Norman Mailer the novelist. But he sees something different, he sees people dealing with the essential question of becoming—for Mailer, the sex act is an expression of the human will, the ultimate expression of that will, in fact.

Unfortunately, Mailer carries his arguments for the human will farther than most would dare in this age of scientific understanding of the workings of life. He argues, beyond the realm of plausibility, that the very sex of the unborn foetus is the result of the combined wills of its parents at the moment of conception. Scientifically, Mailer is now becoming a sort of illusionist. But by now it should be clear that he is no "literary technologist," but a writer who plumbs his psyche for his "truth." Mailer is delving into that metaphysical world where he claims the novelist, and not the psychologist or sociologist or the doctor, is supreme.

The psyche of man is the proper subject of the novelist alone, for he alone is free to explore the depths of emotion. Kate Millet is a revolutionary: she is seeking to free people from the bonds of convention that have tied them down for thousands of years. But Mailer is just as much of a revolutionary: he is seeking to liberate men and women from the grasp of an "over-technologized" world. At Miami and Chicago and the Pentagon, Mailer stood for the worth of passionate human willpower. And as a novice politician, running for mayor of New York City, he demanded the recognition of people's rights to control their own lives. And that is what The Prisoner of Sex is all about: Mailer demands that men and women recognize their responsibility to themselves: to choose their own futures and to turn to other men and women rather than to machines for their fulfillment.

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The Kinks
Marxwell Hillblies - The Kinks (RCA)

Last week, Alice Cooper trooped into Boston for a day of festivities. They started with a press party at the Sheraton, where Alice revealed himself to be very friendly, a Buchanan freak, a Kurt Bacharach fan, carried through a typically insane gag at the Orpheum into the wee hours of the morning. The after-performance party featured most of the Boston music hierarchy, with the likes of Livingston Taylor and J. Geils' drummer, Steve Balsamo, appearing.