

THE east village THEER

WINTER AWAKENING!



AT 11 A.M.
IN THE **SHIP**
MEADOW!



BREIN



Kim Deitch

PETER JOSEPH LEGGIERI - ALLAN KATZMAN

- JAACOV KOHN
- JAY FAB
- DON KATZMAN
- LENNOX RAPHAEL
- D. A. LATIMER
- DAVID BODIE
- MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
- PETER MIKALAJUNAS
- KIM DEITCH
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- MISSI
- LIL PICARD
- LITA ELISCU
- RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
- TRINA
- SHARKEY

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 LONDON: MILES
 PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON YINKENOOG
 LOS ANGELES: ERNIE BARRY
 PARADISE: STEPPENWOLF DANGERFIELD
 WALL STREET: JAY AND THE KID
 TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
 NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

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BE-IN!

Should the be-in be?
 The I Ching spoke and said, "I, nourishment, changing into the power of the creative."

So the REDISCOVER AMERICA BE-IN means good things.
 Do your thing as you haven't been allowed to do because of the confrontations and bitterness of bewildered America, and all the other national octopuses.

Those who love life, the power of human energy, come to the RAB to rouse on Saturday October 12 at exactly 11 in the morning, for 11 on the 12th day of the 10th month brings us to the 23rd, and on the 23rd the Royal Star of the Lion rules with a promise of success and help from superiors and protection from those in high places. So it is written in the Book of Numbers.

We who have been hassled by the cops and militant revolutionaries who would have us kill our own fathers (Oedipus-hunters), have given us all very bad vibrations and almost made us think that the world is a musky mean place when we all know it isn't.

Come for life, Come as bright and as happy as you can. Bring a Tent to fuck in (if that isn't legal, don't do it because it ain't worth the cop-hassle), make love on the grass, play, and bring plenty of pizza. After all, Cristoforo did. Come to the Sheep Meadow and graze on life and remember that in the Rediscovered America we will have the Pursuit of Happiness.

LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS

Dear EVO:

Re: Vol. 3, No. 42 —

Charlotte Moorman, that uppity bitch, should have been cut loose last Saturday nite. The only thing larger than the helium balloons was her ego. There was a conspiracy between her con ed and the police to tickle her twat. It was pretty gross of her to come swooping down on that Japanese self-obliteration chick calling on the police to arrest her because she didn't belong in Charlotte's parade. Just because the bitch bares her tits once or twice doesn't mean that she's spokesman and power controller of the so-called avant garde..

Peace,
 Galactus

Dear EVO:

Although you recently published an articulate letter from a reader warning people about it, "Abortion Techniques" is still being advertised in the back of EVO; we sent for a copy recently to check it out; and want to tell EVO readers just what we got for 2.95: 5 mimeographed sheets containing a new facts easily available elsewhere and several very dangerous falsehoods — also easily come by — none of them helpful to the probably desperate mail-order customer.

The first page is taken up with a lot of legal boilerplate piously disclaiming responsibility for the uses a reader may make of the publication. Then follow brief descriptions of hospital procedures — d and c up to the twelfth week and hysterotomy and the saline technique thereafter — and of the costs of such operations. They don't tell you how you MIGHT possibly qualify for hospital abortions; these "prizes" make up less than 1 per cent of U. S. abortions. The new Russian vacuum technique is also explained; and accompanied by a few European abortion-fatality statistics.

Then various "home remedies" are listed, including a rather suspiciously detailed account of how to use a catheter. Only a brief warning is given about the deadly danger, the pain, and the final ineffectiveness of these procedures, and the reader is implicitly lead to believe that all extra-legal abortions are done by such quack methods. Resigned statements about the impossible prospects for U. S. abortion law repeal come next, together with false claims about the horrible "indelible scar" abortion is inevitably supposed to leave on a woman's mind. Then there are news warnings about how intercourse can result in pregnancy and how birth control is the answer. They fail to point out, though, that even the pill has a 1.5% failure rate, according to

FDA figures, and that most people sending for this little "volume" probably find post facto lectures on preparedness a bit irrelevant at this stage.

The five-page tome closes on this helpful note: "If the reader desires further information on this subject he should consult his or her doctor or the American Medical Association for further details."

We would suggest less futile sources; depending on your purposes, whether educational or medical, you can get real information from: the Association for the Study of Abortion (120 West 57 St.; N.Y.C. 10019—send them \$2.95 and ask for their huge packet of good reprints on abortion); Abortion, an excellent paperback by Lawrence Lader; or Parents' Aid Society in Hempstead, Long Island—(516) 538-2626.

And save your money for more crucial purchases.

Cindy Cisler and James Clapp
 Public Education Committee, Parent's Aid Society.

Dear I. V. Atar:

In a recent book, "The Gospel of the 20th Century: The Law & Revelation of the Promised Messiah of Mankind," consisting of 3 parts (how I have been manifesting; my ways & ways; and how, long ago, gurudom contacted me in nomine THE CHILD), it is said "THE CHILD is THE CHILD; THE CHILD is unstable; but THE CHILD is our only hope." (The same day I found the only copy around the EVO had the child cover, by the Way).

I wish to now mention that ESTABLISHMENT: E-STABLE ISH MEANT (i.e., "not A STABLE . . ."), that I am certainly Ish (punishment: Ish meant pun (on Is), and, in answer to an ancient slander, DIESTABLISHMENTARIANISM is not the longest word in the language.

Free huge booklet all about me (God) for anyone who writes me for it.

BENEDICT SCHWARTZBERG
 P. O. Box 752
 Peter Stuyvesant Station
 New York, N.Y. 10009

P.S. — Gospel is \$2, Yoga Forum, 719 Yonge St., Toronto 5.

Dea: EVO:

Shit, am I bad off. Thank the Village that EVO and WBAI exists. Without it I'd be quoting the N. Y. Times, like my friends. Hey, if anyone else is in my position, write in so I'll know I'm not alone.

Yours respectfully in Peace,
 "BIG BROTHER" BOBBY
 96 Jedwood Place
 Valey Stream, N. Y.

P.S.—Keep resisting the pigs. I'll be along soon!

Dear EVO:

Please ignore my previous request to discontinue my son's subscription. He has raised so much hell I can no longer stand it.

Yours sincerely,
 MRS. M. L. SAUNDERS
 Fredericton, M.B.
 Canada

Dear EVO:

David Brodie got closer to the bone in his (Vol. 3, No. 41) article "da-yeh-nu" than most these days.

I heard him saying "Bullshit to revolution, it lowers the youthful protestant to the same level as the Daley-esque cretin."

His proposal for a substitute seemed to me to be an individual awakening and sensitizing. That's about what we think.

We are Brave New World Communication Consultants, and our bag is: (1) any etreme is bad (for obvious reasons), (2) propoganda from any part of the spectrum is still propoganda, (3) for the revolution to work, it has to appeal to the power structure.

America 1968 the power structure is the youth. Median age now 27.7, in 1971 or 72 55 per cent of the voters will be under 30. We may not have the Mafia and the politics and the cash, but we're got the labor, management, and leader resource. Let's work with it.

Our generation was spoon-fed the idea of militant and violent dissension right along with other "You can take Salem Out of the Country BUT . . ." Pavlovian conditioning. Militants are playing right along with the Establishment. (By "Establishment" I mean the Madison Avenue, PR, New York, Washington law firms kind of men).

Fuck them one and all. What will the majority of young people listen to? Our Western civilization still loves

"facts," naive as that may be, and Brave New World thinks that' a key.

Facts like what? Like Ralph Nader sprinkled so liberally through his October Playboy interview. Like what police brutality really is (a hoary practice once limited to ignorant, minority groups with no voice, but now being ladled out to young people sufficiently naive to think basic freedoms are basic freedoms, and the voice to speak their dissent.)

That's the new voice . . . reason. Separate facts from propoganda, think it over. The cold, hard look of a listening listener will bury Richard Daley, not a militant. Idealistic, impractical, against human nature . . . yes. But this is the only way. Young and old bigots can just suck off if they don't believe it. This is where it's at, if it is, indeed, anywhere at all.

DAVID B. DEWS
 President
 Brave New World Commun., Inc.
 Denver, Colorado

Dear EVO:

Writing about Dave Bodie's article, "da-yeh-nu." Beautiful! And, more to the point, true. Bodie's not only studied but understood his history. All revolutionary movements, upon success or approaching it, have degenerated. They become just as tyrannous, if not more so, than the establishments they replace. Revolutions always become ingrounded and exclusive. Freedom for them and no one else is where it's at. It's happening now. It's a bummer and probably inevitable — if we, individually or collectively really have no control over ourselves and our lives. My heart yearns to be optimistic. My mind insists on pessimism. Love, acceptance, and the gentle way have little respect in this "practical" world; straight or hip. Human unity is a slogan to be given lip service and that's all, baby.

ALUM AREA,
 Stay Free

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003

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Washington D.C. as a city is not funny but somehow it has more Barnum & Bailey characters making money at that than anything else. Normally it has enough of these types around to keep the country laughing until it has done itself in. From the White House windows where the lame duck dean of comedy Pres. Johnson watches workmen reconstructing its steps for the country's next Laugh-In (innaugural of the new next top banana) to Congress and its eternal search for the ultimate in one-liners, the opening of HUAC's investigation into Yippies, Mobe, and related fellow conspirators' chicanery in Chicago's police rebellion is pushing the joke of the divine comedy of American Democracy. God is not laughing and if he was, Joe Pool, ex-chairman of life's little libido who died of a heart attack this past summer during a preparatory HUAC foray into the activities of the underground press, is probably investigating Him. The truth of the matter is old HUAC chairmans never die, they just keep on investigating.

The opening of HUAC's new Smothers Brothers' hour Tuesday, October 1st was a bit of a disappointment. It was hard to tell who was playing straight man to whom. It was a low key affair with Mayor Daley and comrades supposedly headlined as the first act. But Daley never showed and his comrades from Chicago's red squad (polical police) were as unprepared as a thirteen year old at his first confirmation.

The brunt of the joke had to be borne by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. There were little, if none, demonstrations or confrontations; the Committee refusing to pick up on the punch lines which roamed the sterile walls of the committeeroom in search of an audience. The press was more in evidence outside the room than inside, since the room could hold only about ninety people and all TV and camera equipment had been barred entry. The Yippies, without their media, came off like a chuckle in a closed closet. It

TWO TALES FROM POOR

Ichord lost his cool and warned the Yippies that if they were going to insist on bursting out with emotional outbursts, he would be forced to ask them to "retire from the room." Fifteen minutes later, Abbie Hoffman sprang to his feet and spinning a battery lighted yoyo into the air, claimed he was about to make "an emotional outburst," then ran out of the room into the hallway and shouted out at the top of his lungs the most meaningful statement of the day, "BULLSHIT." The police quivered with the truth of his statement but made no move to arrest him and the Press recorded it on tape for the darkroom floor of the censor's scissor. Even in real life, someone was always tampering with the script.

The proceedings temporarily ended when ten of the demonstrators and their lawyers were asked to leave the committeeroom. Pursuant to their own script, they left.

Thursday, October 3rd, the joke was to begin again for the last time when Yippies and fellow demonstrators would be called to testify in their own behalf. Meanwhile HUAC called for a day's grace as Wednesday, October 2nd, opened with respite from comedy; the first game of the World Series and the Jewish High Holy Day of Yom Kippur, the of day atonement. Congressman and Representatives waddled home to family and friends and their own little private jokes. Yippies prepared to sightsee the monuments of America's forefathers.

As for the rest of the country, the most significant thing they could do was to watch it all, and wait for November 5th, Election day when the joke will bloom full force to see whether they will be laughing then.

...

"The sun shone, having no alternative" on Gansevoort Pier. A firstfall day, Saturday, September 28th, 12 noon and the smells from New York's sanitation disposal unit building and the White House Beef Company, slaughterhouse for the westside, wafted with the smell of politics.

PARA

all looked like a pre-publicity sale, something more akin to having only "30 more shopping days to Halloween."

Hoffman at one point was barred entry when he showed with bullwhip in hand. He was allowed to go in after the police relieved him of his weapon but he kept interrupting the proceedings by informing the committee chairman Rep. Ichord (D-Mo.) that, "there are people in this room whose weapons had not been confiscated." Of course, Ichord picked up on the straight line and asked, "Who?" Hoffman pointed to the culprits who hapened to have escaped the committee's law, the Washington D.C. policemen who were standing at the doorways to make sure that no one broke the rules. Hoffman also kept asking Ichord permission to go to the bathroom, and with which the chairman dealt gently with a "Yes."

Jerry Rubin had his own thing. Dressed in body and face paint bare chest, black silk pajama trousers, Black Panther heret, shoulder bandolier, and a toy M14 rifle, he was greeted outside at the steps of the office building by police and a HUAC committee researcher who shook his hand and said, "Welcome back, Jerry. Glad you're here."

The greeting took place as a trio of girls in Halloween hats and black dresses intoned an incantation around Rubin.

"We cast our vengeful magic of wu-wacky judges, who dare conduct a witches. They have created sub-penas envy."

Rubin claimed that they were members of WITCH, Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell. Throughout the HUAC morning meeting, Rubin burned incense.

The rest of the day were taken up with the committee's peregrinations to avoid confrontation with Yippie attorneys over the legality of HUAC as an investigating body. There was only one moment when



NOID

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

Yippie candiate, J. Pigasus Pig squealed his delight fright might: "OINK! SNORG! OINK! OINK!" Free translation was given by Abbie Hoffman: "Garbage will get the country growing and back on its feet again but only a PIG can use garbage to its fullest advantage."

Yippie's Presidential nominee had spoken and the Pig International Party campaign was off to a flying start. "ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! DON'T THROW YOUR VOTE AWAY — POLITICS IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS! DON'T FIGHT IT — THE PIG'S A WEINER! JUMP ON THE BANDWAGON, JOIN THE GROUNDSWILL!"

A crowd of seventy surged around the candidate. Pig Intelligence, dressed suitstraight, ready for trouble, surrounded the nominee with its protective covering. "GET BACK! GIVE THE NOMINEE ROOM TO BREATHE."

A small coastguard boat sailed by the pier at that moment and the crowd threw up their victory sign. The coast guardsmen responded with their own sign, smiled and sailed on. A couple of policemen and cars were parked at the front of the pier waiting for the march to Tompkins Square park to begin. People stood about handing out Yippie buttons, drawing up signs for the parade: THE PIG IN 69; PATIENCE MY PEOPLE, REMEMBER, ROME WASN'T DESTROYED IN A DAY!

It looked like it was going to be a calmly disturbing march but the Yippies were not leaving anything up to chance. They had their own theater to consider. The world was not going to outdo them.

OR WAS IT? The pigpigasus porked his ham on the planks of the pier, shook his pink ears, redwhite-blue ribbon around his neck, and grunted. His statement infuriated a raincoated hat pulled sleazily down before his eyes anarchist/assasin from the Bacon Lettuce and Tomato conspiracy: "NO ONE BELONGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, NOT EVEN A PIG!" Commotion. Outrage. Danger. Drama.

"Protect the candidate."

The Yippie's Secret Service, the PI Police surrounded pigasus in a statuesque legcircle. One of them leaned over and scarfed him up into his arms.

(Continued on Page 20)

by DA LATIMER



Let the fucking garbagemen strike, the Lower East Side's burning its own pig fodder tonight. Great stench over second avenue. The cops have apprehended eight terrorists so far this evening, they have them socked under the jail in the Ninth Precinct, including a little chick who is charged with arson. The streets are burning, by George, I bet they can smell us all the way up to Sutton Place. Sirens. Cops. Bop sticks. Tourists with handkerchiefs over their noses looking for the Electric Circus please, and old winos passed out cold on the sidewalks in the reek while the ashes cover them gently like the first Indian Summer snow. The fire department periodically wails around the block and stomps out burning trashcans, to the cheers of the populace assembled. That crash you hear is coke bottles hitting the streets every time the pigs gang up on someone. A great ruction this Autumn.

It has not been a good night for Commissioner Leary's lads. Earlier this afternoon, about six o'clock, one of them was drawing abreast of a spade cat, and his white old lady, over yonder by the pizza joint on Third Avenue and St. Mark's Place. Without being asked, the spade kid said 'Pig.' Out of all the many excellent cops that were in the East Village Wednesday night, he had to say 'Pig' to a pig. The pig grabbed him and wrestled with him, they traded imprecations, and presently the pig produced his bop stick and laid into the side of that kinky black Afro-style head, splitting it open and blood, blood all over the sidewalk....Our sidewalk.

Another spade guy stepped up, said hey man that's not cool, that's like brutality, and the other two pigs in the litter of three laid into this cat, throttled him with their bop sticks, and smacked his head through the window of the pizza joint. More blood, much more blood. The first cat's old lady interrupted screaming long enough to say the pigs were fascist pig mother-fuckers, and because she was white one of the cops spat on her.

Badge number 1837, of the 13th Precinct, this is the guy who spat on her, prompting this chick to slap him in the face. Assault on an officer!!!! The three of them threw her down, fixed cuffs on her, and dragged all three malefactors into patrol car number 2326, or was it number 2623? Producing a walkie-talkie, one of them called for reinforcements, and then they peeled off toward the Ninth Precinct. They were from precincts 13 and 9. After that there was a riot

MONSTER THRILLS GALORE!



RIOT?????????????

Please, officers, understand that the rioting was our final recourse. At six-ten that evening, a mess of people assembled before the steps of the Ninth Precinct, demanding redress of grievances that had been inflicted on our brother who had been thrust through the plate glass window. We asked for an ambulance. At six-thirty one finally showed up. We asked the attendant how long it had been since he had gotten the call, and he said five minutes. A lapse of twenty-some minutes, and there was a trail of blood two feet wide and an inch deep from the window to the curb. After that we rioted.

Around nine o'clock, somebody started a fire in an ashcan across the street from the pizza parlor, the scene of the crime. It must have been quite an alarm was turned in, for two departments showed up to put out the ashcan. Rumours of a ruction had already spread, and what with the racket of the sirens and all there were already about a thousand people from Second Avenue to Third.

WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK.

The cops were already sweeping up along St. Mark's Place. We walked in aimless circles for a while, under the cheerless prod of the bop sticks. Presently a spade guy with a while old lady happened along, and commenced arguing with a cop. It is true that he seemed refractory, but since when does it take four pigs to subdue one citizen, rolling him around the middle of the street, bopping him on the head while the coke bottles and wood slats rain down from the partisan rooftops?

WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK.

It just wasn't the night at all for Commissioner Leary's lads. They chased us down to the corner at Gem's Spa, but since the tourists and local residents were also hanging around there, digging the production, they couldn't do much, right then. GIMMEE AN F! F!! GIMMEE A U! U!! GIMMEE A C! C!! GIMMEE A K! K!!

WHAT'S IT SPELL???

FUCK, FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

It must be said for the New York police that they did not react overmuch at the profanity. This went on all night. Somebody set fire to the a trashcans in front of the Victory Delicatessan, next to Gem's Spa. A wonderful fat old Polish lady doused it with a Dixie cup. They did it again, the freaks, and this time the pigs chased us all down toward seventh street, where by god they started another fire. "Giddawdda here," they yelled, swinging clubs, very carefully so as not to hit nobody else.

WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK.

Fires bloomed like foxgloves in the Indian Summer evening, trashcans everywhere dazzled into fragrant life. Back on St. Mark's, a cop grabbed a pretty redheaded hippie girl (Daley News, please note) and wrestled her back and forth around the sidewalk, grunting charges of arson. He nearly lost her when a chair - a CHAIR, goddammit - shattered on the sidewalk - BRRASH, by George - two feet away from him.

WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK. WOK.

Walking through the reek a while ago EVO publisher Pete Leggieri happened across the erstwhile captain of the 9t h Precinct, one Captain Gabos, who, recognizing Leggieri, asked this: "What's going on here, Pete?"

"We told you what was going on here a year and a half ago," Pete answered a year and a half ago," Pete reminded him. "Now it's your move, right?"

Gabos shrugged. "Well, I have sixty cops in the area," he admitted, "and six truckloads of TFF cops waiting on the periphery. Once they step in, it's out of my hands."

Beware dat murky ole periphery, Digger-Nigger-Groupy. Supposing you want to trip down toward the East Village this weekend, you might do well to consider gravely the feature movie currently playing at the St. Mark's theatre, where the marquee dominates the intersection. It says this:

A MAN COULD GET KILLED

PROGRAM
CODE "A"

Film

BY LITA ELISCU

The Film Festival was good, which means I liked some of the choices. For all the reasons given and still unrecognized, Lincoln Center is about the only place one can think to put a film festival of this size. Originally, while in the lovely, clean theoretical stage) the Center was to have had some facilities like the French Cinematheque . . . Ha. It was a nice thought, for the nothing that it counts. Prices — typical New York — are outrageous, but then so are butter and eggs lately.

M. Godard did not make it to the festival, and neither did *One Plus One*, as all know by now. *2 or 3 Things I Know About Her* was rated 'poor Godard' while *Weekend* was given approval . . . sort of like deciding which news story deserves Sunday coverage. *2 or 3 Things* . . . is about Paris, her lipstick a little too dark, her hips a bit fleshy, her heels a little too round, still Paris, still in love with finery — even if it's american imitation and importation. The visual images are brilliant, cartoon-color bright. If only Godard would not keep interfering at the top of a whisper on the soundtrack, the film might retain its status instead of descending into visual-aid material. In France, there is a separate subspecies of people called Intellectuals, and M. Godard is forever immortalizing his membership, which is all right, through his films — which is not all right. He makes news stories for a world relearning its journalism, managng to concentrate on those front-line quantities. Scenes keep dissolving into impotent gibes: the heroine, Paris personified (to be heavy-handed) is Juliette; she listens to her child tell her a dream about twins — which resolve into North and South Vietnam . . . The humor does not work; The Universe seen swirling as cream in a coffee cup is a beautiful image (measuring out our lives in coffee spoons . . .) but then a voice whispers: 'and what is reality/who am I etc. etc.' Sophomoric philosophical tacts do not profundity make.

Weekend concerns itself with the brutality, savagery and constant human conditions of war and mistrust. It is set across a prototype 'weekend', that time for outdoor barbecues and country drives and visiting relatives. Godard turns the images on their bloody ears, in fascinating parodies. Then — he insists on adding a soundtrack which only makes the images seem hollow and repetitious. The best scenes are the first couple. In one, Corinne is visiting her analyst, describe to him a scene from de Sade, involving herself, another woman and a man. He

responds: "That's all?? . . . What else? . . . And then? . . . No more? . . ." finally looking at her, as she sits on his desk, hunched up, wearing only a bra and panties: "Corinne, I love you. Get me excited."

After that, the film fails even to try reaching for that bell-ringing, hammering blow. Instead, we get an interminable slow drive down a country road, where the rest of the cars all stay in line (typical weekend outing) and *Our Car* passes them by, amid insults, brickbats, blood, fire and guts all thrown with equal aplomb: the whole framed world contained in stages of war, battle, or just excess spleen attacks. If the scene had been shortened, it might have fared better. The whole film is caught in the paralysis of inability to decide whether or not it is "possible to shock the bourgeoisie out of their inertia." Blood is used, to say nothing of M. Godard asking that question a few times. I noticed several people leave during the pigsticking operation, carried out in most unkosher style, the animal's legs still spasmodically jerking, winey blood gushing forth; a few others left after the skinned rabbit's head dsenched the entire screen in blood (mixed out of camera range with human's blood — Corinne's mother's). Vicarious pain decreases in quality as it increases in number of people it must affect. There is more immediate upset over Corinne's rape which receives no comment whatsoever on film than occurs during all the merry chase while the camera watihes people on fire, flames everywhere, as the world ends neither with a bang or a whimper but a volcanic eruption affecting us like a shrug.

The blood in *Helga*, for example, is used to much greater effect; the idea of one mother giving birth to a child, live, sweat and blood and groans all real, stomach heaving, blood gushing and flooding over the screen — this holds more fascinating horror than merry bunch of fantasy arsonist-murderers constantly wondering aloud if they are real or on film . . .

Godard has a habit of making films which contain scenes worthy of many words — and that is the dividing line, I suppose. If one likes to be able to respond intellectually to an idea presented in some film, and be given a topic of conversation for the dinner table (Algeria, Africa, etc., all get their over-long moments in this particular film) then Godard is marvelous, a cinematized version of Huntley and Brinkley Voila.

Favorite films: *Mouchette* (Bresson), *Signs of Life* (Herzog).

Artists Under the Big Top: Disoriented (Kluge) and *Les Biches* (Chabrol).

Mouchette is a quintessential film, discussed last week and mentioned again for sheer pleasure that ti was at the Festival. Bresson chooses always the simplest stories, finds the one most right way to film them. He shoots so that each frame is a single piece for the compositional jigsaw puzzle, like one of the dots on a domino piece in a given set.

Artists . . . is slick and mannered as hell, but done with such intrinsic, self-amused flair that it is a monument to intellectuailzed film. It is an allegory, the world is perhaps a circus and Leni Peickert has been given a circus by her father. She says she wants to change the circus because she loves it, but the movie warns us, "Love is a conservative instinct. She means she will keep it exactly the same." And so it goes in the world, whenever someone new gets power and insists he will change conditions — all he menas is to keep the same archetypal human principles of fear, greed and position in play according to his scenario. The film opens with clips of Hitler goosestepping down the avenue while a sprightly german version of "Yesterday" is sung . . . Elephants, who help to put up and take down the big tents, are shown doing all those clever stunts elephants always look so absurd doing, their ponderous bulk swaying in salacious hulas, or quivering as they execute dance steps on a rum head. "Pachyderms say: they never forget" says the film, and that's quite so. People will remember Hitler right through the next time he rolls around, as they sit there content to do tricks as their trainers call them out.

The film is set up in a sort of right-angle method, confronting shots with very different-appearing comments on the same theme, so that almost simultaneously, the story of Leni is told while the story of a circus is told while the allegory is made obvious. Juxtapositions are left to fill in at leisure — you have 10 seconds . . .

Artists is the film *Report on the Party and the Guests* should have been, could have been, had Jan Nemeč only a little more intelligence and less naivete.

Special mention must be made of *Immortal Story*, the Orson Welles jewel removed from his ice-box full of them. Every frame, every nuance whether thematic of photographed, is perfect. There are no cinematic light-shows here, no Bertolucci (*Partner*) screaming political slogans, no reds, yellows, and blues, no flashy literary allusions to perplex the lazy and reprieve the

(Continued on Page 16)

DECOMPOSITION

Thermidor? Speculation is rife, that's the least can be said about it at this time. Me, well, reading last Saturday's papers, I was overwhelmed by a certain premonition which I shall now proceed to outline. Hopefully, some more articulate EVReader will submit a letter contravening this premonition; for while I am not particularly paranoid about this, it seems to make sense, and it's not very pleasant. This premonition came to me in this wise:

Last Friday, 27 September, UN Secretary-General U Thant proposed a summit meeting of the Big Four nations at the UN sometime soon, citing a 'pervasive feeling of world insecurity' which must needs be squelched. This insecurity, he said, develops from the Russian brutishness in Czechoslovakia, the American brutishness in Vietnam, and the mutual brutishness between Israel and the Arab nations. Another cold war might be lurking in offing, Thant fears, and it would be well to arbitrate now, before some 'nothin' Cuban Crisis blows us all to hell and gone everyone this time. Nobody got enthusiastic over the idea.

Cold war rumours are nothing new, of course, but this time an association clicked in my head, a synthesis developed, and this unpalatable suggestion emerged.

Now, nuclear holocaust is not one of the things that bothers me: it seems an apt and eminently reasonable way for it all to end, and its plausibility or implausibility sinks beneath my wisdom like a bomb. What gives me the cold cobbles is the shit people carry around in their heads.

And of all heads, those of politicians are the shittiest. Is it too paranoid to believe that they'd kill us all a thousand times over before they saw their personal dreams of the Millennium — and exactly how to get there — shattered forever? The people in Washington, the people in the Kremlin, the people in Peking, I wouldn't buy a used car from any of them, it'd be wired to self-destruct the minute anybody drove it out of line. They got the guns, they got the bombs, they not gonna let anybody tell them how to work it. All this goes without saying.

But the people are little better. Take your average Worker in this country, now, he got everything he wants but total stasis, and he's doing his level best to get that. One of the less savoury experiences of Humanity has been its recent fling at widespread affluence: the people who got it now just want more and more, they're saying fuck you to the people who ain't it. Those are your Workers, Karl, they're bloody greedy apes. And they got the votes.

The affluent people have a stake in the Established System: they will not only defend it to the end — the end, that is, short of their last automobile — but they'll sign their genitals away to it if someone threatens their creature comforts. One can cite the snowballing popularity of Mers. Wallace and the Nixon to this effect. The government accordingly will do all it can to consolidate its control over the population, by the most effective and irrational means possible — all by way of complying with the desires of aforementioned population.

And what more delightfully effective and irrational control device has the government got today than a Cold War, yet another of them?

It takes two to make a war, as every child learns in first year Latin. Now, the American people are much unsettled by the development in the last decade that bid fair to change things — having to work with black people; watching them on television, being told by their sons and daughters that all their materialism is immaterial — and they're scared they'll lose that job, that teevee, all them goodies. (Now, this is irra-

tional — what they're paranoid about is Change itself — but that's another ramification entirely.) They want to shut down the minorities, and the Nixon will be glad to do it for them. (To mention only the Nixon.)

Conditions in Soviet Russia are out of my ken, I'm afraid, but an awful lot of people in Czechoslovakia seem to be acting very like the minorities in this country. Svoboda! Chances are that whoever wants to suppress the right-leaning longhaired freedomniks in Russia and its satellites is pretty much in charge now, and will consolidate control early next year, when they are faced with a sabre-rattling conservative Administration in Washington, augmented by a thoroughly redneck Congress. They'll groove on each other.

The Revised Second Edition then of the Great Terran Cold War could easily be impending. Would they blow us up this time? I dunno — if I can figure all this out with my dope-riddled faculties, then surely they can, and whether or not they cackle about it over beers together when nobody's watching, they would seem to be working in concert, after a fashion. (Of course this is insane — too many things can go wrong with the very technology of the Cold War — but you can ask your friendly neighbourhood physicist about that.) But even acting on the assumption they won't kill us all, things will still be fucking bloody dismal.

Hemlines will go down in the Cold War, that'll be the first thing you'll notice: when the Dodge Rebellion chickie is dressing like Lurleen Wallace used to, that'll be the first sign. Eventually, a lot of us will go to jail. It will not be enough for you to cease all radical activity midway through this article, cut your hair, abjure all narcotics but alcohol, and enroll in Dental College in Secaucus: what will be Un-American in 1970 will also have been Un-American last week, last month, and back three generations: Retroactivity was always Joe Pool's great trump card.

The only way out of it is to throw yourself on the mercies of the FBI as soon as possible. It'll be painless — no thumb-screws, no Iron Lady, not even a lie detector — all you'll do is admit to being woefully misled by certain radical leftists, and name their names, write a few volumes of incriminating affidavits, and appear at a few federal investigations as a star witness. Not only will they let you go about your business unmolested, but the Saturday Evening Post will publish every word you write about it. Allen Burke and William Buckley will beg you to appear on their teevee shows, the Welch Candy Company will make you a junior executive. Best of all, you'll be remembered always as a Great American Patriot.

The rest of us will either go to jail or die on toilets from morphine OD's.

This is my premonition.

Radio station WNEW is sending a sound crew to Mexico City to cover the Olympic Games, starting 12 October (same day as the rediscovery of America in Central Park.) For this privilege, one assumes they laid out some gelt to the Mexican authorities. Now, is this altogether moral?

The people who send you off to kill gooks in Vietnam are really just plain folks, upper-middle-class bourgeoisie, just like everybody else you know. You probably buy silverware from the head of your local draft board, or clip her hedge on weekends for enough to attend the Rock-N-Roll Teen Dance at the Civic Center. The people with the most blood on their hands make the biggest donations to the United Fund Drive every year. They just don't think much about it. If

you know where to find them, though, you can make them think about it. Herewith follow, thanks to the Greenwich Village Peace Center and the New York Free Press, a list of draft board members who live on the Lower East Side:

Bernard F. Farley (office) 68 William Street, EN9-5899/W02-3995.

Leland S. Lee, 24 E. Broadway, WA5-6311.

Nathan Wirlich, 187 E. 4 Street, CA8-7948.

Joseph Cells, 455 Hudson Street, CH3-1353.

Peter De Sopme, 16 E. 8 Street, SP7-8585.

Edward Kaye, 70 East 10 Street, GR7-0112.

Joseph Calabrese, Jr. 280 First Ave., CA8-2844

Joseph F. Borahan, 390 First Ave., CA8-8998

These are the Good Germans. Rake them over the coals.

On Sunday, 6 October at 7:30 p.m. the

Living Theater will perform a benefit enactment of Frankenstein at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 20 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. Proceeds will go to the Peace Center, 135 West 4th Street, Washington Square Church, where tickets are now on sale. Best orchestra seats, \$6.50, \$5.00 for others. Call 533-5120 for information.

Malina and Beck, incidentally, were busted in New Haven last week, for incitement to nudity. At the conclusion of Paradise Now, with most of the audience on stage with the crew, someone suggested they take off for the streets. Beck, convinced that he had involved the audience as much as physically possible by this time, agreed to incorporate the passerby out in front of the theatre. People disrobed variously, and the multitude marched out of the theatre and down the street to a nearby intersection, where they found a patrol car grazing at pause, and surrounded it, chanting weird things. After recovering and radioing for assistance, the fuzz arrested Judith and Julian and most of the Living Theatre. Did they do this sort of thing in Frankfurt? Will they do it in Brooklyn?

Montreal may be the single most beautiful city in the Northern Hemisphere, for them as likes cities. For instance, it was the city father's brainstorm to invite all the local architects to design the subway depots, one depot to an artist; the result was the most splendid subway system this side of Moscow, Montreal really makes it — if you know French, you can mooch free meals off any number of patriotic restaurateurs. However, it's very very cold in the wintertime.

Next month, 20 November, the Conference Hemispherique Pour Mettre Fin A La Guerre Au Vietnam will hold a conclave directed toward ending the war. Dr. Spock, Julian Bond, Claude Charron, Marcel Rioux, Ossie Davis, Norma Becker and the entire La Voix des Femmes Du Quebec will be on hand. Write the Conference Hemispherique (HEMICONFER) at 1600 Berri, Ch. 293, Montreal 24, Quebec, Canada for details.

Now that I think on it, Quebec in November is really rather lovely in November, in a stark windy sort of way.

Confidential to S.D. in Tucson: If you don't like it, then take your swell kind of fancy typewriter and get your arse in gear.

'The same' is the name of a rock group that has yet to be born. The idea is to get a largish combo working together on jazz-rock with members of different ethnic groups, no two members form the same group. An Italian, a Caucasian, a Puerto Rican, a Mexican, a Spade, a Jew, a Chinese and whatnot, all working together, making the same music. This, it is felt, will be a positive reflection of the principles of the United Nations. The group already has a Caucasian and a Puerto Rican: if you belong to another minority and wield an instrument, call Keith O'Conner at the Fillmore East, 105 Second Avenue, New York 10003.

PATA REALIST PAPERS

BY JAAKOV KOHN



One of the funnier memories of the pre-convention passion plays featuring such matinee idols like Harold Stassen, Joe Resnick and Gene McCarthy, was the latter's promise to fire J: Edgar Hoover.

Such a quixotic notion makes one smile, but in the humdrum of the shit being fanned about today, it was just another hot potato that nobody wanted to touch. Amidst the smoldering heap of American politica it was a pleasant whiff of fresh air. However, it was totally meaningless.

The potato himself, unlike all others, evidently didn't see things thataway. In a spirited multiple exercise of finger wagging and sabre swinging, the DIRECTOR (Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, J. Edgar Hoover, DIRECTOR) let us in on his true feelings about the matter in his Message from the DIRECTOR published in the July issue of the FBI LAW ENFORCEMENT BULLETIN (Vol. 37, #7):

It has been alleged by a prominent candidate for the Presidency of the United States that the FBI under my leadership operates autonomously and without proper control. This charge, of course, is not true, and it denotes either a contrived effort to mislead the public or a woeful lack of knowledge of our governmental system of "checks and balances."

After a long dissertation on how the whole thing is supposed to work, he drops a real dilly:

Therefore, considering this array of control points and limitations, charges that the FBI operates autonomously are utterly ridiculous. Now, if there are those who disagree with the FBI policy of vigorous enforcement of the law, protection of law-abiding citizens, preservation of the rights of all people, proper punishment for guilty lawbreakers, and the protection of our country from subversive elements and illegal forces, then let them admit this rather than make erroneous allegations which cannot be supported by facts.

The FBI has always met its responsibilities and discharged its duties without fear or favor, regardless of criticism and attacks, whatever the source. This must continue to be the policy of the FBI or any other Federal investigative agency under the rule of law. Consequently, all Americans should view with serious concern the announced intentions and threats by a political candidate, if elected, to take over and revamp the FBI to suit his own personal whims and wishes.

Wow! How uptight can a cat get? No wonder one can't make the grade there if one happens to have sweaty palms.

There is one thing to be said of the FBI—they are hip to the times. In the same issue of the FBI Bulletin wherein The Director

lashes Gene McCarthy's ass, our G Boys pass on some timely instruction.

Accompanying a detailed diagram a lengthy description details the construction of a pipe modified to fire a .22 or .32 bullet.

According to the FBI a piece of copper tubing inserted in the stem forms the barrel. A toggle mechanism with a firing pin is released by a compressed spring. Some ball-points operate on the same principal.

One has to assume that the pipe was tested in the Cellar firing range of the FBI headquarters in Washington. Otherwise why would the prudent, checked and balanced FBI and its able Director waste the taxpayers money on publicizing such a potentially dangerous and uncontrollable weapon?

This don't spell to me like "vigorous enforcement of the law".

It may not be a land of milk and honey. It may not be the promised land for everybody but for the squirrel it is a land full O' Nuts.

The New York State Department of Conservation have just confirmed the rumor that in the Hudson Valley at least, this is the year of the squirrel.

According to the department biologist clear evidence is on hand to indicate squirrel migrations swimming or trying to swim across the Hudson. The last time such a massive influx was observed was in 1960.

Following the 1960 season hunter harvests dropped rapidly until 1964. Since then the number of squirrels in New York State has grown rapidly.

On a recent waterfowl survey, a group of 30 young squirrels was found in one area where they apparently attempted to swim the Hudson.

This evidence combined with the large number of squirrels which have been killed on highways, indicates the large scope of the recent squirrel migration

It all indicates one fact—this is indeed a land full of nuts.

One of the brighter spots on murky horizons of British politics is without any doubt the Rt. Hon. Enoch Powell, Tory member of Parliament. In view of the man's retarded notions about Britain's internal affairs, the temptation to equate him with a composite of Bill Buckley and George Wallace is tempting indeed but simply does not hold up.

The man is not only a Greek scholar of semi distinction but has some clear and healthy views on foreign affairs too.

In spite of his neanderthal leanings he recently pointed out the patent absurdity of the notion that stability in South East Asia is of vital interest and practically a matter

of life and death as far as the security of Great Britain is concerned.

Considering that this comes from a man who believed that no blacks should be admitted into England and that all nationalized industries should forth with be Denationalized, one can't help but take great solace and satisfaction from his enlightened foreign views. After all no apple is rotten all the way.

Poor Emperor Hirohito. The new glories of Japanese economic expansions notwithstanding, the old man has had his share of problems.

It was natural that with his typical oriental grace he managed to swallow his sudden humanness and McArthur's boorishness (with his hands shoved deliberately in his asspockets while going photographed with Hirohito.)

The sudden absence of lifelong courtesies evidently didn't bother him either. He became involved with ichtiology and evidently grooved with his aquariums.

The fact that one of his daughters became a disc jockey and then married a commoner, were evidently bugging irritations but after all weren't all the Americans milling about just that? It was all taken in a stride and again with typical oriental grace nothing much was said or done about it. The fates may be cruel, but what couldn't the ex god bear with grace? Hardly a thing. Or so at least it seemed to be until finally the lid blew off the old man's cool.

The occasion that brought this about was the intention of his DJ daughter, Mrs. Hisanga Shimazu, to send her son to an English language school.

Turning Hirohito simply couldn't put up with such an affront to tradition. Least of all in his own backyard.

As of the last rreports, the mere thought of the inevitable surrender to the times simply sends the otherwise docile gentleman into a dizzy.

To Hirohito, Dylan don't mean nottin. Neither do the times that are achanging.

Just 24 days removed from the inevitable absurdity of election day, the thought of a BE-IN certainly saves the day.

In an atmosphere inflated with menacing yelps of NOTHING, the idea of getting together and grooving behind the same thing that all the banner bearers and pimple drum majorettes will strut about, is both relevant and sensible.

In our own way we shall do the only thing to be done on Columbus Day-REDISCOVER.

Saying of the week:

"People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't. We are just doing it."
John Lennon.

Kokaine Karma

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

Bitter End: Janis Ian, Andy Robinson
Electric Circus: Jeremy & Satyrs, Dawn in the Blues
Fillmore: Eric Burdon & Animals, Sly & Family Stone, Linn County Blues Band
Gaslight: Jerry Merrick, Valeria Lawrence
Jazz Interactions: Sun Ra Sun. aft. 5-9—Steve Paul's "The Scene"
Stags: Pharoah Sanders
Village Gate: Herbie Mann, Flute Upstairs: Marian McPartland
Village Vanguard: Larry Coryell (Jazz political cabaret)

Elektra records has just signed the MC-5 and the two most important rock groups that are by products of the multi-media community. These two groups' music is audience-involving, capturing the essence of a primitive trance of rebellion unlike the sophisticated groups being copied by all the record companies. It was rock 'n' roll that originally captured the imagination of the young, but it was the MC-5 and the Velvet Underground who brought a new, more intense, more physically involvement that is second to total devotion to the psychedelic Shangos who carry their music right into the audience.

It is to Elektra's credit (especially the psychic awareness of Danny Fields) that they are opening the money

to the MC-5 and the Velvet Underground. At least in the country of rock 'n' roll, the MC-5 and the Velvet Underground are the only groups of being signed to a major label. Instead their sound leaps in the joy of being crashing down the walls of the established order and the exuberant cries of freshly fucked teenagers and spaced out commando freaks shooting down frigidity with rapid fire orgasmic guitar runs as Iggy of the Stooges passes his way to the White House.

The only group whose concept approaches the MC-5 is The Rolling Stones while the spirits of W. C. Fields, The Marx Brothers, Elvis Presley and The 3 Stooges are reborn in the psychedelic vagabonds from the Midwest.

Elizabeth is the reigning queen of New York radio. With only a twice weekly 1 hour show on boring WBAI, she is the primary source for new music on this granite eared island. She presents the only life on a dull radical listener sponsored station. It was mainly her charm and influence plus the activated linear and electric Kokaine Karma that seduced Elektra records into grabbing the MC-5.

Atlantic Records is buying up all the old Tiny Tim tapes that they can get their hands on in a crass attempt to cash in on the fame and future of the Warner Brothers/Reprise artist. Mr. Tim played for pennies in the not too distant past and always was willing to record. Now that he is a valuable cash product, the living fairytale is a highly exploitable item to the huckster.

Steve Paul, the Baby Ruth of 8th Avenue and the Toots Shoor to Manhattan's pop society, has added a new dimension to the sounds emanating from his sewer level bistro Every Sunday from 5-9 p.m., the hassidic Boy Wonder will be showcasing music presented by Jazz Interactions.

First to invade the hallowed catacomb of New York's trend watching music followers (as opposed to music

which is exploding the limited dimensions of time space made law by a Congress of conservative pined brains and steel souls. The musical estabment is too uptight to flow in natural direction spiritual music exemplified by the emotional energy blasts produced by this black, hairy man. Sun Ra this Sunday from 5 to 9 at Steve Paul's Scene" 301 W. 46 st.

Pharoah Sanders, a disciple of Sun Ra and John Trane, and releasing his own quartet, has become the first of the avant-garde to become a popular success. His album Taulu... of the requested LP of the Electric... is currently appearing at the... the function... music of Lower East Side (342 st. between 8 and C).

Resisting the... head of... straining... the... of the... crushing... the... of his post midnight show from the... after a daylight mugging in East Orange, New Jersey that netted him 16 stitches.

Free Form radio presents Kokaine Karma with Mon-Thurs. from 9-midnight and Sun. night from 11 p.m. until 1 a.m. This week's guests will hopefully include Larry Coryell on Monday. The recently married guitarist is now playing at the Village Vanguard with his own trio.

Senior Administrator of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs. Trophies and ribbons will be presented to the borough finalists and city-wide competitors by Mayor W. Jones, Commissioner of Recreation.

Twenty boys and girls, 8 to 15 years old, who have been enrolled in the PRCA Administration classes in dog obedience training will compete for first, second, third and fourth prizes. Twenty adults will also compete for awards.

The dog obedience classes have been conducted by Mr. Lou Ciccia, Specialist in Dog Training.

Mr. Ciccia said, "We have been pleased with the number of children and adults interested in learning the proper way to handle a dog. There were 600 enrolled in our summer classes in the four boroughs. Mayor Lindsay, Commissioner Heckscher and Commissioner Jones are to be thanked for their encouragement which made these classes possible."

Vivian Whitted, Miss Harlem 1969, was personally escorted on a tour of Gracie Mansion by Mayor John V. Lindsay on Monday, September 30th, at 5:30 p.m., announced August Heckscher, Administrator of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs, and Tony Lawrence, Harlem Cultural Festival Director.

Miss Whitted gained her crown at the final Harlem Cultural Festival show on August 25th at Mount Morris Park. Chosen from a field of nine finalists, Vivian outshone her competitors in both beauty and talent. At twenty-one years of age, the new Miss Harlem is now attending New York City Community College studying towards a degree in dietetics.

Vivian Whitted has represented her crown admirably as she visits hospitals, community centers and meets with youth groups in an effort to uplift her community and better relationships between the generations.

On her tour of Gracie Mansion, Miss Whitted was attired in a new Fall outfit designed and donated by John Van Meins III.

HIPpocrates

BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

QUESTION: Sometimes you hear that very tight clothing around the scrotum of the male can cause sterility. I just can't believe that. Athletes, particularly professionals, wear jock straps several hours daily, ballet dancers live day in and day out with tight leotards, and male fashions today may often call for very tight slim underwear. What is the truth about tight clothing and male sexuality? What does medical research show? **ANSWER:** Another reader posed the same question in a different way. He asked, "What is the lethal factor formed by males wearing uptight trousers?"

A brief discussion of the function of the scrotum is necessary in order to explain why "uptight" trousers and underwear are thought to have an effect on male fertility.

Why is it that most animals carry the testicles within their bodies while man carries them in a sac accessible to knees, clubs and caresses? The reason seems to be that man's body temperature of 98.6°F. or 37° C. is too high for the production of sperm. During the development of the fetus, the testes normally descend from the body cavity into the scrotal sac. Males with two undescended testicles will be infertile unless corrective measures are taken before the age of five or six. The chief function of the scrotum seems to be to separate the testicles from the rest of the body in order to maintain them at a temperature optimal for the production of sperm.

Cold weather causes the cremaster muscles to contract, thus drawing the scrotum closer to the body (fear can stimulate the same protective reflex). The "cremasteric reflex" is one of the tests in a neurologic examination. To observe the effect of this test, scratch the inner side of your thigh (or that of a very close friend) with your fingertip. You should see the testicle withdraw on that side.

An article in the April 27, 1968 JOURNAL OF THE A.M.A. reported the results of applying heat and cold to the scrotum. Authors Robinson, Rock and Menkin of the Rock Reproductive Clinic found that heating the scrotum depressed the production of sperm while cooling the scrotum increased sperm production.

In normal subjects, exposure of the scrotum to a 150 watt electric light bulb for 30 minutes on 14 consecutive days caused a decrease in spermatogenesis. Application of an ice-bag to the scrotum for 30 minutes a day on 14 consecutive days (following the exposure to heat) stimulated spermatogenesis so much that the mean sperm count was nearly three times the sperm count before treatment with either heat or cold. The authors postulated that this might be an effective treatment for those with low sperm counts, often a cause of male sterility.

Half the subjects in their experiments reported a considerable increase in libido two or three weeks after heating the scrotum. The authors suggest that in normal males fertility could be diminished by sitting on hot machinery, wearing tightly-woven protective clothing or by taking long hot baths.

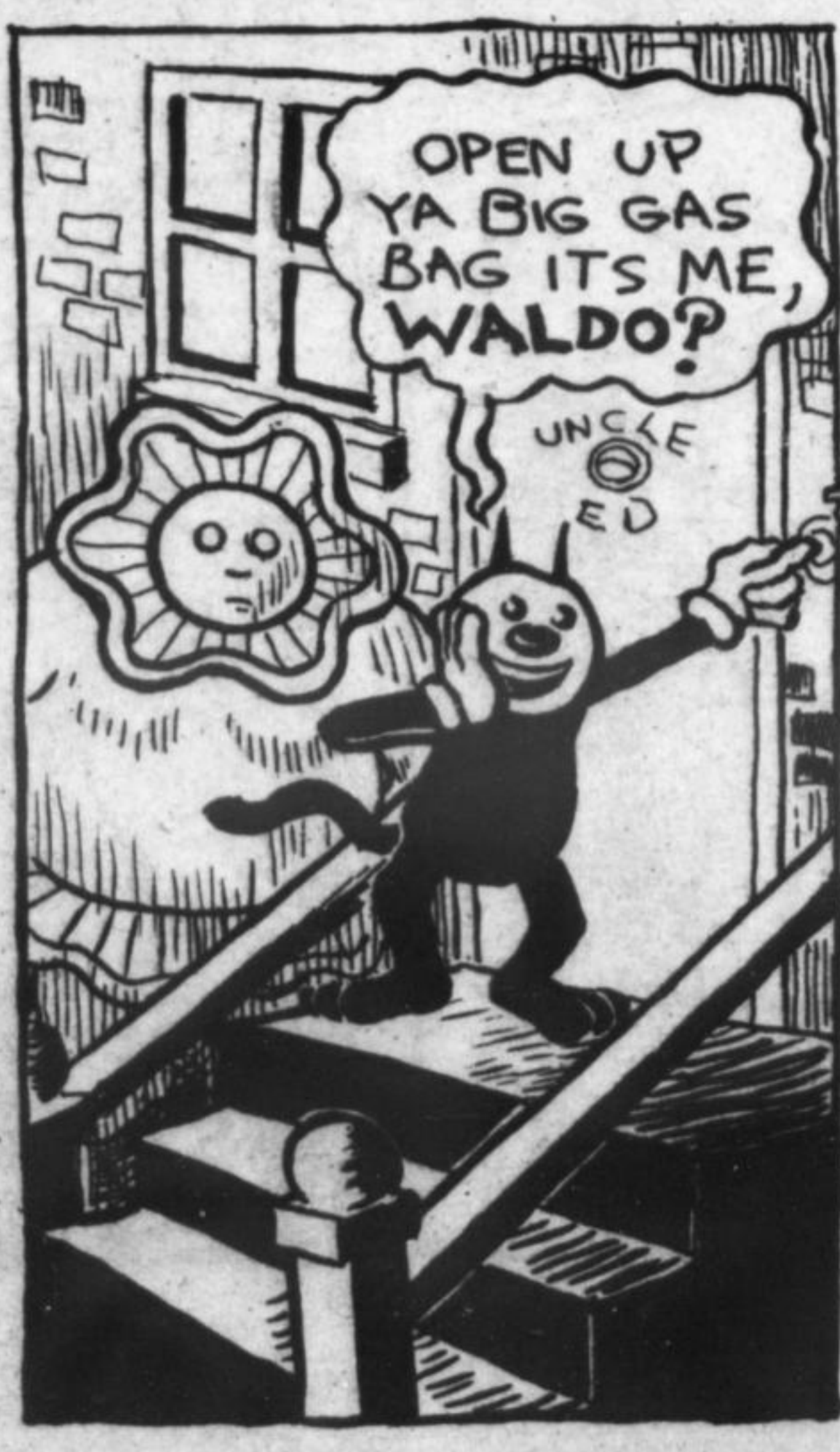
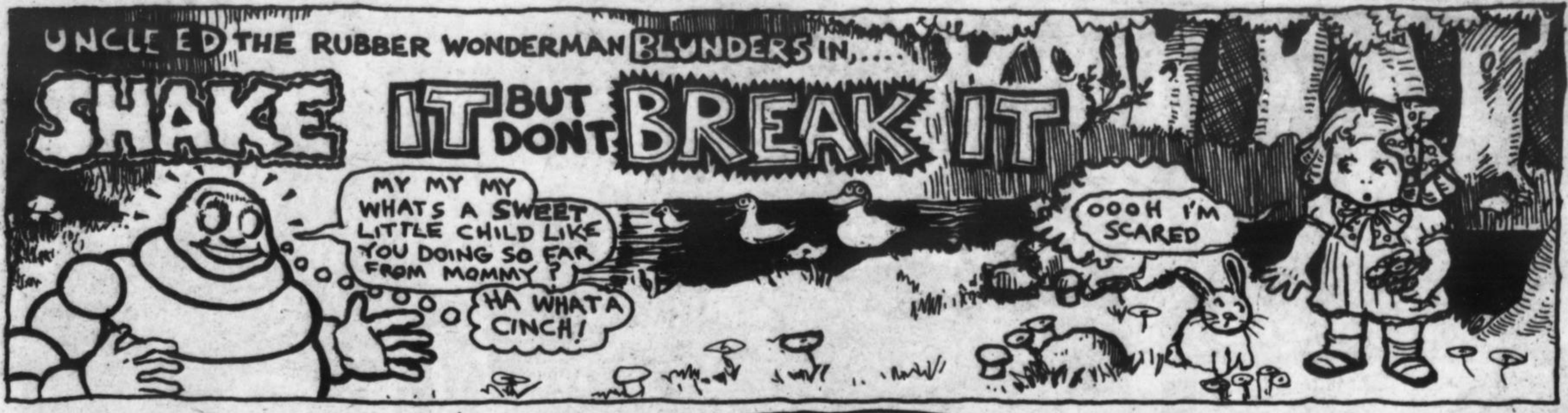
"Even relatively simple alterations in male dress, in deference to fashion, conceivably may render a healthy young man comparatively infertile."

They also suggest that actively cooling the testicles by swimming in cold water may serve as a physiological means of increasing fertility.

Sequential application of heat and cold seems to have been pioneered by the lusty Scandinavians. They follow the Yin-Yang principle by steaming themselves in sauna baths before running naked in the snow or leaping into icy pools (arrgh!).

What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt? Most likely a healthier pair of testes than those bound by close fitting underwear and tight jeans. Togas anyone?

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



TRASHMAN

AGENT OF THE

Timour Mews

HERE GENTLEMEN, IN AN AREA OF ABOUT NINE BLOKS IN THE HEART OF MEGACITY IS OUR TARGET. IT IS IN THIS AREA THAT THE PLUTOCRATIC ELEMENT RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT REPREHENSIBLE ACT RESIDES, OUR MISSION WILL BE TO ATTACK AND DESTROY. OUR MISSION WILL BE ONE OF SWIFT RETALIATION... OUR MISSION WILL BE ONE OF **VENGEANCE**

STREET COMIX

WRITTEN BY ALGERNON BAKKASH
DRAWN BY SPAIN



SURROUNDING THIS AREA ARE A SERIES OF SKYSCRAPERS...



THESE BUILDINGS ARE LOADED WITH THE LATEST AND MOST ADVANCED DETECTION EQUIPMENT. THERE FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF SEEKING OUT AND ANNIHILATING MISSIONS SUCH AS THIS....



WE HOWEVER GENTLEMEN WILL NOT BE TOTALLY UNPREPARED. WE HAVE WITH US SEVERAL EXPERTS IN THE PARA-SCIENCES, AMONG THEM THE RENOWNED **TRASHMAN** WITH THE AID OF THEIR DISCIPLINES WE MAY COME BACK ALIVE



THE RUDOLF



ANATEK

Anarco-technocracy—ANATEK—offers all the answers to everything except how to feel love.

Last week EVO promised to answer the questions posed by the New Left Movement, and a promise made is a promise kept. Right?

The questions were most recently posed by the International Assembly of Revolutionary Students sponsored by the Columbia University SDS during a series of nightly discussions September 18 to 24.

EVO last week reported on the ecology of the event: "Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Karl are running the new American revolution. And Comrade Karl comes out pretty static in the Electric Age."

The discussions centered on finding a cohesive theory which could be put into effective action to bring about a revolution both in material terms and in consciousness, and thus overthrow the exploitive disaster called capitalism.

Obviously the first question raised is whether capitalism is in fact the culprit: is the present system of capitalism really the evil which has brought the community of the world to distress?

The idea of capitalism was not dreamed up by a diabolical fiend and perpetrated on the masses of humanity. It grew from the very human forces of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, glutton, envy and sloth and CAPITALISM has been acted out of these energies.

So to merely blame capitalism is not to solve the problems it creates, for even socialism or communism, advocated by the New Left, has no methodology to divert the Seven Capital Sins—except to restructure the consciousnesses of the people of the world.

But the New Left, as it is now structured—geared for confrontation with the Establishment of capitalism, neo-colonialism and neo-imperialism and the apparently inevitableness of violence—is not qualified to lead a revolution of consciousness for history has shown us that any system which seeks to ultimately govern (control) men is coercive.

The only new revolution we, the young of the world, can make is one which totally abandons the use of force to manipulate men or masses of men.

So to ask whether capitalism is the culprit is superfluous. The debate of whether we should turn to a system of socialism where the workers own the products they produce for the society they live in is another superficially for it presupposes that there will be workers.

Technology will ultimately unemploy us all. The machines, run by computers, will produce all the products, sweep all the streets, clean the sewers, run the trains, fly the planes and maintain all these machines.

Scientist technicians will be an essential part of the new community, but that is explained in the accompanying article.

Men will soon be totally free to govern themselves, and this self-governing process will be expressed by creativity.

Take a single example. When Kaiser Industry workers agreed to allow automation to unemploy them, they were given in turn a guaranteed annual wage for life—they never would have to work again for money. First they bought speedboats, but later sold those and got sailboats, and then sold those and built their own boats. Or the hunters. They hunted a lot, got the best guns. Then made their own bullets. Then they started to use bow and arrow, and finally made their own bows and arrows.

Why should men make ball-bearings? Can a human relate to such work? Can a worker on the Detroit assembly line truly involved in his work even if he gets profit-sharing or even if he and his fellows seize the plant and take over ownership. Will the work be less boring?

The point is that the vast majority of workers today are merely doing that which can best be done by machines: WORK. Men are not machines. The human condition demands that men be creative. Man's labor ought to be expressive of his personality, his mind, his soul. WE MUST BECOME ARTISTS.

Automation can provide for all basic human needs—food, shelter, health—and the basic human drives (in capitalistic terms, incentive motivation) become expressed in harmonious ways, not in violent confrontations. Without other men acting as your enemy, no one could call a war and expect any one to come.

The worst part will be the transition period in which we transcend the economic and political theories and practices of today. And we are in the worst part now—the beginning of it—for we are seeking the new identity of ourselves to match the new environment we created in this Electric Age of Technology.

"Every new technology creates a new sensory environment that rearranges the images we make of ourselves," Marshall McLuhan tells us.

— Our job now is to create that new image of ourselves, and many of us have. The hippies, who saw life, leaped for the freedom to do their thing, ignoring oldsters who called it a silly dance.

(Hippies are not the meandering adolescents who flee suburbia to hang on the corner of Second ave. and St. Marks Place to panhandle—they do nothing with themselves, that is, they do not govern themselves and are mere seaweed in the ocean of humanity. Sadly, they are the waste products of an already dead civilization, only they don't know it.)

We will need others of us to be scientists and fortunately some men have always pursued the purity of the abstract, and we will need to have the school kept open and such people to be teachers, just as some men always have wanted to be teachers.

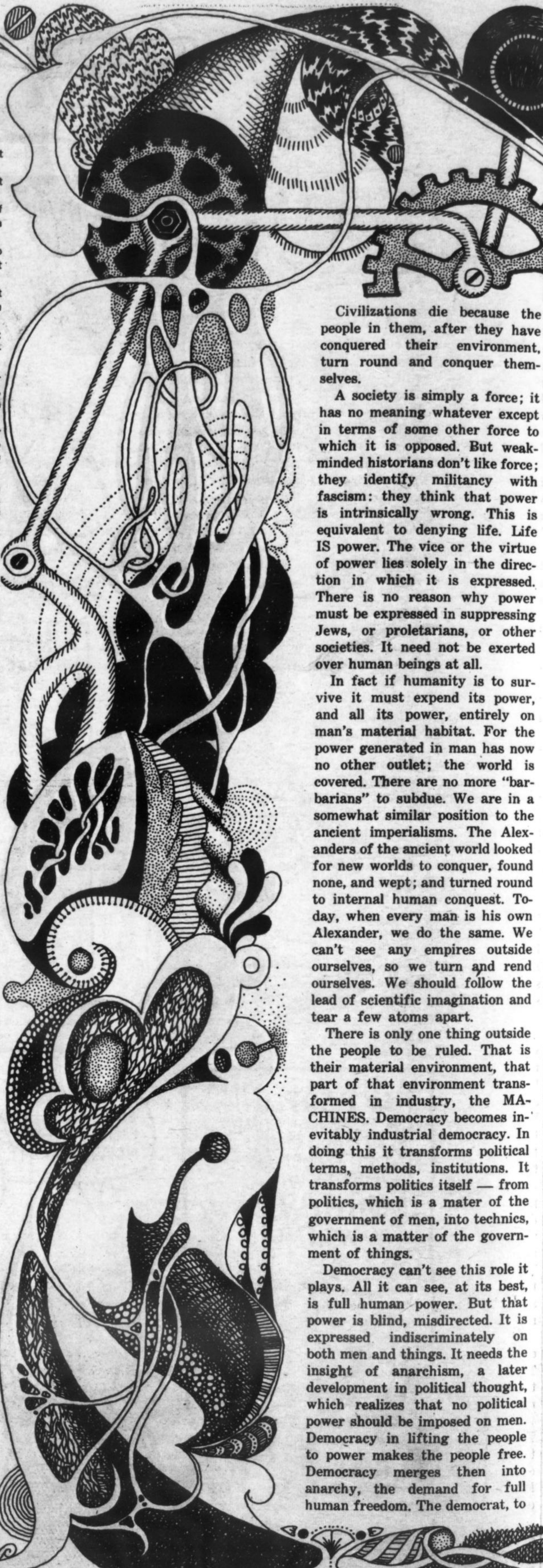
When Anarco-technocracy was initially proposed some of us saw LSD as the swift catalyst which would stop the confrontations and violence. Simply turn everybody on and kick the meanness out of them—let them see their own inner workings and inner harmonies and end the wars.

But it didn't work. (of course, the Establishment did what it could to bring down this escape to a new reality because it was a different toy than every-one else had).

But drugs are not necessary, only helpful. What is necessary for the young is to join the thousands of us who were trained in schools and universities to be good citizens (producers and consumer) to say, "thank you very much, but I can't eat any more because I get sick when I do."

Ten years ago practically every kid in college went into the business world (others to the government and teaching, other kinds of business world) and a few oddballs went off by themselves. Now the exact reverse is true: graduates are avoiding industry like the plague, perhaps sensing there will be no industry as we know it, only automation. So they join the movement, go to the Peace Corps, VISTA, avoid the draft, and most importantly, don't sign up with the Establishment.

The choice is always your own as is your future.



Civilizations die because the people in them, after they have conquered their environment, turn round and conquer themselves.

A society is simply a force; it has no meaning whatever except in terms of some other force to which it is opposed. But weak-minded historians don't like force; they identify militancy with fascism: they think that power is intrinsically wrong. This is equivalent to denying life. Life IS power. The vice or the virtue of power lies solely in the direction in which it is expressed. There is no reason why power must be expressed in suppressing Jews, or proletarians, or other societies. It need not be exerted over human beings at all.

In fact if humanity is to survive it must expend its power, and all its power, entirely on man's material habitat. For the power generated in man has now no other outlet; the world is covered. There are no more "barbarians" to subdue. We are in a somewhat similar position to the ancient imperialisms. The Alexanders of the ancient world looked for new worlds to conquer, found none, and wept; and turned round to internal human conquest. Today, when every man is his own Alexander, we do the same. We can't see any empires outside ourselves, so we turn and rend ourselves. We should follow the lead of scientific imagination and tear a few atoms apart.

There is only one thing outside the people to be ruled. That is their material environment, that part of that environment transformed in industry, the MACHINES. Democracy becomes inevitably industrial democracy. In doing this it transforms political terms, methods, institutions. It transforms politics itself — from politics, which is a matter of the government of men, into technics, which is a matter of the government of things.

Democracy can't see this role it plays. All it can see, at its best, is full human power. But that power is blind, misdirected. It is expressed indiscriminately on both men and things. It needs the insight of anarchism, a later development in political thought, which realizes that no political power should be imposed on men. Democracy in lifting the people to power makes the people free. Democracy merges then into anarchy, the demand for full human freedom. The democrat, to



the extent that he carries his theory to its conclusions, is, and must be an anarchist. Freedom and power are NOT mutually opposed — they are identical. Freedom IS power. Moreover this real power must take a form which they both dread, that is, DICTATORSHIP.

We hate dictatorship. But that is only because all dictatorships we have known have been tyrannies over men, over us. It is the height of folly to oppose dictatorship, when WE are the dictators, when it is OUR dictatorship, and when it is imposed only on things. We can be as ruthless, arbitrary and autocratic as we like — with this subject "class." What is needed, as contradictory as the terms may seem, is a fully human, a democratic dictatorship. One that does not impose its power on any human being whatsoever — an anarchist dictatorship.

Anarchism, not realizing how closely bound it is to democracy, thinks it must oppose any sort of power, but in actuality it seeks it. It found it, in the workers — in syndicalism. And so we had the program anarcho-syndicalism. But since then technology has transformed work and the workers out of all recognition. Machines are "the workers" today. We are all keeping machines out of jobs. And the only effective human personnel, the key personnel, are the scientists — the technicians.

We might know an axe, or a hammer, or sickle; but we wouldn't know the components of the uranium atom if we saw them. We can't see them — they are concepts of physics, mathematics. We depend on specialists, on technicians. And it so happens that they have their program, their movement — technocracy. And anarchism, if it is to keep pace with modern developments, and retain its position in the vanguard of social advance, must ally itself with this movement. This new alignment is what I try to cover in the clumsy, but accurate, amalgam: anarchotechnology.

These two heads are not contradictory, they are complementary. The technicians will rule things, the material resources of the community, all right, but they now where disavow intent to rule us. Their regime needs the qualification of anarchism — that there can be no government OVER MEN. But the anarchists repudiate ALL government. They

need the technicians to point out that there can be a government after all — OVER THINGS. . .

It will almost certainly be objected that all this is using the terms, rule, power, government, etc., falsely, out of their context. But it is precisely this transformation in our terms and in the customary contexts for them which characterises this shift from politics to technics. We have to lift our political terminology up bodily and apply it in a new context, in a new direction, on to things in a new material world.

The old politics based on the workers in general is out. We cannot have the "General Strike" — what is needed is the PARTICULAR Strike, of the scientists. If the workers, the people generally, jacked up against war, a handful of scientists could still rub them out with an atomic weapon . . . The socialists still talk about the abolition of wage slavery. They can only talk about it. The technician does it, by abolishing the wage SLAVE — by replacing the human slave by a machine. Machines need no wages. Moreover, they need no bureaucracy — no manpowerers, police, clerks, snivel servants — to drive them to work. The technicians abolish the State, as we know it, simply by abolishing us — as slaves. But we don't want to be abolished — we cling to our slave mentality, fight for our status as workers, as political subjects, as the people. We think the State will be removed, but that we will remain to flourish. But while the people, while vast sprawling populations persist, the problems — of decentralisation, distribution, social service, etc., etc., — the "Welfare State" will persist. The anarchist and communists say that the State will be abolished, or "wither away." Implied in this is that the people will continue to proliferate and prosper. This is an idiot, top-heavy travesty of all reality. We say, on the contrary, that the "State" — the new rule of the engineers — must be strengthened; and that the people will — "wither away."

We dread the technicians as a new ruling class. But we do not need to be the new ruled class. We must resist them, and the regrettable fact is that we may have to, for the technician, in common with most of the rest of us, is conditioned to accept some form of control over human beings as necessary in any regime.

But in that conditioning he ceases to be a technician in the strict sense of the word. We must strengthen his own innate interest and theory, as a technician, IN THINGS, so that he will control things exclusively. But the trouble is we tend to despise his interests and values. It is the fashion to sneer at PRODUCTIVITY. But what greater value is there? The man who can make a pot, or grow a turnip, or open an atom, is worth more than all the priests, all the politicians, all the psychologists who ever existed. This holds despite all the falsifications of the last 50,000 years. Productivity will hold as a value as long as man lasts. It will be superseded only when man becomes more than man, when he is superman; when it is succeeded in our scale of values by CREATIVITY. But the politicians, and their idiot apes, the Lawrences, Aldous Huxleys, Mumfords, Toynbees — ALL our "thinkers" sneer at scientific production. The only sphere in which productivity reigns is that wherein it is not needed — in the mass production, in the reproduction of humankind. Well, the technician counts that out, too. He doesn't need large populations to do his bidding. And we don't. We want a small society — one of quality, not quantity, in which every human being can be powerful and free. We need a small society, as Greek society was small. And like the Greeks we need slaves, a vast politically subject "class" to rule. We have this in things, in the forces of organized matter, in the machines.

The engineers must rule. Who else could rule in a machine age — the Golden Philosopher King? All the political philosophies from Plato to Marx must be shot on the scrap heap. We tend to think of technocracy as a crank cult of the thirties. This is tragic stupidity. A decade or two is nothing in the march of events. And there have never been enough cranks in the world. Of course, in adopting technocracy, in adapting it to our needs we must dissociate it from its present advocates. Its original theory is weak. And in practice it has gone the way of all HUMAN organizations. It has swung into line behind American nationalism. It would organize the material resources of the North American continent, and not a global abundance. It will finish advocating bigger and better

(Continued on Page 19)

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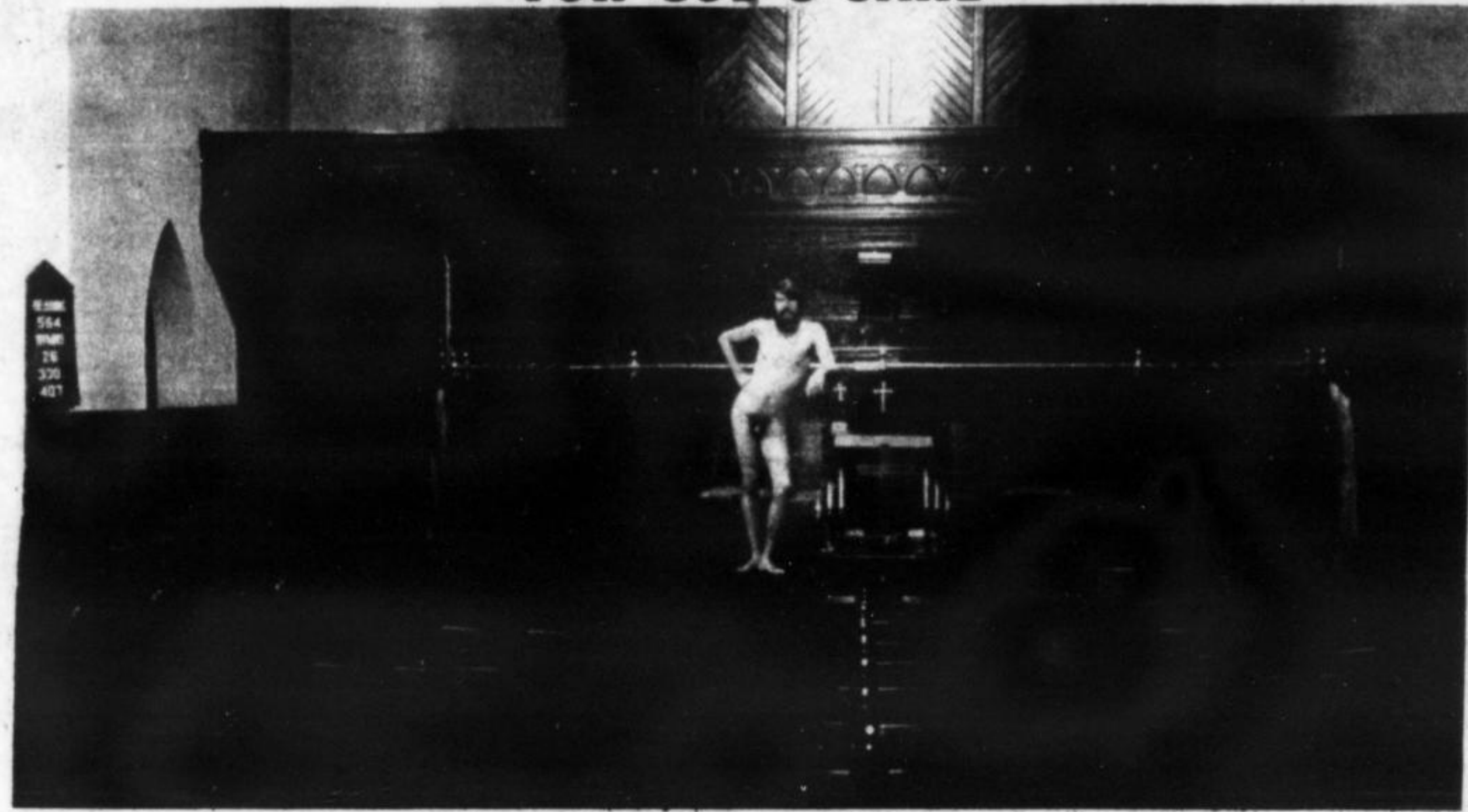
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LETTER from KATHMANDU

by RICHARD HORN —

The harvest has arrived. It is here in the barren gathering of the hill people, in warm, delicious stupas of hashish with soft dark insides, rich loam to plan mind gardens, whose rare bloom will color a generation's trips and pleasures. After some restless weeks, community vibrations soar to buddhistic kindnesses. We retreat indoors: to flick at instruments, to stoke brave, disarranging chilums, to feel the heavy earth — magnet fastening our backs to the ground, to quietly mediate, to paint, read, make poems. It seems as though the caseless asian stirring has ceased.

((Ah, even here, to make hashish fudge — but what fudge! with tolas of hash and cashew nuts, cocanut and sweet lumps of nepali mush, cooked up by Chris into a savory superpotent crumbly candy. (Get the recipe from yr grandmother, but for harvest investors, dealers can make inquiry: c/o NEXUS, post restante, Kathmandu, Nepal.))

But Kathmandu, ancient magical rot of a city, is never still. It pulses through our dirty, uncomplicated way of life, super-stoned, in hazard from disease, free of all social paranoia, blessed with highly evolved shipmates, bad food, dysentary. The list is as long as yr karma. Many new arrivals crowd the scenes, faces I don't know. Most of the people we knew here either split before the summer began or in the past two weeks. There is certainly a cyclical process being acted out, though I wonder how many consciously participate in it. Benares-Kathmandu-Benares-Goa; May-October, October-May, with the summer off in Europe to do the necessary business. (Large celebrations are planned this

winter in Goa. It is likely to be the major scene in asia and birthplace of a thousand schemes and partnerships, prospects and highs). Still it seems impossible to leave this place. With each new chilum, Kathmandu insists itself upon the mind, the dream-time. Despite the sense of things closing here for us, it is the hardest place to leave.

Just now we have been informed that in eviction notice has been served on our friends Gerard and Analise, who have rented us a room these past weeks since we were evicted — after 3½ months — from our house in Naxal. The new landlord proves as intolerant and creepy as the former had been, and he apparently objects to the signs of life we have generated in his previously moribund scene. The crack in Eden widens a hair. What grave fault lurks below, suspended on air? I have also the melancholy perception that such are landlords even in paradise that they serve to restrict freedom. I have been served a dozen such notices in the U.S. The feeling is the same everywhere, 'I've been a bad boy and now I'm being punished.' (ie, complaining that our towels dripped "dirty" water below to the courtyard).

The ordinarily vicious packs of dogs which roam the streets at night seem to be getting even more ferocious. Several people have been bitten in the past few weeks, after a summer of some frights but no wounds. They live such terrible existences of depravation and cruelty that each day must seem a Dantean agony. Seeing the dogs in Asia must work to change one's previous notion of dogs as household pets. Small wonder they're frighnened and ill-tempered in the dark. Periodically the Nepalis attempt to exterminate them as a menace; but this sounds too grisly to investigate further.

Quite easily accessible ritual slaughter will take place in the town in the next two weeks. The very sympathetic, dearly beloved buff (water-buffalo), who flesh I consume in lieu of cow's, is separated from his head by bully Nepalis with long officers' swords. The holiday, depicted in the flick *mondo cane*, is of secular origin and, needless to add, is abhorred by the Buddhist population. A thousand buffalo are slaughtered in a week and the streets of the town run red with blood.

The "white tribe" as 8-finger Eddy from Goa who is a kind of asian Neal Cassady, reluctant father figure to the freaks refers to us, has caused unprecedented commotion at the office of the sub-intelligent, corny, and belligerent Nepalis in-charge of handling visas. There are now about 200 heads in the valley. Last year when the flow became a nuisance to the government, heads were summarily expelled. There is none of the western diplomatic embassies more opposed to the head scene here than the French. The ambassador, a Gaullist figure with a wide paunch and a scowl, orders that no visas be extended for French nationals after the end of September.

Daily, one or another of the visa-agents, stumbles around to each of the dwelling places of the heads, generally at 7 a.m., and demands to see everyone's (the 16 people crashed on the floor in several of the apts) visa. If shouted at, he will mumble good-natured thank yous and disappear. In fact, until recently, one could overstay one's visa for ½ year and face the only punishment of writing a letter of apology and explanation to King Mahendra. There are signs, unfortunately, that this type of leniency is being altered. Geraldine spent a night in jail (visa several months lapsed) and Terresa, threatened with the same, must keep one jump ahead of them each day. Another Eden eventually cracked, but not blown, not yet.

In the Cabin, where we sit around eating milk-rice and smoking \$40 chilums, there is a kind of emergent feeling that the road is its own cure for what ails you (spiritual-political-total) and so, if may be granted a word of advice, leave it behind. If the summer's action-up-tight scenes in Chicago and Czechoslovakia and wherever else have not convinced you that politics always shits on freedom and the arts, then I can never. But maybe somewhere on the road between Kabuhl and Delhi . . .

Occasionally one of our number loses control. This is certainly not frequent, though in the case of Lary it achieved classic proportions. Lary arrived bearded and troubled from San Francisco, so acutely paranoid to the point of believing himself guilty of a crime too terrible to relate and convinced the others around him whispered about his character and secretly hated

(Continued on Page 17)

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thilm

(Continued from Page 5)

clever. This is a film, unwound as beautifully as possible, the camera used for maximum effect in each shot, to gain as much insight into the mood, tone and characters as possible. Welles does not offer hints, or wait to have the spectator comprehend or appreciate. He will not take one step toward the immobile antheap, because he already knows Mohammed never went in any but his own directions. The film's coldness stems from a certain loftiness, one step removed from the compassion for the work and audience with which lesser filmmakers often drench their work. This is film, not sociology or politics or torture. It is esoteric, and detached. It will not do well at the box office if it gets there.

Signs of Life is a most interesting film, strange, compelling, and as rigidly inexorable as Bresson although with different intent and effect. Three soldiers are stationed on a Greek island; one of them, Stroszek, is married a local girl. For a great part of the picture, we concentrate on the minutiae of life and on the whole panorama of a countryside at no particular peace or war: It just is. Stroszek, however, feels that he must be more than merely existing; he must do. Eventually, abruptly (in cinematic time-sense) he goes mad.

Action for most of the picture's length remains locked within the camera, within the mind's eye, only barely discernible, visual hints are given to provide the imagination with some flints for kindling perceptions. The drama consists of interplay and friction, for the most part, between the viewer and the landscape which only sometimes includes human figures. The major personality involved is of course the viewer's own.

Each scene in the movie is informed with the same unobtrusive, fine delicacy, determined through gossamer steel perception. No detail is ever less than requisite, and the significance always has several interpretations possible within the given framework. There is one scene in which the camera eye suddenly uncovers a field of windmills, literally thousands of them, a valleyful, like immobilized lemmings heeled in their march but still caught up in the tension of their drive forward. Mr. Herzog said that certain landscapes seem to him to be "de-ranged," both literally and psychologically; "that is, that the place has had a range of mountains suddenly removed, to reveal this underneath, and the other meaning as well, the word spelled out not hyphenated."

(Continued on Page 17)



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thilm (Continued from Page 16)

The whole film has not a dreamlike quality, but rather an obsessional status, as though someone was stunned into this vision and was able to communicate what happened to him. The viewer is immediately drawn into the world presented on film, or he remains entirely outside the journey.

Werner Herzog, who created the film, is just 26, made the film when he was 24 — his first feature. "I do not think I make films in the mainstream tradition of young German filmmakers. In an interview, I said my work is more like Indian films — really for the provocation. But also because in both Indian films, and mine I think, you have to watch a long time, to wait for a moment when something happens — it is very different from the western concept. Here, one waits and waits and watches . . . My films come to me — as though a ball flew over a fence and landed at my feet. I can be walking somewhere, and the location will appeal to me; suddenly, there are people there, even though no one is there. But the whole landscape becomes peopled for me . . . Films are like a burden; when this one was finished and in the cans, it weighed, oh, 50 pounds — and it felt as though 50 pounds had been on my shoulders and was now lifted. That is how all my films seem, like burdens which I can't remove until they have been made into films."

Mr. Herzog did not work his way up to making films; at 18, he was in the Congo during the uprisings, ("I remember the rats, gnawing, here, on my face and elbow") and once worked as a bull rider in rodeos down in Mexico: "I can't even ride a horse, but I had to eat." He remembers America, 2 years ago, when he "was so cold, I wrapped newspapers around my feet to keep warm." He didn't have any money, went up to Harlem and learned how to make a fire in a corner trashcan.

Now, he goes to Africa to work on a documentary and to prepare his own next film. "I'll make a few shorts first while I'm trying to figure out the film . . . I need a new kind of film, a new way."

He smiled, "I wouldn't trade any of my experiences, you know . . . I am never sorry I had them."

His film was perhaps the film of someone young, although he quietly insists, "there is no such thing as counting years to find one's age. I feel much older than my 26 years." The defiant overvoice at the end, delivering one short statement about the demise of Stroszek, is a little chill and abrupt. The film's self-evident power and lucidity, the eye for necessary detail, the obvious love for film and its power to communicate, all these Mr. Herzog possesses in a totally mature way. I hope his next film receives enough notice to be brought here, too. And the one after that . . .

kathmandu (Continued from Page 15)

him. One day Lary cashed all his traveler's checks and gave the rupees away to a beggar on the street. The police interceded — the idea of the beggar possessing \$180 was too far out for them — and had to be given a tale of death in the family to be reconciled to this rare behavior. But Lary just walked out of Kathmandu, his rupees still wait for him at the police station. There is a fear he might have disappeared forever.

Yesterday John (who used to be a carpenter on cape cod), Mark (who burnt his draft-card in Saigon) and Rick (who is an expert on hormones and steroids) set off on a trek to Namche Bazar, (Tang Boche monastery), the Everest base camp, and on to Darjeeling. Rick, who is visiting the Tibetan Buddhist monasteries, will remain in the Shar Khumbu valley. I, too, am pursuing Tibetan lore, in my fashion, and it is chiefly to visit the Tibetan scenes in Kalimpong and Gangtok that we are traveling to Darjeeling. Karma-pa, the Jama who initiated John Blöfeld, and many others, into the secret doctrines resides in Gangtok, speaks english (!) and will grant me an interview. There is also the fair possibility that we will be allowed to enter the magical land of Bhutan, which may-or may-not-be open to visitors during November or May. There are tales of the county-side actively alive with ghosts and demons, and magical phenomena as common and everyday to the senses as parking meters in Manhattan. Onward to Thimbu.

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sprockets (Continued from Page 14)

what do you think of? the child? if one thought then of the child, I think it would most probably be deformed!" and in the wake of this wisdom follow many admirers such as Jiri Menzel with his Capricious Summer, an admirable if not perfect "student's attempt." Menzel also acts in his film as magician without contempt for theatrical paradox (thematically well expressed in Bertolucci's Partner by a schizophrenic Clementi) as is evident in Mailer's buffoonery and crudely inept Beyond the Law; when will the intellectuals learn??? movies are never just products of the mind! even Pennebaker's visual sensibility is dead in Mailer's hands, who knows? sometimes the most obvious intellectual mistakes help to liberate film method and form such as "cinema verite," an aesthetic and logical absurdity that gave us the Maysles brothers' and other (including Pennebaker) and their resultant sophistication of documentary techniques, thus eventually freeing theatrical film making as well (i.e. Faces by Cassavettes), but, Mailer, my sad friend, beauty belongs to nobody in particular, not even hip people! if you want proof, look at Leni Riefenstahl's Olympics!

Report on the Party and the Guests (Jan Nemecwas) for me a parody in paranoia, boring... though timely and certainly not boring on Czech scene! the last and best of the three Czech movies was Milos Forman's The Fireman's Ball, a humanly warm "crowd-comedy." Czech cinema still incisively flows from a blend tradition of Eisenstein-Renoir-Neo-Realism-Bunuel-Hollywood and still seems relatively unaffected by modern Godardian and new American cinema.

Old wave Truffaut paused long enough in person to introduce L'Enfance Nue by Maurice Pialat and say, "realism in film is not the showing of real people but in showing how they are real" as for L'Enfance Nue I can but sardonically quote the festival program synopsis: "and that is why you cry, perhaps the most authentic film ever made about the salvation of a human being." bullshit.

Bresson with Mouchette once again demonstrates his capacity for meaningful expression through antique traditional methods.

Renoir's Toni, though flawed, is still a gem; even though L'Argent on a basis of formal analysis is weaker than Lola Montes, I like it much better simply for its courage in risking many mistakes for experimentation and occasional supreme moments such as Grigritte Helms' trembling sexuality, aside from Sarris's addiction to Ophul's sexy camera movements, I think Lola Montes might have been improved 100% by replacing the actors with cardboard cut-outs! I have seen infinitely stupid films that gave me a better sense of the epic "Grand Manner" than Ophul's intelligent and more obviously artistic Lola Montes; but enough for antiques!

The Red and The White (Jancso) and Tropics (Amico), though thorough in their simplistic format, left me cold. This could be considered a good thematic intention on the part of Jancso's The Red and The White, but, it somehow misses, in overemphasis of a cold fact, that most wars, whatever their cause, forces one into tragically taking sides and killing brothers, tragically, not statistically as a computer or impersonal and blasphemous god would have it!!!

The Immortal Story by Orson Welles seems like a cryptic memoria to this director's lonely and egocentric works. Those who love Welles (myself, for instance) will probably like this film but not love it.

Rivette's The Nun and Chabrol's The Does are, to me, both perversely incomplete. The Does re-iterates Chabrol's penchant for voyeurism and in making us

witnesses to a murder plot and character actions of his creation we are either judges or voyeurs forced to look through Chabrol's rather small keyhole to the universe. Compare the nature of violence in this film to Renoir's Toni. The Nun stands up better... but also feels methodically cold (compare with Lreyer's visual viewpoint in his Joan of Arc) as well as petering out in the last third of the film.

Delouche's 24 Hours In A Woman's Life and Herzog's Signs of Life are, sadly, both bad variations on what one can do upon seeing the boring conclusion of one's existence. The first, romantic and the second, hieroglyphics of Nazi power; the third German feature, Artists Under The Big Top: Perplexed by Kluge, possibly being influenced partly by Godard and more by avante-garde American films, was by far the best of the three, yet, I, somehow, couldn't seem to resolve the conflict of the circumsized story with its opposing free film style. Maybe because it's a movie and not television...? Hugo and Josefin (Grede)—inferior to the 14 min. short, (A Day With Timmy Page (Hoffman) preceding it.

As for the intellectual stimulus, Godard's two movies pair off with Kluge and Bertolucci and eventually (though both Godard films have major dramatic flaws) rise spiritually above them through exorcism (Weekend) and the mystical semantics of a social essay (2 or 3 Things I Know About Her). One of the most pleasant joys is seeing Godard in Weekend return to visual rather than verbal emphasis. I felt the visual/verbal pace and structure of 2 Or 3 Things I Know About Her to be confused even though often momentarily brilliant. it's a feeling I have and certainly not as logical as his film... Weekend is a general tour de force till the last quarter where he seems to drag on (out of uncertainty?) and repeats himself unnecessarily, still, Godard keeps carving ahead and has done for the narrative movie what the American avant-garde has done for the visual cinema.

Overall, this year's N.Y. Film Festival has been good and I certainly cannot side with those offering the oversimplified solution of destruction for the Festival's limitations; however, the problem and answer is more complex and deserves ample space for discussion, this I shall attend to next week; anybody with arguments and suggestions, please send them (including Cinema Engage).

Last of all, love to my friends that help my criticism with discussion and advice (used or not)! This week, Paul Ronder, in particular. Your friend of mice and foe of lice, me.



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anatek (Continued from Page 13)

atomic weapons. It needs the vision and principles of anarchism. The first thing we have to do is frame, or help the engineers to frame, a theory and programme of world power. The next thing we have to do is build the organization which will make that power an effective reality...We must organise - BUT WE MUST ORGANISE MATTER, NOT MEN All organisations up to the present, including technocracy, have failed because they set out to organise human beings - to discipline, rule their own members. They have been miniature human political states, and, where they have attained power actual human states as we know them. They will always be that. There is only one way we can avoid making this mistake - that is to build a scientific organisation, ONE THAT IMPOSES NO RULE OF ANY KIND ON ANY OF ITS MEMBERS, ONE THAT IMPOSES ITS RULES ONLY ON THINGS.

But, as I say, this can only be the briefest of introductions to this subject. There remains only one thing I should add: Apart from the theoretical task before us, or while we are waiting for the scientists proper to reach full social-political consciousness for themselves, there is something we can do, as ordinary workers, as principled people, as artists. We can, we must get together, pool our MATERIAL resources, our equipment, build our own workshops, our own houses, the things we need for ourselves. This may seem only a feeble effort to parallel modern science, which makes efforts at industrial co-operative democracy seem vain. But it is essential that we provide examples, nuclei of how material cultures can function in freedom...This may seem, and indeed

it is, utopian. But we must have utopias. All we have to do is make them modern. The utopias of the past have been RURAL, oriented to the green corn and the vile compost of our past. We want our utopia in the heart of our city, in the heart of America. We need an URBAN utopia. We should not rest until we have rebuilt America, scrapped its hideous transportation, pulled down its idiot architecture, fashioned it to fit the needs of civilised man.

Anarcho-Technocracy, by Harry Hooton. Reprinted from "Power Over Things," New Frontier Press.



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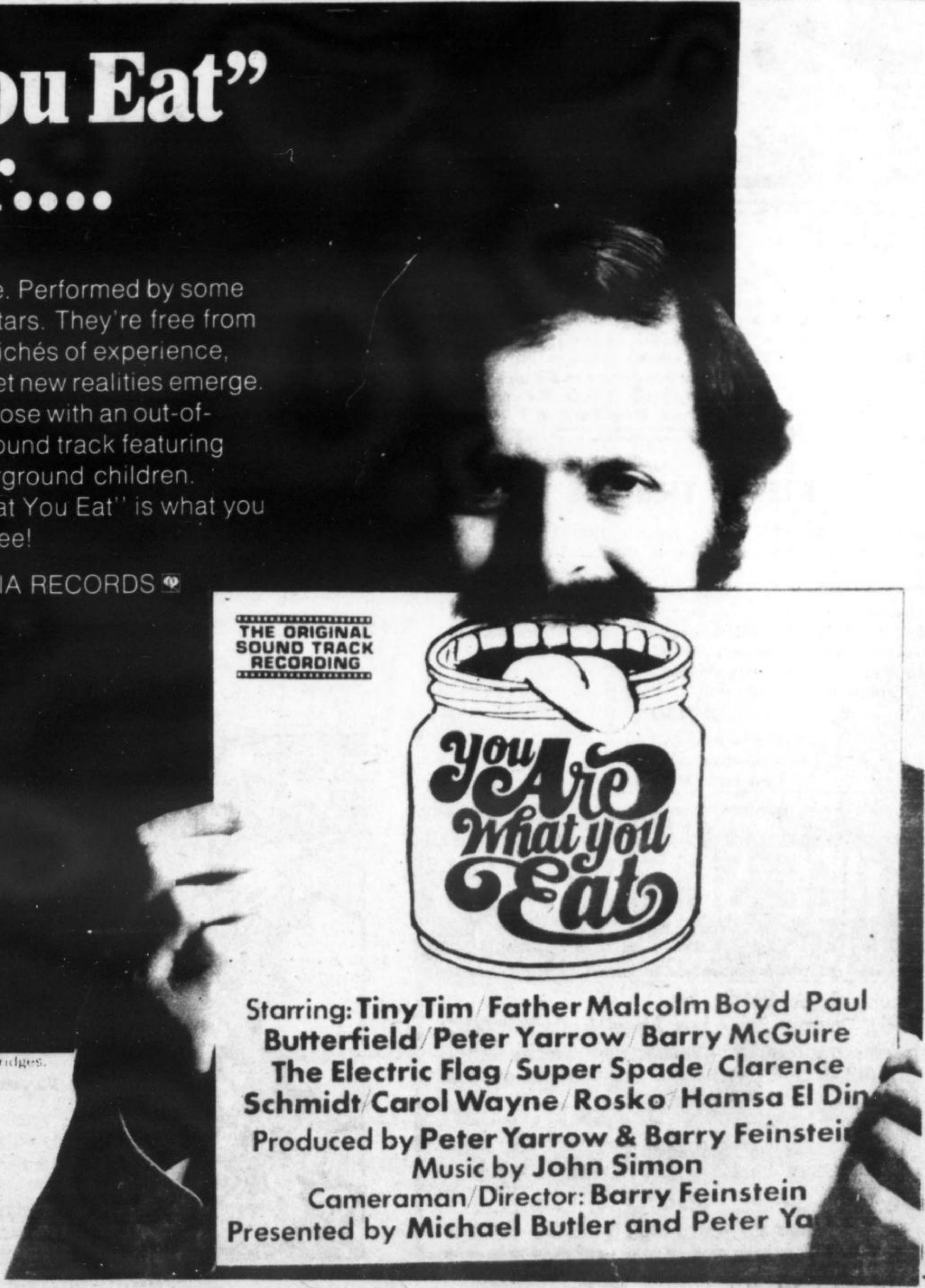
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pp's

(Continued from Page 3)

SQUEAL SNORT GRUNT OINK %\$#@ Shit dribbled out of the candidate's other end and onto the hands and legs of his protector. The crowd surged forward and the anarchist fell into the river, raincoat and all. Laughter. Fun. Happiness. Comedy.

The New York Police had begun to stir but stopped short when they realized the jest. They just smiled at the insanity of it all and walked back to their previous positions.

Pig Intelligence wiped their hands clean of their candidate's last statements and the parade got under way. They walked, pig in arm, down towards West 8th East, chanting, pigstomping, porkbarreling past A. B. Meat Company. A bunch of freewheeling butchers stood before its open doors and eyed PIG with a vengeance.

"BANG. BANG. PIG POWER. UMGAWA."

"PIG IN 69."

"WE SHALL OVERPORK."

The butchers smiled, blood on their aprons and hands, and waved. Pigasus squirmed in his protector's hands, uneasy at the feeling of patronage from the Hog Butchers of the World contingent. He remembered Chicago except the uniform was blue. Blood showed up better on white.

TV cameras and reporters scurried in front of the march to absorb it all. Yuppies passed out literature to pedestrians and frightened automobiles. So far the march had disturbed no one except Pig.

They marched through Washington Square Park and picked up a few people and then crossed over to 8th Street and continued past smiling spectators. All the world loves a Pig. They put one in the White House. Will they put another one in this year?

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They crossed over into the East Village and walked up St. Mark's Place. The hippies smiled. A few drunks decided to fill the ranks. A police car trailed the tail end of the march.

When they arrived at the Tompkins Square Bandshell, chairs were already emptyrowed and waiting for the new GOP (Grand Old Pig) Party. Pigasus grunted a few slogans into the bullhorn then was whisked away to a safe secret location on the lower east side. The Yippie Secret Service reported a threat against their candidate's life.

"This is Ukrainian country . . . and you know their liking for pork."

Abbie Hoffman and Paul Krassner ran down Pig's platform:

"A PIG IN EVERY POKE."

"REMEMBER THE PIG."

"BACON OR FIGHT."

"WIPE OUT KITCHEN SINKS."

Ham sandwiches were passed out. A rumour went around it was last year's candidate. A drunk stood up in the aisle and shouted his support for Pig. No one could hear in the noise. Abbie Hoffman demanded that someone give the man a microphone. "One of our delegates wants to speak!" Cheers. Games. Ecstasy. Reality.

The crowd grew serious as an announcement went out over the bullhorn.

"Eldridge Cleaver has been arrested in New York for parole violation. There is a demonstration going on at 5th Avenue and 55th Street."

The crowd began to break up and straggled towards the exit. Suddenly an old park birchrite made a grab for Abbie Hocman.

"I'm placing you under citizens arrest!" The crowd encircled him and yelled back: "We're placing you under citizens arrest." The police rushed forth. Cemares rushed forth. Fools rushed forth. Excitement. Confrontation. Adrenelin. Activity.

Everything stopped as the police stood around arresting no one. They watched as the Divine Comedy unfolded. Abbie had infuriated the old man because he had worn a shirt in the guise of an American flag. In the commotion, he had slipepd it onto the body of a yippie girl who was escorted out of the park on the shoulders of two Pig Intelligence police.

They marched back towards St. Marks and down the steps of the IRT subway. The laughter continued, rose above the din of the oncoming subway train, and cascaded across empty Cooper Square. The subway train had no alternative but to accept the underground fare. On Fifth Avenue, they would emerge again with nursery rhymes and politics:

*This little piggy went to market.
This little piggy stayed home.
This little piggy had roast beef.
This little piggy had none.
And this littly piggy cried weeeeee all the way home.*

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"**CLUB POM-POM**" — Where

swingers meet for adult fun. **Sexotic hobbies Communiqué** \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

SOPHISTICATES-INTELLECTS SWINGERS
Join the "Devils Disciples." Exclusive Charter Memberships available for today's turned-on generation. Send \$1.00 in confidence to HFK, 150 Express St., Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

DIAL A DATE — Date matching, parties, correspondence. For free info call (212) 776-9886, between 1 and 9 p.m.

PARTY for singles every Wed. in October. Les Champs, 25 E. 40th St., New York. Starts 8 p.m. Adm. \$1.99. For info call (212) 776-9886.

SIN GUIDE
Find or swap sex partners. Groovy club membership for one year includes hundreds of gals, guys and couples for you to meet. \$5.00 gets all. **THE EXCHANGE**, Box 74818-EVO 13 Hollywood 90004.

ORIENTAL mutant of diminutive proportions desires bestiality with lower ordered mammals, young quadruple amputees with colonic conditions, or chromosomal mutants of tender years. Specialty: anal antiseptis, tongue in cheek. No Negroids or Semites. Call 677-4756. Ask for Major Moe.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellows, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

AD RATES for Personal Ads: \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads: \$3.75 for the first 25 be included with personal ads words. 15c each additional word. A telephone number must (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Friday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

YOUR HEAD is brighter when you put the Solar System in it. Advanced **ASTROLOGY** patterns personal time-experience helpfully. Individual consultation or written report. Hugh Higgins, 691-2609.

MODELS
PHOTOGRAPHER requires attractive female models 14-30 for portraits, pin-up and figure work. Up to \$100 a shooting. No experience necessary. John 989-7836 after 6 p.m. or week-ends.

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

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

Call **Bob Wolfe Studio** 255-2711.

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

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6, George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

GIRLS NEEDED. Nudist magazine. Photography, 2 hrs. \$50. LEE, STUDIO "A", 68 W. 39th St. 279-6452. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. 1-9. Also studio models needed.

EMPLOYMENT

WANTED ROAD MANAGER

RESPONSIBLE 19-21, MUST APPRECIATE THE FINER ART OF DRIVING, DRAFT EXEMPT, LIVE IN N.Y.C. CALL 799-3808 AND LEAVE NUMBER & NAME. MUST LIKE TRAVELING WITH TOP NATIONAL ROCK RECORDING GROUP.

HUNGRY? Earn money selling WIN. WTN magazine is now being sold on the streets. Buy ten or more copies for 12½ cents apiece. Sell them anywhere in N.Y. for a quarter (more if you can get it). Pick up copies outside of Astor Place subway station every Saturday at noon or any time at the WIN office on 5 Beekman St. (Near Brooklyn Bridge). We aren't trying to make a profit off you, we just need help! If you don't sell as many copies as you buy just bring the extra ones back in good condition to the WIN office and we'll refund your 12½c. Although new for N.Y. this method of distribution is common in California where kids make over twenty dollars a day selling the Barb. No licence is needed, just come to Astor Place on Saturday.

\$125 — week potential. Interview young mothers for child record co. Days or eves. We train. Car. furn. 674-5200. Mr. Lee.

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! needed for nude figure work in Experimental Feature Films \$50, \$75 per day. Excellent opportunity. PL 4-1190. Mrs. Brent.

GAL FRIDAY . . . small amount of typing, price invoices make payroll for seven, and answer phone at small corporation in Waterbury, Connecticut working for single, 26 year old owner-president. Call or write about yourself giving all necessary information. I'll plan to meet you for lunch or dinner in NYC. or wherever you prefer. Ed Kiernan, Jr., P.O. Box 1502, Waterbury, Conn. 06720. Phone (evenings 7 p.m. to any hour in the night . . . I'm up all

night) (203) 756-1500 if no answer try later.

GALS over 17 — no office routine. Neat & well spoken to assist mgr. in outside contact work. Good sal & bonus. Apply 11 a.m., 119 5th Ave. (19 St.) Suites 400-402 (or call) OR 4-5200. An equal opportunity employer

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.

PHOTOGRAPHER, experienced, needs females to pose for figure studios in exchange for prints. Contact Irv at 251-1250 (females only).

PREGNANT chick wanted for nude illustration. Some pay. Call 477-6964.

BASS, drum and piano player wanted to start jazz-free oriented group. Call 477-6964 Monday thru Friday after 6., Sat. and Sun, any time.

PUBLICATION

JOIN, receive listing and Quarterly of INTERNATIONAL ALL MALE NUDIST ASSOC. by sending \$3.00 to: I.M.N.A. 6311 Yucca, L.A. Calif. 90028.

INTERCOURSE, Sexual Freedom League publication. New issue mailed in pl. cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034, San Francisco 94114.

SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals — for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions — Plus news worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues \$8.00 cash or M.O. — Justice, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Your 25 word ad and copy of N.Y. Envoy (your passport to the sensual world of the swingers). Send ad today, NO MONEY, N.Y. Envoy, P.O.B. 134, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL

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

FOR GAY times, get "Exchange" magazine. Unique, discreet. \$1 brings new issue fast. **REMSON, 116-A W. 87 St. N. Y. 10024.**

GIRLS, men, couples, models, AC-DC's French, Greek Orienta' specialists. More! All in "RESPONSE" Magazine's 36 pages of personal ads, photos. Only \$2 to adults 21 or over. Give

age. (Mail order only). **REMSON, 116 W. 87th St., N.Y., 10024.**

INCREDIBLE FREE OFFER
We start where all other offers ends. If you are tired of being disappointed and want the wildest, most daring and erotic in books, magazines and films, and much, much more, send for our giant catalog which lists thousands of offers from all around the world. (Including free books, etc.) This offer is open to mature adults over 21. **NOVEL PRESS, 31 2nd Ave., Dept. EVO-135, New York, N.Y.**

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

NOW AVAILABLE—the famous KAMA SUTRA calendar (11"x 17") embodying the Spirit of '69. Enjoy a NEW photograph for each month of one of **RON BOISE'S** erotic sculptures in metal. Great X-Mas gift, \$4.95 each or send for brochure and quantity prices. Distributed only by **BUTTON UP, Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036.** Tel. 581-4199. Dealers inquire. ORDER NOW !!!LIMITED SUPPLY!!!

WHAT?! . . . you're single and you haven't seen the Black Book? The Black Book is the dating magazine. Puts new people into your life. Our promise: the Black Book deals in service, not sensation. You can forget about bars, computer dating, parties—the Black Book is what's happening on the singles scene. Send \$1.00 for Black Book or ask for free information. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036.

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.

BUY AND SELL

ROCK GROUPS — SONG WRITERS. Smile Studio now offers master quality recordings at Demo prices. Mono — \$12 per hour 2-track \$20 per hour. **OUT OF SIGHT AMPLIFIERS HERE.** Smile Studio, 763 8th Ave. 246-9431.

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

FANCY FRENCH TICKLERS — ASSORTED STYLES — SOLD AS A NOVELTY ONLY \$1.00 ea. \$8 dozen. \$69.00 gross. DEALERS

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

VIBRATORS. 7" long 1" diameter. BATTERY OPERATED MATES. 6" long, 1½" diameter. \$5.00. RUBBER HEALTH-TER. RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS. \$5.00. WE PAY POSTAGE NO C.O.D. ORDERS. VALCO TRADING, POST OFFICE BOX 151, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY 07055.

EROTICA

Wholesale quotations given to Dealers on all types of Erotica. Write to Van Wyck Enterprises, Dept. EV., 507 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

STROBE LIGHTS! High voltage electronic strobe lights. Variable flash rate. Not mechanical junk. Also can be connected up to follow a musical beat. \$40.00 postpaid. Psychovision, 26 Newbury Rd., Lakewood, N.J. 08701

STAG PARTY

"Battle of the Mothers" with Pearl Williams. Plus 75 more of the funniest, filthiest stag party records ever made. Enclose 10c for free list. KRENT, Box 636, San Francisco 94101.

"IF YOU LIKED HITLER, YOU'LL LOVE WALLACE". Buy this BUMPERSTICKER & BUTTON. Also 257 other buttons, BUTSTONS MADE TO ORDER, BUMPERSTICKERS. Free catalog. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036. Tel.: 581-4199.

FEAR NO MAN! Personal body-guard spray! Works like tear gas! Guaranteed 100% effective! \$2.00 - ½ oz. Full ounce \$2.75 PPD. Promotion, Box 321-E813, Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577.

LATEST European sex stimulants, perfumes, liquors, fluids, pills. Send \$1.00 cash to Catalog, Deya, Mallorca, Spain.

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie. Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

THE FLYING WANG

The epitome of conversation pieces; featuring the male phallic symbol, penis and testicles, adorned by a pair of wings. Hand sculptured, of 14k Vacuum Gold, this is an actual reproduction from the mosaic in Pompeii. Jumbo size. Introductory offer, only \$2 each. OLYMPIA, P.O. Box 88, Brooklyn, New York 11214.

FREE CATALOG ADULTS — NUDISM EXPLORED: Magazines, Books, Color slides, Movies, Swinging Guys, Gals, Couples: Names and addresses only \$2. HOWARD, Box 294, Putnam, Conn. 06260.

HEARSE - 1959 CADDIE, Gray and Black. Body in fantastic condition. Must sell. Asking \$475. Call EVO Monday-Friday 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Ask for Zed or Lou. 228-8640.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

RIDE needed to Coast. Planning to leave about the end of October (give or take a week). I have no available \$ for gas but I am a good driver and conversationalist. Leave name & No. with Joal or Sherry at 228-8640. My names is Fred.

FENDER BASSMAN LOOKING FOR WORK. Good equipment sings - prefer good underground men who create their own style. Contact Paul Azzaro, 336-2305.

PETE CLARK from Jane Street.

Call Betsy re. apartment exchange. 473-4605. If no answer call 267-9497.

NEEDED URGENTLY — \$20,000 to open an experimental theatre in a culturally deprived city. Would 20,000 people interested in patronizing the arts, please send just \$1.00 to: Dom Angerame Jr., Canisius College, Frisch Hall, Box 164, 2001 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y. 14208.

ESOTERIC INTERTESTS? Specializing in the unusual, we offer male or female contacts suiting your needs. Send detailed letter with \$2 to: Underground Enterprises, 485 Fifth Ave. N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCE AND BE THE D.J. WITH YOUR OWN RADIO GIG ON N.Y. FM STATION. We need new ideas and voices... any age. Do your own show... music, news, reviews, comments or your own THING. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY, we'll train and assist if you have "IT". If you have a message, want to break into broadcasting, want exposure on radio or have groovy ideas... we want to talk to you. Serious people only, call, 201-867-6322. We also have new service for EVO readers, we'll list your classified ad on the air. We're experimenting with this idea... we're the only station in N.Y. doing it. If you want your ad on the air... call us for approval and details on time, etc. 201-867-6322.

WE DO NOT provide box numbers for our advertisers. EVO.

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

PERSONAL

STERILE Male. 40 White. Very discreet. Good looking with apartment, car. Seeking passionate uninhibited girl for mutual intimate enjoyment. Absolute discretion assured. 887-2365 Evenings.

COUPLES, girls. Bi-minded, straight, or three-some oriented and OVER 25, are cordially invited to write to a very flexible male who is finding his way, at last, in this wonderfully nutty world. Let's talk, then perhaps we can walk together for a while... Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE, INC.
147 West 42nd St.
New York City
Room 1018
GUARANTEED DATES
A.M. TA 8-7897, 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. OX 5-0158, and Sunday.

CAREER, GIRLS — DIVORCEES — Had any lately? Are you tense and irritable for lack of sex outlet? Need sexual attention? Let me sock it to you the way you like it. Discretion assured, satisfaction guaranteed. For more info write: Eddie B. P. O. Box 56, N.Y.C. 25, N.Y.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me, include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus

Ave., N.Y.C.

ATTRACTIVE young married girl would like to hear from another sensitive, gentle girl (single or married) looking for new happiness. Discretion assured. Telephone 873-6524.

SINGLE man in forties would appreciate meeting sincere young fellow for country weekends, theatre, etc. I am the type who is always tempted to answer an ad, but doesn't I would especially like to hear from the young fellow who is also tempted to answer but doesn't. Please give some details. Box 8, Ramsey, N.J.

TALENTED young design student who lives alone wants to meet interesting gay males for fun and games. Please answer to G.P.O. Box 2538, N.Y.C. 10001.

"ATTENTION BI-SEXUALS, both sexes, couples for enjoyable lipservice, fun, games my place or yours. Photo, phone, ideas essential for meets, L. Service c/o Box 168, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11215.

WELL-KNOWN young, hung and handsome male nude model will pose for you: sketches, photos or movies. \$15 up. Call Buddy: UL 2-0034.

FUCKING IS FUN... When I'm the one. Male writer/photographer (30) looking for lively, lovely lady to share creative arts... especially love. NO GUYS. 787-9396.

AVAILABLE for New York and New Jersey residents. To satisfy your secret desire. Attractive young AC-DC male well hung or female-available for groovy evening or week-ends. Send desire - offer. Phone number and photo if possible. Write to, Post Office Box 521, Union City, New Jersey 07087.

HANDSOME young man, 30 years, white, bisexual, successful, intelligent and immaculate. Seeks beautiful married couple or couples, white with similar attributes for sexual relationship. Send photo and telephone number. Discretion assured. Box #733, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010. Please answer only if serious and groovy looking.

CONGENIAL attractive married gay male suburnite exec would like to meet similar type for lunch dates and occasional nights out. All replies treated discreetly. Paul Fuller, Box 103, Orangeburg, New York.

OPEN minded attractive Pittsburgh male, 24, 6', 160, college grad.. seeks money making opportunity in New York City. Contact D. R., P.O. Box 10135, Pittsburgh, Pa., 15232.

MAN 36, white, suave continental type, would like to meet attractive shapely girls 18-25 to go down on. Out of towners and virgins are my specialty. Everything kept extremely confidential. No cranks or gays please. Write: Box 4092 Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

HANDSOME LATIN, white, 35 looks 25, good income, wants muscularly, beautifully legged female. If you love beauty and sensuality we might make it forever. WTW-HORW daytime/midnight.

OCTOBER OFFER - Professional

photographer will deliver and screen scores of the most fantastic color frontal nudes, etc. you have ever beheld to your next gay party. Personal collection, all young college athletes or sailors. Leave your number with: Jay, UN 7-1346 (evening)

BROKENHEARTED BOYFRIEND - Girlfriend left and moved to California. He is good looking, 26, well-trained, uninhibited. Please call him: (Orange, New Jersey) Steve, 201-672-3829. Females only.

YOUNG male slaves if you dig the whole high scene and need a slim good-looking master call "WAX-4811" any time — If no answer keep trying.

HANDSOME white stud wants to meet attractive passionate female for dates, have car will travel. Box 463, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023.

YOUNG and attractive couple would like to meet a pretty and bi-minded young lady for fun and frolic. We are discreet. OR 7-8690 after 5 p.m.

SWINGERS & SWAPPERS
The swinging publication for GALS COUPLES and GUYS interested in unusual correspondence and the opportunity for meeting exciting people with imagination. Play or Mate magazine \$1. per copy or send 25c for complete details Ladies listed free. P.O. Box 68, Greenwich Village Sta., N.Y. 10014.

HANDSOME, Male, Italian, Early 30's, looking for uninhibited girl 10-30 for mutual sexual delight, anything goes. Married OK. Discretion assured. Write Frank, Grand Central Station, Box 2163, New York, N.Y.

MALE-TALL-GOOD-LOOKING
Seeks WOMEN for fun and sexual adventures. All are acceptable. Write: P.O. Box 495, Cooper Square Station, New York 10003.

MEN — Meet males who share your interests. Call 532-1270. Mon. - Thurs. 6-10 p.m.; Fri. 6-8 p.m.; Sat. 1-5 p.m.

HANDSOME, well-built young guys who would like to get their rocks off wanted by man, 30, who will service construction workers, truck drivers, servicemen, athletes, and similar types. Individuals or groups. Call 291-8127. NO QUEENS PLEASE.

"HI" Miss Unknown. Male, age 27, Wt. 165, Ht. 6'1", black hair, dark brown complexion, and brown eyes. H.S. educ. Income \$5,000 yearly, never married, enjoys dancing, all sports. I would like to meet someone that doesn't mind sharing together. That person could be you, why not give it a try, how about? Robert Taylor, 400 North Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y.

DEEPER HAPPINESS is worth exploring... in wideranging conversation and zingy sensuality. Tall, travelled, sensitive, self-sufficient writer, man, needs to happily affectionately-aware, pretty woman, 26-35. Gamblers, men - nix! Jay, 989-5024 after 6:30 (leave message if out).

SEXY BACHELOR, 36, well proportioned, seeks stimulating, uninhibited company of good-looking, bright young lady, 18-30, for mutually exciting, satisfying experiences in his slick NYC apartment. Marital status unimportant, discretion assured.

Call ROL-LUB5.

AUTHOR, 30, of "The Half-World of the American Homosexual" published 1966, returned from Europe, brimming with material for next book, but broke. Seeking passive male, lesbian or bisexual under 30 who will offer secretarial services in exchange for sincere, enlightening, intimate friendship. Write F. Oberst, 160 Bleeker, N.Y.

DEAR whoever you are, I am 28, male, English, been here since April this year. am research scientist at NYU. Like music (not opera), go gaga over film and some pop music, etc. etc. If you are interested, address is Derick Wood, 241 E. 24th St., Apt. 7 N.Y., N.Y. The list could be longer, but there really is no point is there, that is what relations are for.

YOUNG guy of 26 seeks young female 18-30 for a wonderful evening of cunnilinctor. Send photo and phone. You won't forget. Write T. E., Box 1424, L.I.C., N.Y. 11101.

GALS: FREE PAD - Young unsquare white male seeks swinging chick, soul or white, to share boss pad. No strings. Everything free. Call John evenings after 10, 246-8029.

LADY beautiful, take heed; my strong, sturdy boat seeks to enter thy warm, snug harbor. 535-7944.

GREAT RAY EATS OUT MORE OFTEN. 34, 6'3", 195 desires private meeting with nympho females for oral stimulating times. I mean sexual action, not talk! Homos; thrill seekers, bullshitters - fuck out. I'm serious. You better be. (215) TR 2-0532 (Phila. area) after 9 p.m. or write, with photo, 219 E. 5th, Chester, Pa. 19013.

DO YOU dig group activity? Togetherness? One for all and all for one? Anyone for anyone? Attractive girls, guys, couples write me. Let's see if we can get a good swinging group going. Give phone for quick reply. Send photo if possible. I'll try to get in touch with everyone. Mr. D. P.O. Box 2620, New York, N.Y. 10001.

WHITE male 31, seeks Gay Tranvestites 18-40 for mutual sexual satisfaction. Must be "Fem" in every way, with one or two exceptions, of course. Photo, Phone. Box 3937. Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

S-M MASTER wants S-M Slave to share his apartment. I am 30 and attractive. You must be under 28 and attractive. TR 7-7196. 7:30-9:30 p.m. only.

MATURE young man is willing to share his beautiful nearby upstate New York apartment with sincere young woman; se required. Please call Larry, (914) 831-2786. Late evenings except Tuesdays.

GUERIDO, no more hang-ups. Be Happy. Thank you. Freyje.

BLOW YOUR MIND—Where the air is clean. Suites for rent \$75 mo. Old mansion about 20 miles form N.Y.C. No Queers. Housekeeper also wanted. Allowance made on rent. Phone 914-947-2072 after 9 p.m.

SERIOUS guy desires to meet girl for stimulating evenings together. Call during week after 6 p.m. 852-8256.



MISCELLANEOUS

PARKS

SUNDAY, OCT. 6 — 10:15 AM - 10:50 AM

Washington Square Park
Silent Vigil For Peace - Peace and Social Concerns
Committee of Friends

BE-INS

SATURDAY, OCT 12 — 11:00 AM

Sheep Meadow, Central Park
The ultimate MINDZAP PLAY WITH THE
PIGS IN THE MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN
Bring your own hog feed and remember:
The cry is no longer "Yippie," but "Sueeeeee"

POETRY READING

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9 — 8:30 PM

Poetry Reading - Fielding Dawson
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Ave. and 10th Street

THURSDAY, OCT. 10 — 8:30 PM

Benefit Poetry Reading for Catonsville Nine
(Father Berrigan, priests, and others who were
arrested in Maryland for pouring blood
on draft files)
Reading: Kenneth Koch, Ron Loewinson,
Joel Oppenheimer, Ron Padgett, Paul
Blackburn, Michael Palmer and others.
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Ave. and 10th Street. — \$1.00 cont.

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, OCT. 4 — 8:30 PM

Poetry - Ron Padgett
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, OCT. 5 — 4:00 PM

Poetry - Joel Oppenheimer
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 7 — 8:30 PM

Prose - Bart Gerald and Seymour Krim
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, OCT. 8 — 8:30 PM

Poetry - Peter Schjeldahl
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, OCT. 10 — 8:30 PM

Poetry - Sam Abrams
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

MUSIC

THIS WEEK

APOLLO: Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masekela,
and Loretta Mbula

BITTER END: Janis Ian, Andy Robinson

ELECTRIC CIRCUS: Jeremy & Satyrs,
Dawn in the Blues

FILLMORE: Eric Burdon & Animals

Sly & Family Stone

Linn County Blues Band

GASLIGHT: Jerry Merrick, Valerie Lawrence

SLUGS: Pharoah Sanders

VILLAGE GATE: Herbie Mann, Soul Flutes.

Upstairs: Miriam McPortland

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Larry Coryell,
DMZ (Political Cabaret)

SATURDAY, OCT. 5 — 8:30 PM

Jim Bartow, singer and guitarist
Spencer Memorial Church
99 Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:

— "Futz" — Actors Playhouse — OR 5-1036

— "A Moon for the Misbegotten"

Circle in the Square — 473-6778

— "The Moke Eater"
Max's Kansas City — 254-9461
— "The White Devil"
WPA — GR 3-9345
— "The Death Wish"
Playwrights Workshop (Cellar Studio) OR 7-9744
— "Fashion, or Life in New York"
The Cooperative Theatre Club — OR 4-9867
— "The Hunter" by Muray Mednick
Theatre Genesis, St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and Tenth Street
FRIDAY, OCT. 4 — 8:00 PM
Sherriffs' "Journey's End"
Roundabout Repertory Company
307 W. 26th St. — WA 4-7161
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9 — 2:00 PM
"Krap's Last Tape" by Samuel Beckett and
"The Zoo Story" by Edward Albee
Playwrights Repertory, Billy Rose Theatre
208 West 41st Street

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:

"World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals"

Museum of Natural History
79th Street & CPW

NOW THRU OCT. 27:

Dubuffet — Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 3:

"The Door" — Cosponsored by U.S. Plywood
Museum of Contemporary Arts & Crafts
Main Gallery of Museum (29 W. 53rd St.) and
U. S. Plywood Showroom

NOW THRU NOV. 3:

"Mezzo Tints" — Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. & Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 3:

"19th Century French Drawings"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 5:

"Royal Worcester Porcelain Doughty Birds"
Museum of Natural History
79th Street & CPW

NOW THRU NOV. 11:

"Architecture of Museums"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 15

"The Great Age of Fresco: Giotto to Pontormo"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 17:

"Wallace Berman: Verifax Collages"
The Jewish Museum — 1109 5th Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 24:

Franz Klein
Whitney Museum of American Art
945 Madison Avenue

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

"Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
888th Street and Fifth Avenue

TALKS

FRIDAY, OCT. 4 — 3:30 PM

"Picasso's Three Musicians"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

SATURDAY, OCT. 5 — NOON

"Brancusi's Sculpture"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

SUNDAY, OCT. 6 — 10:45 PM

"Back to School" by Leonard Karp
N. Y. Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 7 — 10:30 AM

Survey of Collections
"Egyptian Jewelry" by Allen Rosenbaum
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 8:30 PM

Cooper Union Forum
"Revolt—Contemporary Style"
The American Revolution 1968-69
By Bernard Bellush
8th Street and 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 8 — 2:00 PM

Survey of Collections
"Egyptian Jewelry" by Allen Rosenbaum
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 6:00 PM

Special Exhibition Talk
"The Great Age of Fresco" by Linda Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 2:00 PM

Slide Talk:
"People of the North — Eskimo Culture"
Museum of Natural History
79th Street and CPW

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9 — 11 AM

Special Exhibition and Gallery Talk
"Wedgewood" by Margaret V. Hartt

Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 3:00 PM

"Is Marriage Necessary" by Albert Ellis
Cooper Union Forum - 8th St. and 4th Ave.

THURSDAY, OCT. 10 — 2:00 PM

Survey of Collections
"Egyptian Jewelry" by Allen Rosenbaum
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 2:00 PM

Gallery Talk: Hall of African Mamamls
Museum of Natural History

79th Street and CPW

TURSDAY, OCT. 10 — 6:00 PM

"Dubuffet"—Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

FILMS

NOW PLAYING:

"Warrendale" — Evergreen Theatre
53 E. 11th Street

— "You Are What You Eat"

Carnegie Hall Cinema
7th Avenue, between 56th & 57th Sts.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4 — 8:30 PM

Godard's "Breathless" with J. P. Belmondo
Spencer Cinema—Spencer Memorial Church
99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

— 2 & 5:30 PM

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" with E. G. Robinson
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 534 Street — \$1.50

— 8:00 and 10:00 PM

Experimental Films and Video Tapes

"The Game," "The Collections,"

"Foundry Girl") by Terry

315 Broadway — 233-4159 (\$1.50)

— 8:00 and 10:00 PM

Maurice Amar's "Three Instant Movies,"
"Americana," "Yellow Alley," "Raga Doll,"
"Red Light," "Love at Christie Street,"
"Concerto Flamenco"

Movie Loft—61 E. 11th St. (\$1.50)

— 8:00 PM

Opening Screening, 16mm experimental shorts
U-P Film Group

814 Broadway at 11th St. — Free

SATURDAY, OCT. 5 — 3:00 and 5:30 PM

"Easy Living" with Ray Miland & Jean Arthur
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

— 8:00 PM

Open Screening, 16mm Experim. Shorts
U-P Film Group

814 Broadway at 11th St. — Free

— 8:00 and 10:00 PM

Experimental Filmm & Video Tapes

("The Game," "The Collection,"

"Foundry Girl"), by Terry

315 Broadway — 233-4159 (\$1.50)

— 2:00 PM

"Let's Look at Barbados," "Barbados As You
Like It," "Destination Bermuda"

Museum of Natural History

79th Street & CPW

SUNDAY, OCT. 6 — 8:00 & 10:00 PM

Experimental Films and Video Tapes

("The Game," "The Collection,"

"Foundry Girl") by Terry

315 Broadway — 233-4159 (\$1.50)

— 2:00 & 5:30 PM

"Romeo & Juliet" with John Barrymore
Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer

Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

— 3:00 PM

"Florence: Days of Destruction"

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

MONDAY, OCT. 7 — 2:00 and 5:30 PM

"Secas" (Barren Lives) by Nelson
Pereira dos Santos

Museum of Modern Arts — 11 W. 53rd St.

— 3:30 PM

Metropolitan Museum of Art

82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

— 6, 8 and 10 PM

The Newsreel presents: "The Columbia Revolt"

The New Yorker Theatre

88th Stret and Broadway

TUESDAY, OCT. 8 — 2:00 and 5:30 PM

"Tropici" (Tropics) by Giano Amico
Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9 — 2:00 and 5:30 PM

"Amavonas" by Jean Manceon
"The Sao Paulo Museum of Art"

by Jean Manceon

"Carnival" by Carlos Luiz Conto

Museum of Modern Art — 11 W. 53rd St.

— 2:00 PM

"Kee Beegay — Navajo Boy,"

"Adap — King of Alaskan Seas"

Museum of Natural History
79th Street and CPW

THURSDAY, OCT. 10 — 2:00 and 5:30 PM

"Os Fuzis" (The Guns) by Rui Guerra
Museum of Modern Art—11 W. 53rd St.



This is the picture that's on the cover of a new Eric Dolphy album being released by Douglas this week. It's called Iron Man and it's heavy.

Douglas Douglas

