

THE

east
village



INNER

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photo: Fred Vass

by LENNOX RAPHAEL



el Tigre!

Sometimes he looked like Dick Tracy on brown rice. "Gentlemen and ladies of the press," he said, "my name is Reies Tijerina," age 41, son of a poor rural migrant family from Texas. Like LBJ. But the comparison stops there. Tijerina is an animal, the tiger from Texas, in New York to do business with the nervous media.

"The future is a future of colors," he enthused. "The time for ideology is gone." The name of the game is "black vs. white" and brown can play a role in between." And he is brown.

What's happening here?

The brown Tiger came to town for 24 hours and held a Press Conference "in the executive offices" of the Hotel Diplomat, Wednesday night stomping grounds of the Group Image. Since the media follows radicals around and are always ready to misrepresent their politics, the cameras, questions and paranoia were there too.

It was a nontime battle of word and electric flashes.

Reies Lopez Tijerina is President of ALIANZA FEDERAL DE LOS PUEBLOS, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and he was militantly dressed in black shirt, middleaged dungarees and army navy boots. According to a BACKGROUND release, "The Alianza first came to national attention in 1966, when some of its members occupied a campground in a national park to test their land claims, and later arrested two rangers as trespassers. In June, 1967, Che Guevara's last year, the Alianza conducted an armed raid on the courthouse in the town of Tierra Amarilla to free several members who had been arrested for holding a campground despite the state Governor's agreement that the meeting could take place. When they did not find the prisoners, the raiders fled to the mountains with hostages." And Reies was made.

"This is not Spain," he said. "We are not Spaniards. We are the new breed. That's why we joined the Poor People's Campaign." Tijerina "played a major role" and even got into a mediasponsored fight with the blacks in Resurrection City; but the future is new. Forget, forgive, smile for the cameras. Be top dog for a day, almost like a queen.

Up front with Tijerina were Phil Hutchins (SNCC main spokesman), Mark Rudd, of SDS, George Aponte, Black Panther, and Felipe Luciano and Jorge Estrada, two spokesmen from the militant Puerto Rican community.

Tijerina spoke. The Anglos had been mean to the Spanish-speaking people (of Mexican and Spanish extract) who live today in Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. The Anglos cheated on the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo which ended the Mexican-American war of 1846-48 "and gave all those lands to the U.S. invaders . . . an estimated 2 million acres of privately owned land was lost to individuals, 15 million acres of comunal land was lost to the state, and a vast number of uncounted acres were seized by the federal government. Grazing and water rights, long guaranteed by custom, were also denied."

So the ALIANZA was trying to get "the land question, cultural question, and the question of people's rights into the United Nations."

Maybe someone should tell the tiger that the UN is non-fattening. Diet politics.

"We feel we are near a civil war," Tijerina said, "a war of blood, a war of colors."

"I'm no atheist," he said.

"What is Mark Rudd doing here?" asked the most paranoid of the reporters, one Cavanaugh from WNEW-TV.

"Who is he?" said the tiger.

Oh, the press loved that, how the reporters and cameramen laughed. But he knew Rudd, and said the Colombia protesters had "excited" them down New Mexico way.

"Che Guevara is alive and hiding in Tierra Amarilla," says a New Mexico sticker.

Then Hutchins. SNCC understood "what it's all about . . . we understand cultural terrorism." SNCC "stands behind Brother Tijerina . . . People are never ready for freedom. They are only ready for freedom when they move to take it."

(Continued on Page 19)

DECOMPOSITION

by DA LATIMER

Nonplussment strikes deep. Latimer is awed, he is fairly tossed for a loop and gone. Now, anyone who has ever worked in the Garment District can speak at length and morbidly of the battalions of women who infest that area during working hours: the secretaries, private and common, who rise every morning before dawn like chiffon duck hunters and spend hours getting themselves up like Vogue models, and spend their entire \$117.65 gross every week on haute couture and melba toast; and the Buyers, their coifs porcupined with grease pencils and shipping orders stuffed down into their ample bosoms like contraband franc notes, maundering about ruining retailers and biting the balls off the office boys . . . Ye Gods, and they all read Woman's Wear Daily, to a man.

This though is not what boggles the old neurons, not any more, no, but what is right now so surpassing strange is to look into old Woman's Wear Daily. Contrary to all preordained dispositions, that rag turns out to be an actual underground magazine, of sorts, in spirit, apparently. Graphically, it has still some ways to go before it attains to the estimable ordure you are right now reading, but its copy . . . Yi, Sandy . . . Can it be that all those little old feminists are reading this stuff?

"Recent political events, the reaction of young people to fashion and the way of Life today make the haute couture a relic of the past," says Yves St. Laurent as the Paris collections open.

Yup, he said that, and while it may not sound too earth-shaking all alone by itself, it is what the WWD "Fashion" columnist appended to that quote swells one up with revolutionary pride and fervour. People, she says, are finding better things to spend their money on than clothes and travel. "Palm beach has rigor mortis and dough," she explain, adding that "The Queen Mary has retired and the United States is about to." Indeed? Rich people want to go to the Iron Curtain countries now, it says here, to Africa, and eventually even to Peking, "when it's legal." But that's not all, not by half. Those rich folk who stay at home, the word has it, stay in their little villas on Fire Island, their Colonials in Connecticut, their "ski condominiums" in Aspen: "Not for the status value, but for the comfortable privacy and for the land investment value." It may still be capitalism but it's a damn sight less abominable than Truman Capote parties.

THE DAY OF THE STATUS SYMBOL IS DEAD, is the reason behind all this radicalism. "Mrs. William Paley . . . prefer to walk down Fifth Ave. in a black turtleneck, sweater and skirt, three gold chains around her neck, black stockings and little shoes from nowhere," goes this report, and "Mrs. Edwin Hilson, who used to be Givenchy's biggest customer, is buying American clothes for the first time." God damn! "The strictly tailored little pink coat perfectly matched to the pink plaid dress has had it."

One of these days, Fernanda (Wetherill Wana-maker) Niven is going to sidle into the Palm Court of the Plaza and ask the pianist to play the "Internationale."

Oh, and WWD puts all this good news into wonderful historical perspective, too. The development commenced in the early '60s with a splash of artificiality, with Discotheques and miniskirts and rock-n-roll music and London and Mary Quant and all things Kooky and fab and marvy. It was pretty disgusting, all things considered, but it did undermine the great fashion dictators who had been around as long as Prosperity and the Status Symbols (no rock group, not yet). Things got dislocated, authority was annihilated in the finest subversive fashion, and pretty soon ladies were buying cheap clothes (no more than \$150 an outfit, that's cheap in some circles) and bragging about it. This coincided with a great rush of social consciousness, brought about by the Vietnam War among other things, and festones no one at all was buying Gucci or avid Webb Jewelry, preferring to contribute to political campaigns and CARE Packages.

Now things are getting really upright, another wonderful WWD lady would have us believe, and what with political and economic crises gobbling up copy space that might otherwise plump up the fashion pages, well, "people are all the less ready to wear constrictive clothing." So much for the leather look, hopefully. Paris, for instance, is remarkably relaxed and casual these days, in everything from dress to conversation—"People invented talking to one another during the crisis, and it's hard to do that in a discotheque."

The French Revolution got its sickle into the couture industry, too—designer Emanuel Ungaro, for instance, has got his tiny staff of employees into a profit-sharing gig now, and they make a good 30%

above and beyond the usual salary check. Designer Marc Bohan was sprayed with tear gas during the unpleasantness, and his designs have taken on quite a new motif. And even Coco Chanel, who firmly believes that the Youth Movement is the last spasm of a neurotic civilization, even she has been putting out a lot of practical, inexpensive stuff lately.

"The kooks, the kids and the Hippies got people to start thinking in a fresh way," goes WWD. "They freed themselves and gave others the courage to do the same. After all the madness, something good is happening."

Enchanting journalistic style, what?

Okay, all you Wall Street tycoons who read EVO and the Barb and such for the same reason the elderly English gentlemen sit in their private clubs of a rainy afternoon, "watching the damn people get wet." Dig this: word from Papeete, Tahiti, has it that thanks to the benevolence of the mother country, France, Tahiti is presently opening itself up like an eager bride to Capitalist Investment. Despite rumors to the contrary in Woman's Wear Daily, more tourists than ever are scooting abroad every summer, and Tahiti is enjoying a 50% increase in tourist revenue every year. The French Caisse Centrale de Cooperation Economique will generously foot 50% of any suitable development bill, and what's more, will suspend all corporate taxes for eight years, not to mention an especially attractive deal with import duties on materials and equipment. And Tahiti natives pay no personal income taxes, either, so all that ole moolah comes right back to Big Sweet Capitalist Imperialist Daddy. Write to the Tahiti Tourist Development Board for less hysterical details, at B.P. 65, Papeete, Tahiti. Those of more modest inclinations can send away to the same address for "A Handsome 8" x 12" glossy photo of construction of \$5 million American owned "Taharaa Intercontinental Hotel."

Speaking of tycoons, etc., the editor of the Dines Letter, a "registered investment advisor with the Securities & Exchange commission," records in a recent editorial the disillusionment and dismay a visit to his Alma Mater, Oberlin in Ohio, occasioned his poor sensibilities. "Aside from Noting how everybody ELSE was getting grey and old so fast," this estimable gentleman was struck moreover by the sight of a hammer and sickle painted prominently on the boulders in the middle of the quad. "Since your editor equates the hammer and sickle with a swastika," no mean feat of the imagination, he was understandably disturbed, disturbed enough to cut off his alumni payments to the College, and look for a tax loss elsewhere. "Perhaps it is debatable whether Mao Tse-Tung is identical with Adolf Hitler, or perhaps some disagree whether the political Left or Right are identical," he carries on in this vein, "but at least students should be told that somebody thinks that way!" (His italics.) He's right—that is not the sort of thing one learns in college.

When it comes to choosing between New York City dogs and New York City Parks Administrator August Heckscher, Mr. Heckscher will never come anywhere close to second. The long-suffering human being residents of this metropolis then should warmly welcome the inauguration of a Dog Obedience Training Program, to be held for the next ten weeks in various parks around the boroughs. Mr. Heckscher has delegated this noisome responsibility to Mr. Louis V. Cidcia, who will commence the festivities as soon as he has fully recuperated from a long illness; the program was scheduled to begin on 16 July. Those malefactors who own canines should call 699-4206 for information and a free application blank, which they hardly deserve. Circulating from park to park about the city, Mr. Cidcia will hold classes in Tompkins Square Park on Tuesdays from 9 a.m. till noon, and he invites all city dog-owners to become 'happy masters'. Kibitzers may also show up, hopefully armed to the teeth with peanut butter.

Drop City, the geodesic commune in Colorado, is getting pestered off their land. "Our present location is too small, too accessible, the land unsuitable for farming," they write. "We have become too well known. Without water, farmable land, or forests to expand into we are unable to become self-sufficient; we find our physical and spiritual development hampered."

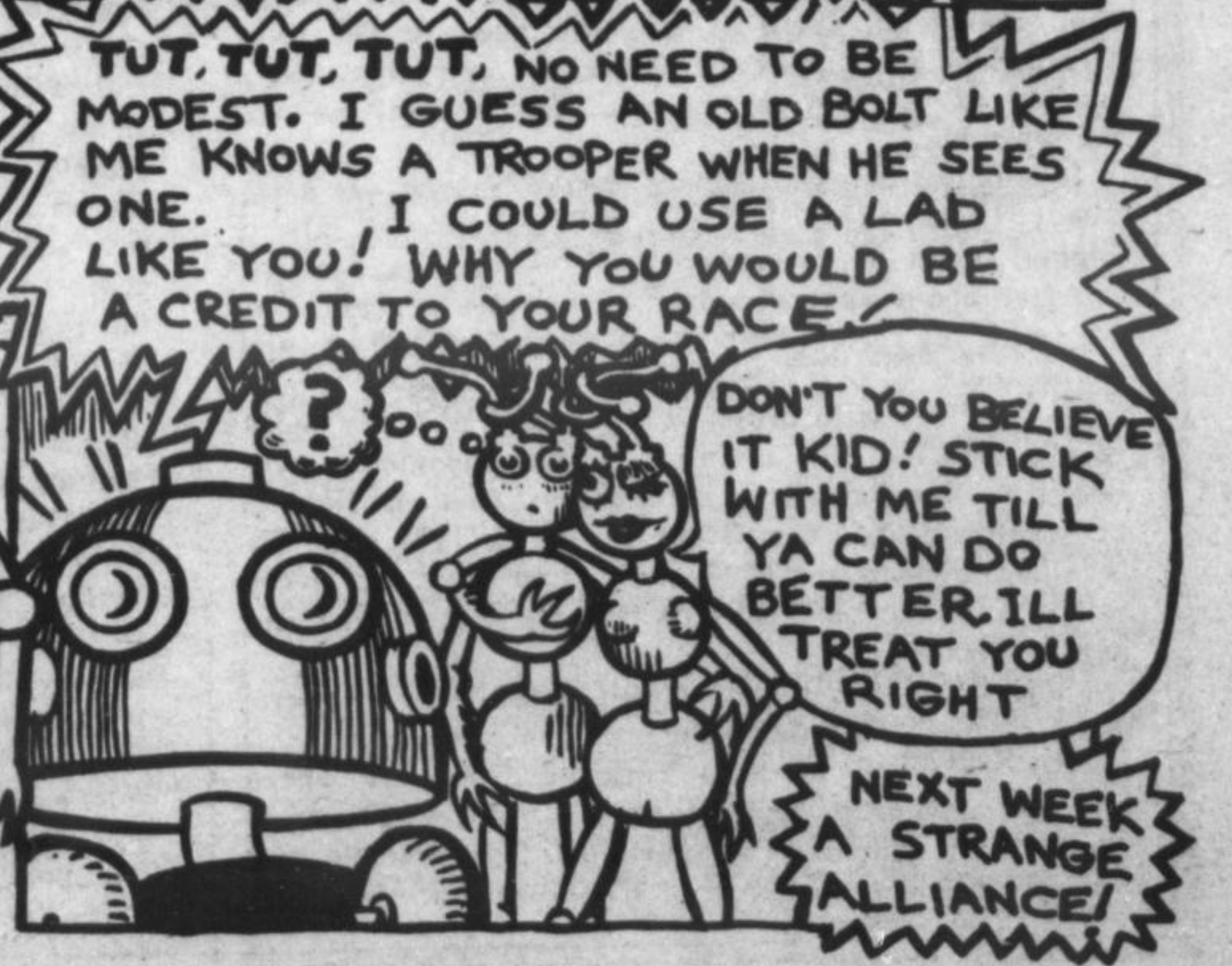
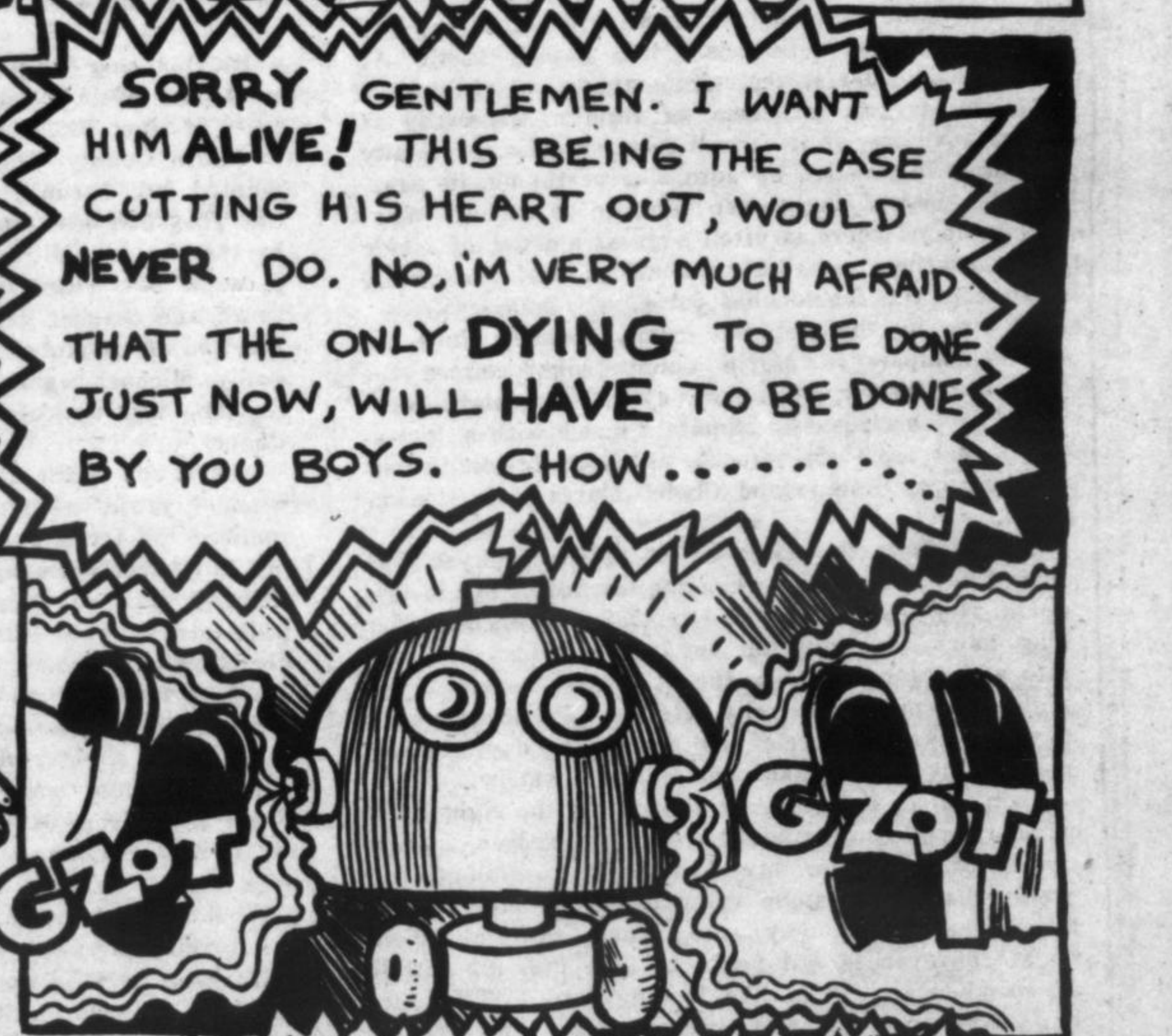
Drop City is one of those rare finds, a decent cause. Anybody with land or money that the Droppers might be able to use—tycoons please note, we gave you a hot tip a couple paragraphs back, now anteu—is encouraged to write to Drop City, Rt. 1, Box 125, Trinidad, Colorado 81082. God bless you all.

BLUE BIRD Comics

BY KIM DEITCH



SUDDENLY,
A CELESTIAL OUTBURST OF RARE BEAUTY!!



NEXT WEEK
A STRANGE
ALLIANCE!

FOR PARANOIDS

by ALLEN KATZMAN

Men of goodnes worship the gods,
Men of passion sprites and ogres,
To ghosts and the hordes of goblins others,
The folk of darkness, pay worship.

—The Bhagavad Gita

The wind sweeps swiftly up from the bay hitting the seven hills of San Francisco with a reminder that She is there. She comes whipping out from behind the mountains which stand temptingly across the bay and surrounds San Francisco like gaping teeth. At least, this is how it feels from almost any hilltop in the city. It can all seem so foreign, especially if you're a visitor, or it can all seem so close, especially if within 15 minutes by auto, bus or thumb, its mystery lies begrudgingly open ready to be explore. What can be found there is often a great amount of magic and sometimes a great amount of metal secretly shaped in the fashionable guises of humanity.

Driving up the step but calmly rounded slopes of Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County right across the waters of the city, is a journey into the higher echelons of consciousness. Mountain music with a "get-away" beat from Hollywood's new-myth-of-reality motion picture, "Bonnie and Clyde" blares from the car radio.

Tamalpais is the name of an Indian princess who turned into a mountain when she learned of her lover's death. Her tears made the bay of San Francisco. Her long hair flows into the bay and her feet just out into the ocean. She lies there serenely beautiful. At night, the mist that rolls into San Francisco every day reawakens her grief and during the day, the sun powders her a new face and a new mystery.

I am calmly enjoying, watching from the right hand window, while my guide Mike Bowen drives, a new reality of a summer day. The wooden buildings, the evenly distributed stone monuments and steel structures, the people only recognizable now by their metal conveyances, all begin to blur into an anthill of social whirr. It is like looking into a TV tube, but of superior dot and line reception. And yet on the other hand there is a great need to fill in a tremendous amount of detail because everything, in a matter of 15 minutes by car, has become so unrecognizable.

It is only when you begin to let go, in my case after about 10 minutes, that you are transported into a higher realm of coverage of events and happenings.

After about approximately 45 minutes of car time, we reach the second highest plateau before the top and stand there as our eyes absorb the algebra of a new high. Whether with drugs or without, it is a new shock to the arteries. The mainline to our biological selves becomes transfixed into all creation. God, or Nature, or whatever, like the Great Pusher In The Sky He is, shoots it straight to the heart and brain and every cell in our body, and fills us up with a new need and new information.

I look don't with a crystal ball gaze at the synthetic dirge of San Francisco (though stubbornly clean and proper compared to New York) and wonder where all this movement fits into the Universe. The spot where I am standing is where the Indians lived and roamed. There is no trace of a civilization except for

a few artifacts. (This was once an all too perfect environment where the earth housed everything and living together was as portable as the star studded sky).

Michael points out to me a chain of mountains and the trail that leads over them and explains, "a person can walk these trails all the way to Canada from here without ever having to pass through civilization."

His pointing finger simulates an experience of a week ago when we stood surrounded by 25 redwood trees at least 100 feet high in the heart of the woods in Marin County. They were young trees, as Michael pointed out, because of the thiness around the middle. They had been made into a temple and picnic area by the simple addition of a Buddha and a gong hung between two trees in the center, and picnic table, bench and outdoor grill and burner, which served the function of an altar for both food and thought rather easily. Michael began beating on the gong in repeated rhythms and enticed me to look up with the same finger.

Above our heads the tall redwoods swayed in the wind. I stood transfixed and after a few minutes realized the trees were not sawing they were dancing in perfect harmony with the beating of the gong. Religion was no longer a mater of words, wooden pedestals, or holy but a living experience. My body, like Michael's pointed finger, arrowed itself into the heart of the rhythm and began to sway and dance.

Now, I am off again as the wind creeps up behind and gives a slight nudge and I find myself following some three foot wide trail in the direction that his finger is pointing to. His voice stops me in my tracks as his fingers changes position, "Look! Those are the eyes of the machine." I turn around and about a rifle shot of 500 yards away are radar devices turning and turning in a widening gyre.

We head back to the main road, jump into the car and head towards its direction. It is an army installation and the "eyes of the machine" belong to the 666th Radar Unit of the 35th Detachment of the American Wing Command and the 44th Artillery Brigade. In an instant the magic of the mountain reveals its secrecy: Mt. Tamalpais turns into Mt. Temple of the machine. The sign before the fencely wired off area tells all. "Look!" I say to Michael, this time my finegr doing the pointing, "666 is the number in the bible for the beast of the Apocalypse. The 'eyes' are the eyes of the beast."

We sit there momentarily fixed into the secret of it all and then begin to make our way down the mountain. At this height the clouds seem to be coming all over the sky but the picture begins to fill in as we get lower and lower. The wooden buildings become places to live in, the evenly distributed stone monuments places of worship and work, the steel structures a synthetic way to somewhere, and the people recognizable as flesh, blood, bone and clothes surrounded by metal, a going in all directions.

The wind suddenly whips through the open window and delivers a message across our cheeks, we look back and our prayers go out to Mt. Tamalpais and a time when she will be free again.

HIPocrates

by EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

QUESTION: I have used the pill for five years but have become concerned and frightened by what I've recently heard about the dangerous side effects. What are they? And if I should give them up, what is the comparative efficiency of (1) a diaphragm with contraceptive cream, (2) a "loop," (3) vaginal foam?
ANSWER: A recent study conducted in England has indicated that women who use birth control pills have, statistically, a slightly greater chance of getting blood clots in the arms, legs and lungs than those who do not use the pills. But the dangers of a normal pregnancy are still higher than the dangers to a woman using the pills.

Birth control pills are virtually 100% effective in preventing pregnancy. If pregnancy occurs when a female is taking the pills, the most likely explanation is failure to follow instructions.

"Loops" or intrauterine devices (IUDs) are probably as effective as diaphragms used with contraceptive creams for preventing pregnancy. Vaginal foams are not quite as effective as the loop or diaphragm, but are said to be as "safe" as condoms. I've referred before to the many babies nicknamed Preceptin, Emko or Ortho and to those born grasping a loop.

QUESTION: I am a 21-year-old male and am very worried about my sexual capabilities. I never have engaged in a sexual intercourse. Problem: my penis' foreskin is tight, i.e. when in erection, the foreskin cannot be pulled back. Is it possible to have an intercourse with this state or is circumcision necessary for my condition?

ANSWER: Most uncircumcised males have no such hang-ups but a visit to a urologist sounds in order for you. Your local medical society or nearest medical school could make such a referral.

QUESTION: Our house is shared by a large parrot, with whom I have been dining, sharing the same fork and food.

In that the parrot seems to be a very healthy bird, never having been sick a day in his life, and in that humans are such sickly animals, prone to a multitude of diseases, how may I be endangering his health?

ANSWER: Psittacosis, or parrot fever, is a respiratory disease which can be transmitted from birds to man or, in your case, from man to bird. The agent causing the disease was formerly thought to be a virus but may be closer to rickettsia, microorganisms midway in size between bacteria and viruses. Psittacosis causes a type of pneumonia and the first symptom is usually a cough.

QUESTION: My lover says I have the largest erection she's seen. I measured it on the upper side and it is almost 7 inches.

Is this larger than usual? Also, if my partner had a small vagina would there be any chance of splitting her?

ANSWER: Your lover loves you. The largest known human penis was said to be 14 inches erected.

The "normal" range is 5 to 7 inches. Except for extreme mismatches, which occur very rarely, the normal vagina can change to accommodate a penis of any size. If you are gentle, there is no chance of doing harm to your friend.

QUESTION: Everyone says that the penis size doesn't determine good sex; for me it's an important factor. I had a child 4 years ago and don't think I'm markedly bigger inside, at least my doctor says no.

I've always wished my husband were a little larger. (I love him dearly and have not had any extramarital affairs). Since he can't expand, is there a way I can contract? Silicone injections? Douching with some mysterious chemical? Does any company make some device that I can insert before intercourse for a fuller feeling? Tell me.

My doctor just winks and smiles and says it's all in my head. That's not where I want it.

ANSWER: I wonder if this is something that has concerned you for your years or only recently. Vaginal exercises are quite valuable for restoring and improving muscular tone. By pretending to place a finger in the vagina or even practicing on your husband, you (and he) will note the action of two distinct muscle groups when you contract or squeeze these muscles. This exercise is similar to squeezing the sphincter muscles of the anal opening—in fact the same muscle groups are involved.

A San Francisco go-go dancer told me she practices these exercises while doing her routine on stage. Other women practice several times a day while reading or washing dishes. Like the muscle-building exercises performed by weight-lifters, the frequency and force used should be gradually increased. Okay, everyone (female) out there—1, 2, 3 SQUEEZE!

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

Attention Workingmen!

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock.

HAYMARKET, Randolph St. Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Gross

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem
Seumarkt, Randolph-Strasse, zwischen
Desplaines. u. Halsted-Str.

Alle Arbeiter werden den neuesten Schrecken der Polizei
haben für unsere Nachmittage unsere Brüder erschau. grüßte.

Arbeiter, bewaffnet Euch und erscheint massenhaft!
Das Exekutiv-Komitee.

PREDICTIONS FOR YIPPIES ACTIVITIES IN CHICAGO — SUMMER 1968

- Poetry readings, mass meditation, flycasting exhibitions, demagogic yippie political arousal speeches, rock music, and song concerts will be held on a precise timetable throughout the week August 25-30.
- A dawn ass-washing ceremony with 10's of 1000's participating will occur each morning at 5:00 a.m. as yippie revellers and protesters prepare for the 7:00 a.m. volley ball tournaments.
- Several hundred Yippie friends with press passes will gorge themselves on 800 pounds of cocktail onions and puke in unison at the nomination of Hubert H. Pastry.
- Psychedelic long haired mutant-jissomed peace leftists will consort with known dope friends, spilling out onto the sidewalks in porn-ape disarray each afternoon. Company will be hijacked on principle to provide
- The Chicago offices of the National Bisquit bread and cookies for 50,000 as a gesture of goodwill to the youth of America.
- Universal Syrup Day will be held on Wednesday when a movie will be shown at Soldiers Field in which Hubert Humphrey confesses to Allen Ginsberg of his secret approval of anal intercourse.
- Filth will be worshipped.
- The Yippie Ecological Conference will spew out an angry report denouncing scheiss-poison in the lakes and sterams; industrial honky-fumes from white killer industrialists, and exhaust murder from a sick hamburger-society of automobile freaks; with precise total assault solutions to these problems.
- There will be public fornication whenever and wherever there is an aroused appendage and willing aperture.
- Poets will re-write the bill of rights in precise language, detailing ten thousand areas of freedom in OUR OWN LANGUAGE, to replace the confusing and vague rhetoric of 200 years ago.
- Reporters and media representatives will be provided free use of dope and consciousness altering thrill-chemicals for their education and re-freshment.
- Pissed off hordes of surly draft eligible poets will somehow confront conventioners with 16 tons of donated fish eyes.
- 230 rebel cocksman under secret vows are on twenty four hour alert to get into the pants of the daughters and wives and kept women of the convention delegates.

PRECAUTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

- Don't accept shit as a form of communication from any public official pig, service employee or anybody. Demand respect from the stodgy porcupines that control the Blob Culture.
- Share your food, your money, your bodies, your energy, your ideas, your blood, your defenses. Attempt peace.
- Plan ahead of time how you will probably respond to various degrees of provocation, hate and creep-vectors from the opposition. Know carefully your responses.
- Learn the Internationale.
- Bring sleeping bags, extra food, blankets, bottles of fireflies, cold cream, lots of handkerchiefs and canteens to deal with pig-spray, love beads, electric toothbrushes, see thru blouses, manifestoes, magazines, tenacity.

Remember, we ARE the
life forms evolving in
our own brain.

PATAREALIST



PAPERS

by JAAKOV KOHN

The quest for progress is running amuck in Burma these days.

In what seems to be another futility imposed by the western world on the ancient cultures of the East, the Burmese government is currently going through the motions of reversing the country's organic reality. In an effort to live up to its obligation as a signatory of the 1961 UN Single Convention (An-slinger's folly) Nu We, the Burmese strongman, is waging a campaign aimed at the Opium Poppy growers that constitute a large segment of Burma's agricultural producers. In a rare demonstration of concern for the farmer's future, the government is flooding the countryside with sheafs of printed matter in which the poppy grower is both threatened and intimidated and at the same time advised to replace his opium crops with potatoes. Potatoes?

One might wonder how the hundreds of thousands of Burmese junkies will take the potatoes. All this, obviously with the welfare of the people in mind.

Perhaps the simple concept of horse trading is after all not doomed within the framework of international relations, as is so often claimed by its most pious practitioners.

In an unusual show of diplomatic obstinacy, Secretary of State Dean Rusk has refused the official request by the Canadian Government for the extradition of Hal Banks, the former leader of the Canadian branch of the Seafarer's International Union.

The reason for this request is a five year sentence to which Banks was sentenced for giving out a contract on the life of a fellow Union leader.

When the Canadians suggested international arbitration in the matter, Rusk's refusal was equally vehement. That is \$100,000 worth of vehemence.

Coinciding with the above diplomatic exchange, the balance sheet of the Democratic National Committee shows a contribution in the above sum by the Seafarers International Union.

Fuck decomposition. Last week's Patareal Papers notwithstanding, John Lennon and Yoko One his old lady, are not about to be decomposed.

In a candid and groovy reply to the many bugging questions asked of her in her new role as John Lennon's old lady, Yoko replied as follows:

"I met John when I had this show at the India Gallery. He just came in and the first thing he saw was this ceiling painting. You got to it by ladder and he just climbed up the ladder. and he said, 'yes.' I'd just arrived from New York and I didn't even know the name John Lennon.

"And there was this painting called 'Hammer a Nail In.' You were supposed to hammer a nail into it, don't you see? And John said, 'could he hammer a nail into it?' So I thought, OK if you give me 5s. He didn't have the 5s. So he said could he hammer an imaginary nail instead? I said that's fine. And I realized that was my own game, because I always use imaginariy things. I thought somebody's playing the same game as me. And we were off. We've just gone on playing that game together ever since. Because you need a laugh in this world, you know.

"We've started to make lots of films together. We've finished two already. The first, which I might call Film No. 5, is 90 minutes long. It's in Technicolor and stars John and is directed by me. We hope that the smile will send vibrations all around the world. But not just for now. The vibrations should keep on going for people to get 100 years from now.

After all, the love vibrations that were sent by some people 2,000 years ago, I can still feel, can't you?

"What's happening between us is something that we want to share with everybody. For example, we've made another film which we want to distribute with Film No. 5. This one's called "Two Virgins" and it's directed and produced by John and myself. We've both composed the music and we're both in it together. During it, we have our first screen kiss. Neither of us had any experience like that before, because basically we're simple-minded. We're already planning Film No. 6. We don't really want a script. It's going to be really good, because we want to send out all these good vibrations, and film is such a marvelous way of abstracting vibrations and putting them into a more accessible form for everyone else. People might start loving each other a bit more.

"The art circle from which I came is very dead, so I am very thrilled to be in communication with world-wide people. And John and I are fighters. We don't compromise. There wasn't any point in just making love, secretly and everything. We had to make a film which had the same vibrations as making love. It's like throwing a stone into water and making ripples. By being together, John and I are making good vibrations which we hope other people will catch. If these vibrations make just a few people happy, surely that's enough? It's much better than all that art bit. A smile for everyone. That's us. Oh, yes, and vibrations."

Good vibrations indeed and much needed at that.

The Myth of Paris being the mother of Bohemia is another one blown to samithereens. According to a recent survey by the Statistical Service of the UN, the cost of living in Paris is:

2%	higher than in	New Yorw
7%	"	" Copenhagen
8%	"	" Rio de Janeiro
10%	"	" Washington
12%	"	" Athens
13%	"	" Geneva
15%	"	" Teheran
16%	"	" The Hague
17%	"	" Montreal
18%	"	" Rome
19%	"	" Vienna
28%	"	" Buenos Aires
32%	"	" London
50%	"	" Montevideo

According to the same survey only Caracas, Venezuela (Rockefeller Feifdom) is 2 per cent more expensive than Paris.

What have Frank Sinatra, J. Edgar Hoover and Hubert H. Humphrey in common? Ask the foreman of the Las Vegas grand Jury that looked into Cosa Nostra's share of the skin.

In this period of revelation and exposure it came as no great surprise when Andreas Papandreou, the main targets of the General's coup in Greece, let the world finally in on his secret. The CIA was the prime mover behind the generals that overthrew his father and him. So what else now, Andy boy?

WISDOM OF THE WEEK

"For every voice in Britain to keep Britain white, there is a corresponding call to keep Africa Black."
DR. KENNETH KAUDA
President of Zambia

THE FILM

by LITA ELISCU

This is any year you may want it to be, but most speshully the year of the spade, that well-known and loved American folk figure, threaded through her mythology like potato pancakes, and grits. All around town, on TV, in theatre and films—even in the streets—people are proclaiming the message that underneath those black skins beat lily-white hearts and motives. In color and with full-page ads in this corner, is *For Love of Ivy*, starring Sidney Poitier and Abbey Lincoln. She plays a maid for a Typical Rich Long Island Family, sort of Jewish Kennedys if that is possible. Sidney plays Mr. Lucky, if you remember that Cary Grant movie—Sidney must; anyway, he wrote the original story of this movie. The plot is that Sidney is forced to con Ivy into going out with him, thereby giving her delusions of happiness so she will stay on and continue to work for her adorable family. The son of the Austins, a 12-to-20 year-old hippie named Tim blackmails Sid into taking Abbey out . . . Should I go on . . . ? Only to note that Sidney Poitier lying in a bed motioning to come here with his finger is about as exciting as that old, deflated rubber beach ball. To think this is the man who said that from now on he will only do roles which dignify the Negro. Maybe the flick should be called *For Love of Money . . . or Image*, because that's what everybody is after, right . . . ?

There are some good moments, always outweighed and counterbalanced by the absurdity the flick constantly falls back into. Tim, dear boy, asks Sidney if he is married . . . ? gay . . . points out that every body knows Negroes are sexually more potent . . . responded to by the audience with warmhearted laughs. Abbey Lincoln tries in her part; only sometimes seeming as though she is in a different movie from the others. She actually tries to act the part of a young Negro girl sincerely trying to make a life for herself, rejecting even the plea of Mrs. Austin to "call me Doris, or mother." Oh well. Maybe next year will belong to Ray Campanella and Jackie Robinson.

The movie is playing at the Fine Arts, 59th off Lexington, PL 5-6030.

The Story of a 3-Day Pass should hve, for background, Albert King doing "Born Under a Bad Sign." Instead, the music, as well as the script and direction, belongs mainly to Melvin Van Peebles, so he stands responsible for just about all of it. One thing: Harry Baird, who plays the lead, is not Sidney Poitier. Wherever this startling fact might lead, it still does not ever manage to detour and make the same trip as *One Potato, Two Potato* or even *A Taste of Honey*, of a few seasons ago. Too bad. Harry Baird does manage to convey a warmth and personality all his own, however; unfortunately, Mr. Van Peebles has chosen not to allow him to fight out his own character conflicts, but to provide instead a mirror-image for all the fast-talking so that Harry One looks at Harry Two and wonders if he will/will not be a Good/Bad Negro when he goes to town, which is Paris.

The only truly natural person is the girl he meets, who is white, and himself—when he is with her. Everyone else revolves in a distorted, phantasmagorical ionosphere, from his Captain through to the Holy Roller Whooptedo Modal Singers who, "Lawzy!" descend on his army camp.

This is a better picture than *Ivy*, a truer picture and at least has the advantage of being set in the 1960's rather than those Hollywood '40's which go on and on like Loretta Young. The pity is, it may not do as well as *Ivy* because for all its own flaws and absurdities, it doesn't commit that final mistake of having everything Work Out All Right, letting all the white people of the hook. The movie will not, therefore, attract the large audience it needs; it is not a well-made movie in particular, and will never be art-house fare; it is not valid enough to attract those people concerned about what is happening in this place.

It is at the Baronet, 59th and 3rd Avenue, EL 5-1663.

The Cinematheque, 80 Vooster, has been showing Markopoulos films—I almost said 'flicks', and that hardly applies to anything showing at the Cinematheque but most truly not of these. This Thursday-Friday, the program will include Michael Snow's *Wavelength* plus others not-so-old really good and standard offerings from Brakhage and Kuchar among others. After that, the weekend holds yet another program of Markopoulos. Tel: 925-2250.

Food Dept.: If you have seen red/white/blue hot dog carts, which, when you get closer, metamorphize into

Crepe Carts, you can thank the Operation Match people. They don't sell Pepsi, but they do have apple juice and really good French crepes, which are kept cold and then heated on order, served plain or with sugar/jam. Business is doing well, on these hot days when the thought of a Nedick's could make the stronghearted faint, but there isn't anything else around—except Crepeman, I suppose. They are still hiring, especially if business keeps on as well as it is, so if you want to meet people in a carefully controlled sort of Operation Match, call EN 2-1640.

The Death of Tarzan is a melodrama, maybe even of course—because how does one discuss Tarzan at all without recalling his environment; his famous cry of 'Ngaya the Bull-ape in trouble, Jane and Boy. This is a Czechoslovakian version, directed by Jaroslav Balik, and it does for melodrama what *Story of O* purportedly did for the pornography genre—and with the same disputable success. The allegory is civilization vs. the natural laws of the jungle, set in Germany just before the War (second). Tarzan is really a German count, finally re-discovered in Africa where he had crashed with his father after a plane accident. Once returned, he is the pawn in a game of Jungle between England and Germany, both of whom would like to own his oil rights in Africa.

Each scene is controlled, a blend of nostalgia and irony, with cartoon features thrown in, lest you forget its antecedents. The introduction of Tarzan to his first live audience is accompanied by near drum rolls, a ceiling-high curtain is drawn back, to reveal a ceiling-high cage. Through the bar are steps, and down then comes; "Ladies and gentleman—Tarzan!" A short waddling man, dressed in black tie and snagged toothed grin lumbers uncertainly towards the watching assembly, then simply bends apart two of the bars and skips over to the fountain (like a monkey, yes). He comes down, says "Hel-low," and snatches a fistful of hors-d'oeuvres from one of his guests, snarling as he does so. He is about 5' 5", fat, and has sheeps eyes. Tarzan.

The events are carefully balanced against their filmed dramatization; each time the camera is used brilliantly to illustrate the hackneyed ideas. A chase scene in which Tarzan is supposed to be captured ends with his helping the men to "play the new game" and capture the general in charge; the carefully spaced inter-larded sequence showing Tarzan gradually learning more and more about the true nature of Man . . . It has even been re-named, *The Death of the Ape-Man* for the superior popcorn thrill involved in the change.

The movie is at the Fifth Avenue Cinema, 5th and 13th St., WA 4-8339.

Young Torless is a most subtle and sensitive movie, one of the best this year. *Torless* is a German schoolboy, turn-of-the-century, sent to boarding school to become the German parents' ideal of whatever nice, non-irritating soap product is expectantly desirable for all sons everywhere. He is young with the wisdom of not the naive, but the unfettered; those few keen dreamers who will always need "to understand the existence of imaginary numbers which can be used to build real bridges." The movie is an evocation of the sensations of awareness and becoming (as opposed to being).

This universal quest theme has been done and will be numberless times, but rarely this well. Filmed in bland, sensation-less black/white, the direction and acting provide extremely sensitive, subtle contrast, so that the tension is never lost, the interest never diminished. Wolker Schlöndorff has directed with such a light hand, so imperceptibly, there is an integral coolness over all, like a chanced-upon forest stream. Details are proffered constantly, both in technique and characterizations, providing a brocade effect for the simple parable-foundation.

The acting is clean and fine, superbly indifferent to tricks. Each of the leads plays out his role in delicate awareness of the others, so that the story as a whole remains of constant texture. Three of the boys discover that a fourth has stolen money. Gradually, this last, Basini, is transformed into a victim while the other three become the torturers. In keeping with the original story, by Robert Musil, the interest lies not in the action, but the subtle interplay and commentary constantly being created. Musil's interest in the novel lay in its capacity to comprehend some of the infinity of life rather than any stylistic innovations. The film, too, is a classic work, far removed from the experimentation of *medoum-is-the-message*. The story is therefore hypnotic rather than shocking, profound but



by ABDUL SEAN DE LA VILLENEUVE

General Guide: Rarely has the immateriality of events and phenomena been so pronounced. Dissembly is everywhere apparent, the duplicity inherent in all affairs Terrestrial shows through especially powerfully now. Maintain a brave and stable course from here in out. It is imperative that the Native abjure all dubious assistance and untenable divinations from false solos, vested interests, and malignant influences. Aberrant inclinations are by nature particularly subtle at this time; be prudent. When the Moon is gibbous, the Native of forthright composition may relax somewhat.

Aries (21 Mar. - 19 Apr.) — Your cycle is attaining its perihelion this week. Around Wednesday, you would be advised to take a day off from work, lock yourself in a darkened room, pull the blankets over your head, and read forty thousand Pater Nosters. It will be important that you keep the telephone off the hook all week.

Taurus (20 Apr. - 20 May) — An excellent time to work off some of the old grudges you've been saving up. Aquarians, Leos, and Virgos should be feeling pretty guilty right now, you can persecute them with impunity. Pisces natives need support and encouragement at this time, a few well-priced dirty rumours could sweep the pins right out from under them. Exercise caution with Cancers, they're mean, no telling what they'll do if you cross them up.

Gemini (21 May - 21 June) — That cute Virgo who's been flirting with you lately is not to be trusted; he only wants your bod. If you must, then at least make sure you're 'safe', and get a Wasserman afterwards.

Cancer (22 June - 22 July) — It's too late. They've already found out about you, the best thing for it now is to leave town. You should be ashamed of yourself.

Leo (23 July - 22 Aug.) — If you were born this week, your abiding characteristics include an extraordinary resilience in matters of morals and a superb physical appearance. Call 228-8640 any evening after six. Be candid. Other famous people born this date: Annie Rooney, Vad Shdunpa Khemeer, Rosemary's baby, Gen. Zab Collemeister.

Virgo (23 Aug. - 22 Sept.) — Conditions auspicious for self-improvement. Get that case of the syph cleared up, it hasn't got all the way up your spinal cord yet. If you procrastinate beyond Wednesday, then Neptune goes out of the Peliades, and the Dial-A-Prayer number is CI 6-4200.

Scorpio (23 Oct. - 21 Nov.) — The shit is about to hit the fan. I told you so last month, you should have listened. Now it's too late.

Sagittarius (22 Nov. - 21 Dec.) — You should eat, you scrawny meshugah! Have some nice lentil soup, here, it'll pick you up right away, you'll see. Drink some Cel-Ray too, I can see you're constipated just looking at your chart. And get your hair cut, you look disgusting. Oy, what a beatnik, this one!

Capricorn (22 Dec. - 19 Jan.) — Now is the time to complete those little affairs you've been worrying about the last couple of months, and get them over with. Finish that suicide note and pay the gas bill.

Acquarius (19 Jan. - 10 Feb.) — Converging influences designate this one as an extraordinarily fertile, active, crucial, variegated period. Self-improvement in the AM, business opportunities in the PM, social and recreational activities in the evening, extremely important possibilities for interpersonal relationships all night. Best bet is to hit up on speed and get strung out for ten days or so. Do not pass up this opportunity, you're getting drafted next fall. Stay happy!!!

Pisces (the rest) — A lot of dope coming your way around this time so don't splurge any of your valuable savings. Also, old friends can be expected so try not to dope-up too often, or else you'll be bound to give some of it away.

TRASHMAN

AGENT of the 6th International



THE TIME: THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE OF THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY
THE PLACE: ONE OF THE HUGE URBAN CONGLOMERATIONS OR "STRIP CITIES" WHICH ALONG THE COASTLINES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT



A PATCH-WORK OF SELF GOVERNING MUNICIPALITIES DOTTED BY DEKAYING "EPPICENTERS" IN THE DENSEST AREAS



AND NOW RETURNING TO ONE OF THE EPPICENTER AFTER EXECUTING A RAID ON THE FORCES OF THE COMPUTERIZED POLICE STATE OF SEKTOR 57 ARE THE GUERRILLA RAIDERS OF **MADDO JUSTICE**



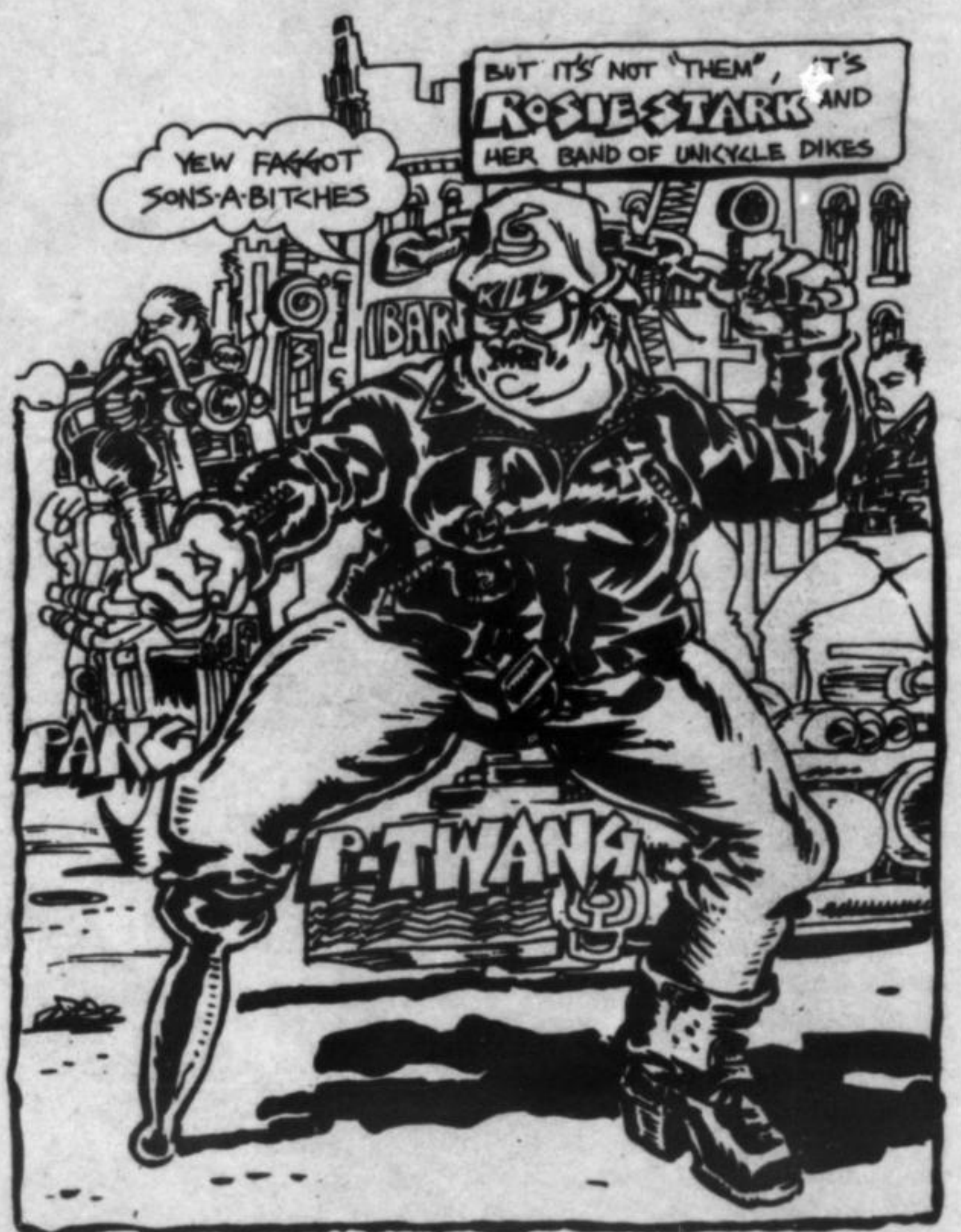
IT MUST BE THEM COMING DOWN THE ROAD

SOMETHING IS SHOWING ON THE SCREEN

AND TRYING TO TRACK THEM DOWN....



OK LET THEM HAVE IT



YEW FAGGOT SONS-A-BITCHES

BUT IT'S NOT "THEM", IT'S ROSIE STARK AND HER BAND OF UNICYCLE DIKES

PANG

B-TWANG



YI

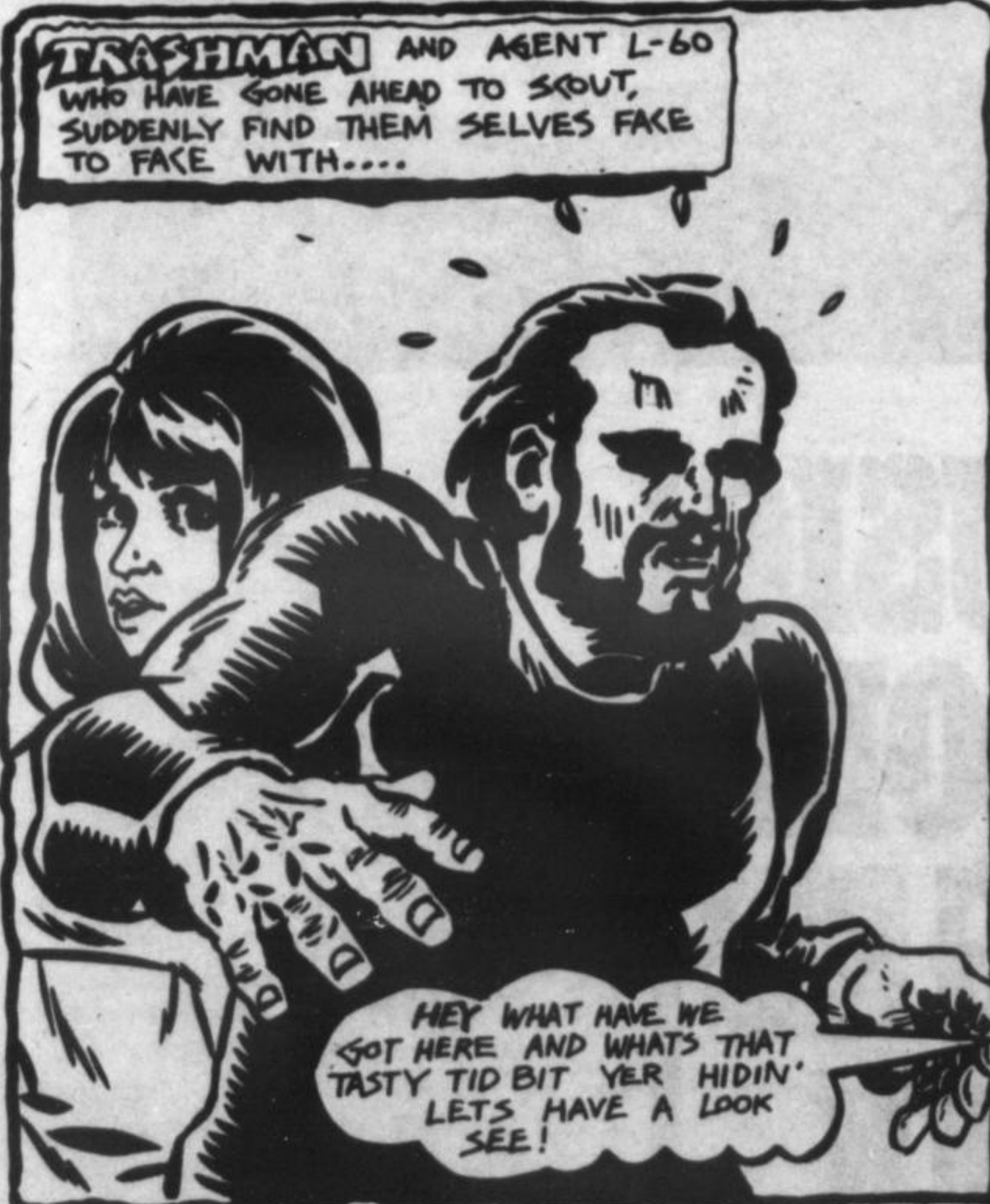
SO YA WANNA FUKE AROUND DO YA @!! GODDAMMIT



RRRRRRR



MEANWHILE THE GUERRILLA COLUMN PASSES ON TOWARD THE EPPICENTER



TRASHMAN AND AGENT L-60 WHO HAVE GONE AHEAD TO SCOUT, SUDDENLY FIND THEM SELVES FACE TO FACE WITH....

HEY WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE AND WHATS THAT TASTY TID BIT YER HIDIN. LETS HAVE A LOOK SEE!



DIRTY MAN

ROSIE STARK WANTS SOME BARE GIT



YOU STINKIN' BITCH, YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE

C'MERE SWEETIE LETS WRESTLE

WRITTEN - BKKWASH DRIJUN - SPAIN



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Their music was composed there.
Their album cover was painted there.

Get the Big Pink message.
from **THE BAND.**

**MUSIC
FROM
BIG PINK**





**COMING ATTRACTIONS
This Week in New York**

Au Go Go: ALBERT AYLER, Blood, Sweat and Tears.
Bitted End: David Steinberg, Mortimer.
Central Park: Fri.—Richie Havens, Cashman, Piscitelli & West; Sat.—Duke Ellington, Les Mc Cann; Sun.—Ali Akbar Kahn; Mon.—The Fifth Dimension, Loretta Long; Wed.—Fats Domino, B. B. King.
Dom: Chico Hamilton; Jazz Interactions Sun, aft. Wyton Kelly, Howard Mc Gee with Chico.
Electric Circus: Circus Maximus, Savage Resurrection; Electric Ear Series on Mon.
Museum Modern Art (Jazz In Garden): Gabor Szabo (Thurs. 8 p.m.).
Scene: Buzz Linhart, Eire Apparent, Mon.-Thurs.—Buddy Guy; Thurs.—John Hammond.
Slugs: Roland Kirk.
Village Gate: Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Upstairs—Billy Taylor.
Village Vanguard: Freddie Hubbard, Coleman Hawkins.

Because it reaches quickly and repeatedly a mass audience with its message, music is the swiftest form for revolutionary change. When controlled on the radio by the fat pigs that own airwaves, it is chopped up and mushed into short, nice pretty pieces-for-packaging in a mindless, tasteless, restricting, empty teat for the screaming worms who are serviced by the exploiters. Underground radio is surfacing through the world with the naive expressions and the joys of experimentation that typified the excitement, freedom and growth of the underground press. It doesn't take itself too seriously and reaches the new tribal communities not with old leftist dialectics and boring rapping, but totally and completely with music.

WBAI was a big breakthrough in FM, but it is more concerned with words than sounds. The new listener supported FM station WFMU (91.1) Free Form Radio is programming music 19 hours a day. It is directly responsible to the listeners taste and not the sponsor's as are progressive radio stations WABC, WOR or WNEW. According to Operations Manager Larry Yurdin, "The distinction between progressive rock and Free Form lies in the fact that progressive rock merely substitutes album cuts for singles while remaining in the context of the dry Top Forty format."

Yurdin, an alumni of WBAI (the sequel to San Francisco's KMPX) joins station manager Vin Scelsa whose post midnight show, "Closet," liberated WFMU from the restricted collage-type format from Upsala, a liberal arts college in East Orange, New Jersey. With Ran Bullock, the most open-minded station manager in the country, and Kevin Taylor, a freak-out, musically aware hipster from New Jersey, they form an impressive quartet for a liberated broadcasting station.

They will appeal to the post-literate generation and will be playing weeks ahead of the commercial stations such important albums as Big Brother and the Holding Company's "Cheap Thrills," the Byrds' "Hickory Wind," British albums, and have exclusive tapes of Tiny Tim, Tim Hardin with John Sebastian and electronic groups.

WFMU, which operates on 1500 watts, can be picked up in most parts of New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania, and South East New York. It comes into Manhattan fairly clear at night, but if you have trouble, connect a rabbit ear antennae to your FM radio or if you have a portable TV set, run some wires to the UHF antennae screws on the back of the cabinet. Part of the reception problem is a rusty water tower

recently installed by the city of East Orange. It virtually blocks out waves to Northern New Jersey. Moving an antenna to another spot will cost \$1,000. Plans are already under way to boost the station's power first to 5,000 wats then to 50,000. The first step together with a conversion to stereo transmission (involving a new control board, generator, monitor and transmitter) will cost almost \$15,000. The staff receives no salaries except for Vin and Bullock who get meager stipends. A sponsorship costs only \$5. New York area radio listeners have been begging for an exciting open music-playing station. onators, subscribers and volunteers are desperately needed. Send contributions to Free Form Radio, Box 349, East Orange, New Jersey.

Buzz Linhart is one of the talented musician-singers who came out of the golden years of the Greenwich Village coffee house, Night Owl, that also produced Tim Hardin, Fred Neil and John Sebastian. His gentle face may deny the drugs that racked his body. But his husky tenor-saxophone voice pours out the experiences with every lyric he utters. From alcohol as a seaman to heavy use of grass and hash to speed and ultimately to junk, the career of the most promising of the Night Owl four has been held in aveyance.

Through introspection — the LSD experience, Linhardt conquered all drugs and now the Brill-Building beggars, who have hounded him for the last five years are harder on his heels. Since the breakup of his group, The Seventh Sons, contracts from personal managers and recording contracts are suffocating him. He has never had a business head and offers for his musical abilities from Neil, Hardin, Dylan, Byrds, Buddy Miles, Central Park Music Festival, New Christy Minstrils, Ritche Havens and the Supremes belong like dull points and dirty syringes to his past.

Linhart, as a sideman on vibes (his main instrument) is most impressive. Fred Neil and Tim Hardin both vied for him. The egos of these two underground legendary stars wouldn't allow for double gigging on Buzz's part so he lined up with Hardin who he hung out with and played with for nine months at the Night Owl. His guitar playing reflects his two main influences, Dino Valenti (who penned "Hey Joe" and "Everybody Get Together"), Fred Neil and Indian raga style. His voice, strong, gritty, nasal and muscular, grasps hold of the lyrics shouting out the emotional meaning of each phrase as well as using his voice as an instrument with his scat style singing.

Buzz Linhart moves uptown from the Cafe Au Go Go to the Scene. His following ranges from Chuck Berry to Albert Ayler and all those musicians who have ever heard him.

Richard Goldstein ended last week's excellent Village Voice column on autotype in the music business with a rather perplexing statement. "If the (music) scene would go out of the charisma business," then "... I could start writing about rock again." Goldstein is at his best when writing about the mystic, mystery, personality and hype of the pop world and is partially responsible for it. As a music critic, he is erratic. Witness his put down of "Sg. Pepper," and praising of the Bee Gees, as well as his lack of coverage on exciting live music. He is certainly better known and more talented as a "shit detector," scene analyzer and word painter than a music critic. Best he stick to his excellent insights into the "charisma" of pop personalities and his direct humorous explanations about the "scene."

KENNY RANKIN

Mind Duster (Mercury SR61141)

Keny Rankin's debut album "Mind Dusters" on Mercury has been ignored by music critics. Although Rankin's interplay between guitar and vocals is often overshadowed by arranging it is still one of the most pleasant of recent recordings in the country influenced pop market. Singing most of his own material as

by **BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY**

well as penunings by some of his influences—Fred Neil and Gordon Lightfoot—he creates an attractive sound somewhere between Greenwich Village, Nashville and Tin Pan Alley. Kenny's voice, reminiscent of a summer afternoon haze, glides effortlessly along in the upper register with a fearsome agility in his top notes which are acrobatic, far reaching and with a spontaneity found in only the top artists. His repertoire covers country to mellow rock. Also on the album as a studio musician is friend and leading contemporary guitarist Larry Corryell. "It Never Changes," written and snug by both Kenny and his wife Yvonne is reminiscent of Les Paul and Mary Ford and is one of the most beautiful songs to come along in recent years. Mind Dusters should be a consistent selling album.

Electra Recording artist Dave Peal will be doing a Free concert in Washington Square Park this Sunday at 2:00.

For only \$1.00 you can see Fats omino and B. B. King at the Central Park Music Festival on July 31. This highlights the trend of summer festivals away from second-rate, hard-back-chair symphonies into presenting the exciting musical trends of this country and the great artists who made them.

The Buffalo Springfield's third and final album will be titled "Last Time Around".

A little-known (and probably even lesser believed) fact about the Electric Circus is that in 1865 an inaugural celebration for Abraham Lincoln was held in the building that now houses the world's only multimedia-theater-with-dancing.

Lincoln's spirit returns to the Circus July 29, when Salvatore Martirano, noted electronic musician, presents his interpretation of Lincoln's historic Gettysburg address. The speech will be recited by a "politico" breathing helium through a gas mask, counter to a double-channel electronic music background. The Border Guard, Mr. Martirano's jazz-poetry improvisation group, will also perform for the event.

Aesop's Fables, the first white group to record an album for Chess Records, has been added to rythm and blues station WWRL's "Soul Festival 68", which will be held Saturday, July 27 on Randall's Island. Heading the festival will be Joe Tex, Moms Mabley, Percy Sledge, Jerry Butler, Pigmeat Markham, Peaches & Herb, and the Delphonics. For information call LT 1-0933.

The Cafe Au Go Go has the best booking in town this weekend with the coupling of Blood, Sweat, and Tears, a contemporary rock group influenced by big band jazz, and the Albert Ayler Quartet, one of the most exciting groups in the emotional sound breakthrough of avant-garde jazz. Tenor saxophonist, Ayler, has become the most important voice in music since the untimely death of the great John Coltrane.

Don't forget Aug. 2 and 3, the Fillmore is presenting Big Brother and the Holding Company, The Staples Singers (America's leading gospel group), and Ten Years After (A British blues group).

The MCoys have signed up with Fitzpatrick-Stigwood, managing agents, and their former manager, Mike Conwell, will retain his title of co-manager while taking the job of head of the N. Y. office of Fitz-Stig.

FLASH FLASH FLASH

The Beatles new single will be released Aug. 16. Entitled "Revolution," it concerns the recent Paris riots.

the Junkwaffel Papers, concluded

THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

9



The lizards didn't broadcast for three more days. If they did, I couldn't pick up their signals. I probed around a little but found nothing except a few minor radio storms banging around some binary star system.

August 1st I was driving my VW downtown to the Veterans Administration when they started jamming my head! There was a loud whine then a crackling roar so intense that I drove my car through a store window and was buried in two tons of Robin Hood flour. A special sale I didn't miss. I lept out of the little red car and flew madly down the aisles leaving a great sifting cloud of white flour. The jamming was a painful experience, akin to having your muscle tendons slowly pulled apart with tongs.

I ran several blocks before the noise stopped and let me catch my breath. Downtowners just stood and gaped at me with their fat bags. I coughed out a puff of flour and went into a bookstore. "Hey, Booty," said a radio voice in my head. "That was just a taste of bitters."

I was still groggy from the ugly experience. I stood white and glaring blankly at the store clerk who backed into his cigar rack. "May... may I help you," the clerk stammered.

"Get outta my head!" I yelled at the distant radio station.

10

THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

I was standing mutely before the traffic judge, listening to him extol the virtues of safe drivers like his caddy and generally putting me down, when I got another call from my head. "Body," it said, "this is Capt. Rasberry. It has been decided by due process of Junkwaffel military law that you are guilty as charged and it is my duty to perform mind execution on you at 2400 hours your time."

"Guilty?" I said. "Of what? Of getting hit in the head by a lightning bolt?" My irony was lost on Rasberry, that slimy little lizard.

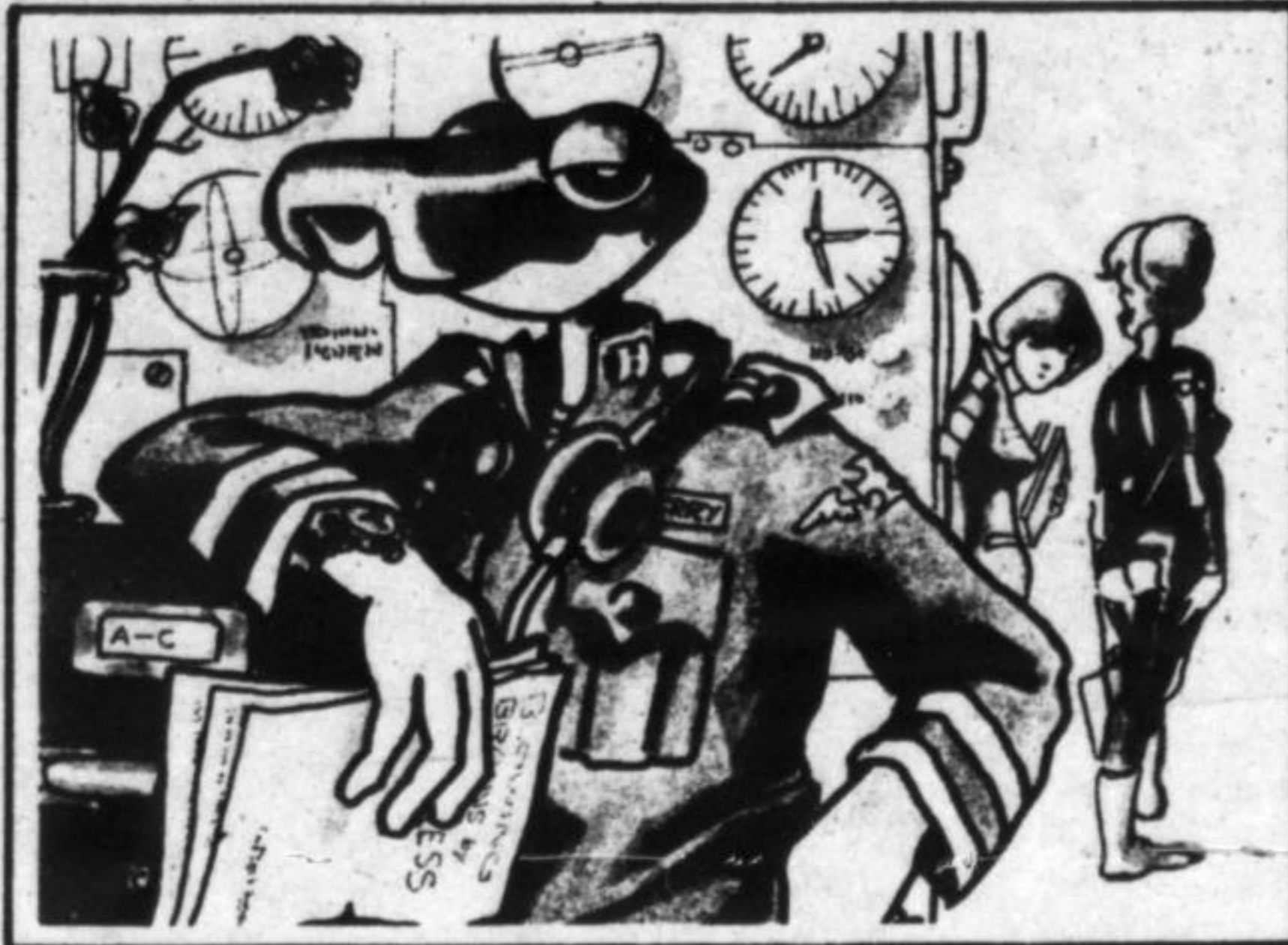
"Your irony wasn't lost on me, Flat Face," came the restart. "But whom am I to question, the military?" He clicked something, then continued. "At any rate, you are guilty of espionage in time of war and I'll have to blow out your mind in twelve hours."

"Great," I said. "Thanks a lot you cruddy reptile!" The judge, the stenographer and the Sergeant at Arms were glowering at me. I realized I had spoken out loud. "Uh, sir," I said as adultly as I could. "There's this radio station in my head."

"You are extremely rude, young man," snapped the judge. "I was letting you off easy, but now there will be a fifty-dollar Contempt of Court charge."

"I don't have any money," I pleaded hopelessly, jingling my lunch money.

"You have till 12 Midnight to get it!" the judge yelled.



THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

11



I wandered out of the Public Safety Building and went over to a well-known five and dime store for a greasy hamburger and oily coke. I was looking at the coke-oil slick and thinking of German U-boats, and dying in general, when I thought I heard a familiar voice. I turned around expectantly but it was just an ugly old hag pushing revival tracts. I took the one she offered and dunked it in my coke. She ignored the gesture. "A dime," she croaked and held out a magazine of salvation. "Gimme a dime." I took out my remaining change, enough for a bus ride and gave it to her. She scooped it up and skittered off without another thought about my soul.

"Oh, man," I thought. "I'm getting down in the dumps. I gotta perk up. Look at the brighter side of things." I folded the magazine into a sleek Delta wing fighter, drew a couple of Jewish stars on the wings and fired it at the waitress' behind. She yelped and I felt a little better. I went to the bookstore and thumbed through a few children's books that I admired. I put a set on lay-a-way.

I walked the five miles to my apartment. When I got there I put my two records on, turned the stereo up full blast and waited for a stomp from upstairs. I have a hundred records, but I only play two. My wife and son were off to Utica, so I sat in my lounge and waited for twelve.

12

THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS



At 11:00 my hands were trembling and I even considered breaking my resolution about never smoking again because of the danger of cancer.

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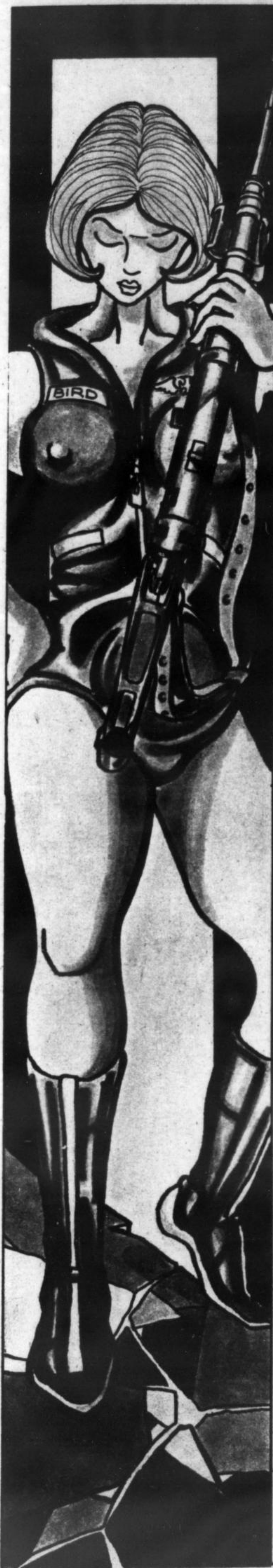
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VAUGHN FREDRIC BODE

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THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS 13



At 11:45 my head crackled. A message was coming in, but it sounded strange—unlike the radio station on Mummy Crab Island.

"Hello," said a tiny, but instantly recognizable voice. "Hello, Boobie, do you read me? It is I, Dr. Hornborn speaking."

"I read you 5x5, Doc," I drawled nastily. "You came around just in time to see your buddies crumple my mind like tinfoil."

"No, you misunderstand," Hornborn said urgently. "I'm on your side, boy."

"Big deal," I sneered. "My side's about to become a cabbage patch thanks to you and your A-bomb pics."

"Bobby, will you shut up for two seconds?" he screamed. "I have a plan!"

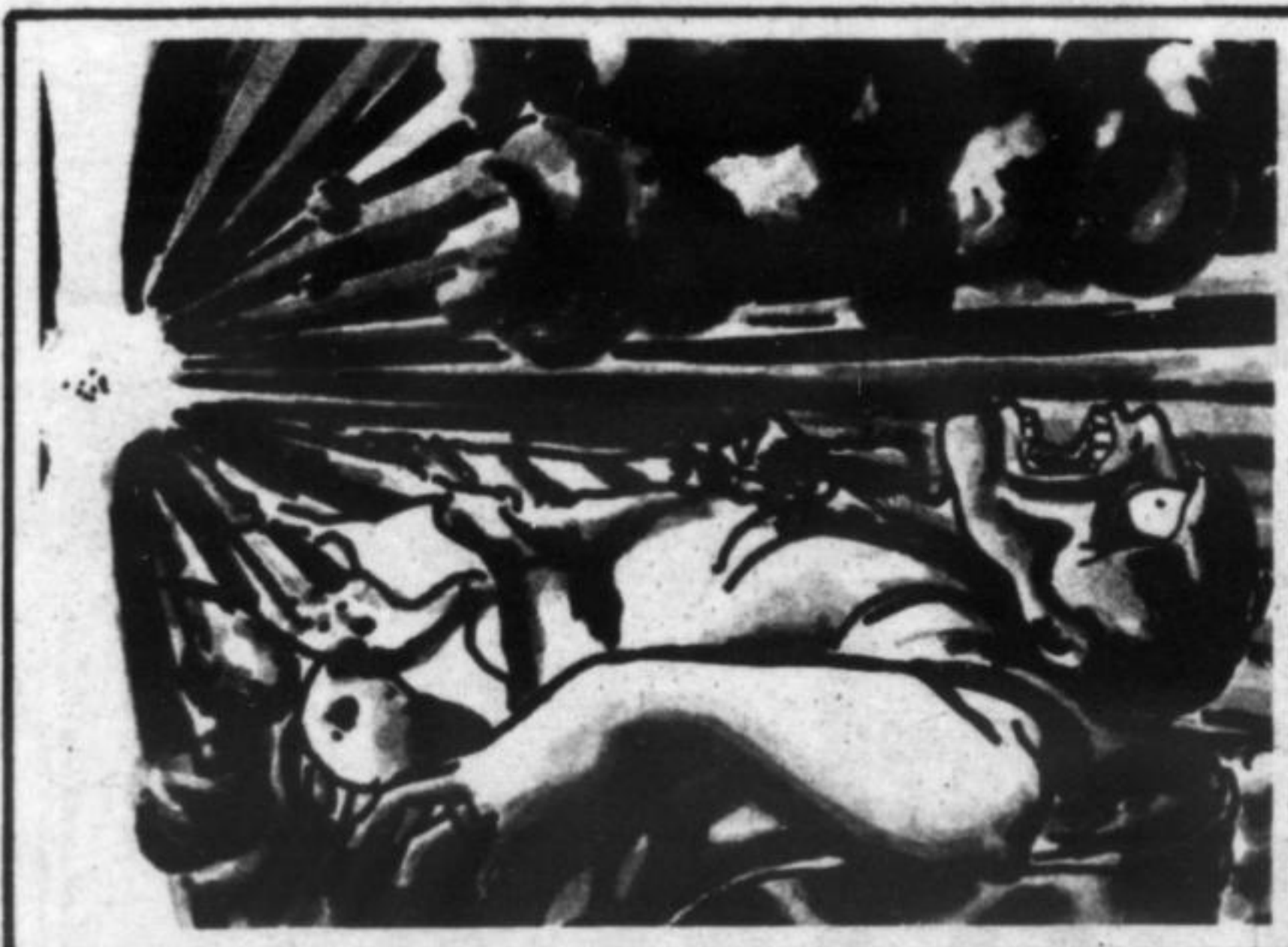
I sat bolt upright, hope surging through my heart.

"Listen," he continued, "I am the leader of a revolutionary underground movement and we are poised, so to speak, on the brink of glorious destiny. At my command, over three million lizards will topple the present anti-everything regime!" He stopped and gasped for breath. "Anyway, we require your help. We can't possibly do it without your special lightning-activated powers."

"Me," I said, astonished. "What the hell can I do?"

"Don't you understand yet, Bobby?" he pleaded. "The whole thing is a setup. I planned the entire thing! I framed you from here so they would execute you!"

THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS 15



11:59—a cheery voice rolls into my head from the other side of the galaxy. "Captain Raspberry, your executer, here. You ready for the big trip, Brodie?"

"You little agle worm," I cursed. "If I could just get my . . ."

"Sorry, chum," he interrupted. "12:00, time to shove off." He began clicking things. A wall of sound, with a speed one million times greater than light, bashed into my head with such tremendous force that it blew out all my fillings! I went rigid like a cement block as the engulfing avalanche of sound crushed down on me. My blood began to boil, and steam hissed out my ears.

The pressure continued to mount and pass unbelievable intensities. I felt my brain cells begin to pop like little air bubbles in gum. I knew the end was coming within two seconds! I mean I knew I could take exactly two more seconds! "This is it," my mind screamed. "Those rotten, lousy toads."

And then, like a wave washing back into the sea, the sound ran backwards and away, down the scale of intensity until a cool wind from our living room window wafted across my lobster-cooked face.

It was gone. Those half-wit airborne frogs had done it! I was sore all over, like I had fallen off a mountain, but was still alive.

14 THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

"I still don't get it," I said, dazed. "I know you set me up, but for what?"

"Your power, you idiot!" Hornborn screamed. "When they try to jam your mind out of existence, they will be feeding out 86 per cent of their total energy capacities. A nation-wide blackout will exist while they execute you. That's when we strike!" He finished, "Great plan, huh?"

"Beautiful. It chokes me all up, you rotten little toad!" I yelled at him. "You get everything at my expense!"

"Well," he said, "listen to this for split second timing. Your mind can take exactly 2.5 minutes of jam pressure before you collapse into the realm of vegetable matter. At exactly 2.1 minutes into the execution, our Airborne troops will knock out the Mummy Crumb Station and save you!"

"Oh, hip, hip, hurray," I said coldly. "That gives your bungling, half-wit frogs a whole .4 minutes to whisk me out of the arms of big caddy oblivion!"

"Why are you so upset," the doctor said sportingly. "Those are the kind of odds you can really sink your teeth into. A real frog's odds, I mean a lizard's odds. Ooops," he said, "look at the time. 11:55 already. I must ring off and start the coup." He was gone with a click.



16 THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

August 2nd I stayed in bed recovering from my ordeal. I had no word from the lizard planet. Just deep space static. All that day I waited tensely for news of the faraway revolution. Did they win? At first, I thought they must have triumphed because I was alive, but a little logic told me one station raided successfully was by no means a total victory.

August 13th my wife took me to the dentist and he did what he could for my erupted cavities. On the way home, I received a message. "Hello, Body," a voice said. "This is Sgt. Raspberry, how you feeling?"

"Just fine, you roach," I retorted. My hopes for Dr. Hornborn dwindled. "What happened to the revolution, Raspberry?" I said hesitantly.

"The Prime Minister wishes to speak to you Booty, just a moment while I switch to 'Derklousen Pop Palace.'" There was an all too ugly clicking sound. Then, "Bode, boy!" yelled a jubilant voice. "We did it!"

I smiled despite myself. Hornborn was one dynamic lizard all right. "Congratulations, Doc," I said.

Hornborn became serious a moment. "Listen, Bobby, I was talking to a group of scientists a few minutes ago. They have come up with a workable theory that . . . uh . . . well, let me put it this way . . . how would you like to come up here for a visit?"



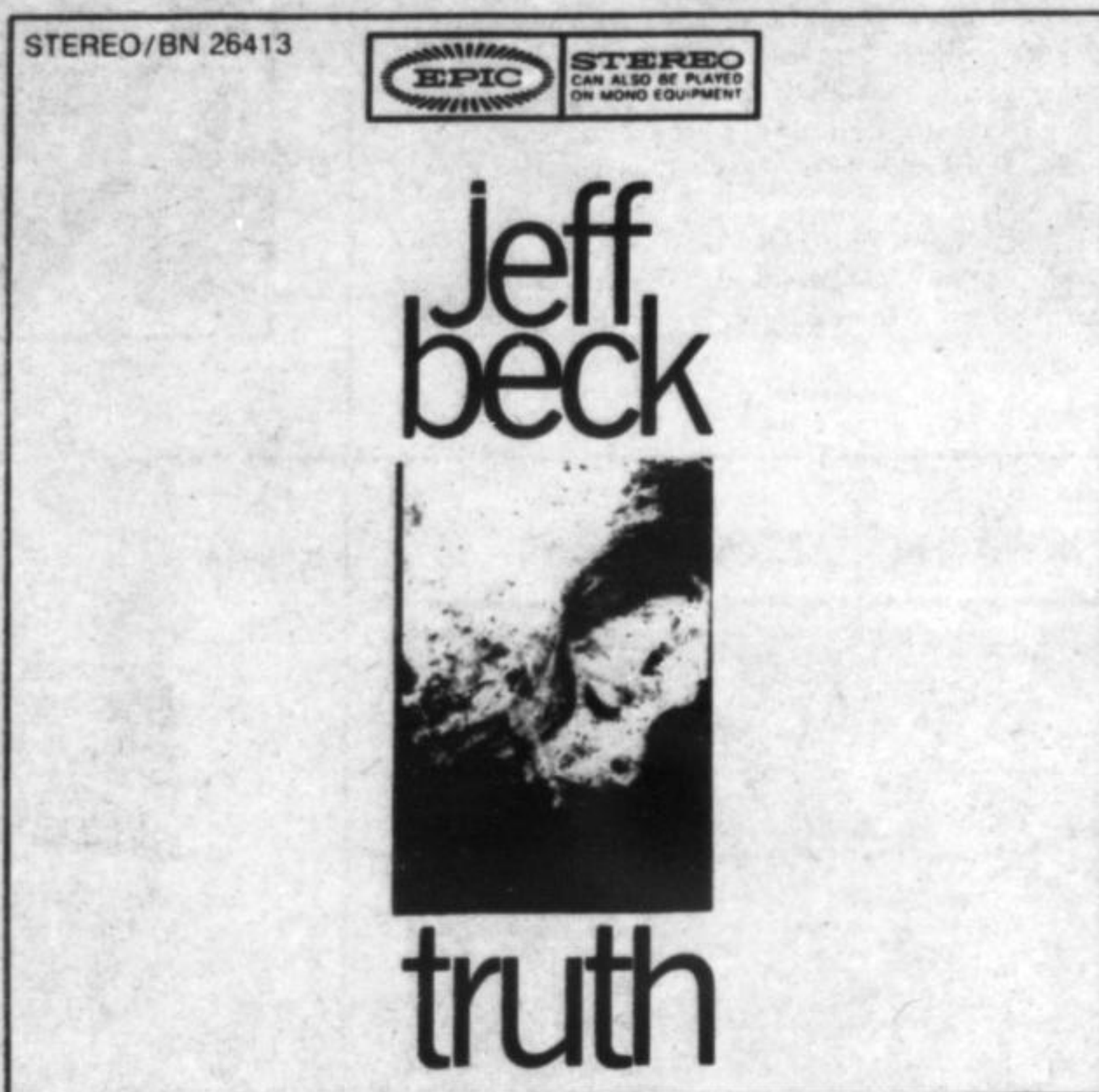
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truth



"SISTER SADIE AND THE SONS OF SAM"

by WILMER LUCAS

On a hot night, in a reconditioned old barn called "Auwood," just outside of New London, Conn. where the fourth National Playwrights Conference began its first of eleven plays to be staged this summer. A young former school teacher became a creditable playwright. "SISTER SADIE," was originally produced in workshop form earlier this month at NEW DRAMATISTS Workshop with six performance. The opening of which this reviewer witnessed in amazement and without commentary thus far.

Sister Sadie is a Black bitch played to the grit by Louis Stubbs. Sadie is a usurper, an emasculator of males, a murderess, and a demon parent who manages to get away with it all. She is a bewigged Medusa and a typical Black matriarch who only symbolizes under dramatic prescription the recent and lamentful undoings of the Moynihan Report and its exaggerated conclusions. This is a Black play by a Black author; and the condition of its ethnocentricity is flexible, as the playwrights theme is a potpourri of gripping and intermingling tales, recreated in the natural truth of what's happening in America. Granted the American matriarch, and its natural power in all that may appear to be female power via some Susan B. Anthony banners from freedom. Author Masons use of the disadvantage and downtrodden Black experience as a blooming American playwright is as much O'Neill, Thurber, Saroyan and O'Casey, as it is his own; — by the sheer example of heritage as a consequence of human experience. For the most part the internalization of Black experience by many comes as a diatribe, if not reaction to white America. Clifford

Mason as naturalist in motion, in what a dramatic overstatement designs connects this experience into a platitude of dramatic pathos; seldom if ever described in what we call the contemporary theatre, with a black theme. In this respect, within shared naturalness; Mason in all of his eclectic sensibility is less parochial in theme than those whom are outside of the Black experience who ruminate and speculate to some peculiar degrees of responsibility. The author is at fault for a gang of technical plungings and sentimental overtures. Yet gainfully his live dialogue and a splendid cast of Black professionals do not no whisper his truth . . . they sweat and live through an exhaustion of dialogue that would seem plentiful even in an air-conditioned arena.

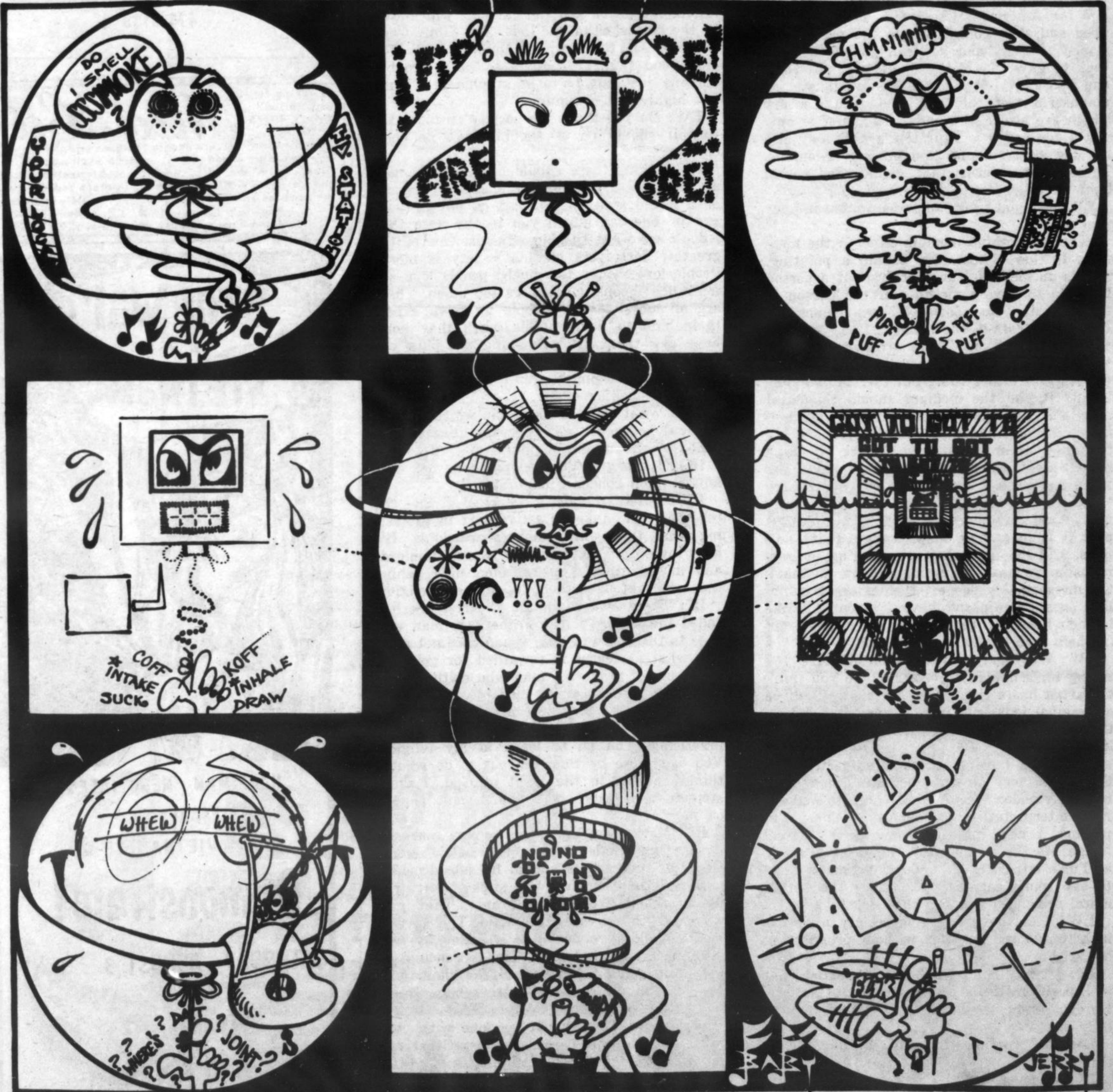
Fish, (as played by Cashmere Ellis, a young man of in his late twenties) is Sadie's husband who being older than she, is by maybe ten to fifteen years is the victim and wine — whom she excoriates and perpetually diminishes in a fifteen year old marriage. Billy her son, not by Fish, is a bastard child who believes Fish to be his father. Horse the pimp, the number banker, and object of her approaching-forty-kind-of-sexuality is her lover; while her husband sleeps on the floor of a dingy Harlem apartment. Fish and his pals in wine Moe, (played by Joseph Attles) and Blue (by John McCurry) put so much realism into this work it is hard to tell at times, whether Mason and his director for these performances, Black Micael Schultz (Luis-tannian Bogey) have not gone into the street to cast for these roles. As Sadie tears into Wine soaked, good natured Fish (because he drinks and looks like one) & when he tries vainly to redeem himself as a man after

those many years in bondage, she poignantly and fleetingly utters "If the white man didn't put you in slavery . . . the Indians would have". Sadie is Masons vixen beyond redemption, when after killing her husband with the aid of her lover stands over his coffin and admonishes him further in death to the point of even discussing his comparative sexual inadequacy with her lover.

The author is perhaps a terminal moralist who deamatically unwinds in a slow motion of telegraphing alternate punches into the comic and finally the tragic. There are no real moments of reprieve or reprise to afford a relief from all of these eruptions. Yet in a traditional play Mason insists, and has the guts to deromanticize whatever is held as truth. Mason has not de-blackened his own spleen for the theater, as the mystery of such a drama is legendary, intuitive and stated in a complex of integrity like a grape-sweat holy ghost.

Having broken his dramatic novice by seeing a dream realized, Mason via his facility is on the verge of a viscera into the Black experience as human reality (which incidently comes late to Black playwrights,) and by dramatic acumen hopefully may reach further; once this idiom sucks in the silence it warranted on that hot night. If this play is an omen to the playwright as artist, as mirror, as Black, as refractor, as man; then the past may well catch up to the present, if playwright Clifford Mason is afforded the solvency of being unesoteric in his journey as playwrikht thru the coming years. "HELL HATH NO WRATH, LIKE THAT OF A BLACK WOMAN" . . . and others to be exact.

★★★DOPEY SONG★★★



EGO

BY ED WODE

This interview is with a man who considers himself a simple man. Or to be perhaps closer to the truth, a man who lives simply. The artist is Ira Kaufman. Ira exhibits and works at the Brata Gallery.

Interview with Ira Kaufman, June 1968

EW: What is the main problem of the artist?

IK: The main problem is to create a good piece of art. Many guys are just playing with the medium and calling it painting. People will not long be fooled by this. An artist has to put craft into his art. Some guys are doing it just for the fun or to say they are a part of the art community.

EW: Ira, what would you say style is?

IK: It can loosely be described as a figurative or of an expressionist or impressionist nature. Not minimal, not abstract and sometimes they come out to look a little surrealistic. I feel the way I paint carries over a tradition going back to the post impressionists and the ashcan school and good abstract expressionism which wasn't too abstract because there were figures involved in the 50's and then going back to the guys in France around the 1890's and the Americans like Ryder and they were good and then going back to the pre-impressionist painters and you can go all the way back to guys like Botticelli, Rembrandt, Hals, and I feel very close to the Hebrew illustrated manuscripts of the 15th and 16th Century which are also Bosch and Breughel. The only way I can call it is figurative art. It may also be said to be illuminated or expressionistic. These are the terms that should shed verbal light on what I'm doing.

EW: Are you trying to say anything in your painting?

IK: I don't think medium alone is the message. If there is an idea behind a painting, there's an idea. If I do a portrait of a person I intend to have something of the person in the portrait. I do a lot of biblical themes and I intend to convey the feeling of the message that's in the Bible. There are some pictures the medium may take over. If I do a pot of flowers it is a nice thing but the idea running behind it and the medium should take over more and it should be more than just a pot of flowers. Simple thoughts are all right. Deeper thoughts are important too. There shouldn't be any confinement of your ideas. Art goes to all extremes. I am not an extremist. I try to be a simple man, I think this is the way to live and this is what I paint. For the most part it is in a very simple range. Paint animals, still life, and abstracts verging on surrealistic. It means something to me so that's the message. My deepest themes are the biblical ones. Some people have a vision of blocks in their heads, so they like to see minimal art in their house. I paint figuratively.

EW: Why do you paint biblical? Are you trying for a new interpretation? Do you think the artist has a right to create his own edifice of original ideas in his own image or do you think he should reflect the image of society itself?

IK: When I paint a biblical subject, I feel the theme very strongly because I'm a practicing Orthodox Jew. I can't claim to make a new interpretation of biblical themes. I'm putting a new interpretation on the visual image. As far as changing this society, being as I'm a citizen of this country, I'm qualified to say something. Try to convey the simple moral principles I find in the Bible.

EW: Can the artist give society a deeper insight into its problems without prostituting his art?

IK: I really don't think so. The artist isn't in a position. He is just a product of society. He can't influence society anymore than anybody else.

EW: Do you mostly paint in the impasto technique?

IK: I never know when I start painting whether it will end up with piles of paint or

a perfectly flat surface. Then I might get disgusted in the middle and scrape the whole thing off and throw it in the garbage. There are no rules, no laws; it's whatever I feel will produce the best picture is what I'm going to put down.

EW: Your drawings seem to be surrealistic in comparison with your paintings.

IK: Drawings seem to lend themselves to a simple clean line. MY drawings are getting less surreal.

EW: You told me your philosophy diverges from that found in the underground. Can you tell me about this?

IK: I have the philosophy of an Orthodox Jew which is fairly moralistic compared with what's printed in the underground news. We as a people do not go for pics of naked chicks. Also I don't condone the use of drugs. I've seen harmful effects and very little good. Pushing it on the kids will not do them any good. I'm opposed to a militant stance against the government because it is not the type of government that deserves a militant stance. The underground newspapers seem to do no more about things like riots than to make the blood hot. They talk about revolution, revolution, revolution and the outcome will mostly be the bloodshed of the kids. The Slimy Communists. And that's what I think of them. The only good they ever do is to cause trouble. Anyone just out to make trouble is a bum. I'm highly anti-communist.

EW: Do you think the society is about the way it should be or should there be some changes?

IK: I think there should be many changes. My personal gripes with the society are not on a grand scale. If you can go out to work and no one can punch you in the nose then I don't see what the big stink is. One of the greatest destroyers of this society is moral. People love money too much; people love sex too much; people love drugs too much. These are all moral issues. People up town expect their kids to have morals when they don't have any themselves. Smoking pot puts you on a cloud. Besides it puts stuff in your lungs that doesn't belong there. I don't believe in cigarette smoking either.

EW: What about a society in which all this is tacitly condoned and it seems likewise condoned by the major religions.

IK: My religion does not condone nor does any religion condone immorality.

EW: But it's implicitly condoned in that the religions don't take an active part in protesting what their own members are doing. It's been my observation that the worst slumlords and most ruthless businessmen hide behind the self-righteous orthodoxy of their religion.

IK: There is a saying in the Holy Scriptures called the Ethics of the Fathers. A man who goes to the house of prayer and does not practice what he learns is rewarded for going to the house of prayer. A man who neither practices nor goes to the house of prayer is a wicked man. A man who practices and doesn't go to the house of prayer is rewarded for practicing. You go to learn in my religion. You can't lose by this. I'm out to do what I think is right in the sight of God, I don't step on anybody and I don't want anyone on me.

EW: Don't you think this society makes it almost impossible to function as an artist. Do you think artists should be subsidized?

IK: Artists survive who stick it out. The wrong people are getting grants. They give grants to the already successful. The government should give \$5000 to a little guy who says he wants to work. This is enough to keep him going for a year. If he shows progress he should continue getting help. If not he should be dropped. What's \$5000 to the government? This should be done with committees that actually look at art. Other artists should compose the committees. Give the small guy a chance. The more you put, in the more pieces of art you'll come out with.



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thilm

(Continued from Page 6)

not sensational, like the curl to a stone Apollo's upper lip. It is at the Beekman, 65th and 2nd Ave., RE 7-2622.

Film Festivals: Note for Filmmakers: The Mannheim International Film Festival will be held this year, October 7-12. Deadline for entry forms in August 15; deadlines for film arrivals is Aug. 31st. For both entry forms and further information, contact Jim Mullins at Brandon Films, 212 CI 6-4867.

Film Festival, local: Both Bleecker St. Cinema and Fifth Ave. Cinema are starting their summer classics series. This weekend at the Bleecker, Roger Vadim's Les Liaisons angeereuses which "is being withdrawn from distribution for some time" after this showing, will play with Antonioni's Eclipse. Sun-Tues is a Jacques Demy mini-concert: Umbrellas of Cherbourg, Lola, and Lust (Demy's assignment from Seven Capital Sins). Tel. OR 4-3210.

Fifth Ave. will have this weekend, G. W. Pabst's Three-Penny Opera (with Lotte Lenya) and Simone Signoret in Casque d'Or. Next Tuesday, Dreyer's The Passion of Joan of Arc and Eisenstein's Time of the Sun. Tel. WA 4-8339.

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Secret Societies

Edited by Norman MacKenzie
Holt Rinehart and Winston, Inc.
\$9.95 — 350 pages

A Review By W.F. Lucas

Judas was not the first informer and with our current knowledge explosion certainly won't be last. Once revealed (discovered, un-layered, confessed or coerced) from the human mind that perpetuates the necessity of secrecy, what was secret, is no more. Today, information is at our fingertips from books, libraries, talk, and the like; always ready to be revealed. Maybe the computer, or the highly industrialized technical device will finally tell it all. Perhaps even before the fact, in timeless exploration of what goes on in our heads, in a global space program of constant and instant multi-media expansion. The human imagination, with some historical speculation violates whatever it is that may remain; defensively, or under the guise of knowledge for learning's sake, and finally out of sheer voyeurism. In any case the rituals of Secret Societies are interesting, at least for the time being.

"Secret Societies" is an expensively assembled semi-pictorial opus that attempts to plumb and reveal the intrepidations of human secrecy. Among the societies it fleetingly explores are, Primitive secret societies, Mau Mau of East Africa (Kenya), The Thuggee of India, (hence the term thugs), The Mysteries of the ancient Mediterranean, The Assassins and the Knights of Templar, of ancient Persia; The Rosicrucians, Freemasonry, Nationalist secret societies, Chinese secret societies, The Mafia, and The Ku Klux Klan. Since this work is for lay interest to perhaps compete with the media of television, it remains informative and distilling with many obvious omissions.

There are four distinguishable categories of Secret Society associations in general. The open, the limited, the private and the Secret. That is the secret-secret. "An open group is one to which anyone may belong; it has no secrets from its members or from outsiders. A limited group selects its members according to particular rules or objectives, but it does not mind outsiders knowing its business. A private group is much more exclusive. Its membership is restricted, its affairs are not usually published, and some of its activities may be kept secret. A secret society, on the other hand, is organized around the principles of exclusiveness and secrecy. It places a very strict limitation on recruitment and will often go to great lengths to screen its activities from the public gaze."

The exclusiveness of Secret societies may also be broken down into tribal affiliations, ritualistic bands of religious character, military orders which can have distinct political and religious motives, ritual brotherhoods, theosophical groups, and criminal bands of intrigue. The external evidence of these groups is more manifest than latent and creditably this work has no delusions of tattle-taling about the labyrinths of the inner pulse of these societies, except only in a superficial way. The demography of this assortment will probably never be known except for insiders.

The mysteries of existence and the probing of these physical and spiritual needs by secret societies is secular, genetic, geo-political and evidently the last remaining vestige of group or cult solidarity. Christianity at one time could be considered a secret society, until its attempt to proselytize western Europe became rampant. In some cases secret societies in major cultural and racial spheres of influence formed the sub-cultural control of the dominant culture. What we are exposed to today, for the most part, is a revivalist and reformation of group solidarity where exploitive geo-

political balkanization has outstripped and deactivated ethnic and cultural cohesiveness. The layers of cult or group consciousness is a socio-anthropological morass. Essentially none of these groups know that each other exists, — by ancient definition & distribution. Their own wills to power respectively, and survival level can be attributed to what Carl Jung calls "individuation" in constant renaissance. Beyond this the attributes of secret societies has only the intrigue of its own self perpetuation, except the persuasions of some whose designs are to subvert through imperialistic ritual. The full scale of secret societies in personal and social mobility is not explored fully in this work, but a reasonable comparative individuality is sustained in sensibility.

The neo-secret societies of today's involvement for extended concern are: The Black Muslims (Fruit of Islam), The Ras Tafarians of Jamaica, The Minutemen, The John Birch Society, and with earlier less political bearing are the Voudoun cults of Haiti, which have African characteristics, mixed with Catholic ritual. Under present political unity the cult of the "Toton" in Haiti have shifted from Haitian folklore to military defense. ("Toton Macoute" was a Haitian boogey man who stuck young children in his basket).

Needless to say each species of ethnic & social concern is loosely knit toward some vantage point, in an attempt at sustained social cohesion; in what is now a perpetually narrowing global stripping of human privacy. Perhaps the survival of human society in spite of the practical uses of history depends upon some reserve of human privacy or resiliency of the "secret" cult.

This is an over priced book for a lay man and is too superficial for the scholar.

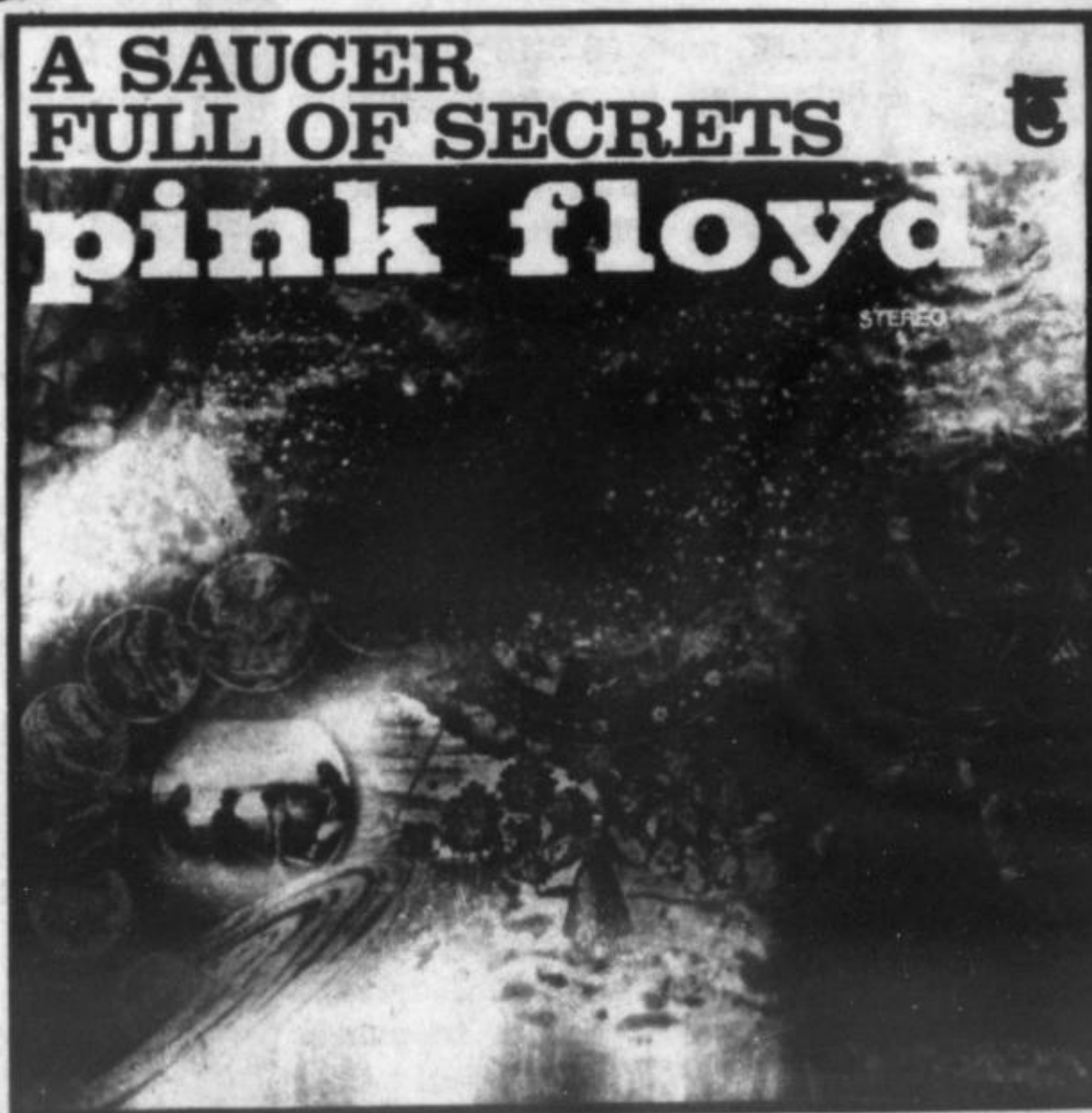
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BACHELOR, 28, tall, dark, handsome, Caucasian student of the performing arts seeks shapely, attractive females — AC/DC preferred. 21-35. To accompany him on swinging weekend parties-trips, also an all expense paid vacation July 19 July 26. Must appreciate all cultures. Discretion expected and received. Lets meet for cocktails or luncheon. You won't be disappointed. Couples also. Call (212) 651-8665, weekdays and weekends. NO males.

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tigre!

(Continued from Page 2)

Panther Aponte said "Rethoric is nonsense," and added, "we must also join forces with the so-called white radicals for it's only by working together can these changes (in the system) come about." Then the Puerto Ricans spoke. They were with Tijerina, brothers with brothers all the way, the big radical family that fights like a family, and cusses.

Then Rudd! Cavanaugh had been waiting patiently. "As of now small number of whites understand they are themselves exploited." The police made them niggers. Put some blood in their souls. Beat them off with silver blackjacks. Raped them in prison. They "felt what it meant to be a nigger in this country, what it meant to be an outcast. Look around you," he said to Cavanaugh, who had been trying to bait the tiger, "Look around you . . . don't believe the propaganda."

Erlier Cavanaugh had asked Tijerina for the "timetable for the bloodbath."

"You guys are putting words in my mouth," Tijerina said.

"We have been threatened before," Cavanaugh said, also speaking for George Wallace and Ted Cavanaugh.

"I have what belongs to the public," Tijerina said when pressed to reveal some mythical timetable. "What belongs to my heart I keep it."

"A war is already underway," Rudd said, dubbing Cavanaugh "the paranoid gentleman." Whites have been arming thru the police, the courts and the military for a long time.

"Don't panic," Tijerina said to Cavanaugh who took it upon himself to speak for xyz8*\$. "Why evade the facts," Tijerina said later on and quoted the Bible, what the good Prophet Isaiah allegedly said about the future of colors.

What did the horny prophet say? Rudd lashed out at Cavanaugh. Asked whether he had read Black Panthers' 10-point program. "NO. But I wasn't speaking of the Panthers."

It's people like you, Cavanaugh, Rudd said, people from the Press like who have been stirring up the Americans, talking about bloodbaths, wanting blood for better copy. You have to be a dumbbell to believe in the press of freedom. Cavanaugh squirmed. He started shaking.

"Please," he said afterwards, "forgive me." His eyes were red. Was he crying?

Or was it blood?

"It's only me," he said.

And the tiger returned to the hill.

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CONTRARY TO REPORTS PUBLISHED LAST WEEK IN EVO AND THE VILLAGE VOICE STEVE PAUL IS NO SAINT AND THE "UNDERGROUND" DOES NOT EXIST.

"Miraculously, Pop Saint Steve Paul" *Bob Rudnick, Dennis Frawley,*
■ *EVO, July 19, 1968*

"Consider Saint Paul. He knew the value of a scene. He encouraged and supported the underground. . . ."

Richard Goldstein,
■ *Village Voice, July 18, 1968*

Last week, a neo-hagiographical circumstance occurred. Some might call it coincidence, others stupidity and a few far-gone might call it premature destiny. Last week, much to my mortal shock, the two often disagreeing pop columnists of New York's east (Village Other) and west (Village Voice) chose to agree upon the sainthood of (Steve) Paul.

Let me inform both these columns and their many readers that I (Steve Paul) do hereby proclaim my mortality. To say the least and the most, I hope and believe that I am quite human. Any further canonization is hereby enjoined (ex cathedra) from further perpetration of this mini-mass-media myth.

I can only hope that *EVO* was exaggerating and that Richard Goldstein was referring to the actual Saint Paul. Many people misinterpreted his reference-but certainly not me. I believe that those people who took Saint Paul to be Steve Paul were merely projecting their own interpretation to that of the hagiographers. Or perhaps, in the case of Richard Goldstein's column, they had previously seen *EVO*'s blatant and sacrilegious sainting of myself and, as we know, modern-day myths are conceived in the gleam in a journalist's eye and born in print.

I must admit, though, that Richard Goldstein would be correct in my case as well as Saint Paul's case in saying: "He knew the value of a scene." Goldstein was particularly right in using the lower case for scene. As I said in my last full page communique (suitable for framing) in this paper, "Profit, power and a scene that has to capitalize on itself and capitalize its very self does not have to exist, even in a nightclub." Moreover, I certainly hope that I support and encourage the underground. Not that there is such a thing as "underground." But there is such a thing as intrinsic value and merit and until recently the power structures of our country - from record companies to media to most people-chose to refer to contemporary music, art, films and other creative outlets as "underground." With the hopes of suppressing this creative energy by limiting it to "underground." "Underground" was a term and error of judgment they tried to perpetrate. Error of judgment and terminology in that they have recently come to realize that the entire creative, intellectual, emotional and spiritual energy of our country is predominantly that of the so-called "underground." As long as we exist, from here on in, it is we who will determine our destiny. And in very simple mortal and feet-on-the-ground terms.

Strangely enough, the more business-like Cashbox brought the issue of the scene more down-to-earth in this week's publication. They preceded their review of England's *PINK FLOYD* and *FLEETWOOD MAC*, who

appeared together at the scene last week, by saying: "By building up an audience that is more interested in music than 'star power,' Steve Paul's Scene is consistently able to provide new groups with a proper showcase. Latest groups to benefit, while not new (both are major attractions in England) were both unfamiliar to New York." New artists showcased at the scene last year include *THE DOORS*, *JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE*, *MOBY GRAPE*, *TRAFFIC*, *CHARLES LLOYD*, *HOWLIN WOLF* and *TIM HARDIN*, among others. Now, that's more like it. No saint-footing around. Only the cold, hard Cashbox facts. *EVO* was on the Cashbox track when, in that now notorious column it said "the scene which has been the location for some of the most fantastic rock jams on the East Coast (ex: *JOHN HAMMOND* and the *Airplane*, *LARRY CORYELL* and *TRAFFIC*, *JIMI HENDRIX* and the *McCOYS*.)" The road to heaven is not paved with Cashbox but then Steve Paul will not greet you at the end, either.

And so I take you back to Earth, where human beings-like you and me - function in mortal terms and terminology.

Come to the scene, any night during the entire month of August, and we will not perform any miracles. Except in the form of great music. In the form of the *JOHN HAMMOND TRIO*, who *EVO* accurately referred to as "the greatest living white blues singer" in that same now not so notorious column. And *BUZZ LINHART*. Who *EVO* accurately referred to in that now not quite so the same column as "He uses his voice like an instrument, twangy at times, shifting to scat-style singing of which he is a master."

And special treats, on occasion, like England's great *TEN YEARS AFTER*, (Aug. 4-7). And body integration (dancing) which *EVO* did not refer to. Which they would not be expected to refer to, because integration is not a revolutionary enough solution. And mostly good vibes. And mostly good people. And maybe one of those greatest on the East Coast Jams. And drinking. For which we ask forgiveness. All in all, a mostly good scene. Nowadays, that's not a bad miracle. Worthy of a good place. But not of a saint.

So please come. Tonight and forever. In case you're wondering if we will always be there - we will. Many thought our previous full-page announcement to give the scene away to a non-profit foundation was a sign of desperation or a put-on. An announcement in the near future may ease their suspicious minds. Whatever the outcome of that desire-the scene is- and always will be. A saintless place. With full knowledge that evil exists.

But hopefully some place else.

steve paul's scene, 301 west 46th street, nyc, ju 2-5760

let this be the ultimate and eternal negation of autohype through autohype itself

