

# THE EAST VILLAGE OMBLIER

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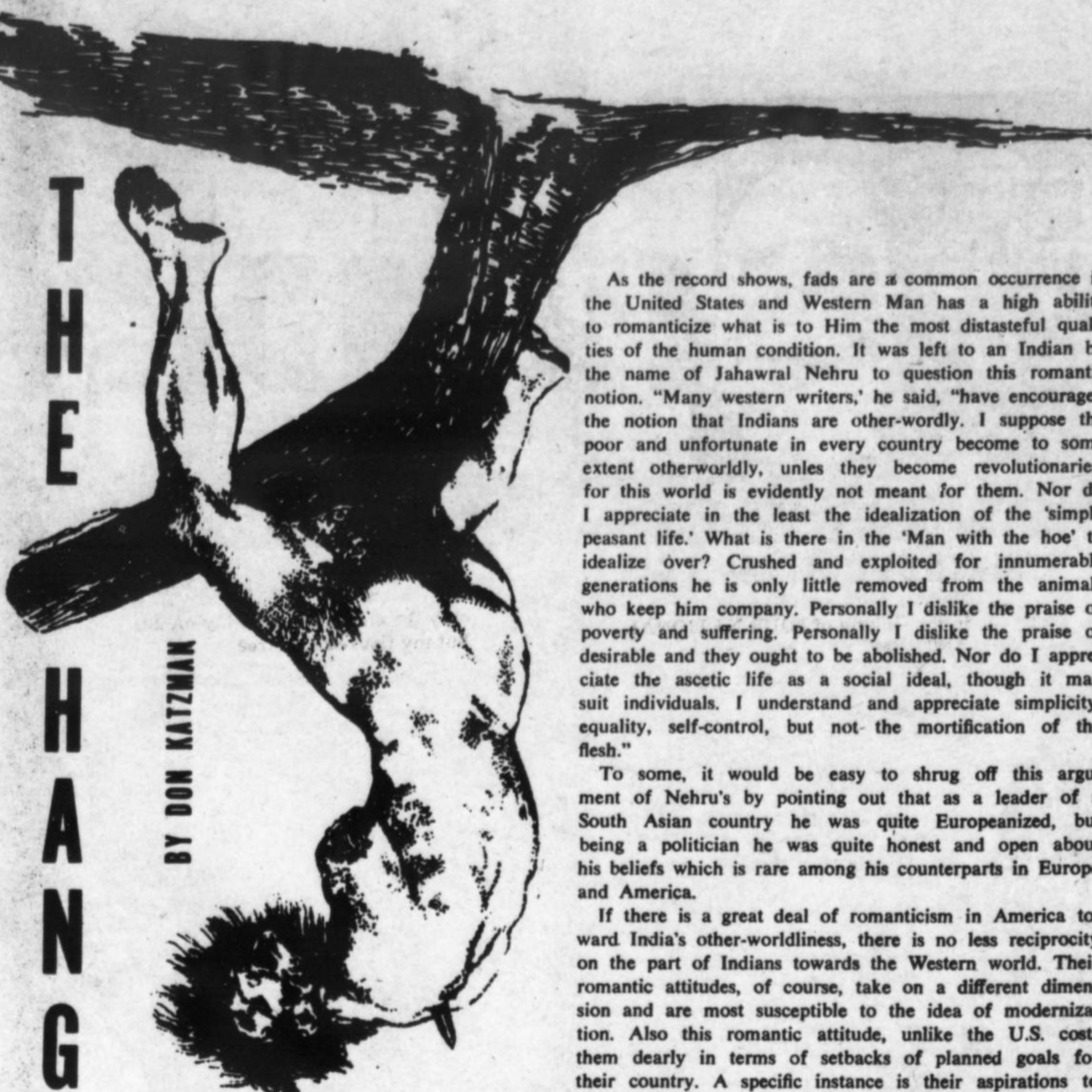
AUGUST 30 1968





THE HANGED MAN

BY DON KATZMAN



The Indian mystique, which runs through the common fads of a youthful United States populace, is often to some quite inexplicable. But pressures, persuasions and ideas rush in where the vacuum is the greatest and the need is for foreign ideology because all other home grown remedies have become as institutionalized as stone. Even mass media, which grows weary of repetitious Americana, takes to these foreign elements grasping and reporting them with great relish. Hinduism, yogi, other-worldliness and even poverty become articles that Americans can talk about and trade back and forth like antiques of great value. The everyday dress of India becomes the "in" fashion of New York. The eerie vibrations of the sitar influences the rock music of teenage times. All around the romantic quality of India is felt and those who tend to underestimate its influence forget that the attendance of parishioners of Anglosized churches in America has been steadily dropping.

As the record shows, fads are a common occurrence in the United States and Western Man has a high ability to romanticize what is to Him the most distasteful qualities of the human condition. It was left to an Indian by the name of Jahawral Nehru to question this romantic notion. "Many western writers," he said, "have encouraged the notion that Indians are other-worldly. I suppose the poor and unfortunate in every country become to some extent otherworldly, unless they become revolutionaries, for this world is evidently not meant for them. Nor do I appreciate in the least the idealization of the 'simple peasant life.' What is there in the 'Man with the hoe' to idealize over? Crushed and exploited for innumerable generations he is only little removed from the animals who keep him company. Personally I dislike the praise of poverty and suffering. Personally I dislike the praise of desirable and they ought to be abolished. Nor do I appreciate the ascetic life as a social ideal, though it may suit individuals. I understand and appreciate simplicity, equality, self-control, but not the mortification of the flesh."

To some, it would be easy to shrug off this argument of Nehru's by pointing out that as a leader of a South Asian country he was quite Europeanized, but being a politician he was quite honest and open about his beliefs which is rare among his counterparts in Europe and America.

If there is a great deal of romanticism in America toward India's other-worldliness, there is no less reciprocity on the part of Indians towards the Western world. Their romantic attitudes, of course, take on a different dimension and are most susceptible to the idea of modernization. Also this romantic attitude, unlike the U.S. costs them dearly in terms of setbacks of planned goals for their country. A specific instance is their aspirations to improve both the agricultural standard of India and to rid the Indians of their burdensome beliefs in the caste system and other religious practices that play upon their economic life. Nehru's attitude, as well as others in the Indian Congress, was to look at modernization as some sprawling factory complex bellowing smoke and promising full-employment with enough to eat. Their emphasis in modernization, especially in the agricultural province, depended heavily upon agricultural machinery instead of chemical fertilizers. This likely led to the famines of 1965 and 1966. No matter how many harvesters or reapers a country manufactures for domestic use, they are of no value if the land cannot yield more in poor soil and against unreliable weather conditions. What was needed was a greater emphasis in the production of chemical fertilizers and the introduction of other strains of wheat or food staples which could survive under almost any weather variable; could produce more on one acre than it did on ten; could mature and ripen quicker in the hot climate. This India has undertaken in 1967 and 1968 with great success. In the field of religion, the outlawing of the caste system and other religious practices and the lifting of Hinduism to a higher philosophical and rational planes has not led the peasant to accept such concepts as family planning and equal opportunity in education and employment. One cannot eliminate years of superstition, as proved by the U.S. in the passage of the civil rights bill, by legislating it away. The hinderance was not so much in the religion as it was in the human condition and experience of the Indian in the past 1000 years. Famine due to crop failures or the whims of the Monsoon rains, disease and destruction, riot and revolt were an acceptable part of life due to the fact that nothing had changed the conditions in prior years. The Agricultural revolution in India has proven to the peasant that he is no longer a tool in the hands of the Gods, but with scientific knowledge he can have the ability to control nature and make it as productive as he wishes. This more than anything else will help the peasant accept more readily any economic planning such as birth control with less fatalism and more ambition.

The older generation in the U.S. is also not immune to romantic notions and mystiques. They have inherited the ambitions and dreams of European colonial empires. The economic viewpoint of exploitation contributing to the wealth of western countries such as France, England, Germany and the Netherlands has been proven in the past 20 years to be a fallacy. The Dutch were convinced that they would lose 35 per cent of their Gross National Product if they were forced to give up Indonesia. Today, the Gross National Product of the Netherlands and its Standard of Living are the highest it has ever been. England lost more money by protecting against the collapse of its empire than it had ever gained from the exploitation of the wealth of its colonies. Today, the U.S. is in Vietnam, as President Eisenhower had put it, "to protect our interest in South-East Asia's wealth of tungsten and tin." Each day, the economic realities of this statement bears witness to the illusion of colonial wealth. The cost of the war in every way grows prohibitive, not only in terms of money but also in terms of man-power.

If man was once steeped in tradition, he is now more than ever steeped in the illusion that tradition has borne. If old and young are to meet on common ground; if East is to meet West, it will have to be within the realities of progress and peaceful co-existence.

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This is all made up...

BY DAVID BODIE

This is all made up. The entire Czech crisis has been created to show that the Russians are reasonable. If the Russians can be shown as reasonable, then they might be treated in a reasonable manner, even in matters as sensitive as Vietnam, disarmament and the Middle East. In other words, Prague is the trump card in the Soviet international hand. One can not forecast the details of the day-to-day play of the Czech crisis. And it is unfortunate that Czech and some Warsaw Pact, blood has been lost. But that is a necessary part of power politics. But one might make sense of the power play if attention is paid to the following factors: —The Soviet is fearful of a Nixon victory because it thinks that the former vice president really does hate communists, and this is a real threat to Moscow. —President Johnson probably would like to retain a power position once he leaves office, and it is not unimaginable that the President and Humphrey reached an understanding before the March 31 abdication. —The President also would want to take credit for the end of Vietnam, if he could end the war and prove that all the war critics were dolts. —Johnson would be happy to make some sort of arrangement that at least made it look that Vietnam was resolved or near to resolution, and he would make concessions. The preparation for concessions would first take the form of a hardening of the USA position. This already with the reaffirmation of the bombing position. Johnson wants a positive step to show the good faith of Hanoi before ending the bombs. He might like the release of U.S. prisoners coupled with announcement that infiltration has slowed. —The Russians, anxious to thwart a Nixon victory, will push the North Vietnamese in Paris to make concessions. Hanoi will want the Russians to give them something, perhaps a clear assurance that Hanoi will be free — within bounds — to run its own nation. —To prove to the Hanoi regime that Moscow is willing to allow the satellites to operate in orbits of their own — within bounds — the Soviet will tell the Czechs, Rumanians and Yugoslavs that they can go on their own, even increasing the detente with western Europe, but the rebels can expect less financial help, etc., and in this way opening the way for more east-west trade. —The Red armies of Russia, Poland, East Germany and Hungary will withdraw from Prague asserting that they only came in because the people of Czechoslovakia were being betrayed by their leadership. But if the Czechs are betraying themselves, then the reasonable Russians and their allies will pack up and go. —President Johnson is the seat of power. He can make any deals which need to be made. The red side will want to make sure that these deals are kept. Therefore, arrangements will need to be made to assure that there is an orderly transfer of presidential power — meaning Humphrey has to win. —To make sure that Humphrey wins, the vice president probably will find a way to accept a relatively dovish Vietnam platform — even to make a deal with McCarthy or McGovern. This leaves Humphrey in a legitimate position to deal with Hanoi and Moscow. —It is useful to recall at this point that on the day that Nixon was nominated by the GOP it was announced by the white house that the President was suffering from a stomach ailment. Only doctors know what is wrong with Johnson, but it would not be surprising if it turned that LBJ may be hospitalized for a short time, or incapacitated in some way — making HHH the President de facto. The chinese, for now, have opted out of the battle (with a few statements). They will rely on other forces (young revolutionaries) to gain their ends. The Czechs will be for the most part forgotten.

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AMERICA your fucked!  
your children are your enemies  
your outlaws are saints

The crumbling pasteboard past  
its glossy touched-up history books oxidized  
is  
locked in confrontation with a PUTRID PRESENT  
and an inherent rage to kill

GUTTERS ARE GRAVES FOR PIGS  
PARKS - the BATTLEFIELDS

and  
the radius can no longer dictate to the circle OOOO  
my ARM is FREE  
and LEGS long  
for your ultimate DESTRUCTION!!!

HEAR O ISRAEL,  
THE LORD THY GOD THE LORD IS ONE

SHRAPNELS OF SURVIVAL HAVE PIERCED  
MY HEART  
and I will make my PATH THRU YOUR ASHES

your blood is the nector of my life  
your carcass my food  
your oozing guts my strength

I hit my first cop car with a rugged red brick,  
broke a store window, and rioted  
running wildly free down Chicago streets  
NOW I KNOW why niggers have more fun

Nuns were kicked out of freefoodmedicine centers  
priests teargassed  
tasty blond bloodyhaired chics were pig booted  
in the crotch  
while a lead filled club savagely goosed Hugh  
Heffner

And I KNEW democracy could take it from either end  
I ate midwestern pussy, smoked grass, farted, burped  
and came

while the democrats bickered and brayed  
I laughed, hooted, suceed at the piiigs  
then cried when they kicked the shit out of my  
friends

Aretha Franklin lead Mayor Daley and Lester  
Maddox but not Julian Bond  
in the singing of "OUR NATIONAL  
ANTHEM"

A 17-year-old Sioux Yippy, Dean Johnson, lost in  
a gunfight  
with 2 plainclothes pigs;

Presidential candidate, Pigasus, busted by 25  
hard-hearted hogs  
because only 2 legged swine are permitted  
by LAW with ORDER  
to visit Picasso's dog in downtown Chicago

AND no pigeons could shit on the barbed wire fences  
around the  
International Democratic Party  
Amphetamine Theater

while His Yonner-the-Mare took a few minutes  
of world time  
to wish OURREALGREATPRESIDENT  
a "Yhappy Birthday"

as I KNEW that Hitler was ALIVE and  
FUNCTIONING at a Burroughsian  
power source buried deep in the scum  
of the earth

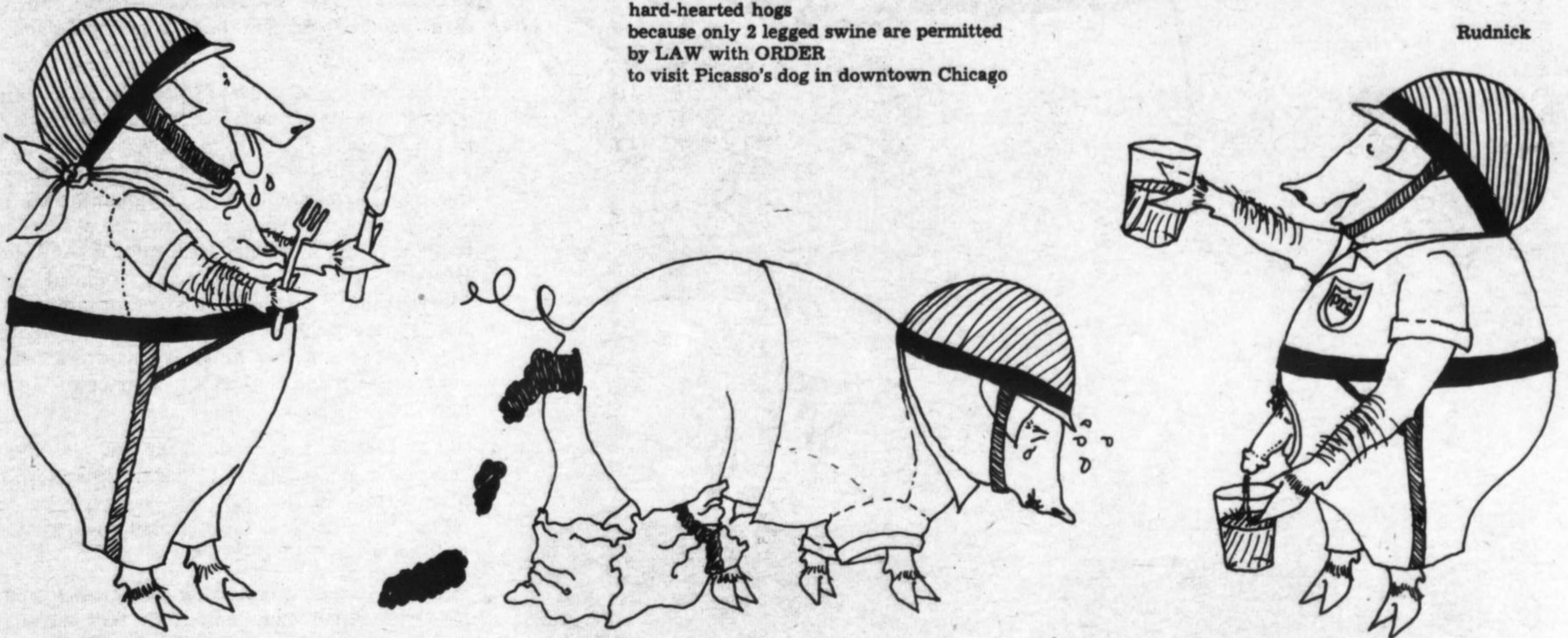
EPITAPHS

Tell me, SEPHAREAL,  
which ESSENE BROTHER picked the  
vicinity-Chicago  
for the founding of the new civilization?

Though the  
Convention band tried to drown my song  
only the club could shut my mouth  
but my fist remains free

Yaweh, Yaweh, Rama  
Aryah, Aryah, Soma  
Yut, tu-tu Yaw  
Mara MaHra mharAH

Rudnick



CHICAGO COMIX









# Bandages And Stitches Tell The Story

"It was the best of times. It was the worst of times." Thus began the battle of Chicago, a tale of two cities within a city, an armed camp where stupidity, ideology, and power politics have set the stage for the fall of Holy American Empire. The technology of the Pig, Chicago's blue brute force otherwise known as Mayor Daley's Dervishes, and the Yippies' Presidential shuck candidate Pigasus the Pig have made this "Hog Butcher of the World into a gangland of democracy. Here, the spirit of the revolution has been injected into all who have ever doubted the words of the establishment. Never has the word "brother" had more meaning. What little food there is, is being shared — hot beans in the park. Pads are being offered even by nuns. Every Chicagoan with ears has heard the dull smack of gestapo clubs. Bricks, rocks and sticks are being handed out — black and white.

Whatever is happening here is beyond belief. But whatever is happening is the cause of the Chicago Pigs and their Top Pig, "Boss" Mayor Daley. Daley has insisted on keeping floor. He has replaced Democracy with Brutality, Discussion with Violence. His mistakes have been monumental. Newsmen have been beaten mercilessly as well as protestors. He has, in two swift strokes, brought down the complete anger of the media on his own head and at the same time organized a Revolution in this country that before was only a group of factions all jealous of each others ideology.

The Yippie Convention which got off on the wrong foot: a lot of paranoia, lack of organization and petty jealousies that ended in a split between Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman: has become the greatest media event since the takeover of Channel 13. Whatever is happening on the tube is, for the second time, a real event. The media, because of their hatred of Mayor Daley, has created the most viable revolution in this country since the Boston Tea Party.

Daley has also made it possible for the young revolutionaries to learn from first hand experience the ways of Guerilla warfare. In a matter of a week they have become thoroughly skilled in the art of street fighting, skirmishes, using the instruments of the street as weapons, causing traffic jams and involving bystanders in revolutionary activities that they would have ordinarily avoided.

In the past 6 days, Lincoln Park, the site of the Yippie Convention has become a battlefield between police and dissenters. Every night there is a confrontation: the police sweeping the park with billy clubs and tear gas; the dissenters throwing rocks, ashcans and taking to the streets, breaking windows, bombing police and police cars and causing Chicago to be a fortress under siege.

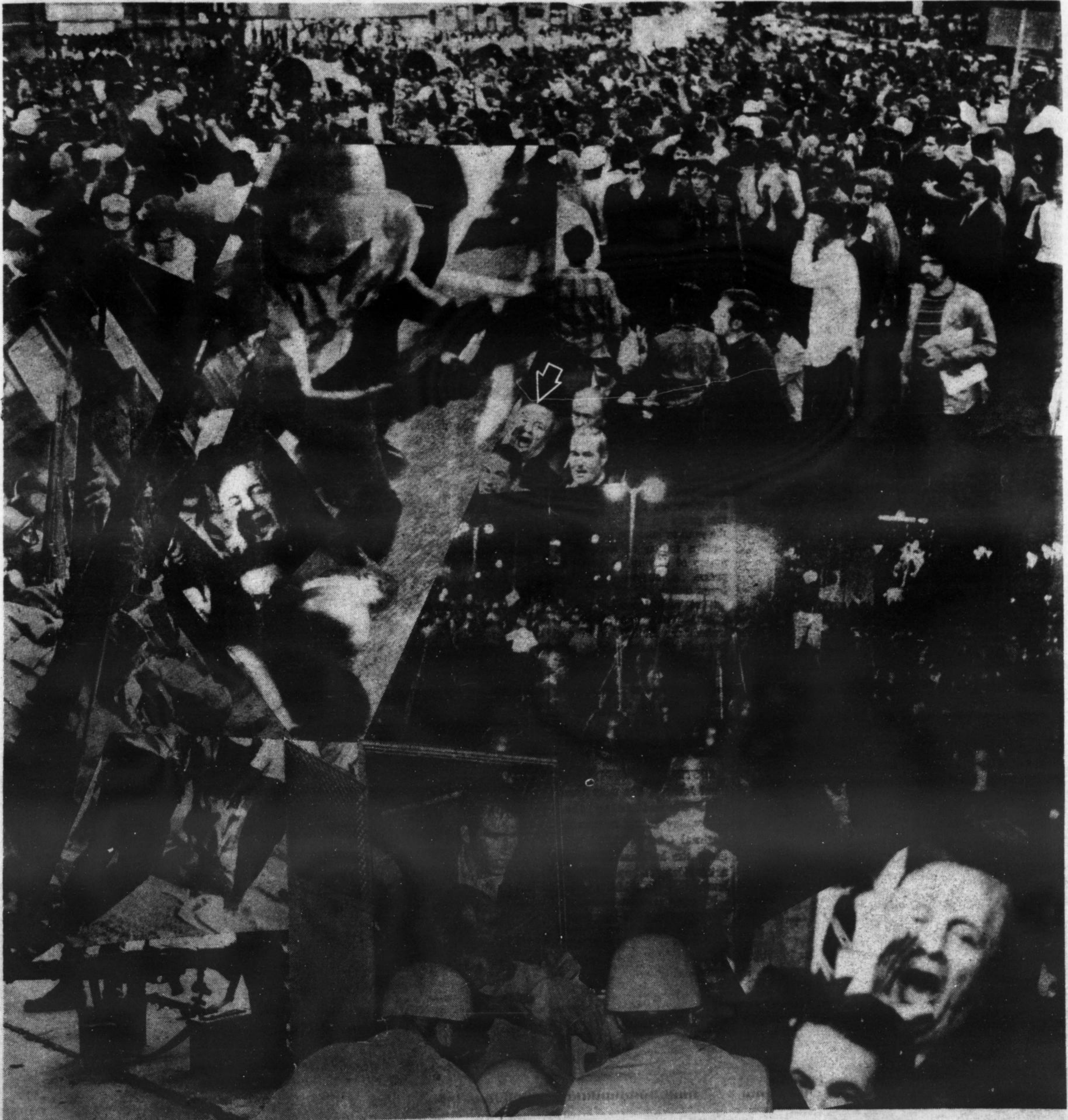
The people of Chicago have never been more aware of the police state they live in. They see the brutality, the disorder and chaos caused by the police. Liberal elements in Chicago in the last

two nights have joined dissenters in the park to protest the police harassment. Priests, nuns, businessmen, tourists, people from all walks of life have come from all over Chicago to see and participate in the "Festival of Life."

The Yippies, through the confrontation, initially organized all the diverse elements of the new left. The HCHR, Hospital Committee for Human Rights, a medical arm of "the movement," have been on the streets every day and night treating people literally under the smashing of billy clubs and the smell of tear gas. Crash pads and houses have been set up by Churches and other various organizations. SDS and Ramparts have been informing their own people and the people of Chicago of the last few nights events with two daily newspapers. The Underground Press are all over the place, observing and participating, and directly the establishment to the truth.

The battle for Chicago will be remembered in the heavy years to come as the beginning of a Revolution. It has already left one dead and scores of people injured. It has already its heroes and victories.

As I write this, protestors, thousands strong, are being slugged, kicked, gassed, and martyred before the Conrad Hilton hotel, the site of Hubert Humphrey's Death Headquarters. It is a scene not to be believed. It is Viet Nam. It is Prague. It is Chicago.





# MAGICAL MYSTERY

BY DAVID BODIE

Liberation News Service's New York staff has accused its country counterparts with red-baiting, absconding with the LNS press, thousand of dollars, files and equipment.

Several of the New York staff have been charged with kidnapping, and have been ordered to appear in a Massachusetts court on Sept. 6.

The New York Group also claims that the country faction, principally led by Marshall Bloom, from a Montague, Mass., farm, secretly plotted to legally incorporate the Radical News Service in order to assume complete control of LNS.

These and other charges were leveled by George Cavelletto who served as the head of the LNS New York bureau and more recently as the managing editor of LNS after LNS established New York as the organization's national headquarters. From last October to the end of June, headquarters were in Washington, D.C.

Bloom and others in his faction deny the Cavelletto charges. EVO, in its last issue, published an article giving the views of Bloom and company. Stories based on Bloom's information also were circulated by the Associated Press, the New York Times and the New York Post.

Briefly, Bloom has asserted that the New York Group attempted to take control of the entire LNS operation and fill the news service's bi-weekly packets with SDS-inspired "doctrinaire propaganda."

To prevent this take-over, Bloom, without the knowledge of most of his colleagues, purchased a farm in Montague, and moved all the files and equipment on an early Sunday morning in mid-August.

The New York Staff on learning of the loss, and the loss of about \$6,000 in cash earned at an LNS benefit, which featured a Beatle's film, went to Montague the following Monday.

The ensuing fracas led to the criminal charges of forcibly detaining persons against their will (kidnapping, a capital offence in the commonwealth of Massachusetts).

Cavelletto gives his position this way:

Last March Cavelletto, distressed by the Vietnam war and other similar angers, left Columbia graduate school in search of an organization which he hoped to channel his energies, and shortly became the head of the Student Communications Network—New York.

The network had a telex linked to LNS-Washington, and LNS also had a telex link to the network in California. But Cavelletto, after talks with Bloom, Ray Mungo and Allen Young (an SDS member as is Marshall Bloom) of LNS in Washington, it was agreed that the network could be of better service to the movement if it simply became the New York Bureau of LNS. (Mungo is a co-founder of LNS with Bloom).

Cavelletto uses the word "movement" to describe the cultural and political upheavals in the United States and elsewhere. He said it does not specifically refer to any organization, "just a movement of spirit."

The New York Bureau was pleased with its role and was feeding many stories by mail and telex to Washington, the stories then edited and packaged with other material from around the nation under the direction of Bloom, Mungo and Young.

Mungo in mid-spring came to New York to discuss the future of LNS, and with Allen Young, said that for the best interest of LNS it would be good to move LNS headquarters to New York because the city is a center of "what's happening."

Mungo also said that he was planning to quit LNS for personal reasons and start a paper in Vermont, and that he would ask Bloom to take a year's leave from LNS, or resign for the sake of the organization since Bloom was very difficult to work with on a personal basis. Mungo stressed that he was a close friend of Bloom, and that he would not wish to offend Bloom.

Reportedly Bloom agreed to resign and then changed his mind, the New York staff feeling relatively unconcerned in the matter since they had no real problems with Bloom other than money.

(Bloom gave New York \$200 initially and promised more later, but no other funds were ever received, and Bloom's method of recording LNS monies included calling the bank to inquire how much was in the account, and then he would write a check if there was money. LNS about 462 subscribers, but only 10 to 15 per cent of them paid their \$15 per month fee, with the greatest monthly income hitting over \$1,000 in May).

The move was made. But problems quickly arose. Disagreements were voiced over who was to edit the packets, and be in charge of a given mailing.

Meetings were held to resolve the issues. But Harvey Wasserman, who joined Bloom's Washington organization only about 5 weeks before the move, reportedly said, "LNS is us, it's our property."

Wasserman was referring to the ownership of "new media project" which is incorporated in Washington. At the time of the incorporation Bloom told the New

Yorkers that "new media" was merely a legal device for owning Liberation News Service and other similar projects, and it had a five man board.

However, the New Yorkers and at least one of the people hired in Washington moved its office to New York, all staff members would be put on the board—that the participants in LNS would ultimately share the responsibilities.

More discussions ensued, votes taken, but the final agreement appeared to be that all full-time staffers would be on the board. A seven man steering committee would carry out the day-to-day job.

New York told Washington that they had decided that they could handle the problems of turning the bureau into a national headquarters. New quarters were found — 1700 sq. ft. in the basement of an apartment house on Claremont Avenue for a rental of \$200 a month, the lease being signed for personally by Cavelletto and Young since the realtors refused to accept LNS in its own right.

A moving date was set, and the New Yorkers spent five weeks remodeling the office — partitions were made, rooms created, lights installed and the entire place painted.

A week before the move Bloom telephoned from Washington to say that he was not sure he wanted to make the move — maybe it would be "better if we went to Canada," Cavelletto quotes Bloom as saying. Bloom changed his mind.

Bloom also said he had hired some Washington people to move to New York, and they couldn't move now because the press and collator was about to be repossessed.

Cavelletto called a meeting of the New York people and they raised \$2,150 in the next five days from personal funds (Cavelletto's family, etc.). Bloom took to Massachusetts about six weeks later, with the brief stop over in New York.

First order of business was to draw up new incorporation papers which would legalize the expanded board (LNS, in its regular mailing, carried an article on July 26 which reported that the "entire working staff now legally owns and controls" the agency.)

In fact, an attorney was asked to file such papers to make the expanded board a legal fact. Separately, Bloom had his own lawyer draw up incorporation papers for a Liberation News Service, Inc., with a three man board.

Meanwhile, staff problems seriously increased, it appeared that there was no clear agreement of what LNS was supposed to be doing.

The staff — those who started in Washington, those who had been in New York, and those who later joined the enlarged organization — was "demoralized — and about a dozen of us met over dinner to decide if we wanted to quit, or who would stay if so and so stayed."

Bloom and Steve Diamond and some others came to the dinner uninvited. Diamond, who joined LNS in New York while a student at Columbia, later was to direct the entire fund-raising benefit for LNS — an effort which took in about \$11,000. (About \$4,500 of that money went toward the purchase of the Montague farm, the balance was in a \$6,000 cashier's check made out to Diamond's girl friend. Cavelletto asked her to endorse it to LNS after the farm fracas. (Bloom had payment stopped on the money).

Diamond, at the dinner, accused several of the people seated there of being "dupes of SDS", the others scoffed and attributed the outburst to Diamond's own hang-ups.

Diamond, with the knowledge of the group, opened a bank account, "new media projects #2", to handle the benefit which featured a Beatle's "Magical Mystery Tour". But he also opened another account into which he placed siphoned funds from "#2" account, telling his colleagues that advertising costs were higher than expected, ticket sales were lagging, and the benefit was in bad shape, Cavelletto relates.

Diamond gave the siphoned off money to Bloom who in turn set up the farm, Cavelletto said.

Early on the Sunday morning after the benefit, Bloom and several others, removed all the files, phone numbers, press and collator, furniture and other material. Three rented electric typewriters were left. Bloom's lawyer personally witnessed the move, Bloom said.

The office was left in a shambles and that Sunday evening it was first discovered that something had happened. Cavelletto called Diamond and told him, "we've been robbed."

Diamond said he was exhausted and rather than come to the office then, he would come in the morning. He also said that the money from box office sales had been deposited by the Filmore East Theatre, and they would get a cashier's check for it in a day or two, Cavelletto said.

According to Cavelletto's account, Diamond had the money in bank sacks as he was discussing the "robbery". The money was taken hours later to an Amherst, Mass., bank where a cashier's check was drawn for Diamond's lady friend.

At this point the New Yorkers did not know anything about the farm. They discovered it when someone went to get the mail and was told by the post office that Liberation News Service, Inc., had moved and mail was to be directed to Montague. The move notification was signed by Bloom.

In an angry mood, the remaining staff, about 12 persons, decided to go get back the press (\$800 had been paid by Washington LNS for the press and collator, the New Yorker's put up \$2,150) and files. They were joined by an equal number of friends.

Contrary to the New York Times report, there was some violence. However, the man who was quoted by the Times asserts he was misquoted. He says that the newspaper was told there was no "brutality."

The violence, beyond Bloom's fracas, included a brawl near a Bloom—rented Avis truck, some cracked ribs when a Bloom—follower drove the truck into a guy, the deliberate smashing of a guitar owned by the Montague people, and bopping on the head with a small rod of several Montague people by the same guy who kicked in the guitar.

The New York group never was able to get the press or most of the files which were in a nearby warehouse.

Charges of kidnapping were made by Mungo and pressed against the New Yorkers (including a representative of Newsreel which was owed money from the benefit, and members of a band). They are to appear in the Greenfield, Mass., district court Sept. 6 or face extradition.

Bloom told EVO that three times his people have tried to get the district attorney to drop the charges. Cavelletto said it appears that the judge handling the case in Massachusetts has told the DA to push on with the case.

The New Yorkers, last Monday evening, spent three hours with their lawyers, and while no action taken, the group now is inclined to refuse to have anything to do with the legal procedures, and will not cooperate.

"This is Bloom's moral problem, not ours," Cavelletto said.



Photo: LNS/Gabriel Cooney



# neptune in the news

BY STANLEY FISHER

1111 is in the news. It is the eighth letter of the alphabet. 1111 thus stands for 888. Dwight Eisenhower has suffered 7 heart attacks at the age of 77. The difference between 888 and 777 is 111. 111 represents the Triune, the Holy Trinity, the Trimurti and often turns up in the news in different guises. This week we discover that the F-111 crashes were "caused" by the failure of a bit of metal in the "elevator" of the tail assembly, if we are to believe the entity called a 'consensus' arrived at by senior Air Force officials. Some examples of 111 in the news: The street in Cleveland on which Fred Ahmed, Evan's "astrological" store was located. An association called the 111th Street Betterment, located in East Harlem. The number used by the gypsy cabbies to communicate with each other in an emergency. The street on which the new DMZ cabaret is located. A picture of George III falling in Bowling Green, July 9, 1776, the cover of the New York Times Magazine section July 7, 1968. And the omnipresent possibility of W. W. III. And, of course, the sum of the first four Pulsar repetition rates: The message of the Pulsars: Use the trine of cosmic energies for man's good, and the past, present, future are one.

In the N.Y. Post, Aug. 17th issue, there is a cartoon: a tombstone perched on the top of the globe. It says: The Viet Peace talks have now been going on for 97 days, or 14 less than 111. This leads to speculation as to what event, portentous, momentous, horrendous or stupendous will occur August 31. Will California sink? A flying saucer appear over Chicago? An escalation or de-escalation of war occur? Will a new cosmic chuckle roll across our land? Will the news be good news?

From an earlier article, we recall that 97 was the last two digits of Pulsar 5's repetition rate. It was named HP 1506 and its repetition rate was 0.7397 (of a second). 97 is the atomic number of the man-made element, Berkelium and suggests West Coast Epiphanies. I searched through the weekend papers to see whether I could find 73 in any interesting context. I did discover that the next President's terms will end in 73; and as 73 is the 37th odd number I looked for 37. First of all, the Post cartoon, about the viet talks was on page 37 (of course, 37 times 3 equals 111). Also, an item met my eye, "Scientologists Meet in Britain", London, Aug. 17—Delegates from 20 countries (20-17-37) opened a world congress... in spite of British efforts to bar the spread of scientology—as a harmful mixture of psychology and religious teaching." Britain, take heed! Politics itself would not survive if the Health Ministries criterion was honestly enforced. Oddly enough 37 plus 74 does add up to 111. And London equals 74 if we transfer letters into numbers. Thus we can ask, what's in store for Scientology? We also know, that 73 is the 21st prime and that 37 is the 12th prime number. Adding 21 and 12 gives us 33, or the number for the Master Mason degrees; or the number of steps in the arcane 'Treasury' of Atrous. This morning, I read in the N.Y. Times that 'Investors' plan a 33-story office and hotel building in East Harlem. So we can ask, what's in store for East Harlem?

33 pops up again. Dr. Hewish discovers Pulsar signals 6 and 7 at Cambridge. The repetition rates of the Pulsars are 1.29223 and 0.711446 respectively. Subtract the smaller number from the larger number and we get .57777 which adds to 33. Of further interest: if we add the digits of Pulsar 6 we get 19, and those of Pulsar 7 add to 22. 22 and 19 equals 41, a very interesting number. If we recall, the limited bombing halt of N. Viet Nam was initiated March 31, and Aug. 31 will be the 111th day of peace talks. From the book, 'The Great Law', E1 in Hebrew is Godhead and always

has the numerical value of 31. Aleph 1, and Lamed, 30.

Two new Pulsars have been discovered in the Southern hemisphere. This Australian discovery was made by a 2 mile long antenna in the form of a cross. It is named the Mills Cross for its designer Prof. B. Y. Mills. He is the head of Sydney University's astrophysics dept. He commented: "The signals came from objects up to 500 light years from earth... Very little is known about these phenomena... There is no obvious explanation to scientists for their cause. Of all the natural phenomena that scientists have observed, this is the one we would pick up as the most likely evidence of some form of extra-terrestrial civilization." If some scientists then do believe that messages are being sent to us from super-civilizations, what are they doing about deciphering these messages? So far, it appears, nothing. Thus we must go on with the task of cracking the olympian code.

Back to Pulsars 6 and 7: 1.29223 and 0.711446. We note the master number 22 and its double 44. We also note the stranger than fiction truth that the last three digits of Pulsar 7 is twice as large as the last three digits of Pulsar 6: 446 is 223 doubled. What else is in this Pandora's box of Pulsars? I tried treating the digits of Pulsar 7 as if they were a date. That gives us 7-14-46. Again we see 7 and 14 in conjunction with each other. And 46, well that happens to be 22 years ago. I don't recall what happened on July the 14th of 46—but I do know of an interesting event that took place July 14, 1968. In order to change 46 to 68, I borrow the 22 from Pulsar 6, which leaves that number looking like this: 1293. More about that number later. Now July 14, 1968 is not merely the cue for the celebration of Bastille day in Paris, it also was the day that Explorer 38 was launched. Explorer 38 is a radio-antennae satellite, designed to pick up low frequency radio signals that cannot penetrate our atmosphere. Doubling 38 yields 76, and it was in the spirit of 76 that Explorer 38 was launched, with scientists hoping to break through to the unknown radio signals coming to us from the planet Jupiter and elsewhere. Although scientists expect answers to certain questions, Explorer 38 may provide them with exciting new discoveries and unexpected dimensions. The number 1293, I believe, is the answer to the riddles that Explorer 38 will provide. For example, 93 is the atomic number of the radio-active element Neptunium. Neptune, the planet, astrologically speaking, effects the psychic abilities of man. Neptune, the planet of the occult, of the Triune, the trinity. Neptune, ruler of Pisces, is the god of the sea, ruler over liquids. It is a well documented fact that UFO's are often seen over watery bodies: Sept. 1957, Argentina—a beach at Ubatuba, Sao Paulo. A witness: A disc is sighted. It was diving toward the ocean at a fantastic speed. Suddenly it reverses its direction, climbs a few hundred feet, falters and then explodes in a shower of brilliant fragments. Some of the bits are recovered in shallow water. Several coin size chunks are subjected to metallurgical analysis. It turns out to be pure magnesium, a laboratory rarity in 1957. What is the atomic number of Mg? Remember the partial pulsar number 1293, 93 standing for Neptunium? Well, what element is represented by the atomic number 12? Why magnesium, of course!

Now back to the full repetition rate number of Pulsar 6: 1.29223. I tried putting that number into a date designation 1-29-223, which meant little to me, no historian I still—it might refer to the future—or to a galactic empire or foundation, consisting of all of the advanced inhabitants of the Milky Way galaxy. I hope

to explore this thought in a Hari Seldon Psycho-History manner in a following article. But the number 223 was fated to turn up again. In searching for information re the planet Neptune I turned to a library book called, "Exploring the Universe" and turned to the index. There I found: Neptune, conditions on, 337; discovery of, 223. Newton was mentioned, and his laws put to a most crucial test, when Uranus was discovered to be straying from its rightful path: The problem: "Given such and such irregularities in the motion of one body to deduce the position and magnitude of some unknown body which is the cause thereof." A young Cambridge mathematician J. C. Adams, a Cambridge astronomer, Challis, a frenchman and a berliner finally found the new planet. The new planet was called Neptune.

Oddly enough, Neptune stays in each of the zodiacal regions about 14 years, and thus ties in with our 97 plus 14 yields 111 mystery. To compound our synchronicity, I noted that the Champions were on T.V. that evening. The champions are three super humans trained in psychic sensitivity—their task that evening was to investigate an English Lord and his wife who practices witchcraft. The lord has discovered and invested in Cornwellian Uranium mines, and is trying desperately to sabotage the Nuclear Detente between the United States and the Soviet Union in order to push up the price of Uranium. The date: August 19—the sum of Pulsar 6's repetition rate: 19! 'The Universe is in step with itself and getting in step with it is everybody's gig!'

Uranium is the last natural element: Atomic Number 92.

Having missed the EVO deadline last week for the above article, I found myself scanning the newspapers for significant numbers. I especially hoped for a miraculous marriage between August 31st and some important contemporary event or personality. Then I saw a small news item buried in the N.Y. Post: 'CLEAVER TOO YOUNG FOR BALLOT: CAL.' It seems that California's 80 year-old Secretary of State has told Eldridge Cleaver, presidential nominee of the Peace and Freedom Party, that he is not old enough to qualify for the Nov. 5 ballot. The Constitution requires that a President be at least 35 years old. Cleaver does not meet that requirement, for he still is only 32 years old. But he will be 33 soon. How soon? Well—how soon is August 31st? Soon enough? Remember, we derived 33 and 31 from our Pulsar signals! We, thus, are led, somehow, to conclude that Pulsar signals are thought waves that determine when our number comes up; and that scientists are in the dark about Pulsars because they merely record the physical impulses, the brain waves, or the encephalographic event, rather than the content of these super-thoughts. Do we find the trident or the triune number 111 in our article? We certainly do! It is only necessary for us to add the 80, which is the age of the Cal. Sec. of State to the date of Cleaver's birthday, 31 (80+31=111). Sec. of State Frank M. Jordan first took office when Cleaver was 7 years old. Benedict Schwartzberg has shown in his amazing writings that 7 is the bond between all things: (thinks): James Bond: Agent (Alchemical) 007. Which leads to another observation: Meher Baba took his vow of silence July 10, 1925, which is exactly 7 days after my birthdate: July 3, 1925. Now July 3, 1925 1925 adds up to 27. July=7+3+1+9+2=27. Now count the number of letters in the caption, 'Cleaver Too Young for Ballot: Cal.' Hoy many? 27, of course!

Stanley Fisher, Astropsychologist





Present **COMIC LIFE**

STARRING WALDO AND

**THE LAUGHING GOW!**

SHE-E-IT! SEEMS LIKE NOTHIN'S GOING RIGHT FOR ME

GOT 'TH FUCKIN CRABS OFF OLD MAN DITHER'S DAUGHTER

CLEAN OUTA DOPE...

AND NOW I FIND OUT MY BEST GIRL'S BEEN SPRAYED!

WHOA!

SAY! JUST WHAT'S SO DAMN FUNNY?

SPROING

WELL I'LL BE

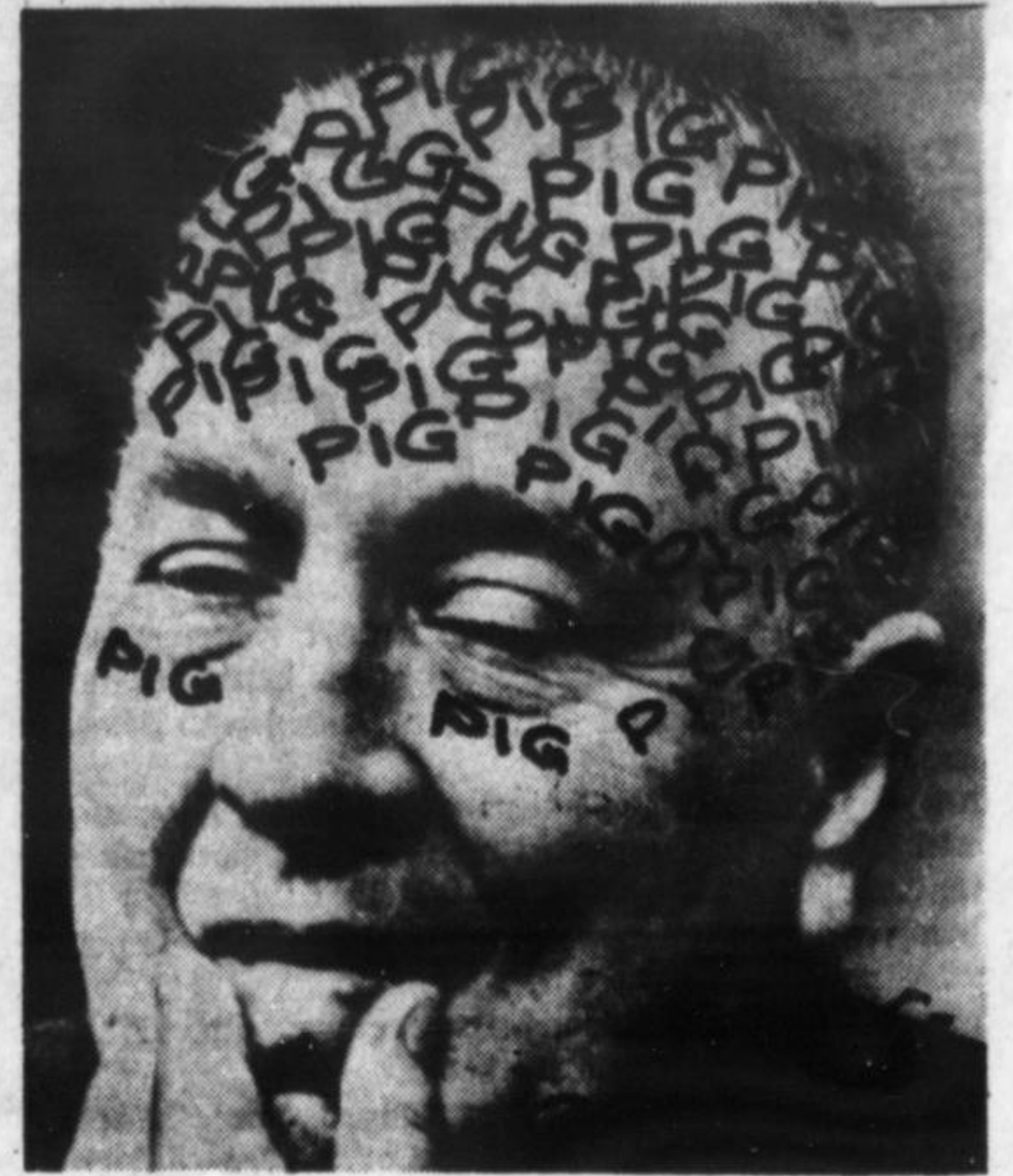
TOO MUCH!

LATER

AIN'T LIFE GRAND!

**MORAL** TAKE WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU





The events of the past week in Chicago have created a bizarre situation in America. Never has it been so evident that this country's political system depended on force for its survival. Never has it been so apparent that only a handful of protesters could bring to bear so clearly the crisis of consciousness across millions of TV screens live and in living color. Straight political busts, teargas, beatings, shootings all compliment the atmosphere of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in an atmosphere of a Fascist totalitarian state. Anyone with the appearance of a dissenter is in danger in the streets. The dissenters were met at gunpoint as was the fourth estate. The media is the enemy in this confrontation and is given no consideration. The camera is the gun and the phallic symbol fighting the police state and its brutality. However, after Chicago, it is doubtful that more lethal weapons will not be used by the battered troops of youth protesters. Bubble gum and wadded papers are little defense against the gestapo and the Black Panthers philosophy seems to make more sense after this confrontation.

**THURSDAY**

The blood started falling early Thursday morning preceding the convention when a 17 year old American Indian from South Dakota was shot and killed in Old Town — Chicago's plastic bad dream of the West Village. In Chicago you are subject to curfew restrictions at 17 along with numerous other offenses such as possession, disorderly vagrancy, missing persons — anything the host of undercover vice and youth division cops as well as the straight gestapo pigs use to pick off their prey like flies.

Dean Johnson, an Indian, had been pushed around enough to want to fight back. People say it was stupid for him to fire at the cop. Maybe it was stupid — but courageous. A lot of us aren't as stupid. We aren't as courageous either. Johnson's gun didn't fire properly and he was killed while running away. His friend was then cracked across the face with a blackjack.

**FRIDAY**

Country Joe was assaulted in the elevator of a downtown hotel by a Viet Nam vet who screamed "You guys got no place in this country." Chicago police arrested seven participants in a rally for Pig, the Yippie candidate for President. They busted the candidate, too.

The human victims were songwriter Phil Ochs, four Yippies — including Jerry Rubin, a founder of the Party and two local youths. They were attending a political gathering under the Picasso statue in Civic Center Plaza when some 25 cops charged them — sending Pig into a frantic squealing fit.

Rubin's arrest was selective. He had been careful not to ride in the station bringing Pig to the rally. Bystanders recalled hearing police scream to each other: "Get Rubin! Get Rubin."

No charges were filed at the time of the arrest. One officer told the victims, "We'll think of something." The something turned out to be Disorderly Conduct.

Where did they expect the thousands of kids to go. They were forced onto the streets and the oppressive laws and clubs of Chicago's Nazis. Had they allowed the kids the park they could have pointed to the park as the home of non-violent, bizarre protest. The initial Saturday protesters left the park singing the "OM" chant with Ginsburg and Sanders leading after the pigs had moved in. Meanwhile, at Fort Hood in Texas, more than 160 black soldiers had refused to take part in riot control operations in Chicago. The rebellion — the largest in recent U.S. military history — began Friday night at the Texas base. Approximately 100 black GIs from the 1st Battalion, 41st Infantry Brigade, First Armored Division, staged a sitdown demonstration to protest their orders to fly to Chicago the next day. At 3 p.m. yesterday the Division Commander, Major General Bowles, ordered them to disperse. He was met with cries of "Fuck you!" from the men. The Provost Marshall was similarly received when he issued a direct order from them to board a plane to Chicago.

By 6 a.m. some 60 troops were still demonstrating non-violently near their barracks on Battalion Avenue. They were taken by military police to the Post Stockade.

A command decision was then made to segregate the insurgents from the other prisoners, and they were marched to an annex of the stockade. On this march they were clubbed by stockade guards wearing gas masks. They fought back.

**SATURDAY**

The Yippies began coming into Lincoln Park and the confrontations began. The plan to put LSD in the water supply failed when the Associated Press sent out the story and guards were put up at reservoirs on Saturday. Due to a Yippie dispute among non-leaders the acid was not available Thursday or Friday when reservoirs still remained unguarded. The city would not grant the Yippies a permit to use the park.

Saturday afternoon, Fort Hood GIs informed The Wallposter, two ambulances and a large bus were parked in front of the stockade annex, and high ranking officers kept coming and going. A rumor swept the post that black troops would be given the option of refusing duty in Chicago this week. Some 60 soldiers marched to the stockade annex last night to protest the treatment of their buddies.

**SUNDAY**

Sunday brought confrontation when the police refused to allow the Yippies a flatbed truck to be used as a stage for a concert. A man was arrested who became resentful and taunted police — something you don't do in Chicago. They were forced to drag their victim however through a hostile crowd of people. Three hundred people were chasing four cops toward an unidentified police car hastily pressed into service as a paddy wagon. The MC-5 gave their concert without the aid of a stage and exemplified the explosive, powerful, free music which is so closely related to the revolution. The MC-5, a veteran band of many love-ins and free outdoor concerts, displayed a primitive, exciting, ballsy, R & R and makes one wonder if Detroit is not being ignored as a major rock band city by the music industry. Following the concert Yippies waited for a chance to put on a display of police brutality with the major confrontation set for 11 — the hour the police would close the park. By 9 p.m. the park looked like a gypsy campsite with a fire in every basket and many Yippies stoned out of their minds on the graham crackers and honey going around the crowd. Around nine the police attempted to disperse the crowd cracking a few backs and shoulders with clubs. There was little amnesty for the press. Newsmen looked no different from demonstrators in the dark. A Newsweek reporter took one of the worst beatings of the night. At 11 some demonstrators left for the streets while the others played cat and mouse with police along the western edge of the park until 12:30 a.m. when a line of cops pushed them out wielding clubs and shotguns.

The people took Clark St., briefly, until police with clubs and shotguns dispersed them north and south. The people on the north end of Clark St. responded with some rocks and bottles until they were moved into the side streets. People at Clark and LaSalle, to the south, faced a larger group of cops and took some beatings.

Significantly, there was little hostility from the sidelines in any of the areas the demonstrators moved in. There was a good deal of support from passing motorists who seemed not to mind the delays, and honked their horns and made the "V" sign.

**MONDAY**

On Monday about noon Tom Hayden, leader of National Mobilization Committee and early former of SDS, was arrested while sitting under a tree in Lincoln Park and charged with disorderly conduct. This purely political arrest sparked a demonstration by some 1500 people who marched out of Lincoln Park in mid-afternoon, bound for the police station south of the loop. At least 100 police-

men were massed outside the station. The marchers chanted "Free Hayden, Free Newton." They then marched to Democratic Party Headquarters at the Conrad Hilton where they captured a statue for a short period of time until the Chicago troops moved in with clubs and blackjacks. Later Monday night Hayden was arrested for a second time at the Conrad Hilton as he was entering with 5 friends (3 of which were hotel guests). The manager refused him entry, fingered him to the police and as the group left a burly plainclothesman grabbed Hayden from behind and wrestled him to the ground, hit, kicked and charged with spitting on an officer. Witnesses say this is pure fiction. Actually, Hayden was arrested for existing. While he was being held for the first arrest he was told "everytime you go out in the streets in a small group we're going to bust you." Less polite threats such as his life were addressed to Tom during his ride to the station house. "They said they'll get Rennie Davis next." Hayden says, "they said, 'We're going to take you into a dark alley and you're never going to come out.'" Davis is the co-director with Hayden of the Mobilization staff. He has been tailed for several days by several plainclothesmen as have the other leaders of the movement. Monday night in Lincoln Park saw the use of teargas and clubs with brutal treatment of anyone thought to be a dissenter.

T.V. Reporters, press reporters and neighborhood citizens were all subject to police brutality. Lawrence Lipton, 71 year old reporter for the L. A. Free Press, was beaten to the ground by a plainclothesman. Hugh Heffner was terrorized a block from his home. Heffner, Jules Feiffer, and one of Heffner's secretaries were stopped at gunpoint and Hugh received a clubbing on the back. Heffner, alarmed at the totalitarian-like state has indicated his willingness to help in the struggle against such oppression. Alan Katzman of EVO was beaten inside an automobile by a blackjack as well as having his car's windshield busted by an officer of the law's club. Two other EVO employees while walking home on a desolate section of Wells Street were confronted by 2 cars of 4 policeman per car, put up against the wall, frisked, threatened and released. Such is Chicago's police state. They don't need search warrants. A stop and frisk law was recently passed giving cops almost total freedom.

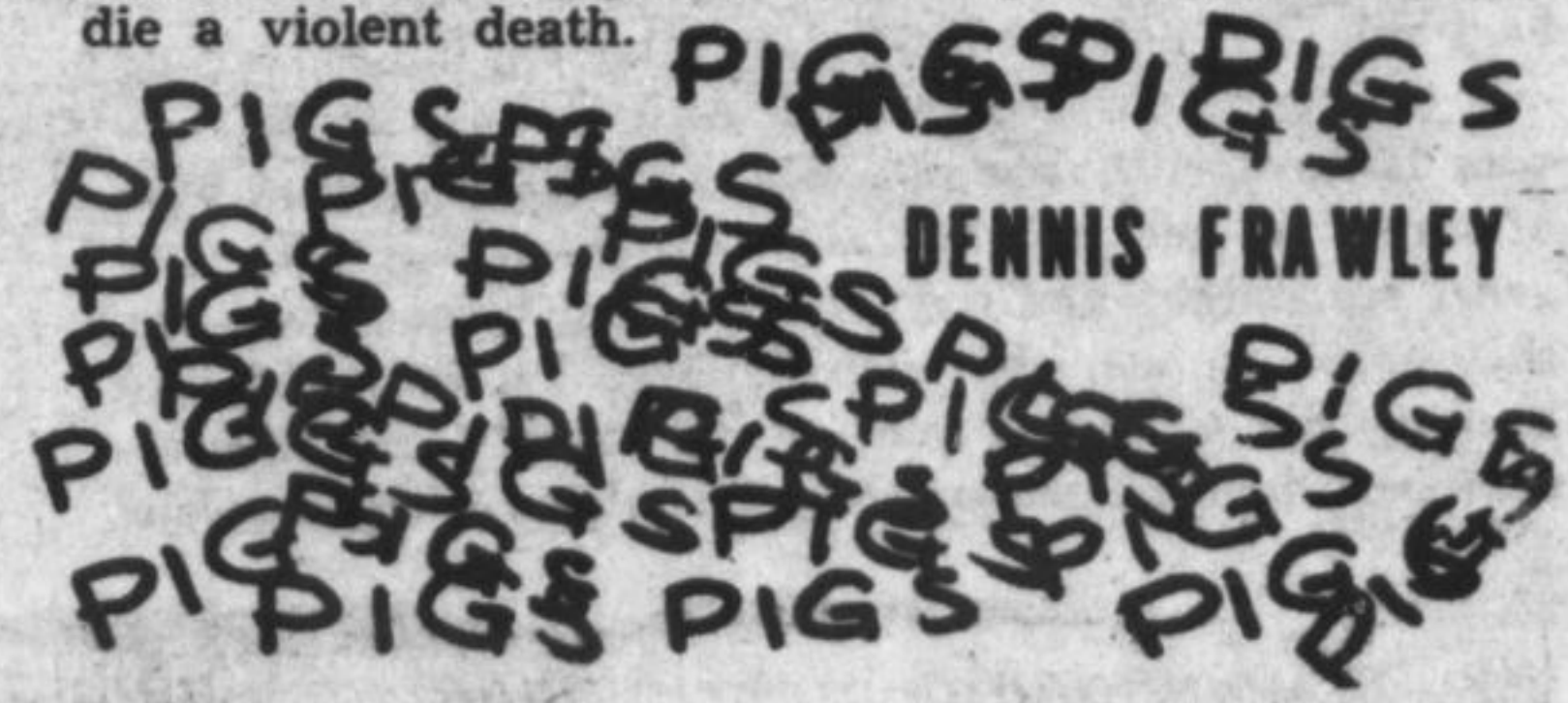
**TUESDAY**

Heavy doses of tear gas were used in Lincoln Park at 11 p.m. with very little beating as the clergy joined the protesters in the park praying. They were also attacked and driven off. Earlier in the evening, Bob Seale and the Black Panthers arrived at Lincoln Park with Seale giving a stirring and well received speech. Seale stated that large groups should not travel throughout the city but small armed packs of 3 or 4 should be all over the city — these are the tactics to use Demonstrations started in the afternoon at Grant Park which continued through Wednesday outside the Hilton.

**WEDNESDAY**

Confrontation was now in Grant Park as 15,000 people continued demonstrating opposite Democratic Headquarters. Tear gas, brutal clubbings, and movement to the streets characterized the demonstration. When unable to march on the amphitheatre, demonstrators took to the streets with a major confrontation on national TV on Michigan Avenue and Balboa.

Chicago has made the futility of non-militancy even more apparent to the movement. The youth are more determined than ever. Daley's strong arm machine, a reaction to Daley's personal reaction to dissent, represents the turning point in youth armed resistance and organization. The consumer must die a violent death.





# SEX & the single salami

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

every woman in america needs to pull herself together, if a little bored with the disjointed approach!

Miss V felt his pawing eyes they rushed the hushed flush down her cheeks her lips were moist & flesh open waiting for him to descend . . . no to come softly wafting her into his dreams . . . was it in the *bodega* at the corner of Eleven and A they met? His eyes had touched her, then he spoke, and his voice was otherwise. They said goodbye. That was a fine Saturday, New York was so beautiful like a small town where everybody knows who sleeps with the priest.

Or this approach: "I don't know what's happening?" "What happened?"

"This man . . . an artist . . . offered me \$50 to model for him. "Fifty."

"Fifty?"

"Yes. The first time," she smiled. "Nobody ever asked her to model before. Oh."

The person she was talking to felt like saying look Miss V, he's taking you for a ride, or, are you for real?, but said nothing . . . what could be say? It meant so much to her, the way her cheeks were wide awake and tongue stiff and darting as she stood near the window and said he looked at her.

"Sure," she said, "it was a compliment."

Remember her smile how limpid the laughter ended in smoke rings. "New York is lovely," she said, "the people so friendly." Her landlord was nice, her super was nice, her dreams were nice . . . new fantasies to compensate for an unfaithful reality.

Where do you stand?

You see, there are many layers to it. I am really writing a story, rather quickly, about single girls in the East Village, the ghetto, the slum, the lower east side, across the tracks, smackland, Tompkins Square Park, beautiful women accompanied by beautiful dogs they go together striding thru the incense of loneliness, the single girl in the ghetto, RAPE, a single girl in New York, . . . not the Upper East Side freaks near the river who go semenhunting at Daly's Dandelion, Maxwell's Plum every Friday night and at Bonwits', Bloomie's, and Bendel's every Saturday morning, the corridor-walkers of Manhattan. BUT THE MAGIC NAME OF KENNEDY STILL ELECTRIFIED THE DELEGATES.

were chasing Dissenters thru Lincoln Park, cops were mad, the Dissenters were shouting pig, pig, pig, pig, PIG! and the pigs were shouting kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, KILL! She loved him. There is always a way of loving someone, and there isn't anyone alive who can't be loved. THEN WALKING THRU THE WOODS ONE DAY ON A SOFT DAY OF LOVE IN THEIR EYES THE TOUCHES OF INNOCENCE AND DEATH HE GRABBED HER PURSE PUSHED HER INTO THE WATER, the cold water, and he left, all her money, all her hopes, they had been together so long together his kisses were God she wanted some of his insanity. "But men are here today and gone tomorrow. Like gods." And the second time: this fellini-fatale, oh, this is it, LOVE, she feels it, inside, outside, the covering is extensive and protects her dreams, he is incomparable, all man for her, he's not a hippie, definitely not in Chicago with the beautiful scum of America, the loved and loving ones of action and promise and wanting to know it feels to be killed to embrace bullets, knives, sticks, gases, to stop fearing and live longer than fear, and he always, said, "I don't want to hurt you. Am I hurting you? Are you o.k.?" the question removed from his period of her complete loving. Dream of a new life together perhaps away from the city and those urban fears, they sold their belongings, everything, a new start, buy new things to go with a new love in the pussy business, oh, she was so happy one night she forgot to masturbate and this love made her tremble. One evening, like last Monday's when Miss V agreed to unveil her strident nipples and flaming fantastic natural made crotch, such a fine evening, trees how smiling beautiful as leaves danced . . . they were going to watch the sunset. SUDDENLY. Each person, even outside of these normal stories, has his PRIVATE SUDDENNESS, when you know, a kind of holiness manifests itself as the extreme reluctances of life and death recoil from the touch of evil, which Bobby Kennedy felt for he knew he was dying, "It's O.K.," he said, that instant magic of understanding when the success of one's real spiritual experience, each is real, depends on the proper and swift embrace of the luminous flashes of *The Wrong Way*, the traveler stumbles upon the eldorados when he escapes the mannered prayers of the guidebook and goes all out secretly whoooooooooosh into the rewarding blind. And there is no return without change. x @ once she THROWS



## Salami

A knock on the door. I open, Miss V. She is weeping. She weeps. Her color has changed to another color. She wrings her hands and levitates.

"Oh, why did I do it? . . . why did I let him do it? Oh, he stole my money. He stole my money?"

"Sit down."

She ran into him again, the same one who stroked her with his eyes raked her into a figure of illusion, a kind of pollution at work. What day was it? Monday. Yes, Monday. She worked Monday, all day Monday and coming home tired she . . . anyhow, he said he wanted to see her . . . to appraise her, you must see first . . . rework her adam's apple the flush scattered pleasantly across her breasts (those nipples) and how her stomach genuflected before him (he thought that), and would her pubic hair shine in the evening sun like glint of kiss? . . . my hands are soft, my fingers want you, every emotion of kiss? . . . my hands are soft, my fingers want you, every emotion was in a rage of stifle and doubt, he wanted to see her against the evening light. She is so strange, to himself, I wonder if she trembles, he wanted to see her turn into a seed . . . east village mice love to eat pot seeds . . . they love to shell the seeds, eat inside, and get high . . . oh, it's such a sin to kill anything high.

"Oh, my God — why did I do it — I knew something like this was going to happen. I felt it, I knew it — but why did I have to let it happen. And I saw that movie last night. Last night." O.K., what about the movie? The eyes of the single girl, when not wrestling with the city salami, are stuck on movies like a parasite (which is such an extremely stupid thing to write), in the East Village it's the Charles, St. Mark's, Essex, and some people love to believe Bleeker Street is on the east side. All power to the right illusion, it's the wrong one that gets us into trouble. And the movie: Miss X was in love with him, he was so beautiful, this man of mine, let me be your slave, forever and ever and ever, my knight and day of wine and roses; well, she, this precious one, she even believed in God, and was keeping her Cherry Bomb for the right Christ. *Sweetness and hope caused a lot of trouble in Chicago. Cops*

the purse at his feet TAKE IT, DON'T KILL ME, she knows he is prepared to kill her and take the money, a martyr to the pause that refreshes us all, he took the money and started running thru the woods away from her no more dreams his lips on her the taste of HER dick the private loneliness attached to moments of exquisite torture . . . impaled on an orgasm . . . O . . . the purse ran with him, all the money, the new start is old, she was deep in pain and breathing heavily . . . she started screaming . . . she started . . . COME BACK, COME BACK, KILL ME, KILL ME, she wanted him to kill her, she wished to give him another test, but he was gone, and an erection crept up on him as he ran past the trees. *Love is quite a feeling.* "I should have known," Miss V sobbed on the carpet, she was fresh luminous, exciting and reminded me of this neighbor who beat his wife and beat his wife and almost beat her to death she was screaming as he beat his way out of the apartment and another neighbor went over and in the midst of consoling her, SUDDENLY, they were fucking. A SINGLE MAN IN NEW YORK. Miss V was sobtalking, "Should I call the Police?"

Yes, call the poor pigs.

How?

Calls Directory Information.

"Police number, please."

"There's a Police Emergency No. 911. Do you want me to connect you?"

"Yes," she sobbed into the tearful mouthpiece.

"Please." Her eyes were bright and flashing washed by tears and hair wet from . . . from what . . . from what?

"Oh, Christ, BUSY."

"Call the Ninth Precinct." Deputy Inspector Fink is Efficiently-in-Charge down there.

"Ninth Precinct? . . . I want to report . . . my name is . . ." *what's your name?* She was telling the story to the desk sergeant, "I know. It was stupid of me. I should have known." She had lost ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. He had taken it. "I didn't trust him, but I didn't expect him to go to that length, taking the money." He took her wallet. The two keys to the safe deposit box where she keeps her grandmother's engage-

(Continued on Page 16)



—so many complaints about *Revolution!* eclectic aesthetics, passe propaganda, etc.; unimportant half-truths and criticism leveled at a film destined to be more interesting in its unconscious revelation of folk zeit-geist and mass compulsion to grab at straws of illusion in search of ultimate solutions. a truly human weakness. even I was a transient in this chemical mansion and family of man and certainly no purer than any one else. for after all, can't even a common house painter (flip a coin?) compel millions to die?

yet, the cine non-event of the year occurred as I was leaving this theatre exhibiting *Revolution:* (the following is a factual account) sardines struggling to escape and suddenly I see a halo of space surrounding a man with a cane appearing confused and lost. The rabble watched as usual and so I gave him my arm and led him out eventually to the 6th Avenue subway. he told me this was the 5th time he had come to the film. We babbled awhile about the hip sub-culture for he had short hair and was curious. before we parted, I took his hand and placed it on my skull and he exclaimed "oh!!! you've long hair!"

—I must also report another cine non-event of the year missed by our stalwart EVO music reviewers. true, the Doors weren't particularly hospitable at the concert at the Singer Bowl, and true also they rudely left early. yet, were the following 20 minutes of mob theatrics true? did all that pent-up middle class emotion meant for the Doors really break up chairs to pieces and hurl them at the pathetic 30 or so fuzz and stadium cops guarding the musical equipment being stolen (I can personally account for one drum growing legs and splitting) for 20 or more minutes!!! with all the Romans in the bleachers staying to watch and throw peanuts . . .

—fri., saw *Belle de jour* by Bunuel and was caught by his masterful simplicity of presentation and surreal insight into the woman of his vision. a joyous film to see!

—sat., saw *Hour of the Wolf* by Bergman and am forever impressed by this master of "theatrical" drama in film. a black! and white! horror film for Bergman who supposedly fears working in color!

—tues., saw *Elvira Madigan* and was bored stiff by this saccharine melodrama with its cosmetic color. since I was previously informed about the plot, I left early and therefore may be wrong! However, I noticed one curious thing: women were more prone to defend it than men. they usually backed down later, but still only from a critical point of view! guess every ol' lady still needs her man . . . yikes!

—for the benefit of the non-seeing, soon to come to our fascist and fashionable city is the neo-non-real New York Film Festival. should anything be more/less than just a commercial jewel, I shall give to you my finger-and tongue-print.

meanwhile, back at the Cinematheque . . . the boss and cows and cockroaches have all run off, and Jonas Mekas is mad and pulling out what's left of his hair while vultures at City Hall have picked him up by the scruff of the neck and turned him and the cans of film in his pockets into a "flying cinematheque" technical problems so overly simple, of course, are beneath the concern of the temple priests at the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts! let us not remember the New American Cinema and Mekas milestones? or his endorsement of Warhol, west coast, and world art films, etc. through the Cinematheque while other critics couldn't even be bothered to yawn at them?

—a short while ago I saw a lovely film, *High Wind* by Mel Garfinkel which I don't even think Mekas has seen yet, although I heard rumor of great praise coming as well from Mrs. Sarkowaki, wife of the Museum of Modern Art's director of films and photography. already a flat contradiction of my dictum on women a few paragraphs back . . . !

—a demain, mes amis.

BABY JERRY



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# DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER

## GREBES & TANAGERS

When the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia last week, one of the most interesting developments to come out of the affair was the reactions of the various New Left and Old Left factions in this country. The younger people, the New Left, they were pretty pissed, they demonstrated in front of the Soviet Mission and tried to liberate the Rockefeller Center Tass wireservice teletypes. The Old Left, Gus Hall and associated geriatrics, they considered it fairly *de jure*, good revolution politics. Wondering then what the real Communists had to say for themselves, I took note of a confidential tip that the local Reds were gathering for strategy sessions every morning around six ayem, in Central Park, in disguise as birdwatching hippies. So I combed my moustache, laced up my Indian boots, borrowed a Peruvian centavo from a South American activist friend the other morning, stole through the Astor Place subway turnstile and rattled up to the Park.

Hippie Hill, at the south end of the sheep meadow, looked rather deserted. A fat bald gentleman wearing a paint-spattered jump suit with a pair of binoculars around his neck greeted me, saying, "The tanagers are nesting in the highest elm trees this morning, Comrade." I thought for a moment, then countersigned with, "May the scarlet ones ever prevail, Citizen." Eyes watering with emotion, he kissed me on both cheeks and handed me a joint.

"I just got back from mining the Amphitheater in Chicago," I told him, after a few hefty drags. "Tell me, Comrade, why are we in Czechoslovakia?"

"We are there because they asked us to come," he said, "Dubcek and Cerny are both dupes of the West, they take their orders directly from London and Washington. When Doprjyn Czeche asked us finally to intervene, we had no recourse but to stamp out this foothold to Imperialist Agression."

"Who's Doprjyn Czeche?" I asked.

"Doprjyn Czeche is the greatest patriot west of Byelo-Roissya," he said proudly, slipping into a Boris Badenov patois. "Comrade Czeche's photograph was in the Daily Worker last month, when he was promoted from warden of the Prague People's Penitentiary to head of the Republic's penal system. Surely you could not have missed it."

Ah yes, I remembered exhaling a cloud of cannabis and training my binoculars onto a homely brunette who was approaching us from the Central Park Expressway, alongside the Tavern on the Green. "Comrade Czeche, of course, he was the little fellow in jack boots and aviator glasses, holding a riding crop and combing his small black moustache. Are you sure he represents the majority of the people of Czechoslovakia?"

"What does that matter? Comrade Czeche has promised us the full support of every able-bodied freedomloving male Czechoslovakian between the ages of twelve and fifty-five to help us put down the Revisionists. The invasion is only a temporary tactic; Comrade Czeche would not have Russian boys fighting a war for Czechoslovakian boys."

"Well, why not let Czeche do the whole thing himself? Why get involved in the first place?"

"Imagine a set of dominoes," he said very patiently. "Here is Prague, and here is Warsaw, and beyond that lies Belgrade, and Hungary, and eventually even some of your dissident elements in the Ukraine . . ."

"Yuri, have you read the latest Knicker-

bocker/Daily Column,' squealed the brunette, running breathlessly up to us with a newspaper in her hands. 'We've been found out! Walter Winchell has spilled the beans, the Sheep Meadow is no longer safe, we'll have to move back to Union Square. I called everyone else, told them not to show up this morning, but since your line is tapped I couldn't get through to you, and . . . Yuri! Who's this??' she exclaimed, pointing at me.

"Why, it's our comrade from, from . . . uh . . . Just where are you from buster?"

"I'm from the East Village Other," I declared proudly, swallowing the roach and standing up. "And I thank you for an exclusive story, which you may read Thursday or Friday, without we run out of money or get bombed in the meanwhile. It's been a very interesting morning, Comrade Yuri, very interesting indeed."

Standing up indignantly, the man took the brunette by the elbow and started off toward the Zoo. "We have better things to read than your cheap Hearstian bombast, Mr. East Village Other. When the Revolution comes, mark my words sir, you'll all be deported to Peking, where you belong. come, Bettina, I just saw a purple grebe fly off toward the meteorological castle. Good afternoon, sir."

## FUNK YOU, TOO

It's strange how emotions make jackasses out of people, especially people who are supposed to be staid, profound analytical thinkers. Even after Kennedy's death, especially after Kennedy's death, the sometimes New Frontiersmen treated Eugene McCarty with nothing but aversion and contempt, and that was just pique, totally immature irresponsible faggoty pique. It was with a little too much surprise to be altogether cynical that I realized, on the evening of Kennedy's assassination, that I had really sincerely all along disliked the man and most of his camp followers; and subsequent developments have shown that while there was little enough of Robert Kennedy to sell out, his people sold him out when they brought forth McGovern to soak up their anguish—anguish which had transmuted into pique, totally immature irresponsible faggoty pique.

So when McCarthy lost, I cannot say I was surprised, or even terribly disappointed. Tired, yes, I am tired, and apt to get a lot more tired of more shit hitting the fan every time a politician farts crosswise. McCarthy just didn't have the right sort of charisma, he was tired too. He was tired with the American Way of Thinking, sick to death of it, and when at the last minute he alienated nearly everybody who makes a fetish out of righteous compassion, it was because he was tired. Somebody asked him what he thought of the Russians stomping on poor little Czechoslovakia, and he answered that it was not really much of a crisis, and that Johnson overreacted by calling a midnight session of the National Security Council. Daley and Unruh, who had been flirting with him, directly threw their hand-picking to Ted Kennedy, who is probably also tired by this time. What's more, everybody from the Times down to the varietal post-existential-anomie adolescent McCarthy campaign worker was distressed and disillusioned.

He said that, and no more, because he was tired. Too much empty wind had already passed his lips since February, the gentleman was too fatigued with it to even transcribe a speech that would rouse the rabble. He said it wasn't much of a crisis, and it wasn't much of a crisis, because no-

(Continued on Page 14)

Lo  
ALMA  
BY I

Raeonne Rubinstein

Photo by



The Scene . . . was the way the scene always is, with or without the perfumed capitalization. It was the Scene, and everybody was there hoping that This One That One would also show: friends and people to know. Jimi Hendrix had shown Joan Baez; John Hammond, the Chambers Brothers . . . everybody was on for help Biafra. The night I was there, the first was Hal Waters, a smooth vocalist accompanying himself on the guitar: easy sound, together and never strained. This was the word for the audience though; tight pants, and tight people, whether it was from liquor or just the atmosphere smoky, dense and buzzing. Hair was tight too . . . there was an even competition short frizz vs. long and smooth, but I knew the long, smooth was that way off because somebody got down on it and made it look like that. Hair follicles seemed to plead for a recess from combs and sprays eyes were jerked upwards by tight rubber bands and hair clips. Unisex everywhere bell bottoms and shirts, sashes and ribbons and boys tell girls by sort of poking their fingers in the boobs — gotta make sure. Otherwise thighs were really making their presence felt, especially around the bathroom-kitchen complex, for this is the heart of St. Paul's Scene — it has kitsch and a circle within the circles, although hardly conc-



# THE MANAC

BY LITA ELISCU

tric. Like Dante's version of Hell, but this combines the best of both those worlds. There is the circle near the door, watching, waiting, and milling on general principles. There are the various areas filled by tables and occasional bodies, which tend to move according to molecular theory: one hits another and they both whizz around, 10 points for making it to the dance floor in front of the stage. Then, there is the bathroom-kitchen area, and the carnival never stops; this is where it's happening, apart from the stage. This is where the people congregate. Long-lost friends know that a less-than 5 minute wait near the entrance way will be more than enough for convergence.

As the time goes by, sometimes slow other times fast, more and more interest revolves around the stage; Names are supposed to appear, as the magic hour of whatever-the-hell-it-may-be approaches. Jimi Hendrix does an Ed Sullivan job from the tables (translated: he waves and smiles, stands up and mumbles — he has forgotten to bring his guitar, but Hi there anyway, sports fans, Son of the Big Bopper is Arrived.)

The Cauldwell-Winfield Blues Band go on next. They play blues, so loud that the only way to hear the instruments is to stick your fingers in your ears. This done, they prove to have some nice sound, only it takes them 4 numbers in the first set to get together at all; mainly, they play variations of well-known blues bags.

The Girl's Room: where else can you comb your hair while Jimi Hendrix watches; shit along side of Brando, and even have Ursula Andress for those who just admire Beauty, whatever form it takes.

Step outside for the Main Man of the evening: a member of the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive. Sincerity comes across as bathos in the glare of these super-cool lights, and the eyes looking at nothing in particular reflect no gleams... like the performers, they know that what they have to do, what they're going to give as their share, and attention to another voice talking isn't it. Still, the benefit is for Biafra; somebody had to be the fall guy.

John Hammond comes on and plays his typical raunchy sets, getting raw and thirsty towards the end, somehow looking different from his sound, as he stands there in a neat, simple business suit, while the sound is pure gut... Then and again, that is his business.

Backstage: people loll all over whatever furniture is around; one boy is draped around a stool. He is the accompanist for Bunky & Jake, who are supposed to go on later in the evening... His name is Doug, and he just sits here, smiling a little, waiting. Hal Waters is there; he's glad to be doing the benefit... We laugh; there ought to be a benefit for some of the local problems, like Harlem and Bed-Stuy... "But it's harder to raise the money for that, somehow." There are moments when he's on, his voice fills the whole room, deep and rich — I ask him which number it was: "It's 'An Israeli Love Song,' I think." I think that figures.

People weave in and out of the Backstage door, some even making it into the room: a boy pulling a pale girl behind him, she stands around careful not to make a wrong move, until she has established herself.

Outside, I talk to the local scenery, live props. They assume I am trying a not-too-original pick-up; even my little notebook is accepted as an already-seen number. Oh well.

(Continued on Page 14)

# WESTERN REALIS

BY JAAKOV KOHN

The erstwhile assumption that Gene McCarthy entered the New Hampshire Primary in order to "draw up his speaker's fees and book sales (N.Y. Times Magazine, Aug. 25, #78), seems to be the most valid explanation for the Senator's entry into the presidential circus.

\*\*\*

At a time when heroes, beliefs and ideals, hitherto embraced passionately, are debunked and smashed to smithereens, the lot of the Venezuelan male is no exception. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that while the main theme of Parisian haute fiffure is UNSEX, the image of the Venezuelan male as the prototype of the Legendary Latin Lover has received the kiss of death. To add insult to injury, the new image is the creation of none other than Dr. Edmundo Chirinos, head of Caracas Central University's Department of Psychology, who explained: "Generally speaking there are no lovers in Venezuela. The male performs the sexual act as a physical function, without putting into it tenderness, affection or spiritual elements, which are typical of the female when she submits. They do it to uphold tradition." Bye, bye Ramon Navarro, Caesar Romero, Ricky Sanchez and all you other hot babies.

\*\*\*

Ronald Leagan's suggestion that the perfect solution for the Vietnamese problem would be to flatten the whole place and make a huge parking lot out of it is perhaps a bit one track minded, but at least it would have kept the mess away from home. As always a lot was said about it and nothing done. Perhaps Lyndon, that Commie lover, let things get too close to home. Perhaps this notion entered the minds of the lucky ones that managed to while away the hot summer days seven miles off the mainland on Martha's Vineyard. The following item appeared in "The Vineyard Gazette" established in 1846 — a non political journal of Island Life:

## BOMBS AND FLARES IN NIGHT WERE TOO MUCH LIKE HOME FRONT WAR

*Vacationers and others at Menemsha and elsewhere up-Island felt that they were having an uncomfortably close demonstration of something too much like war during Tuesday night. Planes were making runs on Noman's Land, dropping magnesium flares, and sending unusually heavy bombs not singly but in pods, as one Vineyarder described it, upon the seaward island.*

*The whole show continued for more than an hour, and the children in several households were terrified.*

*"This was not the usual stuff," said a Menemsha summer resident. "These were tremendously heavy bombs and they were dropped from three to five at a time. It turned the night into terror, even though we knew what must be going on."*

*The magnesium flares, lighting up the whole sky, added to the sense of imminent war and of fright, the same summer resident said.*

Perhaps a Vietnamese parking lot might lend itself better to such purposes than a spot of land off Cape Cod.

\*\*\*

The hot line between Washington and Moscow does not tick away as it should while Russian tanks roll into Prague. No communication. The coverall copout of "security" enables Mayor Daley to have the affront to ban TV transmitters from parking near the Convention site. No communication. Certainly for many a PR man to despair. Not so in God's communication set-up. There the flow of communication seems to be pouring out without fail. At least that's how a claim by Dr. Carl C. McInfire, president of the International Council of Christian Churches (ICCC) makes it seem. "God has recently given us (Him and his group) "a clear understanding that Communism is striving to abp;osj tje ma,e pf God/" Crisp, clear and concise. A simple case of image assassination. Good analysis. Not bad for someone who doesn't even have an office on Mad. Ave. One might only wonder, in view of Prague, how come God and/or the good doctor have not kept up to date on the current Commie priorities. Nothing new in their God department. With them it's Dubcek and his fellow Commies that fuck up their communications.

\*\*\*

The concept of black power will as yet prove itself to be the most potent and everlasting philosophy to emerge from our national turmoil. There hardly remains a facet of our lives that is untouched by it. Under the sponsorship of the Religious Sisters of Mercy at Mt. Mercy College in Pittsburgh, a group of 150 black nuns is currently meeting to discuss ways and means that they may employ in order "to help solve America's racial problems." Sister Martin Dupolles, the driving force behind the troublemaking scheme, which undoubtedly sends many a Mother Superior atither, announced plans toward the formation of an exclusively black order, The National Black Sisters. Bee Pee ain't just gonna get your Mommas, but your Sisters too.

\*\*\*

Sometimes The Man has thanks due him. Nothing illustrates this more poignantly than a recent case in Boston. Two men charged with possession of 205 decks of heroin, valued by The Man at \$10,000, pleaded innocent at their arraignment. Their defense claimed that the supposed scag was nothing more than malt sugar. In lieu of analysis the two were kept in jail. If it turns out to be malt sugar, the two should stay where they are and to The Man, that eternal adversary, thanks for a change.

\*\*\*

Even though Dean Rusk failed to see any similarity between the Russian's presence in Prague and the American's in Saigon, the interchangeable flexibility of Vietoslovakia and Czechoslonam is inescapable.

\*\*\*

Saying of the week: "I have a feel for the future. I imagine a fantasy cult or philosophy then I find while I am inventing it somebody in the next room has been doing it." — John Wilcock.

\*\*\*

R. Jones



(Continued from Page 12)

## decomposition

body this side of the Warsaw Pact could do much of anything about it, nor was anybody prepared to do anything at all. When Johnson called the Security Council out of bed he was talking through his hat, he wasn't going to do a fucking thing with them, nor was there any reason to. Not even Johnson was about to play politics with this mess, and we have Vietnam to thank for that — but for being preoccupied elsewhere, that megalomaniac son of a bitch probably would have killed us all, in hopes of getting a few more votes for his man in Chicago.

So McCarthy lost, he lost good, and depending on how Wallace handles himself between now and November, we can expect four more years of either Humphrey or Nixon. I really couldn't say what might have happened had McCarthy won the Democratic nomination, except that he probably would have been President; whether that would have helped things or not, that's beyond me. It would have made me feel a bit less tired, though, and a lot more of us might have survived this fall, this winter, and the fire this time.

### THE COMIC HERO IN THE 20th CENTURY

By all signs and portents, National Periodical Publications may be catching on after untold years of vacuity and synching its comics characters in with the essence of the times. Superman was conceived when heavy patriotism and unquestioning Nietzschean idealism were upheld as qualities worthy of propagandizing, and he was invulnerable, and he was incorruptible, and unhappily he was immutable. He and his cohorts — Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Arrow, Aquaman — they thrive and exulted even after the Korean War, after McCarthy, lingered on in fact well after the Cold War had made everyone deathly sick of patriotism and idealism. Then, magically, the economic emphasis of the nation graduated from the middle class itself to the children of the middle class, and when even Kryptonite could not kill him, Superman fell to his death into the Generation Gap.

Teenyboppers, understand, aren't interested in reading anything but teenybopper stuff. Accordingly, Superman/DC performed some kind of parthenogenesis a couple years ago, and forthwith there was a Wonder Woman, an Aqualad, a Supergirl, and Superboy was oneupping Superman all over the place. However, they all remained invulnerable, incorruptible, and immutable — 'Birchy invulnerables,' a DC staffer calls them. Beyond some pleasant pubescent sexuality, these kids did little to come to terms with the Teenyboppers of Today.

Marvel Comics caught wind of what was happening early on. The Hulk appeared, the sociopath nonpareil, the invulnerable and incorruptible (but mortally mutable) super-antihero who chafes against his own invulnerability, and is incorruptible only by being hopelessly beyond corruption, and all other human frailties. In line with the Hulk, the other Marvel superheroes — the Fantastic four, the Avengers, Captain America, Spider-Man — all became excruciatingly human, and weak, and frightened. So what if they win every time? Baby, they suffer! Marvel also had the best artists for this sort of thing — Jim Steranko, Jack Kirby, Artie Simek — and before you knew it, Marvel was clearly at the top of the heap.

Something had to be done at Superman/DC! In the spring of '66, then, out came the Inferior Five, a blatant pastiche of the Fantastic Four, which also took a healthy swing at Wonder Woman, Batman, and Green Arrow. The I-5 were situated in New York City — as are most of the Marvel superheroes—and you saw them going to work on the subway, hilariously, and you saw landlords and little old ladies and faggots and christ knows what-all. Plotwise, two issues out of every three of the I-5 generally turn out to be real bummers, but Dumb Bunny is consistently the sexiest superchick to fly along since the Comics Code was forced on the world.

The trouble with the I-5, though, was that it looked too much like a comic comic book, like Donald Duck or Binky, and not enough like a superhero comic book, and superheroes are definitely where it's at these days. Time passed, and as the situation looked ever more gloomy for Birchy invulnerables, DC commenced experimenting.

Last month, of course, they did up Angel and the Ape, which was a benison to leg menthe world over and has every hpe of success. Simultaneously, though, they put out something called The Geek, which was supposed to demonstrate 'The TRUE Dangers of LIFE in HIPPIELAND.' These hippies, dig it, are getting hassled seriously by the local motorcycle hoods, who roar into their love-ins, take down the men hippies and mess around with the chicks. Since the hippies are all professed pacifists there is nothing to be done but to put up with it and get the shit kicked out of themselves every couple days. After one such encounter, wherein their clothes get befouled, they hang their threads on a straw dummy that happens to be hanging around the commune, and go out to sniff flowers and groove on the streetlamps. In their absence, the heat in the room and the stuff on their clothes produce a spontaneous chemical reaction on the dummy, turning him into The Geek, and he takes off bounding horribly over the rooftops to kick shit out of the motorcycle hoods. Anybody who reads this sort of bullshit should have every Hells Angel and Road Vulture in the country onto his arse.

Okay, Superman/DC pulled another bummer, they can afford it, comic books still sell better than any other printed material. But look, last week they did Bat Lash, a Western which angurs extremely well for the future of the Superhero.

Bat Lash is an authentically evil son of a bitch, America should be proud to have him on her newstands. Physically, he sort of resembles a cross between the Steve McQueen of Nevada Smith, and James Coburn. His personality is almost purely rat fink, tempered with a little Tom Sawyer. On the lam from the local sheriff, Bat Lash mooches supper off a traveling friar, and, lifting a gold watch from the unsuspecting father, has this to say for himself: 'Seems a mite ungrateful for me to lift his watch like I did . . . but it's for his own good! His soul is best not burdened by worldly goods.' That's the tenor of the man's mind, he's an actual human being. Later on, when two bushwhackers get the drop on him, he flings himself from his horse, complaining, 'I hate violence! I hate it so bad . . . and cutting them down with his Winchester, . . . I feel like killin' anyone who pushes me to it!' BAM! AAGH! BAM! UGH! At another point, to escape from jail, he seizes a pretty senorita through his cell bars, pulls the dagger-sharp comb from her hair, and grins, 'Drop the colt, sheriff, or I'll comb this purty gal's hair . . . clean down to her ankle bone.' Free again, he goes off to avenge the death of the aforementioned padre, and also to find his Hidden Gold, which the friar had thought to use for the education of Indian children. Bat Lash's grandpaw was once a Cherokee blood brother, see, and he could sure stand some education' — 'the ladies in Paris, Rome, and London can teach a man a powerful lot!'

That's Bat Lash, twelve cents at your neighborhood comics vendor. One thing the article lacks, despite the encouraging raised-skirt-and garter chick on the front cover, is sex: there is no sex at all on the inside. Superman/DC promises, though, that 'an uncostumed (though not unclothed: the comics code you know . . .) and sexy Wonder Woman' is presently in the works, and a 'sword and sorcery' strip drawn by Wally Wood, of Witzend and E. C. fame' is presently under way. Fafard and the Grey Mouser come to comixland? Truly, you cannot get much more in synch with the essence of the times than Fritz Leiber has.

(Continued from Page 12)

## almanac

Ken Schaeffer, who is doing the press for the Scene, says that over \$8,000 was made the first night — a Monday night! We are both properly impressed . . . people are giving money during the performances, before, and after. The suggestion is made to raffle off 2 hours with top name of the night, to the lucky groupie . . . The realization that the top-name is often Hendrix stops that suggestion: he has more than enough problems and works out harder than most during the rest of his day; he doesn't need this too. Schaeffer says that the benefit has been so successful, it will be continued through next week. The Scene is aiming to line up Blood, Sweat and Tears, Eric Anderson, Richie Havens, and — why not? — Dylan. It's a fantastic deal having a good cause; any performer who turns that down without good excuse (note from his doctor, etc.) is a fink, right . . . ?

What The Scene has that no other place has is not just the entertainment on stage, the excitement of maybe happening to be there for a Hendrix unannounced gig, or one of those all-night blowup including Butterfield, Coryell, Alvin Lee, etcetera; what this place has is its very own scene, a neighborhood Emmaus House for the non-deprived teenagers. This is surely a place they call their own, and that is beautiful.

Besides, the music is so often better than good.

Steve Paul is of course no saint, not even an underground antichrist; but he has compassion — maybe not for guinea pigs, but for musicians first, and even the kids. Some of them even know what they're listening to. Buddy Guy, Buzz Linhart . . . Listen, it's impressive, don't kid yourself.

If holding a year-long cycle of benefits will help people and musicians to get together, then the benefit in the end is going to go all ways. Keep posted on this particular benefit, because Biafra is more than the usual horror story sensationalized. There really isn't anything sensational about another kid dying; but this is one of the few times people can do something about it without getting the blood all over their hands, or catching some infection, or getting bit by a rat: it's far away, in Africa; yet you can help. Isn't that a perfect solution to the conflict between doing good and getting involved . . . ? Godard, in his section of Far From Vietnam, tries to explain that each person must do what he is capable of doing to fight those evils he is aware of . . . For most, giving money and going to the Scene is about the nicest action to be performed. It's almost completely painless.

### BURNING GRASS

Something happened in Cleveland last week which warranted an inch of UPI copy in the Daily News, at the top of page eleven: Michael W. Kolbe, twenty-one, was given thirty to sixty years in prison after trying to peddle some vegetable culture to an undercover fuzz. What made all this so newsworthy was the police chemist's report on the state's evidence, which showed it to be a package of weeds from someone's back yard, just weeds, nothing that would get anyone high even by power of suggestion. Kolbe, however, thought at the time of the sale that he was peddling marijuana. The plainclothesman, too, supposed it to be dope. This was good enough for His Honour, who hit Kolbe with a sentence that would edify a child rapist. That Kolbe was on parole at the time, good behaviour on a one-to-seven for grand larceny, may have had something to do for it. The Ohio ACLU, though, they think the whole thing is out of proportion, and they have stepped in to save Kolbe's neck. When the kid gets loose, maybe Poppa Al will be around to Talk To Him about what happens to guys who burn people.

### LOUD NEWS

Peter Walker, Pat Sky, Danny Kalb, Scott Fagan, Ars Nova, Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys, Frank Wakefield, Blues Magoos, Major Wylie, The Sorrells Gospel Singers, The Coldwell Windfield Blues Band, and others. Bob Fass doing MC stuff. Take the Thruway to Exit 19, route 28 west to Woodstock. Last open air Sound Festival of the season. Tonight, Saturday, and Sunday. Free campsites and fireplaces, bring along sleeping bags and cooking utensils.

## HORSESHIT NO. 3



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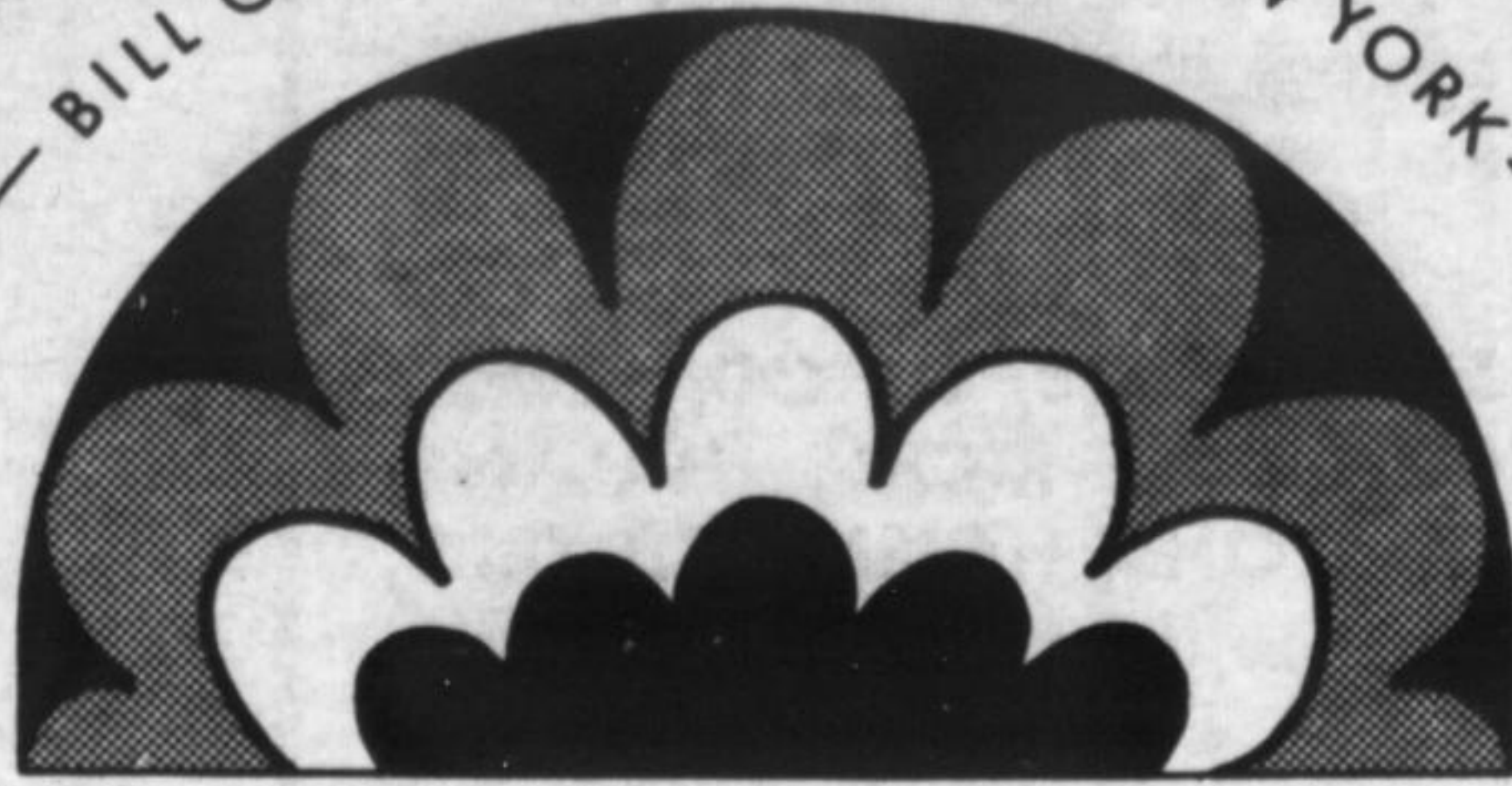
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SATURDAY, OCT. 12

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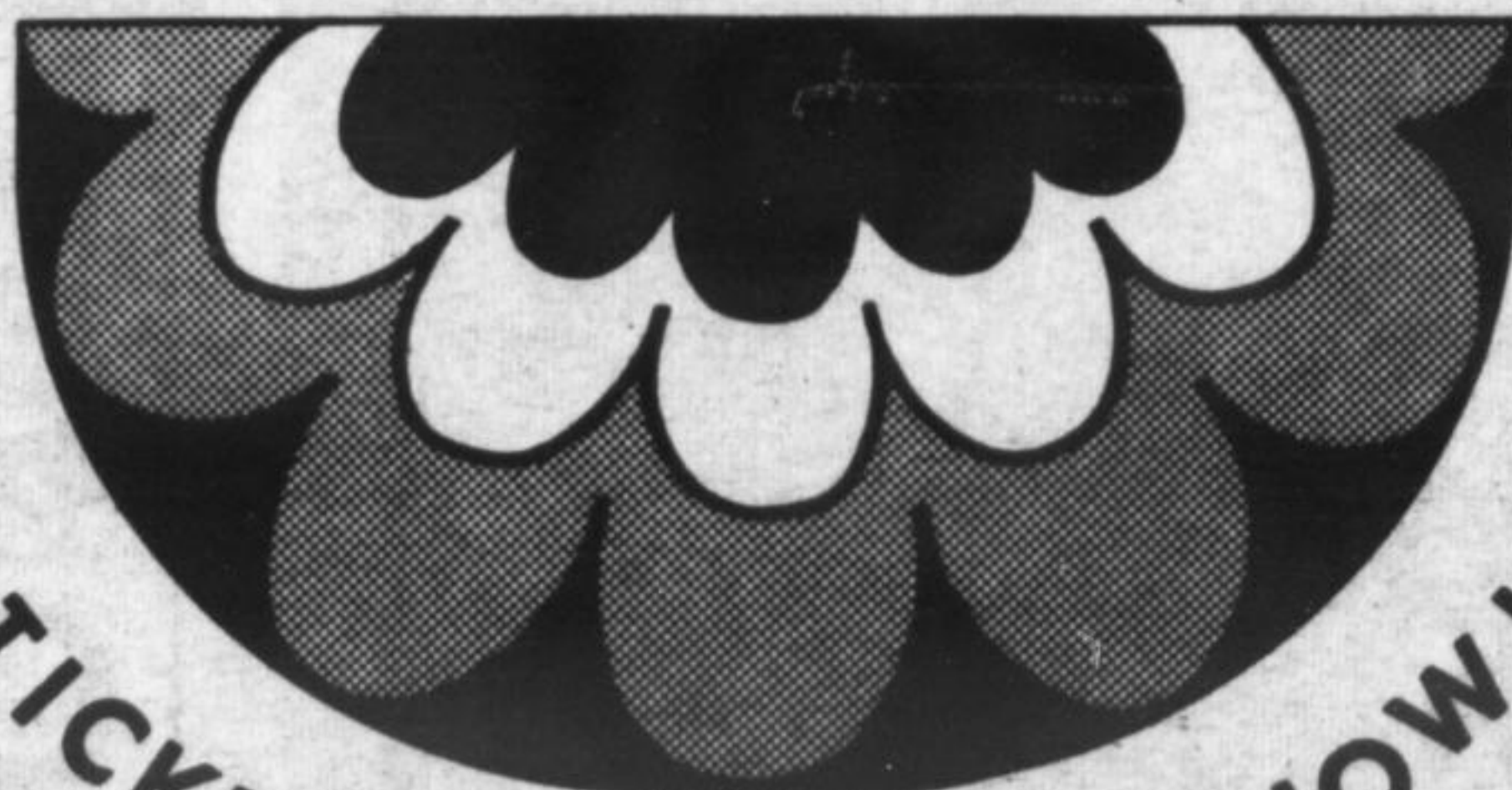
FRIDAY & SATURDAY, OCT. 18 & 19

**JEFF BECK GROUP  
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MAIL ORDERS: CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO "FILLMORE-EAST," 105 2ND AVE., N.Y.C. 10003. ENCLOSE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE & SPECIFY DAY, DATE & 8 OR 11:30 SHOW. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVED 3 DAYS BEFORE PERFORMANCE WILL BE HELD AT BOX OFFICE.

TICKETS AVAILABLE: MANHATTAN—DIFFERENT DRUMMER, Lexington at 61st; NEW YORKER BOOK SHOP, Broadway at 89th; VILLAGE OLDIES, 149 Bleeker (Upstairs); BROOKLYN—ONE ABOVE-TWO BELOW, 2 Bay 28 St. (86 St.); PRANA—132 Montague, Bkln. Hts.; WESTCHESTER—SYMPHONY MUSIC SHOP, 28 Palisades Ave., Getty Square, Yonkers; BRONX—COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 382 E. Fordham Rd.

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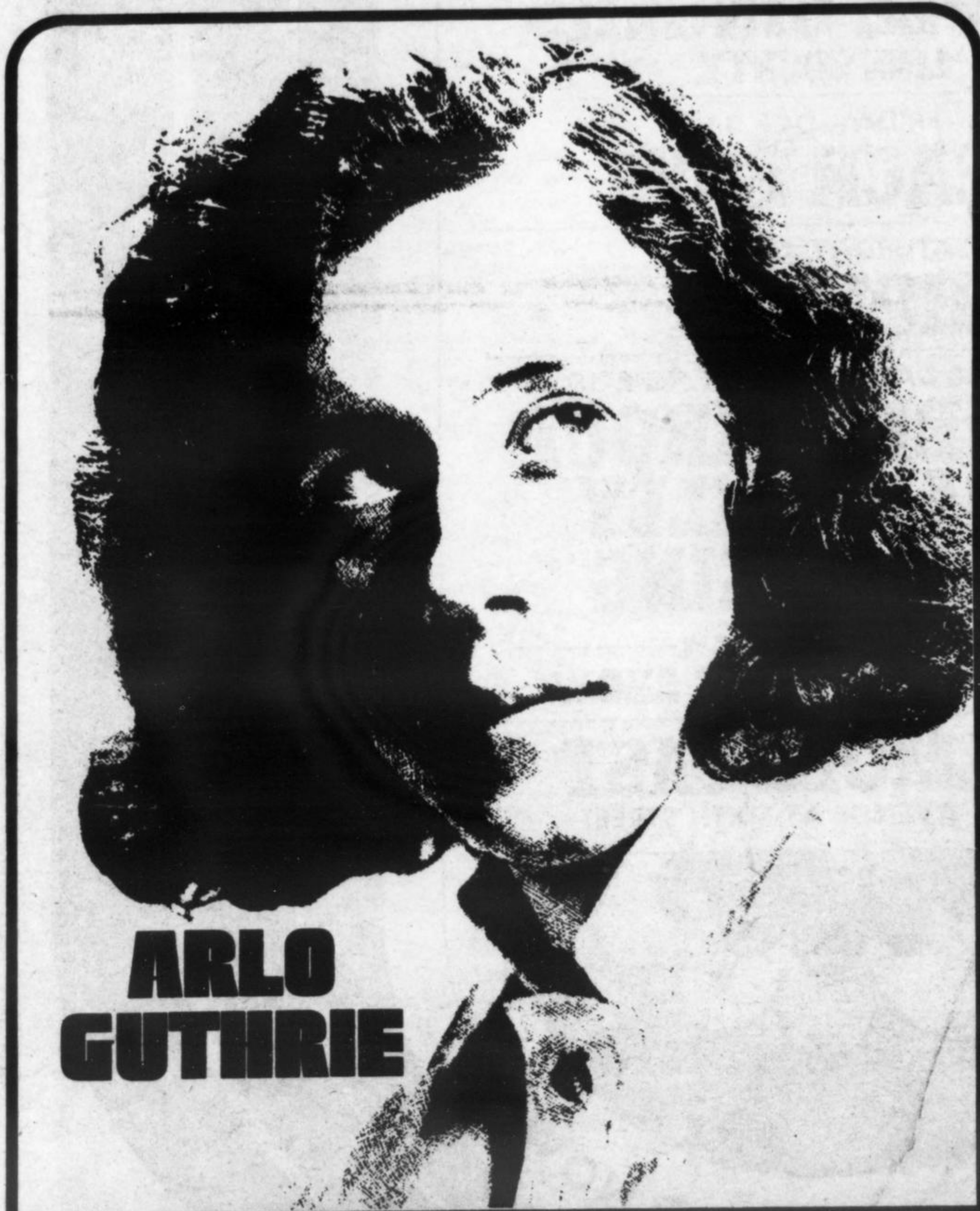


**OPERATION AIRLIFT BIAFRA BENEFIT**

Steve Paul's Scene is proud to have changed its name this past Monday thru Thursday and this coming Sunday thru Thursday to BIAFRA.

JOAN BAEZ, JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE, BLOOD, SWEAT and TEARS, CHAMBERS BROTHERS, RICHIE HAVENS, ERIC ANDERSEN, TOM PAXTON, JOHN HAMMOND TRIO, HAL WATERS and many others will appear during the course of this benefit.

JOAN BAEZ cares. Actively. She came Monday. And sang. And gave. To feed a few mouths beside her own. BIAFRAN mouths. Kids' mouths. Kids who are dying prematurely from an overdose of politics and grownups. Which can lead to starvation. JIMI HENDRIX came Monday. And gave. And will play Wednesday. And again. JIMI cares. Actively. BILL GRAHAM cares. He came Monday. And gave. They gave \$6500 between them. Which was the least, because they gave themselves. Come to BIAFRA at The Scene, 301 West 46th Street tonight. Least of all, because you'll hear great music or make great music. Most of all, because you care.



**ARLO GUTHRIE**



arlo

As gently as possible, Arlo disassembles the known world with new tales and songs from Alice's Restaurant. Live, in living color, and to be heard with ultra high frequency and an open mind.



**SEX**

(Continued from Page 10)

ment ring, the family's magic, her Blue Cross, two credit cards from her home city in another state out midwest where she said everyone knew everyone and could trust more openly where it isn't a panic to sleep with one's front door unlocked where at night she can walk around, . . . she loves to walk and think . . . but she doesn't feel free to walk and think around the East Village at night so a lot of this mighty technological scrabble is locked in her pushing out her breasts and pinching her ankles, "Will someone be over soon? Yes, his name is," yes, "he's tall and handsome and nicelooking. I know, I shouldn't have done it. It was very stupid of me. Yes, tomorrow I will call the bank and the store and have my Blue Cross changed too. I wish he took the money alone. Yes, I know. It's an old story."

She went home to wait on the pigs. A single girl waits on a pig. This Single Waiting Girl is an unfortunate victim of the sultry salami. Perhaps more women want to be victims today, it's fashionable perhaps to be mugged, it's love. There are other single girls. One was a sweet fuck, Louis Abolafia says he walked seven blocks thru heavy snow and sickness to eat her one day in a desperate plea for her to be his Campaign Manager . . . then she caught the clap . . . everybody was catching the clap last year, this year, the commune's disease, and what I love about this Love Generation is the way everyone shares everything . . . yes, so the clap is shared, TOGETHERNESS. One hand cannot clap. Well, the sweet fuck turned against men, even against hippies, yipees, dippies, studs, dudes, jades, spades and other humans being their freaky selves as they work out their separate karmas in the midst of an overpowering architecture that blocks out the sun, destroys the moon and stops the rain from falling. So she named herself Queen Clapathra and walked up and down the streets of this creeping "kinda private" hell balling left and right young and old black and white on roofs and street corners, in doorways and stores and offices she spread her sweet sad sour blessing, and the men started *nastyng*. One of my best friends rushed to the Army-Navy store and bought fifteen shorts, having timed his clap to last 15 days, and hating to launder his clapwear.

And some of these boys masculinely spread the scented joy of clap around.

Miss V waited. Her eyes were heavy from watering. Only two months in New York, and look at me now, look at this room, the floor is still dirty, the windows undraped, things strewn on the floor . . . she cried some more to compensate this recognition . . . graduated in 64, goes to Europe, falls in love, engaged, not engaged, returns to America, New York (for it's the only big city in the world), straight to the *Barbizon*, fresh, clean, healthy girls, the midwest manifesto of flesh, she liked it, she liked the orderliness, and she started working. In New York, the single girl works. Anything, everything. She found a job with one of the city's social services department.





## salami

She met new men, young men with beards and degrees, they looked at her, she made friends easily, so easily they laughed and joked and ate and drank together. Then she fell in love with one. He looked like Jesus. She's 25. He was younger. One month in New York, and already shackled up with a hippie. She had never done that before; and, added to this novelty of companionship, the fact that He was leaving after two weeks to rejoin his old lady of two years in Chicago or California, somewhere, she didn't care. She didn't like his friends. They spent too much time smoking, always smoking, like the people uptown, always drinking, retreats from the technological embrace of the Big City, city primitives. He gave her heavy loving. Sent her tired to work on mornings she would crawl out of his arms stooped back to work a million ecstasy eggs between her legs, she just wanted to keep them there, hug them, not let them go, walk around with the evidence of love and look at all those unhappy faces shoving to private slavery eight hours a day and the rest of the day hating people. Then the two . . . there three days before he left for those waiting arms, he helped her move from the Barbizon to the East Village right across the city to a remodelled apartment complex, \$90 for one room between A and B., and she ran into the man who wanted her to model for him, to show him.

She was waiting for the pig. Restlessness. She went to the super. He was nice, the super and his wife, and they, she was so surprised, the super and his wife understood. They consoled her, they drank coffee. The super told her of two girls, just like her, good girls, not these vamps and bitches, good girls, they were roommates, and these two beautiful roommates fell in love with two beautiful men, right here on Seventh Street near Second and they love loved and loved to eat their false lashes, and one night they went to a movie, the four of them. They saw the *President's Analyst*; they loved it and laughed, had ice cream at Gem's Spa, bought the Times and went home. And the men tied up the women and took everything. Everything. AND THEY HAD BEEN GOING THREE MONTHS.

The super's vice, such a doll, she brought out BRANDY, Miss V was beginning to laugh, the red was leaving her eyes, a good job of cheering her up. She felt high . . . exhilarated. So she calls long distance to Daddy (he's a judge back home), she tells him the story, he laughs after hearing she's all right, unharmed. "That's such an old story," Daddy says, "Well, I told you about New York." Was she ready to come home? No. No, she would still be here when they passed thru in October, he wanted her to find them, Mother, too, a hotel near where she lived. She shared a private laugh with her environment. She told him again. She met him on the street. Climbing the stairs to her apartment she didn't trust him. But she was traditioned that she should trust him, to each the benefit of human doubt. Inside, he said, "Are you afraid I'll rape you?" No, she wasn't afraid of that. She knew he couldn't do that. But she wouldn't trust him with her money. She went into the bathroom to undress and shower and let him see her dry and smooth and beautiful her skin smooth and soft a good model, AND SHE TOOK HER BAG. She was naked, drying, he came into the bathroom, she remembered turning her back ONCE . . . he smoked Kools, she Camels . . . he said he wanted to get some . . . O.K. . . then she went looking—in the bag—for something and discovered the wallet missing. OH OH OH OH, maybe he had chickened out and thrown it in a corner . . . not found . . . she rushed to the window, she started screaming, she was never so confused . . . the following day she called the bank, and must pay \$25 whenever she decides to break open the deposit box. Blue Cross said he couldn't do anything with the card. The Midwest credit departments didn't accept collect calls, but stopped the accounts anyway. She told the Post Office to be on the lookout for the wallet and keys and cards . . . still that streak of trust, the innocence to believe the money was all he wanted and, since she was straight with him, he would throw the penniless leather flap into the nearest mail box, like a Good American.

### THE DILDO THAT BACKFIRED

So we come to the end of this story of One & Some of the Single Girls. Miss V will not leave the city. Today is Wednesday, noon right now, blood has been flowing in Chicago omit this week, and tonight the Democrats will nominate their standard bearer. "I feel I have learned a lot already," Miss V said last night. "I always wanted to be shrewd. Well, now I'm becoming shrewd. More independent. Ray" (who looked like Jesus) always said I was too independent. He was angry once because I asked a friend of His for something without going thru Him. You know, I realize now, he wanted to be like me. And I want to be like him. Shrewd. I'm not going to trust people anymore. Maybe not everyone . . . only in degrees. I hate that, you know, I don't think a woman should allow New York to make her hard and cynical. But I'm not going to trust. I was too stupid, I'm going to be very careful now."

People were saying the same thing in Chicago.

Like Julian Bond wrote, "Look at that gal shake that thing/We can't all be Martin Luther King." Years ago before Miss V came to New York and stood and wandered into the anguish of urban maturity.

**majestic**



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AVALANCHE Eric Andersen WS 1748



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New York FM Radio Station seeks new program producers and disc jockeys  
 Since our first ads we have signed up 7 new programs  
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This is one of the most exciting opportunities ever offered . . . your own radio show right here in New York City. These programs will be part of our new all night show format. Some experience is helpful but not necessary.

These new programs are now being signed up for our Sept-Oct-Nov schedule. Let's find out if you have what it takes . . . for information, interview and audition call: IN NEW YORK, 736-7595, IN NEW JERSEY 867-6322.



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## SENSUOUS SOUND & Unconventional.

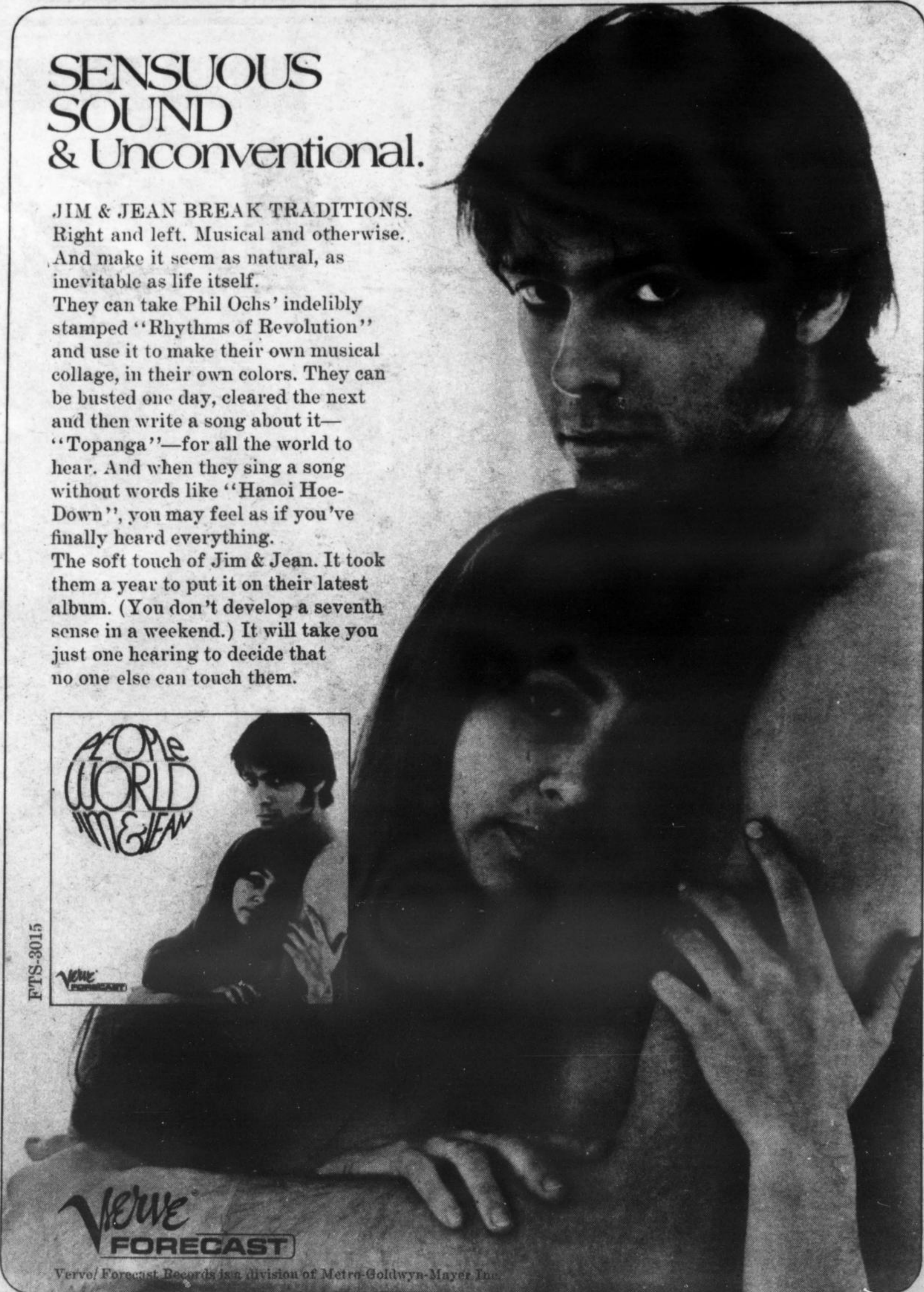
JIM & JEAN BREAK TRADITIONS. Right and left. Musical and otherwise. And make it seem as natural, as inevitable as life itself. They can take Phil Ochs' indelibly stamped "Rhythms of Revolution" and use it to make their own musical collage, in their own colors. They can be busted one day, cleared the next and then write a song about it—"Topanga"—for all the world to hear. And when they sing a song without words like "Hanoi Hoedown", you may feel as if you've finally heard everything. The soft touch of Jim & Jean. It took them a year to put it on their latest album. (You don't develop a seventh sense in a weekend.) It will take you just one hearing to decide that no one else can touch them.



FTS-3015

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...in which a vibrant confluence of mellifluous phenomenon proliferates the ignominious illations concerning the anthropocentric creed...

*But a totally wiggled out experience!*



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# HIPP pocrates

Copyright Eugene Schoenfeld, Md. 1968

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I wanted to comment on the letter from the girl who does vaginal pushing exercises. I've found that my boyfriend likes it when I use this set of muscles during intercourse (though not hard enough to push him out).

Personally, I doubt her claims regarding the potential strength of these muscles. Perhaps she is using an object resembling an erect penis but not attached to a man.

I've never had a child but I've used these muscles regularly for a long time. My boyfriend says that these muscles contract during my orgasm (only more frequently) so they would probably get exercise even if a woman didn't put her mind to it consciously."

QUESTION: A friend of mine wants to drop acid for the first time but is afraid to because she may have gran mal epilepsy. She won't know for sure until she has another seizure (which she really doesn't want to have).

Could you tell me just what the possibilities are in the combination of LSD and epilepsy and whether it's advisable that she drop?

ANSWER: LSD has been known to precipitate seizures (convulsions) in people who have never had them before. Some of these individuals have then continued to have seizures until properly treated. Recently, I learned of a known epileptic who had a seizure after taking what was said to be LSL, Speed (amphetamines) may also touch off seizures.

In short, there is a strong possibility that LSD would cause seizures in a known epileptic or in someone who has previously had a seizure.

QUESTION: What happens when a blind person takes LSD (visually and so on)?

P.S. I'm not blind, just curious...

ANSWER: A person blind since birth could not report sensations of color because this would be a conception outside of his experience. But a few weeks ago, I met a man, blind since the age of 16, who had taken LSD many times. He had hair to his shoulders, a beard, a lovely and gentle woman, and a far-out mind. I asked him the question you posed and he said he had, on several occasions, experienced sensations of color under the influence of LSD.

In recent columns I have indicated that evidence linking LSD with chromosome damage was equivocal and that prolonged adverse psychological reactions to the drug may occur mainly in those with a previous history of mental instability. My opinion is that LSD and other psychedelic drugs could be valuable in many ways when administered to those prepared for the experience by those prepared to guide the experience.

In "primitive" cultures one does not see the unsupervised or purposeless use of native psychedelic drugs even when they are freely available. Only those considered capable of guiding the experience — shamans, witchdoctors, gurus — may give the drug. Almost always this is a custom, not law. Our witchdoctors are still suspicious of the usefulness of psychedelic drugs; moreover, most are not trained to use them even if permitted to do so by the government.

Psychedelic drugs available "on the street" are nearly always impure, adulterated or misrepresented.

Even the best-intentioned dealer may, unknowingly put people on terrible bummers, to say nothing of those who'll do anything for money. The dealer may not know his product is only 25% LSD and the rest unknown chemical, or a mixture of speed and acid, or belladonna and speed.

There's a difference between paranoia and reasonable caution. Beware of chemical garbage.

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

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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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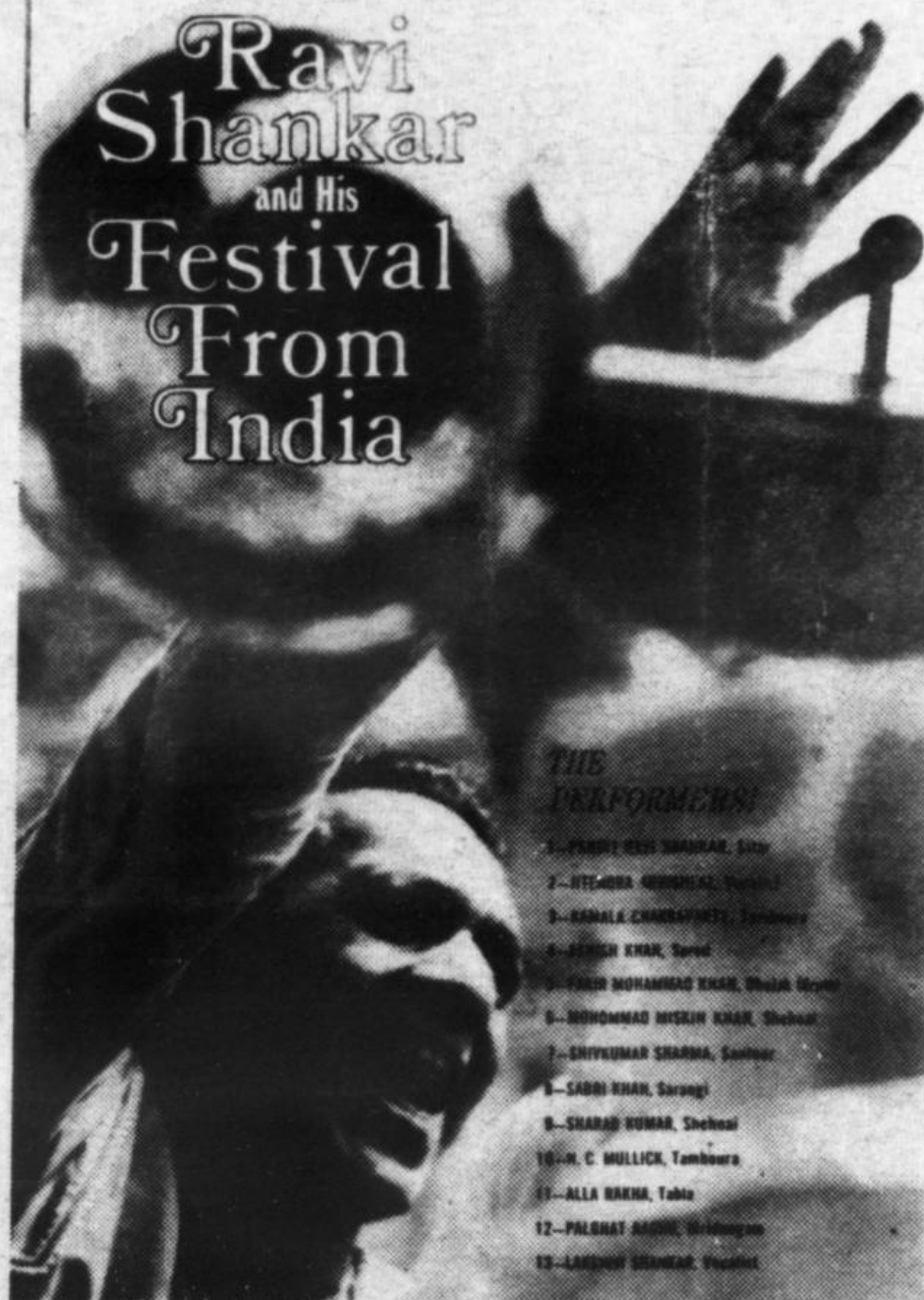
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7. SHIVKUMAR SHARMA, Santoor
8. SAIBI KHAN, Sarangi
9. SHARAD BHAR, Shehnai
10. A. C. MULLICK, Tamboura
11. ALLA RAKHA, Tabla
12. PALANAT SHARMA, Shehnai
13. LAKSHMI SHANKAR, Vocalist

PHIL. HALL—TUES., SEPT. 10: Ancient Vedic Hymns; Shankar conducting his own orchestra; Sitar; Santoor; and Tabla solos.

PHIL. HALL—WED., SEPT. 11: Songs of Love, romance, devotion; Sitar and sarod solos; and Shankar Ensemble plays new orchestral piece.

PHIL. HALL—THURS., SEPT. 12: Sitar-sarod duet; Lullabies; shehnai pieces; Ensemble; and Sitar solo.

PHIL. HALL—FRI., SEPT. 13: Folk-songs of India; Percussion duets with North and South Indian drums; the Ensemble; and Sitar solo.

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All concerts at 8:30 P.M.

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Tickets for Carnegie Hall concerts Sat. Sept. 14, & Sun. Sept. 15, on sale at Filmore East box office, 2nd Ave. & 6th St. after Sept. 3rd from 4 to 6 pm daily.

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*It was night in the Lonesome October  
 Of my most immemorial year  
 It was down in the dank tarn of Auber  
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir*



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- CATHEDRAL
- IS LOVE?
- I'M HIP TO YOU
- MR. TRIPP WOULDN'T LISTEN
- THE DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE
- JAZZ IS LOVE
- IT'S ONLY YOU
- ECHOES OF "YOU"
- DREAM WEAVER
- SEED OF LOVE
- THE FOX





# Wheeling and Dealing



## PERSONAL

**MALE NUDIST CLUB** wants out-of-town facilities where 20-40 active men can spend groovy weekends. Will pay. P.O. Box 1731, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

**LONELY** radio disc jockey seeks sincere gal (all ages considered), to share my beautiful nearby upstate New York apartment with. Free meals, good companionship, in exchange for your good companionship and sex. Stay with me by night, or longer if you wish. I'm mature, although quite young, lonely, and marriage-minded, if the right person comes along. This ad is no joke. Please call Larry Kay, at (914) 831-1260 evenings except Tuesday, between 7 and 8:30.

**ROMANCES** flop too often—I want an arrangement. Does some young, curvy, affectionate girl want home and security? No aberrations. John, Box 181, N. Y. 10013.

**WEALTHY MAN**, sterile, 26, desires woman, under 30. Bradley K. MacKenzie, P. O. 13023, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

**PASSIONATE GIRLS** — Stuck with a dud? Need more than you're getting at home? Want satisfaction without involvement? Write or send fone-we'll talk. Eddie B. Box 56, N.Y.C. 25 N. Y.

**I'M GOODLOOKING**, late twenties, a successful writer, and new to New York. I'd like to meet an attractive girl (20's) with whom a relationship could develop. Please send me your photo and phone. P.O. Box 73, Dept. P., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11232.

**NEGRO**, single, handsome, artistic, 40's, trapped in middle class mire for years, wants attractive mature caucasian woman for quiet discreet meetings. BEN . . . (212) WBN 1880.

"**MAN**, white, 48, attractive, wants girls—20's, white, 5-5 115, to enjoy pleasure of French and Around-the-World. Natural body-odors desired. TR 9-2913, 8 p.m. No Males."

**THIS YOUR CAPTAIN:** Swinging Airline Pilot is seeking Sexy Uninhibited gal who like to travel abroad, must enjoy posh night life. When in New York may share my East Side apartment if she so desires. All expenses paid, plus \$150.00 per week. Call, Capt. R. L. J. 628-4583.

**NEGRO**, 26, personable, 6'1", hardworker, progressive minded varied interests desires attractive progressive lady any race for marriage. Call Sonny 842-3858 before 9 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

**SEEK** girl friday to relocate in Vermont. Must be together and into it. Also must be able to share in cooking at high level. Write Arni Hendin, RFD No. 1, Randolph Center, Vermont

05061. Please enclose recent picture.

**YOUNG** man, 28, would like to meet masculine, well-hung men under 30. Swishes need not call. RE 7-2609.

**MALE** actor, voice student looking for sponsor for financial assistance, promise to pay back when financially secure or on your terms. Will send photo, info to serious reply. John F., Box 638, Times Square, Station, New York, N.Y. 10036.

**YOUNG** guy (22) looking for attractive white male under 21 as a companion to live in modern apartment and enjoy travel, etc. Send photo and letter to G. Etzler, 1333 Taney Ave., Apt. 301, Frederick, Maryland 21701

**BLACK WRITER**, college graduate, 6'2"; 185 lbs., 33 years old desirous of meeting earthy, for real females. Call 749-3131.

**TWO** wholesome, yet sexy, attractive guys (mid 20's) want to meet couples and AC/DC singles (under 35) for tender yet passionate, groovy yet hang-up free excitement. We've been afraid to answer these ads, don't you be! Please write including name and phone No. to MHS, P.O. Box 296 Chelsea Station, N. Y. 10011.

**BOB** (744-6123) — Have written a story but it needs an ending. Please write or phone. Is important. — M. Box 1477.

**COLLEGE** prof. of art, thirties, rugged, sensitive face and body, erotic and sensual, seeks girl, same inclinations for thrilling, sexual adventures. Write sincere uninhibited letter in full confidence to: Charles Alep, Box 390 Long Beach, N. Y. 11561.

**MALE** 29 urgently needs 1 or 2 white, young and very passionate females to share my nice west midtown apt. Call 799-6097 after 10 p.m.

**GROOVY**, athletic guy, 23, very strong on looks, build and personality would like to team up with same to hung down and share broads (trio). No fags. P. O. Box 1318, N.Y.C. 10008.

**OUTOWNER** executive 40, 5'11" seeking extremely attractive white girl, 24-30, companionship; also visiting South American ideal city, invitation. Details, picture to Celnik, Shelton Hotel, Lexington Ave. and 48th St. N. Y. C.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**, 24, seeks GIRL or uninhibited FREE weekend at Jersey shore. First or second weekend after Labor Day. Photo appreciated. John R., Box 5018, Grand Central Station, New York.

**COLLEGE** guy, 21, seeks employment as companion to mature woman or women. Can travel and drive. P.O. Box 33, Times Square Station, N.Y. 10036.

**ATTRACTIVE** young couple wish to meet attractive girl (18-25) for mutual sensual pleasures. Phone, photo, please. P.O. Box 73, Dept. V, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11232.

**TALL**, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.) needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

**PROFESSIONAL** man, 32, white, very sensitive and intelligent. Likes to go down and "around the world" on shapely girls. Prefer well sun tanned girls. Call Jay 673-1963, 7-9 p.m. Girls only please.

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

**YOUNG** man 30, white, handsome, successful business executive wants attractive affectionate uninhibited girl 18-30 share his modern 3 room A.C. apt. east 20 (free rent and food). total friendship and long term relationship. Photo and phone a must. A. S. S. P.O. Box 93 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

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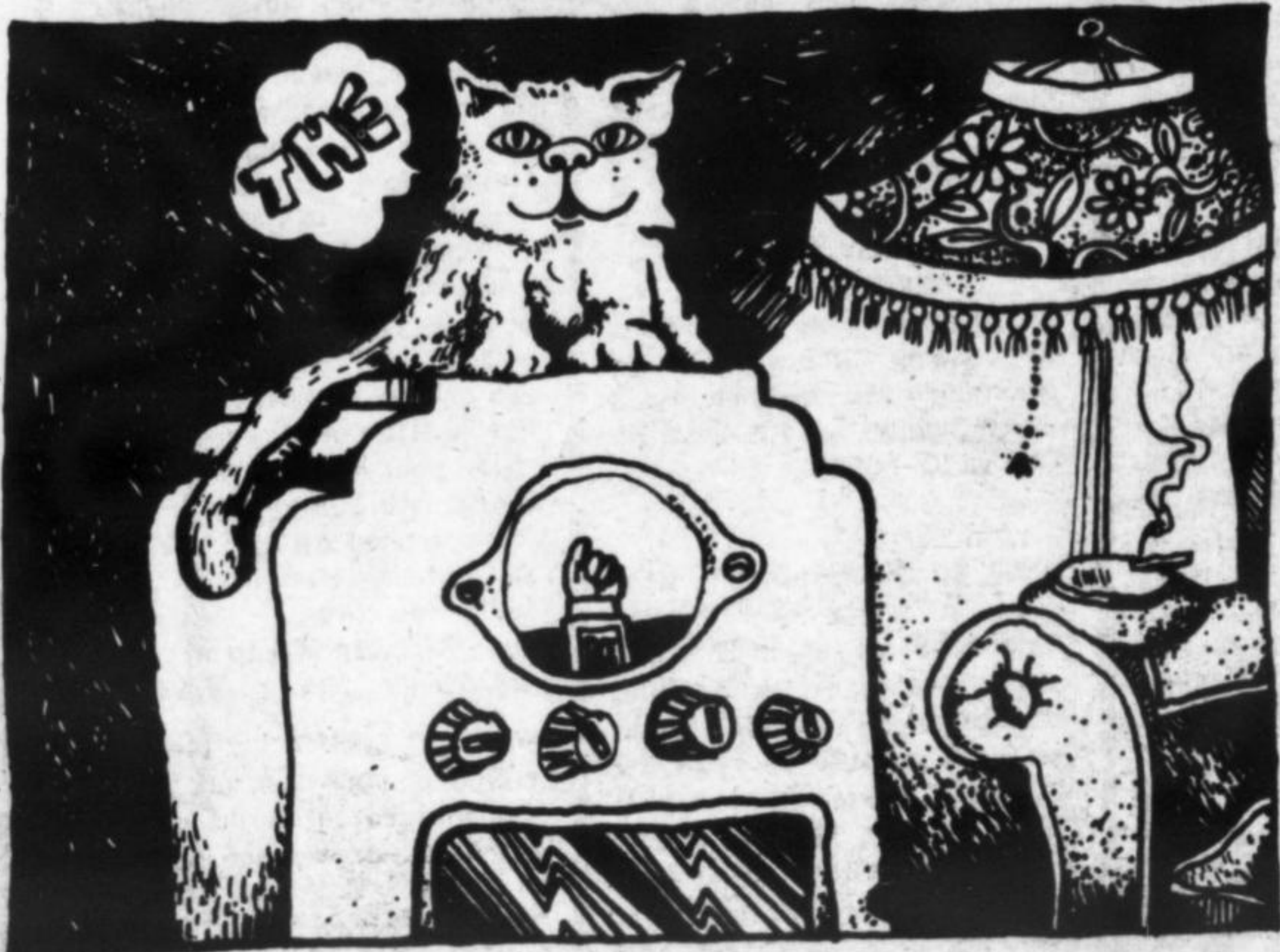
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