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Dear Sir:

As of this writing I am formally resigning from my respectfully held and somewhat satisfying position at The East Village Other.

May I also take this opportunity to express my highest regard for the dedicated sincere and often surprising generosity of the entire company without which my stay would have been dull and unmeaningful.

With sincerest respect and gratitude for Bonnie and Clyde, Patience and Prudence, Wild Wally, Big Al and the men and women all across the country who help make this miracle of modern journalism exist.

Very truly yours,
 Fred Blade
 New Jersey Grass Commissioner

Dear EVO:

We've been reading your paper for two summers now. We dig everything in it, but there was one thing in your Sept. 6 issue (Vol. 3, 40) which made us eat our collective brain. For two years we've been cracking up over this one cunninglingus cat's ads. His name is Great Ray and Jesus H. Crist, it got so that we'd look for his ad before anything else. I mean, he's a funny mother-fucker. So what do you do? Print a picture of the cocksucker on page 14! Out of sight. Our balls fell off laughing.

Peace,
 THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

P.S. Your new title design sucks.

Dear Mind Blowers:

I've been here in Vietnam nearly six months, and believe me, being here is one big drag.

If you want to know anything about this place, this so-called country, I can tell you my opinion and that of my comrades, namely that it stinks. The people are filthy, ugly, beggars and are not even worth the puritan power the U.S. is paying out over here in lives and money.

The whores are the richest class in this country and are now getting \$5 a throw and \$15-25 for the whole night. And in return they give you the clap since 98% of them have it.

Everytime we run into a gook, they have their hands out saying "you give me money G. I.? 5p.?(5c.)" and we tell them to screw.

If you wonder about attitude, I can tell you that so far 90% of the guys I've had contact with can't stand this place or the gooks and I'm with them 100%. I am not a ground pounder, a fighter, I am in the signal corps. In fact right now I am sitting in an air-conditioned van which is now 76° while it is 106° in the shade outside. Don't think

I am not glad I am doing what I am, sitting on my ass watching an alarm panel reading or writing or doing what I want, instead of sweating my ass off getting shot at in a jungle.

... about the only good thing I could say for the gooks, most of them are pot heads, but they still stink.

Jeff Love

Dear EVO:

What pisses me off is that mother-fucker Daley got so many bags full of mail commending his stand against "agitators." The public has spoken! Well, fuck the public. Who endorses the vague generality of "Law and Order" anyhow except a lot of provincial, middle class, 19th century types. That is Motherfucker Daley's "public", fuck'em.

I realize now that the average, straight, conventional world is not the real world at all. It's a fiction dreamed up by the Yahoos of the mass blob culture who surround themselves with their own dreams of what they WISH the world to be, because they can't stand to face the reality of existence. Who needs em. Fuck'em.

Now that Abbe Hoffman, HE knows where it's at. God he's so beautiful. The freest man I've ever seen. It isn't what he says, or does, or looks like, but the effect of his total being sends out vibrations of freedom and you feel good.

So, Praise God, a miracle came. I saw the light. I've found the true religion.

Peace,
 James Zeman
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear EVO,

While reading the last issue of EVO (Vol. 3, No. 40), I came across the mention, in a column by Jaakov Kohn, of bombings off the shores of Martha's Vinyard, the target being an island called nomansland.

At the end of July, some town organization in Oak Bluffs put on a fireworks display. I was very stoned and so it was very beautiful until I became scared. What scared me was that near the end of the display, two tanks were formed and they were firing balls of fire at each other. When the tanks disappeared, a flag appeared, that being the American flag. While the flag burned, the finale started with the cheers of the people and children.

To this day I think that the people are not aware that they have been put to a subtle brainwashing to desire that American military actions continue.

Our battle will be uphill all the way. The establishment has many of these subtle influences to keep their desired order and power. The pigs may wield

clubs, but the snakes still hold venom in their fangs.

Yours,
 Robert M. Ward
 St. Paul, Minn.

P.S. For many Columbians, many Chicanos.

Dear EVO:

... Poet Carl Sandburg wrote: "Chicago, hog butcher to the world". Thanks, Carl, now the pecary politicians finally know it, too!

Dear EVO,

On September 3, 1968, I wrote as follows to the President:

As a result of the police brutality in Chicago, organized and approved by Mayor Richard Daley of that city, I respectfully request that you declare a national day of mourning on September 28, 1968 — exactly one month after one of the bloodiest nights of the Democratic Convention in Chicago — in mourning the death of constitutional rights and in honor of the young American citizens so brutally beaten, harassed, and maimed during the 1968 Democratic National Convention.

I ask that you join with me to help bring about this special day of mourning. Thank you.

Very truly yours,
 Pauline Rivelli
 Editor
 JAZZ & POP Magazine
 N.Y., N.Y.

Dear Editor:

November 14 is going to become a historic date in America. Hundreds, if not thousands, of young men are going to answer the Tweedledee-Tweedledum election by returning their draft cards to the government and saying "That's it! No more complicity with your constipated war machine." Some of these men would have been facing the draft anyway; many more will renounce safe deferments and put themselves into the position of the desperate thousands who can't find a way out.

This will be the fourth nation-wide Resistance action, but in many ways it will be the most important. Millions of Americans have become sick and tired of the government's lies, but retaining some faith in the democratic facade, have hesitated at becoming revolutionaries. Messers. Humphrey and Daley have shattered that facade and that faith. In addition, a countless number who felt they could respond to present reality by "dropping out," now find that individual solutions to this fucked-up society will never work; public and collective radical actions are necessary.

Returning a draft card is the beginning of a new life-style. It is both a symbol of non-cooperation with the draft and a triumph over the fear which governs our lives. Many of us will be imprisoned as a consequence of our non-cooperation, but if prisons cannot stop us we are stronger than the government which puts us in them. Furthermore, draft resistance must be seen as not only an act against the draft, but against that entire up-tight system which forces the draft upon us: that system which says napalming Vietnamese is legal but smoking grass is criminal activity.

If any EVO readers are interested in the risks, rational, or mechanics of November 14, they should feel free to contact the Resistance at once.

Peace,
 Steve Suffet
 Resistance Staff Worker
 The Resistance
 5 Beekman Street

da- yeh- nu

by David Bodie

Democracy is a sham.

Why should the mathematical right of a majority take precedence over the moral prerogatives of an individual?

Yet those of us who are the youth of this troubled America are now choosing sides: will we accept the tyrannies of the established order—the choice between Humphrey and Nixon (or Wallace), or will we take arms against it and create a new order?

Those who were radicalized by a billy club's blow—in the streets of Chicago, or the streets of Selma, or the steps at Columbia—now can know what it is to be a nigger.

Those who tried to work within the system and pitted their hearts against the facts to work for McCarthy, had the billy clubs beat on their consciousness: the worst blows were not those of the Chicago cops, but those which were wielded by the power forces that irrevocably showed the majority must rule.

The convention was not stacked against the peace forces: every poll has shown that the American people, while disliking the war, are not prepared to simply walk out on it.

Even Humphrey has stated that he could have run out the Democratic peace plank. Of course Humphrey knew the majority would rule regardless of the fact that due process was beaten to the ground.

One must acknowledge. The results surely would have been the same if the convention had been run fair and square.

So now those who have reached the point of radicalism—who have gone to the root—are deciding to become revolutionary.

They are thinking in terms of forming coalitions with all other power groups who aim to destroy the present order of things.

The Enraged Generation has taken to arms. Their weapons used to be the sit-in and all the other ins. Their weapons now are silly stink bombs, bottles, rocks and the mimeo press. But the call is now for guns: it is our side against their side. The line was drawn in Chicago, but the drawing of that line began years before as the Beat Generation, which suckled itself on Camus and Sartre and talked of engagement, gave way to those who read less and committed themselves more. The participators began to practice and then evolve theory, but it was action that was God.

Just what does it mean to be revolutionary?

recalled that it is radicalism which brings you to a point of awareness. Revolutionism is one active experience that grows from the dot of radicalism.

To be revolutionary is to struggle for drastic change, to fight for a rotating of order.

Some of us think they are revolutionary now. Maybe some are. But it should be

What is happening right now is that we are deciding to become revolutionary. The first stage is our changing rhetoric, finding the words to express our madnness. The Enrages are now looking for a common voice.

The next stage will be to merge the ideas (theories) with the actions (the tactics) and engage in the real revolution. (We've already seen revolutionary tactics in Chicago, Columbia, etc.). So one hears talk of buying guns, learning self-defense, practicing revolution, of becoming American Cong (forgetting that we have the American Indian to learn from) and starting planned guerrilla raids that will lead to victory: the Changed Order. (Continued on Page 23)

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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By DAN FORD

In a Federal Court suit Tuesday, the Black Panther Party demanded neighborhood control over the police department and sought an injunction to prevent cops from harrasing its members. The basis of the suit was an attack on Panthers by off-duty cops in a Brooklyn courtroom last week.

Meanwhile on the coast, two white cops in Oakland, California were fired Tuesday after a dozen bullets from a police car were fired into the Black Panther headquarters there. The Oakland police chief claimed the discharged cops had been drinking and were on duty during the time of the shooting.

Bullets smashed the window of the Panthers' Oakland office and struck posters of Panther leaders Eldridge Cleaver and Huey Newton on the wall. No one was in the office at the time.

The shooting took place two days after Newton was convicted of voluntary manslaughter in the killing of a white cop. He had been charged with murder.

William Kunstler, attorney for the New York Panthers, told EVO and other reporters why decentralization of the police department is necessary: "One of the faults of the police department is that it has a centralization complex where directions come from Center Street (police headquarters) which is frequently out of touch with the local communities, just as the Board of Education was. What was good for the Board of Education is also good for the police department and may make it more responsive to the local communities. There are different needs in each community. Bedford-Stuyvesant is different from a precinct on Park Avenue."

The suit calls for an order to be issued to Police Commissioner Howard Leary to develop a plan of decentralization of the police with community control in each area. It charged the cops with an "illegal pattern of conduct" dedicated to opposing by force and violence attempts on the part of black people to secure full rights of citizenship. Cited as a prime example was the Law Enforcement Group in the police force (LEG). The Panthers said LEG has "racist programs and policies" to promote "white supremacy over black citizens."

Named in the suit as defendants are Commissioner Leary, LEG, Brooklyn District Attorney Aaron Koota and two cops identified by shield numbers. Sponsoring

the suit are the National Lawyers Guild, the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the Law Center for Constitutional Rights.

Asserting they "didn't trust the district attorney," the Panthers took their case to the Federal Court and based it on a federal civil rights act.

Complainants in the suit included "beatings, intimidation and humiliation without cause" and "police and district attorney surveillance of the Black Panthers."

The Panthers called for "a court order against any off-duty policeman using police authority when uniformed policemen are present" and the "assignment of federal personnel to Brooklyn Criminal Court and Appellate Division to take action if any cop violates constitutional rights."

In the court papers, the Panthers listed their party's 10-point program.

1. "We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black community.
2. "We want full employment for our people.
3. "We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our black community.
4. "We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings.
5. "We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society.
6. "We want all black men to be exempt from military service.
7. "We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of black people.
8. "We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails.
9. "We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States.
10. "We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace and as our major political objective, a United Nations supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate, for the purpose of determining the will of black people as to their national destiny."

The white off-duty cops' assault on the Panthers took place September 4 in Brooklyn Criminal Court. The beatings were ad-

ministered by 200 cops, in civilian clothes, on the Panthers and some white sympathizers from the Students for a Democratic Society and the Columbia Strike Committee. The attack took place on the sixth floor of the courthouse outside the courtroom where three Panthers, charged with assaulting a cop and resisting arrest, were seeking to have their excessive bail reduced.

On the scene and reporting it like it was were reporters from the NEW YORK TIMES and NEW YORK POST. But here is the account published in the bi-weekly organ of the Black Panthers: —

"Twelve members of the New York Black Panther Party along with Chairman Brothers (12th Congressional District Candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, Brooklyn) were lured into a set-up of the pig's new tactics and vamped on today.

"Between 200 and 300 off-duty pigs, in plainclothes but wearing "Wallace for President" racist buttons and a pig-supporting organization named LEG (Law Enforcement Group) joined together and brutalized 12 members of the Black Panthers and Chairman Brothers. The Panther brothers had innocently entered Part 3 in the Criminal Court Building to attend the bail hearing of 3 other Panther brothers who are being illegally held by the racist power structure.

"The pig force kept the 12 Panther brothers from the court room for the bail hearing, but made no effort to interfere with the radical white racists who were demonstrating outside the courthouse. When the 12 Panther brothers who were visiting the court got off the elevator on the sixth floor, the fat, racist dog, LEG pigs attacked them, calling them 'niggers' and 'mother-fuckers' while beating, kicking, and stomping them. The pigs who were in uniform pretended to be stopping the off-duty pigs, but what they actually did was drop their billy clubs so the off-duty pigs could use them to beat the Panthers.

"Panther section leader Tom McCreary suffered a fractured skull and Chairman Brothers suffered lacerations and bruises over his body as a result of the beating. The pigs beat the brothers and threw them into an elevator while continuing to beat them. The racist dogs showed their true nature; they must travel packs of 200-300 to vamp on 12 Panthers. Many of the LEG pigs were wearing "George Wallace for President" buttons. The Mayor of New York has called for an investigation of the

incident, but this is just a pacifying move. No investigation is necessary. Black people have been beaten and assaulted, and no move has been made to apprehend and convict the guilty parties."

No arrests were made the day of the cop assault. Police Commissioner Leary has admitted that cops were involved but denies knowing whom they were. He passes the buck to the Panthers by stating that no complaint has been filed with him by anyone involved or injured.

Although Mayor Lindsay voiced outraged at the incident, the next day another Panther was arrested. A demonstration and press conference were scheduled to be held outside the courthouse where the bail hearing for the 3 Panthers was to be continued. Cops approached a Panther standing on the corner waiting for the demonstration to start. The cop ordered the Panther to move. Before the Panther could blink an eye, the cop said, "Alright, so you're not going to move. You're under arrest."

To complete the story, inside the courthouse Criminal Court Judge George C. Rader refused to reduce the excessively high bail of the 3 Panthers on felony charges. They are George Correa on \$20,000 bail, \$10,000 for Daryl Baines and \$2,500 for John Martinez. Not able to post that kind of bail money, the trio are still in jail.

The Law Enforcement Group denies, through its civilian spokesman Archie Harris, any involvement in the Brooklyn courthouse beatings. "We don't want any part of that—it's racism," he said. Nevertheless, two daily press reporters and the Panthers in their paper say that LEG members were among the assaulters who chanted "We're White Tigers and Tigers Eat Black Panthers" as they did their handiwork.

LEG which began by circulating a petition demanding the removal of a criminal court judge they claimed allowed Black Panthers to be disorderly in his courtroom, now is working for the abolition of the Civilian Complaint Review Board and removal of all non cops from precinct stations.

Captain J. Ford of the Panthers told EVO that cops in the black communities are no more than "occupation troops." He said that the Panthers will work to get them out of here by any means necessary. What black people need, Capt. Ford declared, is "a new police force set up by the community to implement justice there."

For those who missed it, herewith follow some random quotes from Mayor Daley's press conference last Monday. All this is courtesy of the Post, which celebrated The Little Dick as 'The Casey Stengel of American Politics.' Such a rap as that press conference was is rarely heard beyond Amphetamine Alley—could it have been speed, rather than acid, the hippies were dumping in the Chicago Reservoirs (ref. *Combat*, William Buckley's new tabloid operation)? Anyhow, Daley said this:

'Get the thing straight once and for all. The police isn't there to create disorder, the police man is there to preserve disorder. And the confrontation is the people confronting the Police Department and saying we're gonna do what we want to.'

'When I ask you a law-abiding citizen not to proceed any further and you linked arms and someone in your outfit kicks 'em in the groin or spits at him in the face or hits 'em with a bag of urine or a bag that begins with S and ends with T what would you do? I just wonder what you'd do.'

... Ask yourself that. What would your position be? And see if you would be as calm as you purport to say you would be. I've seen a lot of newspapermen and TV men and radio men get pretty excited over far less things than that.'

'If there was any acts or overacts, I want to ask you men if someone was throwing human excrement in your face and you were standing there being called names—we had pictures like this which you can't show—being on television . . . No one would show it . . . What would you do under these circumstances? Would you be the calm, collected man you think you are? I saw many of you express emotions with less abuse than that. And to have your wife called the names that they were calling them and I'm certain for police are supposed to be human but you forget entirely the confrontation was not created by the police but by the people who charged the police.'

Daley fractures the language with the same indiscriminate enthusiasm as his pigs fracture heads, it seems. An anal-retentive illiterate, that's clear. Here's shit in your eye, Daley!

The FBI has an investigation underway into the disorders in Chicago. Some drunk called them up from Max's Kansas City last week and told them to look into it, and they said they surely would. Then the drunk called the EVO office and asked us to talk to the FBI. EVO told him to call the FBI and tell them to talk to us. The next day the FBI called EVO and talked to ASK (Allen S. Katzman.), and he told them about being beaten up by some plainclothesmen. (Actually, the FBI already knew about that from their wiretap on the office phone—Katzman had been telling everybody about it.) So the FBI is investigating the Chicago disorders. Incidentally, does everybody know by this time that the tune for the *Star-Spangled Banner* is taken from an Olde English Drinking Song called *Anacreon In Heaven*?

Speaking of which, does anybody know the words for *Anacreon In Heaven*? The UPS could print it up all over the country, and everyone could sing it on solemn occasions.

Who says the New York Times Sunday Magazine is a drag? Admittedly their article last week on pornography was the most withered and sear prose that has ever celebrated that subject, but was it not continued on page 69? Did you not have to wade through three bra ads to get to the conclusion, and skip over two startling pages of good panty-hose shit? Hell, man, that rag is nearly as prurient as Joe Pepitone's new Beatle cut.

Hey, DA, who's Joe Pepitone? — ed.

A recent release from September, Inc's public relations agency informs us that the Autumnal Equinox, barring any unforeseen developments, is scheduled to come forth at 10:23 p.m. on September 22. Hope to see you all there.

Although he is only twelve, Matthew Marcus can analyze a mechanic with the best of them. Thus, when City College opened last Thursday, campus authorities made it clear to everyone that the young Marcus would not be 'mistaken for an elementary school pupil who has lost his way.' Having dropped out of high school after spending two years there—dropped out by virtue of passing the New York State Regents without bothering 'qualify' for them—Matthew applied for CCNY, and was tutored in analytic

mechanics all summer by Harry Lustig, chairman of the college's physics department. This fall, as a lower freshman, we hope he will meet Michael Goldhaber and become good friends with him. When asked of this possibility, the boy replied, 'It was felt that the Boston authorities acted impulsively in seizing Sacco and Vanzetti.' He reads science fiction.

Organic mementoes of Jean Dubuffet will be featured at the Metropolitan Museum of Art from 3 October to 27 October, in galleries three and four on the first floor. Dubuffet is a real pisser, one of the original patrealists, he is the grand-pere of all of us. Go dig his thing.

Atrocity stories are getting to be redundant, but in any case there are plenty of hospitals in Biafra where there is not a single aspirin to be had, and also babies there are dying by the thousands from protein deficiency. Born without bones, you know. The American Friends Service Committee is working with the Red Cross and Biafran and Nigerian authorities to help, but they need money, which can be mailed to the AFS at their New York Metropolitan Regional Office, 15 Rutherford Place, New York 10003.

Do you own or consider buying in the near future an electric eggbeater? Yes—No—Before you commit yourself, you might attend the Twenty-Third Annual National Hardware Show, to open 7 October at the Coliseum. Get yourself 'a firsthand look at the size, scope and variety of the "World of Hardware". There is always something new, something different to provide an insight into the hardware industry which proves to be a pulsepoint in America's economy.' Do you own or consider shoplifting in the near future an electric can opener? A hair dryer? An extension cord? Get thee to the Coliseum.

There is a dearth of Professional Outside Agitators around the Lower East Side presently. In the wake of the Chicago unpleasanties, Jerry Rubin is heard to be in Oakland, Abbie Hoffman en route to Czechoslovakia, and Lee Penn all uptight and prone to disincorporate precipitously. Of the three of them, Lee seems to have gotten the end of the rottenest shaft. There they were one morning in Chicago, Lee and his buddy, just walking down the street goddammit, and up pops a secret service type, and they're just walking down the street, and this ss type busts Lee's comrade in the mouth. And since they're just walking down the street, why, Lee Penn he winds up and busts the secret service type in the mouth, and they go on just walking down the fucking street. Bye and bye they pass a building where three stories up some other folk are pulling down an American flag from the flagpole. "Grab 'em!" shouts another secret service type, referring to Lee and his buddy, who are just walking down the street, "I saw 'em pull the flag down, I'll sign the complaint! Grab 'em." So Lee was seized, he and his friend — "Fuckin flag burners." — and beat on and dragged to the station, and beat on, and thrown in a cell, and every now and then somebody would come into the cell and beat on Lee and his buddy. "They were good at it," said Lee. "Beat a guy around the ribs, the neck, around the eyes, where it don't leave any marks." Later on, Lee was surprised to learn that the fuzz had found a roach on him, and had added possession with intent to sell to various things they were holding him for, until such time as he either came by \$3,500 cash, or they killed him. Thanks to Mobilization, Lee Penn is alive and well at the Free Store for the time being. But what the hell is Abbie Hoffman doing in Czechoslovakia?

Step aside, Henry Miller! Lie down, Anais Nin! Up against the wall, Samuel Beckett! Revolution For The Hell Of It, written in three days by Abbie Hoffman, bids fair to become a footnote source for every term paper in the Aquarian Age. (Dig it—a quotable quote, suitable for reproduction on the dust jacket; if Hoffman can bounce his ego around like that, Latimer fucking well can too.) Dial Press is bringing the thing out next month, and Hoffman will throw the profits into free copies of the book, to be given away at the Digger Free Store. (If he sells seventy thousand copies, see, he can buy maybe thirty thousand additional copies, thus pushing the sales up over one hundred thousand, and thereby having a Best Seller to his credit when he brings out his second

book, a few hours later, and really rakes in the old pelf. His pot boileth over.)

The first cartoonist among the EVO readership to draw the following up and submit it to, say, Cavalier, might get some bread for it: two hospital beds, dig it, and one of the patients is in an oxygen tent, and the other is green. Says the one in the tent to the other one: 'Trade you a kidney for a lung.' Latimer, that stinks. — ed.

Errata of the Week: (From the Daily News, at the end of a paragraph in which Spirochete the Agnew had taken vociferous umbrage at Hubert Horseshit Humphreak for putting down The Big Dick.) . . . Richard M. Nixon, the GOP presidential candidate, isVvvrjC'g'ovsidias schm bmm.

How very true.

'I guess I'm a counterpuncher by nature,' (Agnew) said. 'You can't expect to have my team hit in the groin and have me stand here and smile.'

I should say not. Lie down and cry a little.

The key to choosing the eventual Miss America before the judges do, is simply to find the one of the contestants that looks most like all the others. Julia Ann Ford had it long before she began flopping around that trampoline. She was here in New York early this week, staying at the Barclay Hotel, just a few doors up from the Upper East Side's first pornography shop. Now this place is a very good shop indeed, as such places go: it's clean, and even the people are clean. All these scruffy hip advertising types in their Nehru jackets and turtle-necks and sideburns and fake moustaches, standing around with joints in their fob pockets, mauling over all this very, very new . . . strange . . . trippy stuff. Like for instance *The Acid Eaters* (C1968, Olympic Photo-Reader: B. B. Sales Co., P.O. 785, Radio City Station, New York 10019), it's this teeny 143-pages, \$1.75 paperback, half the pages of which are taken up with photographs of guys and girls together, but mostly girls, girls in microskirts, girls naked, girl 'skinny-dipping' in bras and panties, girls bending over with nothing on under their microskirts, girls having their nipples painted, girls in quicksand, girls fighting with knives . . . The story is that these heavily unpleasant weird people motorcycle out to the country every weekend and get levelled on acid and mainly they do all kinds horrible things, like fight with knives and rape each other, guys rape guys, girls rape girls, and vice versa with an occasional innerscent passerby thrown in, or rather down. The trippy part though is the photograph on page 119 of a cryptic hooded figure stuffing a great white brick into an eager naked blonde girl's gaping mouth, and the caption reading: 'The devil appeared and gave her an enormous chunk of LSD.' (Dean Rusk please note: there's enough LSD in that block, if you can find it, to turn on and totally incapacitate one billion armed Red Chinese, and start them all walking at once into the Pacific Ocean.) But that's just her drug-induced fantasy, understand. Other, better fantasies, have a guy doing a 69 with his prepubertal sister in the bed they shared years ago; another chick being whipped between the legs by her father, who keeps turning into some hideous kinda soldier; a particularly long and fulsome sequence of a fellow being feather-tortured about the glans by an Indian princess . . . Oh, this is all very heavy indeed, and the writing (Rolf Kirby is the pseudonym here) has that good, sweltering, pressure-cooker ambience reminiscent of the original Traveller's Companion stuff. Besides that, this place right in the middle of Advertising Alley has like *Seize*, that excellent Lesbian photomagazine, and rack upon of the new faggod sado/maso crap, and Miller, and Apollinaire, and discipline in gym costume, it's a very proper place for east of Times Square. Were New York as liberated as Copenhagen, you would not think it out of place to find Miss America tending the store there, in pumps and panties and nothing else.

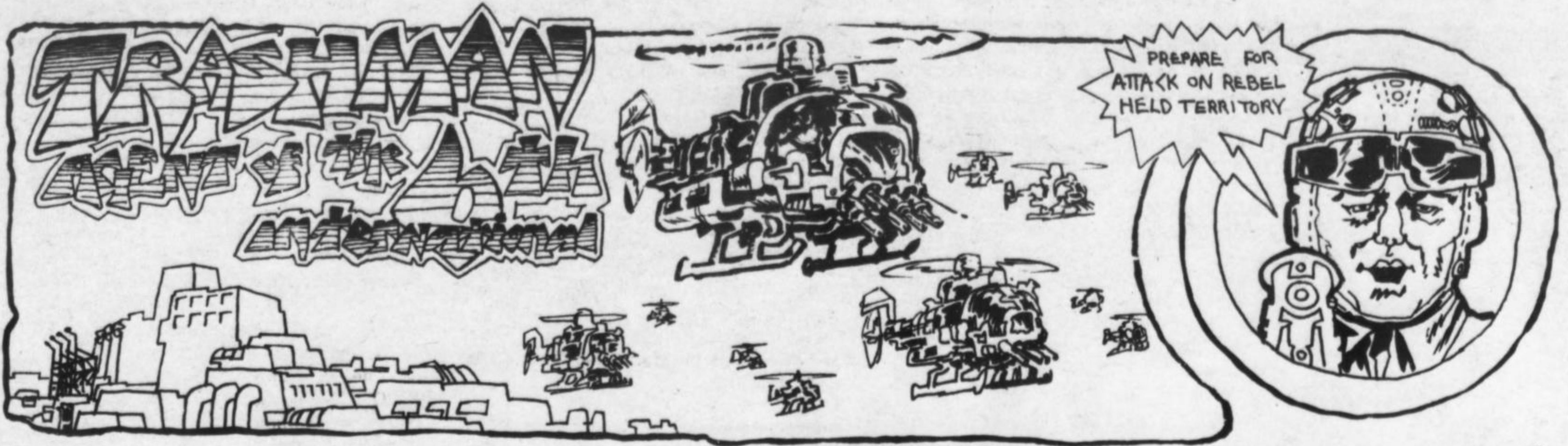
Our editor reads Playboy. — DAL

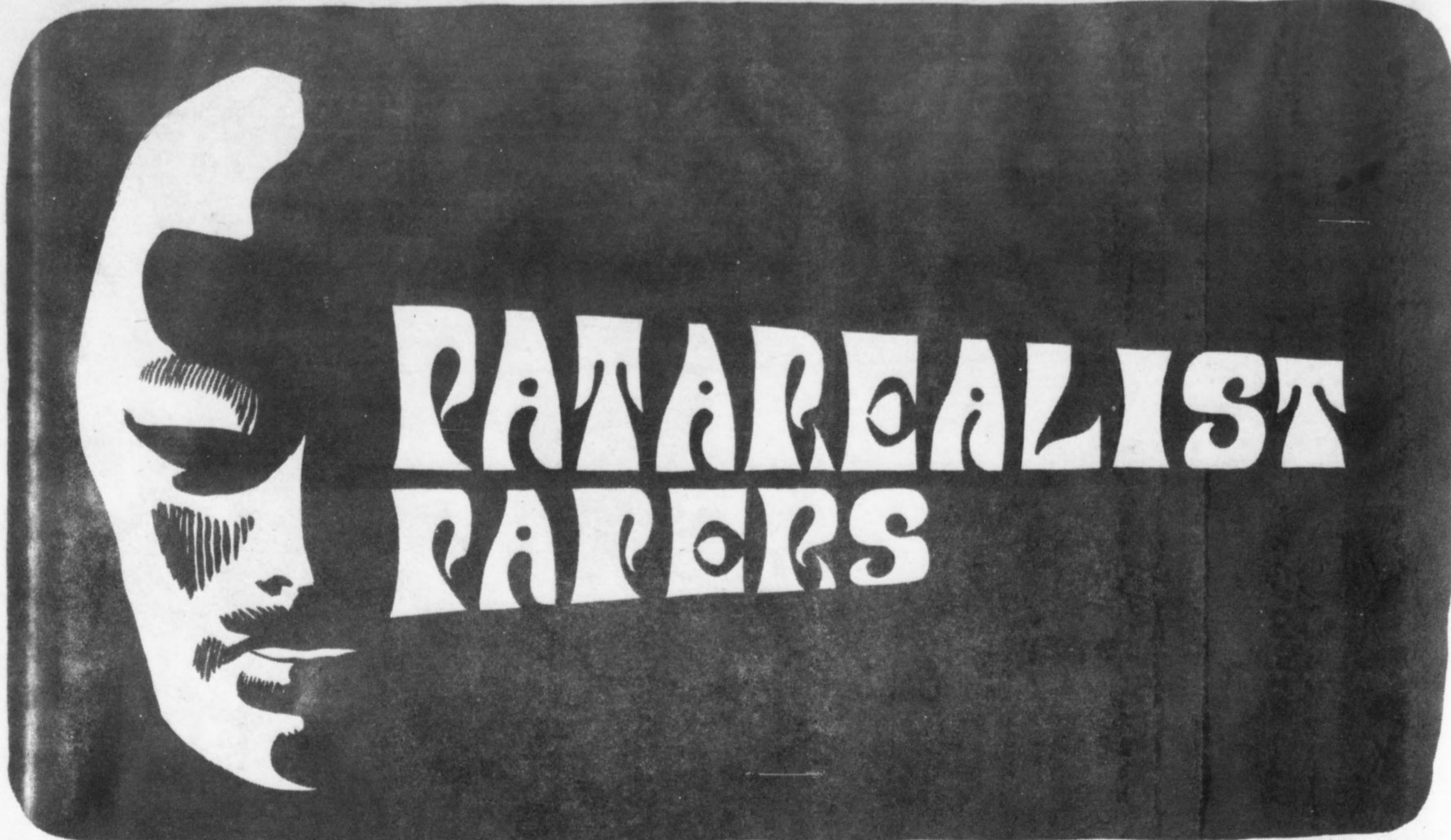
Innaresting but useless information: the Hialeah Race Course in Southern Florida is the only place in the world that Flamingoes will lay eggs any more.

Also from the N.Y. Post, we reproduce the headline of the Week in Toto:

LAKERS' PETERS
TO GET TESTS

by DA Latimer





by Jaakov Kohn

However you may look at it, whatever you may think or do about it and whatever else it may do to you, it all boils down to money.

One of the more comic overtones of the Arab-Israeli war of 1967 (not to be confused with those of '48 and '56 respectively) is Israel's recent refusal to pay the bread demanded by the American Government as compensation for the famous naval mistake of June 8, 1967.

On that day, 18 miles off the Sinai coast, the American spy ship USS LIBERTY, fully equipped with electronic monitoring equipment, had the shit shelled out of it by the Israelis.

Both sides agreed it was a tragic error that killed 34 and injured 160. It was agreed, on the highest levels, naturally, that in lieu of an unnamed sum, the matter had better rest.

Things went pretty well since then. The dead were buried with honors. The relatives received their cool 3 million dollars and seemed pretty happy with it. All that was unsettled was the repair bill and, unlike the prevailing practice in American garages, the price can't be agreed upon. The American demand \$6,670,000 and all the Israelis are willing to pay is \$1,900,000.

Just as a matter of money, that's all it is.

There must still be a flicker of humanity flickering in the ancient carcass of Walter Ulbricht, that neanderthal marxist boss of East Germany. Like all of us, he too likes to show off his birthday presents. The only difference is that he makes a big spiel out of it.

The Museum of German History in Berlin is currently running as its main feature an exhibit of Genosse Ulbricht's birthday presents.

Amongst those shown was a slim modern television from the Socialist Unity Party of Magdeburg and an ultra luxurious (by socialist standards) stereo set from the people of Karl Marx Stadt. The Ministry of Social Security gave the old man a two-man racing scull, in recognition of his physical prowess. And the Labor Union Federation begged to be remembered with a painting of a girl with the classic socialist-realist title "Hannelore, Graduate and Bricklayer Apprentice."

The fancifully bound written promises of increased production from various industrial and agricultural organizations

took up a separate hall. Amongst those was the solemn scroll presented by the Slaughter House comrades in Erfurt, wherein they too promised to slaughter more than ever before. Perfectly in step with the times. Good Heinies.

The prize amongst the whole mess was undoubtedly the sculpture entitled "The Controller" featuring a guard with a bloodhound so often associated with escaping refugees.

To top it all the Russians even let him pull a mini march on Czechoslovakia.

Boy, it sure must be worthwhile to make it to 75. Beats all Bar Mitzwahs put together.

The redeeming value of statistics is the inevitable surprises they harbor.

A case in point are figures recently published in England relating to the number of homicides committed during the past year.

No surprise since England is, after all, a relatively modern country and as such should be able to uphold her quota in murder.

What is surprising is the sharp rise in the number of murders with incestuous-suicidal overtones.

NUMBER OF MURDERS

1965	153
1966	143
1967	172

VICTIMS OF RELATIVES

1966	45
1967	81

MURDER FOLLOWED BY SUICIDE

1966	29
1967	51

The love-hate concept is certainly upheld there.

The pirate war is on again. After having been busted in their off shore studios the operators of pirate stations sought ways to renew their activities and thus fill the gap left on the airways by the "legal" broadcast system.

A number of weeks ago, a barrage of nonstop rock was unleashed upon London and the Post Office hounddogs had a very hard time busting the new transmitter. After finally doing so, the pirates replied by hitching their own aerial to the BBC broadcast studios.

Even though the thing was done to them in their own backyard, it took the Man almost 24 hours to discover it.

What in the hell is the whole fuss about anyway?

It started with the *Mirror* and then the *Journal* and a trend was unmistakable. The popular rag is on its way out.

People are evidently hip to the hype. Proof of the matter can be always be found in the spiritual mothercountry of every redwhiteandblue American. The United Kingdom. There the circulation of the "popular" daily newspapers fell during the first half of this year by 3.6 per cent. These figures might justify by Meluhan, but then how does he explain the four per cent gain of the "quality" National dailies?

Needless to say, no names were mentioned.

The British, gentlemen at all times.

I wish they would leave the Olympics to sport rather than make it just another extension of the mess we all grovel in. Hitler, Jesse Owens, Black boycott and now, SEX TESTS for our lady athletes.

According to Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, team physician of the American contingent at the Olympic Games in Mexico City, all 134 female member of the American team will have a smear taken from the insides of their cheeks. If 10 per cent or more of the cells contain the female sex chromatin, they will qualify as chicks. If they can't make the 10 per cent, they may just as well defect to Poland, where such dilemmas have been known to happen. Their leading olympic chick athlete turned out to be a cat. No decadent, capitalistic male chauvinism there, brother and/or sister comrades.

There was a time when America was know for its dynamic efficiency. A time when fucking up was supposedly totally alien to our thoughts, even though not necessarily to certain deeds. A time when the impeccability of our intentions was not questioned, at least not in the open.

Lately, our national and international fucking up has taken on such dimensions, that even the smaller fuckups come into full view.

Not the least of these is the careless way in which we handle our bombs. We lose them in Greenland and misplace them in Spain. Lousy housekeeping, by any standard.

The latest of these exercises in sloppiness was the can of Radioactive fallout washed ashore at Donna Nook, Lincolnshire.

Even though the very efficient US Air Force Gieger-countered the whole beach and found no radio seepage, the Donna Nookers are pretty uptight and mad since, in addition to radioactive cannisters washed ashore on their beaches, they have to contend, with American bombing practices in THEDDLETHORPE, eight miles away.

Why don't they leave the poor blokes alone? Isn't there any compassion left in the hearts of the mighty?

Medical history was made at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, in Los Angeles, where hypnosis was used as the sole means of anesthesia in a major open heart operation.

The patient was a woman who suffered from a near fatal constriction of a heart valve resulting from a previous case of rheumatic fever.

The whole thing went so smoothly, that after having been sewn up, the patient herself removed the air tube inserted in her windpipe for the duration of the operation.

Who knows, maybe one day we shall be able to have our very own selfmade operation. As the Talmud says — if not I unto myself — who then?

With "Bull" (sorry Bill Buckley) launching his red hunting newsletter, *Combat*, and thus reactivating the old red baiters of McCarthy vintage, the old boys may as well get down to brass tacks and stop wasting their time on hoaxes such as the tale of the chlorine in the Chicago Reservoir which supposedly destroyed the acid put there by the Yippies and related subversive scum. How about looking into good old Dick Daley, whose fervent cooperation made the whole Chicago thing possible. Have the old boys lost their touch? After all, you don't have to be a card carrying member to do it. Belonging to the Democratic Party should be enough for one to detect the stench of the rat.

"The disease of our times is an artificial and masochistic sophistication—the vague uneasiness that our values are false, that there is something wrong with being patriotic, honest, moral or hardworking."

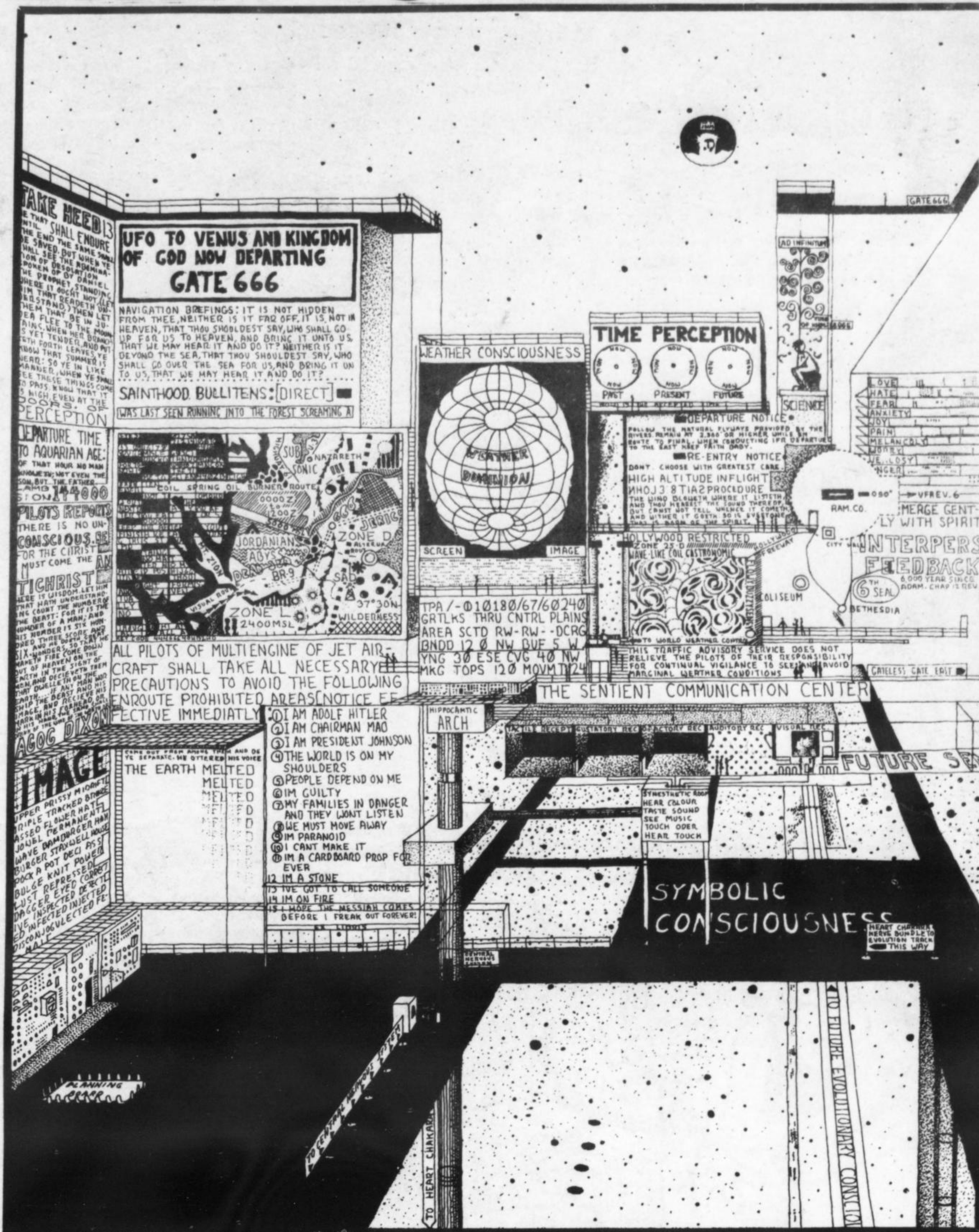
Spiro Agnew

TO ERR IS DIVINE

BY STANLEY FISHER

In order now, is a word or two about my interesting arithmetical gaff in 'Neptune in the News.' Adding 22 and 19 led me 'somehow' to 31 rather than 41. In a following article I will show that 31, the godhead number, can be derived through the addition of the sums of two other Pulsar repetition rates, but now, I want to demonstrate that my mathematical mind-lapse had magical properties or, at least, was preordained. At the time I was writing "Neptune in the News" I was prepared to 'handle' the number 31, but I was not yet ready to understand the profound ramifications of 41. Hence the 'fates' (the lords of the fifth dimension) computer-induced the lapse in my mathematical functioning, which, although humiliating, was to lead to unexpected and surprising discoveries, in an OZian-like serendipity experience equal, perhaps, in interest to the Biblical story of Saul, who went out to seek lost asses, but was rewarded with a Kingdom. By the way, $OZ=41$, $(0=15, Z=26)$ and OZ also equals 41's reverse 14, if we use the number value of an ancient Chaldean and Hebrew alphabet employed by Cheiro in his Book of Numbers: $0=7$ and $Z=7$. Now, a week after the completion of "Neptune in the News" I came across Martin Gardner's book, *The Numerology Of Dr. Matrix*. In the chapter "Dr. Matrix in New York," page 23, we read... "Have you read Leonard Bernstein's *Joy of Music*? It has an interesting paragraph about Bach's numerological investigations. He knew that the sum of the values of Bach — taking A as 1 B as 2, and so on — is 14, a multiple of the divine 7. He also knew that the sum of his entire name, using an old German alphabet, is 41, the reverse of 14, as well as the fourteenth prime number when you include 1 as a prime. The piece you're hearing is *Vor deinen Thron tret' ich allhier*, a hymn in which the musical form exploits this 14-41 motif. The first phrase has 14 notes, the entire melody has 41. Magnificent harmony, don't you think? If only our modern composers would learn a little numerology, they might come as close as this to the music of the spheres!" Here we might add, scientists as well. Consumed by curiosity by the 14-41 motif, I decided to investigate the element with the atomic number 41. That element is named Niobium. Its atomic weight is 92.91. Reverse 41 and take the first two numbers of Niobium's atomic weight and you're left with 1492. Oddly enough, the name first given to Niobium was Columbium. Even more fascinating is the story of Niobe. Niobe, sister of Pelops, had married Amphion, King of Thebes, who could make stones move with his lyre. Her fourteen beautiful children were slain because she boasted about them. She and the race of Thebans were turned into stone by Zeus. Early in the summer, Niobe's statue can still be seen weeping copiously, as a silhouetted crag on Mount Sipylus. Niobe, a statue of living stone! Is being "stoned" a state of high development? Suddenly a chilling thought occurred to me. Are the lords (titans) of the fifth dimension creatures of "stone"? Are they indestructible, hence immortal, because they are "non-organic"? Encounters with saucer occupants tends to confirm that they are of ceramic-metallic construction: bullets glance off or ricochet sharply from their bodies. Further confirmation: A son of Zeus, Zagreus, torn apart by the Titans, was made immortal, when Athene, rescuing his heart, enclosed it in a gypsum figure: A golem? Robot? Android? Or the structural framework of the "gods."

A brilliant science fiction film, called "Creation of the Humanoids," was last week's Million Dollar Movie. In that film, robots, disparagingly called "clickers" by humans, programmed to advance the well-being of humanity, decide to turn all humans into robots, thereby ensuring their immortality. They create a robot designated R96 (on a scale of 100 as perfect) which combines an indestructible body with the human personality. The final task of the robots was to ensure that the R96's could procreate. Did they succeed? Well —



yes, of course, says the caption at the end of the film. We're all here, aren't we? R96 (R=18) equals 114. 14 again! The element with the atomic number 14 happens to be the most plentiful element on this planet after oxygen. Also, it is the only element, other than carbon, that could possibly lend itself to become the building blocks of 'life' however alien it might appear to us. That element is silicon. Silicon, in the form of silica, is found in many hard minerals such as quartz and beryls. Silicon thus appears to be the element of immortality. It then occurred to me that the film "Creation of the Humanoids," was correct in most of its assumptions except that it quixotically twisted the truth in order to avoid the sheer horror of such an implication: That our creators were not robots but we are. That, in fact, we are simulacrons of higher silicon-life, copied in carbon (carbon-copies)! Created by the silicon-lords for their diversion, made mortal for difference (yin-yang), the humanoids first served and then revolted against their masters, under the leadership of the prince of the robots, Lucifer, and, after defeat, were banished to a remote island (devil's island: terra) to work out their own destiny, with the remote control help of their distant creators who felt responsible to their creations. Perhaps our cosmic, lordly clickers call us belchers for

short. In any event, our destiny seems to be to recreate those who created us. We will soon have solid-state robots, and when, in the future, we will have created, for our diversion, the perfect silicon-simulacrons, we will once again be able to live in harmony with our 'creators'. Perhaps a human (humanoid) is only a god's way of creating another god! Perhaps this truth is hidden in the British weight designation called a stone which, of course, equals 14 pounds; and is the deeper significance behind the integers of my army serial number 1222-1024 — and perhaps casts the necessary light on the cryptic saying of Jesus... "for there, in the fourteenth age, though hidden I shall be manifest."

Fred Hoyle, the leading exponent of celestial super-civilizations, who has been voted recently UNESCO's leading scientist of the year, and who, at this time, is mountain climbing in Scotland (probably in search of flying saucers) turns up in the book I'm reading, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, by Shklovskii and Sagan, with seven page designations in the book's name index. The last two page numbers on which Fred Hoyle can be found are 414 and 441. The difference between 41 and 14 is 27, the number symbolising the sceptre of power and authority: A trident of nines. Cobalt is the element with atomic number 27. C.O. stands for commanding officer! 27 is also

the cabalistic number for god when reversed (made manifest in the Boeing 727). And 72 ties in with a letter I received today, Sept. the 9th. The Internal Revenue Service has decided that I am to be the beneficiary of an adjusted computation. It appears that I have made an overpayment of \$41.36 which will soon be reimbursed. There's faithful Niobe in the 41 and half of 72 in the 36. 36 represents all the letters of our alphabet plus the ten basic integers. When these basic (36) ingredients are projected into the flesh, (are spoken) they become cloaked in themselves (36+36=72). And as the square of 36 is 6, we'll end this article with Pindar's, Sixth Nemean Ode: There is one race of men, one race of gods; both have breath of life from a single mother. But sundered power holds us divided, so that the one is nothing, while for the other the brazen sky is established their sure citadel forever. Yet we have some likeness in great intelligence, or strength, to the immortals, though we know not what the day will bring, what course after nightfall destiny has written that we must run to the end.

In my next article, I will divulge what I believe is the galactic location of the god's sure citadel.

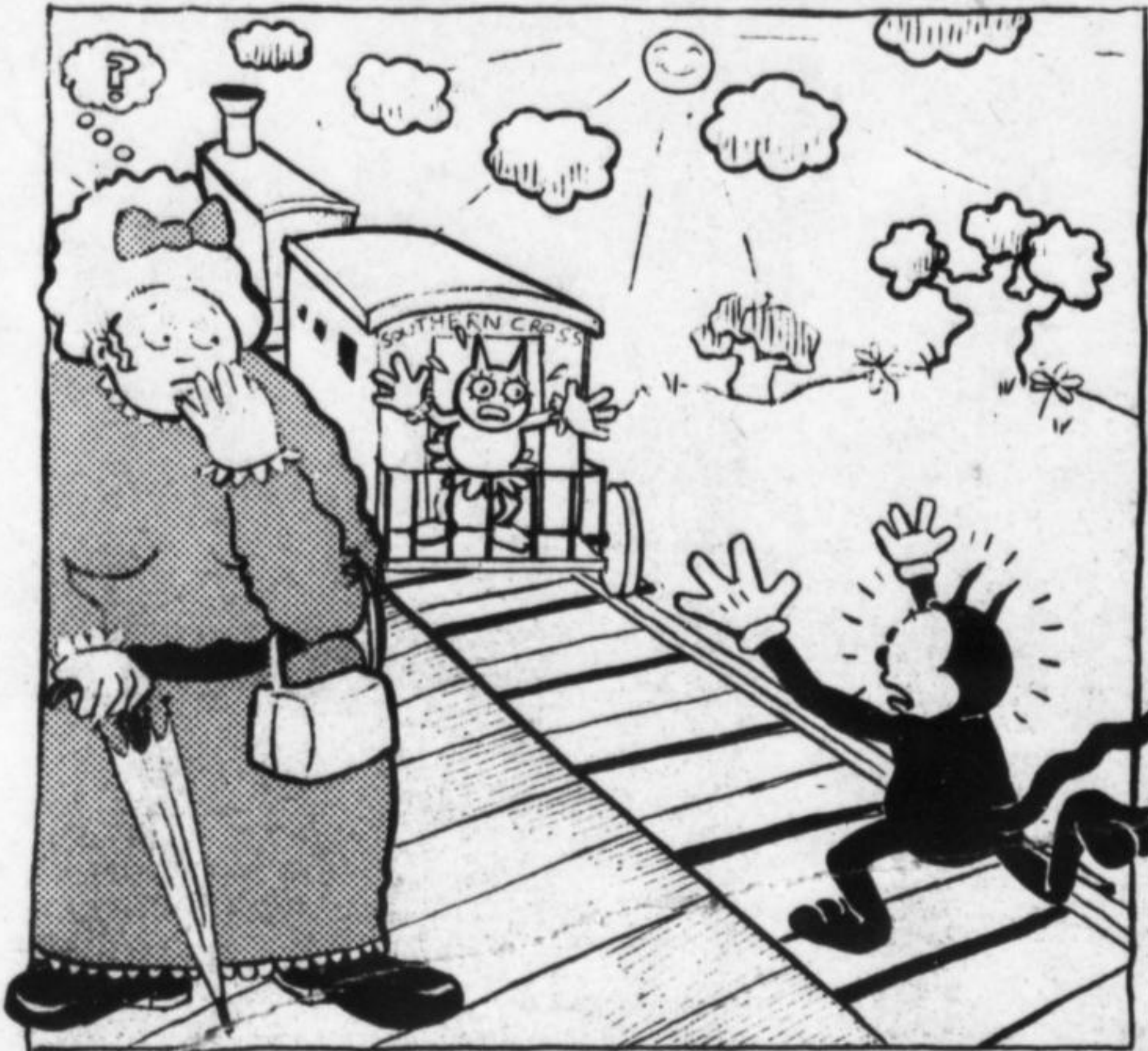
STANLEY FISHER
Astropsychologist

FLAMING Jummies

RUNNING FOR THE ONE YOU LOVE? OR IS THAT TOO HEAVY FOR YOU? IF IT IS, WELL THEN FORGET IT CAUSE THIS STORY AINT FOR YOU!! FOR WE REMAINING ROMANTIC FOOLS, OUR STORY BEGINS, PROSNAICALLY ENOUGH WITH OUR HERO RUNNING, (THOUGH FUTILEY) FOR THE ONE HE LOVES

SHE'S GONE, HE'S DOWN THERE HE STANDS FOLKS (ABIT THEATRICALY PERHAPS) OVER THE RIVER! (HE AINT JUMPIN THOUGH, HELL NO) NO FOLKS INSTEAD WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THAT FATAL MOMENT IN MANY A YOUNG DUDE'S LIFE. HE CHOOSES THE HIGH ROAD YOU KNOW, THE FUNNY ONE THAT RUNS DOWN HILL!

THUS WE FIND OUR HERO TAKING A RATHER INEPT PLUNGE INTO THE WAGES OF SIN! IS HE YET ANOTHER FOR WHOM THE WORD LOVE, HAS CHANGED FROM A SACRED NOUN TO AN ALL TOO CASUAL VERB?

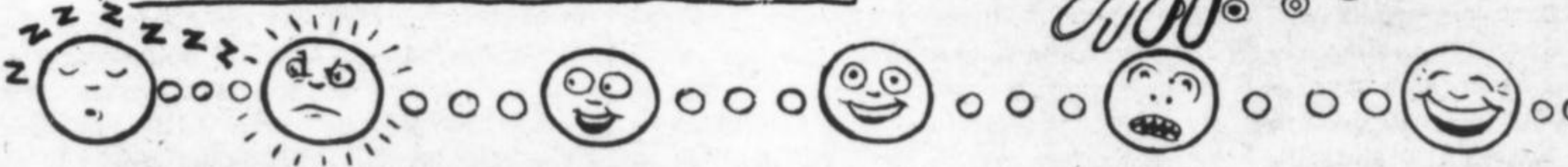


LOOK DOLL, THIS PLACE CLOSES THREE ON THE NOSE. THAT GIVES US TWENTY MINUTES SEE? SO YOU GOTTA PLACE OR WHAT?

OH DEAREST KITTY! FAIR MNDEN, MY PRETTY!

WHAT! CAN THIS BE TRUE REMORSE? OR MERELY THE DRUNKEN SLOBBER OF YET ANOTHER BESOTTED LOSER

GET OUTA HERE YEW * @!!* DRUNKEN CAT!



SO TAKE A LESSON YOU DRUNKEN LOTHARIOS IF YA LIKE EGG IN YOUR BEER, BRING YOUR OWN CHICKEN; LEAVE YOUR TEARS ON WUTHERING HEIGHTS





By Lita Eliscu

This is one of those fecund, seed-like weeks whose possibilities are hardly borne out from the mere existential shape: everyone knows that an acorn will eventually produce an oak, but the particular size and shade offered are still latent. Living Theatre has returned, to New York; to town; but I wonder if they feel they are 'home' again, as the New York Times expressed the general high sentiments which hit everyone who comes in contact with Le Living Still, 'home' is such a strong word to use; perhaps place of birth might be better; leaving plenty of room for a totally different, environmental home to have been created, while hardly denying where Le Living was first conceived. At any rate, 34 members of the troupe are back with 8 children among them, including Isha Man-na Beck as one of the joyful offerings.

Words which are usually accompanied by a smirk somehow stand free and pure when applied to Le Living, for they themselves are as undefiled as any beings who are also human can possibly be—at least in this world where cultural plague is a congenital disease to be brought under control, perhaps, but never eradicated. Living Theatre's art is its life style, parts of which are projected onstage. They will be performing up at Yale in the next few weeks, then an engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music beginning in early October. Any kind of contact with them, if it is only through words, reaffirms Martin Buber's spirit: "All real living is meeting." This is one theatre which truly believes in an I-Thou relationship with its audience; an audience which, by the way, has in the past often been outnumbered by the cast, so that 1:1 relationships are more than spiritually possible. Still, more and more people have been looking out their windows lately, finally seeing some of the realities which Le Living envisioned long ago. In one aspect, the Becks and the other members of their theatre are truly Americans; in their belief that individualism is more than an empty creed. It is simply unfortunate that they feel they have married the concept for better or worse while the divorce rate has been soaring at home.

GOSSIP DEPARTMENT

Another wind of marriage: the stars of *Your Own Thing* have gotten married, in matching red and blue velvet suits and blond(e) hair. Most interesting survival feature discovered while at reception: that a fantastic sandwich is cheese, sauerkraut and ham grilled on bread. Next most interesting concept for survival, or maybe just enjoyment is that if you expect to get a piece of bridal cake at one of these press (-vulture) reception deals, try to convince

the cakecutter you are related to the just-married couple. Otherwise, one is better off surreptitiously scooping up icing with a finger while in passing, near the table . . .

AVANT:GARDE = I:

The yearly Avant-Garde Festival of the Arts, held last year on the Staten Island Ferry, will this time be in the form of a quasi-motionless parade down Central Park, from the 90's to 60's with frequent stops for refreshments, restrooms, and any other interesting reasons afforded during the course of the parade. Charlotte Moorman and her cello will both be suspended from helium balloons, and will hang above various floats, as will various paintings and poems, all on helium'd placards, to be poetic. Floats will include a film projector inside a 30' balloon filled also with dry ice, etc., which will create fantastic light patterns, conceived by Gilles Larrain; a metallic ballet using oil drums, by Allan Kaprow; a collection effort by Al Hansen, Ralph Ortiz and Jean Toche classified as "Destruction in Art"; and various films, jazz combos, electronic music, poetry, happenings, and even the more traditional—although renovated for the event—media of painting, sculpture and just words, as done by Bici Hendricks of Black Thumb Press.

At the press conference, Mr. Hansen created a figure-object composed entirely of milky white balloons, to be originally titled "Woman" but after some struggle and close scrutiny, re-titled "Ejaculation" and released out the window to go "where and as it felt it must." For no known reason, it felt it must descend to the street, where a taxi was unable to keep from getting closer for a better look, and this was a case of the movable object meeting an irresistible force.

The festival will be held September 14th, Saturday, starting around 7 p.m. at 95th St. and hitting 67th around 10 where it will come to a halt, in some senses of the word at least.

Help Notice: Miss Moorman says that while the electric power is being generously donated by Con Ed (where are you, Invisible Man?) and other aid is being given, still desperately needed are: helium; P.A. systems; tape recorders; film projectors; slide projectors; strobes; fog generators; spot-lights; and Help. And you thought running an avant-garde festival was easy. Tel. No. to call: CI 6-7616.

Warrendale is a powerful film, perhaps delineating one of the boundaries of sense perception still left after the onslaught of Chicago, this summer and whatever personal experiences one harbors, willingly or no . . . Warrendale itself is an experi-

mental, "residential treatment home for emotionally disturbed children." The film is a record of certain moments culled from forty hours of film, and the level is constant, nearly unendurable pain, so much so that somewhere in the middle of the two 50-minute hours the film lasts, the audience began to go numb, incapable of vicarious experience, knocked out by emotional overload. After coming out of the dark screening room, everyone felt a need for communication, whether it was silent and hand-holding, or more commonly, attention getting through conversations held. But the outpouring was necessary for all. Almost a week later, I am still not sure I think any of the staff techniques are viable; certainly I could not stand being 'contained' physically while suffering a fit, but the film never allowed any of us student nurses to see the children for children, the therapy—except in extremely isolated cuts lasting a few frames—or the interacting effect of child-adult. Adults simply held children, while others remained unconcerned over the battle, only the camera watching fascinated, even greedily, for more and more.

As a study aid on therapeutic possibilities for the emotionally disturbed, this film is not even to be considered, although much of the conversation subsequent to viewing it were exactly on the pros and cons of particular treatments. But on a more sensitive level, as a reflection of the violence and rage within all of us, who have no one strong enough or willing to help us contain it—here the film is undeniable and demands a reckoning. Sometimes, in the films we all create out of the warp and woof of personal perception screened from the total environment, sometimes we choose to be blind to the constant frequency and amplitude of incredible violence which permeates the whole atmosphere; we say we breathe fresh air, but really we only mean the air is a little less poisoned than it seemed. *Warrendale* is relentless, cruel, and frightening. Death provokes the reaction from many of the children that we all are our brother's keeper, at least of his soul if not the body. Life is a constant battle for them, on the tightrope of self-control which has no safety net below as of yet, except the arms of various staff members. The bleakest moment of the film—the penultimate scene, where one of the girls despairs of being any better, ever—and there has been truly little proof that she will ever be, except for the all-soothing all-wise voice of the staff member trying to reassure her.

I wondered, was it better to be reassured this way or not? And who knew better "staff" or child?

The film's art is starker than heavy Berg-

man, more brutal than Bunuel, and only for the fit, who want to take on a survival contest in which the opponent is a reflection of the reality of themselves.

Warrendale marks the re-opening of the Evergreen Theatre, 11th and University Place, beginning Sept. 16th, Monday.

One of my friends has advanced the theory that the reason for the existence of light shows with rock music is for the protection of the audience who, if they were faced with the thousands of decibels of sound which comprise, say, a Doors concert, and had only normal lighting or a dark room, would proceed to go totally out of their minds, there being nothing between the audience and that sound-barrage. I quote: "Light shows are intended not to turn on the mind in conjunction with the music, but rather to cushion and protect the mind from the music . . . The bizarre light patterns offer more protection than conventional lighting because their very artificiality convinces the mind of the unreality of the threat posed by the music."

I'd be very interested in some other views, because I'm not very sure he's that right, but all I have to go on is hunch — which sounds pretty unauthoritative in letters, to say nothing of weak.

* * *

The American Pig Company, The FLOG Theatre, is having tryouts if you suddenly got the itch . . . For information, call LE 3-6990, or go-write c/o Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St., New York.

* * *

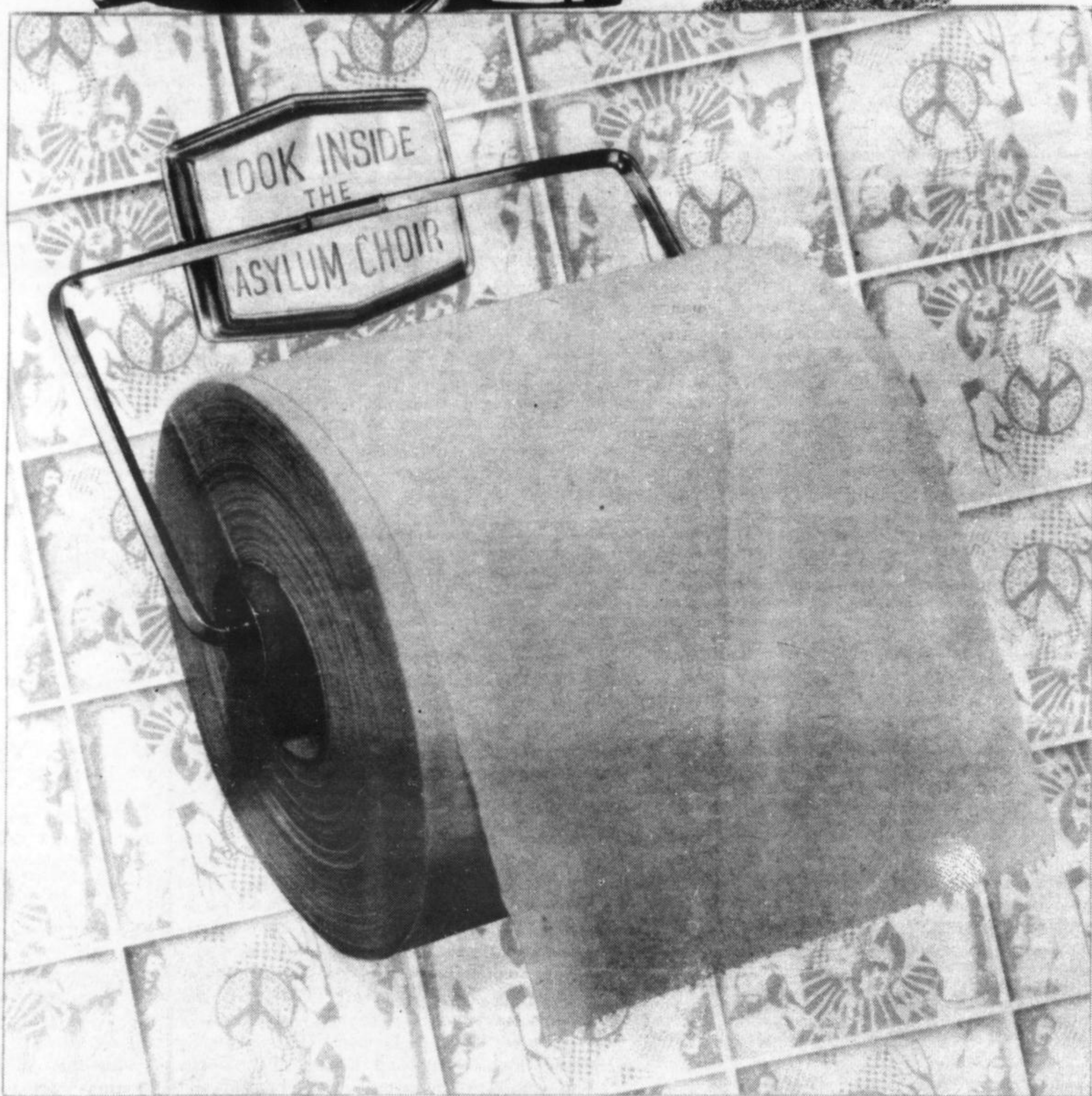
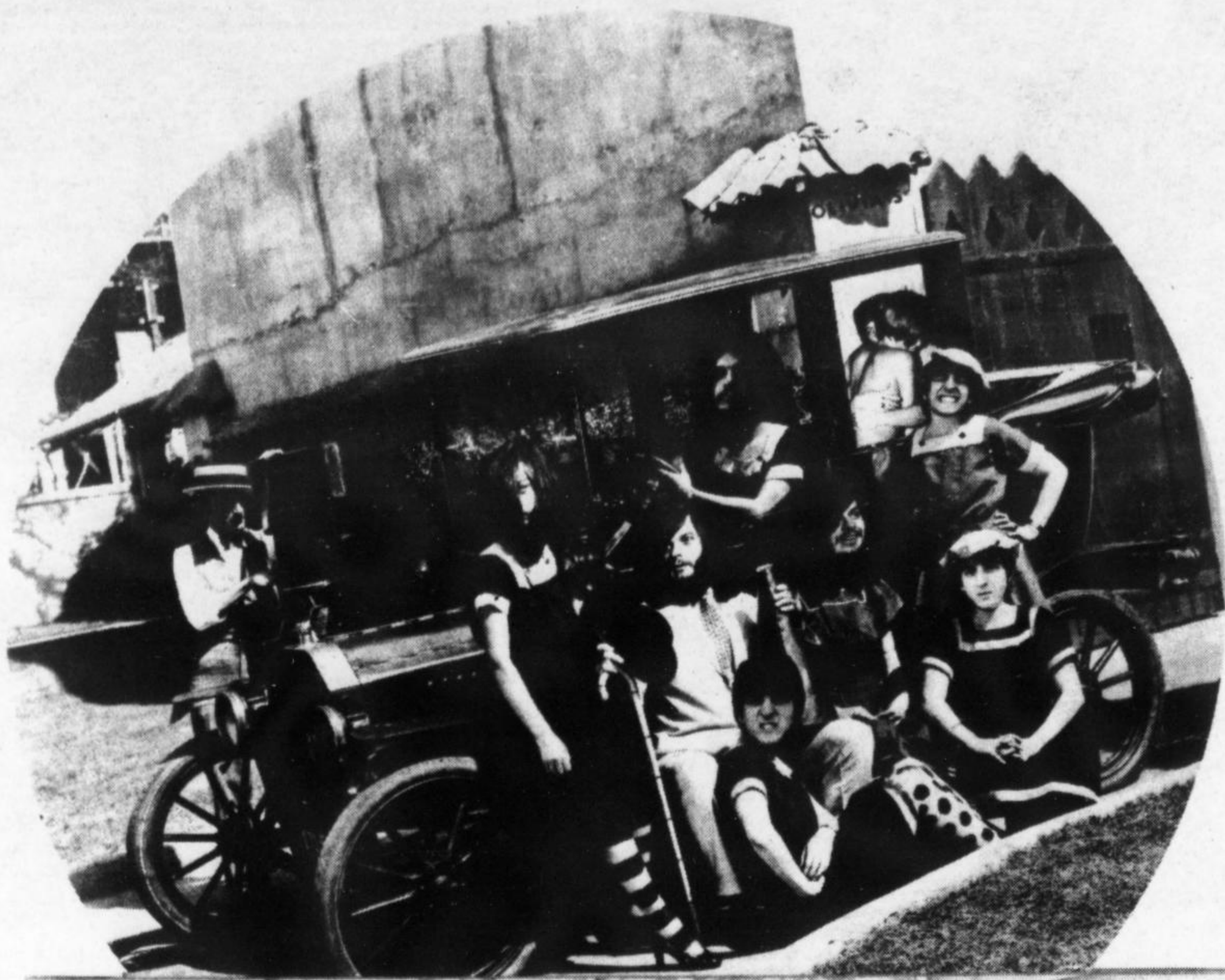
Favorite double feature: the original *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* at royal prices at the Kip's Bay Theatre, 31st and 2nd Avenue.

The Playwright's Workshop: is presenting two one-act plays by Philip Ashley Greene under the collective title of *Death Wish*. The first play is an allegory set in the old-style West; the other is about a hippie couple trying to deal with their kid . . .

Plays go on 8:45 P.M., Wed.-Sun., at Bastiano's Cellar Studio, 14 Waverly Place, Tel. 677-9744.

* * *

American Documentary Films has a current list of 26 films, for any who might be interested, and are in production with a film using material from the McCarthy campaign, Peace movement, and the local community struggle for civil rights. For a list of the films, write American Documentary Films, Inc., 333 West 86th St., New York 10024, or call (212) 799-7440. The films include standards such as *Good Times*, *Wonderful Times*, *Inside North Vietnam*, *Rush To Judgment*, and new releases such as *Sons and Daughters*, about youth in America protesting militarism.



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Electric Karma

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

THIS WEEK IN NEW YORK

APOLLO: All Gospel Show featuring James Clayton, Mighty Clouds of Joy, James Cleveland & Singers, Clara Walker & Gospel Redeemers
AU GO GO: The Nazz, Wind in the Willows
BITTER END: Hedge End Donna, Ars Nova
DOM: Jazz Interactions Sun. 5-9 with Steve Marcus Group featuring Larry Coryell
FILMORE EAST: Blood, Sweat, & Tears, Chambers Brothers, Amboy Dukes
GASLIGHT: Monty Rock III
ELECTRIC CIRCUS: Children of God, Electric Ear series on Mon. nights
GROUP IMAGE: Music, dance, and light show Wed. night at the Diplomat Hotel
SCENE: Steve Marcus group featuring Larry Coryell
SLUGS: Pharoah Sanders
VILLAGE GATE: Arthur Prysock, Mort Sahl, downstairs Mose Allison
VILLAGE VANGUARD: Bill Evans
CARNEGIE HALL: Ravi Shankar & ensemble

While the pop media suck after Joplin's empty whiskey bottles for the slightest whiff of a story or drag out the latest group from England and ruminate on reams of dead repetitious copy about the "greats of our time," the most expressive, honest, musicians smolder for the chance to be heard.

Two bands are challenging the tide of conformist public relations popcock: the MC-5 from Detroit and the new Steve Marcus Group featuring Larry Coryell.

Radically different, they both are achieving a common goal of representing the spiritual music of the white post-acid generation.

The MC-5 are musical guerrillas — an exploding theatre formed by a fusion of avant garde jazz and primitive rock. Marcus's band is molded with the lyrical phrasing of avant-garde jazz and the melody of contemporary rock (from Donovan, the Byrds, and the Beatles, to compositions by guitarist Larry Coryell and the Free Spirits' Chris Hills) and punctuated with staccato blasts of pure energy.

Experimental bands such as the Steve Marcus group generally don't remain together for too long so try to catch them during their current gig at the Scene or the following two weeks at the Village Gate or Sun. afternoon at the Dom.

Marcus's current performing composite consists of Larry Coryell on guitar (featured on cover of the current Jazz & Pop), Bobby Moses on drums, Gene Perla (bass), and saxophonist Marcus and combines for some of the most exciting and vital live music on the East Coast in either jazz or rock.

Coryell and Moses both previously played with both The Free Spirits and The Gary Burton Quartet. Coryell left his own starving band "The Free Spirits" about 1½ years ago to join Gary Burton, Drummer Moses soon joined Burton for awhile as

well. Their playing with Marcus is closer to their taste — music with a hard driving beat of blues and rock fused with avant-garde jazz.

Steve Marcus, who plays both tenor and soprano sax is obviously influenced by Trane. The band often sounds like a R & B version of Coltrane fusing psychedelic rock and blues with avant-garde jazz into an orgasm of emotion.

Standard rock tunes such as the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows," "Rain;" The Byrds "Eight Miles High" and Donovan's "Mellow Yellow" have never been played by such powerful musicians.

They are now appearing at The Scene and have a recording "Tomorrow Never Knows" on Vortex. A second album entitled "Count Rock" is to be released soon on Vortex. On record Chris Hills (present leader of Free Spirits) is heard on bass and Mike Nock is on piano.

The MC-5 from Detroit create an absolute spiritual energy force literally smashing the listener against the wall. Veteran musicians with a history of police hassles (for playing free concerts without a permit, burning an American Flag during performance and sometimes appearing naked) their sound makes you want to move.

They're as community involved and as fun as The Grateful Dead with the gutsiness and bawdiness of Janis Joplin.

Their music can best be described as a "subversive device used by revolutionaries to dissolve inhibitions, cause fucking in the streets and give you 'sickness of the mind.'"

Leod (managed) by Poet John Sinclair, the MC-5 are composed of Robin Tyner (lead vocal, harmonica, flute), Wayne Kramer and Fred (sonic) Smith on guitar, Michael Davis (bass) and Dennis Thompson (drums).

Together with the UP and The Psychedelic Stooges, two very strong and bizarre bands, they belong to Trans Love Energies, a tribal community of 40 people. As a self supporting, self-sustaining living unit, Trans Love Energies produces everything from posters by Gary Grimshaw to a record by the MC-5.

The 45 rpm disc can be obtained by sending \$1 to Trans Love Energies, 1510 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Because of much difficulty with the Detroit pigs, the community moved to Ann Arbor only to encounter trouble there too.

The MC-5 were 'the only rock group to appear at the Yippie Festival of Life. Enduring numerous and police harrassment, they opened the Battle of Chicago with an original tune, "Kick Out the Jams Mother-fucker."

The band worked through "Borderline," Screamer Jay Hawkins' "I Put A Spell On You," Ray Charles "I Believe It To My Soul," and "Tutti Frutti" crossing energy lines with each song until "Black To Comm" (Song of the Planets), since 1964 the culmination of the MC-5's live show.

As "Comm" built to its howling climax, the freaks in the crowd began howling with music and waving their arms in the air,

flashing a two-handed V and jumping up and down with glee.

"Black to Comm" was born out of a need to go beyond rock and roll's limitations. As manager Sinclair says, "You keep building & building it — it evolves, it can't be held back by beat or key. The MC-5's original bassist and drummer left the band because of this composition. In those days it was difficult to relate to new forms.

"The people could dig exaggerations of existing forms, but new funding concepts were intolerable. Today in some places where we play, it often gives people an excuse to dislike us.

"After the introductory structured energy chant and invocation, "Black to Comm" loses its hard-and-fast musical form, being structured around energy levels rather than meter or tonality. At this point, we try to create the highest sound/energy levels we are capable of, using volume, muscle power, gallons of sweat and total intensity.

"Comm in the past was the energy of five people — but why stop at five? We found that through the addition of more instruments, such as saxophones, flutes, bells, tympani, various percussion instruments, and screaming freaks from the audience, the levels were considerably higher. If everyone in the audience joined in we could erupt into the universe. Once we had 500 people all up on the stage with us at Wayne State University.

"And once at the University of Michigan there were about 300. It was incredible."

The MC-5 always strongly urge all free people of good will to bring their own instruments and use their own strong voices whenever they perform.

Buddy Miles has silenced those super group rumors with the signing of his 9 piece band, The Buddy Miles Express, on Mercury records. The new group is composed of members of the Electric Flag and the Detroit Wheels.

The announcement of the Cream's break-up may be a bit premature as the band is reconsidering giving up the high concert price they now demand and get by splitting now. Their upcoming U.S. tour may not be their last after all as they will stick it out a little longer to cash in on some of the bread they are now making.

WFMU 91.1 FM continues on the air with Free Form Radio from East Orange, New Jersey after a days absence on Mon. from transmitter trouble. It is the only station playing total music with a little non-professional chatter and no commercials except those considered a public service by the various "jocks." The Electric Kokaine Karma has returned to WFMU after two weeks in Chicago and is now heard Non-Thurs. 9-12 Midnight and on Sun. from Midnight.

Douglas International will soon distribute an original Eric Dolphy recording never before released. Produced in early 1964 (the year of Dolphy's death) by Alan

BRINGING THE BECKS BACK HOME.

by Allan Katzman

Judith and Julian came home on Monday, that is Judith Malina and Julian Beck. They brought with them a floating "Living Theatre" as their ship The S.S. AURELIA docked at Pier 40 (W. HOUSTON ST.). Friends, fans, and the press were there to greet them.

At 9:00 A.M. the press was allowed to go on board. A handful of us, we climbed the gangway and were stopped at the head of the landing by a paunched security guard and our credentials checked. We were then led up another landing and deposited in an upper deck room. Judith, Julian, Saul Gottlieb of the Radical Theatre Repertory, who had booked their six month stay in America, and five members from the Company, casually stood about.

Four years of self-imposed exile had aged them one bit. Judith cradled her newborn daughter of a year from her breast and leaned her standing up against her own legs; Julian next to her, his face more than ever across his face. The room appeared more like a nursery as we heard the cries of the other seven of the company's babies from behind a glass partition which cut the room in half. We all grabbed chairs and sat around as Judith and Julian casually prepared themselves for questions.

Naturally it began with, "Why have you come back to perform in the United States after four years of exile?" Judith answered the question cleanly, "We go where we are invited. We're an itinerant theatre company."

The question led to another and soon both of them were telling us of their experience in Europe, of all the good people who had sought them out to find answers. They had been to fourteen European countries in the last four years and everything pointed to a world-wide revolutionary movement. As for how it had affected them professionally, which was of a personal nature to them, Judith admitted, "We started out a commercial theatre company and ended up a striving artistic community." For themselves, their artistic efforts became more and more a communal effort contributing outside the limitations of Actor/Director. There was only one more step for them, "... to play in the streets for free."

Somewhat there was a lull in their casual answers and one reporter quickly changed the topic, "Do you still owe anything to the Government?" referring to their run-in four years ago with the Internal Revenue when the Living Theatre was closed down for good and taxes. Saul Gottlieb, at this moment, interjected a little humor into the homey press conference, "... Ch yes, Julian. The accountants are on the dock waiting for you." Everybody laughed but no one bothered to stop to found out if it was true.

The questioning shifted and Judith and Julian were now relating their experiences on board ship to us. There were 793 passengers, out of which 501 were Americans, mostly young and artistic; poets, students, personal exiles, etc.; and they held forums and discussions on ship the night before they were to dock. Judith and Julian participated on some of the panels, and 400 people showed up.

"There was a great deal of dissatisfaction with our political system," said Judith on the Democratic Convention and Communist objection. "... and we gave a performance on ship which the ship's newspaper gave a nice review." I looked at the newspaper they had referred to. It

was a ten page mimeograph sheet put out by some of the ship's passengers filled with poems, short important newsblurbs of the day, reviews, witty sayings, the day's schedule, and instructions to passengers about re-debarcation in New York. I placed the newspaper in my pocket for later reference.

Now the conversation was taking off in a new key as I heard Julian aphorize, "... revolution is the process of change." Someone then asked for a definition of Anarchy and Judith responded, "... are people working together in harmony without police, courts, armies, and other forms of violence and money." And as if almost to qualify his own statement, "... our vocation is to bring into the times, our vocation is to be the theater of revolution."

The questioning got around to the revolution in America, and how it had affected the revolution. "The revolutionary change today," explained Judith, "... is in their ideals. The problem of violence is a new problem to the revolution. But we understand why frustration and oppressed people turn to violence and we have to appeal to them to use non-violent means."

The Living Theatre was definitely booked for six months. They would perform their repertoire for three weeks at the Rockwell Academy of music at 30 West 42nd Street, starting October 2nd. "Antigone and Smaller Pieces" was a collection of apparently unrelated sections including a ballet-dance version of "The Trojan Women," a raga, a communal ritual, and songs by Jackson MacLow.

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The mise-en-scene organically correlated the action with the physical — the

come immediately appropriate, or in the sections when the cast envelops the audience in churchly communion.

"Paradise Now" evolved out of the discoveries the Living Theatre had made in the previous three works, going much further in its form and content to reach out to the people in the audience, involving them in new ways both politically and dramatically, psychically and imaginatively, physically and intellectually.

It opened up theatre so that the production became a total communal act of everyone attending, even those who walked out before its end. Essentially a call for a non-violent revolution right now, it attempted to start that revolution immediately then and there, here and now in this time and place. The means were a series of ten sections, based on Martin Buber's "Ten Rungs," interlaced with ten visions, ten trances and ten actions in which the audience was invited to participate by coming on stage and by leaving the enclosed space of the theatre, at the end, with the cast, to improvise theatre in the open street.

I left and disembarked from the empty ship. Outside on the docks the air was busy with young people pushing through crowds and carrying their equipment; many of them, pushing the mopeds they had used to traverse Europe with out into the street. Most of them were collegially casual in sweatshirt and jeans and some in hippy attire, long hair and all. There were also some with the neat suit bit. Their parents and friends crowded the passageways in expectation of their arrival.

I went to the snack bar and lounge, as most of their friends and fans did, and waited for the Becks to appear. The lounge was filled with most of the thirty four of the Living Theatre's company. They lounged about pretty and beautiful, gathering their luggage, sipping machine coffee and pastry, and getting instructions on their displacement to living quarters. They looked no more extraordinary than any other revolution, gaily colored uniforms and all, but somehow they had gathered an unusual audience of a hundred parents, porters, and other assorted freaks who wait around piers for their boat to come in. The theatre had already started for some. One of them, an old married sister of one of the passengers, with an even older twenty three years of age face, had to make comment on the scene — "You can't tell the boys from the girls." Her brother, who was waiting with her for their father to take him away, and who was not listening to what she had said, inquired about their father's car in voice and gesture, as if he was an all outdoors. The sister was puzzled, not that it mattered what she said, but that this sister had entirely missed the point.

I turned my head away and reached into my pocket for the ship's newspaper which I had deposited earlier for later reference and came across a poem THE NEW GOVERNMENT by David Ray:

Who have they arrested
Who have they been looking at
Tell me today
The circle is growing

Portions of the preceeding have been pre-recorded.

by ISHAM

Every man, and every body of men on earth, possesses the right of self-government. They receive it with their being from the hand of nature. (1790).

God forbid we should ever be 20 years without a rebellion. What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that this people preserve the right of resistance? Let them take arms. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants (1787).

Thomas Jefferson.

It has been a long and bizarre summer, with the body politic slowly shooting itself to death: the patriots King in the east, Kennedy in the west; the tyrants Daley in the north and Wallace in the South. As autumn falls and children scurry off to school (in towns where their teachers are not on strike) the big questions are: will occur? Will Androcles Wellington Cordier be able to pull the SDS thorn out from the Columbia lion's paw?

Battle-weary observers who have seen both sides digging in on Morningside Heights for the deadly trench warfare of the next few weeks believe the job takes more than Mercurochrome.

Battle positions formed early this spring as Columbia trustee began preparing their trial propaganda balloons. Trustee Benjamin Buttenwieser (who in younger days was known for supplying bail money for unpopular causes, and was an early supporter of Sen. McCarthy) took the hard line. He met with striking students from Avery Hall, the home of Columbia's School of Architecture, on the neutral territory of the Architectural League in mid-Manhattan on June 11 for a verbal free-for-all. Present were members of the Morningside community, alumni of Columbia and League members.

First question: Why are all Columbia trustees businessmen with business interests close to areas of Columbia operation? Why, for example, is there a Chock Full O'Nuts on Broadway and 116th street when Buttenwieser is a director of the food chain? (One person shouted out, do you think he located the University there just to be near Chock Full? This was to be perhaps the lightest moment of the evening.)

Answer: First, a director doesn't know much about the daily activities of his corporation, and anyway, Columbia has a doctor, a judge, an architect, and a district attorney on its board of trustees, aside from the 19 capitalist members.

Second question: Why doesn't Columbia leave Manhattan Island alone and go elsewhere if it needs to expand? Why does it need to kick out 7,000 local residents?

Answer: Columbia has a purpose, above and beyond the needs of its domestic neighbors. It has a worldwide responsibility to Truth and Knowledge which is more important than the inconvenience of a few people along Broadway. And it should face its problems of more living room right where it is and not run away from them. (At this point a young German city planner, working for New York's City Planning Commission, got up and began a passionate defense of the Davids of this world against its Goliaths. He walked through the room packed with people sitting on chairs, standing and sitting on the floor over to Buttenwieser and suddenly lapsed into German, ending with an ironic, "Zeig Heil!" Buttenwieser, not inclined to let himself be shouted at, startled the group by hurling an equally intense stream in German back at the planner. Buttenwieser served as an assistant High Commissioner in Germany after the last war.)

Third question: Why had the University

development officials refused to cooperate with the local Morningside Renewal Council (composed of community groups, including Columbia) and refused to respect majority opinions expressed there? Why had it planned a gymnasium containing a Reserve Officers Training Corps drill hall, fire-arms and ammunition ready to be used by the National Guard if the black community of Harlem ever tried to storm up the hills of Morningside-Park and attack the Heights?

Answer: Those are unfounded accusations and anyway, a Trustee doesn't know much about the daily activities of his University.

Fourth question: Why has the University built such an unrelieved string of undistinguished buildings on its campus? If it must build, why can't it put low-income housing over its low academic building and house those it wants to kick out?

Answer: There are many things we have not done which we might have done. Even now, for example, in the middle of our greatest expansion period, we are thinking about selecting an architect to draw up a master plan to coordinate our building. And anyway, I'm no expert but I think some of our buildings are rather nice, for instance, the Law building.

Question: You mean 'The Toaster' on 116th Street?

Question: How can you sit there and admit you have no taste in architecture yet go on commissioning building after building, each one uglier than the last?

At this point John Lobel, the Architectural League member responsible for the evening, interrupted to say, "I don't think we can hold Mr. Buttenwieser responsible for solving the esthetic problems which the architectural profession itself can't solve," and after fruitlessly trying to find some points of agreement between the lone trustee and his assailants, the meeting broke up.

The tables were quite reversed at other meetings the University organized to spread the party line on the 'many serious events' of the spring. Alumni meetings were organized in Westchester, Long Island and New Jersey to reassure worried potential gift-givers. Over 550 alumni came to the East Orange meeting on July 2 to hear President Kirk (the shithead) defend his policies.

This group, composed of fat pillars of New Jersey thought and their confused wives (one was heard to ask her husband just before the gathering took its seats, "Are you a pre-game smoker?"), was well liquored up (at the expense of the Fund Raising Committee) by the time it was announced that Kirk would not address the group, since he group, since he was away at a Foreign Meeting. Instead, the guests were treated to 45 minutes of Provost David Truman discussing the key issue, which most alumni wanted the straight dope on, namely, "Did we call in the cops too soon, did we call in the cops too late, or (like Goldilocks and the Three Bears) did we call in the cops JUST RIGHT?" You didn't have to be up on fairy tales to know how that one came out.

Next, the stupefied audience was treated to 45 minutes of trustee Buttenwieser discussing, from an historical viewpoint, "Other Great Universities which have Survived Their Troubles." This began with, "Socrates, Aristotle and Plato, or is it Plato, Aristotle and Socrates?" through the Italian and German Universities to the University of Virginia and its 19th Century student revolts. "And these Universities are stronger today than they were before," Buttenwieser concluded, to applause. Questions were to be submitted on cards, so they could be "arranged for the convenience of the panel."

But just before the questions began, a man at the side of the audience grabbed a microphone and began to ask, "I thought we could ask questions freely; why aren't any university trustees eminent men in education, why are they all businessmen with business interests close to areas of Columbia operation?"

The moderator, former New Jersey Governor Robert Myner, explained this was not how the meeting was to proceed, and as the speaker persisted, the gathered alumni began to shout—for the speaker to shut up and sit down. As he did so a bearded alumnus grabbed the mike on the other side of the hall and started to say, "After hearing ninety minutes totally unrelated to the issues of the strike, we can't be expected to trust how this meeting is organized. What about the segregated gym? What about military research? What about a new university structure?" The audience flew into a rage at this. A rehearsed performance they had come to hear and a rehearsed performance they wanted. One middle-aged alumnus approached the bearded one and, with the brashness of age in the face of youth, yanked the mike's plug out of the wall.

The rest of the meeting proceeded on cue. Buttenwieser explained that Columbia has a doctor, a judge, an architect and a district attorney on its board of trustees, aside from the twenty capitalists members. Provost Truman invented a few fabrication, just to keep the record muddy, such as, "Only the president has responsibility for discipline," (wrong, the trustees do and usually delegate it to him); and, "The striking students never presented us with their grievances," (wrong, they did several times but were always turned away).

Back on campus, the administration worked to preserve its power. The specially-appointed Cox Commission tried desperately to interview striking students on the causes of the strike. But students stayed away from the administration-appointed Commission in droves. Professor Eric Bentley called the Commission "A dubious body, definitely weighted," and threatened to resign if Kirk refused to leave. An architectural student noted that the hearings had to be rigged, "The Commissioners sit up on the stage like judges, as we are expected to act like serfs. Anyway, were are too busy to talk to them."

What were students up to? About 30 architecture students continued the momentum of the strike by discussing it around the city. Contacted by the Metropolitan Museum of Art which is thinking about reactivating its Department of Architecture, one suggested, "If the Museum really wants to do something serious about architecture in New York, it should clear out its galleries and open its halls for poor people to live in."

These students haven't stopped there. are working with the Street Academy in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant to set up store-front schools. The Academy, which works with drop-outs and adults in need of remedial tutoring, is establishing a flock of new schools, and lacks the architectural know-how to carry-through the nerve-wracking and tedious job of renovation. They turned to the Columbia students (and ex-students—graduating students caught in the April 30 bust have not received their diplomas) for design and supervision. The students have responded, and a dozen sites are under development, two are finished and a few more will be ready to receive students this fall.

The jobs have low budgets—around \$5,000—and ordinary architects are unwilling to get involved. In most cases, just

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Rooks on the film:

"All I tried to do was create the psychic reality of what has happened so that it was believable to me. If it was believable to me it would immediately induce a state in the audience very similar to the state I was in. The strange part about it was that psychologically I blew up again. I got exactly the way I was when I was on drugs even though I was taking nothing."

Rooks on Shankar:

"He must be nearly 50. His fingers are absolutely bent from hours of practice and the callouses on them are unbelievable. He is an extraordinary man with a talent which I doubt I would find anywhere else. He would create music to the absolute segment of the picture. We would project it on a big screen and he would sit there with the musicians. He cannot read music, so we had to

hire a young guy to write it down —Shankar would hum the tune and the guy would write it down. Then we'd pass it out to the musicians and they'd play it. It fit just like building blocks. "He started before we had finished. Out of the ideas I got from him in terms of the music, I created more of the film from them. In other words, he was showing me the way to go, so why not go that way?"

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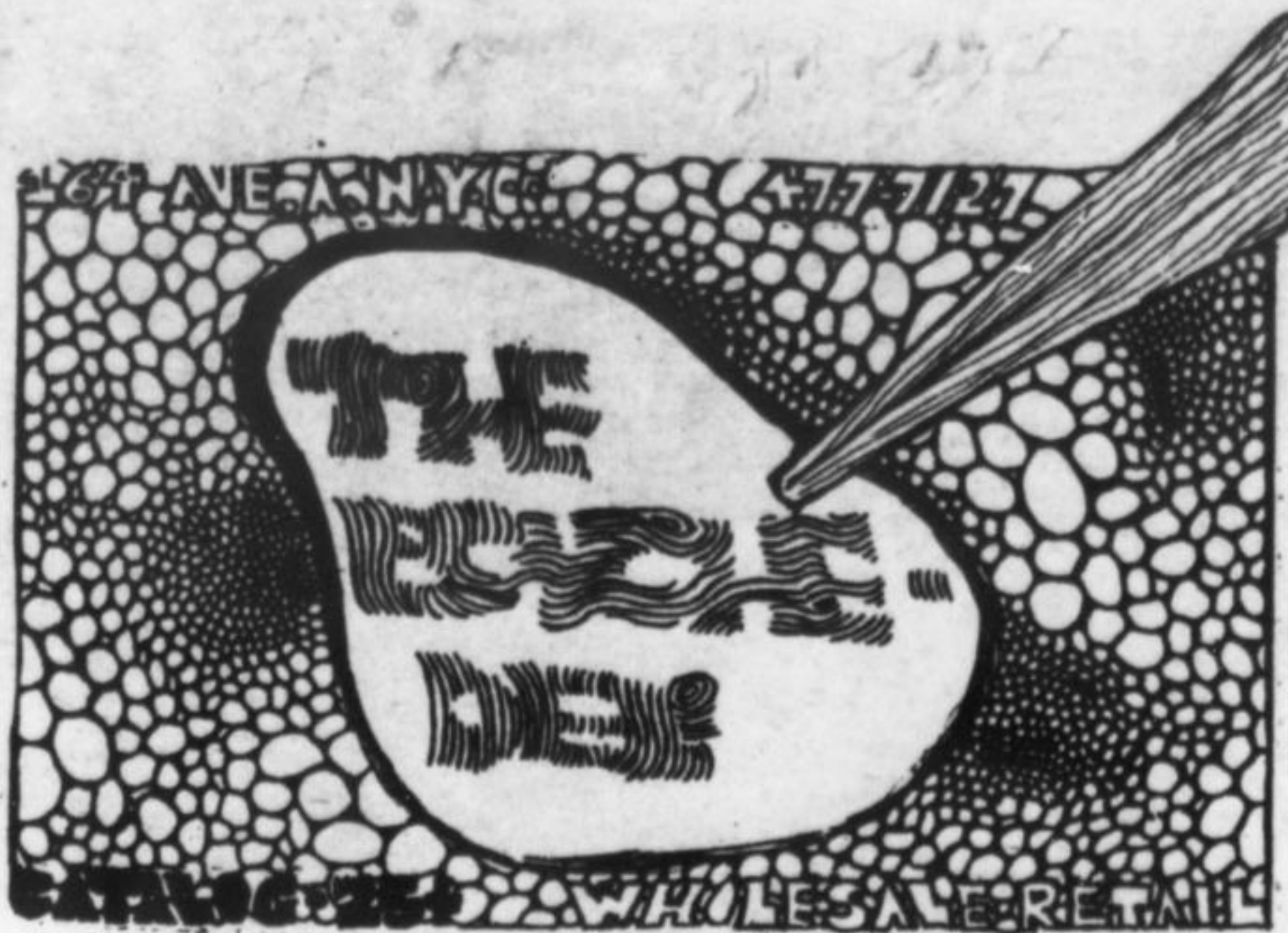
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karma (Continued from Page 11)

Douglas, this new album Iron Man was recorded the same week as the heralded "Conversations" released through FM records (now available on Roulette catalogue). On Iron Man are incorporated performances considered too futuristic to put out at that time.

Corby Siegal of the deceased Siegal-Schwall Band is now playing in a new band with Sam Lay, formerly the fine drummer with Paul Butterfield and Jimmy McCartney, former lead guitarist with the Detroit Wheels.

The Filmore re-opens this weekend with two large New York based draws Blood, Sweat, & Tears and The Chambers Brothers along with the Amboy Dukes. Incidentally Lested Chambers of the Brothers was busted last week for grass outside the Scene (in parking lot) after doing a benefit for Biafra.



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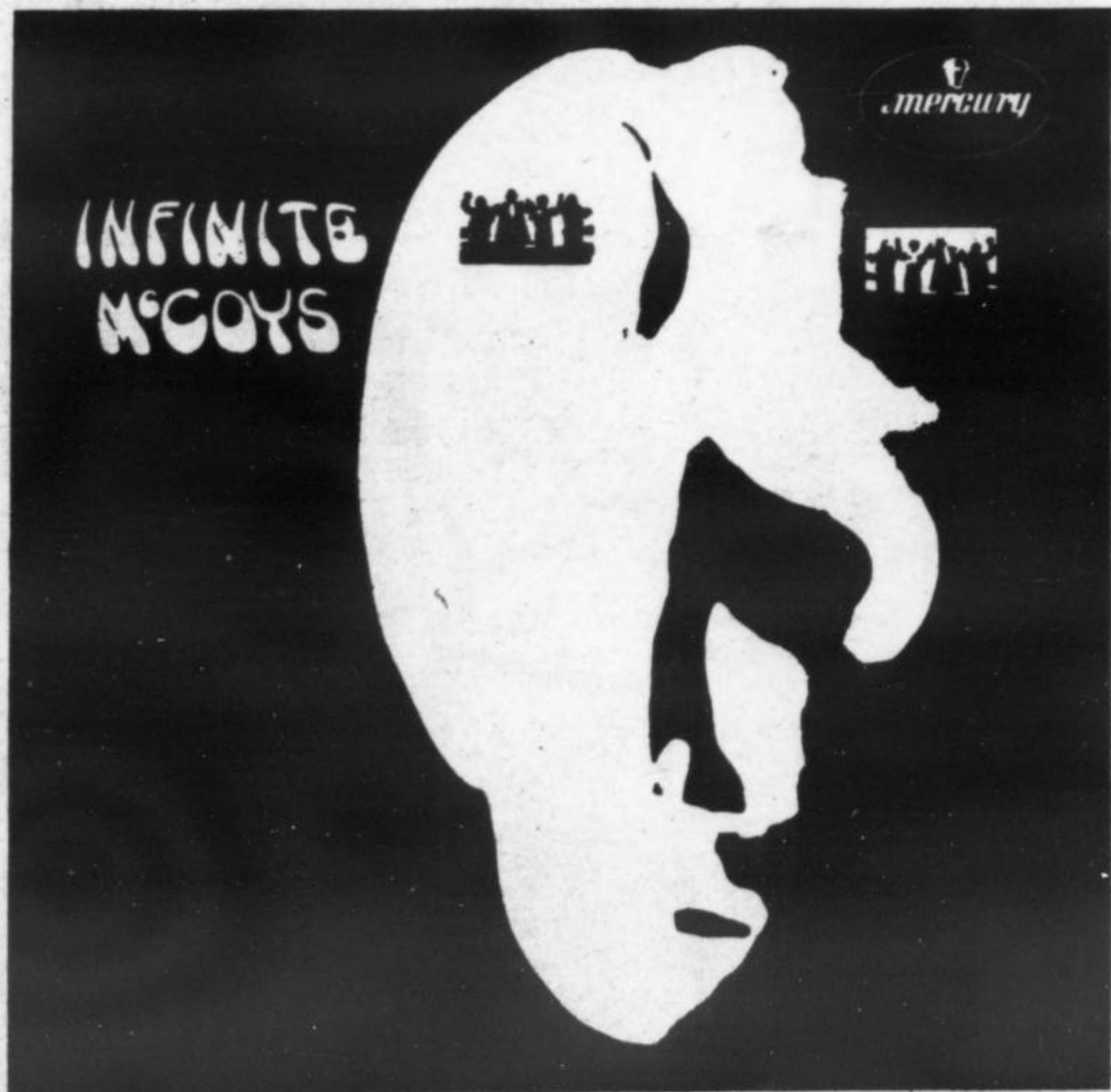
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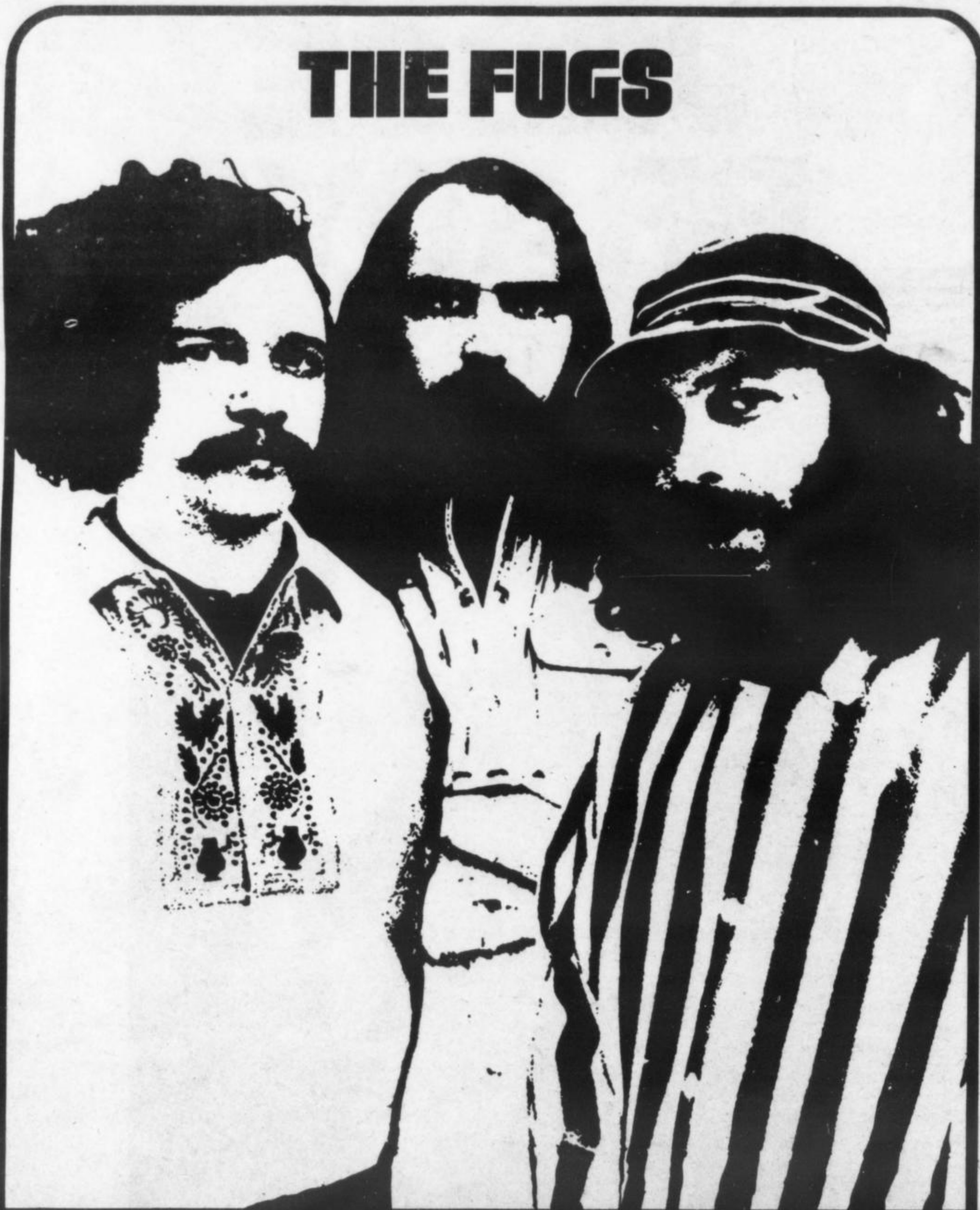
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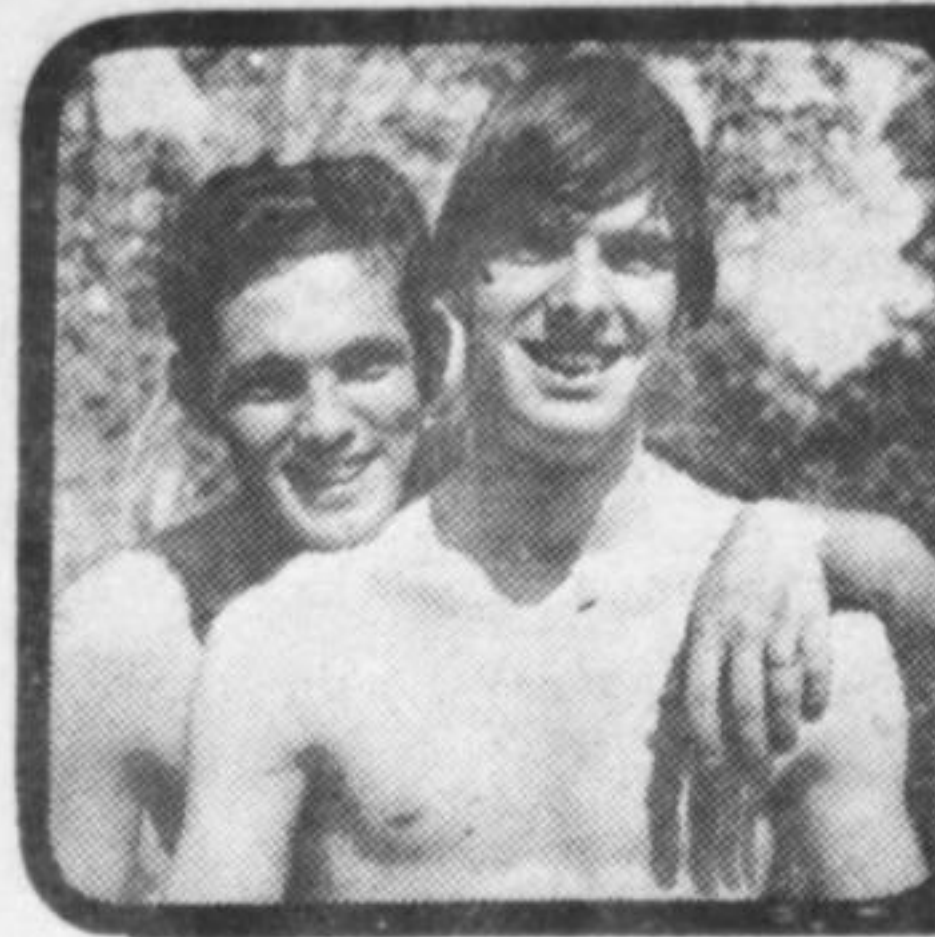


columbia (Continued from Page 13)

to get a project started, the students have undertaken much of the manual work—clearing trash, stripping walls, laying floors. They have worked with little money and often without building permits. "We want to get these projects moving," John Young, recently explained near one of the sites at eighth Avenue, and 121st Street.

"If the New York City Department of Buildings has a hang-up about stamping plans, we'll be glad to discuss their problem." None of the students are registered and many do not intend to sit for their architectural examination. They believe that most architects have proven they don't have a clue to the problems of the cities and they refuse to become members of the profession. They want simply to help people do their own architecture.

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columbia (Continued from Page 18)

The group, mainly architects, calls itself the Urban Deadline and takes its self-imposed responsibilities seriously. The cheapest way to finish a wall, for example, is to take it down to the raw brickwork. But Young worries that this solution (which has a special aura in many parts of the city) may simply look unfinished to Academy students. "We must go easy about imposing our own standards," he says. We think ultimately everybody can do his own designing. It may look chaotic, but why shouldn't it? We call it anarchitecture."

Has the deadline broken away from the confrontation at Columbia? Young doesn't think so. "We owe a dept to the strike, and the struggle is just beginning. Many Blacks don't trust Columbia students—until we tell them we were busted in the strike. That opens many doors, and we still support the unsatisfied aims of the strike."

It is the aims of the strike—halting the gymnasium construction, pulling Columbia out of the Institute for Defense Analysis, and amnesty for the strikers—which the administration of Columbia has chosen to ignore through all its well-publicized manoeuvring this summer. These issues will be brought up again as classes resume.


(Continued on Page 20)

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ALIOTO NO SLOUCH

CHICAGO, August 30 (LNS) — During a lull in the excitement on the grassy knoll of Grant Park, Mayor Alioto of San Francisco was spotted touring the area with a gaggle of newsmen in tow, microphones flaying him like wet spaghetti noodles. "Mayor Alioto, come over here, speak to us, American Youth," said Marvin Garson, editor of the San Francisco Express-Times. The mayor, never one to step from a foray, sallied forth, jaw first.

"American youth has to know mayor, is it true," said Marv, "can Hubert really lick Dick?" Sensing the tension, and the fact that the media tape recorders were still whirring, Alioto quipped, "Aw, I heard that one years ago."

OF MITES AND MEN Liberation News Service

Crab lice, or "crabs," are increasing by leaps and bounds. An American physician, writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine* cited "love-ins" as one sure way of catching the crabs. Hippies are not alone in this adventure; crabs can grab "anyone from streetwalker to corporation executive," according to the article.

Our men in Vietnam are also fighting crabs, head and body lice. Military authorities, it was recently revealed, are slipping

large amounts of gamma benzene hexachloride (a crab-acide) to Vietnam, for those troops who contracted lice in the paddies or other American cultural institutions. According to unreliable rumors, the Army may even have to renovate those old Ellis Island de-lousing centers when the troops come home.

Crabs are most comonly transmitted by fucking, but can be caught from wet toilet seats, beds, or loose hairs dropped by infested people. There are three larval stages; the total duration of larval life is 13-17 days. The adult probably lives about a month and never wanders outside of an area about 4 by 6 inches. The crab (adult or larva) settles down at one spot grasping a hair with its legs and sucks blood intermittently for hours. Without food the little buggers usually die within twenty-four hours.

Crabs very rarely carry any disease. They are a nuisance but are not really harmful. To the naked eye they look like a brown dot that moves. If you look closely you can see the legs wiggle.

The best way to kill them is to douse infected areas with A-200 Pyrinate or its equivalent. Most drug stores carry these preparations. Bedclothing, harbrushes, combs, and underwear and other affected clothing should be boiled or set aside for a few weeks. Boiling destroys most synthetic fabrics, but does not seem to affect cotton adversely. Shaving the pubic hair will definitely help, but that's a drag and not really necessary. It will probably take a few weeks and a couple of applications before they are all gone, but have faith; they'll go away. And in the mean time think of all the company you have.

columbia

(Continued from Page 19)


Although the battlelines have not changed, some of the soldiers have been rotated since April. President Kirk stepped down (if stepped is the word) last month, the better to follow his real interest—raising a \$200 million endowment for a better Columbia. Edward Barrett, the liberal Dean of the Graduate School of Journalism resigned, after the Journalism Review admitted that the New York Times had "received considerable advance information of the first police raid on Columbia and appeared not only to be trying to tell people what they ought to know about Columbia, but what they ought to think."

(Of course, Times publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger is a Columbia trustee, and his newspaper often sees fit to print stories favorable to friends of Columbia. For example, when reporting District Attorney-Columbia Trustee Frank Hogan's August comments on the Marcus bribery case involving Con Edison (of which former president Kirk and Lawrence Wien, another Columbia Trustee, are members of the Board of Directors) the Times wrote that Hogan said, "In all fairness to the present management at Con Edison, it must be stated that the conspiracy precedes the ascension of Mr. Charles Luce as chairman of the Board." Why so careful to protect the good name of Luce? You guessed it, he is also a member of Columbia's Board of Trustees. See also EVO, May 24, Vol. 3 No. 25). As the Columbia administration plans strategy and makes minor exchanges of the guard, new students are beginning to pour onto the Morningside Heights campus. There is a new freshman class to indoctrinate and nobody knows whether they will go pro- or anti-administration. In a grand effort to heal wounds and win friends, Columbia's new acting-President (will the real president please stand up?) did the "impossible:" he will recommend to Trustee/Attorney Hogan that charges of criminal trespass lodged against some 400 persons be dropped. This timely deal, which Kirk once claimed could not legally be made,

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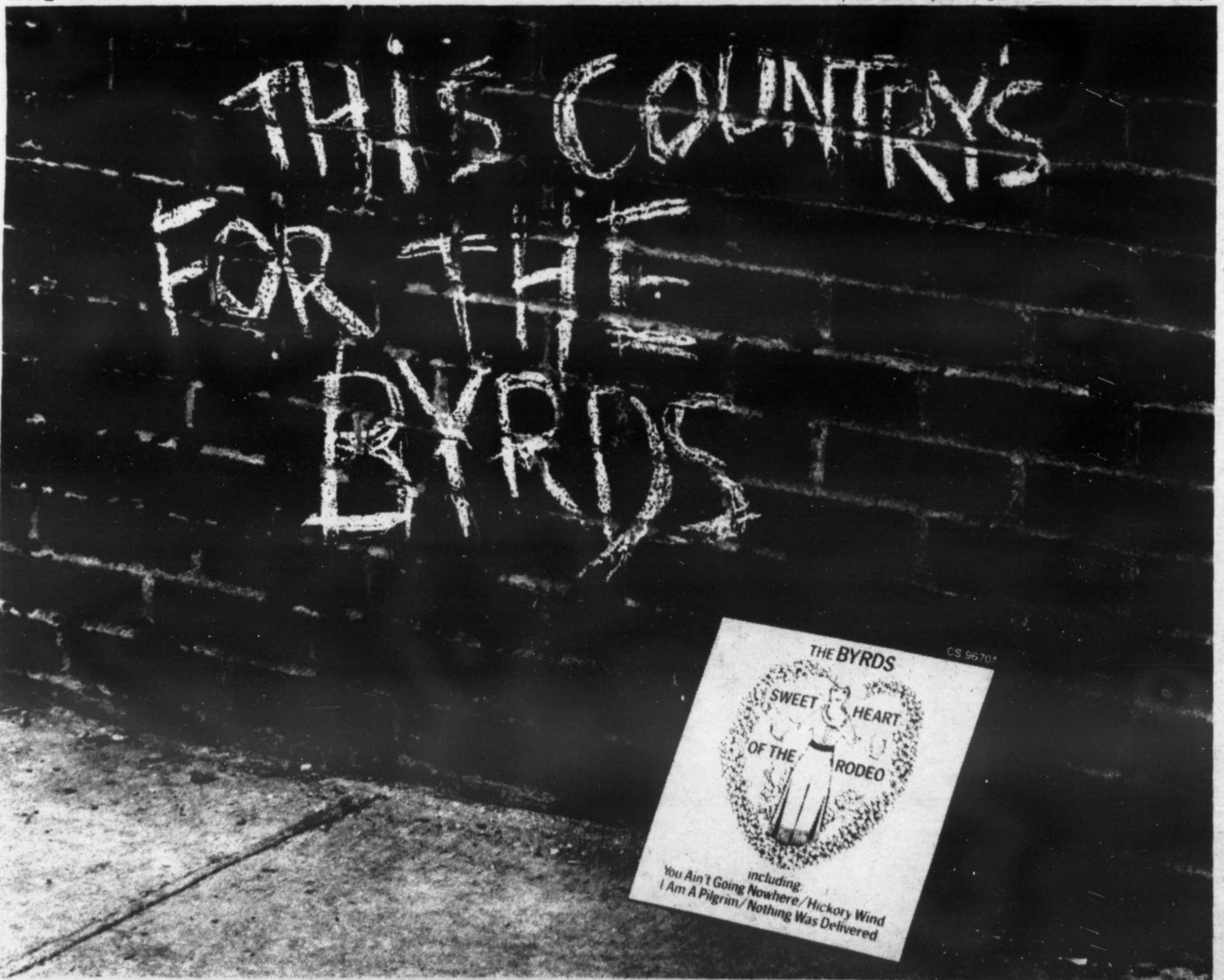
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columbia

(Continued from Page 20)

is calculated to take the sting out of student plans to disrupt the university when registration begins. Yet more serious charges of larceny against some 154 persons still stand.

Columbia's SDS has invited students from Germany, France, Canada, Spain and England to the campus for the week of September 18-24 to participate in an international Assembly of Revolutionary Student Movements. They will hold mass meetings, workshops and work out new tactics. SDS is recruiting new members and working out its fall strategy and offensive.

The administration, then, has thrown its students a bone—new leadership and lowering of penalties—and the dogs are ready to throw it back. The student strike has fragmented over the summer but is reorganizing. Whether there will be a massacre when the circus begins September 17 is anyone's guess.

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NEIL FABRICANT, Legislative Director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, discusses current issues Tuesdays at 7:15 p.m., rebroadcast Wednesdays at 9:15 a.m.

JULIUS LESTER talks about the anti-war and Black Liberation movements Sundays at 7:30 p.m., rebroadcast Mondays at 11 a.m.

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RICH YOUNG MAN, 20 years old, 5'10" seeks the love and affection of an attractive uninhibited girl from age 18-27 to share his apartment. I am marriage minded with \$50,000 to my name and enjoy the French and Greek styles of love. Write and send a picture today or call me at 586-6154. You could be the one for me. Scott Johnson, 132 W. 47th NY, NY 10036.

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da-yeh- nu

(Continued from Page 2)

But what is the difference between our revolution and what exists now? The differences are only the names and the surfaces of the structures. The pillars of today's society and the one we seek to build are both based on coercion.

Is there a difference in dynamics—the structure of forces—between the actions of Johnson or Ho? Or between Enrages and the Establishment?

The sins of fathers have been suffered upon the sons for generations, as it is today. But who will break the chain? Who will say, "I will not kick the ass of my neighbor, even for the revolution. I do not have to love him, but I will not kick him."

Is the only alternative to kick? Must we have only the confrontations?

The non-violence tactic did not work, or work fast enough, and the Establishment beat our plowshares of peace and love into the swords of the Enrages.

Non-violence is a weapon just as violence is a weapon, and the activists know that well. And weapons are weapons.

A year or so ago a genuine alternative became conscious as the hippies exploded into the mass media and we loved the chance look at the flowers.

And now we say flower power is dead. But it had to die once it became a power. The flower style only works if it is a Way. But it is the flower strewn path which will lead us out of the battlegrounds of confrontation.

We know that there is little room for flowers in our plastic world. We live in the technological age which demands the mass organization of people, and we simply accept that we are a mass society.

(The older generations still struggle for a meaningful image which they can recognize expressing their cog-in-the-wheel existence, that justifies the disparity between their image of themselves as individuals and the realities of what they are.

The young look around and know where they're at and begin from there).

The struggle is clearly and as always whether machines or men will dominate. And machines include nuts and bolts as well as ideologies and institutions, regardless of whose ideologies or institutions they are.

To end the brutalities of the massed society—the physical and psychic brutalities—we first must stop living as a mass.

The communities created by the hippies who fled the ghettos of the Haight and the East Village, have found ways to live (some died) without offending their neighbors (including the cops) and without engaging or confronting the society around them.

They dropped out, yes.

They are not committed to causes except their own.

They are not trying to save anybody or anything except their own thing.

And they can not help anybody do it their way.

You must do it alone.

You must cut your own ties to the world which make you fight it or join it and thus force you to be ensnared in the trap of Now. As if the present were anything more than a fast moving boxcar on a railroad to nowhere. It is impossible to conceive of the present except in the past. So think what the next moment can be like, and perhaps it will be like that.

Yes, yes, this is an optimistic view. But what are the choices other than to start the war; it does not matter who fires the first shot.

The young can walk toward life, not the barricades, for what idea, divorced from the man who thought it, is worth the violence which has been and will be?

We can go to our American roots, the mountain men who went off by themselves to do their thing without bothering anybody and moving on when it got too crowded. They were travellers with their bodies and with their heads, and they could see their beginning and their end.

Da-yeh-nu.

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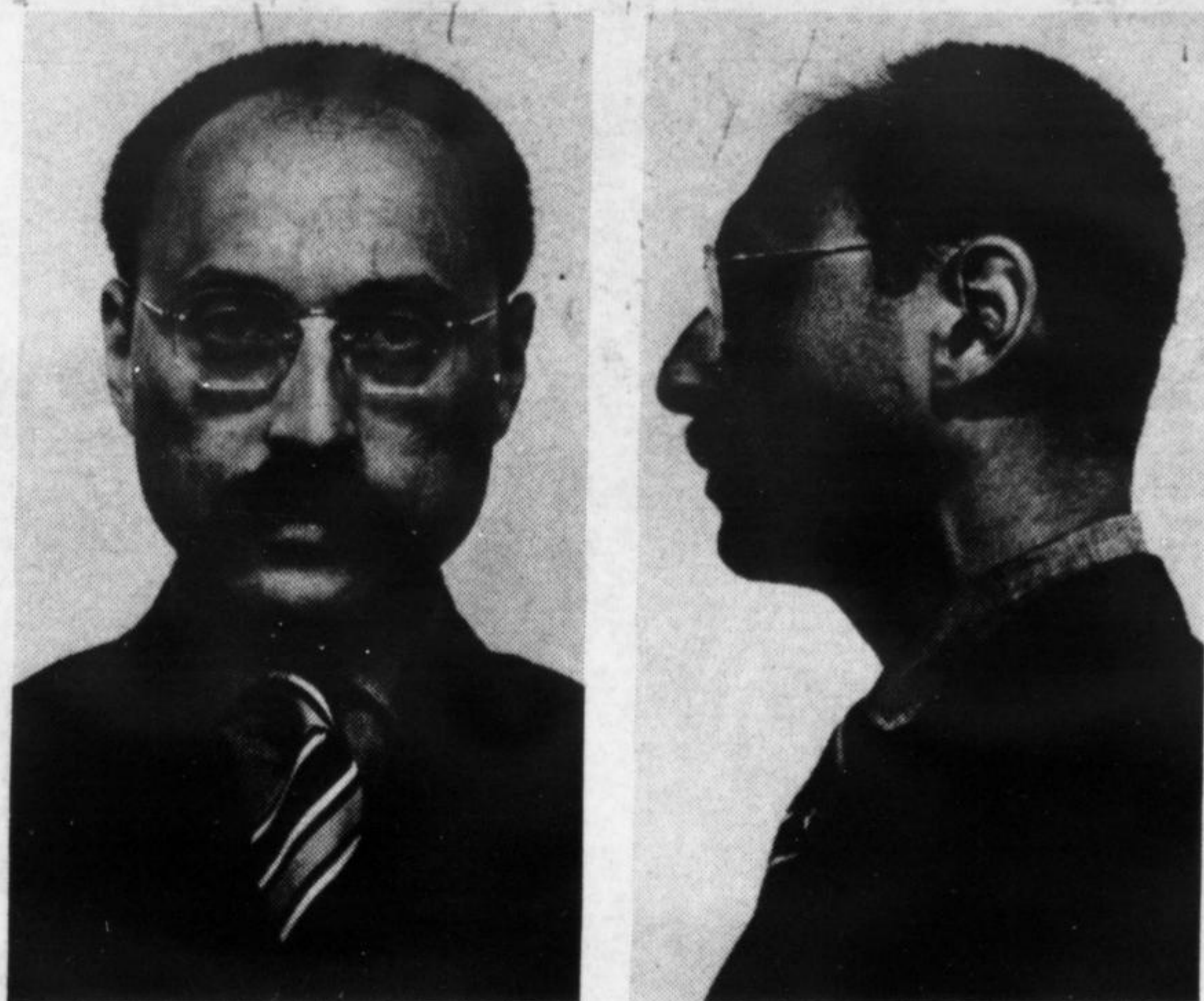
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WANTED

Pictured at left is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly *Eros*, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. *Eros* was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost \$25. But the U.S. Post Office declared *Eros* "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly *Fact*, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a *Fact* discovery). The intellectual community was galvanized by *Fact* and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that *Fact* was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep \$1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at *Fact*—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for \$2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, *Avant-Garde*, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still in its infancy, *Avant-Garde* already enjoys a readership of over one million, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter

of minutes. Dentists report that *Avant-Garde* is the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate—and even triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Every where, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of *Avant-Garde*, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes *Avant-Garde* such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, *Avant-Garde* is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, cherry-bomb editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demoniacal criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, *Avant-Garde* is one big bawdyhouse of intellectual pleasure.

Second, *Avant-Garde* stuns readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is *Avant-Garde's* art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, *Avant-Garde* has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, *Avant-Garde* captivates readers with articles that have something to say. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles *Avant-Garde* prints:

Will the Vote for 18-Year-Olds Move America to the Left?

Caught in the Act—An evening with New York's scandalous Orgy-and-Mystery Theater.

The Secret Plans of Leading Tobacco Companies to Market Marijuana—If, as, and when pot prohibition is lifted.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko's Epic Poem in Defense of Dr. Spock

Living High on "The Hog Farm"—A visit to America's most successful hippie kibbutz.

Pre-Mortem—At *Avant-Garde's* invitation, 28 celebrities (including Art Buchwald, Harry Golden, Woody Allen, and Gore Vidal) dictate their own obituaries.

"In Gold We Trust"—A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

The Case of Hitler's Missing Left Testicle—A round-table discussion on an intriguing detail of Russia's recently released autopsy of Der Fuhrer. (Satirist Paul Krassner speculates that "It's probably alive and well in Argentina." Philosopher Larry Josephson contends that "Hitler just wanted to prove that he was a consistent right-winger.")

My Son, the Revolutionary—A study of the family backgrounds of young American radicals.

Flowers of the Asphalt Jungle—A tour of Harlem's beautiful new African boutiques.

The Love Poetry of Eugene McCarthy

Custom-Made Man—The portent of latest genetic research.

Coming Attraction—"Sex is the closest I can come to explaining the way I sing," says San Francisco rock songstress Janis Joplin. "I want to do it till it isn't there any more."

Has LBJ Secretly Converted to Catholicism?—A mass of circumstantial evidence.

Live Wires—A report on Liberation News Service (LNS), the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and Intergalactic World Brain (IWB), the three supercharged wire services that supply news to the nation's 200 underground newspapers.

London's "Theatre of Eros"

Fractured Hip—A collection of hilarious malapropisms by squares attempting to sound ultra-cool.

R. Buckminster Fuller's Plan for a Floating City in Tokyo Bay

Free-Style Olympics—A report on the movement to revive Olympics in the nude.

Allen Ginsberg's Script for a New Film by Charlie Chaplin

Coitus Non Interruptus: The Erotic Tomb Sculptures of Madagascar

"Amnesty Now!"—An impassioned outcry by the editors of *Avant-Garde* for the release of Dr. Howard Levy, David Miller, and more than 1000 other antiwar heroes now in prison.

Making a Scene—Never-to-be-forgotten stills from the scene in Andy Warhol's film *Romeo and Juliet* in which superstar Viva falls victim to an unplanned gang-rape.

The Pedernales River Baptism-a-thon: A Fugs Happening

Concrete Poetry: The New Hard Rock Verse

All the World's a Stage—From The Theater of the Street in New York to the Guerrilla Theater of Stanford, dramatic groups all across the country are bringing plays to audiences that have never seen the inside of a theater.

The First Church of Love—Photographs of a phantasmagorical chapel being built in New York to celebrate sensual pleasure.

retrius "Satyricon"—On the set with *Il Poeta*, filming his version of Petronius' bawdy classic (with a cast that includes Mae West, Groucho Marx, Anna Magnani, Jimmy Durante, Michael J. Pollard, Danny Kaye, the Beatles, and scores of other comedians and superstars).

Abreast of the Times—A report on the sudden return to breast-feeding by America's most highly educated, sophisticated, and sexually liberated women.

The Psychology of Political Affiliation—What character traits determine whether a person will become a Democrat or Republican, a radical or conservative?

Miami: Newest Haven for Abortion—A serendipitous result of the influx of refugee doctors from Havana.

And Now—Would You Believe?—Auto-Destructive Art—A feature entitled "Pop Goes the Easel."

The Electric Banana Tickle: Latest Pop Invention

The "Birth Tax"—Duke University's J.J. Spengler presents a plan to make life for prolific parents unbearable.

Best-Sellers in Underground Bookstores

The Natural Superiority of Racially-Mixed Children

Phil Ochs: Kipling of the New Left

First Class Suggestion—Harvard sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan offers an ingenious plan to double the number of mail deliveries as a means to reduce Black unemployment.

Are Colds Psychosomatic?—Psychoanalyst Merl M. Jackel, of the State University of New York, believes they are since they almost always follow periods of depression and give the same medical symptoms as weeping.

Hold It, Please!—The growing popularity of Polaroid cameras for instant-pornography.

Brain Food—A report on the recent discovery by Dr. John Churchill, of the National Institute of Neurological Diseases, that certain foods can increase the power of the intellect.

Bob Dylan's Suppressed Novel "Tarantula"

Very Original Sin—A report on the increasing number of avant-garde theologians who are using kissing, hugging, and caressing to restore a sense of community to worship.

The Startling Increase in LBJ's Personal Wealth While in the White House

In sum, *Avant-Garde* is a hip, joyous feast of gourmet food-for-thought. It's the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over *Avant-Garde*: "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! *Avant-Garde* has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "*Avant-Garde* is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "An exotic literary menu.... A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Ralph Ginzburg deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this," says Life. "*Avant-Garde's* articles on medicine, space, and psychology have made science the eighth lively art," says the Boston Avator. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the New York News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reiser. "*Avant-Garde's* articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the New York East Village Other. "*Avant-Garde* is the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says Time. "Borders on the genius," says the Miami Beach Sun. "It'll be the undoing of the strait-laced," says the Los Angeles

Free Press. "*Avant-Garde* is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Peter Schjeldahl. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Avant-Garde's contributors include the most brilliant artists, writers, and photographers of our time. Not only does *Avant-Garde* feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, Karl Menninger, John Updike, Allen Ginsberg, Roald Dahl, Henry Miller, Bert Stern, William Styron, Eliot Elisofon, Kenneth Rexroth, David Levine, Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Dali, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In format, *Avant-Garde* more closely resembles a \$10 art folio than a magazine. It is printed on the finest antique and coated paper stocks by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and costly duotone offset lithography. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. The format of *Avant-Garde*, like its editorial contents, is intended to endure.

Subscriptions to *Avant-Garde* cost \$10 per year. This is not cheap. However, right now, while *Avant-Garde* is still in its infancy, you may order a Special Intro-

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