

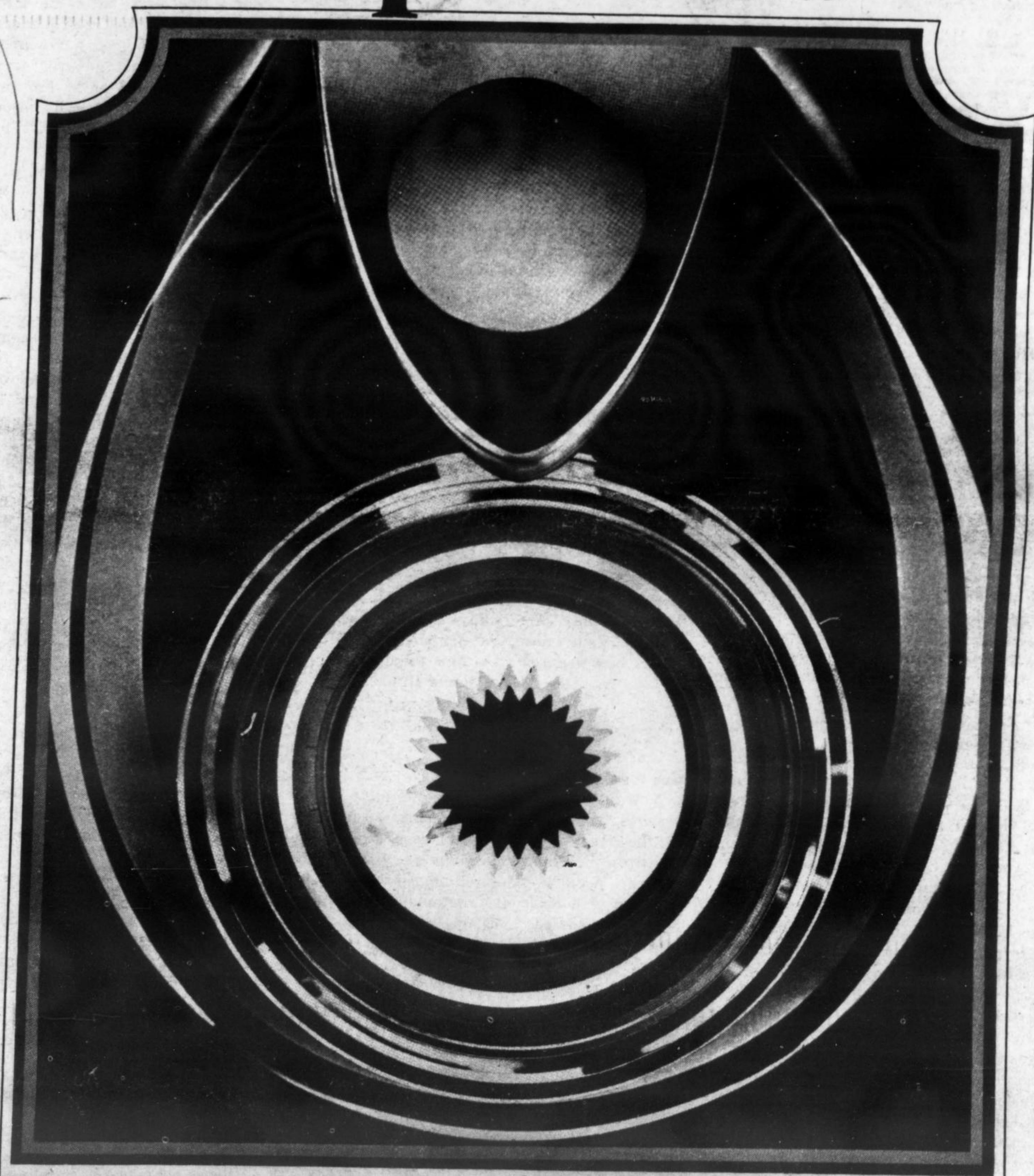
THE east village **ONION**

VOL. 3, NO. 52

NOVEMBER 29, 1968

METROPOLITAN 15¢

Superland



BOMB

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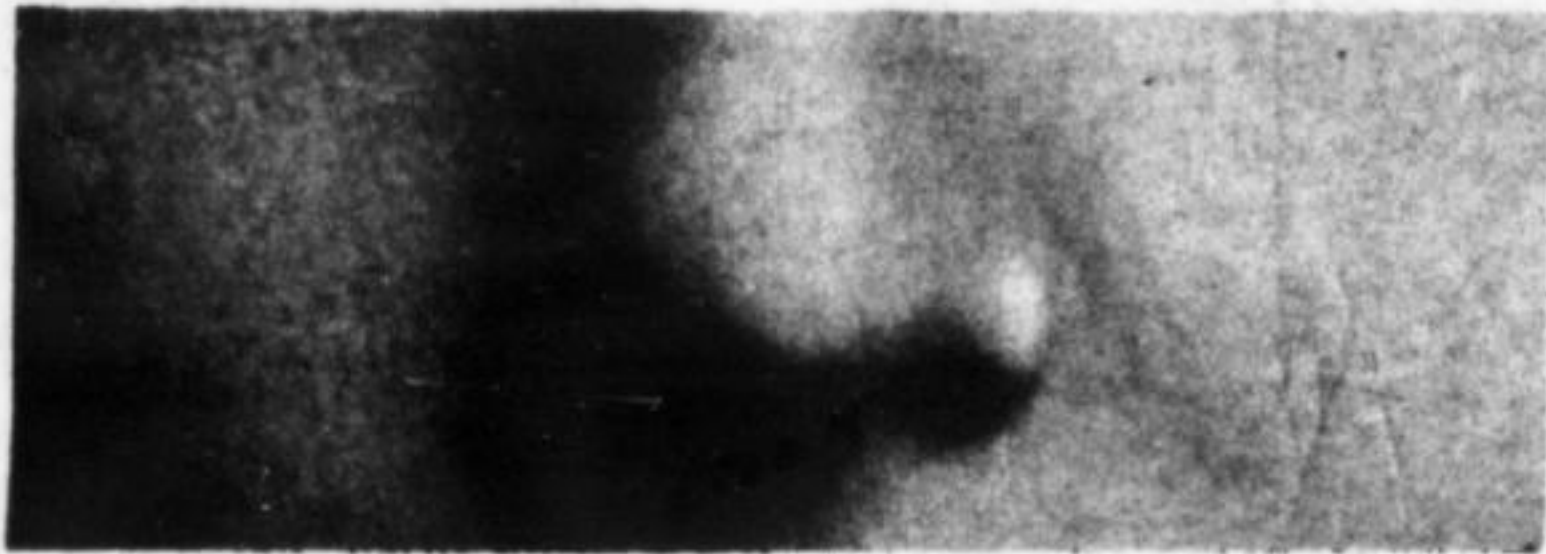
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Dear EVO:

In your Nov. 15 issue you carried a letter by A. Pices which stated that I misquoted the lyrics of Hey Jude. Instead of "world a little colder" I allegedly substituted "wealth a little goldier" Dig it:

Hey Jude. (As recorded by the Beatles/Apple) Lennon-McCartney. For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool by making his wealth a little goldier.

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A. J. Weberman



Dear Contemporaries:

I do not deluge you with news from this universal unbilical region; maybe that's why your 'patarealist' collaborator Jaakov Kohn (EVO 25/10) could mention the appearance of a prophet in Holland 'of all places'. In my eyes Holland should be indeed the most selected place on Earth — but a thing like that can only be found out through experience.

Amsterdam Magic Centre, Mokum Aleph, the New Jerusalem, has been blowing numerous minds these years just by peace. Kenneth Rexroth, S. F. Chronicle, Dec. 11, 1966: 'Amsterdam Is Jumping.'

Haven't you ever heard of Captain Decker, The Flying Dutchman? He is being reincarnated in a lot of very healthy and lively bodies; most Americans don't seem to realize there are other psychedelic scenes than their own fear-ridden & paranoid trips — living in this country where your head is below sea-level, you don't fall into any of the traps the Zen-Masters used to warn you against: 'Not a bit of heaven above your head, not a bit of earth beneath you'. Dawning awareness; at one of these mass-meetings — the one in Utrecht called Flight to Lowland's Paradise — when Draggonfly, princes of Ambonia joined with Viking-descendant, were playing their musical accompaniment to Hans Verhagen's bells-circles-starts-poetry I fell in dancing with a group of youngsters — looking at them and through them (I was on a beautiful trip) I found out to my most glorious amazement & joyful recognition, that all of them were one mind, without one word having to be spoken! More of these 'talks' take place, here there is no generation-conflict as in these silly USA states — you can as easily recognize a 80-year old youngster, as meet an age-old 18 years-one!

Letterslettersletter

I'm 40 — the in-between age, meaning youth once you realize you're part of movements too large to neglect; liberation starts the moment you're out on your own, finding you've got a conscience. 'O fellow travellers I write you a poem in Amsterdam in the Cosmos where Spinoza ground his magic lenses long ago' (Allen Ginsberg, Eye-witness, Amsterdam 1958, KADDISH p. 38). What other city in the world can boast about the existence of places called *Paradiso* and *Fantasio*, where legalization of grass is being manifested by the people — without any outside interference- What do you know about the cosmic interference which won't take place until Panic paralyzes All: Universal Revelation as announced by the Universal Link (P.O. Box 13, 4140 Borup, Denmark?)

What brings Neal Phillips — out from 4 years jail in Greece and Italy — to Amsterdam? Why does Zappa say to journalists he'd like to live here? Why is London, one hour away by plane, more than a friendly neighbor? Why am I here? Why aren't you in Arcadia as well? Why don't you join *The Fool* (originated in AmSTARdam? Why don't you give up fragmented desorganized sandcastle-pipedreams? Why don't you cherish the Elements, Water, Fire — why don't you experience surrender? America, I'm talking to you. Get rid of insecurities binding you to the past, start the study and the practice of Comparative Mythology — make an Epos of your life (Make It New), you can't go on living without the idea of freedom expressed by your bloody own perfect appearance.

In the name of Descartes, Reason

'Quel autre pays ou "on puisse jouir
d'une liberte si entiere?'

'What other country where one can
delight in a so total liberty?'

In the name of Mondrian, Van Gogh, Rembrandt, the light — TOO MUCH. Symphonies of water and light over lowlands, Neitherlands — pure dew baby, BREATHE, BABY, BREATH. Etc.

I'll send a coup of this to Mr. Hoos, Jerusalem, (I don't know him) mentioned in your column. Forget about the surface of God, patareal Kohn, step into the electronic circuits, we're all one: Americans, Cubans, Eskimos, Swedes, Vietnamese, Patagonians, Dutch.

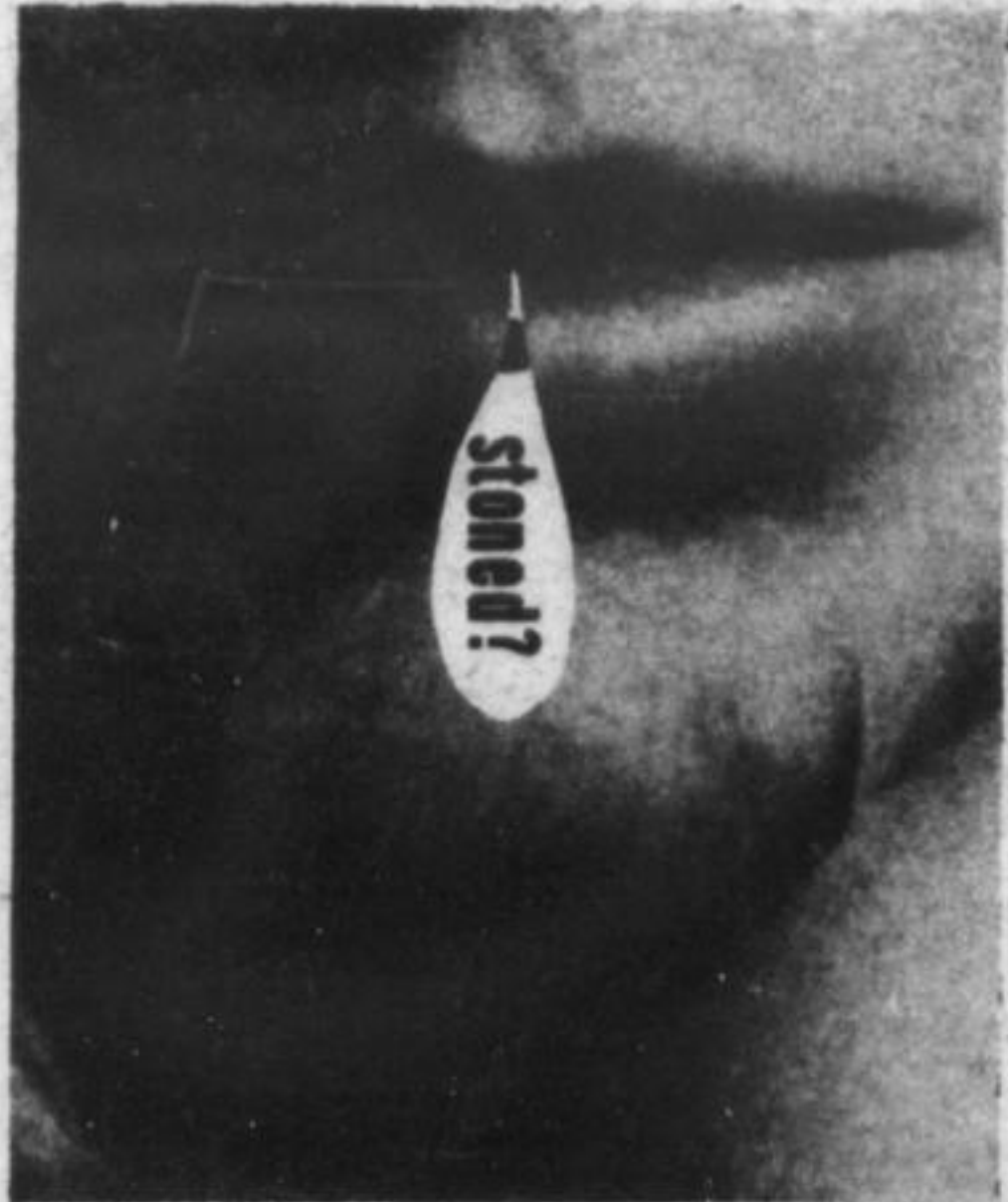
The best regards from this village,

Love Simon Divine

Simon Vinkenoog
Noordermarkt 13
Amsterdam-C.

Gee thanks, EVO —

Now in the tenth story of the mind — upper reaches, smoking dope (no reports of fucking-in-the-streets yet — but keep tuned) go Downtown (Fillmore perhaps?)* — past (or future) projection of childhood after-noon-evening moviebalcony coatonlap sefantasy. Scrawled, mauled, vietnam puzzle why not a gun equipped with a muzzle? As Downtown to before blossoming drunk on vibrations whirly-twirly parking sometimes around the corner and in or sometimes early-caused travels around in square circles (and then in!!!) To turn into fiust-light (no vision); just-sound (no bearing) — just-energy — no precause or response.



BLAST, BANG. Melted down stairs of plastic envy. Shit into streets of parked carturmoil — back climbing stories. . . golden throated announcer says:) 5 . . 6 . . 7 . . 8 . . 9 . . 10. See you tomorrow.

Peace Love Revolution
Uptown on 231st

* Yeh, definatley.



TO JORGE M. HOFFSTEDDER, COL. ???
And his North American Commandos.

Col., I'm an ex Marine Sgt. I was in Vietnam — it sucks. We're no better than the V.C. and they suck (no, just their leaders.) I was there, COLONEL, were you? If your commandos are so great why not go over as a unit and kill some women and kids? I'm sure you're mentally as well as physically prepared.

You're saying right now, "This commie punk is sick." Well I spent my 13½ months living in tents, sides of mountains, on the ground, I drank the water, ate filth — what did you do between June '66 and Aug. '67, watch the 6 o'clock news over your lifer's beer gut? No, I'm not sick, I'm mad — I've seen my friends die.

I've seen a 55 ton tank ordered across a 25 ton bridge when naval road builders say it's going to give way. I've seen the fat drunk colonel surrounded by officer flunkys order the tank across, and I saw the bridge give way. I saw the driver drown and the body 3 days later blown up like a watermelon. I saw \$100,000 worth of tax money sink in mud and water. What did you see on the 6 o'clock news, friend, or didn't you?

It's real, man. Chu Lai, 3rd 155 mm Gun Batry. SP Check it out man. Did you hear this one on the 6 o'clock news? One Capt. William, executive officer opens door of office 7 AM and pulls wire leading to M26 grenade taped to door. 6 sec. later 1/2 of Capt. Williams USMC is no more. 28 days, CID, Naval Intelligence, froze that Batry area 28 days it took to accuse someone. 28 days to realize they had to transfer the whole fucking Batry, 105 people. "Break em up, there's too many cliques here." The man, Donald Hurlley, male, white, received 7 years for attempted murder. 7 years, Col., 7 years. When he gets out of federal prison that man can have anything I own. Not cause he did it. I don't know if he did, I have my doubts, but because he stood 7 years for scumbags like you.

I'll tell you what, Col., you want all of us people to leave America — OK. Cuba, N. Vietnam, China, you name it. Send a plane ticket — one way — to EVO — they'll forward it and I'll go gladly. You can have America, friend it's all yours. And when everyone's gone you can kill yourselves and each other, and I'll laugh and laugh and laugh.

Roy Rodriguez, Sgt. USMC
Ret. 2170206

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INSTANT WORD FIPOUT

by David Bodie

the dynamics energized in China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution have been rocketed westward by instant media power and the explosion has stunned the Western world's education establishment. These dynamics have blasted open the walls of much of the world's universities.

This phenomenon is nothing new on the American scene. Columbia and the efforts in Chicago are readily traced back to the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley and before that to the civil rights marches of the early sixties.

The civil rights efforts were a search for meaningful expression of individuality, and as far as white radicals were concerned, the idea of structuring a world safe for individuality was secondary to achieving legal rights for blacks, or other minorities including themselves.

But when Selma and all the others failed to win victory and Vietnam crystalized the hatefulness and fear inherent in America, the rallying point for the Left became the war. And this evolved into the politics of confrontation of today.

But first look at why the education establishment is under such violent physical and intellectual attack.

Are the student revolts of today of different cloth than the banners raised by yesterday's students? This writer thinks the answer is yes.

Take the example of the university structure in Italy as primarily represented by The University of Rome. It was the first institution hit in the current flood of battles that started in the winter of 1967.

Italy's university system is admittedly archaic: the government says as much. Its basic faults are those of omission, that is, what it does not teach, how it does not teach and who it does not teach.

The issues raised in Rome and elsewhere are important to university life, but the importance of these issues in no way account for the intensity of what has happened in the past year.

For in a very real way the student attempt to dismantle higher education—in spirit and in fact—had nothing whatever to do with education per se.

Allow me to defend that proposition by examining some of the dynamics, that is, the actions of the forces, detonated by the student revolution of 1968.

"We picked the university because it is the weakest part of the Establishment. If the government was weakest, then we would have attacked there. The university, by its nature, is the most vulnerable institution."

The statement was made by a 27-year old European student who several years ago had spent an undergraduate year in a private American college. He later studied at the University of Rome and in London.

Paraphrasing our conversations, this is how he sees the situation: A group of 40 to 50 young men and women, inspired by Che Guevara and Mao Tse-tung, resolved in their minds that Italy needed a revolution—not only one in the structure of education, or even government—but a wholistic one that totally created a *cultural revolution*. He is a participant in this group.

Various statements he later made have led me to believe that several like-minded people as himself had shared philosophies together in London during 1966-1967 and then returned to their homeland elsewhere in Europe.

But it is not necessary to have an "international conspiracy" in the ordinary sense in this electric age which allows electronic media to zoom thoughts, ideas and images faster than smuggled microfilm. The ideas are literally in the air.

Probably all the members of this center group in Rome were either students or university assistants, but some members may have been outside the university system.

But the group is one of intellectuals who thought their way to the barricades.

It was within this group that it was decided that the education system was the weakest link to attack and the assaults began secure in the knowledge that the student body was ripe for demands for reform.

"We never thought we would win a full victory now," my source said. "We don't even call what we are doing revolution. We are only making trouble now, learning to be revolutionaries, because we don't have the power to take control."

"Later," he said, "we will have the political power (in Italy). But not now. We are only beginning. We are going to the workers and making alliances with them, it is a big job now. We know this is difficult because the workers think like the bourgeois."

Asked if he and his colleagues were revolutionaries in the Cuban style which calls for "to the wall," he hesitantly said he would "pull the trigger if it was necessary." While he may never actually aim such a revolutionary gun, it is important to note that he thinks that he would, that this is his image of himself.

He also said that violence is inevitable because the current power holders, the Establishment, would fight hard to retain their position.

"We must bring down the university because it is a function of bourgeois capitalist society. It teaches me of a life that does not exist—maybe it did some time ago, but we are in a new culture now," he said.

The culture is embedded in the cement of technology, he says, and technology demands the mass

organization of people; individualism is another way to say bourgeois.

The whole culture, its individualistic art, its individualistic economy (capitalism), its individualistic government (competing parties that work for factional goals), will be changed, nay, swept away and the masses will have the power.

The rhetoric is harsh, the conclusions harsh. But it is pointless to debate the merits of the arguments, for the justifications given today for the struggle are easily exchanged for others.

What is to the point is that the student revolt of 1968 will continue as the revolts of 1969 and 1970 and 1971 and beyond because the structure of forces involved are self-propelled and fed by a fuel that feeds on itself.

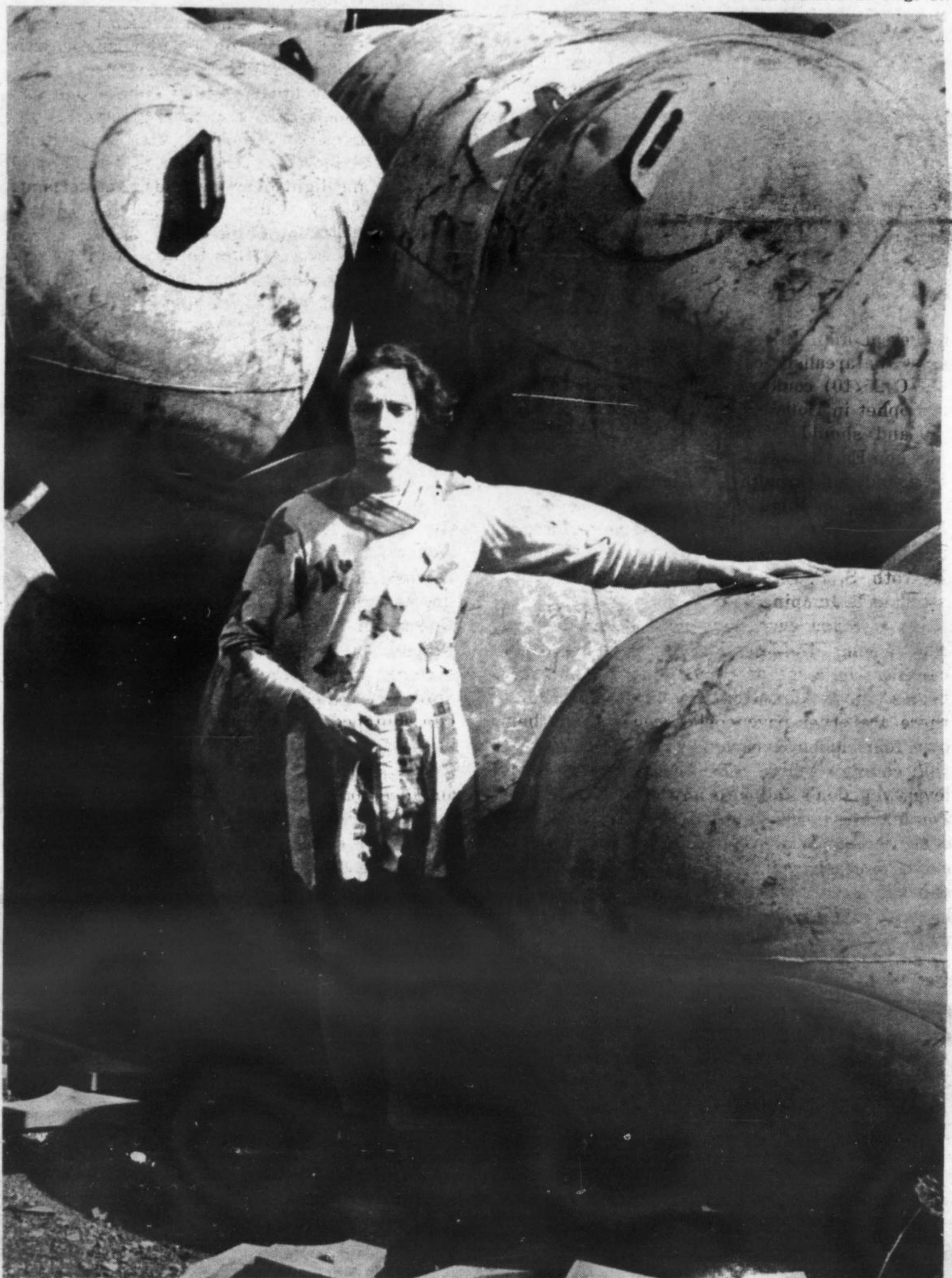
The fight now is over who will have the power to create the new society: will it be reformed current power holders or youth power?

(It is useful to recall that the vast majority of the world is well under the age of 30—in the United States the median age is 27.)

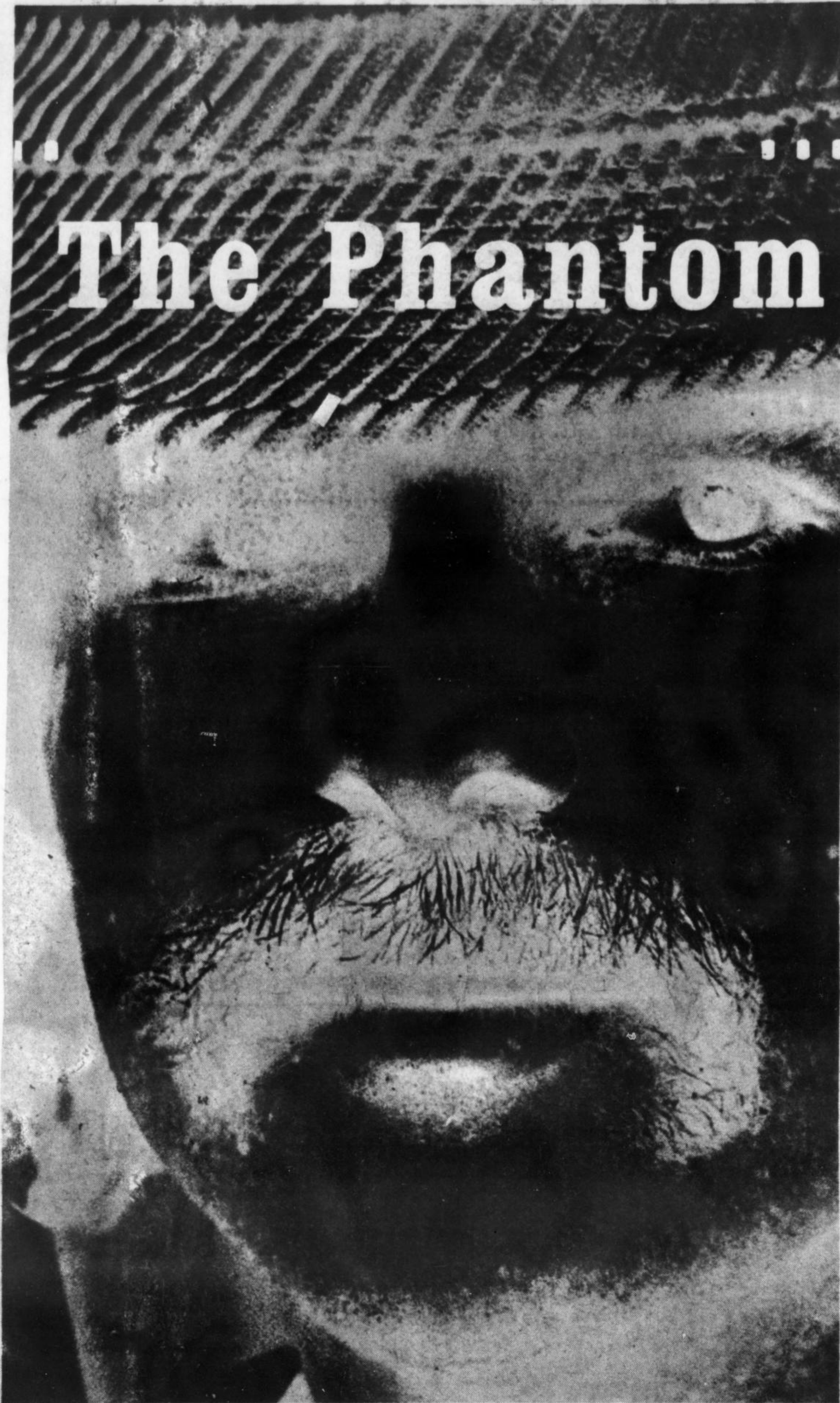
What are these self-propelled, self-perpetuating forces?

The first is the reality that today's sons do not want to be what their fathers are, and this is true in China (where the state encourages the substitution of something objective, the state, a commune, a factory organization for the subjective father) or

(Continued on Page 17)



by LENNOX RAPHAEL



The Phantom

Or Lothar in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon

The Phantom strikes again.

"I'm here to deal with the deceivers," he said. Veils, veils, veils. Jerry Rubin's in town, the spirit Warrior from a thousand & two dreams had been doing his crazy+love consciousness*eruption thing at Berkley, returned to these hallucinated eastern shores last week to rescue his Lothar, from the consumer-dolled eunuchs in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

"For me my new name is Phantom," he said. An image appearing in a dream, or formed in the mind. An apparition or specter. A thing or person that is little more than an appearance or show. An appearance without material substance. A layer of tissue in certain minds, formed from the inner, translucent dreams of paranoia. Anyone who knows that American will consume 8.5 billion hotdogs last year.

Who's the ghost?

Jerry was the Phantom in Washington recently when Nancy painted him into the formidable phantasy of The Barefoot Guerrilla & sent him out to do battle with HUAC, former masters of Lothar.

He slayed their dreams, made them eat themselves in public grief.

Now he's the Phantom Fugitive; audience knows he's right, but show must go on to death of cool; sits toes curled softly into Victorian sofa beneath his eyes; holds beard, hair, says look at it, yes, touch, look, it's growing; ruminates about *the Johnson years & the Nixon strain*.

"Well, Cuba is only 90 miles away," someone said.

"Twill be overpopulated pretty soon," Mr. Rubin said. He was wistful about it. "Careful with the bomb, Arthur," he said, didn't want Arthur to wall over the period-peice atom bomb skeleton that sits in Phil Och's Greenwich Village apartment like a bemused penis. So Arthur sat in the wheel chair. Someone said "Law & Revolution," just that.

Quo vadis, Phantom? "I was here. I was there. I was everywhere. 2½ months Berkley. Appeared at a few things with Eldridge; did a few things Election Day; saw a lot of people. Took acid. Got depressed. Fucked. Cried in my coffee with everybody else. Brought Pig into the streets 3 times.

Burned money. Traveled the state giving speeches in my Vietcong cape. You heard about Vancouver. Led about 3,000 students in a sit'in at the faculty lounge."

"What do you want copied?" Nancy said.

"Your pubic hairs," he said.

"Why do you need that copied?" she said. "Evidence?"

"Evidence," he said.

"Rubin," she said, "what do you want done?"

He wants her to copy the Phantom News. That Judge Holzer of Chicago, acting out a physical resemblance to HHH, ordered him physically confined to the state of Illinois until his felony trial on "solicitation to commit mob action" during the Chicago Death Convention which killed Hubert Horathio Humphrey. That if convicted he faced 1-5 years as an outer-city guest of his government. That Holzer put down Mr. Rubin's lack of respectability, "no job, no secure place in the community," and isn't about to ask Our President Nixon for one. Bail 25,000. Siberia Chicago. Stuck him there, only let out for a pot charge in New York. He would beat that, because everything about its lies were so faulty. It would take a lot of cutting to cut him down. **THE SLAIN BLONDE MODEL HAD 69 BOY FRIENDS.** "Since Rubin is confined to Illinois, and will probably soon be confined also to New York, he is in effect banned from returning to California, where he moved last September. He can travel anywhere if he has speaking invitations, however. If any university, group or individual is interested, they may leave messages for Rubin c/o Chicago Legal Defense, room 637, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 60602, Illinois, or by phoning (312) 641-1470. Into a lynching mood, and Rubin is one of their targets. A great deal of money is needed to organize the defense and if you are moved by the bowel of demonstrations in Chicago and want to help continue the fight against the Chicago police in their attempted counter*revolution, please make checks out to RUBIN DEFENSE FUND and mail to RUBIN DEFENSE FUND and mail to RUBIN DEFENSE FUND, c/o Chicago Legal Defense, at the same Dearborn Street address, Chicago. What do people of your generation speak about these days?"

The Phantom high & mighty riding thru the waves of consciousness, alert. "I spoke." He put the University of British Columbia square roots uptight. "The students were great. They're always great. I spoke. Told them to take drugs. Destroy the university, burn the Maple Leaf, walk naked thru the streets. Total & Complete Rebellion. And I attacked the professors as being sissies." Whosoever sees his face will surely perish in the hanging gardens of fear.

"Jerry likes Mallomars and beers." Nancy said. "Here's some diet Pepsi. Try it."

"Quit smooching in the office, Lennox."

"It's a cop-out to dig cops."

"Eldridge Cleaver. Eldridge is great," Jerry said. "I love him. His image? Very heroic, brilliant, powerful, incredible, ah, like Che Guevara. Eldridge is Che Guevara. Because he's really involved in organizing, really involved in the war of liberation. Because he's an involvement. Sure, I know. He hasn't changed his name yet. He may in the next few months. All of us should be watching the papers for a dramatic thing to happen any day around Eldridge. The pigs are trying to get him for good." On charge that he violated parole the night they murdered Bobby Hutton, of the Black Panther Party.

And who's the Phantom? Lothar knew he was coming. The eunuchs stood at the gates with swords in their navels. They rode thru the hanging gardens on Arabian Penis Stallions.

"A Phantom is some mystery who strikes here and there," Jerry said, "nameless and mysterious. Operating in the dark. Mainly nameless." Divested of name, burden, shunning the tag, he sought a mysterious coupling with ghostly energies. "About 6 months ago I took acid and decided to change my name and take a real common one. Really drop out, too. Get involved in a whole series of things all over the country. No more Jerry Rubin. Somehow let everyone know the Phantom did it. He's the one. Not Nixon! Start a whole new myth. Why? People should change their identity every year or so, and at least every five years, for new growth. A new name means change, Commitment to growth. And for me, my new name is the Phantom."

What's yours?

As Richard Milhous Nixon lurches towards naming the full horror of his cabinet, the thoughts of many young Americans turn towards emigration to a wiser and better land where ignorance, violence and intolerance do not dwell and all the birds do swing. Often as not the country they are headed for is their own special version of England, that green and pleasant land, father of democracies, mother of Paul McCartney.

This vision is not completely unfounded — there is little doubt that the overall tone of English life in recent years (a hundred of them or so) has been considerably more restrained — conservative is another word often applied — than the free-for-all, money-grubbing hurly-burly of America. But there is also no doubting that any American who chooses to go to England now for the sake of love and peace and beauty will get a few things he isn't expecting.

For one thing there is a man named Enoch Powell, the perfect English equivalent of George Wallace. Where Wallace shouts uncontrolled but direct idiocies at and about his pet hates, Powell inveighs deviously against them in a language of unbelievably refined and well-balanced niceties, laced with classical allusions. It simply couldn't be more decent and English, except when you get down to the actual meaning: where Wallace wants to keep the blacks in their places in America, Powell actually wants to throw them out of their place in England. And where Wallace drew scant (but harrowing) support at the recent election, there are those who feel that Powell speaks for the great majority of Englishmen, or at least an impressive minority. Thusfar there has been no chance of his becoming Prime Minister, but his following continues to grow, and it may not be long before he is given such a chance.

Anyone devoted to the idea of a pending American apocalypse would do well to look at what is actually happening in England, or in a number of European countries for that matter. If America goes under, there are plenty of countries ready to follow the leader even in this, and the list of places where one can reasonably expect to live out the cataclysm in peace is so small as to be non-existent.

Most of America's difficulties now exist abroad or have already existed for some time. The racial problem in England is not large by American standards, and yet in some ways it is far larger and opens an even greater opening for fascist hysteria. In America one out of ten citizens is a negro, which makes for constant contact between the races in most areas of the country. In England, though statistics are unreliable, colored people would appear to number one out of seventy (Enoch Powell claims almost twice as many), and yet the supposedly tolerant English find themselves totally unprepared to exist with even this number. This is not a matter of speculation but the recorded decision of English Parliament which has passed a series of laws limiting immigration of blacks from the colonies where Englishmen once lived freely off the land. It is very difficult to get a law through parliament, but these laws went through with unbelievable speed and

by ALEX
GROSS

If I Had Two, I'd Be The King



efficiency. And as noted there are still many who feel that those blacks already in England, some of them for many years, must be sent back "home," regardless of consequences to children or other dependants.

The fact of the matter is that the English, contrary to their own boasting, have never been particularly tolerant about anything—one should always be suspicious of people who boast of their tolerance—and that this fact is only becoming apparent now for a few clear-cut historical reasons. There has been no negro problem in England in the past for the very simple reason that until fifteen years ago there were no negroes to speak of either. In the same way there was little prejudice against foreigners as so few of them tended to come, though there is ample evidence in English literature of how the Jews were regarded. Nor has there been until quite recently any earth-shaking conflict between the genera-

tions, as the young were always more than happy to take over the bowler hats and class attitudes of their elders. The English are not so much a paragon of tolerance as almost totally untested in this respect.

And what of the question of tolerance towards American themselves, an all-important subject for anyone about to make the crossing. There is little doubt that tolerance for Americans in England is wearing thin, assuming it was ever well-padded to begin with. In the wake of Time magazine's article about Swinging London came thousands of young Americans for prolonged summer vacations spent desperately in search of phenomena they might have found more readily in Haight-Ashbury or the East Village. Some of them stayed and took root, a few have even been moderately successful, which really means they have taken jobs or functions away from the English, something not likely to inspire popularity

in England's depressed economy.

Americans living abroad should realize that tolerance towards them is not something they—or their hosts—can necessarily control. Any American who goes to England must understand that he will be responsible for spreading the very things in that country that he professes to hate most about America — pushiness, price-mindedness, even his own accent. He will do this unconsciously and unpreventably as breathing, even if he is the most soft-spoken, literary, emancipated type imaginable — it is an unavoidable consequence of the global village.

Perhaps the healthiest thing that will happen to him is that he will learn what it feels like to be a minority. He will discover first hand the sort of reverse prejudice described by Baldwin and others when all the switches and valves of majority thinking (or what passes for it) have decided you are such and such a person

(Continued on Page 20)

dateline (LONDON)

By TONY WHEELER

Scientology came and went. It came the way all good stories come, and went the same way into the past and forgotten breakfast of the morning it died. While it lived it was headlined in the daily press and spoken about on television. Nothing was really said of it in depth. No one really said exactly what it was or is in terms that the nation could understand.

This was probably because no one really knew more than the emotive statements available on both sides of the fence, and certainly no more than the research folders on the subject handed to those who were to inquire into it on television.

Its explanation was skin deep, superficial. People were interested in the struggle between East Grinstead as a community and the Scientologists as a way a truth and a light.

East Grinstead in winter is as comfortable as British television and the front rooms of the stock brokers and commuters who live there will allow. During the day the air is thin and the fallen leaves crunch beneath your feet. At night — the mist of coal fires and financial security, electric blankets, Horlicks, lamb's wool scatter rugs and English dressing gowns, and a very set way of living. It's a town not far from London, it has its own establishment, a theatre that closed down from lack of support, and a town council. It also has L. Ron Hubbard, Saint Hill Manor and the Scientologists, and it's very unhappy.

But as for what is or isn't Scientology in the minds of the British public as a whole, and East Grinstead in particular, has been clouded by controversy, skimmed though in the papers on the way to work and ingested on television the same evening.

As a panacea for devaluation, the breathalizer, increased charges for alcohol, and income tax Scientology for the British is ineffective as an alternative, unacceptable.

By persuasion, coercion, and weak mindedness, some say, it has a following. A few Australians and other Commonwealth citizens living in shark infested Earl' Court are members.

So are some East Grinsteadonians, people it is held of easy persuasion, others bullied into it by other members. It is regarded almost with the same air as would be wife swapping and the day-to-day boredom of life in towns like East Grinstead.

For the majority of the British public Scientology is now a vague memory left from the summer. A conversation now would go something like. . .

Scientology.

What do I know of Scientology. Not much. Time to think. Scientology.

What's scientology? What influence do you think it will have now on the British way of life?

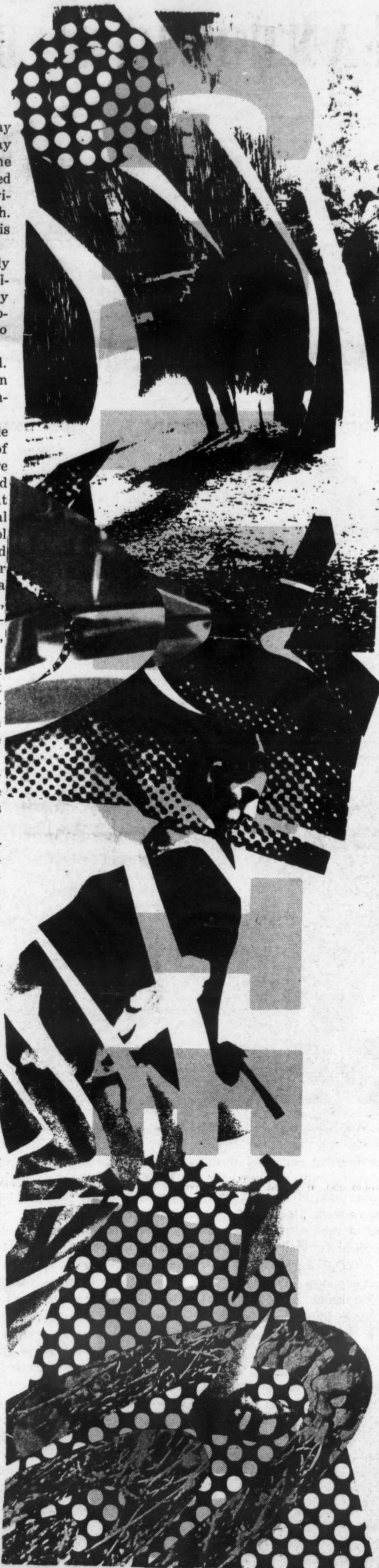
I don't know. I'm not really sure even what it is. It's a religious sect of some kind isn't it? I've read about it somewhere, in the papers. . . I've seen it on television. . . to tell you the truth I can't really remember.

Well it's a religious. . . a religion like. . . well, I suppose you know like. . . there's a lot aren't there. . . those ones in America. . . Mormons is it? and the Scientists is it.

Christian Scientists.

What do I remember reading about the Scientologists and Scientology. . . Christian Science, Scientology. . . like one of those commercials on telly. . . keeps pounding away and you don't remember what it was you know. . . Well I think I heard about it on television first, in the news. I think some people were objecting to it or something. . . they said, I think it was dangerous.

Nobody knows much about it do they? I mean, I've never heard of it. . . you know until then. And if no one knows much about it and



it comes in and starts setting up and takes over well you know, you don't know where it'll end do you?

What's wrong with all the other ones? I suppose we don't need any more. I've got nothing against them at all. I mean, I don't care what they do as long as they don't affect me. No, I don't know what they do. I do sort of and I don't. I don't know exactly, but I know enough to know I don't want to know any more.

What about the village they have as headquarters. Isn't every one there. . .

East Grinstead that's right. East Grinstead, doesn't East Grinstead got the right to say they don't want them if they keep getting in the way and telling them all to believe in this Scientology and all these strange people walking and sculking all over the place. I mean, he bought a house there.

This chap that invented it. It's like a fortress. I've been there, East Grinstead, I mean and, no I didn't exactly see about, see the house, no.

As far as I can remember, it's very sinister. All these strange people and God knows what goes on in there, if you know what I mean.

What about East Grinstead? I mean why them. What did they do then. I mean did they ask them to come on. Come on and come in here in East Grinstead we want you, did they. I mean they didn't know at the beginning did they. No I wasn't there, I can imagine can't I. Well I can't remember exactly what I read or saw can I. All I know is the impression it left me with.

There were several things on television I saw. There was something I think Frost did. Had an interview but I don't remember too much really what it was all about. I think he had someone on who was one and someone on who was one and someone else who wasn't. And there was some one from East Grinstead I think, or it might have been the person who wasn't one. One or the other.

They argued a bit. They always argue on the Frost Programme. Most of the time anyway. It didn't really register with me I'm afraid, I just didn't think it was important. No I just didn't care. No. And then they had a conference in London. If I remember that was after everybody had been sort of unhappy over it. I remember, well, one, a reporter standing outside of where they were holding it and he said they wouldn't let them in to film anything.

Well that's funny isn't it, when they can go in and televise church services and things. Even the catholics.

There was Princess Marina's memorial service the other day, we saw that. Why not the Scientologists then? Why not. They don't want too many people who might see through them do they. Well, that's what I think anyway.

Aren't they supposed to keep postering people until they become members. Housewives while their husbands are away? Well, that's not right is it.

And you're forbidden things, aren't you? You've sort of got to conform haven't you, can't do this, can't do that. Well I don't think that's right.

The Home office thinks it's harmful or so I remember. Because they won't come out in the open like everyone else. And what effect they have on people and all the pestering. I think you've got to pay some money in somewhere but I'm not sure. I wouldn't be surprised, put it that way.

I just don't trust them that's all.

Another American takeover I suppose.

No, I'll have nothing to do with them I can promise you that.

I'll tell you one things, I'm happy the way I am. I mean it's not easy with all the taxes and the cost of things now, but I'm as happy as I'll ever be. I don't want to be any different. It's as simple as that. It's no use me going and being all different because it wouldn't work and I wouldn't want it. I'm happy as I am.

I don't think so.

DeANTONIO IN HELL

Part II

by ALAN ASNEN

EVO: You're releasing a movie, "In The Year of The Pig," which is an historical documentary about the trouble in VietNam. Since this issue has been churned over four years now, what is your feeling about the time delay?

DE ANTONIO: It would be very difficult to make a film about the war in VietNam ten years ago, or two years ago, because the war is not simply about American soldiers and Vietnamese soldiers in combat. It's about something that goes all the way back, as my film tries to show. The roots are in the Cold War, and when did the Cold War begin? The roots are in French colonial policy; then our attempt was to buttress the French in VietNam in return for their joining NATO in Europe.

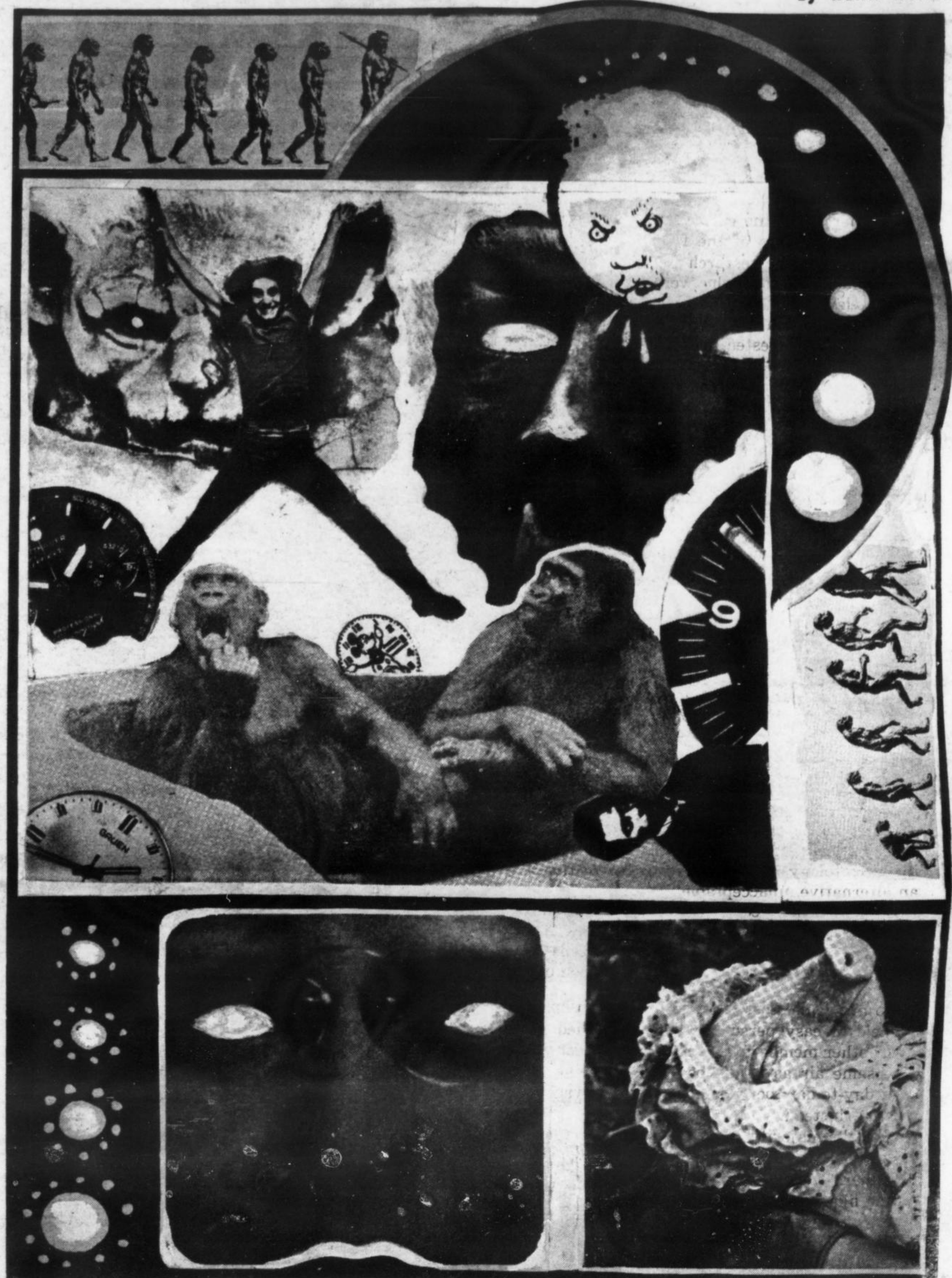
I don't say all this in film, obviously, but it's implied. For this reason the film also deals with John Foster Dulles and the Eisenhower Administration in 1954. There are things I learned in making the film that are simply not "filmic" and were impossible to put in the film. Now, I don't think anybody knows what I'm about to tell you. In making the film I interviewed a Marine Corps Colonel who was also a CIA man. He told me that there were fourteen American officers with the French at Dien Bien Phu as advisors in 1954. This was before there were any American there, in any capacity. There were fourteen American officers, field rank and above, who were with the French forces during the siege upon Dien Bien Phu. This is why I have secretary of Defense Wilson in the film, talking about giving the French help in 1954. I mean, all of this is part of a picture whose sense is evoked only by telling a substantial piece of it in time. And, if the war should end next month, which I myself consider quite unlikely, the picture would still be valid because it would still reflect that aspect of American political life in experience, there would still be something to learn about it, and it still is a kind of theater. To me the picture is a kind of black comedy and it has no audience yet because I haven't shown it anywhere. Well, actually the only audience was at Dartmouth College where the students laughed in all of what I would consider the right places. But if the work has any validity, it has a validity outside of the moment, whether the bombing pause goes on, or whether the war goes on. I mean, these are simply extensions of a great many years of history and a great many sorts of commitments that this country has made and that other countries have made. The film assumes that most of those commitments are immoral.

EVO: I noticed in the film that the interviews were mostly with what one would call "doves", and the film clips were of people you could consider hawks. Was there any trouble getting interviews with the so-called hawks?

DE ANTONIO: Well, hawks don't speak to people like me (laughter), so we've got them on film. One of the things I enjoyed most about making the films was the long *contratempus* I had with the United States Department of Defense. Senator Jacob Javits wrote to them for me asking them to cooperate, and I got back letters which I have here, containing such gobbledeegook — two pages from a Commander Rohder asking me what it was that I was really doing and explaining that it wasn't the government's policy to give film away, when in fact the government gives and sells this film to many distributors. I can take a walk down this street and buy some of it. But the film I was looking for, of course, wasn't for sale and I don't suppose the average person gets to see it. This is part of my gripe against the government and the media. Who is it that the government takes this film for? I don't expect the government to help me in any work that I do. If they did, I suppose the work wouldn't be any good.

EVO: There's been a lot of talk rehashed again now that they're going to step up the Paris Peace talks and the bombing has "ended". Many people think, optimistically that the war will be over soon, but a while ago you said that you don't believe it will even be over in a month. Why do you feel this way?

DE ANTONIO: I believe that at this point peace is in the best interest of the people of Viet Nam and the people of the United States. North Viet Nam has taken a tremendous shellacking, yet they have beaten us on the ground. It's a very



complicated confusing set up and logically it would seem highly desirable if the war would end. It would seem to serve the better interest of the United States and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. But history does not work logically and I suspect what will happen is that the present corrupt South Vietnamese government will be used as an excuse to get out of any meaningful negotiations and that the war will continue. I do not think that Ho Chi Minh and Pham Van Dong and the government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam can give away what it gave before in March of 1946 when they made their first peace with the French, or what it gave away in 1954 at the Geneva Conference and Treaty. In both cases, it was the so-called Communist Power that was willing to concede and be conciliatory, and in both cases they were betrayed. I don't think that Ho Chi Minh can afford to risk this kind of betrayal. But he's in a very rough spot, because, if we simply do what General LeMay is talking about, which is to bomb the Dikes, Haiphong, and Hanoi, we have then stepped the level of the war up to a position where it may become intolerable for them. Harrison Salisbury told me that there

would be as many as five million casualties if the dikes were bombed properly with really heavy bombs and at the right time of the year, in the spring, when there's a floodtide anyway, you would just inundate millions of acres, destroy the food producing capacity as well as drown millions of people.

EVO: You say that the Saigon government will be used to halt the peace talks. Recently, with the United States' new policy on the Paris Peace talks, wanting to admit the NLF, the Saigon government has been opposed to it and has said that they won't participate. Do you think that this is a sort of under the table mover on the part of United States forcing the South Vietnamese to say this?

DE ANTONIO: No, I don't think that conspiracy works that way. When there's no need for a conspiracy there simply isn't one. It's simply Thieu's neck and Ky's neck and the necks of the corrupt government of South Vietnam that are at stake here. They cannot in any way agree to a treaty or to a meaningful meeting with the NLF and with Hanoi, because the first condition of any such meet would be that they would be thrown out. So as long as we humor them or catter them in any way, we ourselves have a ready

built impediments to meaningful peace talks, namely Thieu and Ky. The complicating factor in this, though, is that only a few weeks ago General Minh was brought back into the country. Minh is known as "Big Minh" and was one of the leaders of the coup d'etat against Ngo Dim Diem in 1963, and was the man who probably would have won the election in 1967 — the United States Government Sponsored Elections — if he'd been allowed into the country. But he'd been forced out of South Viet Nam. Now this is no democrat, it's just that he's simply a different article than Thieu or Ky. And the fact that he's been brought back now leads one to suspect that perhaps we might be getting ready to dump Thieu and Ky and put in Minh. Minh might be acceptable at the moment for Ho. Thieu and Ky are absolutely not acceptable, because they really are traitors to their country. When Ho Chi Minh was leading the Viet Minh in their struggle for independence from the French, Ky was in French army bombing the Algerians with the French Air Force. General Ky is a traitor to the whole concept of the Afro-Asian revolution, and Ho will never accept Ky or Thieu as spokesmen for any part of Viet Nam.

(Continued on Page 78)

Review of the Arts

DEGO

Q: I have read about some women in New York who call themselves witches. How can I get to be one?

A: I suppose it depends, to some extent, on what's meant by the word *witch*. It comes from an old Saxon word originally meaning simply wise-woman. Some so-called witches use a sort of natural psychism, and a knack for hunches and ESP, to know beforehand how things will work out, to help themselves along in a complicated world, and to give wise advice to their friends. Some of them do seem to have quite uncanny abilities in that direction. Of course, if you don't believe in ESP and hunches, you can take the psychological view and say that these women simply make good use of subliminal and sub-marginal perceptions and have a computer-like unconscious logic which comes up with right answers more often than one would expect. Whichever you prefer probably tells more about you than about the objective facts involved.

However, some people use the word *witch* as a sort of synonym for devil-worshipper or female Satanist. So if you mean "How can I learn to cast spells on people, and kill people by magical powers, and get revenge on my enemies, and have a lot of things I never earned and probably don't deserve," that's another matter, and I'd say the game was hardly worth the candle. If you believe in super-human powers at all, you probably believe what most people have found out through experience; that everything balances out, and curses, like chickens, will come home to roost. Witches are supposed to be protected by the devil — but there is an old proverb which says that the man who sups with the devil should carry a long spoon. I personally would consider the devil an untrust-worthy ally, and his protection chancy, to say the least.

If you are determined to try anyhow, you might read some such book as William Seabrook's *Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today*, and do some experimenting. Fritz Leiber also wrote a novel, admittedly fantasy, but it gives a very clear idea of the trial-and-error method of developing a witch's powers. It's called *Conjure Wife*, and has had at least two paperback incarnations. It's fun to read anyhow, for anyone interested in witches.

A chap called Anton LaVey, out on the West Coast, used to advertise in the *Barb* that he would teach any woman to be a witch, at five dollars a lesson. LaVey is a self-confessed Satanist; I don't know whether he has the powers he claims or whether he is a publicity-hound and fraud, but anyone who pays five dollars — or five cents — for such lessons probably deserves whatever kind of lessons they get.

Q: Do you think the Flying Saucers are real?

A: That's an ambiguous question. Do you mean: Do I think that people have seen these things they claim to have seen in the sky? Yes, I do. Too many people who have never studied any reports about them, and couldn't be affected by the mass media or mass hysteria, have seen them; and they aren't all publicity seekers, either. No doubt, a lot of people see something odd in the sky, and rush right off to their local newspaper yelling "Look at me, I saw a Flying

Saucer!" But I personally know several people — and know of many others — who have seen such things, but are reluctant to talk about them, and when they can be persuaded to do so, invariably add; "Please don't tell anyone, or use my name. I don't want anyone to think I'm some kind of nut, or that I'm crazy." Before you can have mass hysteria, you have to have masses.

But if you mean; do I believe the claims of people like Orfeo Angelucci and George Adamski that they have talked (in English, or by "telepathy") to human-like men from Mars, or Saturn, or the Planet Mongo, or the astral double of the Moon, that they have ridden to Mars or Saturn in these saucers, and that the men from the Flying Saucers have given them answers to all the political and spiritual unanswered questions of humanity — no, I definitely do NOT believe that stuff. I don't believe one word of it.

Why not? Several reasons, the main one being that it's entirely too good to be true — that the sky is all filled up with Big Daddys who will come down and tell us about some version of pie-in-the-sky if we will only be good and follow certain spiritual rules. According to Angelucci, Adamski, et al, these Saucer-men only want to help humanity. If this were true, they could certainly do so in some more effective way than they have chosen — unless they are damned fools, and if they are fools, they haven't any message worth having. They have presumably given quite plausible excuses for not coming out into the open — mankind isn't ready — but if they must have voices to give their "message", why should they choose Angelucci, Adamski, and the various groups of ex-mental-patients and garden-variety nuts they chose? Why not someone of obvious spirituality and goodness — the late Martin Luther King, for example?

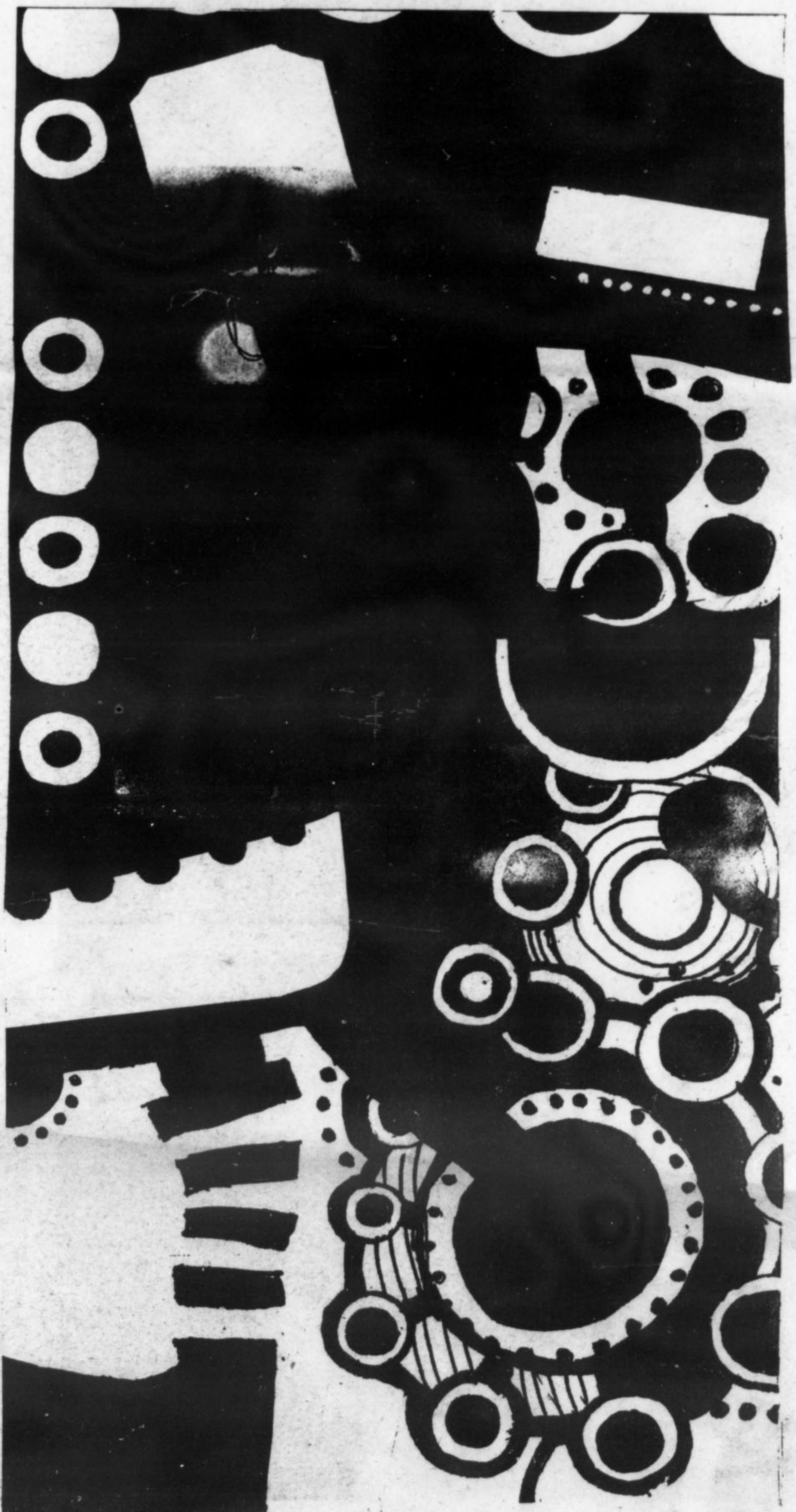
And after all, we don't really need men from Flying Saucers to tell us that life would be better if we lived good lives and loved our fellow-men. We've had Socrates, Christ, Buddha, Martin Luther King and Krishnamurti. If humanity didn't listen to them, they probably wouldn't listen to the men from the Flying Saucers either.

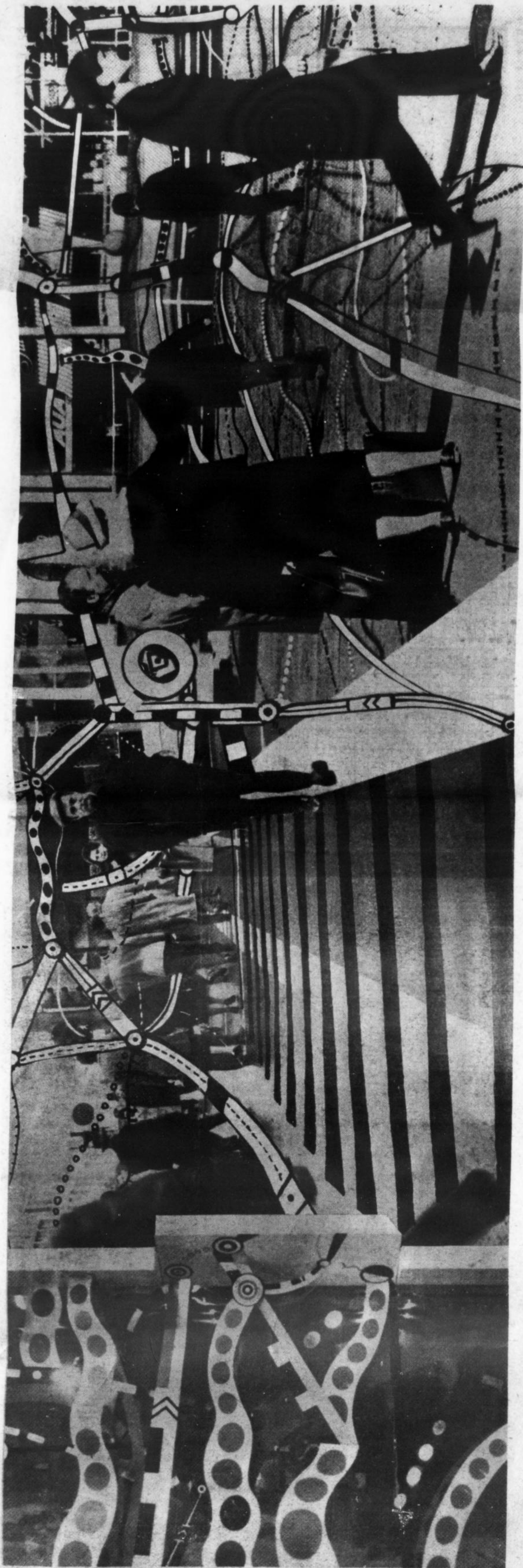
Fritz Leiber, in his novel *The Wanderer*, gives a pretty good explanation of people like Adamski and company. His flying-saucer propagandist said that he *knew* these other worlds *had* to exist; he had never seen them, but he said he had in order to help others believe when they had not seen. The authors of these books on flying saucers may be deluded — or they may be pious frauds. I doubt if most of them know themselves, any more, which is true.

What do I think about the Saucers? I don't know. If I knew the answer I wouldn't be sitting here. They might be some obscure electrical phenomenon causing optical illusions, or they might be from outer space. But if there are men in them, I'll bet a stuffed turkey that are bent on their own private concerns and purposes, and couldn't care less about solving humanity's problems by handing out a tired second-hand mishmash of Yoga, Christianity, Theosophy and Vegetarianism, as the Saucer-men usually do in popular sensational books.

emanations

by ELFRIDA RIVERS





art

by LIL PICARD

Having been in Europe for over four months I am now constantly under the compulsion to compare: Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Bremen, Duesseldorf, Paris, London . . . European Art activities, New Yorks Art-Circus-Zoo-Intermedia Events from POP to TINY EVENTS, from HEAD to ROCK* shuffling FEET. New York wins the game. But Europe just flips over our action-vitality. Especially in Germany the Art — machine imitates New York. They commute from Cologne to New York and they deal and wheel . . . the collectors, the buyers, the dealers, the museum-directors, the artists. Some of the young German artists have a kind of half a year system, half a year in Germany, half a year in New York . . . and they copy and inhale the atmosphere. Lately Munich and Cologne or Dusseldorf had been ever faster putting on the latest New York Art-Sensations, and besides one buys Art in Germany. The German Art market is bullish, strong . . . and so it seems that the Germans and the Americans have both the same kind of Knack for the newest, the fastest, the things which are "Grim and Exhilarating." Germans are open minded for everything from Jazz, to Rock, to Sex, to way out Art . . . they absorb it all with gusto, they imitate and during the last eight years they are starting their own very strong Art-Movements, which, so I noticed, took on some personal expression, typical German graphical — but all this is not yet completely defined — but I feel that there is a definite development to a very strong "German Movement" not only in writing (Peter Handke's Books and Plays . . . I saw the play "Kaspar" and read the play "Publikumsbeschimpfung" — "Insulting the Public") Painters and sculptors are popping up with their own German specific styles, and ideas . . . Names of artists I found promising: Bernd Koberling (Berlin), Martin Luepertz (Berlin), Bubenik (Berlin), Bruening (Duesseldorf), Weseler (Cologne). Writers: Hubert Fichte, Hamburg (his best-seller "Die Palette" (the Palette), and the original writer Peter O. Chotjewitz came out with a typical Anti-Novel describing life in Berlin: Die Insel (The Island). The most avantgarde publishing house in Germany is Melzer, (Darmstadt) they dared to print a beautiful bound little Anthology of "Underground Poems" title "FUCK YOU" edited by Ralf-Rainer Rygulla. This book is printed in German and English and includes poems by Ed Sanders, Tuli Kupferberg, Aram Saroyan, Ted Berrigan, Frank O'Hara.

The Germans, the intellectual and artistic ones, are hip and with it . . . But . . . but what impresses someone, who lived through the years 1932 to 1937 in Berlin under the Hitler-Power can't help to find today in the American climate a strange and frightening similarity to Germany in 1932. From this point of view I am seeing and comparing and maybe I have in my nervous system a keener and more sensitive reaction towards the New York climate of Art, Poetry, Actions, and the "Party-scene."

I feel today in New York the same kind of apocalyptic fever, this wild

lust for living, for parties, for fashion, for sex, nudism, sadism, eroticism, a mixture of evil urges for power and violence and the basic urges of the human will for survival, expressing itself in mystical, religious often occult creativeness. All these diverging manifestations are going on at the same time in extreme speed, — just as if there were no time anymore left . . . let's take it all in . . . quick, quick, quick, fast, faster, faster . . . Exhilarating & Grim. Berlin 1930 to 1933 and New York 1968 . . . I can't help to feel, I live it all again . . . ghosts are haunting me at night . . . The dance of lust and death goes on, so as if it was going on in the Berlin Homosexual and Lesbian & Nude night-clubs in Berlin . . . freedom for everything . . . let's live it all up, meanwhile the SS organized and the Nazis got ready for the final blow . . . with discipline and spartanism, with "Law & Order." Artists rarely are good participants of "Law & Order," they create and bloom at the edges of society, between heaven & hell, evil & goodness, in never, never-land of the imagination, fantasy and dream. There is no Art without the "Dream." But today it seems that science and technology, with the order of things, logic of planning, the industrialization of Art are invading the "Dream-land."

I just started to read the "Morning of the Magicians" (Avon Paperback 95 cents, 1968) by Louis Pauwels & Jacques Bergier. I quote: "Even the most troubled epoch is worthy of respect, because it is the work not just of few people but of humanity; and thus it is the work of creative nature — which is often cruel but never absurd. If this epoch which we are living is a cruel one it is more than ever our duty to love it, to penetrate it with our love till we have removed the heavy weight of matter, screening the light that shines on the farther side." This paragraph was written by *Walter Rathenau* in the book "Where is the Wolrd going?" Rathenau was one of the first victims of the Pre-Nazis in 1922.

* * *

"Even in the most troubled period" . . . humans brush in kindness against each other in gatherings, happenings, aktion - poetry - performances ("Tiny Events" which took place on Sunday afternoon in Longview Country Club alias Max's Kansas City Bar at 19th Street). Humans were looking at each other, smelling, pushing, touching, hearing each other here at this bar and they did about the same on the Sunday before at Loeb's Student Center and also in the Judson Church at the Dance Concert "The visual Energy of Sound" by Jean Dupuy.

We are all afraid, and we gather in groups, to hold on to our only reality "We - together," *people as groups, artists as groups*. The time of the lonely Studio-Loft-Artist, the "Artist in the Attic" are over for ever — so it seems to me. Artists need the assurance of each other, because in alone-ness and isolation lies the danger of extinction. Group-Artists Co-Op-Erate. They function in the group-existence better, and they reach the audience which becomes a part of the poetry, which is

(Continued on Page 16)

thilm

by LITA ELISCU

Dionysus in 69, with pitifully few exceptions, is the most exciting theatre now in New York.

(dramatic pause)

If the process of theatre can ever be presented microcosmically through the medium of one play in particular, then *Dionysus* is close to that success, for it is a study in parts, of the evolution in theatrical definitions. Acting is recognized as subordinate to an overall sense of performance, as the name of the cast — The Performance Group — suggests; for them, performance is any action or activity perceived (ie, by another eye, an audience) and given a relevance other than its own intrinsic existence.

The play is a freewheeling adaptation of *The Bacchae* by Euripides, and the overwhelming tragic-ness has been retained while the classic, cool synthesis is replaced by a more contemporary, sympathizing sense of chronic disruption of the integral order.

In addition to updating the original language of the play, the group has added another whole dimension to the personalities they reflect or represent — as opposed to characterize. Each cast member performs an assigned part, but also remains onstage as self, ego, changing back/and/forth as inner need seems to require. A strangely hypnotic, heavily embroidered scene is between Dionysus and Pentheus, key adversaries in the battle for men's obedience.

Dionysus, god of the *Bacchae*, of ecstasy, wine, and the damp moist delights of the world, flows easily into the body of William Finley, member of the Performance Group who has been assigned this part; Pantheus, ruler of the city, has more trouble transmogrifying into Bill Shepherd, another human being. Many comments can be applied to the scene: the obvious one about actor-on-stage equalling actor-as-Everyman (or vice versa); the corollaries: that it is easier for human beings to become godlike (or a god) than to assume to be, or perform the role of, another human being; that all of us hold god within our souls, and surely every other human being on earth as well — the ultimate I-Thou relationship.

Each scene of the performance has as many possible exploding ramifications, and yet the play as a whole has a definite structure, a sense of time-passing, even if it is non-physical. The basic story is the destruction of Pentheus by his own mother and family at the behest of the god he has angered through failure to believe; Dionysus turns Agave, the mother of Pentheus, against her own son — whom she sees as a lion cub to be hunted — through enveloping her in a Bacchic frenzy, an ecstasy past simple sight and into god-allowed visions. Almost each scene is given a sense of ritual through chant, through repeated action, through a return to elemental, primitive human gestures and rites. There is the birth ritual, lately matched by a death ritual; the key line of introduction to the whole play, "Good evening, madam, may I take you to your seat?" is altered, "Good evening, madam, may I take you to your death?" and the effect of that line is unknowable unless delivered in the environment, and with the rhythm of, the play itself.

The play is definitely amazing in its ability to reinvigorate the usual arguments about theatre and about its own existence; Dionysus demands, and can use, several viewings (and the word presupposes interaction, or inter-viewings). The relationship of actors to space, time, and structure are pre-defined, but the personal relations of actor to actor, to audience participant, therefore actor to re-actor, these change and quite noticeably so. The linear action calls for two sequences of intense interaction between cast and spectators, although to varying quanti-

ty. In one scene, Pentheus is offered ecstasy — any woman in the room — in return to obedience and love given to Dionysus. Pentheus acts upon the offer, and chooses a girl in the room, attempting to achieve ecstasy with her, through her. Not very surprisingly, Pentheus fails (or is stopped, depending on your viewpoint). The other instances include a general invitation to dance in honor of Dionysus' birth ("William Finley son of William Finley. . . the god Dionysus") and then a more subjective, in-depth attempt at ecstasy between various cast members and chosen audience members, one-to-one.

All sequences are orgiastic in intent and consciousness; all are frustrated through the intervention of some over-riding force, either Dionysus-god or Pentheus-ruler. The result is continual process and no culmination, pressurized build-ups with no orgasm. The whole play, for that matter, is a series of frustrated, withheld climaxes: refusal to allow ecstasy to take place. On some nights, one wonders if the play isn't a test more of physical endurance (I will not cream my jeans) rather than emotional and mental dexterity (mind over matter, even if it's hardening). If the play has any one great flaw, or fault, it is that the action at times becomes boring for someone interested in general spectacle but not in a direct — and controlled — interaction: the dance is ended at a prescribed time; the ecstatic caresses turn to anguished howls and screams on cue; the ecstasy and wantonly remains a sham offer enough to make the whole audience until that day when some girl is truly madonna-like in her sympathy. It's Pentheus searches for so desperately want to masturbate for relief. (One wonders if there would be a precedent set should a cast member decide to masturbate; would the audience pick up on it. . . ? would the play be destroyed. . . ?)

Dionysus in 69 has of course its political nature, too; politics being defined as methods useful to change a society, then any action, or activity, which cries out for involvement in process is political. *Dionysus*, like many other theatre-works, goes one step more by relating the all-inclusive concept to the more familiar (perhaps) definition of politics-as-practised in our society, directly; the electoral process. Fortunately, the play has erased many of the ponderous, outmoded 'political' speeches the first production was loaded down with. Gestured rituals and collective-unconscious chants have replaced the finger-pointing scoldings about Watts and Detroit. A new noble sense of drama and tragic-ness is borne out in the sequence where certain cast members simply and silently mop up the stage, covered in the blood of their friends and son. Everyone in the family can mourn this loss.

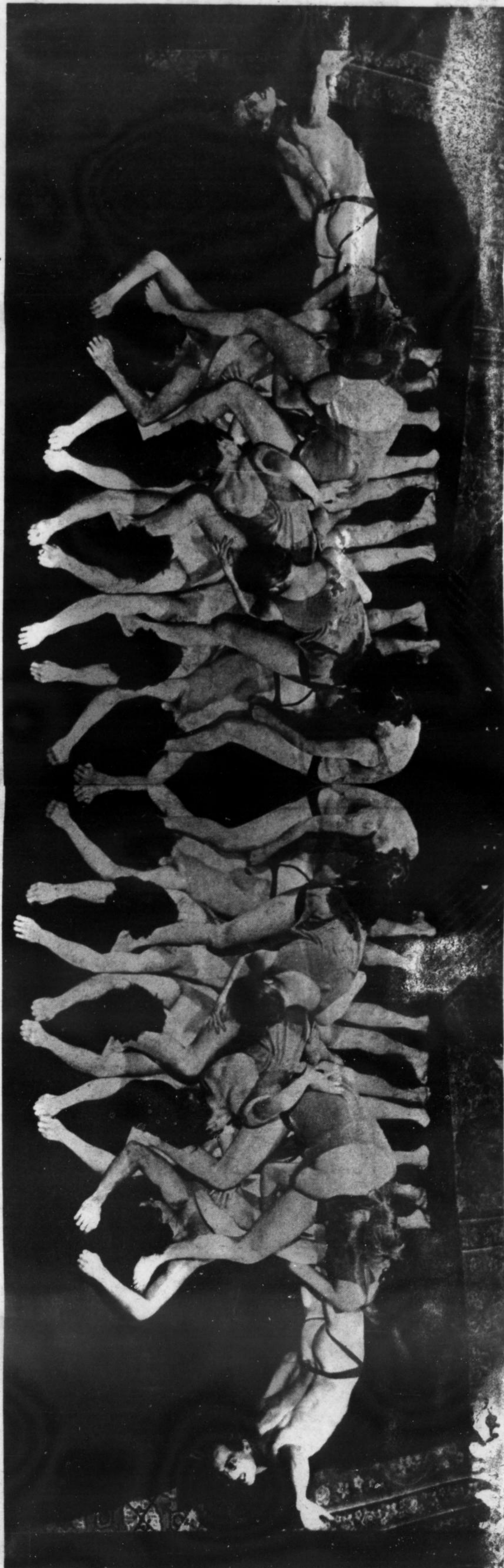
Probably there will be more on *Dionysus* in the next few weeks, after I see it again. . . meanwhile, it is at the Performance Garage, Thus-Sunday at 8:30 PM, call 925-8713 for reservations.

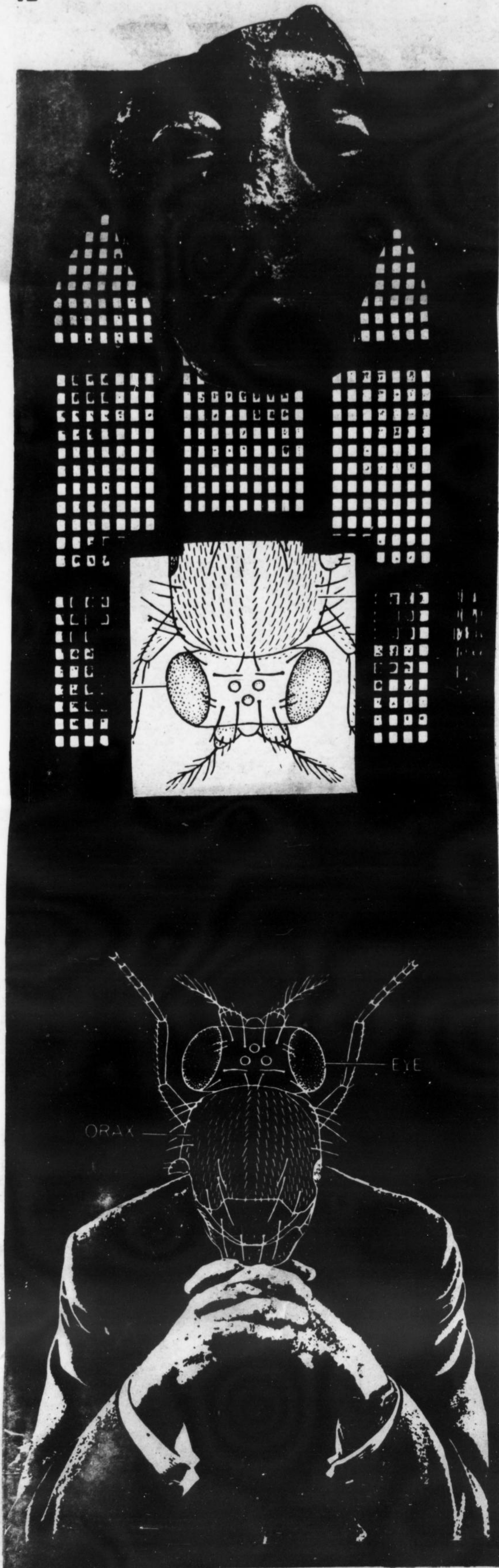
Don't forget November 27th, *Girl on a Motorcycle* opens — Marianne Faithfull and Alain Delon and a bike. . . also, the Animated Film Festival at City Center, Nov. 26-30, call CI-6-8989 for further information, or pick up tickets at the box office, 131 West 55th St.

At the Jewish Museum, Nov. 26, Tuesday, 5:30 and 7 PM: George Landow's underground movies, including *Bardo Follies* and *Fleming Faloon*. The museum is at 1109 Fifth Avenue (in the East 90's).

The Other Stage is presenting their latest production, *Untitled* at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette, Thurs-Sunday. Call 677-6350 for info.

Photo: Raeanne Rubinstein





Israel Regardie and Aleister Crowley: **ROLL AWAY THE STONE.** Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minn., 55101. 1968. \$7.50.

Under such an unpromisingly enigmatic title we find one of the greatest pre-Leary psychedelic pioneers exploring the relation between drug trips and transcendental mystical experience. (Let's not get hung up on the question of whether the latter, or the relationship, can exist: the book settles that quite realistically).

Whoever presumes to write authoritatively about this demanding field must be either a genius with very unusual training, or a charlatan. Regardie's introductory essay on Crowley vindicates him of the latter charge — one of those most often hurled (with the usual mud of pornographer, conoctor of blasphemous black magic rituals, etc.) at him by British scandal sheets between the world wars. So far from being a mere superficial wild-spoken head, Aleister Crowley was, of all his generation, possibly the single man best equipped to explore such fields. Classically trained and widely read, he was a chess master, world explorer, Himalayan mountaineer, essayist, novelist and poet of uncommon ability, with years of advanced work in yoga and Western ritual magic. This combination of talents and training testify to a mind at once articulate, analytical, courageous and wary — the exact combination most appropriate for a psychedelic explorer.

Discarding opium and cocaine as insufficiently promising, Crowley used for his mystical explorations cannabis (which he called the "Grass of the Arabians"). Not the weak stuff locally available, this was charas or super-dynamite hashish of Indian or Nepalese origin, producing effects on a sensitized mind far beyond anything short of high doses of acid. There is a remarkable parallelism between Crowley's descriptions and Leary's of various levels of consciousness all the way to the Vinnanam or Clear Light where the distinction between you and me and the rhododendron bush vanishes in cosmic energy flow. True, he used the Buddhist Skandhas as a frame of reference rather than the Bardos; but he produced independent confirmation in plain language, which is excellent evidence even for the skeptic. "Truth is one and the same, though sages have various names for it."

Why then do not most people reach this sort of transcendence even through peyote or acid? Crowley's answer is something like this; understanding, remembering, and following up what experienced on a trip requires a trained analytical mind and a suitable (meditational) frame of reference and language for describing and communicating these things. His yoga training confirmed also that to explore this world actively requires ability to control it rather than merely to be catapulted passively through it, forgetting everything moments or at best hours later. For which reason he wrote "I have no use for hashish save as preliminary demonstration that there exists another world attainable somehow." He followed this with a plea for development of a more reliable psychedelic (ironically, he lived until 1947 unknowing that in LSD it had been developed); but even with today's acid and STP he would doubtless have said the same thing.

What validity for us can this long pre-LSD essay have? A surprising amount; independent confirmation of Leary's work in another perspective, pros and cons, potential benefits and dangers. In translating the Baudelaire sophistries appended to his essay, Crowley was giving an object lesson: one gets out of psychedelics in proportion to what one brings to them; and Baudelaire was no more interested in mysticism than you or I in Kwakiutl.

books

by WALTER BREEN

Fitzhugh Ludlow's contribution is honest introspection, and no more, from a pioneer experimenter; and the pharmacological study is outdated but does provide a few interesting insights. Dr. Israel Regardie's long introductory section gives us a fascinating perspective on Crowley. Regardie, now in his 70's, was for many years Crowley's secretary; an adept of the Order of the Golden Dawn, in later years he turned away from magic and mysticism to become a Reichian/Third Force psychotherapist, but he never lost his loyalty to Crowley, and this book comes in a belated attempt at vindication of the man long slandered as "The Wickedest Man in the World." As a therapist, his anti-establishment but more mildly anti-blackmarket acid views are understandable; one must credit him for openmindedness on acid in therapeutic and some religious contexts, while ruefully shaking a head at his optimism that the antacid laws will eventually go the way of prohibition. The way he tells it, Crowley was there long before Leary and his followers, and this book proves it.

Crowley signed his essay "Oliver Haddo" because that was the name given Maugham's vicious caricature of him in *The Magician*. As for the title of the book, it is from a passage which may strike home to followers of the self-styled "Maharishi" or Meher Baba or Zen or various other pure meditational systems. Crowley, after his own years of experience in yoga and Western methods, characterizes meditation as leading to an intolerable dryness and deadness of soul, to imprisonment in a catafalque of the Sipsit, and agonizedly pleads to heaven "Who shall roll away the stone?"

In these post-Anslinger days, we can only echo him.

* * *
Justine Glass: WITCHCRAFT, THE SIXTH SENSE AND US. Neville Spearman, London, 1965, no price shown on my copy; probably available through occult bookshops.

Ever since the arrival of Sybil Leek there has been an increasing flood of newspaper trash and worthless books about witchcraft; and the flood has gone well over heads following the publicity about a certain phony black magician in San Francisco who has been advertising in the *Berkeley Barb* to teach witchcraft, and still more following the book and the film of *Rosemary's Baby*, Sturgeon's Law ("90% of everything is crud") is if anything conservative when applied to occult/witchcraft/Satanist/voodoo/etc. books; more trash has been written in this range of subjects than on anything else in the world with the possible exception of sex. And so one approaches anything with a title like this one with justifiable skepticism.

Except that this is one of the rare exceptions. Though written by a person outside the hereditary covens, it is nevertheless, for once, sane, sensible, and as far as it goes accurate. Her position is, quite baldly, that most of what calls itself witchcraft is superstition, but that in Britain and elsewhere hereditary covens have preserved, intact, an ancient pre-Christian religion (the chief intermediaries to the Transcendent God being the White Goddess and her consort the Horned God, who has nothing whatever to do with the devil) whose adherents are trained from childhood in techniques which can, properly worked, produce usable ESP and alter probabilities for the benefit of members and their friends. So-called black magic techniques are known but very rarely used because the forces so unleashed rebound equally on the evoker and his victims! They appear to have been used mainly for revenge purposes in and after the Middle Ages when persecution of witches and alleged witches and alleged-witches periodically mounted to mass paranoia unknown today; and

(Continued on Page 19)

opening doors

by ALAN JULES WEBERMAN

"all across this countryside he opened many a door"

BOB DYLAN

John Wesley Harding

To the left of John Lennon we find Jim Morrison of The Doors who writes both literal (dig The Unknown Soldier... a 45 whose release had to be held-up until after the Tet Offensive) and figurative (dig Love Street) anti-establishment, prolific song-poems. He is the only cat "who talks about destruction" and who has "a mind that hates" the power structure whose singles and LP's go to #1 of the charts. Look at Love Street on. WAITING FOR THE SUN:

Verse One

"She lives on Love Street" — let's start with the hypothesis that "She" is the federal government and "Love Street" is, sarcastically, the USofA. So "She"—the federal government—"lives" (in the parasitical sense) "on Love Street" — on the people of America. "Lingers long on Love Street" — (continues to control although she is very close to death). "She has a house and garden" — (the White House and The Rose Garden). "I'd like to see what happens" — (without "her", after "she" has been overthrown).

Verse Two

"She has robes" (the judiciary) "and she has monkeys" (the federal pig force) "lazy diamond-studded flunkies" (corrupted bureaucrats). "She has wisdom" (technology) "and knows what to do" (develops elaborate systems of repression) so therefore. "She has me and she has you" (in one sense, at least).

Verse Three

"I see you live on Love Stree" (I see you are effected by this shit) "There's the store where the creatures meet" (there's the Hall of Injustice where incredibly frightening old men sell "mete out" justice) "Wonder what they do in there?" (Wonder how they determine who gets what sentence... sarcastic) "Summer Sunday" (freedom) "and a year" (in the joint). "Guess I like it fine" (Morrison will only commit acts which get himfined) "so far" (but if conditions get worse he will take violent action!!!)

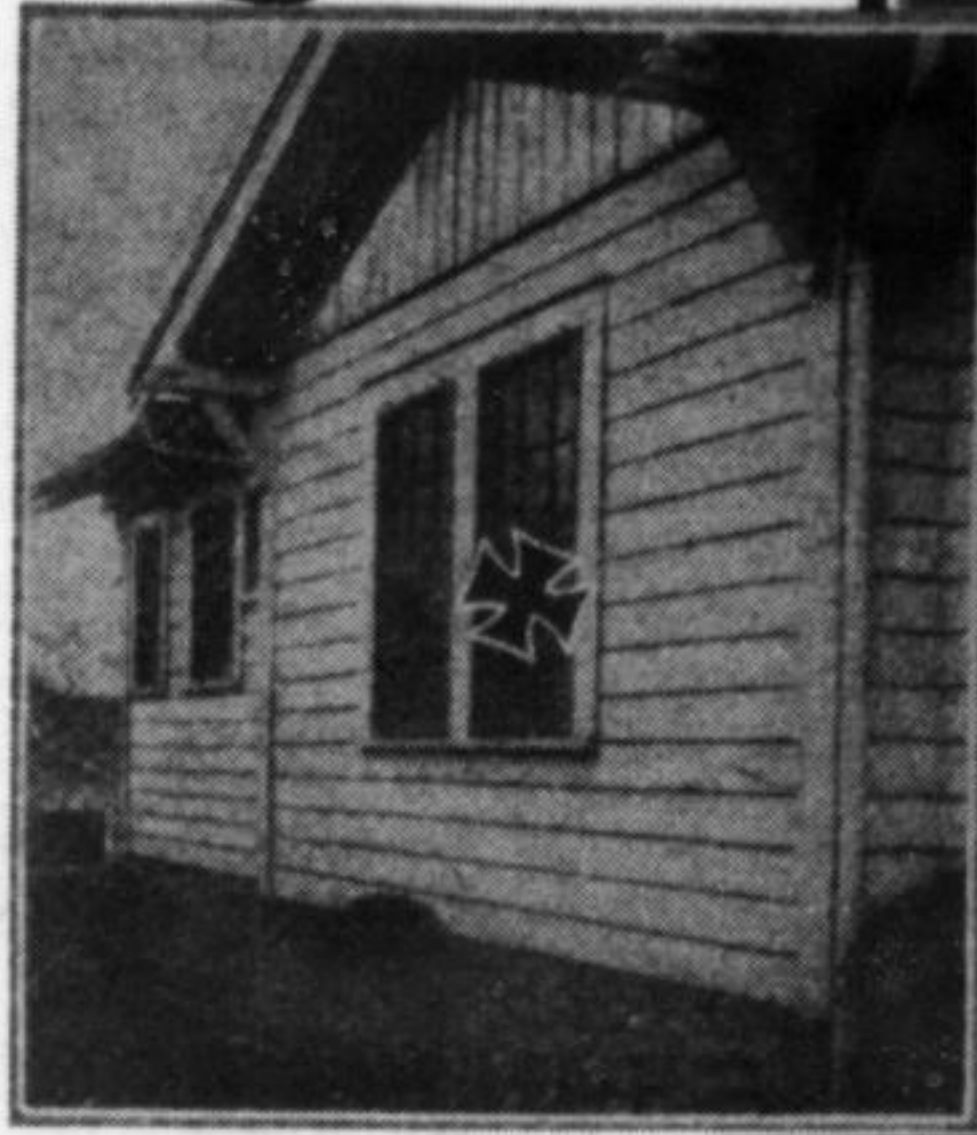
Morrison also tells us where this society's sexual mores are at. He often uses the water-sex metaphor to do this... dig Horse Latitudes on Strange Days: "When the still sea" (when the flaccid members of the older generation, no longer into fucking) "conspires an armour" (intentionally implants defence mechanisms against sex in the young) "And her sullen and aborted currents" (and their crochety and frustrated attitudes) "Breed tiny monsters" (star to have analogues on their children's minds) "True sailing is dead" (natural fucking has had it).

The poet then switches to a description of a 'distorted' sexual act—"Awkward instant" (human feel guilty about sex) "And the first animal is jettisoned" (and the primordial sexual drive becomes subserviant to society's dictates) "Legs furiously pumping" (two people trying to make it) "Their stiff green gallop" (but they have to force it, and if they were making it for the first time and didn't know what to do) "And heads bob up" (they aren't totally submerged in the sea of sexuality) "Poise/Delicate" (self-conscious) "Pause/Consent" (playing the game my societys rules) "in mute nostril agony" (the intense pleasure of orgasm is denied) "Carefully refined/And sealed over" (and turned into an experience which is more acceptable to our puritanical society).

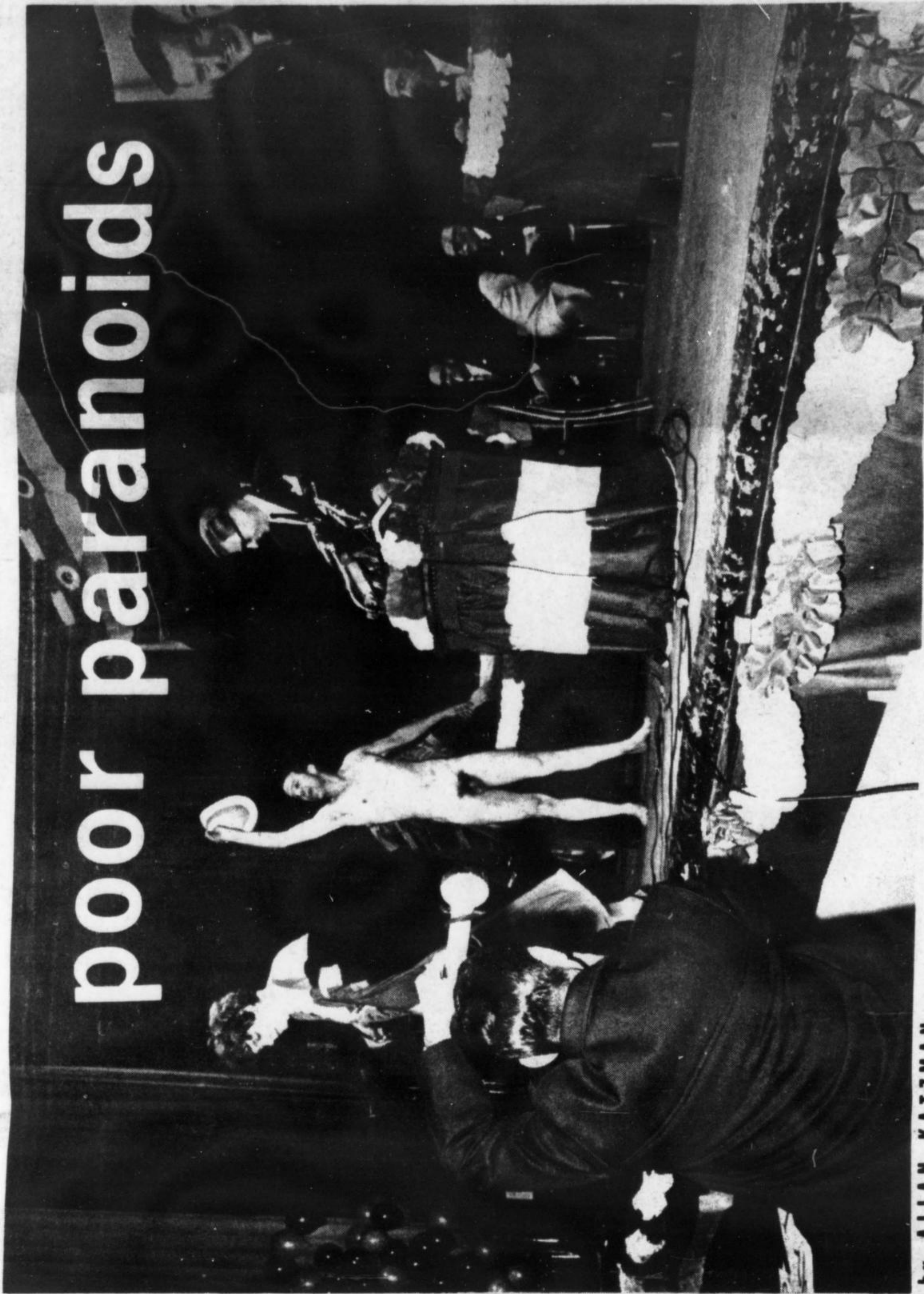
I owe much of the above interpretation to Steve Wilson of the group called FLO. NEXT WEEK-The Procol Harum-The Poet Laudanums Of Junkiedom MAINTAIN!!



ego



poor paranoids



BY ALLAN KATZMAN

"I have a dream," he was saying to me. No Martin Luther King but white and ordinary. A man who has been plagued by the change in bodies. "Look at those tits," he was screaming. "Tits on Wall Street?! . . ." It was a bad dream obviously. This man was sweating.

It was on Wall Street he had the dream. Abolafia, Presidential candidate for the nude, love, sex lobby, was standing with his two lushous campaign supporters; barebreast beautiful dimples beaming at our brains. Dodge rebellion on the streets of Wall, a "Is this any way to run a campaign? You bet it is!". The bare breasts of power tickertaping across our genes.

This man was clutching his heart. His monthly magazine of 'Playboy' and its foldout of plastic shiny flesh and protuberances never clutched his crotch that way. This was indeed pain.

He ducked for cover. *Pain was exposing yourself at too fast a rate.* The Tits flew, ricocheting off the business skyscrapers of America. Power for Power. They exchanged bows, the brown brick, the soft succulent nipples; inanimate and animate meat meshing in the cold air.

THE MORE MAKE LOVE, THE MORE I MAKE REVOLUTION? or is the message money. Kusama has her little nude girls and boys stark naked on the Brooklyn Bridge, on the steps of City Hall, on stage, in theatres, anyplace where she can get her hands on the media. She is now opening up her own business — KUSAMA ENTERPRISES & INTERNATIONAL FILM PRODUCTIONS, 664 Sixth Avenue. Abolafia makes money off the message too.

Politics is a message also. Nixon's jowls hang out on television like pruned buttocks ready to

take it where he's always taken it. He's making money too. The man with the pain in his chest is now beating a hasty retreat. His ass waves goodbye. But I remain because I am still young enough to prefer to get laid than buggered.

Power is everywhere on the streets of New York. The man who has been screaming all this time, dreaming, clutching his heart and his ass can no longer escape it. The message is everywhere. In the very control towers of his consciousness, his magazines, newspapers, films, in the very media itself. And if he is lucky (although he has probably forgotten it) in his very own house.

But he can't escape it, even in a dark movie theater. It makes money there too; the "Bright Knight of the Nudies", as Richard Ogar calls them, flashing across the screen:

"His hand is on her breast, the soft skin yields like velvet under his touch. Her neck is arched, her mouth gnawing with the agony of rapture. (Riddled with acne and fears of premature ejaculation, Rodney Smear — sixteen and dreaming — sucks his thumb and fondles his weenie.)

. . . Hot and passionate, the Southern California sun is bouncing diamonds off the lush, receptive pool. His lips meet hers beneath the rippling water. Deft hands unlock the upper half of her bikini, her tits are squeezed like sponges, soft and succulent. (Fifth row back, on the aisle, Harold Smegna sits and curses the woman he's fucked and loathed for fifteen years — if only he could is get a piece of THAT! Just once in a while, just a little.)

. . . She's pinned beneath him, struggling to avoid his lips, eyes full of tears and pain. His mouth rips into hers, his hands mangling the billowy flesh

of her mammoth breast. (Alone in the rear of the theatre, old Tenderloin Jake clenches his teeth, fighting to recall his last erection.)

Then suddenly three shots ring out from the screen (Ohhh! Oooohhhh!!! OOOOHHHH!!!) Rodney stiffens, Harold jerks bolt upright, old Jake trembles like an aspen leaf. Their pants grow damp and oozy. Thank God they've made it trough another day."

This man is clutching his images buired deep down in his closed corporate id and working his wounds over like shrapnel coming up for air. This man is confused. Bare breasts. Are they the enemy? Should he suck it, fondle it, bury his eyes in the fleshy mammaries, bite it, attack it, shake it and bounce it off the wall, or just blow it off the face of the map?

Is this man beating it because he has no other recourse? And if he is, (barbarella of barbarians with no innocence and no intention of De-Crucifying the Angel in himself,) does he have Power? This man is not defenseless.

Already Underground cartoosists like Robert Crumb are feeling his power. Busted in California for his "Snatch" comics. Is Mr. Natural going the way of Socrates? And John Bryant, underground Editor of L.A.'s Open City, newspaper of Politics, Pussy, and Popularity.

"I bought her a drink and then another drink and then we went up the stairway behind the bar. There were several large rooms there. She had me hot. Sticking her tongue out at me. And we played all the way up the stairway. I took the first one, standing up, inside the door. She just slid back her panies and I put it in."

Notes of a Dirty Old Man. Charles Bukowski wrote it; fifty years on his tired brow and pecker and still going. The man who saw tits on Wall Street is hot too . . . hot for blood. This man is fifty also.

Abolafia refuses to pose with Hitler. "I don't like brutality. I refuse to be known as the beneficent Dictator," he politics. The man who is waving his ass goodbye is politicking in and dictating his beneficence all over the words and pictures. Bodies may be next. He may be your father. He may even be President.

Kusama has her little boys and girls run nude through the P.R. party for the motion picture "Head" and Columbia picture officials get uptight. Carollee Schneeman takes her clothes off also, a dancer of Meat Joy. A fag comes up to some Columbia official and complains in no uncertain terms. I think—thinking fags were more liberal thas that-and I am bored. I leave to get unbored. Kusama gets arrested. I return and wait, hoping she will return but not with the same old bodies.

The man who has a pain is coming. He is commuting on the 9:05. He is walking across Times Square on his lunch hour. He is planning strategy at the Pentagon. He is ignoring his wife, forever. He is dying of fright. He is leaning over the Brooklyn Bridge uncertain about his next leap. He is successful. He is making money, and only money.

The man who has a dream is yelling nightmare. If he was at the dinner for Paul O'Dwyer just before election night, he saw one of those frantic young activists, calmly walking towards the stage where John Kenneth Gailbraith stands at the podium offering economic eulogies while she offers him a gift; her nudity, bare ass and all. He laughs and understands that the economy is rising. A maiden aunt runs on stage and throws a coat over the nude obstruction but manages to leave her radical pussy peeking through. History peeps out at the spectators and now other men are politicking.

In the Fillmore East, last Wednesday, free night when the local anarchists, politicians, and community take over, a young Yippie walks down the aisle. He is nude from the waist down, wears an army fatigue jacket to his waist, and holds a cutout of a pig, the Yippies' image of their Presidential candidate. He is pushing his way towards the stage. The theater is filled to capacity, music bounding off the walls, young voices vibrating in the flesh. A young blonde delightful buttermouth teeny booper in the audience spots him coming and grabs his joint. Politics melts in his hands and in hers. They get the message.

The man who is walking off Wall Street is coming, hopefully to the arms of a soft, young thing. And no money down.

The scourge of American adolescence, responsible for the disablement and death of so many of our country's youth — for countless homosexuals what's more, and speed freaks and hemophiliacs and convicted criminals in this generation — is an elderly, quaint-spoken gentleman with a glass eye. He's General Louis Hershey, and he's just doing his job. Every American over the age of eighteen has had the privilege of doing business with General Hershey, there cannot be a man alive today in this country who has not enjoyed the General's selfless ministrations. Many of those who are now dead were themselves former clients of General Hershey.

What stamina! What devotion! His job, chief of the Selective Service System, is a sensitive and often — it must be admitted — thankless position.

And the General grown old, he was old before most of us ever heard of him, he was already old when he attained to his august situation, and that was so long ago that few now clearly remember the terrifying forces that then trod the Earth under their bootheels and forced the Selective Service System onto an innocent America.

Yes, General Hershey is old, aged, more than half blind, grown grey in the long service of his country, *our* country, yours and mine, *America!* What is it that keeps this gallant old war horse straining in the bitter traces year in and year out, war after war, arming the cannons of America with generation upon generation of her strong-joined, tragic youth? Perhaps, fellow Americans, the answer is to be gleaned from the columns of the current *Cavalier*, where on page 92 the durable old soldier wryly records these poignant sentiments:

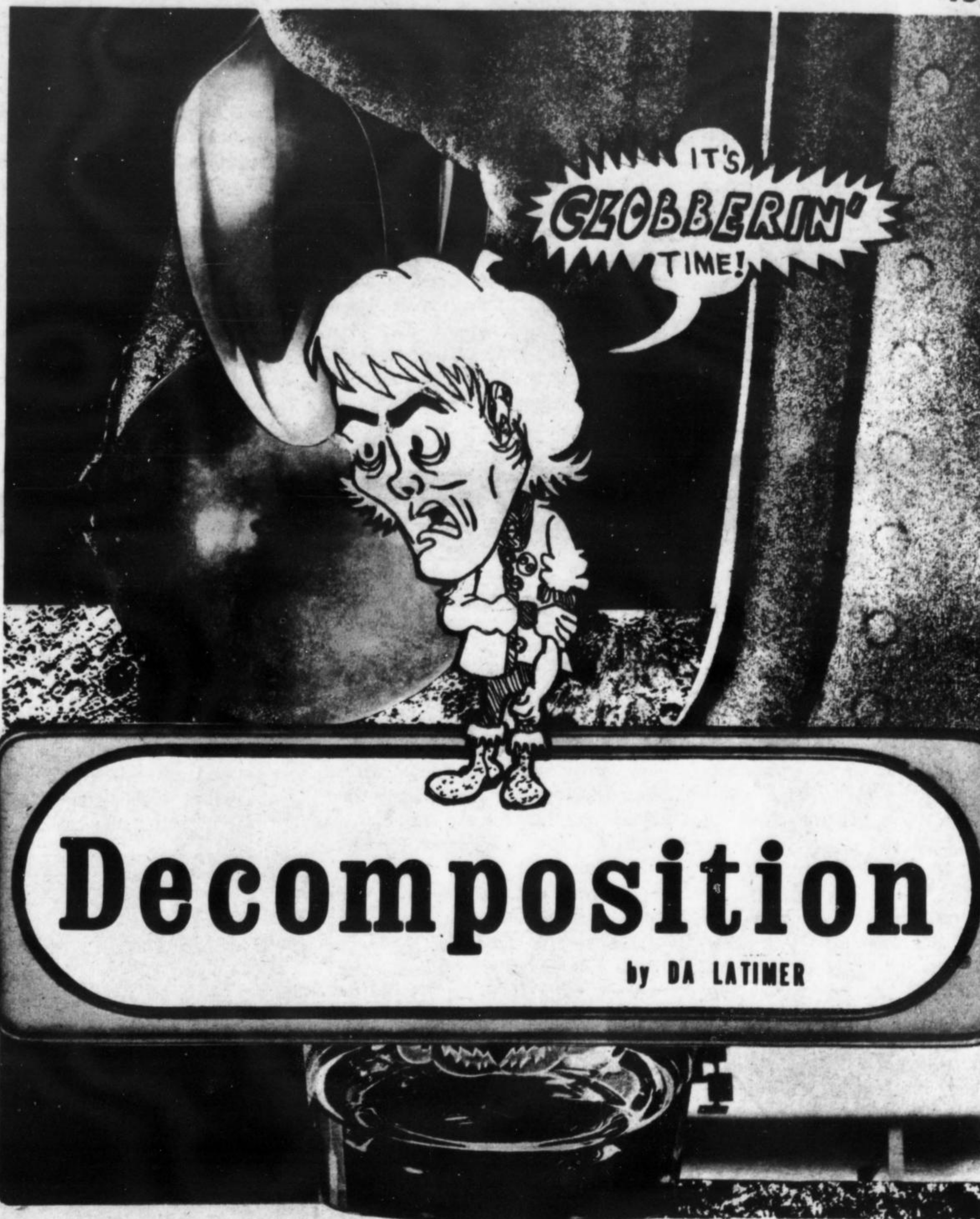
Retire? Huh! What do I do? What friends I've got left have been retired for years. What the hell do they do? Play bingo five nights a week. Maybe I could stand retirement but I couldn't stand bingo five nights a week.

You've got hand it to General Hershey: it's a rare man who will admit outright that the main reason he keeps sending teenage kids off to get killed is because it's more stimulating than paying bingo. How endearingly human — a big wheel like General Hershey terrified of the isolation and boredom that so many of our retired oldsters suffer from in their declining years. Positively Aunt May Revisited. Why don't we all pass the hat, all of us who have done business with the doughty old fellow, and buy him like a fleet of pinball machines? Or those automatic shooting galleries with the two-handed-grip machine guns and the Nazi transport plane targets? *Badatatatat!* Take that, Tojo! Just think, a whole flotilla of these amusing playthings for his den, he could retire and invite all his friends in for whole tournaments. And after he dies, it might become a national high school intramural sport — the Lewis B. Hershey Memorial Tilt Award . . .

How are things in Oakland now that Nixon's here? The other little city by the Bay should be in a fine ferment around the end of the month, if Ronald Rag On's favourite Adult Authority manages to stuff Eldridge back in the slamer. Goddammit, there's no need to jail him again — he's already spent more time locked up than Jean Genet, eight years straight the time before last, California has established *enough* of a rep for him. It seems Cleaver can't open his mouth but he has everyone from the board of Regents to the FBI down his neck. He was uppity enough to run for President, any uppity nigger runs for President gonna get shafted good, and even dropping out at the last moment couldn't save him. Yes, Eldridge gave way to a finer statesman well before the American voter farted out his final choice, gave way in fact to J. Edgar Pigasus, who slopchuted into the hearts and minds of America like breakfast into a vomitory. A white pig for a white America. Nevertheless, barring a lastminute spurt of sanity, the State of California Adult Authority will have Eldridge Cleaver under the goddam-medamightydamned jail before another December makes mud of the whole Bay Area. It is written, the wages of Sin is California.

RANCID ORGY BUTTER?

Golly, sports fans! I sure hope Heidi was enjoyable last Saturday night on NBC, because it cost Timex \$28000 a minute to sponsor it, and it also is going to cost the EVO office enough for a new television. Nobody's tried the set here in the office



since I kicked shit out of it, but with all that smash and crash of internal organs I don't think it's going to be salvagable. It was a real freakout, that Saturday night football trip: one minute I was watching Jim Turner kick a field goal to put the Jets three points over the Raiders with fifty-some seconds to go, and the next minute these very *strange* things were happening . . . 'It looks like the Jets have it wrapped up,' the commentator was commenting, 'and there's the conversion kick . . .' And then — what is this — there's some kind of Tijuana brass music behind the guy's voice, and then the voice fades, and Oakland is trundling across the field in tune with the Lonely Bull or something . . . And then there's these two straight guys silently fondling a plaster doll . . . It's a *commercial!* Whaaat?

Then Heidi came on, and I brutalised the idiot window. Later, when the New York Times early edition told me the Jets had *lost* — Oakland scored two downs in the last nine seconds, or somesuch implausibility — well, I kicked shit out of my old lady. I may sue NBC for the loss of my pacifist innocence.

ZOOK!

— Spirochete the Agnew is really our new Vice President now; they're not putting us on. The second thoughts are raining down over America like pigeon droppings. People are wondering if Coitus Dismay was such a poor bloke after all. 'At least he proved he was qualified to have his finger on the nuclear button,' a worried Republican friend wrote me last week. 'I mean he had it there for years and years, and we're all still here.' . . . Speaking of coitus, the new Vietnamese clap has our best medical minds apprehensive. Once got, it's likely to linger on upwards of a month or so, the frequent doses of penicillin or tetracycline being about as effective as cough drops. And an alarming number of people are coming down with it who claim to have no plausible reason for catching it, like virgins and married folk . . . Three-dot journalism is alive and well, Herb Caen . . . Memo to the Ridgeways, who

cancelled their EVO subscription last week, complaining that we had not 'outgrown' the 'bathroom language': you'd rather we matured to the terminological equivalent of Time magazine, who coined such expressions as 'finalize,' 'personalize,' 'brink-smaship,' 'beatnik,' and other Nixon favourites . . . Only the most maniacal EVO freaks will remember the tangle this reviewer got into a few months ago with the producer of *Revolution*, the dippie-hippie flick about summer '67 in the Haight. Well, the flick has just now been released to the neighborhood theatres, and the new promo is better than the film itself: MONDO-REVO, shrills the ad. 'See the Secret Sex Rites Of the Hippies.' Now, if they'd had that come-on when the film was first released, I might have gone to it in the proper frame of mind and then said good things about it. Don't hype the hip . . .

CLAMMY SQUAT

The Greenwich House Counseling Center, of 27 Barrow Street, and 116 West 14th Street, Manhattan, wants money. Checks addressable to director Thomas Cooner, who may be reached for details at 691-3336 or 691-2444. They rehabilitate drug addicts, using Art, Music and Drama therapy, and now they want a Halfway House. People are saying good things about the Greenwich Center, it must be a good cause.

KUSAMA LIVES!

Memo to J. Edgar Hoover: Little Yayoi has taken up with International Film Productions at 664 Sixth Avenue, at 20th Street, taking orders for films, environments, theatrical presentations, paintings, Sculptures, happenings, events, fashions, and body painting. Better get a crew up there right away. Incidentally, we don't like to complain, but the bug on the EVO phone is getting to be a drag — stoned freaks keep dialing our number just to hear the clicking play back in reverse so they can groove on the looking-glass sound effect. Surely, in our technological society, we could be spared at least this.

(Continued from Page 10)

acted out, or the dance which is done in film and on stage simultaneously, or they are experiencing the noise of amplified motion . . . walking, running, as it was done in Dupuy's Judson concert: Music-noise by Robert Ashley, voice Jacques Beckaert. Title: La Course (The Race). The second sound piece called "The visual Energy of sounds" was a more theatrical performance, music more lyrical, actions of the performers did not involve the audience. But in the first piece it was Numbers, Sound, Sights, Walks, Steps, Strops (amplified to carsplitting force of sound). The audience and the performers became a mixed media Race, here we are today, kicking, living, walking, fast faster, racing, the dance of life and death, condemned to Death, to the Race of to-what? The Race to fame, to news, to war, to revolution: Carolee Schneeman the daemonic-sweet Superstar of the Dance Concert — poetry world, Piggyback on Nude — actor — motion — lover Willoughby Sharp, who undresses in Soundpiece Nr. 2 to his very own Self, lean, tall and white, resting on palegreen fluorescent polyethylene sheeting, while a bearded young man was clicking a blue light on and off, and a young girl Clydeu Mallochs washed her hair, and Bill Katz painted the faces of the people in the audience, Alison Knowles did something with nails, clippers and a pot, and Jean Dupuy, who was the Energy behind the "Energy"-piece explained on a printed sheet "Sound is an Energy." It is capable of concrete and sometimes spectacular effects: a whistle can pierce an eardrum; a voice in the mountain can provoke an avalanche; and sonic-boom-damages have cost the U. S. Airforce some \$1,500,000 in flying an estimated 300,000 hours at supersonic speed since 1956. In addition, sound has abstract effects. The sound piece Nr. 2 was abstract, the sound piece Nr. 1 was concrete, realistic — both had been "Group-Activities."

In "Tiny Events" a group of Poets performed 2 minutes actions witty, to the point, involved screens, shaving, eliminating a cockroach with Anti-Roach-Spray, throwing red roses around (Ronald Gross) dedicated "To Gertrude Stein" (what else could it be named?), "Tears" being applied with antiseptic glue to Carolee Schneeman's golden brown lovely skin, running down her bosom, (Michael Benedickt the Poet of Tears and also the performer). Bici Hendricks giving away pills, quick quick quick, take a pill, and in the pill one found diminutive poetic lines, like in a Chinese cooky, mine read: Homes but also a ban on selling/aggression and wars. Jackson MacLow, two minute unfolding of the red Number one on a Milar silver background and Dan Graham's Screened Poem with taped corny Hick-Music, were excellent, the street-window became a painting done by Perreault with scotch-tape takeoff on hardedge Art . . . the groups present and the groups performing including children and dogs enjoyed it all, it was a groovy Sunday — and I have to mention the first piece with mirrors and Eduardo Costa's Golden Earrings, Finger-rings and Toe-rings: Fashion Fiction . . . a real golden satirical poem to look at.

Humans need the contact with other humans. The clean immaculate surfaces are beautiful, but Dirt is beautiful also. German streets are extremely clean, I newer saw a "jungle" street like St. Marks in Berlin or anywhere else, artists don't live in dirty lofts, they have immaculate "Ateliers," and most have supermodern apartments or houses, they are, as Frank Lincoln Vyner said last Friday in the Club, "so much more civilized," I don't really know if he meant that seriously . . . when he ate his red apple and talked about His Thing: VINYL. The others in the Club talked on DIRT-ART . . . the ones on the panel were: Michael Heizer, Dennis Oppenheim, Richard Serra, Vyner and Moderator Herb Aach . . . it was the first really interesting Club-night I experienced in the old club, since the days of Ad Reinhardt & Franz Kline. And I thought: "The Children of Jackson Pollock are gaining power, and are starting to speak . . ."

I think they will be a change.

For the Europeans and especially for the young Germans New York is Paradise. The dirt of the Lower East Side streets, the jungle of the Art-Rock-parties, Max's Kansas City, Soul-music Discotheke upstairs at Max's, Group-actions are for them the Ultimate of Life: Exhilarating and Grim, dirty but exciting, ugly but fascinating . . . in fact for all these reverse Expatriates (coming from Europe & living in New York) New York is "IT."

And speaking of Pollock . . . things are happening which are quite astonishing — and really worth it living in the jungle of New York.

In the Bykert Gallery (new address 24 East 81 Street) is a new show by artist-sculptor Alan Saret. Free forms, assemblages of wiremesh, all painted in rainbowcolored hues, poetic, expressionistic images . . . called "Mountains of Chance" Documents of Ruralism, Changing Manufactures . . . and at the Marlborough Gerson Gallery the brutal painter Francis Bacon, from London, is not afraid to put heavy white Blobs of very expressionistic paint on his tortured bloody figures, who are wrestling on beds and couches in a MESS of blood-red-pink-purple Paint, copulating, fucking or what not — very human indeed — a real expressionistic mess, looked at with utter distaste by the "pure-gang," but sold for \$65,000 a painting by the Marlborough — Gerson Masters of Art-business — they will open a Gallery soon on the Queen Elizabeth Ocean Liner . . .

People don't sleep much, they speed from place to place . . . after-hour-life takes on a new glow . . . black lighted in the after-hour-night-clubs. One is called the "Sewer." Its premises are on East 16th Street, near Eat, and Andy Warhol's Studio and the famous Health Food Store, where you can restore your equilibrium with VITAMINS, in case . . .

In the "Sewer" people, groups, dance on a small wooden square from 4 A.M. to breakfast time . . . black light makes their teeth and shirts blue and washes away the blues of the soul's uneasiness about time . . . Time as ended in the "Sewer." It's the end of Time . . . blue black lighted and Grim and Exhilarating Society Blues . . . society fun, the man wears Brooks Brother suits . . .

Walter Gutman loves domineering women. He also loves himself. He is New York's angel of the Arts, a painter, writer and now a film-actor. He commissioned George Kuchar to do his life story, a biographical film, just when he had his 65th birthday. So we all went to see Walter making fun with the girls and himself in the Bleeker Street Cinema . . .

Walter was his real babbling, drinking, touching, lovely, adorable, sweet Self, and the strong, beautiful girls, he adores, had been just too sweet . . . The film is a travelogue between Walter's apartment, P — town and Florida, the circus . . . it is the equivalent of an oilpainting, a Portrait of Walter Gutman . . . the Goodman of the Art.

Selfportrait-movies and autobiographical taped anti-novels like Andy Warhol's "A" book (\$10 Grove Press) are very important manifestos of our time. Chelsea Girl was and is a Manifesto of our time. So is Andy's new book, which he started before he had been shot, and finished when he got a little better and could function again, in the hospital. "A" is a taped anti-novel. It's fascinating, babbling, rambling along in queeny talk, it's visual like concrete poetry,

with many new "printing features," titles on top of the page in small letters, it's really a visual taped novel, a Time-Novel, embracing the time from Madison Avenue to 42nd Street, from Ondine to Rotten Rita and Paul Paul, it's a novel of tape-touch, a mobile-novel, a multi-logue, with the Dutchess (Brigitte Polk) Rotten Rita (I love this name), Billi Name, Sugar Plum Fairy, Irving du Ball, Taxine, Moxanne, Ingrid Superstar . . . It's a "Word-Orgy," a queeny-babble babble talk . . . and I suppose it got edited very excellently by the Editor of Grove Press.

This book talks in snuffles, coughs, gurgles, laughs, shouts, exclamation points, signs, printing tricks, it's a printed tape (noreco taper) and full of shouts like: Uh Ah Uff Oh . . . I think it is a very important document, and can be compared to William Burrough's Naked Lunch, or Michel Butor's "Mobile," only this book of Andy Warhol is purely and definitely 1968-1970. And it is the first Anti-Novel-Multi-logue.

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flipout

(Continued from Page 3)

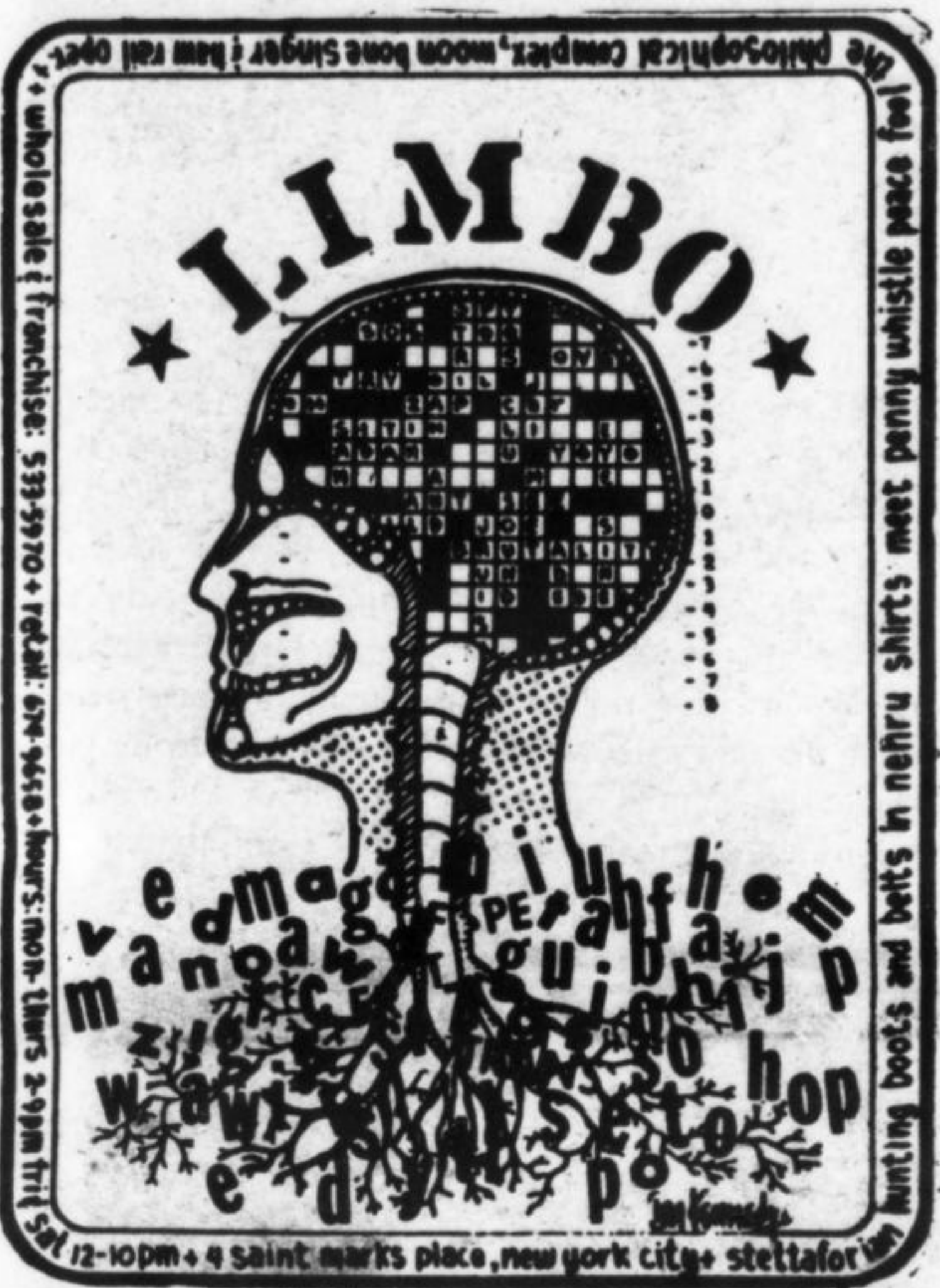
in the West (the young man quoted here is the son of an international diplomat who has spent his life working within the established system).

Second is the fact that media, electronic or print, today move information instantly. A quality change occurs when information is slammed home in nearly the same breath that it happens.

Before instant media one could ponder a news story well after it happened, and one kept a distance from the event. But the event and the report of it are so close in time that it is irrelevant to measure the pause. The net effect is that the observer becomes a participant. Moreover, media itself is a major contributory factor first by being a catalytic force.

Third, the world is more crowded today than it ever was in our history. While older generations sift and weigh the factors in population control, the young, without questioning, accept the mass-populated, mass-media, mass-technology, mass-organization life. Their whole revolt is demanded by the ecology of today.

"We are a mass society," I was told. "Yet the masses do not have power, political power. They will."



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Their concept of political power begins with their observations about their relationship with groups (masses) and it proceeds to ideas about the relationship between one group and another.

It is here that the Maoist ideology provides a way to understand these relationships.

Mao, with deceptively simple, militantly disciplined quotations blazes a trail through the complexities of our world. Place your absolute faith in the masses, revolutions are good, to seize political power is the major task of the proletariat, political power grows out of the barrel of a gun, war is the highest form of revolution—that is what Mao urges.

Guevara represents the possibilities of glamour to the children of affluence who mourn his death. Che, raised in relative affluence while being trained as a physician later became a jungle fighter in real jungles fighting with real bullets for an idea.

How much more exciting than reading a political text!

And more than quotations, Mao put his thoughts on the line and risked everything he had built by practicing what he preached.

Mao told his people to make revolution right on home base, and what better revolutionaries are there than the young?

He created the red guards to replace the government and the Communist party, and they did the job, for in all 29 provinces, regions and special municipalities Revolutionary Committees have been established and they hold the power.

(Revolutionary Committees are composed of first Peoples Liberation Army men, and then workers, peasants and students, and they replaced the former structures of government. It is not clear as to what has happened to the party except that it no longer seems to function as an organization.)

It is important to accept the fact that the Mao rhetoric (and the Marxist-Leninist rhetoric) represents the terms and ideas which a generation of youth are using. These are the images that have become realities for them.

But of course, not all students support the campus rebellions or only support them in part. (I have now here seen statistics which show how many were involved in the series of crises in 1968, but the total surely must be in the tens of thousands, and on given issues such as the use of police within university walls support seems to come from virtually all students and substantial sectors of the faculties.)

A young French teacher in Paris told me, "It is not for me to give any judgement about the May crisis. I will just underline that there had been student demonstrations during the last few years."

"After the end of the Algerian war, students were left without knowing what to struggle for. They demonstrated to ask for more labs, more teachers, more money shouting, 'Charlot de sous!' or demonstrated for Vietnam. But this was no fun because even official policy itself is against the war in Vietnam."

"So part of the student youth was in search of itself."

"The material situation was much worse at the Sorbonne than at the new faculty of Nanterre, but everything started at Nanterre in spite of that."

The instructor as well as other junior faculty members associated with the University of Paris offered me the following view (and they also pointed to a May 8, 1968 article in Le Monde which supported this view):

Nanterre, in a sprawling suburb of Paris, was a new university "in the material sense": the buildings were new, the campus, the quiet location (some called it isolation).

But the structure of the university was the same as throughout France.

The professors commuted from Paris for their once-a-week lectures and left the "practical work" to the assistants. The professors made no difference in the life of the university.

The students, left to themselves in the surrounding slums and dismal factories, felt that they had become the factory workers of the university. They were to do what management wanted them to do.

The students (and some university assistants) saw that their lives were to be merely more of this depersonalization. And more, they saw the near impossibility of identifying anything humane in the environment of Nanterre.

It was these factors which were allowed to "thrust into liberalism the propaganda of extremist groups, and these extremist groups are now forcing the movement to become savages," Le Monde said.

And the violence in Paris last spring was savage, just as the violence has been in nearly every student-led revolt in the last year.

Like their counterparts in the United States, the Enrages of Europe come from the middle-class. But this is appropriate in Maoist terms: the masses in the affluent West are not the low-skilled workers or peasants. The masses are the middle-class in income and values. So it is the children of the masses who are leading the revolt.

Brutal energies from both the power holders and the Enrages—those who burn with anger at all that there is to be angry about—have put us all into war.

The war is fought with primitive weapons: stones and bottles against police clubs and tear gas. It hand-to-hand combat and that is always the fiercest kind of fighting.

But the issues are just as fierce. Shorn of ornament, the battle rages over whether the western world's culture, which centers on the individual, can or should be changed.

But change is a most difficult question. Assuming that change is absolutely demanded if only on the prima facie evidence of the mad world as it is today, how do people get from the insanity of now to the hoped for sanity of tomorrow?

On one side we have the possibility of usurping the power structure and economic system now destroying life via the route of outright revolution—armed conflict.

On another side we have the possibility of plunging into the morass in the optimistic belief that it is possible to attempt reforms from within. But recent events reinforce the conclusion that this probably will not work because no room has been left for altering the existent forces.

So now may be the time to stand back and watch, for no one on the battlefield is taking the time to listen to other voices. And that is not a pretty thought at all.



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deantonio (Continued from Page 7)

Don't forget that it was President Eisenhower himself in 1956 who said that if the election had been held as they were supposed to according to the Geneva Conference, Ho would have carried 80% of the vote in South Viet Nam. I asked Than Van Dinh, the former South Vietnamese ambassador to Washington what he thought Ho Chi Minh's percentage would be today in South Viet Nam and he said 99%.

EVO: Do you think that it's possible that maybe one of these days the United States will come to the realization that they are never going to win over the people of South Viet Nam?

DE ANTONIO: Again, this is part of a bigger picture. The real hawks in our military aren't all that worried about Viet Nam. They are convinced that they can beat Viet Nam any time they want to step up the game. But in their curious, distorted, mysterious, mistaken, and imbecilic minds, they have equated the NLF in Viet Nam with China, and China is the enemy. This is why in the film, as well as in their writings, the people like LeMay and General Clark are always talking about China. Now, China has shown remarkable restraint and has never entered into this war. Nor has Ho ever asked the Chinese to commit themselves. But what we are talking about here is more than just the war in Viet Nam. What we are talking about is the position of the United States in all of Southeast Asia. We're talking about our stake in world empire, we're talking about the really big game of which Viet Nam is a major part, but still just a part. And it depends on who you talk to. General LeMay is talking now and has been talking for five years about preventive war. In four or five years the Chinese are going to have the ability to deliver thermonuclear weapons, and the in is a different game. This is why they want a war. I'm sure this is why people in the Pentagon would like to incite China to cross the boarder into Viet Nam, so that we could then bomb them and their nuclear installations. This would leave only the Soviet Union and the United States to do whatever they want to do.

EVO: Sidetracking a little, it's ironic that while the Westerner thinks of the Oriental as always trying to save face, the whole United States position in Viet Nam has been one of saving face. Can you see anything in this?

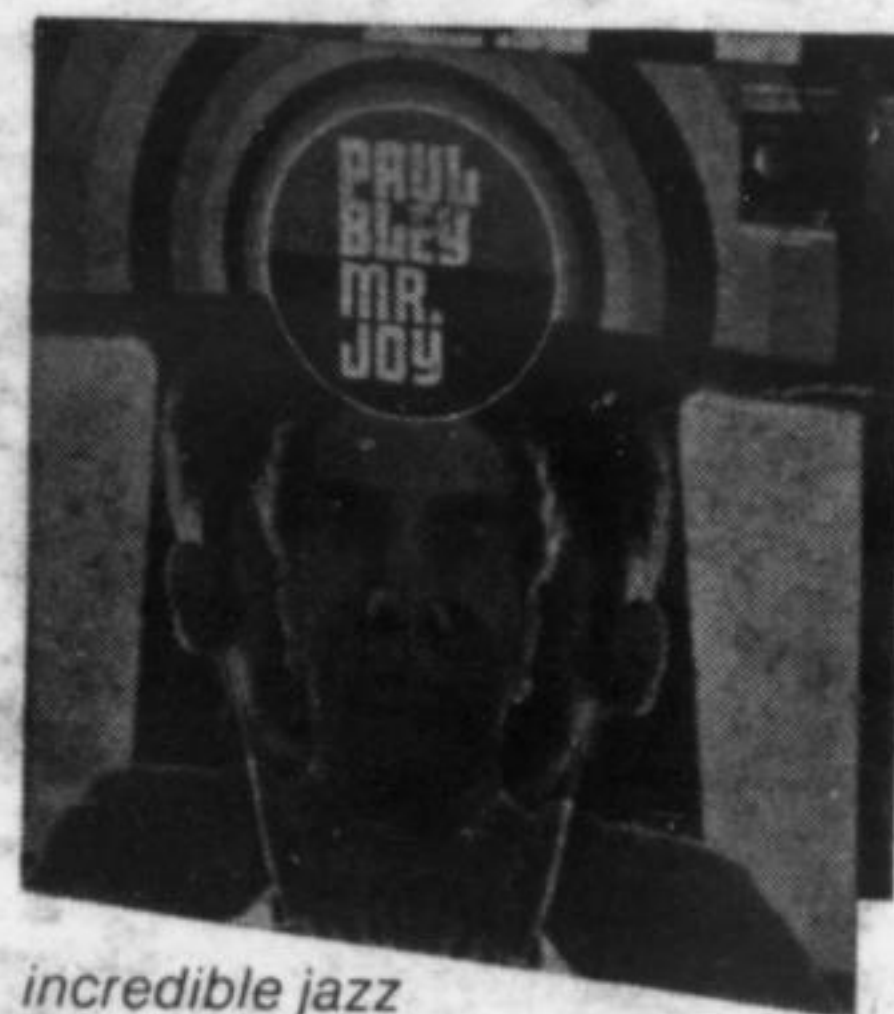
DE ANTONIO: Well, part of the operation is called Save Faces, but the other part is Keep Power. In fact, the nature of our committment is such that face-saving may not even seem remotely accurate. And in the true sense of "Face Saving", the most face saving thing we could do would be just get the hell out. This would show that at some point we learned something about what the nature of the war is. But killing people to save face is first of all stupid, and second of all, we are really involved in an exercise of our power and not just in face-saving.

EVO: The movie was made after you formed The Monday Film Corporation and the corporation made a formal statement which I'll quote: "Those who originally formed the partnership, The Monday Film Production Company, share the following convictions; That the United States intervention in Viet Nam is immoral, unjust, impractical and debasing. History and the facts speak out against it." Will this be a continual policy in all your movies or was this Corporation formed solely for the production of "Pig?"

DE ANTONIO: It's fairly difficult to make radical films, so each time you make one you start a separate corporation, you have a new set of investors, and backers. The lines you just read were said to every one of the investors in this film. The investors are interesting people. They include three Rockefellers, Paul Newman, Robert Ryan, Steve Allen, Leonard Bernstein, Mitch Miller, a good many people who I think don't ordinarily invest in films. My next project will probably be a fiction film. Everything I do has something to do with the life of the country in which I live. I suspect that even though it's fiction, it will be political.

EVO: In conclusion, throughout your three movies, as you mention, you always deal with the state the country is in at the moment. Have you ever considered having a more international theme, dealing more with mankind in general?

DE ANTONIO: I prefer to work with what I know best. I've also done films in addition to the three we've talked about and they too are similar to these. When you say international I believe that most of my work will deal with America and Americans because this is the world that interests me the most, and of which I'm a part. I think the Viet Nam film and "Point of Order" both have something to say about mankind. Words like mankind are sometimes fairly difficult to use, they're so big. I think if you tell it right, where it is, where you are, you say something about the nature of how it is everywhere. In my fiction film, although it won't be a message fiction film, I can't see how it won't carry a message. To me, all art is political, finally. I think this is why American painting is coming to an end, because American painting is in itself a political expression simply because it avoids everything this world has to do with, it's ultimate statements are statements which are simply decoration. And these are statements. I might add, that are very, very congenial to US government and big business, both of which endow and support painting. When film, like mine, is endowed and supported by big business and government, then we will know that the films are no good. The first time I get a government grant, I'll know that I've copped out. The state of our world right now is such that the voices we need are voices that question, voices that express doubt about what it is we're doing; because what we are doing is ugly, without life, and without direction. We are like some kind of giant engulfing animal that seems to be gobbling and gobbling everything in the world. "In The Year of The Pig" does not refer to the police in Chicago, it was a title I had before Chicago happened. It is a metaphor which only in part describes what the French did in Viet Nam or what we did there. It has to do with the kind of thing which underlies, perhaps, our lives now, and which I find revolting, and like most people who basically have a strong feeling about this country, which I do, a strong positive feelin, I'm a pessimist. I think we need a revolutionary change, but we won't get it.



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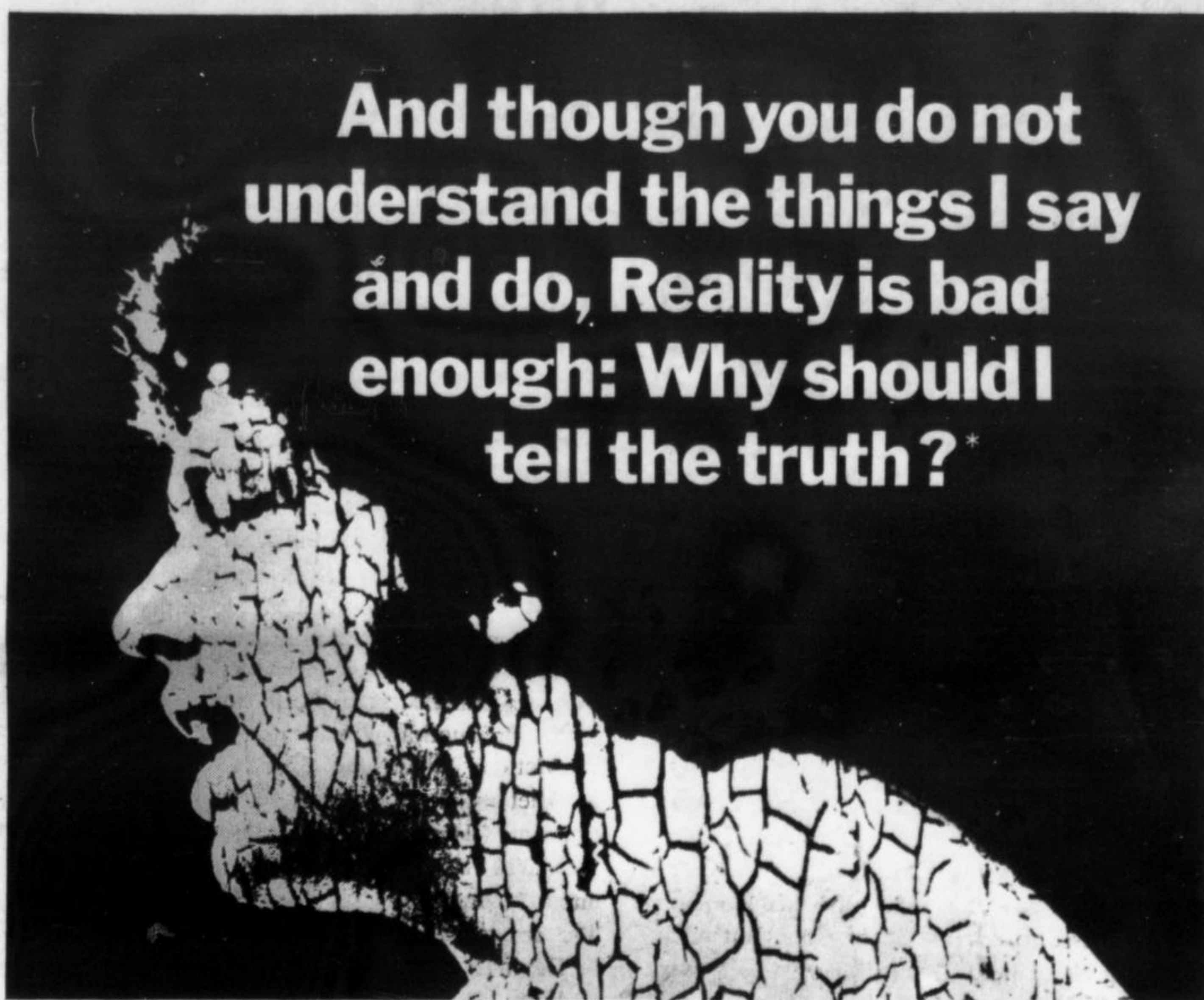
book

(Continued from Page 12)

the reader is left to draw the conclusion that the tiny and unprosperous extended families of witches have become so small a remnant of a once large and potent group owing alike to the relentless mass murders and the black magic revenge.

Vindicating controversial claims of Dr. Margaret Murray, the author quotes from authentic witch rituals and exhibits photographs of implements used in the Old Religion — meaningful to initiates, all but unintelligible to outsiders. She also cites instances, medieval and modern, the latter documented, of what witches can do. As with most ritual magic techniques, eastern or western, the principal effect is on the practitioners' consciousness, but there are verified instances of telepathy, clairvoyance, predictions, healings, weather alterations, and seemingly "chance" occurrences following on such rituals in such a way as to materialize the wishes of the person being benefited. She repeats the witch claim — which I have encountered elsewhere — that mass gatherings of witch covens used psychic force (vibrations" or "Cone of Power") to dissuade Hitler from crossing the English Channel, thus altering the course of the war; as witches do not have the adept's technique of drawing power from the Unmanifest for such emergencies, many paid later in severe debility and early death, but they felt the sacrifice was worth it.

Read this one, learn about witchcraft the way it really is, then judge the claims of publicity-seekers in this line for yourself. You won't be sorry.



And though you do not understand the things I say and do, Reality is bad enough: Why should I tell the truth?*



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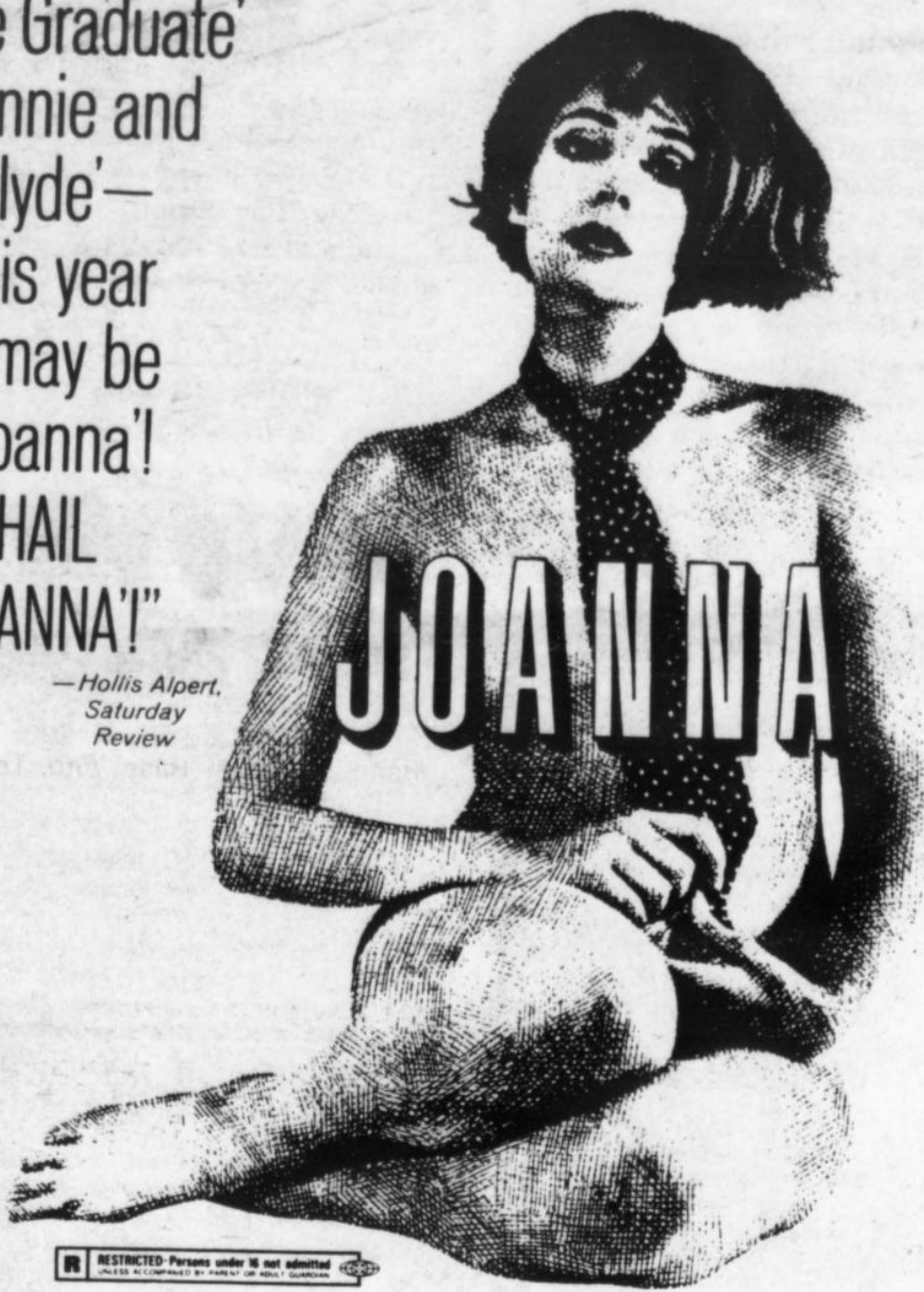
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—Hollis Alpert,
Saturday
Review



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queen

(Continued from Page 20)

the extent that it exists, is entirely the property of car-owners, club-members, and small circles of friends huddling around a gas-fire. The keynote of English society is not so much that violent acts do not occur but that fewer acts and contacts of any sort are allowed to occur.

Even murder statistics can be misleading — America is usually credited (if that is the word) with twenty times as many murders as England, but the English also have a high missing-person rate which is never integrated into these figures. Forensic and investigative techniques are also not as thorough as in America, mainly because everyone assumes that no one would kill anyone. When murders do come to light, they often turn out to have been very English in character — quiet, covert affairs involving poisoning or walling up or both, sometimes with multiple victims. The role of national traits in murder is possibly something that has not been sufficiently studied, partly because it is difficult to get at the real facts.

Whatever else may be true, it is clear that English society is painfully undergoing a change, though the ultimate direction this may take is not foreseen.
(Continued on Page 22)

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JERRY TALLMER, POST

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THE REAL KILLER WEED

One in every 40 deaths in the United States is caused by lung cancer, and this ratio is expected to increase in the next ten years, according to the October 7th issue of the *Journal of the A.M.A.*

But this year sales of cigarettes declined for the first time, hopefully a snowballing trend. What has been the response of cigarette manufacturers? They've made their cigarettes longer, thereby hooking the user all the more.

Tobacco is an addicting drug. The more one smokes, the harder it is to give up the habit. Those extra little millimeters added to already king-size cancer sticks are more than a promotional gimmick.

CIGARETTES AND PREGNANCY

The cause for most birth defects and miscarriages in this country is unknown. Cigarette smoking may be a major factor.

An article in the *Archives of Environmental Health* reported a study of 2,016 married women which revealed these interesting findings:

1) Cigarette smoking women had an increased rate of miscarriages, fewer pregnancies and more infertility.

2) The husband's smoking habit seemed to have little to do with the wife's reproductive history. This suggests that ova might be affected adversely before fertilization by spermatozoa.

PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE!

Those who have switched from cigarettes to pipes or cigars may only have traded lung cancer for kidney cancer.

Cancer of the kidney occurs five times as much in cigarette smokers as in those who do not use tobacco at all. But pipe and cigar smokers run twice the risk of cigarette smokers of developing cancer of the kidney, reported two Seattle pathologist in *Cancer*. Pipe and cigar smokers usually do not inhale so the site of irritation isn't the lungs. Instead, the smoke is absorbed by the mucus membranes of the mouth or the stomach, circulated through the bloodstream and filtered by the kidneys.

INNOCENT VICTIMS

Antibiotic News (the names of some medical periodicals are unintentionally funny) for October contains an interesting item about unwitting victims of tobacco freaks.

Dr. Paul Cameron, of Wayne State University, found that children of tobacco users have twice as much respiratory disease as children in non-smoking families.

"We also were able to correlate the amount of sickness with the amount of smoke in the household. The more smoke, the more respiratory illness."

Dr. Cameron said that all the differences between the "smoke" and "no-smoke" groups were statistically significant.

"Children are known to be particularly susceptible to air pollution. And these findings, though not definitive, suggest that they are also particularly susceptible to that air pollution caused by cigarette, cigar and pipe smoke," the Wayne State physician concluded.

I shared an apartment my first two years of medical school with an extremely bright but very nervous student who smoked close to three packs of cigarettes daily. A loving intelligent wife, three healthy boys, the passage of a few years, signs of financial security and years of psychoanalytic training (in that order, I believe) have combined to make him a relaxed happy man today. He coauthored a psychoanalytic study of the "theatre of the absurd" which made news on the theatre pages a year or so ago.

But I can recall a tiny living room in an apartment over a garage and in the center of dense smog a tense figure tapping his foot.

Dammit, Norman, I told you my lungs were being blackened!

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

queen

(Continued from Page 21)

able. There is no doubt that a number of odd things have happened in England since the devaluation, and Americans are warned that they may end up participating in (or provoking) these phenomena if they choose to sit out Nixon. The campaign against Scientology, mentioned by David Bodie, a movement both totalitarian and American, is only one symptom. Another is the continuing wave of persecution and prosecution against "dirty" books and plays, which may sound just like home, except that many of the works freely available in America have not yet appeared in England and probably cannot appear, despite recent changes in the laws.

Other touches of home are the campaigns against the underground press and pot-smoking which never come to a head but also never end. Political protest is also not favored — a law was recently introduced in parliament to imprison all foreigners who take part in demonstrations and then deport them — the vote was about three to two against amid very British cries Shame, Sir, Shame, but such a law was proposed and next time it could pass. The last time I was in the Portobello Road I saw a man carrying a sign which read ALL FOREIGNERS SHOULD BE ARRESTED, JAILED, AND THROWN OUT OF ENGLAND, SIGNED J. E. DEATH — it's nice to imagine that he was just a lovable English eccentric, but I wouldn't like to bet on it.

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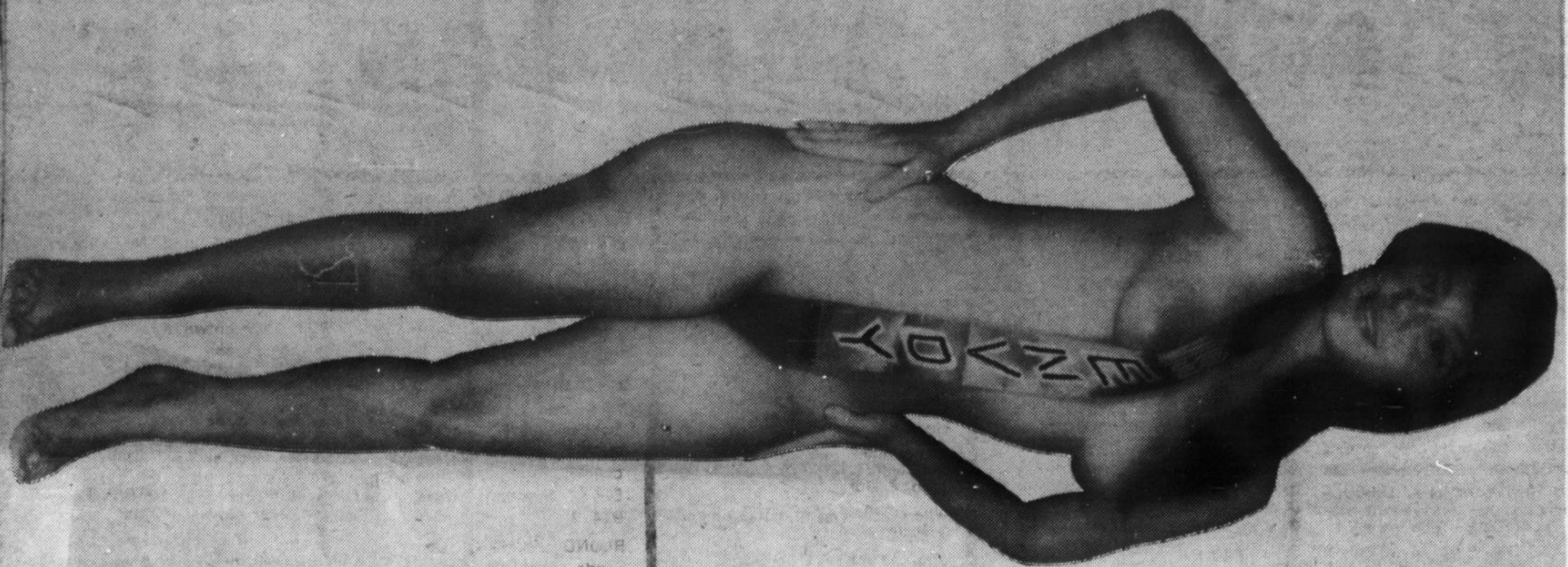
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YOUNG wealthy single exec seeks gal for spankings and sex. Can help a career, pay some bills, be a real friend. Send phone number to Box 369, Planetarium Station, New York, NY 10024.

WHITE MALE 30's seeks company of female or male, must be of quiet and shy type. I am professional artist, 5'8", 130 lbs. long dark brown hair. Quiet indoor type. Write to EVO, Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009.

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

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

ALLENTOWN, PA. chick. Met at Fillmore Fri. nite Oct. 18. Call Elliot at 212-EX 2-2752. Leave phone number. Let us continue our rap about blue eyes . . . green eyes. We both have green

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to work out new and artistic ideas in photography. All types races etc.: Illustration; Nude; Pinup. Experience not required. Much money. Alec Cohen 777-3131.

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"RESPONSE" Magazine! 400 ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to play. Sexciting photos. Current issue, \$2. (Mail only). REMSON, 116 W. 87 St., N.Y. 10024.

POSITION, new Sexual Freedom League publication. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034 San Francisco 94114.

"SIZZLING Adult Tabloid" New Bold, Daring! Broadminded news, Personals, sources, hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c. Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER a copy of the N.Y. Envoy, (your passport to the sensual world of the swingers) only \$1. Send today to N.Y. Envoy P.O. Box 134G, Brooklyn, New York 11203.

"BREAK-THROUGH — formerly Banned Books. Exciting, descriptive stories to keep you Spellbound. Sample \$3.00 cash. Adults ONLY. Bookmart, Box 175-EV, N.Y.C. 10019, New York."

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

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

MAKE HASH (THC)

New formulas to make hash of legal chemicals plus famous turn-on book. Make LSD, mescaline, peyote, DMT, etc. \$250. Turn-Ons Unlimited, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 90029. Ecstasy or refund. Share water.

NOW AVAILABLE — the Famous KAMA SUTRA calendar (size 11" x 17") embodying the Spirit of '69. Enjoy a different photograph for each month of one of Ron Boise's erotic sculptures in metal. Same sculptures written-up and shown in Evergreen Review. A great gift!!! \$4.95 for one, \$12.95 for three, or send for free brochure. Dealers inquiries invited. Send check or M/O to Button Up, Suite 503 E, 160 W. 46 St. NYC, N.Y. 10036. Tel.: (212) 581-4199. Order now! Limited supply!

BUY AND SELL

THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL

includes complete instructions for building Strobes, Color Organs, Light Machines, etc. Send \$2 to Lightworks, 409 East 6th St., N.Y.C. 10009.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Cloth Costumes to Color Cover the very pink of your existence and keep you dancing in the street. HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR. 1669 Wisconsin Avenue. Georgetown, Wash., D. C., 202-333-6126. Hours: Noon - 7 P.M.

BUGGED by your barren walls? Hippest selection of Day-Glo posters. Night Owl, 118 W. 3rd St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Write for free catalogue.

EXTEND, premature climax? Apply cream and get to nitty gritty 5/\$1.25. Thereafter 25c. No personal checks, stamps. HAILE, Box 147 B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

LESBIAN PHOTOS 2 girls making love, together. Hot. Lez photo sets \$5.00 cash! Black and white girls set \$10.00. Box 3964, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

BUTTONS

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

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

PARTY cards ADULTS ONLY 52 lively playing cards plus jokes in gorgeous color \$3.00. (First 100 orders BONUS mini-deck FREE) Parisian c/o Box 68-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

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

PSYCHEDELIC SUPPLIES AND JEWELRY

From world's largest psychedelic supplier
Roach Clips from \$5.40 doz.
Rings from \$3.50 doz.
Posters from \$8.50/100

COMPARABLE VALUES IN Hand-made antique filigree jewelry-Strobes-Hash pipes - Blacklites - Lightboxes - Incense - Burners - Flavored cig. papers-Beads-Pendants - Earrings - Crystal - Way out buttons - Ex-Rabbits - Rings-Bells, books and candles - Waterpipes - Flutes - Out of sight shades - Slave bracelets - Kaleidoscopic projectors and other light trips-Embroidered emblems - Celestial lights - Bumper stickers - Stretch bottles - Diffraction discs - Peace symbols - Ankhs -

etc. **LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!!** Free catalog - dealers only ARGOSY, Dept. EVO 6613E, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

DILDOES, vibrators, ticklers, extensions, send stamped self addressed envelope for information to: Valco Sales, 906 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07307.

NAVY PEACOATS, \$6.95; fur coats; leather jackets; blankets; all kinds of uniform coats; navy bells, \$2.00; pants; helmets and gasmasks, 50c. 97 E. Broadway, WO 4-6806.

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

SAN FRANCISCO'S own Mr. Carnival '69 in color photos. Only \$5 for five 5x7 photos. Omega Studios, P. O. Box 3395, Daly City, Calif. 94015.

BOY'S available in color photos. Five 5x7 prints only \$5. For catalog send \$1 (applied to order). Omega Studios, P. O. Box 3395, Daly City, California 94015.

JESUS: BUT I SAY UNTO YOU THAT YOU RESIST NOT EVIL.

FOR PHOTOS, films on any subject, you name it, I deliver, don't be shy. Write C-A. Box 184, Staten Island, New York 10306.

STUFF CIRCULARS IN ENVELOPES — Light filing - Saturdays only - 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. (5 hrs.) \$10. Send description to MOD Mailway, Box 439, Madison.

GIRLS over 18 wanted for exploitation movies. From \$50.00 to \$90.00 per day. Send pictures and resumes to: KUNO SPONHOLZ, 350 West 55th St., New York City, N. Y., or call: CO 5-3777. Visits only by appointment.

"DRIVE CAREFULLY, DR. BARNARD IS WAITING." Buy this BUMPERSTICKER & BUTTON. Also 290 other buttons. BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER. FREE CATALOGUE TO ALL. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St., NYC, N.Y. 10036. Tel.: 581-4199.

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GO-GO DANCERS WANTED REGULAR & TOPLESS. EXCELLENT PAY YOUR CHOICE OF NIGHTS TO WORK. KATE SHEA, INC. 582-1734, 147 WEST 46 ST., 2nd FLOOR.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE, INC. GUARANTEED DATES

Est. 1961
147 WEST 42nd STREET
ROOM 1018, NEW YORK CITY
3:00-8:00 p.m. OX 5-0158
A.M. and Sun. TA 8-7897



WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, NOV. 29:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Ron Padgett
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, NOV. 30:
 4:00 PM
 Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, DEC. 2:
 8:30 PM
 Prose — Bart Gerald, Seymour Krim
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, DEC. 3:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Peter Schjeldahl
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, DEC. 5:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Sam Abrams
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

NOW THRU FEB.:
 "The Machine As Seen At The
 End of the Mechanical Age"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

MUSIC

SATURDAY, NOV. 30:
 2:30 PM
 "The Magic Flute" (Mozart)
 Performed by Amato Opera
 Theatre
 Town Hall
 13 West 43rd Street

MONDAY, NOV. 2:
 8:30 PM
 Stefan Grossman
 Folklore Center
 321 Sixth Avenue — \$2.00

1:00 PM
 "Jackson Pollock"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

SUNDAY, DEC. 1:
 8:00 PM
 "Myth and Reality of the Cuban
 Revolution—Che Guevara and
 Others As I Knew Them"
 By Laure Bergquist
 Emmanus House
 241 East 116th St. — Free

MONDAY, DEC. 2:
 8:30 PM
 "And After Vietnam?" by Will Ousler
 Cooper Union Square
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
 Doll," "Love on Chrystie Street,"
 "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
 vies," "Red Light," "The World of
 Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
 menco"
 Maurice Amar Studio
 61 East 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

SATURDAY, NOV. 30:
 3:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Cluny Brown" by Ernst Lubitsch
 (1946) with Charles Boyer,
 Jennifer Jones, Peter Lawford,
 Reginald Owen
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

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

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
 Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"
 "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
 vies," "Red Light," "The World of
 Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
 menco"
 Maurice Amar Studio
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:
 —"The Concept"
 Sheridan Square Playhouse
 CH 2-3432

—"The David Show"
 Players Theatre
 115 McDougal — AL 4-5076

—"The Grab Bag"
 Astor Place Theater
 434 Lafayette — 254-4060

—"Dionysus in 69"
 Performance Garage
 33 Wooster Street — 925-8712

"Arenas of Lutetia"
 By Ronald Tavel
 Judson Poets' Theatre
 55 Washington Square South

—Shakespeare's "King Lear"
 Roundabout Theatre
 307 W. 26th St. — WA 4-7161

—"Claudine" by Don Dvares,
 adapted by Robert Schroeder
 and directed by John Chace
 Mannhardt Theatre Foundation
 542 W. Broadway — YU 2-4430

SATURDAY, NOV. 30:
 8:00 PM
 Avital-Mine
 90 & 9 Coffee House
 99 Clinton Street
 Brooklyn Heights — \$1.25

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY:
 "Ten Plus One"—New Short Plays
 N. Y. Theatre Ensemble
 Millenium Building
 2 East 2nd St. — 254-5913
 Or 674-9431 — \$1.50

TALKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 29:
 3:30 PM
 "Three Dark Paintings"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

SATURDAY, NOV. 30:

—1:30 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Early Gothic Sculpture"
 by Angela B. Watson
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, DEC. 3:
 2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Early Gothic Sculpture"
 by Angela B. Watson
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM
 Gallery Talk—
 "El Greco" by Alen Rosenbaum
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4:
 11:00 AM
 Gallery Talk—"Vermeer, Steen and
 de Hoock" by Linda J. Lovell
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

THURSDAY, DEC. 5:
 2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Early Gothic Sculpture"
 by Angela B. Watson
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—6:00 PM
 "The Beginning of Cubism"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM
 "Karma and Daily Life
 by Ruth Kunze
 A.R.E. New York Center
 34 West 35th Street

FILMS

FRIDAY, NOV. 29:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "To Be Or Not To Be" (1942)
 By Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole
 Lombard, Jack Benny and
 Robert Stack
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 PM
 Avant Garde Film Program
 Millenium Film Workshop
 2 East Second Street

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

SUNDAY, DEC. 1:
 3:00 PM
 Film on Art: "George W. Edinburg"
 "The Crystal Year,"
 "The Ever Changing Sky"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "The Oyster Princess" (1919)
 By Ernst Lubitsch
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
 Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"
 "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
 vies," "Red Light," "The World of
 Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
 menco"
 Maurice Lamar Studio
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 (\$1.50)

MONDAY, DEC. 2:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Anna Boleyn" (1920)
 By Ernst Lubitsch
 with Emil Jannings
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

TUESDAY, DEC. 3:
 2:00 PM
 "The Smiling Lieutenant" (1931)
 By Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette
 Colbert and Maurice Chevalier
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—3:00 PM
 Cineprobe—"Evening with David
 Brooks"
 Museum of Modern Art

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "His Majesty, The American" (1919)
 with Douglas Fairbanks
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

THURSDAY, DEC. 5:
 2:00, 5:30 and 8:00 PM
 "The Secret of Treasure Island"—I
 "Platinum Blonde" (1931)
 with Loretta Young, Robert
 Williams, Jean Harlow
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

EXHIBITIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOW THRU FEB. 2:
 "Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
 Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
 88th Street and Fifth Avenue

OKAY, FINE... NOW PAN ACROSS AN OPEN UP FOR A WIDE ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT... GOOD... THE FIRST SERGEANT NOTICES THE ALBUM... ACT SURPRISED.

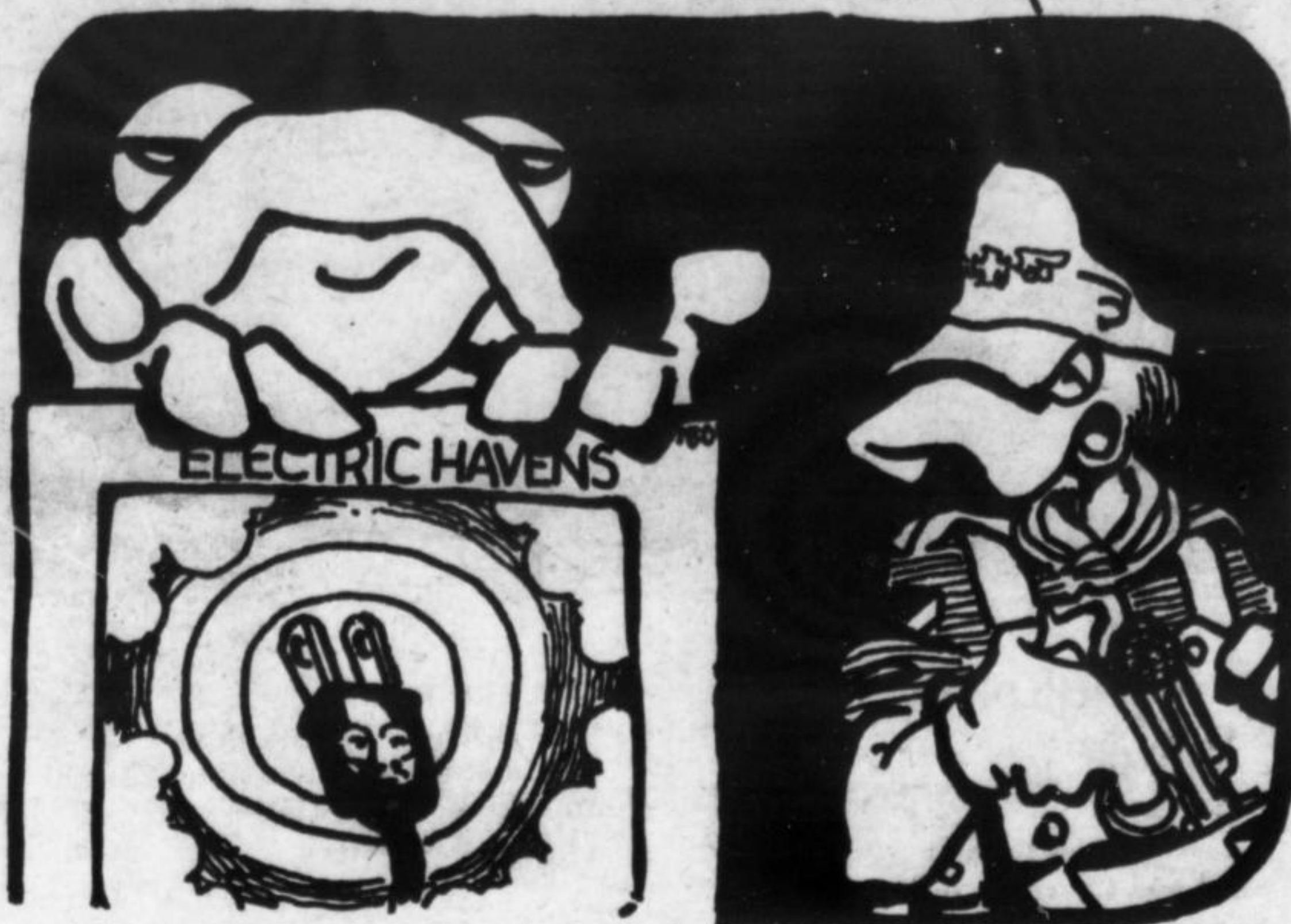
HEY MAN, LOOK! DIS IS DA RICHIE HAVENS ALBUM!!

THAT'S GOOD.... FLASH IT TOWARD US... A LITTLE MORE... BLUEBERRY, THAT'S YOUR CUE... HE FLASHES THE ALBUM, YOU START YOUR SPEECH...

DID YOU GUYS KNOW THAT THESE VOCAL RECORDINGS WERE MADE BY RICHIE HAVENS WITH ACOUSTICAL GUITAR DURING 1963 AND 1964.?"



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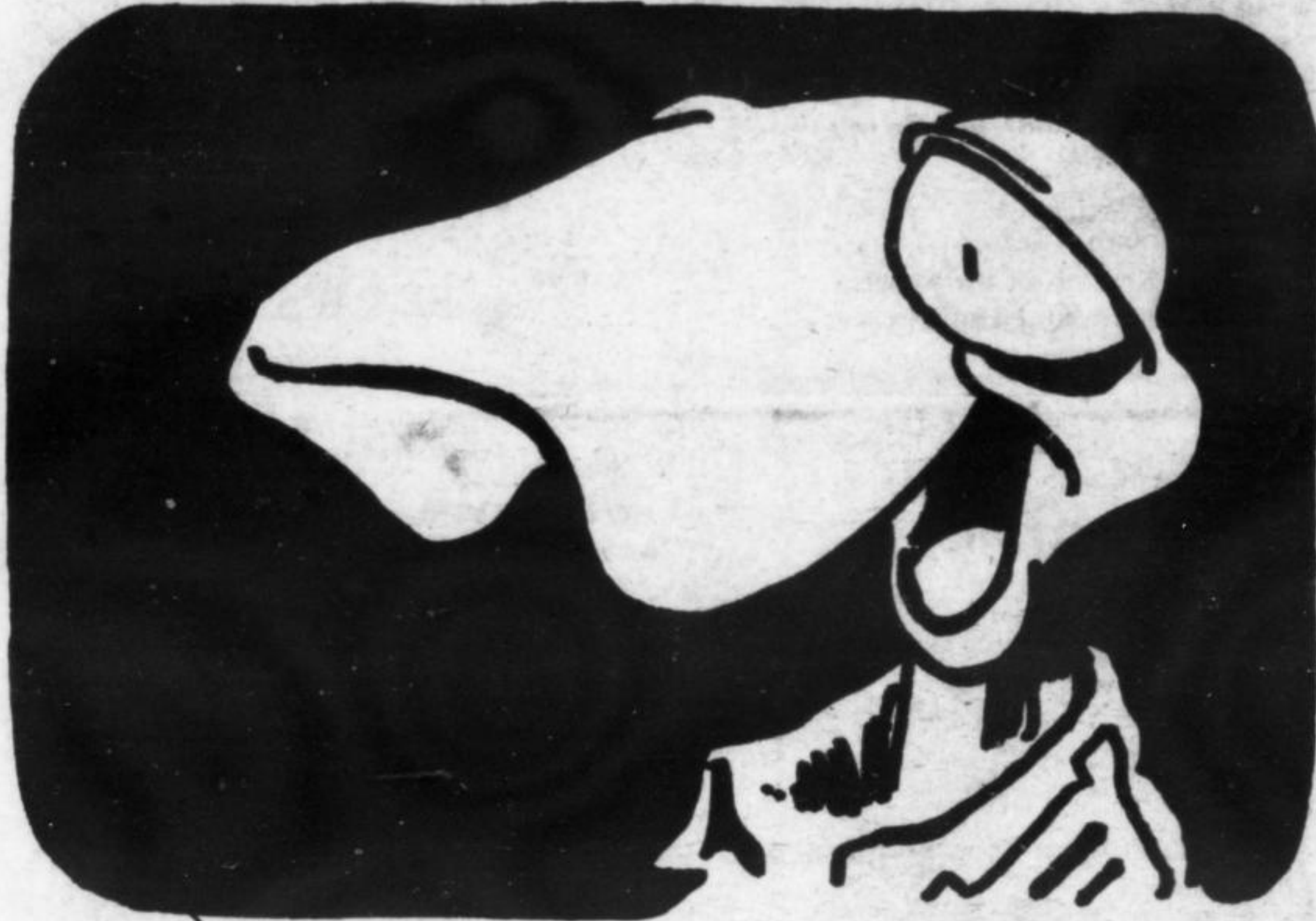
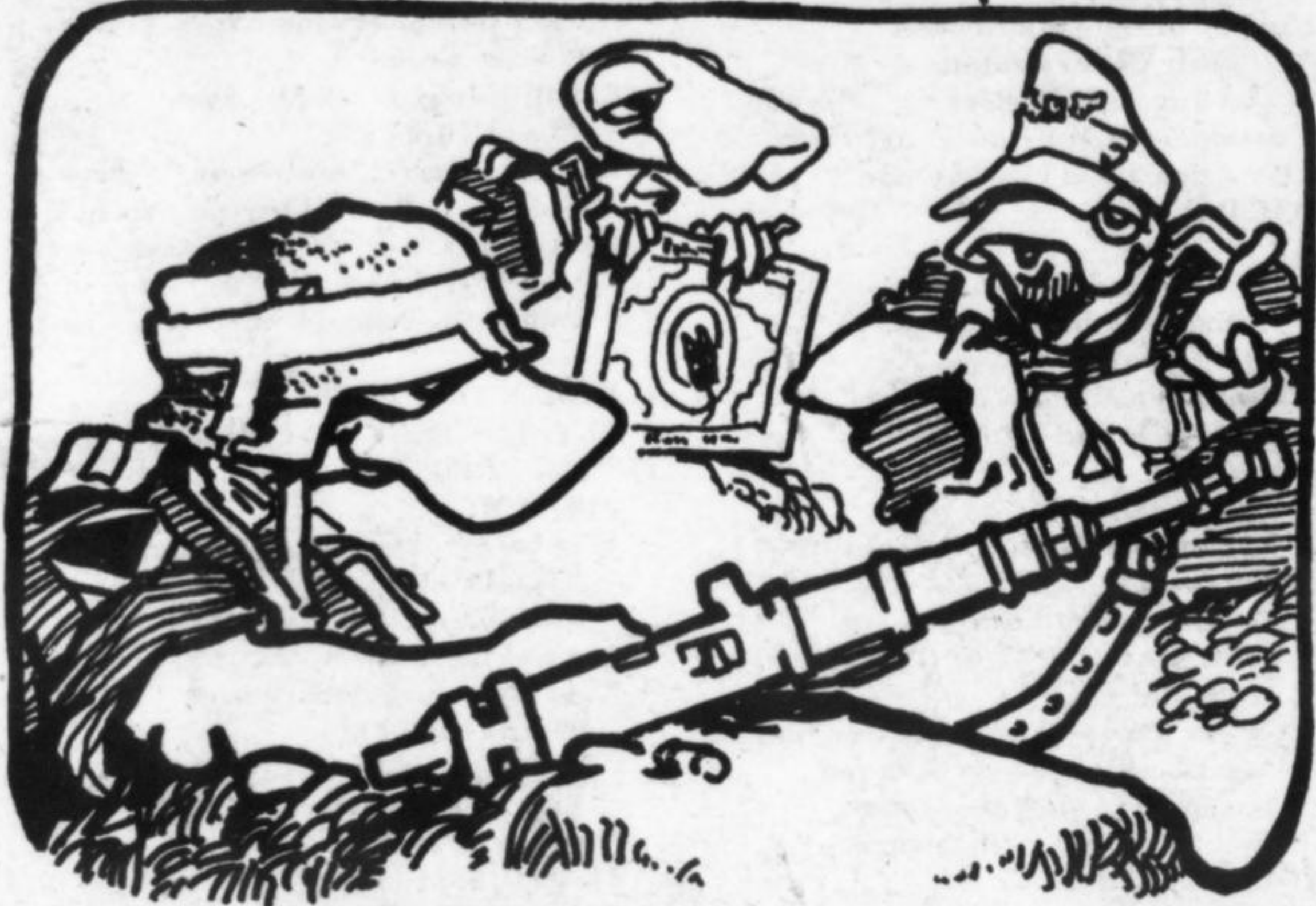


OH REALLY? WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT..

YEAH, NO KIDDING, WE IS "TRENCH BUDDIES" I WOULD NEVER PUT YOUSE ON... AN, ANOTHER THING, THE ELECTRIC CONCEPT, THE ELECTRIC INSTRUMENTATION WERE ADDED IN 1968 BY DOUGLAS!!

CAMERA TWO, ZOOM IN FOR A CLOSEUP OF THE AMAZEMENT ON THE SGTS. FACE... EASY... EASY.

WHY THAT'S A FANTASTIC IDEA!!



I KNOW IT IS, BUT... NOW GET THIS, IT ALSO HAPPENS THAT, AS RICHIE NO LONGER PERFORMS THE MATERIAL CONTAINED IN THIS ALBUM, ELECTRIC HAVENS, HAS BECOME A COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF ITS RELEASE!!

OH WOW! I GONNA RUN RIGHT OUT IN NO-MAN'S-LAND AN BUY ONE!!

ALRIGHT, CUT!.. IT'S A TAKE!..

CHRIST, I GLAD DAT'S OVER, MA' GOD DAMN FOOTS ASLEEP.....



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