a given object should be judged as a work of art or a piece of technology. In the long run this question may be irrelevant, but for the present it is still a meaningful one. The people at E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology) have not thought this aspect completely through—it is perhaps too much at this phase to ask that they should have—but they seem to be favoring the technician at the expense of the artists. At any rate they have bestowed their prizes on the technicians rather than the artists (almost all the works are the product of artist-technician co-

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tech art

shaping), and it is a jury of technicians which has awarded these prizes purely on the basis of technical considerations.

Now it has always been obvious that a work which is technically stunning can add up to less than nothing on the artistic scale, just as an artistic idea can be vague and vapid without the technique to make it happen in reality. This is as true of Tech Art as it ever was. In some cases a perfect marriage of first-class art and technology may be achieved, in others the contribution of both may be unimpressive. It should also be remembered that the most ingenious work is often not the most intricate but the simplest one—that which does most with least. Tech Art should never become an absolute end in itself—it would be ironic if in ten years art should have gone from abstract expressionism, which sacrificed technique to feeling and form, to another extreme demanding technique at the expense of content and feeling.

In any case the question of standards for Tech Art, either as individual works or as mixed-media environments, is something which requires a great deal more thought if art and man are to be brought a step further through them. The possibilities are there beyond doubt, shining and immense, full of all kinds of promise, and the only person likely to be unsettled by them is the artist uncommitted to either Tech or conventional art, wondering whether to join E.A.T. or be eaten.

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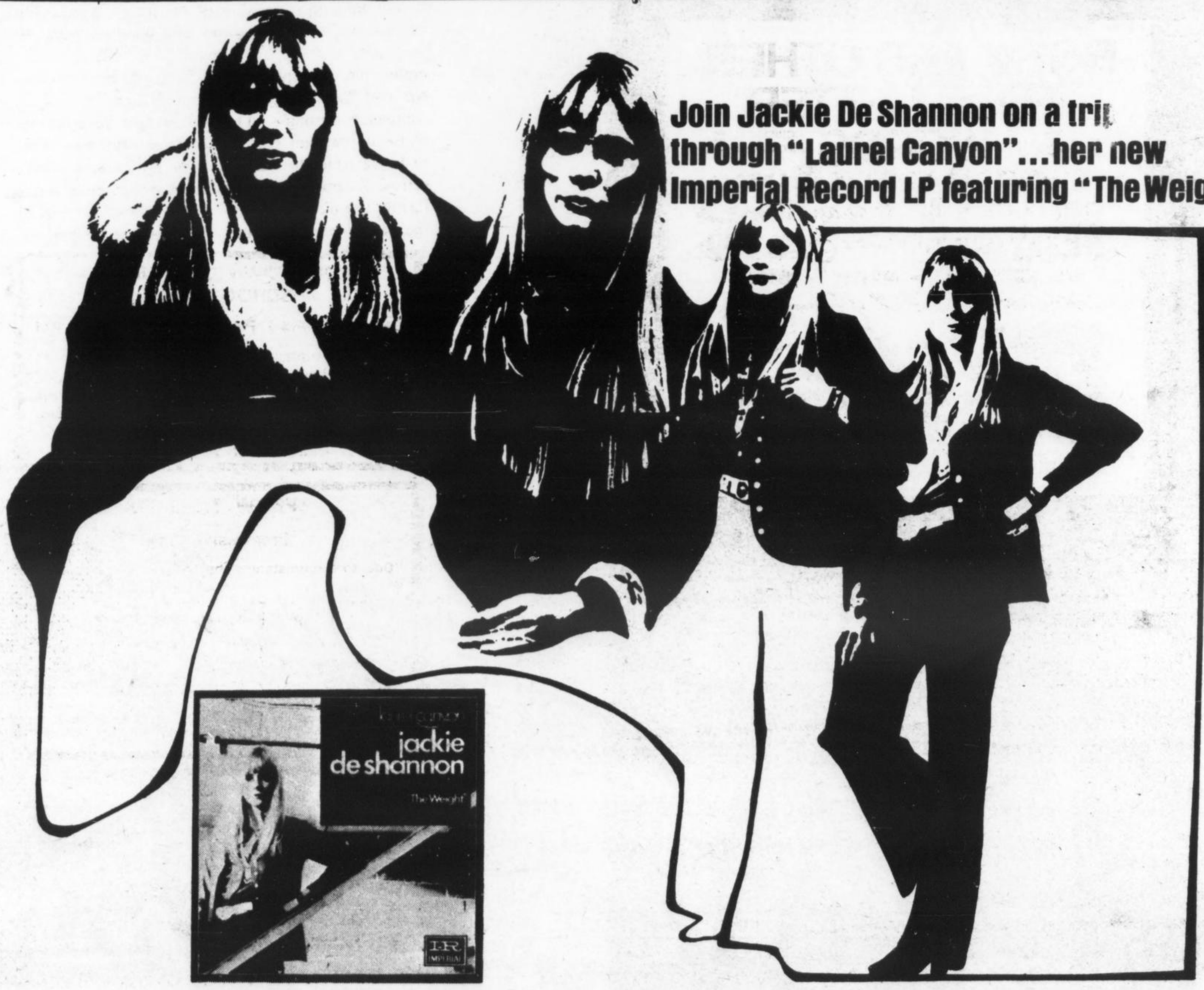
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 THE NEW YORK ENVOY is looking for models, either amateurs or pros. If you have a good figure, WE GUARANTEE that you will be published in the paper. A real sharp figure with a face to match could get you on the front cover. See our full page ad in this issue. Call R. M. Brandon at 495-0513.

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 Are you a Magnet or a Teddy Bear?
 An Engine or a Caboose? Fur or Steel?
 It's all in the NEW Illustrated PSYCHO-SYMBOLS® cards — with the meanings printed right on them!
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 • See the penetrating Combination Card and the humorous "Mixed up Match-Maker"
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 Order an extra set for someone you like!
 Send \$2.00 (Postpaid) to: PSYCHO-SYMBOLS, Dept. B, P.O. Box 272, East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

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 Open 5 days — Mon. thru Fri. (12 to 9)
 Individual Lessons — Self-defense — Kata Forms
 Free-style Fighting — (Reasonable Rates)
NEW CLASSES EVERY WEEK

revolution (Continued from Page 2)

"Political irrelevance is more effective than political relevance."
 "The future is in your head."
 "The myth, like anything else, is free. Anybody can claim he is it and use it to hustle."
 "There never were any Yippies and there never will be. It was a slogan YIPPIE! and that exclamation point was what it was all about. It was the biggest put-on of all time. If you believe Yippies existed, you are nothing but sheep. The Brothers and Sisters who came and fought and made love weren't hustled. Everyone's Chicago came true. You know how I knew? Nobody was disappointed Bob Dylan didn't show up. You know he did, though it was just the fuckin' pigs wouldn't let him play in the park. I saw him. Sunday night we sat up in a tree near the Church of the Free Spirit in Lincoln Park smoking grass. If you don't believe me go up to Woodstock and ask him."
 "Myths work the way this section is written. They just go. The next section will also be called 'Getting It All Out There' to make some more non-points. Anyway, repetition is the key to advertising. 'Drink Revolution and See.'
 "Distortion is essential to myth-making."
 "The Media is the message. Use it. No fundraising, no full-page ad in the N.Y. Times, no press releases. Just do your thing; the press eats it up. MAKE NEWS."

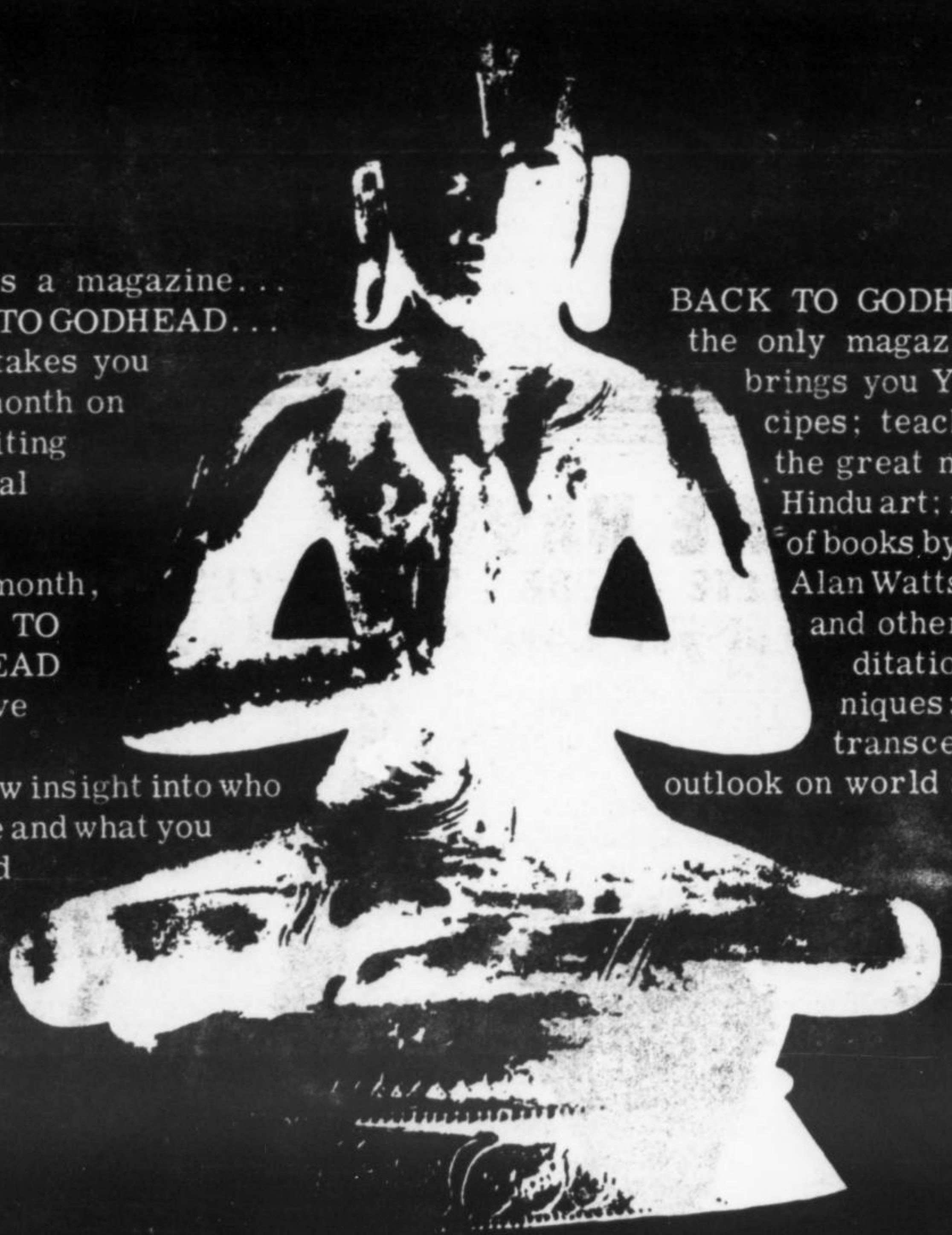
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"Symbols and myths is what it's all about. Headlines: NATIONAL GUARD VS. THE HIPPIES AT CONRAD HILTON. My God, the overground press looked like the EAST VILLAGE OTHER."
 "Revolution for the hell of it? Why not? It's all a bunch of phony words anyway."
 "The first duty of a revolutionary is not to get caught."
 Who is Abbie Hoffman? Is he a believer or disbeliever? Does he exist or doesn't he? Is he a God in a world which is too small to hold more than one?
 "Then being understood is not your goal?"
 Of course not. The only way you can understand is to join, to become involved. Our goal is to remain a mystery. Pure theater. Free, with no boundaries except your own. Throwing money onto the floor of the Stock Exchange is pure information. It needs no explanation. It says more than thousands of anti-capitalist tracts and essays. It's so obvious that I hesitate to discuss it, since everyone reading this already has an image of what happened there. I respect their images. Anything I said would come on like expertise. 'Now, this is what really happened.' In point of fact nothing happened. Neither we nor the Stock Exchange exist. We are both rumors. That's it. That's what happened that day. Two different rumors collided."

If the spirit of the revolution is anyone, it is Free. It is phony as he is phony. It is alive as much as he is alive. It is real and unreal as much as he is real and unreal. It is extraordinarily human as he is human. It is here as he is here.
 "We are a pain in the ass to America because we cannot be explained."
 REVOLUTION FOR THE HELL OF IT is many things. It is the boyscout manual for media mischief. It is the Tarot for revolutionaries. It is an important document about what happened, what didn't happen, and what will happen.
 "What we seek are new living styles. We don't talk about them. We want to live them."
 "Warhol understands modern media. Castro has the passion for social change. It's not easy. One's a fag and the other is the epitome of virility. If I was forced to make the choice I would choose Castro, but right now in this period of change in the country the styles of the two can be blended. It's not guerrilla warfare but, well, maybe a good term is monkey warfare. If the country becomes more repressive we must become Castros. If it becomes more tolerant we must become Warhols."
 "I want the gun and the flower."
 "There are numerous possibilities."
 Read the book if you want to find out. It is a cheap hustle. And if there is a need after you have read it, to choose your symbols and sides, then laugh and take cover.

ARE YOU AWARE?



There's a magazine... **BACK TO GODHEAD**... which takes you each month on an exciting spiritual quest. Each month, **BACK TO GODHEAD** will give you a bold new insight into who you are and what you are and why.

BACK TO GODHEAD is the only magazine that brings you Yoga recipes; teachings of the great mystics; Hindu art; reviews of books by Hesse, Alan Watts, Buber and others; meditation techniques; and the transcendental outlook on world affairs.

BACK TO GODHEAD will make you more aware.

For a 3-month (3-issue) trial subscription to **BACK TO GODHEAD**, just send us this coupon, along with one dollar.

BACK TO GODHEAD
 ISKCON Press 243 East 10th St. N.Y.C. 10003

Enclosed is \$1. Please enter my 3-month trial subscription to BTG magazine.

NAME _____
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 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

MAKE ME, NOT WAR



Harass your local bookstore until they carry **Horseshit.**

SINFUL!

Most people go into a state of shock when they first open a copy of **Horseshit**. Then they go about halfway through, reading and looking at the pictures, and they have to put it down and try to get their breath back again. When they've rested up, they go through the rest of the magazine. Then they put it down and they don't know what to think. The next day they read it again and decide they like it. The day after that they decide it's GREAT! They show it to their friends. Then they have to sit there and listen while their friends yell and shout with laughter and point out things they particularly like. Soon, other friends come over, dozens of them. "We want to see THAT magazine," they say. Finally, some bastard steals their **Horseshit**. Then there's nothing left to do but order a new subscription from us. You might as well get started now. Be ready for a shock.

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 3 issues for \$5
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 Issues #1, #2 and #3 now available.
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MAKES A REALLY GREAT XMAS PRESENT
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 8. VON BAYROSS - "Animals & Women Making Love" (Set of 4) 19.00
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* Send check or money order to:
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Cooper Station
New York, New York 10003**

MEN ONLY

GOING SOFT TOO SOON?

It took a smart person to create it. A doctor to recommend, and us to sell it. When you go down, it stays up. Hard to beat. \$12.00. Reuseable. Show this ad to an old friend. He will always be grateful. For more information send \$1.00 (refundable on first order) Mail only
**JOHNSON
Box 171
80 Riverside Dr., N.Y.C. 10024**



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Meet girls, guys, couples. Attend groovy parties; make new friends. Kindred spirits are your kind of people. This is America's fastest growing and wildest correspondence magazine. Send \$1 for our latest 40 page issue.

FOR FREE THINKING. FREE LIVING ADULTS!

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

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Before you buy books on sex (or any other subject), send for our catalog, compare our prices and see for yourself that you can get the SAME BOOKS from us at prices up to 88% lower! Send 25c for giant catalog.
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Searching for uninhibited **GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES.** Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details! Mid-City (Dept. A-5) P.O. Box 682 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

Mid-City

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movies slides posters photos
A BIG FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOR CATALOG FOR ONLY \$1.00
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NUDE MALE FILM CLUB

CINEMA 7 is now offering membership in a private film club devoted to the male and the male body. We will be presenting experimental films, premieres of male nudes, and revivals of films of interest to our members. Most of our programs cannot and will not be shown in public theatres.

There will be continuous screenings nightly; admission is \$2.00 and open only to those displaying a CINEMA 7 membership card. To join please fill out the coupon below and send with a \$1.00 membership fee to: CINEMA 7, 231 E 5th St., NYC 10003.

Gentlemen: I am over 21 years of age and interested. Enclosed is \$1.00; please forward a membership card and further details on CINEMA 7 to:

name _____
address _____
zip _____

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By **LEONARDO DA VINCI**

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All you can eat
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Double occupancy
For men only

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WOMEN . . . we have your man.
MEN . . . she is lovely.
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**MEET NEW PEOPLE, LAUGH, LOVE AND HAVE A GREAT
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Must be
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**SEND \$2.00 CHECK
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COME EAT WITH ME

No matter how varied or exotic your culinary tastes may be, there are many fine restaurants to cater to your each and every whim, however.

you need only the ENVOY to satisfy your sensual desires.

Regardless of how varied, exotic or erotic they may be. Through the pages of the ENVOY you will come into contact with thousands of swingers of all types, men, women, couples, groups. So straight or gay, regardless how you play, with 1, 2, 3, 4 or more, the ENVOY will tell you the score! The ENVOY is your paper, it can be your passport into the sensual world of the swinger. Don't just take my word for it, send \$1.00 today for your trial copy.

Enter Our BIG "COME EAT WITH ME" contest !!!!

Anyone over 21 may enter. Just follow the simple rules.

If you send for a trial copy of the ENVOY or place an ad, your name will automatically be entered. However, you don't have to buy anything to enter. If you don't wish to receive a trial copy or place an ad you may enter by sending us your name, address, and phone number on a 3"x5" index card. At the stroke of midnight on December 31st, as the New Year is being ushered in, we will have a drawing to select the winner. The 1st prize winner, if a male, will have dinner with "Miss Envoy" at a fine restaurant at the expense of the Envoy. If the 1st prize winner is a female, she can have the choice of our swinging male editorial staff as her dinner companion at our expense. The next five prizes will be a one year free subscription to the Envoy. This offer void where prohibited by law. You must be over 21 to enter.

SPECIAL GET WITH IT OFFER

Yes, I Want To Get With It. I Want The Envoy To Be My Passport Into The Sensual World Of The Swinger!!!

OFFER NO. 1 Trial Copy Of The Envoy \$2. Value **NOW \$1.**

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Extra Words 20¢ Each

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If you desire, we will publish your photo with your ad. Send \$1.00 extra. This will probably get you a bigger response.

GIRLS

If You Are Trying To Break Into Modeling And Having A Rough Time And Have A Good Figure, Send Your Picture To Our Photo Editor And We Will Guarantee Publication.

When you receive your copy of the Envoy, read it carefully. You will find many different types of ads from swingers of different kinds. Select the ones you like and write to them, using the confidential code no. that appears in the ad. We will forward your letters to the placers of the ad promptly and unopened.

However, if you are the type that doesn't like to write place an ad of your own in the Envoy (your name and address does not appear, we use a code number.). With our large and varied circulation all over the nation you can be sure your ad will be read by many whose interests parallel yours, and if they write to you, it can be the start of a long beautiful intimate relationship.....

So Get Started Today By Taking Advantage Of Our Get With It-50% Saving Offer

A minimum 20 word ad (regularly \$4.00) Now only \$2.00
A trial copy of Envoy (regularly 2.00) Now only 1.00
Both for only 3.00

Envoy! Yes I Want To Get With It

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Leave Blank

Trial Copy \$1 Code No. _____ (Headline) _____

1 Yr. Subscription \$5 _____

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Extra words _____ (20 WORD SPECIAL \$2.-)

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LADIES, WE WILL PRINT YOUR AD FREE with or without photo.

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CITY & STATE _____ ZIP CODE # _____

MAIL TO

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ENVOY P.O.B. 134V BKLYN, N.Y. 11203

wheel and deal

TO GROSS JOE WITH LOVE

M.S.



SPECIAL SERVICES

"TURN ON BY MAIL — Add your name to groovy, sexy, adult mailing lists. Loads of horny mail. Send \$1.00 to WLS, P.O. Box 912, Azusa, Calif., 91702".

WHAT is the cause of the cure? Nourish ourselves with plants.

FOR THE ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

WE WILL MOVE anything (from a chair to a whole apt.) any time (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimate also. Long & short term storage also available — Village Trucking & Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C., 477-5626, 477-1767.

LESBIAN introductions. Meet others with same desires. Many "Gay Girls" in your area. For sex, etc.! Membership \$5.00, Gaiety, 621 Fourth, San Diego, California, 92103.

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NUDISCOVER

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

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BLOW YOUR MIND before it's too late

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

KINDRED SPIRITS

Fastest growing swinger's publication anywhere offers hundreds of personal ads from groovy girls, guys, couples, who want to meet you . . . Also stories, articles, special offers and the opportunity to attend swinging social events. Send \$1 for latest 40 page issue (\$2 on newstands) to K. S., Box 3806, Chicago, Ill. 60654, Dept. A-1. **LIGHT MOVING**. 24 hour service wagon plus one man \$6.00. Two men \$9.00. 388-1954.

PERSONAL

DELICIOUS Kosher salami attached to 32 year old handsome married me. If you're female, young, lovely and "hungry" let's meet for "something to eat." 685-1541 weekdays.

CALIFORNIA couple visiting New York mid-December. Desire meeting others interested in leather, rubber, bondage & discipline. Photos exchanged. Box 5247, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

MAN, white, suave, Continental type, would to meet girls 18-27 who are interested in the French, Greek and Italian culture. Must be clean, shapely and sophisticate type. Everything kept confidential. Call BE 3-5910, ask for Tony Powers.

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

YOUNG man age 22, seeks young man for sex and fun. No queens. Send photo and phone Number to P. O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

"To my Experimental Garden" though my verse be mist and enticement/
the texture of earth and measurement/
is a conjuration of blood and rarity/
for your lingering dawn of liberty/
that envisions a strange innocence of adoration/
with a bewildering intimacy of equation/
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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.

HANDSOME, slim male, 23, seeks lonely, six foot, muscle-bound physique, with a "heart," for sincere relationship, a "someone to watch over me." Serious Gentlemen please call: 787-5500, Ext. 472.

ATTENTION girls (18-40). Are you looking for the impossible when it comes to a climax? Wish that it lasts? Wish to be in heaven all NIGHT' never ending, chills running up & down your spine and hair standing up? Well, I've got the know how. Its new, its FANTASTIC & very BEAUTIFUL. Try me and see. Fulfillment assured. Sincere girls only. Fags etc. forget it. Call, (212) 799-5039. Bill after 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

DOCILE male available to sincere women for slavery, obedience, etc. Sincerity a must. Phone, all answered immed. P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn 11211, New York. NO MALES.

ARE you young white girl looking for fellow to release sexual tension but have reservation on actual intercourse. O.K. Box 226, 340 West 42nd St. N.Y. 10036.

MALE, 24, Cauc. thin, butch but gentle, wishes to meet fem, male, 18-28, for mutual homophilic friendship. Write: Lloyd, Apt. 9A, 170 Ave C, N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

"CONGENIAL attractive married man in the 40, seeks to accompany females in evening and weekend outings sharing expenses. GR 5-6936."

ATTRACTIVE female desired for three months on sailboat in The Virgin Islands. Must enjoy sailing, swimming roughing it. All expenses paid. ES 5-6053, 12 to 4p.m. 7 to 11 p.m.

MASTERS/SLAVES: Extremely good looking, MASTER, 25, wants young, white, groovy slaves digging discipline and thriving on hottest, most uninhibited "dirty" (PISS, ETC.) scene imaginable! Slaves must send photo/phone. MASTERS desiring slaves in wild group activity also write in ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE: Box 291, Times Square Station, New York City.

COLLEGE Eng. Teacher, 40, will assist and finance education of young female in return for friendship. Must be willing to live in Midwest. Box 847, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

GAY SOCIAL CLUB. Men 18-35 ONLY. PARTIES. MEET GROOVY PEOPLE. TELEPHONE INTRODUCTION SERVICE. CALL 532-1270. Mon. OR Fri. Eves., OR Sat. 1-5 p.m. 200 Interesting Guys.

MALE, 40, white, attractive, slim, gay, 69er, Bar-bored, seeks. Sincere slim similar 25-40. Phone number please. Heath, Box 32, Ansonia Station N.Y.C. 10023.

"FEMALE SKI companion sought by tall handsome grad student for Vermont trip late December. Send photo: Bruce Balgooyen, 468 Nelson Rd., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. 607-273-5818."

GROPE THERAPY: If your stories and bodies are interesting join our ever-changing talk and action group. All hangups cheerfully accepted. Particulars to Dick, Box 133, Gracie Station, New York 10028.

GAY rimmer desires young aggressive black to teach him eat teacher's products. No hustler. Photo, phone number, if possible. Hurry! HGB, Box 539, N.Y.C., 10011.

WANTED 15 girls to pose nude with 1 male for unusual Christmas Card. Ages 21 to 30. Call 899-8983, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Mon. thru Sat. Ask for Jif or Lou."

I'M a 25 year old woman with a big wet clitoris and vagina full of female sex juice! I masturbate, suck dicks and rape men! I have blonde hair/blue eyes and delicious pussy. For \$1.00 you can write me (3) pornographic letters. Will reply in equal (2) long page fashion. Or for \$10.00 per month correspond with as many letters as you like. Make your girlfriend/wife jealous. Let her know someone else fucks you! Write on any subject/any style! Will suck your dick through the mails. Neatly fold \$1.00 cash only and mail with one letter at a time to: Delores c/o Sweet William Inc. Audubon Station, New York, N.Y. 10032. Box 394.

YOUNG male 35, white seeks females interested in courses in French cultures. Expert professional teacher night classes only. J. R., Box 68, Brooklyn 34, N. Y.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, Carole. Wherever you are, I hope you're happy. Dave"

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.

MARRIED guy, college grad., seek girls for dates and fun. Have plenty bread. Box 303, Freeport, N.Y. 11520.

TWO fellows, 30-40, one handicapped, would like to hear from other fellows who are interested in social . . . purely social get-togethers. Interests, theatre, movies, reading, music, etc. Call 581-0987, not soliciting & way outs, don't call.

COLLEGE graduate, 24, understanding, strong-willed but sensitive, receptive to the feeling, ideas and emotions of others, seeks intimate, stimulating enjoyment with well stacked, shapely, sexy and passionate female, any age. Call PUR-LPIT, Sunday - Thursday, 8 p.m. and after only.

Hear my Heart when the cradle opens a cloud and the monument delivers a shroud
Hear my Heart when imagination opposes the sea and separated fingers return the debris
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

FOR LADY ARTISTS. — Very handsome and well-built gentleman, 29, will pose without fee or obligation for sketches, sculptures or body paintings. Dial XAX-#0 - PUL.

TICKLE HER FANCY with the original tickler imported from France. Guaranteed to arouse and please any female or money refunded. Limited supply \$2.00 each. Consumer's Unlimited, Box 2666, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Must be 21 years of age.

GROOVY vocalist still needs help. Your pleasure in return, only sincere, financially secure should reply. Please call Miss Lynn, 939-1957. Leave message. Boy! Girl! Slaves!

Hear my Heart when a golden-baby kisses the past and a mask forms the forecast
Hear my Heart when an infant delivers a star and the future flutters from a far
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

CAMPUS males seeking discreet friendship with sincere, male 30 white, write, Box 73, Murray Hill Station, New York City 10016.

PROBLEMS in love, life, existence can be eased by sharing them with others. Join our group socio-expression sessions. Call the Center for Socio-Expression. 935-0062 anytime.

BACHELOR DATING SERVICE— Girls . . . need extra money for holiday gifts? Rent increase? Get on our swinging dating list. No prudes. Teenyboppers welcome. Send fone and foto to Taylor. Box 398, NYC 36, N.Y.

NICE guy, 29, has interesting apt. (E. 70's) also car, boat, and country house to share with attractive artistic gal no expenses. No strings. SF 4-0884.

FOR photos, films etc., you name it I deliver. Don't be SHY, write, C. A. Box 184, Staten Island, N. Y. 10306.

HANDSOME, 25, cleancut oriental guy, offers love, spiritual assistance to girls 18-35. Your place, please call 928-6223, after 6 p.m. Ask for Mike.

CALLING ALL WOMEN. Single or married from 21 to 30. Let a gentlemen of 24 share the pleasures sex has to offer to one another. Come to 1265 Broadway, 32nd Street, Room 707 or write to Bruce P.O. Box 3955, Grand Central Station.

"WHITE male, 42, seeks to meet white female, 25-35, to share friendships and possibly an upper east-side Manhattan apartment. Phone HA 7-6046 after eight Monday-Friday."

"ATTRACTIVE gay guy, wants to meet masculine gay guy 25-33, for sex and or lasting relationship. Only serious minded need call after 7:30. 724-4663, any night but Tuesday."

ARE YOU satisfied with you life? I am, but find time and energy to entertain young-in-spirit girls and women. I'm young, personable, and experienced. I suit myself to your needs—but I'm always a man. If you're a real woman, write Mr. W., Box 268, Cathedral Station, New York City 10025. I'm available days, and am discreet.

"HANDSOME, erotic 33 year old Italian wants shapely white girl, under 30 to share for free his pad in Murray Hill area. Call Dante OR 9-0354."

ATTRACTIVE, congenial and sincere male, 35, seeks permanent relationship with same. No quacks or queens. Call: GOA-SOCI.

COLLEGE man (23) seeking warm loving girl for Winter nights and building a satisfying relationship. John R., Box 5018, Grand Central Sta., N.Y., N.Y.

HANDSOME male student, 21 with apartment desires attractive understanding female to teach me the art of love. Include phone, to Box 70, N.Y., N.Y. 10034.

ARTISTE-PEINTRE FRANCAIS, virile, well educated, discreet physically attractive, late twenties, desires meeting affectionate woman, phone 826-6468, Write 514 Madison Av., Apt. 5E, New York City. No males.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive — white couple 24-31 seeks introduction to swingers life, singles, couples, N.Y.C. area. Write Sue or Jim Langston, Box 37 Fishkill, N.Y. 12524.

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

MALE, 37, seeking pleasant discreet companion to watch sports on TV followed by mutually satisfying activities. Phone number helpful. E. B. P.O. Box 1716, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

UNDERSTANDING, attractive, marriage-minded, male, seeks woman 25-35, 5'4"-5'7", preferably Jewish, white. P.O. Box 29, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203. No homos.

GAY young man seeking new friends - possibly long term

should be masculine looking - any occupation - discreet - Box 757, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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.

FRANKLIN BRUNER GET IN TOUCH WITH THE HOSPITAL IN NEW YORK. YOU NEED MEDICAL TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY.

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

BUNEE - CHECK for other MESSAGE.

PLAY an instrument? We need you. We're putting together an orchestra—with more joy than money—to try cut some of Dick Higgins' 1000 Symphonies, on December 9th in New Brunswick, N.J. We'll provide the transportation, to this most ambitious Happening. Call WA 4-3975, during office hours.

AND REMEMBER that the Buddha within Us prevails forever and ever.

BRIDGET McM Call Bo collect 215 WA 5-4658, after 6 p.m. and/or Mother anytime.

MODELS

NUDE MODELS. Wanted female nude models for commercial photos, strictly business. Call after 5:30 only, 265-1236.

KEEP YOUR EYE UPON THE WHOLE.

SECRETARIES & OFFICE GIRLS. Wealthy Texas photographer coming to New York. Needs Models, prefers NO modeling experience. Could earn \$100 a day for legitimate work. Must send revealing photo and details. P.O. Box 9469, Ft. Worth, Texas, 76107.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

FEMALE figure model wanted by photographer. Evening and weekend work, small fee. Phone 477-0300, 10-5 weekdays for appointment.

MANY attractive female figure models urgently required for magazine lay-outs. Strictly legitimate nude studies of single girls alone. Previous experience unnecessary. Age up to 25. Phone after 6 p.m. or weekends, 989-7836. John.

ARTIST photographer seeks wild chicks to model. Saylor Studio, 691-7387.

ONE GOD ONE COUNTRY ONE BUDDHA

GIRLS wanted to pose for nude Art Publication, \$50 per session, CASH. Call Nick or Smitty 586-9205, Studio "J", 261 W. 54th St.

YOUNG butch guy male eager to pose for photo's. Tall, slender, and attractive. Needs money! All letters answered, all propositions considered. MELL, Box 768, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., New York 10009.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255-2711.

EMPLOYMENT

HEAVEN is far from the things of the earth, but it sets them in motion by means of the winds.

ORGANIZED ROCK GROUP — SEEKS ORGANIST - WEEKEND GIGS. CALL 565-2622.

PUBLICATIONS

EROS FREE — New publication stressing sex freedom, individual rights, a halt to censorship, and a more livable and loveable society! "Eros Free" is the official publication of the Society for the Emancipation of Sex in America. Send one dollar for two most recent issues!! SESA, Box 987-E, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

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THE LEVER to change America is a Free Chicago. Help, World, help us to create a strong radical newspaper that will draw the issues and rally the forces. Resistance Press, P.O. Box 592, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

"1969 GAY GUIDE for GAY GUY: many N.Y.-N.J. baths, bars, glory holes, restaurants etc. Mailed in plain envelope for \$2.00. J. Stuart, Box 136, Union City, N.J."

GAY DIRECTORY — '69 Latest national guide with up-to-date listing of gay bars, baths, coffee houses, hotels, theatres, night clubs, private clubs, restaurants, etc. The most complete national guide available. Only \$5.00. Write: Report, Box 8127, Boston, Mass. 02114.

INCREDIBLE FREE OFFER

We start where all other offers end. If you are tired of being disappointed and want the wildest, most daring and erotic in books, magazines and films, and much, much more, send for our giant catalog which lists thousand of offers from all around the world. (Including free books, etc.) This offer is open to mature adults over 21. Greenwich Village Press, Dept. EVO-153, Box 222, Cooper St., Station, New York, N.Y.

COLLECTOR'S DECK 5x7 full color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231.

AN ENTIRELY new concept in a swingers publication. Free details to all. Ladies ad free with photo. Stamped, self addressed envelope brings return mail reply. Couples, gents, writer's, models. Y'all write! Images and Friends, P.O. Box 156, Wethersfield, Conn. 06109.

ANGELS? Hell, no! A radical news service can't count on angels for financial support. Small contributions from lots of down-to-earth real people, like you, help to keep us growing. Resistance Press, P.O. Box 592, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

THE MODERN VIEW, newest adult publication for gentlemen seeking broadminded girls. Only \$1.00. Star Mailway, 305 E. 24 St., Suite 15J, New York City 10010.

GOTTEN to a point in your magical development, has your voyage become dull, gotten heavy . . . get straight; write your dilemma to: Wizard Hendin, First Church of Research, Box 8, Randolph Center, Vermont 05061.

SOUL starts longing for the earth. We come to earth to see God. When we die we are united and can no longer see him.

EVERYBODY WANTS to meet some new people. The Black Book (the Singles Dating Magazine) just happens to be the Simplest, Safest & Easiest way! The Black Book puts people together. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St. NYC, NY 10036 or ask for free information, or call (212) 581-4199. Also sold at Newsstands, and book stores.

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UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS —Quality French Ticklers \$8.00 dozen; 6" Rubber Health-Mates \$6.00; 7" Personal Vibrators \$6.00; \$50.00 Red Garter or Tiffany perfumes as advertised in Harper's Bazaar \$6.00 each, \$36.00 dozen. Free brochure. Dealers wanted worldwide for our full line. No C.O.D. We pay postage. Valco Trading, Post Office Box 151, Pasasic, New Jersey 07055.

MADE ENOUGH to split NYC. Hip jewelry business for sale. Columbia area. Regular student and neighborhood clientele. High profit. Terms available. 866-5960, noon to eight.

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NO, HEAVEN IT'S NOT, but more lovely naked girls and boys could considerably improve the old dump. LIVE FOREVER! GO NAKED!

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OUTOFSIGHT is . . . your best source for psychedelic and hip sunglasses, stick-on decals, indian-made shirts, hip jewelry items, etc. FAST service. Box 6441, St. Pete Beach, Florida 33736. Retail-Wholesale.

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What time is the solstice, cusp or full moon? 1969 Cosmic Clock Map astrological calendar tells all; gives planet positions for heaviest days. \$1.00 to Perseverance Furthers 2528 Hillegass Berkeley, Cal. 94704. Add 25c to get it fast. Dirs. pls. inquire.

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TRIP glasses, patches, bedroom glo-balls, peace Jewelry, electric yo-yo's, Haitian beads, bells, posters, Rizla rollers and flavored papers, pipes, seductive service cards, strobe lights, post cards, etc. WE PRINT YOUR BUTTON TITLES in lots of 500 or more. Button idea contest. Balloting on button idea finalists during December! FREE 13-page mail order catalogue. Wholesale to all! Great stock for psychedelic shops. 25c. brings it air mail. Randy Wicker & Peter Ogren, Free Speech Inc., 28 St. Marks Pl., N.Y.C. 10003.



WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, DEC. 6:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Ron Padgett
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, DEC. 7:
 4:00 PM
 Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, DEC. 9:
 8:30 PM
 Prose — Bart Gerald, Seymour Krim
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

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

THURSDAY, DEC. 12:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Sam Abrams
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:
 Medieval Art from Private Collections
 The Cloisters
 Ft. Tyron Park

NOW THRU DEC. 8:
 Paul Caponigro: Recent Photographs
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 1:
 "The career of an Actor Anthony Quinn"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Ingathering: Ceremony and Tradition
 in N.Y. Public Collections
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Brassai — Photographs
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Robert Whitman's "Pond"
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 12:
 "Typically American"—Photographs
 by Burk Uzzle
 Riverside Museum
 310 Riverside Drive

NOW THRU JAN. 19:
 "Maya Art from Guatemala"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82d Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 26:
 Rauchenberg—"Soundings"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 19:
 Up Against The Wall: Protest
 Posters from France and
 Czechoslovakia
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

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

POETRY READING

SUNDAY, DEC. 8:
 3:00 PM
 Michael Brownstein/Vito Hannibal
 Acconci
 NYU—Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

—8:30 PM
 Kenneth Lillquist/Barbara Holland
 Folklore Center
 321 Sixth Avenue — 50c

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11:
 8:30 PM
 Daniel Cassidy, Jr./Roger Taus/
 Murray Mednick
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 2nd Avenue and 10th Street

TALKS

FRIDAY, DEC. 6:
 3:30 PM
 "Northern Expressionism"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

SATURDAY, DEC. 7:
 1:00 PM
 "The Inner Eye—Paul Klee"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

SUNDAY, DEC 8:
 2:30 PM
 "Necessity of World Community"
 By Alfred Hassler and Rev. James
 Bevel
 Community Church
 40 East 35th Street

MONDAY, DEC. 9:
 10:30 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Late Gothic Sculpture"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM
 "The French Revolution—1968-69"
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, DEC. 10:
 2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Late Gothic Sculpture"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM
 Gallery Talk—"Greek Vases"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11:
 11:00 PM
 Gallery Talk—"The Motif of The
 Grotesque in 18th Century
 French Decorative Arts"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue.

—8:30 PM
 "Revolt Against Humanity"
 By Alfred Jones
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and Fourth Avenue

THURSDAY, DEC. 12:
 2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Late Gothic Sculpture"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

MUSIC

SATURDAY, DEC. 7:
 2:30 PM
 Steve de Pass In Concert
 Town Hall — 113 W. 43rd St.
 —8:00 PM
 Jim Barrow
 (Folk singer and guitarist)
 90 & 9 Coffee House)
 99 Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights

SUNDAY, DEC. 8:
 2:00 PM
 Sea Chanties of American and
 British Sailors
 Benefit of South St. Seaport Museum
 McBurney YMCA — 215 W. 23rd St.

MONDAY, DEC. 9:
 8:30 PM
 Winnie Winston & Dave Bromberg
 Folklore Center Folk Festival
 Washington Sq. Methodist Church
 135 W. 4th Street

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11
 8:30 PM
 Bob Cohen
 Folklore Center
 321 Sixth Avenue

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

This week in New York:
FILMORE: Country Joe & Fish,
 Fleetwood Mac, Kusama's Self
 Obliteration

VILLAGE GATE: Down-Gloria Lynne,
 Slappy White, Up—PAm and Jamal

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Gabor Szabo.

SLUGS: Yusef Latef
 Tuesday—Harold Vick

BITTER END: Pat Sky, Dickens

AU GO GO: Silver Apples, Danny
 Kalb, Tommy Flanders

FOLK CITY: Jackie Landron,
 David Buskin

SCENE: Fleetwood Mac (Sun)

APOLLO: Jackie Wilson, Barbara
 Acklin, The Chillies

FILMS

FRIDAY, DEC. 6:
 8:00 PM
 Avant Garde Film Program
 Millenium Film Workshop
 2 East 2nd Street

—8:00 PM
 Open Screening, 16mm Exper. Shorts
 U-P Film Group
 814 Broadway (11th St.) — Free

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Films by Maurice Amar
 Movie Loft
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

SATURDAY, DEC. 7:
 11:30 AM
 "All Quiet On The Western Front"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 PM
 Open Screening, 16mm Exper. Shorts
 U-P Film Groups
 814 Broadway (11th St.) — Free

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Films by Maurice Amar
 Movie Loft
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

SUNDAY, DEC. 8:
 3:00 PM
 Films on Art: "December," "Child-
 ren's Month," "A Child's Christ-
 mas In Wales," "Vienna Choir
 Boys"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Films by Maurice Amar
 Movie Loft
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-668 — \$1.50

MONDAY, DEC. 8:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "The Merry Dwarfs" (1929)
 (Walt Disney Short)
 "The Whole Town's Talking"
 with Edward G. Robinson and
 Jean Arthur
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—3:30 PM
 "The Sun and Richard Lippold,"
 "Archangel by Lipton"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, DEC. 10:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Skeleton Dance" (1929)
 (Walt Disney Short)
 "She Married Her Boss,"
 with Claudette Colbert, Melvin
 Douglas and Jean Dixon
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—5:30 and 7:00 PM
 "Senseless" and "Chumlum"
 by Ron Rice
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

WIDNESDAY, DEC. 11:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Hotel Imperial" (1927)
 with Pola Negri
 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 Haven"
 (Closing December 29)
 The Ambassador — CO 5-1855

—"Untitled"
 Public Theatre

—"Georgie Porgie"
 Cooper Square Arts Theatre
 GR 3-8066

—Jules Feiffer's "Little Murders"
 Circle In The Square — 473-6778

—DMZ (Political Cabaret)
 Village Vanguard — 8:30 PM
 AL 5-4037

FRIDAY, DEC. 6:
 8:30 PM
 "Around The World in 90 Minutes"
 Presented by International House
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DEC. 6 & 7:
 8:30 PM
 "In White America"
 Presented by Youthatre of NYU
 Randolph Somerville Theatre
 100 Washington Square East

DECEMBER 11 & 12:
 "Environments — A Judson Dance
 Theatre Presentation
 Judson Memorial Church
 55 Washington Square South

WE HIT THA' CHARTS, BODÉ. BABY!!
ELECTRIC HAVENS HIT THA' GOD DAMN
BEAUTIFUL TOP LP CHARTS!!.....!
MEAN 119 ISN'T EXACTLY THA MOON
BUT IT IS ON THA' CHARTS...SEE?...
IT'S RIGHT THERE .BIG AS LIFE....



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LISTEN MAN, WE GROOVE ON THA' SAME
FREQUENCY, RIGHT?... I KNOW YOU'RE
DIEIN' TO DO ANOTHER HAVENS AD THAT
TELLS THA WORLD ABOUT A DOUGLAS
ALBUM MAKIN THA 'OL' CHARTS... DIG?...
THIS IS IMPORTANT, ARE YOU LISTENING?...
YOU GOTTA' (A) THE OTHER USUAL JAZZ
ON OUR READERS' DOO... JAZZ LIKE:
"THESE VOCAL RECORDINGS WERE MADE
BY RICHIE HAVENS WITH ACOUSTICAL
GUITAR DURING 1963 AND 1964!..."



LOOK, DON'T FORGET TO
TELL THEM THAT:" THE
ELECTRIC CONCEPT, THE
ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTATION
WERE ADDED IN 1968 BY
ME, ...I MEAN, DOUGLAS.....



LAUGHIN'
BODE

IT NEVER... ARE YOU PAYIN' ATTENTION?... IT
NEVER HURTS TO REPEAT GOOD SOLID
STATEMENTS ABOUT THE RECORD. GROOVY
SOUNDIN' THINGS LIKE: "AS RICHIE NO
LONGER PERFORMS THE MATERIAL
CONTAINED IN THIS ALBUM, ELECTRIC
HAVENS HAS BECOME A COLLECTORS
ITEM IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF ITS RELEASE..."



YOU HAVE TO SHOW THE DOUGLAS
LOGO TOO, OF COURSE, SO'S
EVERYONE WILL KNOW WE FINALLY
COMIN' DOWN OFF THA' WALL...
(ESSEE? YOU MENTION, IN A BIG WAY,
WE GOT ON THA CHARTS... INCORPORATE
THE JIVY BLURBS AND SPLASH OUR
CLEVER LOGO ALL OVER... THA REST
IS PURE CREATIVE FUN, RIGHT?... BODE?...
BODE, ARE YOU LISTENIN?... HUH?...



